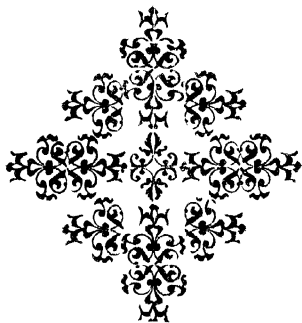


A BOOK OF
ENGLISH POETRY

P. SESHADRI, M.A.



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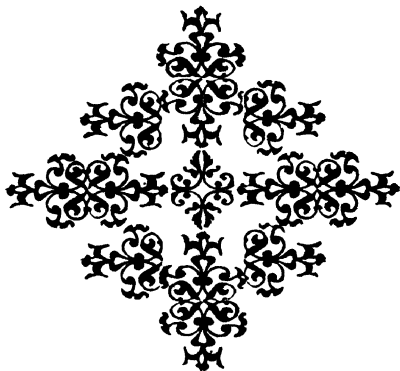
A Book of
ENGLISH POETRY

From WORDSWORTH *to*
BRIDGES

Compiled by

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PREFACE

THE number of poetical anthologies in English is legion and the good ones are not a few, but this collection is compiled for the special use of students preparing for the Intermediate Examinations of Indian Universities. The editor has endeavoured to bring together a fairly large number of representative specimens of modern English poetry which should serve to indicate its width of range and richness of feeling and introduce the student to new worlds of song.

A special feature of the volume is the inclusion of a large number of pieces from contemporary or very recent English poets. It is hoped they will serve to dispel the wrong notion existing in some quarters that English poetry stopped with Tennyson and Browning, 'that English literature took to its bed and was beatified' on a certain date. 'The great works of past ages seem to a young man,' rightly observes Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, 'things of another race in respect of which his faculties must remain passive and submissive, even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than himself, surrounded by the same circumstances and disciplined by the same manners, possess a reality for him and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which feeds and fans his hope. The poems themselves assume the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due to one who exists to receive it.'

As in the case of the companion volume of *A Book of English Prose* (Oxford University Press), room has been found for a few pieces dealing with Indian life and civilization. It is hoped they will make a special appeal to Indian students and any slight lowering of poetical standards in them, in comparison with the pieces from the classical writers of English, has been more than compensated for by the interest of the subject.

It is probably difficult for the compiler of an anthology of poetry, particularly of such a rich and progressive language as English, to satisfy all critics. Apart from the well-known differences of individual taste, the range for selection is so wide that everybody is bound to miss some favourite piece or other. One can only take refuge behind the well-known words of Euripides, whose support has been sought even by such a prince of anthologists as Palgrave: 'He sat in the meadow and plucked with glad heart the spoil of the flowers, gathering them one by one.'

A few notes, including some biographical details of the writers, have been added at the end. While helpful to the student, it is hoped that they are not such as to discourage individual effort on the part of the earnest seeker for knowledge.

Acknowledgments for permission to reprint copyright poems are due to:

Mr. John Murray for Dr. Robert Bridges' *There is a Hill*.
Messrs. Kegan Paul for Sir Lewis Morris' *The Song of Apollo*.

Messrs. David Nutt for W. E. Henley's *In Memoriam*.

Messrs. William Heinemann for Sir Edmund Gosse's *The Golden Isles* and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's *Imperial Delhi*.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for Rabindranath Tagore's extract from *Gitanjali*.

PREFACE

v

Messrs. George Allen & Unwin for Professor Gilbert Murray's *Fate*.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin for Mr. W. B. Yeats' *The Lake Isle of Innistree*.

Messrs. William Blackwood for Mr. Alfred Noyes' *The Cell of Spring*.

Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson for Mr. John Drinkwater's *A Prayer* and for Rupert Brooke's *The Dead*.

Benares,
1st September, 1926.

P. SESHADRI.

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Ode to Duty

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not ;
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.
I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may. 1

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires ;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice :
Not seeking in the school of pride
For 'precepts over dignified,'
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.
To humbler functions, awful Power !

