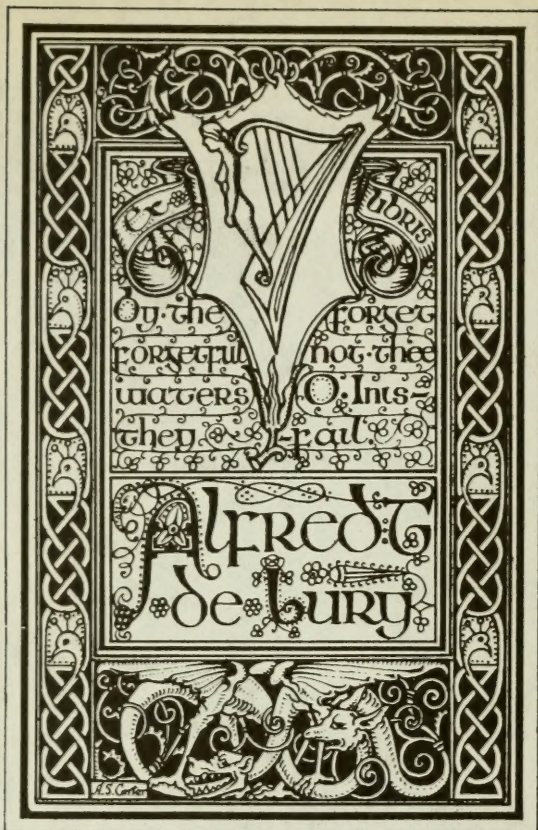


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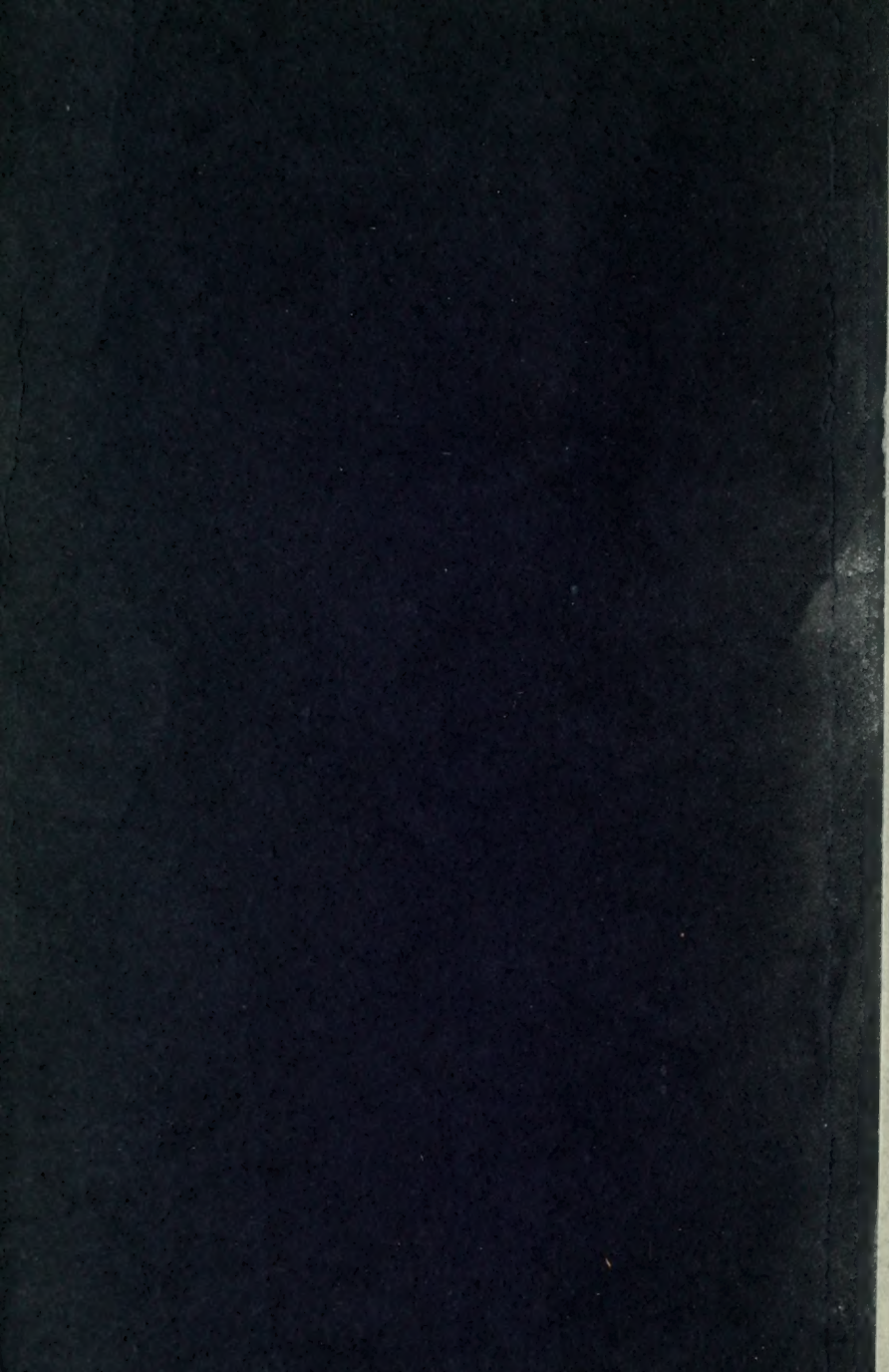
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OXFORD POETRY

1915

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III

1915

EDITED BY

G. D. H. C. AND T. W. E.

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B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

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OUR thanks are due to the Editors of
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permission to reprint some of these poems.

G. D. H. C.

T. W. E.

DO WE BEGIN?

DO we begin or do we make an end
When you and I part who have had fair day?
If we begin then I am glad of it,
As a man kindling a wrought-silver lamp
And casting perfumes in it might be glad.
And if we make an end, I am glad too
As a man might be laying down his book
And knowing a fair tale has been well told.

SUPPOSING WE HAD GONE DOWN

SUPPOSING we had gone down into the dark
Under the fascinating swirl of waves,
Would you have given it me to clasp you round
Before the sea-gulls came to kiss your eyes,
And came long-fingered crabs to feast with you,
And was no further talk of our desire
Except the tide had made it musical
Bone upon bone of us a little while?

THE DANCE OF THE BLOOD-RED SUN

AND when the sun sank down
Toward the temple hill,
When day's last breath was blown
And cicala's note was still :
'Twas then Demeter's daughter
To the stream by the hill would run,
Would bend and kiss the grasses
And dance to a blood-red sun.

While cushats homeward wing,
Pan hears some footsteps pass,
As some first breath of spring
Go sweeping o'er the grass :
So slight, so swift, they pass.
And as the feet speed by,
A whisper shakes the trees—
They nudge them for a lie
And dream that no one sees ;
A tremor shakes the grasses—
“ 'Tis some young hero passes ! ”
But on Demeter's daughter
To the stream by the hill has run ;
Has bent and kissed the grasses,
And danced to a blood-red sun.

A KALENDAR

I MADE a Kalendar of Saints
To name upon my rosary,
And daily I entreat their aid for thee.

To guard thee during sleep
I name St. Veep ;
St. Prisca has thy wardrobe in her care,
And blithe St. Hugh the dressing of thy hair ;
St. Madoc aids the toilette of my fair.

When thou betimes to household tasks repair,
St. Silvester is there ;
St. Chad inspects the linen and the lace ;
Each polished spoon reflects the shining face
Of St. Remigius, minister of grace,
And o'er the meal presides St. Boniface.

