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SUMMER

1917



E. Temple
Thurston



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Summer 1917

And other Poems

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E. Temple Thurston
(From a pencil sketch)

Summer 1917

And other Verses

By

E. Temple Thurston

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1917

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A few of these poems have already appeared in some of my novels and also in magazines. I am indebted to the publishers and editors for permission to reprint them here.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

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I

WE have come down the length and the breadth of
the years

Empty-handed, we who had fond belief our hands
were full.

We have crossed the mountains of high hope and toiled
in the valley of fears,

And the journey had hours of pain, but the road was
beautiful.

Yet all the beauty of music in the murmuring streams,

The joy in running rivers of light, the giant trees

That cast their shadows to the very edge of dreams,

The songs the Summer brought us on the Westering
breeze.

All these were never ours who had never given ;

Not even ours the honey in the heather by the burn.

No bargain here on earth that is ever driven

But takes alone and must not offer in some fair re-
turn.

II

Yet what had we given for the honey in the heather ?

How had we paid the price of moonlight on the hill ?

For the thousand things God gave us all together—

Hum of the bees, scent of the meadows, or the black-
bird's trill—

Have we paid, even such as one can pay with laughter?

Known one real hour of unquestioned gladness in our
heart ?

That which we loved, when gained, did we love after,

Keeping the loving and the love of gain apart ?

Yet all these beauties from God's storehouse we have
taken

Gathered the sunshine as it lay in pieces of silver on
the sea ;

Seized hold the branch of Life and all its fruit have
shaken,

As boys shake down the apples from the orchard
tree.

III

These were our days, when all the glory of the twilight
Spread out the powdered night before more glorious
morn ;
We were lovers, drugged with the juice of lover's Eye-
bright,
Wrapped in the spell of passionate ease—pledged
and foresworn ;
Slaves of Life we were, yet timid of Death's freedom,
Using God's altar, pledging our souls in a bond of
prayer,
Dressing our foolish, soulless facts in a garb of wisdom,
Caged in the earth ! Whose wings were meant to
beat the air.

IV

If in a pageant of the days and years behind us—
Robed as they were in the sunlight's cloth-of-gold,
decked in the blue
Of every sky and every sea there is in memory to re-
mind us—
We could look back and see our lives anew,

Should we hear much of the silver trumpets of real
laughter ?

Trace here or there the presence, in that urging
throng,

Of this one hour or that which followed after,

When there was nothing in our hearts but a true
bird's song ?

For a true bird's song, that is the test of singing—

The absolute negation, the fierce denial of strife—
No mind to excel, or seek the fruit such excellence
might be bringing,

But just a thoughtless, raptured gratitude for Life.
In such a pageant and with all its banners flowing,

What would our thoughts be when it had gone by ?
That we had known the best things ? Or had had no
knowing ?

Had purchased Life, or sought those things you
cannot buy ?

V

Come back to the locked gates of childhood ! Think
and remember

The things that we lived for—what the sun meant,

The moon, the stars, each one a separate ember
In that quiescent furnace of the firmament.
These were not facts ! In them no Israel could be
numbered !
We knew God more with the heart than with the
brain ;
And while men, tired of understanding, slumbered,
There in our rushing dreams the magic of Life came
back again.
O, it was Life then to be no slaves of knowing !
Makers of worlds, we were, the world had never
seen !
Kings of such kingdoms there is no bestowing !
Were ever the heavens so blue or was the grass so
green
As then, when we had never thought to capture
One glimpse of beauty ? One wish even to postpone
The moment as it sped by with a swallow's rapture,
Because that moment, coming, come and gone was
all our own ?

VI

Who guessed our unchallenged right to those secret
magic places,

Where at faint daybreak, oft in the dew of nightfall
too, we stole
With feet that listened, hearts that beat in our breath
and white, eager faces,
Brave in our faith that there could be no trespass of
the soul ?
Those times there was traffic done ! Then there was
barter !
We toiled with dusty caravans thro' long grasses in
the glen.
Then we were merchants of a company whose charter
Gave privilege to none but virile men !
So did we deal with Life ; so gave concession
To all who brought their faith, earnest in the game.
It was we who knew the fierce joy of possession,
We, who had nothing to lose, who had nothing to
claim.
There was no God of achievement set upon our altar.
The game was not winning or losing, 'twas being
and they
Whose lips questioned, faith shook, whose heart might
falter,
Caught no more light from the sun—lost all joy in
the day.