I call thee ; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

3 *Kubla Khan*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree ;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round ;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced ;

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw ;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Vale of Cashmere

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?
Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes !—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half
shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people
meet.—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one

Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away ;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world !

THOMAS MOORE.

The Isles of Greece

The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' ' Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must we but blush ?—Our fathers' blood
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, ' Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come !'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slav' ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine ;
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swanlike, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON.

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody :—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh—thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :

I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be ;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er know love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know ;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

La Belle Dame sans Merci

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a Lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

'I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,

For sidelong would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said
"I love thee true!"

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

'And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

'I saw pale Kings and Princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide.
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

'And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake
And no birds sing.'

JOHN KEATS.

Brahma

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanished gods to me appear ;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Morte d' Arthur

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,

That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
' The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
' It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge,
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:

For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,
' And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself ?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, " King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur, breathing heavily :
'What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
' Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard or seen ? '

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
' Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere. '

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
' My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die. '

So saying, from the pavement he half rose.
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice and agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all

And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that ringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
' Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
' The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself ; what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A Grammarian's Funeral

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,
Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow ;
Look out if yonder's not the day again
Rimming the rock-row !
That's the appropriate country ; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer !
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citted to the top ;
Crowded with culture !
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
Clouds overcome it ;
No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit !
Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights :
Wait ye the warning ?
Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
He's for the morning !
Step to a tune, square chest, erect the head,
'Ware the beholders !
This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather !
He, whom we convey to his grave aloft,
Singing together,

He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless; how should spring take note
Winter would follow?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!
Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, 'New measures, other feet anon!
My dance is finished'?
'No, that's the world's way! (keep the mountain-side,
Make for the city),
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
Bent on escaping;
'What's in the scroll,' quoth he, 'thou keepest furred?
Show me their shaping,
Theirs, who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
Give!'—So he gowned him,
Straight got by heart that book to its last page:
Learned, we found him!
Yea, but we found him bald too—eyes like lead,
Accents uncertain;
'Time to taste life,' another would have said,
'Up with the curtain!'—
This man said rather, 'Actual life comes next,
Patience a moment!
Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
Still, there's the comment.
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy:
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
Ay, nor feel queasy!'
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to give!
 Sooner, he spurned it.
 Image the whole, then execute the parts—
 Fancy the fabric
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
 Ere mortar dab brick!
 (Here 's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place
 Gaping before us.)
 Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
 (Hearten our chorus)
 That before living he'd learn how to live—
 No end to learning:
 Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
 Use for our earning.
 Others mistrust and say—' But time escapes!
 Live now or never!'

He said, ' What's time? leave Now for dogs and apes!
 Man has Forever.'
 Back to his book then; deeper drooped his head;
 Calculus racked him;
 Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead;
 Tussis attacked him.
 ' Now, Master, take a little rest!'—not he!
 (Caution redoubled!)
 Step two a-breast, the way winds narrowly)
 Not a whit troubled,
 Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
 Fierce as a dragon
 He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
 Sucked at the flagon.
 Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
 Bad is our bargain!

Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen)—
God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment!
He ventured neck or nothing—Heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure:
'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered 'Yes!
 'Hence with life's pale lure!'
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next
 Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find Him.
So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar;
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
 While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
 Properly based *Oun*—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place.
 Hail to your purlieus!

All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews !
 Here's the top-peak ! the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there.
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there ?
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go ! let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send !
 Lofty designs must close in like effects ;
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Cry of the Children

I

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly !
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

II

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so ?—

'The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago ;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost.
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland ?

III

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary' ;
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak !
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold ;
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

IV

'True,' say the young children, 'it may happen
That we die before our time :
Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay ;
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, "Get up, little Alice ! it is day."

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries ;
Could we see her face be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes :
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime !
It is good when it happens,' say the children,
'That we die before our time.'

V

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have !
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do ;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !
But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine ?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine !

VI

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow ;
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.