To keep thy missal, tempting thee to read,
I name St. Bede ;
And later, when thy friends shall visit thee,
Ensuring that the talk be blithe and free,
I seek betimes the bland St. Alphege ;
Whilst to thy pen, lest haply thou shouldst need it,
Attends St. Deusdedit.

A Kalendar

And when the little masque of day is over,
Gentle St. Damien of Villanova
Takes charge of thee, and all that thou shalt know
Of this hour's passing is that thou wilt grow
Dreamily willing for the night, and so
(Turning a bead in prayer to deft St. Probin
For thine unrobing)
To guard thee during sleep
I name St. Veep.

BLACK OXEN

I MARKED how black they were and strange, the oxen
That bore your body to a resting-place,
Where, when the work was done,
We stood bareheaded for a little space.

I marked how light you were to lower down,
And wondered if you knew that I was there ;
And, railing in the place,
Remembered that you could not greatly care.

So you are dead because we buried you,
And oxen drew you to a resting-place.
You must be dead, for as we buried you
I trod the heaped-up earth about your face.

LAD'S LOVE AND LAVENDER

LAD'S love and lavender,
Rosemary and rue,
I picked them in a posy
And I offered them to you.

It was only lad's love,
But surely it was true ;
Only wild grey lavender,
But fragrant as it grew.
I plucked the sprig of rosemary
For memory of you :
And was it to complete the tale
I tied it up with rue ?

Lad's love and lavender,
Rosemary and rue,
I picked them in a posy
And I offered it to you.

ECSTASY

YEARS longer than years go by in bleak enduring.
We bustle over humdrum,
toil at some littleness,

when suddenly a flame leaps up within us.

Those things sense knew are whirled away,
expunged,
and sight itself is blinded by the dazzle,
the blaze of glory.

Briefly then we live
till the dropped curtain.

May you have hours where I have had but moments !

THE CROWD

HERE are many different people,
all roaring with one voice.

Beware !
Go not too near !

Or you will lose your voice
and roar with them.

LOVE-POEM

I HAVE become so much a part of you,
 alas !
and the worse part,

that you go down the street
and hear men's praises
with calm indifference ;

while I,
who follow,
smile
and am filled with pride.

NOTTS

“N^{OTTS},”
you said.

And I said,
“Notts—
oh yes,
of course,
but there are other places.”

And then I was silent quickly,
for I remembered certain fields
where I played when I was a child,
with the November sunset over them.

CRANES

ALL day they have been busy about man's work,
swinging great hods of bricks with eager whirr,
but now they, too, endure the desires that lurk
haunting the hours of night.

They do not stir.

Erect they suffer metallic agony,
struck to a frozen gesture,
each a claw
twitched up at heaven.

All night long they see
star upon star,
and these they hunger for.

Motionless,
thrilled with longing,
they vainly try
to pluck a golden blossom down from the sky.

DEPARTURE

I HAVE been reading books
for about twenty years ;
I have laughed with other men's laughter,
wept with their tears.

Life has been a cliché
all these years.

I would find a gesture of my own.

SIX POEMS WRITTEN IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

I.

IN Quetta lamps are lighted,
And like a sound in dreams
The bugle calls at evening
Across the seven streams ;
How sweet and faint it seems !

Oh, here I am a soldier,
And here my heart must stay
Till twilight's in the barracks
And with the end of day
My heart is far away.

For Hannah Pass is rocky
And high is Murdar Hill,
But oh, for June in Hampshire
And the fields my people till
My heart is crying still.

The honeysuckle hedges
They will be dusty white,
Where grass-mowers go singing
Along the golden light
Down smooth fields out of sight.

Surely on some long evening
When rooks call down the lane,
And on the fields at twilight
All softly falls the rain,
We shall come home again ;

Six Poems written in Foreign Countries

When faint, far cries of sunset
Are in the lime-trees cool,
And by the ancient spinney
Up from the hidden pool
The boys troop back to school.

*For Hannah Pass is rocky
And high is Murdar Hill,
But oh, of June in England
And the fields our people till
Our hearts are dreaming still.*

QUETTA, 1915.

II.

*WHAT of the woods on summer evenings wide
We have looked down upon from Broadmoor hill,
And our dear pool beyond the Barkham ride,
Is this as sunlit and as silent still?*

The summer evenings are as lingering still
Along the Owlsmoor heather golden, cool,
And where the dogs swam out by Barkham hill
No shadow falls on the unruffled pool.

*Do you climb up by Sandhurst wood alone
To watch the moon rise over Eversley,
And where far up the glimmering pines make moan
Look down the valley and remember me?*

Dream not of our old summers where the rain
Falls whispering towards the ancient Rhine ;
Sleep and forget ; though never now again
Shall we together thread the lands of pine.

Yet happier boys hour long shall loiter still
Along the Owlsmoor heather golden, cool,
And where our dogs swam out by Barkham hill
No shadow fall on the unruffled pool.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, 1914.

Six Poems written in Foreign Countries

III.

IN a garden where bees murmured
A droning sunny dream
First heard I that old story,
Thy story, Polypheme.
And half my heart enraptured
Held present peace for nought,
Weaving the long adventure
Along the looms of thought.
Yet to the tale had entered
The scent of lilac-trees
And down that ancient garden
The dreamlike sound of bees.
And to a tune more subtle
Beneath his warrior Greek,
The tune of endless summers,
I heard Odysseus speak.
This evening sailing eastward
That blue, rejoicing stream
I found thy fabled island,
Thy island, Polypheme ;
And half my heart enraptured
Holds all but strife for nought ;
Weaving a new adventure
Along the looms of thought.
Yet though I hear Adventure
Singing so clear and low,
My heart is drugged with memory
Of summers long ago,
And from the past there riseth
The scent of lilac-trees,
The sleepy, ancient garden,
The dreamlike sound of bees.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, 1914.

Six Poems written in Foreign Countries

IV.

ABOVE, the hot white high-road,
The cool, dim woods below—
The sunny road to Sandhurst
I knew so long ago.

Deep down, hot, through the pine-stems
In that deep, shadowy wood
Shows sunlight on the heather
Where you and Douglas stood,

And faint from over Bracknell
And Owlsmoor's leaf-strewn dells
Across the silent pinewoods
There comes a sound of bells.

Still lies that narrow clearing
Sunlit and sweet with bees,
And still keep watch around it
Unchanging, silent trees ;

The hot, bee-haunted heather
Still from the highway shows,
But now along that heathland
No sundrowed wanderer goes.

Only from over Bracknell
And Owlsmoor's leaf-strewn dells
Across the silent pine woods
There comes a sound of bells.

QUETTA, 1915

Six Poems written in Foreign Countries

V.

THE last bell rings, the summer term is dying,
The chapel lights gleam out along the court,
Faintly the organ sounds, for old years sighing
That pass more swift than thought.

And then the undersound, the welcome thunder
Of thronging boys beneath the ancient gate—
Gay and well-loved, has any guessed, I wonder,
When comes the unquestioned fate?

At this last hour before the huge awaking,
Ere all the fruit of love and peace be shed,
Behold, your comrades for the great leave-taking
Throng up from summers dead.

They too have knelt, sun-flushed from July weather,
Down these long, lamplit aisles in evenings past,
And in old years were gathered here together
To say farewell at last.

Ah! many of this much wept-for phantom number,
Whose delicate youth made dear our summer land,
Fell in far wars and now forgotten slumber
In Sind or Malakand.

The organ fills with thankfulness and sorrow,
Murmur the tranquil prayers. O happy place,
How many here shall sleep with these to-morrow
That were thy earlier race?

Ah! mighty throng of schoolboys proud and slender,
Not here again shall you your Vespers tell;
The last hour ends; kneel down, give thanks, and render
To your dear youth farewell.