VII

So we built our house of Life out of a cosmic wisdom.

With all the countless years of knowledge we were
wise,

Until they came and set fetters about our freedom ;

Until they came, thrusting that glimpse of good and
evil in our eyes.

Before then, we knew that heaven where the lark as-
cended ;

Then Time was not broken in a thousand pieces on
our calendars.

Day began in the still eyes of the morning, where night
ended ;

In our hearts only lay the eternal compass of the
stars.

What was there then but a journey in dying ?

A mysterious journey in the heat of long highways
untrod ?

Until they came and with their wisdom applying,

They brought us fear of Death in guise of the fear
of God.

VIII

This it was to be young ! A bright season of vision,
When not what our eyes ached in reading, but our
minds saw,
Made that inviolate but intangible division
Between the Golden letter and the Stone-written
law.
We were children and wise and they spurned us with
laughter.
Clear of the taint of Life, our vision was keen.
All their bitter judgments, their wisdom, their laws,
they taught us after,
Till we forgot the deep wonder of the things we had
seen.

IX

Can we set back ? See life afresh as the lark sees it,
A short thread of seasons in the eternal fabric of the
years ?

A time for loving, mating, bearing, as our Fate decrees
it,

Always giving—even so little as a song to some eager
ears ?

Can we re-fashion, now that the clay is soft and yield-
ing,

Plastic as potter's earth with all these tears and
blood ?

Take it anew, and with fresh inspiration wielding
Touch, turn and mould it in the eyes of God ?

X

Surely there was in Time, some false beginning ;
Some step mis-placed, some pathway chosen wrong ?
How else should they, in their fair Eden, sinning,
Leaves in the mountain spate that bears us all along,
How should they set them forth with such a burden
As the sweat of toil, or all the agonies of birth,
When these to mankind are God's greatest guerdon,
These but the two gifts we *can* give back to the
earth ?
Could this have been the moment when our footsteps
were misguided ?
This the wrong-chosen pathway countless feet have
trod ?
So have we listened to a voice the angels have derided ?
So come, thus wandering, far out of the ways of God ?

XI

What matter the moment there was, if now it should
follow
We see the dawn clear as we stand on the crest of
the hill,

And with the first sun-ray a-slant through the mist in
the hollow,
We hear the wind lifting the blackbird's throated
trill ?
Yet, 'twere not enough in our ears alone were that
singing,
As it rises in waves of the air through the slant of
the sun ;
It is lost, if we hear not the message the singer is bring-
ing,
That the voice in its throat and the voice in our
hearts are but one.
All one with Nature ! One great indivisible unit ;
Sharing the same essence of being with Earth's
lightest breath ;
Finding a common instrument and with love to re-tune
it,
Creating new measures, sweetening life and simpli-
fying death.
Thus may we put the error of the years behind us,
Soar like the lark out of the gray mist into the blue,
Where every trammelling fetter we have hammered
out to bind us
Will, in the furnace of the sun, be forged anew.

XII

In days to come when the voice of our Destiny has
spoken,

And we lie us down for an hour in the long, green
grass

To take that slow, deep breath of thankfulness, un-
broken

Till the moment from ease to endeavour again shall
pass,

Shall we see new beauties in the world about us ?

Learn more of the sailing clouds, know the voice of
the trees,

Touch earth, drink dew, hear Heaven and no more
doubt us

The truth of laughing fairies hidden in the leas ?

For we, taking our gifts of the earth, were too proud to
be of it,

We, flaunting its many possessions, were of cleaner
stuff !

Yet the harvests of upland and lowland we took for
our profit,

Stripping the earth we scorned, e'er the feast of
those fruits was enough.

XIII

Such sons have we been to our beneficent mother ;
Timorous, whisp'ring of death, driving a price for
sin,

Talking of Heaven and Hell, when all these were no
other

Than fears of the darkness we were wandering in.
But, stumbling, have we not now found summit for a
clearer vision,

Such that when Dawn first touches her fingers on
the Day,

We shall have learnt the fragile thread's division
'Tween Life and the interval of Death ? For who
shall say

That Youth, spurred with Adventure on a steed of
passion,

Rides out into the Ultimate, before his race is run ?
Fate is not ordered nor a life fulfilled in such a fashion.
One deed burns not a light more lasting than the
sun !