VII

' For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
 Their wind comes in our faces,—
 Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places :
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
 Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
 And, all day, the iron wheels are droning,
 And sometimes we could pray,
 " O ye wheel," (breaking out in a mad moaning)
 " Stop! be silent for to-day! "'

VIII

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
 For a moment, mouth to mouth—
 Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
 Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
 Let them prove their living souls against the notion
 That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark ;
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX

Now, tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
 To look up to Him and pray ;

So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
 Will bless them another day.
 They answer, ' Who is God that He should hear us,
 While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door ;
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
 Hears our weeping any more ?

X

' Two words, indeed, of praying we remember ;
 And at midnight's hour of harm,—
 " Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,
 We say softly for a charm.—
 We know no other words except " Our Father,"
 And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
 And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
 " Our Father ! " If He heard us, He would surely
 (For they call Him good and mild)
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
 " Come and rest with Me, My child."

XI

' But no ! ' say the children, weeping faster,
 ' He is speechless as a stone ;
 And they tell us, of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.
 Go to ! ' say the children,— ' Up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
 Do not mock us ; grief has made us unbelieving—
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach ?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

XII

And well may the children weep before you !
They are weary ere they run ;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm ;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly ;
Let them weep ! let them weep !

XIII

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity ;—
'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path ;
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath !'

O May I Join the Choir Invisible

O may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence : live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :

To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
 Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,
 That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better—saw within
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love—
 That better self shall live till human Time

Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread for ever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Rugby Chapel

November, 1857

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent ;—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play !
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows ;—but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father ! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!
That word, *gloom*, to my mind
Brings thee back in the light
Of thy radiant vigour again!
In the gloom of November we pass'd
Days not dark at thy side ;
Seasons impair'd not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast ! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden ! For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now ? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain !
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm !

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,

Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here !
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad.
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue ; reviv'st,
Succourest !—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth ?—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing ; and then they die—
Perish ;—and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.
And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.

Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
Then, on the height, comes the storm!
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply,
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breach'd
The track, the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders! aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin;—alas,
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends, who set forth at our side,
Falter, are lost in the storm!
We, we only, are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
On—and at nightfall, at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind

Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks :
Whom in our party we bring ?
Whom we have left in the snow ?

Sadly we answer : We bring
Only ourselves ! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm,
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father ! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we, in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand !
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing ! to us thou wert still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone ;
Pure souls honour'd and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes ! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile ;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God !—or sons
Shall I not call you ? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died !

See ! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending ?—A God
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.—
Ah, but the way is so long !

Years they have been in the wild !
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe ;
Factions divide them, their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
Ah, keep, keep them combined !
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive !
Sole they shall stray ; in the rocks
Labour for ever in vain,

Die one by one in the waste.
Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear !
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van ! at your voice
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Taj Mahal

White like a spectre seen when night is old,
 Yet stained with hues of many a tear and smart,
 Cornelian, bloodstone, matched in callous art :
 Aflame like passion, like dominion cold,
 Bed of imperial consorts whom none part
 For ever (doomed with glory, heart to heart),
 Still whispering to the ages, ' Love is bold
 And seeks the height, though rooted in the mould ' ;
 Touched when the dawn floats in an opal mist
 By fainter blush than opening roses own ;
 Calm in the evening's lucent amethyst,
 Pearl-crowned when midnight airs aside have blown
 The clouds that rising moonlight vainly kissed,
 An aspiration fixed, a sigh made stone.

HENRY GEORGE KEENE.

The Indian Spring

Now lovely Spring, descending gently, rests
 Mid his dear woods that wave their shady crests.
 Softly he comes—at first the floweret's birth
 Proclaims his advent to the longing earth ;
 Then burst the tendrils from the leafy trees,
 Then comes the Koil, then the song of bees.
 See, as the gentle breeze from Malaya blows,
 Loaded with flowers the scented Mango throws
 Her boughs about in play—a sight to steel
 Hearts dead to earth, that love nor hate can feel !
 The rich Asoka, with its glorious dyes,
 Enthral's the spirit as it charms the eyes ;
 And to the lover every spray is dear
 That lends new beauty to his darling's ear.