QUETTA, 1915.

Six Poems written in Foreign Countries

VI.

STILL through the woods of childhood
With autumn one by one
The golden leaves go fluttering
Down shafts of woodland sun ;
The long path through the heather
Still finds the hidden pool
Where far through dell and spinney
The last bell sounds from school.

Oh, far across the meadows
By lone hill copses tall
Where through sun-chequered silence
All day the oak leaves fall,
By slanting, windless beechwoods
Leaf-strewn in valleys deep
Where lulled by hidden ring doves
The sun-drowsed copses sleep,

Faintly the far bell murmurs
At whose insistent call
Across her starlit courtyards
How loud the footsteps fall !
I see the lighted windows,
I hear the voices hum,
The great bell calls ' Come quickly,'
But I, I do not come.

Six thousand miles to eastward
My bones are buried deep ;
The bell rings on for ever,
They stir not in their sleep.
Yet through the huge dim woodlands,
Agelong by childhood's ways,
My happy spirit wanders,
Dreaming of olden days.

CHASMA TANGI, BALUCHISTAN, 1915.

H. R. FRESTON

(EXETER)

A GIRL'S SONG

HE would make me idle as the droning bees
In some aged pine-wood, sad at set of sun ;
You would make me splendid as the plunging seas,
When at call of morning the great tides shoreward run.

He would make me sigh for languor and repose,
Frail as some tall lily bruised by human hands ;
You would make me blush for joy, like a laughing rose
Woke to sudden splendour on sun-warmed lands.

Beauty lies in sorrow, lovely as the snow
Lying on a ruined town, that once was blithe and gay ;
Beauty wakes in gladness, like a dream of long ago
Waking into music at opening of the day.

SOMETIMES I WONDER

SOMETIMES I wonder if you know
How, when we meet in road or lane,
My heart leaps up and trembles so
I think it ne'er will quiet again :
Sometimes I wonder if you know.

Sometimes I wonder if you guess,
Behind each careless word of mine,
There lurks a passionate caress—
Although I make no outward sign :
Sometimes I wonder if you guess.

Always I find you calm, and yet
So strange your eyes, so strange your smile,
Sometimes I think they hold regret,
A wished-for something all the while ;
Always I find you calm, and yet . . .

Sometimes I think you understand
That, when the magic hour draws near,
Suddenly I shall seize your hand,
And kiss your lips, and call you dear :
Sometimes I think you understand.

LAMENT

O WOULD that beauty clothed no living thing !
It is a curse that ever it should cling
To that which lies within the doom of death.

Why are you not a ring of tawny gold,
Why are you not a sapphire I might hold,
Rather than warm of blood and warm of breath ?

For then love would not crave for love's return.
No more the need laboriously to learn
The baffling byways of a silent heart.

No more a pilgrim of the endless quest,
When in my hand the quiet gem should rest
In mute fulfilment of a mute desire.

No more the unattainable—the goal
Unreached by all the travellings of the soul—
The distant tremors of a fading fire.

AWAKENING OF THE BACCHÆ

WE were asleep in sleepy fields,
In summer-scented fields of hay,
Or where that heavy oak-copse shields
Pale bracken from the light of day—
We were asleep and dreaming endlessly.
No breath of May or June us from our dreams could sever—
Dreams like long furrows in a crested sea.
We were asleep, but now are awake for ever.

And as we woke we saw the stars
Stream overhead across the night,
Till all the East was streaked with bars
Of swiftly-growing milky light.
And when the dawn had swept across the sky,
Ah, past all hoping and past all endeavour,
We felt new life at every pulse-beat cry.
We were asleep, but now are awake for ever.

So it was nowise strange to see,
When we leapt up, the dappled skin,
The thyrsus twining wondrously,
The wine we steeped our faces in.
We felt the Bulls' breath burning on our brows,
The branding god-mark that will leave us never,
Strong in the wisdom which that touch endows :
We were asleep, but now are awake for ever.

FROM THE YOUTH OF ALL NATIONS

THINK not, my elders, to rejoice
When from the nations' wreck we rise,
With a new thunder in our voice
And a new lightning in our eyes.

You called with patriotic sneers,
And drums and sentimental songs.
We came from out the vernal years
Thus bloodily to right your wrongs.

The sins of many centuries,
Sealed by your indolence and fright,
Have earned us these our agonies :
The thunderous appalling night

When from the lurid darkness came
The pains of poison and of shell,
The broken heart, the world's ill-fame,
The lonely arrogance of hell.

Faintly, as from a game afar,
Your wrangles and your patronage
Come drifting to the work of war,
Which you have made our heritage.

Oh, chide us not. Not ours the crime.
Oh, praise us not. It is not won,
The fight which we shall make sublime
Beneath an unaccustomed sun.

From the Youth of All Nations

The simple world of childhood fades
Beyond the Styx that all have passed ;
This is a novel land of shades,
Wherein no ancient glories last.

A land of desolation, blurred
By mists of penitence and woe,
Where every hope must be deferred
And every river backward flow.

Not on this grey and ruined plain
Shall we obedient recall
Your cities to rebuild again
For their inevitable fall.

We kneel at no ancestral shrine.
With admirable blasphemy
We desecrate the old divine
And dream a new eternity.

Destroy the history of men,
The weary cycle of decay.
We shall not pass that way again,
We tread a new untrodden way.

Though scattered wider yet our youth
On every sea and continent,
There shall come bitter with the truth
A fraction of the sons you sent.

When slowly with averted head,
Some darkly, some with halting feet,
And bowed with mourning for the dead
We walk the cheering, fluttering street

From the Youth of All Nations

A music terrible, austere
Shall rise from our returning ranks
To change your merriment to fear,
And slay upon your lips your thanks ;

And on the brooding weary brows
Of stronger sons, close enemies,
Are writ the ruin of your house
And swift usurping dynasties.

THE PRAYER OF THE VIRGIN MARY

GIVE me the strength for one more day
To do the ordinary thing ;
To scrub and cook and watch and pray,
And tranquilly at night to sing
 A lullaby to Jim and John,
 And memories to the boy who's gone.

You know the wars and argument
Brought on the world by feckless men.
Preserve our home from discontent,
Bring back my eldest boy again ;
 And let us live among the strife
 An orderly and simple life.

And when we go, as go we must,
My man and I, to burying-place,
Still let our children put their trust
In you and your unbounded grace,
 And marry well, and live at ease,
 And take strong babies on their knees.

HOME-SICKNESS . . . FROM THE TOWN

FROU-FROUERY and faint patchouli smells,
And debile virgins talking Keats,
And the arch widow in accordion pleats,
Artfully fringing with the tales she tells
The giggling prurient.
Life nauseous ! Let the whole crowd be sent
To the chosen limbos and appropriate hells
Reserved in memory's blackest stagnancy.
Back, back ! No Social Contract ! From the teats
Of our old wolfish mother nature drink
Sweet unrestraint and lust and savagery.
Feel goat-hair growing thick and redolent
On loin and thigh ; look back
And mark the cloven hoof-marks of the track
You leave, then forward eyes again ; no wink,
Lest for an instant you should miss the sight
Of moony floating flanks and haunches white
Flashed by your fleeing nymph girl through the leaves.

LESLIE PHILLIPS JONES*

(ORIEL)

PEACE

A COOL calm night,
And a glowing fire,
Then the stately toll of a chime,
Midst the stillness of thoughts
Seen through the haze of time ;
Lingering vaguely the while
A soft dull light,
And a tall grand spire,
Bold, black 'gainst the dusky sky,
An echo fading in space,
And the rising wind's sigh
Crooning, lulling—then sleep.