XIV

There is sunlight over the hills and blue light in the
valleys,

The long-grown meadow grass is reddening for
the scythe ;

The hawk is mounting the evening air in lingering
sallies,

Shall these continue, while the human tithe
Is gathered in countless sheaves of grain, unripened,

That never shall know the sun's perfecting heat ?

Are we no more than creatures of God's stipend ?

Is Life but a moment, withering at our feet ?

XV

No ! It is not dead, that wine-spilt blossom of the
clover !

We shall hear once again the brazen trumpets of the
gorse !

Harvests innumerable there are that shall pass over
Before the sun has run the purpose of its course.

Nor are they dead, who in a golden dust of glory,
Striking bright spurs into their steeds, have ridden
away.

The voice of Death speaks with a likelier story
In us, who more ungenerously linger for the break
of day.

Out of the streets of Death, bursting the city gates
asunder,

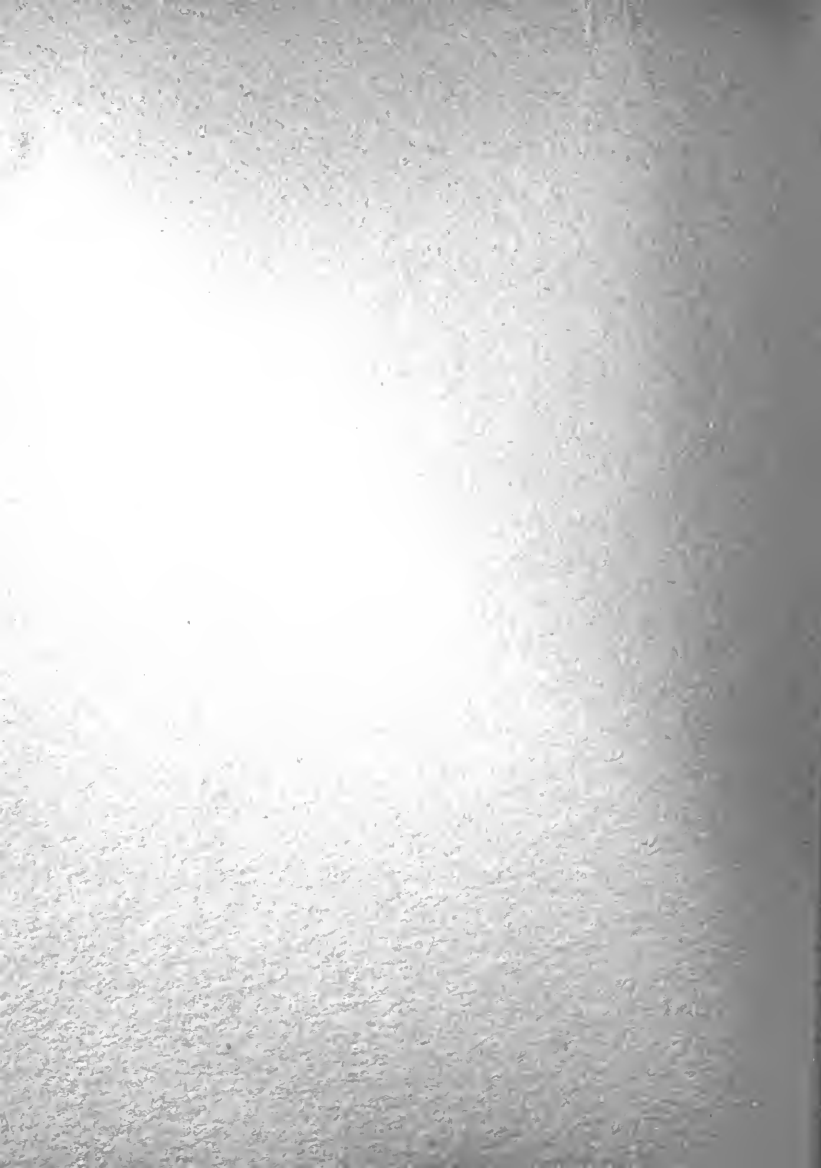
They have gone forth to Life, a noisy calvacade of
youth,