To deck the forests, Spring delights to choose
The lovely crimson of the Amaranth's hues,
Fair tree, beloved by labouring bees that throng
Round its sweet blossoms with their ceaseless song,
Or cling upon the Vakul's buds, and sip
Flowers fed with nectar from a woman's lip.
Now is the time when maidens love to pull
That glorious flower, so bright, so beautiful,
That decks in Spring the waving woods, and wear
Its golden blossoms twisted in their hair.
Now, like a lovely bride, 'tis sweet to see
The creeping jasmin clasp her husband tree,
As a sweet smile of wife-like transport plays
Over her teeth of flowers, her lips of sprays,
Robes like the morn when first the sun appears—
Bright barley drooping o'er the maiden's ears—
The Koil's music from the Mango bough—
These are love's weapons, resistless now.
The golden pollen, wafted by the breeze,
Brightens the Tila's spray all dark with bees,
Till each young bud, and every blossom there
Shines like the pearls that deck a maiden's hair.
Faint, far away, through woods in blossom floats
The music of the Koil's earnest notes,
As when some modest maiden sweetly tries
To tell the love that sparkles in her eyes.
The woods are all alive ; the busy throng
Of bees at labour charm the ears with song.
Like women's flashing teeth, the trees display
Boughs rich with blossoms pure and white as they,
And wave their leaves, like taper hands, in glee
Moving in concert with the melody.

The laughing maiden in the flying swing
 Keeps with delight the Festival of Spring,
 Yet slow to seize in her soft hand the cord,
 And leave the rest her lover's arms afford.
 Both dames and maidens listen, and rejoice,
 While comes sweet counsel in the Koil's voice:—
 'Resist no more!' it says, or seems to say—
 'Youth lasts not ever, love ye while ye may!'

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH.

The Song of Apollo

And then stood forth
 The last of the gods I saw, the first in place
 And dignity and beauty, the young god
 Who grows not old, the Light of Heaven and Earth,
 The worker from afar, who darts the fire
 Of inspiration on the bard and bathes
 The world in hues of heaven—the golden link
 Between High God and Man.

With a sweet voice
 Whose every note was perfect melody—
 The melody has fled, the words remain—
 Apollo sang:

'I know how fair the face
 Of Purity; I know the treasure of Strength;
 I know the charm of Love, the calmer grace
 Of Wisdom and of Duteous well-spent lives:
 And yet there is a loftier height than these.

There is a Height higher than mortal thought;
 There is a Love warmer than mortal love;
 There is a Life which, taking not its hues
 From Earth or earthly things, grows white and pure
 And higher than the petty cares of men,
 And is a blessed life and glorified.

Oh, fair young souls, strain upward, upward still,
 Even to the heavenly source of Purity !
 Brave hearts, bear on and suffer !

Strike for right,
 Strong arms, and hew down wrong !
 The world hath need
 Of all of you—the sensual, wrongful world !

Hath need of you, and of thee too, fair Love.
 Oh, lovers, cling together ! the old world
 Is full of Hate. Sweeten it ; draw in one
 Two separate chords of Life ; and from the bond
 Of twin souls lost in Harmony create
 A Fair God dwelling with you—Love the Lord !

Waft yourselves, yearning souls, open the stars ;
 Sow yourselves on the wandering winds of space ;
 Watch patient all your days, if your eyes take
 Some dim, cold ray of knowledge.

The dull world
 Hath need of you—the purblind, slothful world !

Live on, brave lives, chained to the narrow round
 Of Duty ; live, expend yourselves, and make
 The orb of Being wheel on steadfastly
 Upon its path—the Lord of Life alone
 Knows to what goal of Good ; work on, live on :
 And yet there is a higher work than yours.

To have looked upon the face of the Unknown
 And Perfect Beauty. To have heard the voice
 Of Godhead in the winds and in the seas.
 To have known Him in the circling of the suns,
 And in the changeful fates and lives of men.

To be fulfilled with Godhead as a cup
 Filled with a precious essence, till the hand

On marble or on canvas falling leaves
 Celestial traces, or from reed or string
 Draws out faint echoes of the voice Divine
 That bring God nearer to a faithless world.