* Killed in action, June 6, 1915, in the Dardanelles.

R. S. LAMBERT

(WADHAM)

FOR A FOLK-SONG

O LONDON, O London,
I've heard of thee and thine,
How wide and full the highways,
With shops so wondrous fine.

So brightly do they glimmer,
A man abroad by night
Would say the stars in heaven
Came down to give them light.

And there be mighty buildings
That cast their shadow far,
And strange unceasing noises
Such as in cities are.

O London, O London,
Mother of us thou art,
Who callest to thy children
And takest them to heart.

Where shall a man be resting,
And his body there found ?
Be it far he sleeps, his soul
Is still on London ground.

For a Folk-Song

O London, O London,
I must a journey go ;
And parting is a sorrow,
Surely a bitter woe.

Then shall we but forget thee,
And wander faithlessly ;
God put His curse upon us,
To dwell in the country !

WAR-TIME

DRUMS go forth to the marching,
And many battalions of fighters,
And the dark ships
Lie upon the sea waiting,
And the sound of the great guns
Is driven across the slanting sky :
But my heart is not gone with them,
My soul hath folded her wings
In a great silence,
And hath sore shame
Amidst the much shouting. . . .
Far away my soul hath flown
Searching, searching for forgotten Peace ;
She, the clear-eyed one, the dove of the deathless gods,
She hath departed away from us,
And we are given over to darkness and hatred.
I will go far awandering,
Looking for my lost love,
For all the light of the heavens
Is fading about the faintness of her footstep. . . .

DOMINO MEO

I WAIT at the cottage door—looking out on the dusty highway ;
Long, long have I waited, from the first red flush of the morning,
When the fragrance of all the world drifted out on the vagrant
winds.

The men with their hornèd oxen passed by to the burnished wheat-
fields,

Bright blue shirts on their backs, and gleaming scythes on their
shoulders,

And behind them the women and girls clothed in crimson and
russet,

Fresh from the deep night's slumber, with laughter beneath their
lashes.

I hear the songs in the cornfields, the ripple of laughter ringing
Along the deserted highway ; the sun is rising to noonday,

And the sound of the reapers is still ; everywhere men are sleeping,
Seeking the shade of the branches in the tense, irresistible heat.

The dust lies white on the highway unstirred by the foot of the
traveller.

I wait and the shadows grow longer—light breaths stir in the
branches ;

And soon they are driving their oxen, with jingling bells on the
harness.

The young men and maidens come laughing, with red corn sheaves
on their shoulders ;

They turn and stare as they pass me ; wondering, ask one another :

"Who is it—whence comes he—this stranger, whom all day long
she awaiteth ?"

Domino Meo

And then pass on to their homesteads ; the shadows lie black, and
the cornfields,

Blood red, gleam in the sunset. Now a pale star has kindled
A torch in the west—another, and after, another come out,
Till the pale, flushed sky is aglitter with myriad on myriad of
torches.

I wait—and shall wait till the time come, when he my master shall
find me ;

I feel not my limbs beneath me, they are numb with the long, long
vigil.

The sunlight is left in the darkness, but the earth is crowned with
starlight.

I strain my ears thro' the stillness—the stillness that hangs like a
shadow,

And holds the breath of the world.

Deep breaths of fragrance enfold me—the fragrance of burgeoning
blossoms,

Of rose, and of jasmine, and myrtle, and the deep purple flower
of slumber.

Moths flit white in the blackness, brushing my face in their passing ;
An owl hoots low in the distance ; a night-jar croaks by the river.

I strain my ears thro' the darkness for the sound of passing foot-
steps ;

I hear a step in the distance—the swift light tread of my loved one—
And my deep heart beats and trembles like the wings of a bird in
flight.

He will come with his young lithe limbs, supple and bright as the
panther's ;

He will come, with his glorious face like lightning across the
clouds,

And eyes like the deep night sky where clustering stars are the
thickest,

That I bow and tremble before, for they are the shrine of my
worship.

Lips that are fiery wine—lips that scorch and subdue ;

I have woven the web of my life on the loom of my love for thee :

Domino Meo

Lowly, perchance, the web, but glorious thrice was the loom.
All that was fairest and fiercest I wove, and the threads were
resplendent.

I caught the light of the stars and the flash of the sun on the wave-
tops,

The songs of an hundred birds, and the breath of the wind at mid-
night.

All the colour and sound and scent of the world have I gathered

And wrought in a shining web, beloved, my master, for thee.

The steps come near on the highway—or, let them pause for a
moment ;

There is your handmaid waiting : year upon year has she waited.

* * * * *

Fool—thrice fool in your dreaming—the footsteps have passed
without pausing ;

I saw his face in the darkness, but I could not move my lips

To cry aloud on his name, for my soul was dumb in its longing.

His face was glorious, heedless, and proud, and he recked not his
lover

Stood waiting : he passed in the darkness—his footsteps were lost in
the stillness.

And now, tho' I wait for a lifetime, he will not pass again !

I stretch my arms thro' the darkness—vainly—vainly in longing.

Oh ! thou, my dearly beloved, wilt thou not hear, tho' unuttered,

The wail of my cry for thee—the cry for a great prize lost ?

ROBERT NICHOLS

(TRINITY)

THE PRINCE OF ORMUZ SINGS TO BADOURA

WHEN she kisses me with her lips I become
A roc, that giant, that fabulous bird.
And over the desert vast, yellow, and dumb
I wheel, and my jubilant screaming is heard—
A voice, an echo, high up and glad,
Over the domes and green pools of Bagdad.

But when she kisses me with her eyes
My heart melts in me. She is my sun ;
She strokes my snow. I am loosed, I arise.
A brook of water I run, I run,
Crystal water sunny and sweet,
Laughing and weeping, to fawn at her feet.

MIDDAY

THE earth is still : only the white sun climbs
Through the green silence of the branching limes,
Whose linked flowers hanging from the still tree-top
Distill their soundless syrup drop by drop,
While 'twixt the starry bracket of their lips
The black bee, drowsing, floats, and, drowsing, sips.
The flimsy leaves hang on the bright, blue air
Calm suspended. Deep peace is everywhere
Filled with the murmurous rumour of high noon.
Earth seems with open eyes to sink and swoon.
In the sky peace : where nothing moves
Save the sun, that smiles and loves.
A quivering peace is on the grass.
Through the noon gloam butterflies pass
White and hot, blue only to where
They can float flat and dream on the soft air.
The trees are asleep—beautiful, slumbrous trees !
Stirred only by the passion of the breeze,
That, like a warm wave welling over rocks,
Lifts and loosens the mass of drowsing locks.
Earth, too, under the profound grass
Sleeps and sleeps, and softly heaves her slumbrous mass.
The Earth sleeps ; sleeps the newly-buried clay,
Or doth divinity trouble it to live alway ?

No voice uplifts from under the rapt crust,
The dust cries to the unregarding dust.

Midday

Over the hill the stopped notes of twin reeds
Speak like drops from an old wound that bleeds.
A yokel's pipe an ancient pastoral sings
Above the innumerable murmur of hid wings.
I hear the cadence, sorrowful and sweet,
The oldest burthen of the earth repeat :—
All love, all passion, all strife, all delight
Are but the dreams that haunt Earth's visioned night.
In her eternal consciousness the stir
Of Judas or Jesus is no more to her
Than you or I : being all part of dreams
The shadowiest shadow of a thing that seems,
The images the lone pipe-player sees
Sitting and playing to the lone, noon breeze.
One note, one life !

They sleep : soon we as these !