Shouting boy's merriment at the music of their thunder,
Heads tossed over shoulders, calling back their
message of truth :—

XVI

*There is a new way to the stars, you, who would wander !
You, who would make the world your very own.
Give all, as the earth gives ! The heart cannot squander.
All that the fields bring forth, in the fields was sown.*

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES, 1910-17



ADELPHI TERRACE

(1915)

GONE are the light-signs, sleepless on the river,
The strident voice of Commerce cries its wares
no more ;

Here a wharf lamp dimly burning
Sets its *orange* ripples to the other shore.

The clustered barges sleeping close together,
Stir like great reptiles as the tide flows down between,
And the steam tug, self-important,
Struts by with his eye inquisitive and *green*.

We, now like children, playing at the nightfall,
See all the substance of our make-believe come true.
Night's a robber, with his poignard
Hidden underneath his cloak of *powder-blue*.

Late evening, as I watch it from my window,
Seems like a Columbine before a painted scene.
In gossamer, she dances with
This Harlequin in *orange*, *powder-blue* and *green*.

ON HEARING THE GUNS IN SUSSEX

YOU, shepherd, on the velvet slopes of Sussex
Downs,

The wind in cornfields, can you hear it tell
Of women rustling in silken gowns ?

And can you hear no other note as well ?

Feeling, it is, for where's a measure to the sound ?

A pulse beats louder, heavier in the heart ;
And then, beneath your feet, the silent ground
Echoes the pulse. You do not stand apart ;

Nor you, nor all the world, nor that still village there,

Which, like red pebbles in a giant's hand,
Lies in a hill's cup, as it might declare

That Peace was fragrant throughout all the land.

No Peace is yet. The very corn fields that were tilled
Give this year's harvest of some blood that shall be
spilled.

THE HOUR

CATCH up the garment of your night
Embroidered with its stars,
And look not, neither to the left nor right,
Nor heed the flaming scimitars.
Set out with steadfast feet and noble heart ;
Death has commanded you shall take your part.

Pluck you a thornéd hazel twig
And shake the blossoms free.
The very hour itself is big
With your soul's destiny.
Girdle your faith and be as fifty men
That march to battle in the hollow glen.

Bring you no tears, the dew will fall
To wet the path you go ;
And you will hear the curlews call
Across the moors below.
The flame-flies shall burn candles in the grass
To light your silent footsteps as you pass.

OVER THE HILL

OVER the crest of the hills,
There is often a look of the sea,
Often a light in the sky beyond
That tempts the heart of a vagabond,
A vagabond like me.

Over the crest of the hills,
There's a wind that is laughing and free,
With a deep drawn breath I make it mine,
'Tis just as good as a bottle of wine
To a vagabond like me.

Over the crest of the hills,
It is there I'd be bending my knee.
In the early morning's hour of Grace,
God shows the wonder of His face
To a vagabond like me.

OUT OF THE EARTH

WHAT shall we win, you and I,
Out of the earth ?
What shall we win,
If we toil and spin ?—
Will the day draw out
From a night of doubt
Ere we win, you and I,
Out of the earth.

What shall we win, you and I,
Out of the earth ?
Where the dew is wet,
Are there jewels yet
You never wore ?
Can love yield more
Ere we win—you and I,
Out of the earth ?

TREASURY

I

THERE is a silent tragedy I know
On the high beacon of a Sussex hill,
Where the winds in shore from a far beach blow
Around a lonely mill.

Time and needs the of men have passed her by,
Grey dust of years lies gathered on her floor ;
Those arms that clasped the wind so pass'nately
Will hold him never more.

There, where the sheep tracks through the gorse-land
meet,
And, droning, flights the pollen-dusted bee,
She stands where England, misted at her feet
Outstretches to the sea.

There, yellow rock-rose spreads its petals to the sun,
The wild thyme scents the air the day-long through,
And, like a ragged mantle, homely spun,
The bugloss flings its blue.

The organ-note of Life on that hill crest,
All day throbs vibrant in the trembling air ;
Only the mill with pinioned sails at rest
Stands in her silence there.