Or, higher still and fairer and more blest,
 To be His seer, His prophet ; to be the voice
 Of the Ineffable Word ; to be the glass
 Of the Ineffable Light, and bring them down
 To bless the earth, set in a shrine of Song.

For Knowledge is a barren tree and bare,
 Bereft of God, and Duty but a word,
 And Strength but Tyranny, and Love, Desire,
 And Purity a folly ; and the Soul,
 Which brings down God to Man, the Light to the world ;
 He is the Maker, and is blest, is blest !'

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

There is a Hill

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
 Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine :
 And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
 Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.

Straight trees in every place
 Their thick tops interlace,
 And pendant branches trail their foliage fine
 Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows :
 His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade,
 Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes
 Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.

His winter floods lay bare
 The stout roots in the air :

His summer streams are cool, when they have played
Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees :

And laden barges float
By banks of myosote ;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass ;

Where spreading crowfoot mars
The drowning nenuphars,
Waving the tassels of her silken grass
Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold ;
Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold ;

Yet should her roots but try
Within these deeps to lie,
Not her long reaching stalk could ever hold
Her waxen head so high.

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery ;

And dreams, or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep

About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap.

And sometimes a slow figure 'neath the trees,
In ancient-fashioned smock, with tottering care
Upon a staff propping his weary knees,
May by the pathway of the forest fare :

As from a buried day
Across the mind will stray
Some perishing mute shadow,—and unaware
He passeth on his way.

Else, he that wishes solitude is safe,
Whether he bathe at morning in the stream :
Or lead his love there when the hot hours chafe
The meadows, busy with a blurring stream ;
Or watch, as fades the light,
The gibbous moon grow bright,
Until her magic rays dance in a dream,
And glorify the night.

Where is this bower beside the silver Thames ?
O pool and flowery thickets, hear my vow !
O trees of freshest foliage and straight stems,
No sharer of my secret I allow :
Lest ere I come the while
Strange feet your shades defile ;
Or lest the burly oarsman turn his prow
Within your guardian isle.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

In Memoriam

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate :
 I am captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

The Golden Isles

Sad would the salt waves be,
 And cold the singing sea,
 And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-stringed lyre,
 If things were what they seem,
 If life had no fair dream,
 No mirage made to tip the dull sea-line with fire.

Then Sleep would have no light,
 And Death no voice or sight ;
 Their sister Sorrow, too, would be as blind as they ;
 And in this world of doubt
 Our souls would roam about,
 And find no song to sing and no word good to say.
 Or else, in cloud and gloom
 The soul would read her doom,
 And sing a rune obscure above a murky sea,
 Dark phrases that would wrong
 The crystal fount of song,
 Since limpid as a pearl the poet's thought should be.

Not in the storm and rain,
Not pale with grief and pain,
But red with sunlit pulse and breathing health and hope,
The bard in garments gay
Should tread the sacred way
That leads him towards his god high up the laurelled slope.

But on the shores of time,
Harkening the breaker's chime
Falling by night and day along our human sand,
The poet sits and sees,
Borne on the morning breeze,
The phantom islands float a furlong from the land.

The reverend forms they bear
Of islands famed and fair,
On whose keen rocks, of old, heroic fleets have struck,
Whose marble dells have seen
In flowing garments green
The ocean nymphs go by to bring the shepherds luck.

White are their crags, and blue
Ravines divide them through,
And like a violet shall their cliffs recede from sight ;
Between their fretted capes
Fresh isles in lovely shapes
Die on the horizon pale, and lapse in liquid light.

Past that dim straitened shore,
The Argive mother bore
The boy she brought to Zeus, pledge of the golden fee ;
Here Delos, like a gem,
Still feels Latona's hem ;
A lordlier Naxos crowns a purpler arc of sea.

There mines of Parian lie
Hid from the sun's clear eye,
And waiting still the lamp, the hammer, and the axe ;
And he who, pensive, sees
These nobler Cyclades
Forgets the ills of life, and nothing mortal lacks.

But many an one, in vain,
Puts out across the main,
And thinks to leap on land and tread that magic shore ;
He comes, for all his toil,
No nearer to their soil,—
The isles are floating on, a furlong still before.