THE TOWER

IT was deep night, and over Jerusalem's pale roofs
The moon floated, drifting through high, vapourous woofs :
The moonlight crept and glistened silent, solemn, sweet,
Over dome and column, down empty, listening street.
In the closed, scented gardens the rose loosed from the stem
Her white, showering petals : none regarded them.
The starry thicket breathed odours to the sentinel palm :
Silence possessed the city like a soul possessed by calm.

Not a spark in the warren under the giant night,
Save where in a turret's lantern beamed a grave, still light :
There in an upper chamber a gold-eyed lamp was lit—
Marvellous lamp in darkness, informing, redeeming it !
For set in that tiny lantern Jesus, the blessed and doomed,
Spoke to the lone apostles as light to men entombed ;
And spreading his hands in blessing, as one soon to be dead,
He put soft enchantment into spare wine and bread.

The hearts of the disciples were broken and full of tears
Because their lord the spearless was hedged about with spears.
And in his face the sickness of departure had spread a gloom
At leaving his young friends friendless : they could not forget the
tomb.

He smiled subduedly, telling in tones soft as voice of the dove
The endlessness of sorrow, the eternal solace of love.
And lifting the earthy tokens, wine and sorrowful bread,
He bade them sup, and remember one who lived and was dead.

The Tower

And they could not restrain their weeping.

But one rose to depart,
Having weakness and hate of weakness raging within his heart,
And bowed to the robed assembly, whose eyes gleamed wet in the
light.

Judas arose and departed : night went out to the night.

Then Jesus lifted his voice like a fountain in an ocean of tears,
And comforted his disciples, and calmed and allayed their fears.

Judas wound down the turret, creeping from floor to floor,
And would fly—but one leaning, weeping, barred him beside the door !
And he knew her by her ruddy garment and two yet-watching men :
Mary of Seven Sorrows, Mary Magdalen.

And he was frightened at her.

She sighed, “ I dreamed him dead,
And that ’twas I who sold him by sin.”

Then Judas fled
Out into the night ! . . . The moon had begun to set.
A drear small wind went, sifting, setting the dust afret. . . .
Into the heart of the city Judas ran on and prayed
To stern Jehovah, lest his deed make him afraid.

But in the spiry turret, hanging as if on air,
The disciples sat unspeaking. Amaze and peace were there.
For *his* voice, more lovely than song of all earthly birds,
In accents humble and happy, spoke slow, consoling words.

Then Jesus discoursed, and was silent, sitting upright, and soon
Past the window behind him slanted the setting moon.
And rising for Olivet, all stared betwixt love and dread,
Seeing the moon a ruddy halo behind his head.

FRANKLIN KANE

SILK I had for you, Madonna—you shook your small dear head—
“Silk I have and silk enough, a store of it,” you said,
Content I laid the web away, you lacked some cotton thread.

A cup I filled for you, Madonna, but other hands than mine,
More meet, had given you to know the magic of the vine.
I poured within my empty cup fresh water for the wine.

A song I made for you, Madonna—it was my very best—
But your heart had heard the melody that will not let us rest,
Yet your lips had need of laughter, so I sang it as a jest.

Love I had for you, Madonna, because I looked on you,
But long ago your love was gone to pay its happy due ;
Love you had, and love enough, and yet your friends were few.

My days are sweet, Madonna—sweet to their farthest end.
You, rich beyond all telling, had need that I should send
Cotton thread and clear clean water and jesting and a friend.

A BALLAD OF DOOM

“ LADIES, pretty ladies,
What do you lack ?
Ladies, pretty ladies,
Choose from my pack.
All the way to Heaven and all the way to Hell
I went to fetch the fairings I have to sell.”

“ If you've been to Heaven, if you've been to Hell,
I will pay a pretty price for a thing that you can tell—
How does my true love and how fares the foe
Who slew him on a winter's night, very long ago ?”

“ I went the road to Heaven—it is a weary way—
I passed the open gate of Hell—you may reach it in a day—
Of all the many folk I saw, how should I know
Which was your true love and which was your foe ?”

“ My love he is a gallant, blue-eyed and debonair ”—
“ A thousand thousand such as he you may meet with anywhere ”—
“ He bears upon his breast the marks of wounds and kisses seven.”
“ I saw not any man like this in all the courts of Heaven.”

“ My foe he is a dour man and his hand is bitten through—
A little sign of love I gave for the deed he willed to do ”—
“ Lady, pretty lady, 'tis other news you lack.”
“ This fairing only, pedlar, will I have from out your pack.”

A Ballad of Doom

"O lady, there in Heaven I saw the blessed stand
A-praising God, and one there was who had a bitten hand ;
And one among the damned I saw, who know not any rest,
Marks of wounds and kisses seven were burning on his breast."

"Go, go again, good pedlar, and bring me word again
Why he I hate is doomed to bliss and he I love to pain.
Go cry my name in Heaven, in Hell my name declare,
That I may know before I go what was answered there."

"Lady, pretty lady,
What do you lack ?
Lady, pretty lady,
Choose from my pack.
I've been again to Heaven, I've been again to
Hell,
Here are news that you may choose from those
I have to sell."

"O what said my lover and what said my foe ?
Tell me, trusty pedlar, that I may know.
I'll take the road to Heaven or go my way to Hell,
Give me news that I may choose and I will pay you well."

"I cried your name before the damned, and he who was your friend—
'A curse upon the silly fool who brought me to my end':
I cried your name before the saints, and he who was your foe
Caught me with his bitten hand and would not let me go.

"He held me long in my despite, conjuring me by God
And hope of Heaven, to come again back by the path I trod
And swear your false-fair lover had been for ever true,
And he your foe was damned in Hell for the deed he dared to do."

A Ballad of Doom

" I'll climb the road to Heaven and kiss the wounded hand
Of him who is a lover true, and he will understand.
Then will I take my way to Hell, unto my lover-foe—
False or true I love him, and God will let me go."

" Ladies, pretty ladies,
What do you lack?
Ladies, pretty ladies,
Choose from my pack.
All the way to Heaven and all the way to Hell
I went to fetch these pretty fairings I have to
sell."

THE RETURN

LAST night my virgin spirit sinned—
It fled along the ways of wind
Nakedly I, to seek your breast.
Knowing what chanced, I would not tell.
It crept ere moonrise back to Hell,
A little sobbing and distress.

NIGHT

AND now dark sleep has climbed the highest hill,
And no last sunlight keeps awake the day ;
One after one the stars rise up until
They gather to night's surface and the bay
Of heav'n is sparkling with their thousand lights.
Such silence and such stillness that afar
You seem to hear as ever on such nights
The flickering of every burning star.
Oh, what fair compass this the course to mark
Of wanderers in the night ; for, strange it seems,
Though all is light in heaven the earth is dark,
Till stately through the trees the chaste moon gleams,
Round, in the silver fairest of her moods,
Like Dian hunting in her native woods.

PETROL, NIGHT, AND A ROAD

TO C. P. H. AND THE B. S. A.

SWIFT life and light
On a desolate road
When the night is still deep
With its fulness of stars,
And there goes from the lamp,
Set before, the command
"Let there be light,"
And a white patch of road
Swiftly flees onward.

Oh, who hath not felt it,
Greatly exulting,
That divine motion,
The glory of speed ;
Who hath not felt it
But feels that his heart
Is one with the engines,
Braced to endeavour,
Strong for a trial
Of swiftness and strength,
And fired with a joy
And a zeal to be onward ?

Petrol, Night, and a Road

Swift life and light
In the deadness and darkness
Of the deep of night :
In the silence of sleep
The strong delight
Of the rapid beat,
Urging the wheels
To follow the fleet
White beam on the road.