At sun-fall up the shoulders of the hills
The noiseless footsteps of the shadows creep,
While larks on evening wing with ceaseless trills,
Sing all but her to sleep.

*Arms that have held the wind and clasp no more !
Heart that no longer quickens in the breast !
Was there no better treasury in store
Than this unwanted rest ?*

II

Women of England who have loved and borne,
And loved and bred and loved and given away,
Who will stand lonely on the hill at morn
When there is break of day—

Shall we forget the tears that you must spill
Upon the broken fabric you have spun ?
And will your arms be pinioned like the mill
Now that your work is done ?

And will the organ-note of Life still call,
Yet bring no comfort to you while you weep ?
And will the lark on evening wing sing all
But your tired eyes to sleep ?

III

*Arms that have held the wind and clasp no more !
Heart that no longer quickens in the breast !
Was there no better treasury in store
Than this unwanted rest ?*

THE LAKE

TO J. K. T.

MORE and more, as the west of our life together
passes,

I find you, as I might find some wide and peaceful
lake,

Where the only ripples falling, are like laughter in the
grasses,

The only tempest, such mute thunder as the rushes
make.

No chill, deep mountain tarn it is in the deserted
places,

Where noiseless waters in the encircling hills are
pent,

In which white, mystic hands are laved and hidden
faces

Look down in the ice-black mirror of their imprison-
ment.

A free and open lake I find it, where the sprites of sunlight

Bathe day-long in the blue and silver water and are never chill;

Who, as the dew of evening falls, steal forth, as one might

See bands of children setting out towards home across the hill.

So clear the waters of that lake, so broad its shallows,
The cool, brown pebbles at the bottom shine and glint ;

These are your dear, brown eyes, and in your cheeks,
the petals of the mallows,

And in your hair, the scent the wind blows from the
sweet, wild mint.

May I, till night comes, or with twilight falling,

There, with the sprites of sunlight, by those waters
still,

Add day to day and, when the last clear voice is calling,

Set out, content, towards home across the rising of
the hill.

TO J.K.T.

WHEN we have spent the years and share no more
Than memories to buy life with, and each,
Like Eastern merchants, spreading on the floor
Our several wares, with all-persuading speech,
Bargains with God for just the moment's touch
With this in life and this that we have loved so much,
Shall we be able to buy back—no less
Than one full instant's purchase and 'tis ours—
The thoughts I love you with and each caress
In these, all these long, lingering, lovely hours,
When you are far more wonderful to me
Than God could ever make the wonders of His heaven
be?

I often wonder how we two shall part.

What will the world-hereafter be to me
Without your laughter? What the unfailing chart
I shall take with me on that misty sea,
Which all must steer their destinies upon,
When once your hand's touch and the courage in your
eyes have gone?

For this, midst all Life's infinite surprise
And shifting sands, is what you've been to me.
I've steered my course by just the compass of your eyes,
And found fair harbour from the relentless sea.
Your ring of laughter, your brave heart, no less,
Have been the ship-wrights of my mean sea-worthiness.

But need we talk of parting till it comes ?
For then, when the emprisoning gates swing wide,
I shall not fear the calling of the drums
Of Death, if I can find you at my side.
Have I not seen you at those gates and in my mind
One fear alone, that God should summon me to stay
behind ?

Let's count our memories then and put them by
To purchase Life with when the years are spent.
" Do you remember ? " So we will untie
Our purse strings and, with wealth magnificent,
In those long evening days, while twilight dies,
We shall make profitable bargain with our merchandise.

TRIOLET

WHEN the night comes for me to rest,
Let me lie down in the long, green grass.
I need no garden with fine flowers dressed
When the night comes for me to rest.
Where Nature sows, I shall sleep best,
And where God reaps, no place surpass.
When the night comes for me to rest,
Let me lie down in the long, green grass.

THE VOICE

I AM alone with the sob of the wind,
The rushes are chanting the wind's wild song ;
And I hear them say as they drift and bind,
The voice of God is a silent voice,
And the patience of God is long.

A DEDICATION—TO MY WIFE

IF there is anything to you
In love or folly, pain or pride—
In poor endeavour whipped and spurred,
In eager hope, unsatisfied ;
If, in the wonder of the years that were,
You see the promise of the years that may ;
Then I've not journeyed on the road in vain,
Or set a star to see it fall away.