So he contends, until
The storm-wind, harsh and chill,
Beats on his sail, and blots the heaven with cloud and
flame,
And well indeed he fares,
After a world of cares,
Returning, if he reach the harbour whence he came.

The poet sits and smiles,
He knows the Golden Isles,
He never hopes to win their cliffs, their marble mines,
Reefs where their green sea raves,
The coldness of their caves,
Their felspars full of light, their rosy corallines.

All these he oft has sought,
Led by his travelling thought,
Their glorious distance hides no inward charm from him ;
He would not have their day
To common light decay,
He loves their mystery best, and bids their shapes be dim.

They solace all his pains,
 They animate his strains,
 Within their radiant glow he soon forgets the world ;
 They bathe his torrid noons
 In the soft light of moons,
 They leave his lingering evenings tenderly empearled.

As one who walks all day
 Along a dusty way,
 May turn aside to plunge in some sequestered pool,
 And so may straight forget
 His weariness and fret,—
 So seeks the poet's heart those highlands blue and cool.

Content to know them there,
 Hung in the shining air,
 He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless coast,
 His vision is enough
 To feed his soul with love,
 And he who grasps too much may even himself be lost.

He knows that, if he waits,
 One day the well-worn gates
 Of life will ope and send him westward o'er the wave ;
 Then will he reach ere night
 The isles of his delight,
 But they must float until they anchor in the grave.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE.

Where the Mind is Without Fear

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;
 Where knowledge is free ;
 Where the world has not been broken up into fragments
 by narrow domestic walls ;

Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into
the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening
thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country
awake.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

*The Story of Odysseus*¹

'I am Laertes' Son, Odysseus, known
To men for all my wiles, and unto heaven
My fame has gone. I live in Ithaca,
Clear-seen, where is a mountain, Neriton,
With waving woods, conspicuous from afar :
And round about are many islands lying
One by another close, Dulichium,
And Samê, and Zacynthus of the woods.
Low on the sea it lies, nearest the gloom ;
Apart, the others face the dawn and sun :
A ragged isle, but a good nurse of youth.
And for myself, no sweeter sight I know
Than a man's land. Calypso, that fair goddess,
Would, well I know, have kept me with her there
In her deep caves, desiring me for mate ;
So too would Circe, that Æaen witch,
Have kept me by her, wanting me for mate ;
But they could never sway my heart within me ;
So surely nought is sweeter than a man's

¹ From Homer's *Odyssey*.

Own land and parents, even though he dwell
Far off in a rich house in a strange land,
Away from his begetters. But come, let me
Tell thee too of my woful journeying,
Which Zeus laid on me as I came from Troy.

'The wind that carried me from Ilios bore me
Nigh to the Cicones, to Ismarus ;
And there I sacked their town and slew their men,
And from the town the women and much wealth
We took, and shared them, that so far as lay
With me, no one might go without his share.
Then I insisted we should flee hot-foot,
But they in their great folly would not hearken :
Much wine was drunk, and by the shore they slew
Whole herds of sheep and rolling, shambling kine.
But meanwhile went the Cicones and called
For help to other Cicones, their neighbours,
But braver and more numerous, who dwelt
Up-country, and could fight from chariots
Or if need were, on foot. So in the morning
They came, as thick as leaves or flowers that spring
In season ; there and then encompassed us,
Unlucky men, an evil doom from Zeus,
To make us suffer heavily. They set
Their battle in array by the swift ships
And fought, and either host assailed the other
With bronze-tipped spears. As long as it was morn
And sacred day was waxing, we maintained
Our ground and kept their greater masses off ;
But when the sun turned to the loosing-time
Of cattle, then the Cicones drove in
And routed us Achæans ; of each ship
Fell six mailed comrades, but the rest of us

Escaped from death and doom.