Swift life and light
And a wind that is hurling
Itself through the night
With a scream past our ears,
With a frantic might
Like a wretch distraught,
Mad in the dark
And fleeing the thought
Of fiends on the road.

Swift life and light
In the heavens above us,
Where worlds are burning
With fire and speed.
But fair as the stars
We with our lamp,
With quick-pulsing spark,
And shake of engine,
Speed on the road.
Shoot meteoric,
Adventuresome,
Glorious !

Too soon our lamp's light
Is merged in a lit street,
Losing its potency,
And the wheels once so fleet

Petrol, Night, and a Road

Slow down, and the engine stops,
And sudden the stillness
Aches, till the ears
Grow used to the silence.

And I thank you now
For the joy of that journeying,
For the sense of man's vigour,
For the knowledge that Beauty
Hates not machinery
Neither modernity,
For the exultation
Of life and light
On the free, dark road.

AN OLD RHYME RE-SUNG

" . . . HERE COMES AN OLD SOLDIER . . . "

DOWN the dusty highway, trooping with the stars,
Comes old Year, a soldier returning from the wars,—
Out at-elbow, down-at-heel, shuffling in his shoe,
With a knapsack full of looting,
Of summertime freebooting,
Threadbare at the corners, where the sunshine filters through.

Who beheld the youth of him,—how he marched away,
Confident, resplendent, in the morning of a day,—
Heels of air and heart of grace, bragging of the Spring,
With the trumpets of the fourth Wind,
The near Wind, the North Wind,
And half the world as mad as March to hear his trumpeting ?

Where's the martial pageantry that used to flout the sky ?
Flung to sport by every air that blows the leaves awry ;
While the old Year limps along, whistling out of tune,
And, gorgeous in his old rags,
Red rags, gold rags,
Flaunts the tawdry tatters of the glory that was June.

LAY

“Item, quant est des laiz, c'est une chose longue et malaisée à faire et trouver, car il y faut avoir xii. couples, chascune partie en deux, qui font xxiiii. Et est la couple aucunefoiz de viii. vers, qui font xvi. ; aucunefoiz de ix. qui font xviii. ; aucunefoiz de x. qui font xx. ; aucunefoiz de xii. qui font xxiiii., de vers entiers ou de vers coppez. Et convient que la taille de chascune couple a deux paragrafes soient d'une rime toutes differens l'une a l'autre, excepté tant seulement que la darreniere couple des xii., qui font xxiiii., et qui est et doit estre conclusion du lay, soit de pareille rime, et d'autant de vers, sanz redite, comme la premiere couple.”

EUSTACHE DESCHAMPS: *L'Art de Dictier.*

I.

MUMMERS! let love go by
 With his crown upon his head,
 Beaten royally
 Of gold, heavy and red;
 Your tinsel garments fly
 To the trip of a lightsome tread,
 The gusty gale has fled,
 And your garlands are blown awry.

Sniggering, whisperingly,
 What was the thing you said?
 “Poor old love? Oh, ay!
 Put him away to bed
 With his wearisome song and sigh—
 We've a ragtime tune instead
 But yours is already dead,
 And his can never die.

II.

OXFORD! suffer it once again that another should do thee wrong,
 I also, I above all, should set thee into a song ;
 I that am twice thy child have known thee, worshipped thee,
 loved thee, cried
 Thy name aloud to the silence and could not be satisfied,
 For my hands were stretched to clutch thee, draw thee up to
 my side,
 And my heart has leapt and my breath has failed, to hear the tongue
 Of Tom toll in the dark, and straight unpanoplied
 My soul has almost died.

Bear with me as thou hast borne with all thy passionate throng
 Of lovers, the fools of love ; for the great flood sweeps along
 From the hills into the sea, and all their boats go down with the
 tide ;
 And thou shalt stand unmoved, when the wreck of the world beside,
 When the loveless cities of greed slip down in their ruined pride
 And crumble into the gulf of Time. Thou shalt be strong
 With Thebes and On and Memphis, where the deathless gods abide,
 A city sanctified.

III.

I F I shall sing of thee in antique rime,
 Stately and cold as moons that near eclipse,
 And intricate as bells rung down in time,
 It is to keep the madness from my lips,
 Whereby the lover's tongue stumbles and trips,
 Uttering foolishness, and thy sublime
 White brow is marred with mockery—garlands to whips,
 Sceptres to reeds are turned, and worship to a crime.

Think, magic city, that as each dear chime
 Thrills the mute, friendless night, or stealthily drips
 Through all the noise of noon from prime to prime,
 Continually some new soul comes to grips

Lay

With thee and all the power of thee. He slips
To seaward, weighs out anchor from the slime,
Following the wake of countless golden ships
Thy figure at the prow, to some far western clime.

IV.

THOU art so magical
Thou makest me afraid,
Lest some great bolt of desolation fall,
And thou in dust be laid
With Babylon and Nineveh the tall ;
Or some enchanted lake will cover thee all,
And through quadrangle, cloister, colonnade,
Four-coloured fishes swim, and, faint and small,
Up through the waves at midnight the bells of Magdalen call.
Through midnight waters mighty Tom will call.

Or when, perchance, the pall
Of some nocturnal shade
Unstarred, more dewy-dark than usual,
Lifts upon hill and glade,
I fear lest sunrise strike upon no wall,
No winding street nor ghost-white pinnacle—
Only on level woodlands, lonely made
Of thee, as once, by arts incredible,
The holy castle vanished behind Sir Percival,
At morning light was not, for Percival.

V.

ONCE Nimue, the lady of the lake,
Wound aged Merlin in the coils of sleep,
And cast the silence of the luminous, deep
Green forest all about him, there to take

His rest for ever ; no alarm might shake
 The stillness, no wild creature snuff or peep
 On him, no knight arouse him with the leap
 Of his tall war-horse plunging through the brake.

And that enchantress, Venus, for the sake
 Of young Pygmalion, weary to see him creep
 Kissing his idol's senseless foot, and weep,
 Smote life into the stone, and so did slake
 His thirst of love. And thou ? The willows quake
 By the clear Cher, thick-clustered dewdrops steep
 The heads of mossy gargoyle-beasts, that keep
 Their wide, shy smile. And do we dream or wake ?

VI.

ONLY one painter could have painted thee,
 Still mother with the unimpassioned eyes,
 Dark with the mystery
 Of many centuries,
 Couldst thou have walked in a woman's guise
 Under the blue, exulting skies
 Of Italy
 In the great sunrise.

All things that were, and now are, and shall be
 Graven upon thy heart, have made thee wise
 To smile inscrutably ;
 All aid thou couldst despise
 Of reeds and fanciful psalteries,
 Strange face of kindness and cruelties,
 Immutably
 Without surprise.

Lay

VII.

THY name is as the scent of things departed—
Of myrrh and unremembered frankincense,
Stored in the niches of dim chapels, dense
With hidden tales of penitence,
With wreathed prayer and desperate vows red-hearted,
Whose ancient eloquence
Knocks on the doors of sense
When in thy haunted shrines I kneel without defence ;

Like one that sails on ice-dark waters, charted
By wrinkled mariners at dear expense,
Who trims the sails with careful diligence.
And though the pole-star burn intense,
Shudders to know how many ships thus started,
Feeling the wrath commence
Of old experience,
And drowned green ghosts that crawl from unsuspected dens.

VIII.

HOW shall I let thee go ? for thou didst wring
All myself from me ; I would not withhold
One citadel, but gave thee everything.
Perhaps a better wisdom had controlled
The gift, had kept some solitary string
Thou couldst not shake, some secret still untold,
So that thou hadst not left me unconsolated
At thy departure. All this sorrowing
Would not be mine to-day had I been strong of old.