THE NET

I GAVE my spirit to a bird in flight,
And watched it soaring ever out of sight ;
Till, like a fountain's spray in summer heat,
All palpitating fell its music at my feet.

There in the arch of the abundant sky,
Where other spirits are for ever passing by,
My soul leaned out into the amazing blue,
And found the imperishable soul of you.

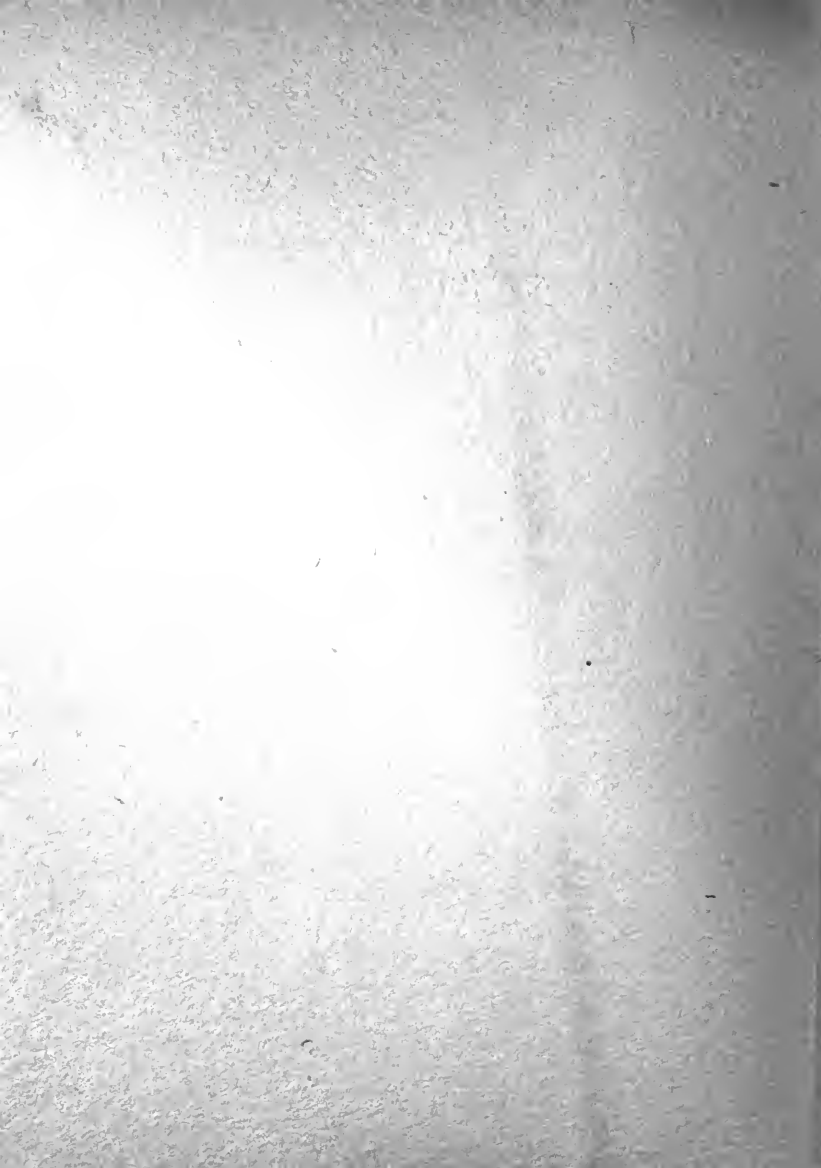
I gave my spirit to a bird in flight ;
Its wings are caught now in a passion's plight,
And gone are all the truths I ever knew,
And gone is the immeasurable soul of you.

DAWN

A DAY will rise in the golden dawn,
When the mists swim into a sea of morn,
And the naked sun under Khocknashoul
Will steep his limbs in the mountain pool—
On such a day will my love be born.

A day will come, though the days are late,
When I hold your hand, as those that wait
With bell and monstrance and Holy Bread ;
To take God's cup to the Altar head
And lift it high at the Holy Gate.