But now—too late ! the fleeing shadows bring
The unsheathed swords of morning, sharp and cold.
Thou breakest from me—I am weakening—
Last night wast thou so mighty ? I behold

Glimmering betwixt the feathers of thy wing,
 Westward the stars, eastward the sunrise gold,
 O stay ! my hands about thy feet are bold.
 Curse me or bless, thou godlike, deadly thing,
 By the Lord's living face I will not loose my hold !

IX.

THE moonlight over Radcliffe Square,
 Small sunset spires that drowse and dream,
 Thin bells that ring to evening prayer,
 Red willow-roots along the stream,
 And perilous grey streets, that teem
 With light feet wandering unaware,
 And winter nights with lamps agleam,
 Globed golden in the violet air ;

Odd nightmare carven things, that stare
 Spell-stricken in a voiceless scream ;
 The worn steps of an ancient stair,
 With oaken balustrade and beam—
 Such things are weightier than they seem :
 These marks my branded soul must bear,
 Pledges that Time cannot redeem.
 And yet God knows if I shall care !

X.

“ I SEULT, Iseult ! day follows day
 With weary feet ; the bitter spray
 Flies fitfully over the waterway.
 The gull's harsh crying
 Is cruel as death. O far away
 Are the years when we made holiday ;
 My hair and beard show very grey
 In the bed where I am lying.

Lay

“All the wonderful songs of May,
Roundel, madrigal, virelay,
I cannot remember them now to play,
 For yesternight I was trying
To bring them back, but the harp-strings fray,
And I only know that the songs were gay.”
Thus and thus did Sir Tristram say
 In the hour that he was dying.

XI.

THEY say the waters cannot drown
 Love. I believe it. Set this down :
 That I believed and uttered thus.
Whatever things the years discrown,
Somehow, love, I would have it known
 My youth was not ungenerous,
And I could kneel to kiss thy gown,
 As every honest lover does.

For when beneath the winter's frown
Forth to the forest goes the clown,
 Whistling, when winds are blustering,
To gather kindling for the town,
There on his faggots sere and brown
 A few dry leaves hang dolorous
In witness of the spring's renown—
 And it is even so with us.

XII.

I, EVEN I,
 Have loved in joy and dread.
Now my spinning-wheel I ply
 Like the peasant-girl, that wed

With a king (they say), and try
 With hands and heart of lead
 To spin out a golden thread
 From the dusty straws and dry.

I will not weep nor cry
 For work unperfected,
 Still labouring faithfully
 I have no tears to shed.
 For love goes harping high,
 And is rememberèd,
 Mummers ! when you are sped
 With all the lips that lie.

SISTERS

YOU had not heard the clang of life, it seems,
In those dim shadows of backwater days,
Save in the weary barrenness of dreams
A vision of burning heights and dancing ways.

And so one day you dared ; and down the stair
Crept trembling—through the door—into the street ;
And oh ! to find your little soul laid bare,
And cast it thrilling at the city's feet.

So you have loved and you have lived, it seems ;
And they are silent now—forgotten days
Save in the agony of sleepless dreams,
Forgotten heights, how cold, and shadowy ways.

But in the grave I think you smile to hear
Your myriad sisters pass, their hungry eyes
Dark with the torment of a restless fear,
Long-buried hopes and wan-faced memories.

Death holds you in his arms : your bitter quest
Has given you sleep at last : you could but die :
These are your sisters, envying your rest,
And one by one they join you where you lie.

GODSTOW

APRIL sent foolish blood about our hearts,
Waking old madness : we had planned high tea
Under the sun at Godstow—it would be
Like an old April . . . and so we played our parts.

There was a froth of hawthorn, and you said
How love was very son of Truth begotten,
Undying, unchangeable . . . and I'd forgotten
All save the pulses drumming in my head.

Twilight comes cool in April. You were thinking
“Not yet the end, not yet the end!” I thought
“Dear fools ! Since when have we two grown so old
That we are blind how love is fallen to nought,
And there's but lust in kisses ?” We went on drinking
While the stream laughed and chattered—and tea was cold.

G. B. SMITH
(CORPUS CHRISTI)

SONGS ON THE DOWNS

I.

THIS is the road the Romans made,
This track half lost in the green hills,
Or fading in a forest-glade
'Mid violets and daffodils.

The years have fallen like dead leaves,
Unwept, uncounted, and unstayed
(Such as the autumn tempest thieves),
Since first this road the Romans made.

II.

A miser lives within this house,
His patron saint's the gnawing mouse,
And there's no peace upon his brows.

A many ancient trees and thin
Do fold the place their shade within,
And moan, as for remembered sin.

NARCISSE—MALLARMÉEEN

YOUR eyes to me are moonlit seas,
where rove my sea-gull dreams like souls,
where coral roses keep their tryst
with large translucent bees,
where sea-weeds kept in amber bowls
whisper like eager girls,
where leaves of lily-pearls
wander amongst cold gleaming eyes,
and where the dream-entrancèd skies
tremble, grape-coloured, starlight-kist.
But in your inmost eye I see a boy,
a wondrous fair-limbed flower-bodied boy,
gazing into an amethyst.

CHINOISERIE : SAMAINESQUE

THE Spring is come, Belovèd, we shall float
White lotus lamps upon the shimmering stream,
And watch the sunset's passion waste and fade,
An amber dream.

I'll weave thee jasmine garlands for thy throat,
Enmesh bold poppies in thy stormy hair,
And heap thy lap with tender blossom snowed
By the tall pear.

But oh to-night, Belovèd, play thy lute,
And lean thy cheek to mine and softly sing
A fragile princess in her springtime dead,
And a lone king. . . .

Love, through thy finger-lattices I see
Full of desire thy passionate longing eyes,
And lo ! the moon like an impetuous flower
Bursts in the skies.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON

(*QUEEN'S*)

EPITAPH

“**H**ERE lies a fool for whom no tears are shed,
Here lies a fool one woman would have wed.”
My glory and my shame go hand and hand,
So shall my soul in hell be comforted.

GOBLIN FEET

I AM off down the road
Where the fairy lanterns glowed
And the little pretty flittermice are flying :
A slender band of grey
It runs creepily away
And the hedges and the grasses are a-sighing.
The air is full of wings,
And of blundering beetle-things
That warn you with their whirring and their humming.
O ! I hear the tiny horns
Of enchanted leprechauns
And the padding feet of many gnomes a-coming !

O ! the lights : O ! the gleams : O ! the little tinkly sounds :
O ! the rustle of their noiseless little robes :
O ! the echo of their feet—of their little happy feet :
O ! their swinging lamps in little starlit globes.

I must follow in their train
Down the crooked fairy lane
Where the coney-rabbits long ago have gone,
And where silverly they sing
In a moving moonlit ring
All a-twinkle with the jewels they have on.
They are fading round the turn
Where the glow-worms palely burn

Goblin Feet

And the echo of their padding feet is dying !

O ! it's knocking at my heart—

Let me go ! O ! let me start !

For the little magic hours are all a-flying.

O ! the warmth ! O ! the hum ! O ! the colours in the dark !

O ! the gauzy wings of golden honey-flies !

O ! the music of their feet—of their dancing goblin feet !

O ! the magic ! O ! the sorrow when it dies.

THE LOVER MADE LIGHT BY CIRCUMSTANCE

WHO may have seen the trees grow tall,
Or watched what gait imperial
The lord the sun from hour to hour,
From throne to throne by his blue hall
Makes, and have known his stride get slower,
Such might a patient lover be
Whose love runs deeper than the sea.