A day will dawn when I may gaze
Beyond the day of other days,
And, looking deep within your eyes,
Shall find the world is wond'rous wise,
Knowing death cannot part our ways.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE VERSES—1915-16



JANUARY 20

SUN at morn and rain at mid-day,
Cattle clinging to the hedgerows,
Clouds all heaping close together.
Sun at morn and rain at mid-day,
Winter stealing April weather.

JANUARY 21

SALLOW buds I saw to-day
On the orange willow ;
Flecks of froth as light as vapours,
They'll cut no more fairy capers !
Winter's caught them on the wing
To wear as jewels till the Spring.
I saw willow buds to-day
On the orange willow.

GOLDEN EAR-RINGS

THERE are apples still a-clinging
On the cider-apple trees ;
Every morn a new bird's singing
With the Spring that's just beginning,
Yet the apples still are clinging
To the cider-apple trees.

There they hang like golden ear-rings,
Dangling in a seaman's ears ;
And I wonder in my fearings,
When the March winds take their clearings,
Will they leave those golden ear-rings
Dangling in the seaman's ears.

THE TEWKESBURY ROAD

NOW in lanes, now lost in meadows,
There's a green grass road a'winding
Out of Tewkesbury in the valley
All to Gloucester near the sea ;
And the avenues of elm trees
Stand there broken, still reminding
How the White Rose drove the Red Rose
Down that road to victory.

Armour singing in the sunlight,
Thund'ring steeds and spurs a'bleeding,
Cries of battle, ragged banners,
These are what I see and hear,
As I wander through the meadows
Where the sheep are idly feeding
In the shadows of the elm trees,
In the fleece time of the year.

There are hoof marks stamped in terror
In that green grass road to Gloucester,
But 'tis with your heart you find them,
And your heart must search there well ;
For the years have drowned the pleading
Of each dying Pater-noster
Speeding up to Heav'n that morning
When the Red Rose drooped and fell.

Some days when the wind is making
Mighty havoc with its thunder,
And the elm trees, broken-rooted
Like great giants are flung down,
You can hear deep in your heart's beat,
If your ears are tuned to wonder,
Hosts of battle flinging headlong
Out of quiet Tewkesbury Town.

Spearheads bristle from the willows,
Banners flame in every sunset,
Armour clashes in the branches,
Trumpets sound in every breeze ;
And each drop of rain that's hanging
From the leaves, in every facet,
Flashes out a thousand sword-points
From the ambush of the trees.

Cattle trample down those hoof-marks,
Lovers walk that way a'wooning,
Many a waggon's sunk its wheel-rims
Where that green, grass highway goes ;
But the years can never silence
Deeds that there is no undoing,
And your heart can hear the shouting,
Of the foemen of the Rose.

Now in lanes, now lost in meadows,
There's a green grass road a'winding
Our of Tewkesbury in the valley
All to Gloucester near the sea ;
And the avenues of elm trees
Stand there, broken, still reminding
How the White Rose drove the Red Rose
Down that road to victory.

FOR WHAT ?

THE glow of a fire through a cottage pane,
The candle lit, the brown pot of tea,
Make me want with an aching heart for—what ?
And I never shall learn what that want may be.

The tale that is told by a rushy brook
As it steals through the meadows to reach the sea,
Makes me want—and in vain I cry for what ?
Yet I never shall learn what that want may be.

The song of a lark in the morning sky,
And the whisper of leaves in a poplar tree,
Make me want with a hungry heart, for what ?
And I never shall learn what that want may be.

The long, low line of the purple hills
And the mist in the valley 'tween them and me
Make me want—I have called to God for what ?
Yet I never shall learn what that want may be.

For we journey on through a world of days,
Till we come with the brook to the endless sea ;
And the best we can hope for is ever to want
And never to know what that want may be.

HERE'S MY SONG

I'VE heard men sing
To the anvil's ring,
In the forge where the blacksmith's smithy is ;
But here's *my* song
As I trudge along
Through the fields where the crooked withy is :

Oh, the world's in rhyme
At morning time,
And this shall be my burden O,
To take my joy
Like a stripling boy
With a lark's song for my guerdon O

I have heard them sing
At their harrowing,
While the blackbird's throated whistle blows ;
But here's *my* lay
As I wend my way
Down the lanes where the wine-red thistle grows :

Oh, the world's in rhyme
At morning time,
And this shall be my burden O,
To take my joy
Like a stripling boy
With a lark's song for my guerdon O.