But I? How can I contemplate
Patiently, with good will to wait
Some slow maturing of desire?
Love meets me suddenly, and straight
Scarce knowing, all my bones run fire!
Fire blooms within me and without:
To-morrow I am sent about.

I take to-morrow's crooked road,
My heart a wound, my fate a goad,
Who may not sleep more nights than one
To build foundations deep and broad,
And do as true lovers have done,
And give my handicraft my love,
Nor may love's habit find a groove.

The Lover Made Light by Circumstance

On whom the dust falls white, because
A day's march carries whence he was
More happy than to hope his day
Will bud and blossom ere it pass,
And God's hands hurry him away,
Men may call "light lover," nor see
Fit ground for his apology.

MODERN BEAUTY

THE month of May is over,
The green is crushed with red,
But God has raised the clover
To hide his quiet dead.

Look not upon these temples
Of cloud hewed by the wind :
Rather these weary waggons
And dust flung up behind.

Our windows gape with blackness,
Our linen sheets are soiled ;
All sorry are our women,
For each of them is spoiled.!

Rather the broken body
Than body full of light,
Rather the skeleton of a house³
Where none lie down at night

ON TIRING OF A CERTAIN SUBJECT

DAMN sex ! Let us drink of this raw purple wine—
If it blisters your throat, that is no fault of mine ;
We'll talk of all good things that met us together,
From the shape of a spire to our good sailing weather.

Let's wrangle no more about woman and man
While bread's on the table and wine's in the can,
The sun to south-west, and a wind coming over,
Sweet seasoned with quickset and beans and red clover.

Rare towns we may mention, the little and old,
With pavements of cobble, innkeepers of gold,
Where, turning the corner by Jubilee clock,
We ran into Dusk in a comely blue frock.

Of the slant of the West with its head in a cloud,
And streams fed by sea wind, brown, lusty and loud,
Of the road by the cliff and the road down the combe,
The highroad abroad, and the level road home.

Why, here's to 'em all ; and of each road a story.
The halt and the meeting, and end of day glory,
When at ease in a garden, some cottage beside,
Our pipe fire glowed up, and their heaven fire died.

Here's days full of work seven times worth the doing,
Plain food for plain men, and for strong men strong brewing,
Here's all that does good to our sinew and mettle ;
And for God's sake leave Sex to some others to settle !

H. T. WADE-GERY
(WADHAM AND NEW COLLEGE)

TO MASTER ROBERT HERRICK:
UPON HIS DEATH

SWEET Robin Herrick, friend
Who Death himself could fend
With song, until the end

When Death, poor dunderhead,
Grew tired of play, and said
You must be off to bed,

So sent you to your sleep,
So deep, so endless deep—
Why, if a child will weep

Who's kist and sent away,
(Yet night itself's half-play
And promise of next day)—

What Good-Night's yours, alone
To depths of silence gone
And heard and seen of none?

THE GRASS IS COLD AND WET, THE DEW IS SET

THE grass is cold and wet, the dew is set
Where we together lie.
But love will keep us warm ; we'll take no harm,
Belovèd, you and I.
The moon shall shine slantwise upon my eyes
While it shines full on yours,
And I shall see them clear, which are more dear
Than all that night obscures.

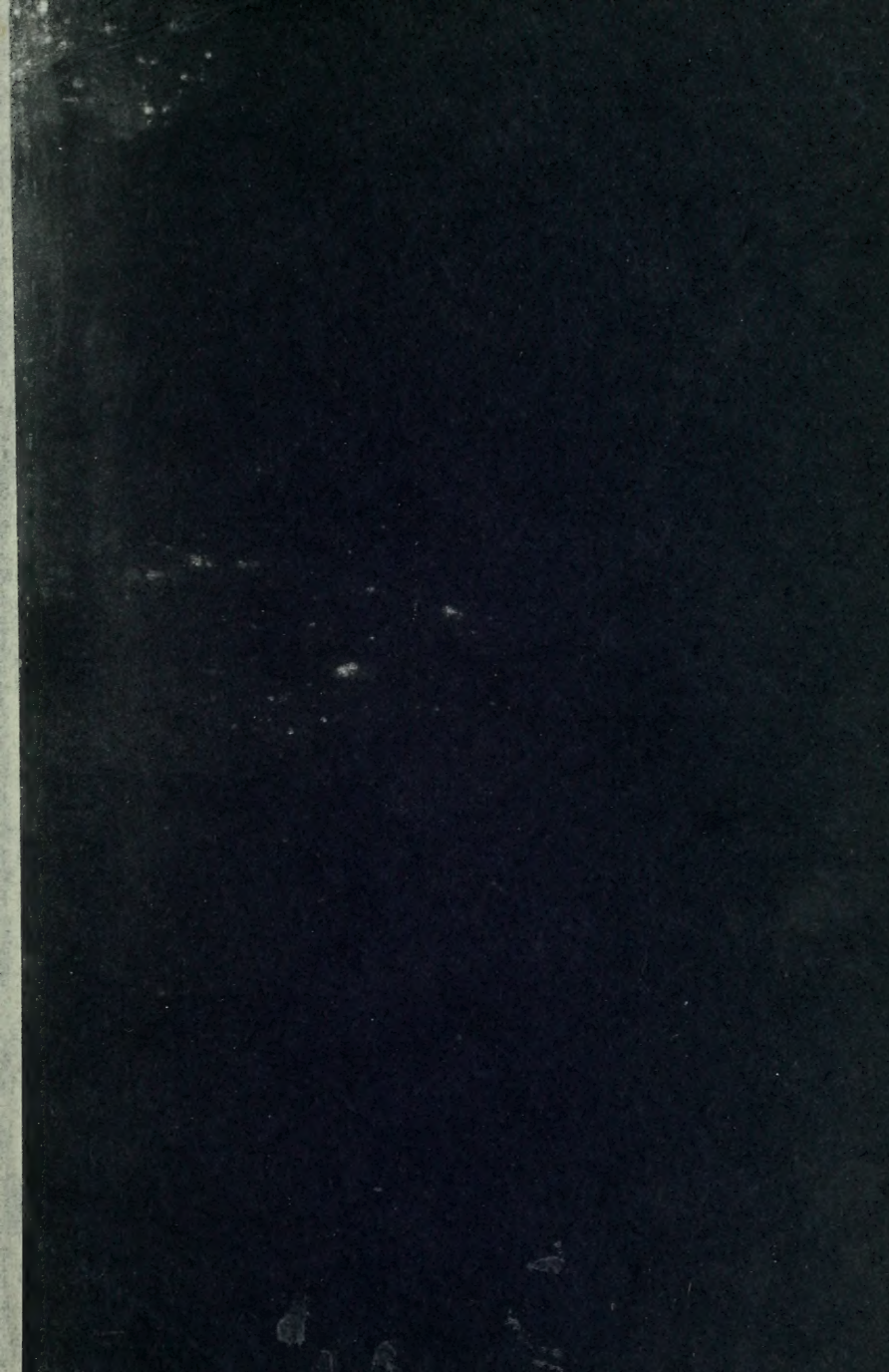
Put out your hand, and see, how cold they be,
The dewdrops on the ground,
Drenching the grass : breathe full, how sweet and cool
The vasty night around !

HARK, HOW THE BIRDS DO SING AT EVENING

HARK, how the birds do sing at evening :
This doth the air possess.
Oh, this the quiet air doth wash from care,
Doth fill with loveliness.

To me now better this than any kiss,
Than any lovèd voice—
Better than any speech, when each with each
Sweet lovers do rejoice.

Better to stand and see how goldenly
All light and sound do end—
O Love, what hast thou done beneath the sun ?
What have we done, sweet friend ?



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