I've heard them sing
As they dance their fling
In the tithe barn on All-Hallows' e'en ;
But here's *my* tune
Through the woods in June,
Where the fairy bloom of the shallow's been :

Oh, the world's in rhyme
At morning time,
And this shall be my burden O,
To take my joy
Like a stripling boy
With a lark's song for my guerdon O.

SUNNY MORNING

DOWN the road and into the sun,
Meeting the morning just begun,
All singing but the hindmost one—
Six little children off to school.

Down the road in the crisp sharp air,
Cheeks pink, lips cool, legs plump and bare,
And all with the sun-rise in their hair—
Six little children off to school.

STORMY MORNING

SHEPHERD, take a timely warning,
You with your white flocks in yeon
All the sky was red this morning
And the wind was blowing keen.

Tall black elms now burst in blossom
'Gainst the clouds of thunder blue
Flush like any Ethiopian
Crimson 'neath his swarthy hue.

Shepherd, take a timely warning,
You with your white flocks in yeon ;
All the sky was red this morning,
And the wind was blowing keen.

FROSTY MORNING

DIAMONDS ! Diamonds all the way
Spendthrift Nature, reckless !
Frosty night and North-East wind,
Fling such diamonds as you'll find
In a favourite's necklace.

Could I be a boy again—
Free of all Life's muddles—
How I'd pay sensation's price
To break those bottles of white ice
On the frozen puddles !

THE ASHWOOD STICK

I'VE cut myself an ashwood stick,
And trimmed the buds and bent it :
A stick it is made by my hand,
As straight as any in the land,
I've made it as I meant it.

There in the hedge it stoutly grew,
With hawthorn all about it ;
But e'er the buds were burst, I came,
And on its bark I cut my name
That none might ever doubt it.

And now it is a friend of mine—
More than a friend, I take it :
'Twill bear the polish of my hand,
'Twill share the highest hopes I've planned,
And when I die—then break it.

VANDERDECKEN

NOT even a cloud in the morning sky,
It lay like the sea—all blue ;
When, out of the harbour of the hills,
Just as I might come to you,
There sailed a frigate of a cloud,
Sails set and wind-full too.

I watched the warm sunrise across its sails,
As it rode on the azure sea.
Like a galleon out of the East it came
With its dipping prow to me.
Of a sudden then, as a flame is blown,
There was no ship to see !

Now you with your talk of fore and aft,
What do you make of such a craft ?
I stood for an hour and more, I reckon,
Thinking it must be Vanderdecken.



LYRICS



MOUNTAIN WIND

THERE is a wind that speeds across
The mountain heather and the moss,
And yours alone will be the loss
If it has never found you ;

It tunes the harp strings in the trees,
That play their music all to please
The fairies dancing on the leas,
Around and all around you.

THE SOUTH WINDS

YOU can hear the South winds calling—
And the swallow hears them too—
'Cross the hills and down the heather,
There they ride and who cares whether
North and East wind ride together,
For the South wind's calling you ?

You can hear the South winds whisp'ring—
And the swallow hears them too—
All the heather bells are dinging
To the magic of their ringing,
And your heart is up and singing,
For the South wind's calling you.

You can hear the South winds saying—
And the swallow hears them too—
That the world is full of wonder.
All the burning, blue skies under ;
Yet you break your lives asunder
Though the South wind's calling you.

BETWEEN THE MAY AND THE ROSE

BETWEEN the May and the Rose,
With the Summer just begun,
When the highest leaf on the poplar knows
The warmth of the morning sun ;

Between the May and the Rose,
With the broken buds aglow,
When the lark uplifted to Heaven knows
The All that he'll ever know ;

Between the May and the Rose,
When our touching hands are one,
We shall know what God in His heavens knows,
With the Summer just begun.

AT MORNING

YOU came to me at morning,
With April in your eyes—
I never knew the heav'ns so blue,
Or felt the World so wise.

You came to me at morning,
And now that we must part—
October skies are in your eyes,
And Winter in my heart.

But with the Season's passing,
Through all our tears that rain,
If I should plead, will God indeed
Give April back again ?



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