‘Thence we sailed onward, sorrowful at heart,
Glad of escape from death, but having lost
Our dear companions: nor would I let move
My curving ships, till we had called three times
On each of those poor fellows who had fallen
Slain by the Cicones upon the plain.
But Zeus who rolls the clouds stirred the North wind
Against my ships in fearful storm, and hid
Both land and sea: and night tore down from heaven.
Then headlong drave the ships, and sails were rent
To ribbons by the violence of the gale:
And so we stowed them in the hold, in fear
Of death, and pulled for land with all our strength.
There without break we lay two days and nights
Eating our hearts in pains and weariness,
But when at last the fair-haired Dawn fulfilled
The third day, then we stepped the masts and hoisted
White sails, and down we sate, while wind and pilots
Guided the ships. And now should I have come
To mine own land unscathed, but wave and current
And North wind beat me back, as I was rounding
Cape Malea, and swept me past Cythera.

‘There for nine days was I by ravening winds
Borne o’er the fishy deep; but on the tenth
We lighted on the Lotus-eaters’ land,
Who eat a flowery food. We went ashore there,
And took in water, and my comrades made
Their meal at once by the swift ships. Now when
We had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth some
Of my command to go and learn what manner
Of men were these who lived on earth by bread.
Two men I chose, and sent a third as herald.

So straight they went, and with the Lotus-eaters
They mixed, nor did the Lotus-eaters plot
My fellows' death, but gave them of the lotus
To taste. Now whosoe'er of them did eat
The honeyed lotus fruit had no more wish
To bring back news nor to return ; but longed
To sojourn there among the Lotus-eaters,
Eating the lotus, careless of return.
Therefore by force I brought them back in tears,
And dragged and bound them in the hollow ships
Below the thwarts : and ordered all the rest
Of my true comrades to make haste aboard
The speedy ships, lest anyone should eat
The lotus, and forget his homeward way.
So quickly they embarked, and sitting well
In order smote the grey sea with their oars.

'Thence we sailed onward, sorrowful at heart,
And reached the land of the Cyclôpes, proud
And lawless folk. They plant not with their hands
Nor plough, relying on the immortal gods ;
But all things grow for them unsown, untilled,
Barley and wheat and vines, with clusters full
Of wine, and Zeus sends rain to prosper them.
They have no gatherings in moot, nor laws ;
But dwell upon the tops of the high hills
In hollow caves, and each lays down the law
Unto his wives and children ; and they reck
Nothing of one another.

'Athwart the harbour of the Cyclops' land
A shaggy island stretches, neither near
To shore nor yet far off, a wooded isle
Where multitudinous the wild goats breed ;
For no man's tread affrights them, nor do trackers,

Used to a hard life in the woods as they
Range o'er the mountain tops, come ever thither :
Nor is it overrun with flocks or ploughings,
But all the time unsown, untilled it lies
Forlorn of men, and feeds the bleating goats.
For the Cyclopes have by them no ships
With vermeil cheeks ; nor keep they ship-builders
To build them sturdy barks which might fulfil
All their desires, sailing to towns of men,
(As oft men cross the sea in ships to go
To one another) such as might have made
Even their isle a thriving settlement.
For in no wise is it a sorry land,
But would bear all things in their season, since
It has soft water-meadows by the shores
Of the grey sea, where never vines need fail,
And level arable there is, whence they
Might cut deep crops in season, for the soil
Is very rich below. Also the isle
Has a fair haven, with no need of moorings,
Nor to cast anchor nor to fasten ropes,
But one may beach one's ship and tarry there
Till crews are minded to put forth, and winds
Blow fair : and at the harbour's head a spring
Of sparkling water wells up from a cave,
And round it poplars grow. In there we sailed,
And through the dark night some god guided us ;
Light there was none to see by ; for a fog
Lay thick about the ships, and the moon gave
No light from heaven, but was beset by clouds.
Then no man's eyes beheld the island, nor
Saw we the long waves rolling on the beach,
Before we ran our sturdy ships ashore.

And having beached them there, we lowered all
 The sails, and stepped out on the strand ourselves,
 And fell asleep and waited for bright Dawn.

SIR WILLIAM MARRIS.

Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
 dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
 the cricket sings ;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Fate

I have sojourned in the Muse's land,
 Have wandered with the wandering star,
 Seeking for strength, and in my hand
 Held all philosophies that are ;
 Yet nothing could I hear nor see
 Stronger than That Which Needs Must Be,
 No Orphic rune, no Thracian scroll,
 Hath magic to avert the morrow ;

No healing all those medicines brave
Apollo to the Asclepiad gave ;
Pale herbs of comfort in the bowl
Of man's wide sorrow.

She hath no temple, she alone,
Nor image where a man may kneel ;
No blood upon her altar-stone
Crying shall make her hear nor feel.
I know thy greatness ; come not great
Beyond my dreams, O Power of Fate !
Aye, Zeus himself shall not unclothe
His purpose save by thy discerning.
The chain of iron, the Scythian sword,
It yields and shivers at thy word ;
Thy heart is as the rock, and knows
No ruth, nor turning.

GILBERT MURRAY.

The Brothers

All morning they had quarrelled, as they worked,
A little off their fellows, in the pit :
Dick growled at Robert ; Robert said Dick shirked :
And when the roof, dropt more than they had reckoned,
Began to crack and split,
Though both rushed like a shot to set
The pit-props in their places,
Each said the other was to blame,
When, all secure, with flushed and grimy faces,
They faced each other for a second.
All morning they had quarrelled : yet
Neither had breathed her name.

Again they turned to work ;
And in the dusty murk
Of that black gallery,
Which ran out three miles underneath the sea,
There was no sound at all,
Save whispering creak of roof and wall,
And crack of coal, and tap of pick,
And now and then a rattling fall :
While Robert worked on steadily, but Dick,
In fits and starts, with teeth clenched tight,
And dark eyes flashing in his lamp's dull light.
And when he paused, nigh spent, to wipe the sweat
From off his dripping brow : and Robert turned
To fling some idle jibe at him, the spark
Of anger, smouldering in him, flared and burned—
Though all his body quivered, wringing-wet—
Till that black hole
To him blazed red,
As if the very coal
Had kindled underfoot and overhead :
Then, gripping tight his pick,
He rushed upon his brother :
But Robert, turning quick,
Leapt up, and now they faced each other.

They faced each other : Dick with arm upraised,
In act to strike, and murder in his eyes—
When, suddenly, with noise of thunder,
The earth shook round them, rumbling over and under ;
And Dick saw Robert, lying at his feet :
As, close behind, the gallery crashed in :
And almost at his heel, earth gaped asunder.
By black disaster dazed,
His wrath died ; and he dropped the pick ;

And staggered, dizzily and terror-sick.
But when the dust and din
Had settled to a stillness, dread as death,
And he once more could draw his breath,
He gave a little joyful shout
To find the lamps had not gone out.

And on his knees he fell
Beside his brother, buried in black dust ;
And, full of tense misgiving,
He lifted him, and thrust
A knee beneath his head ; and cleared
The dust from mouth and nose : but could not tell
Awhile if he were dead or living.
Too fearful to know what he feared,
He fumbled at the open shirt,
And felt till he could feel the heart,
Still beating with a feeble beat :
And then he saw the closed lids part,
And saw the nostrils quiver ;
And knew his brother lived, though sorely hurt.

Again he staggered to his feet,
And fetched his water-can, and wet
The ashy lips, and bathed the brow,
Until his brother sat up with a shiver,
And gazed before him with a senseless stare
And dull eyes strangely set.
Too well Dick knew that now
They must not linger there,
Cut off from all their mates, to be o'ertaken
In less than no time by the deadly damp :
So, picking up his lamp,
He made his brother rise ;

Then took him by the arm,
And shook him, till he'd shaken
An inkling of the danger and alarm
Into those dull, still eyes :
Then dragged him, and half-carried him, in haste,
To reach the airway, where 'twould still be sweet
When all the gallery was foul with gas :
But soon as they had reached it they were faced
By a big fall of roof they could not pass ;
And found themselves cut off from all retreat,
On every hand, by that black shining wall ;
With naught to do but sit and wait
Till rescue came, if rescue came at all,
And did not come too late.

And, in the fresher airway, light came back
To Robert's eyes, although he never spoke :
And not a sound the deathly quiet broke,
As they sat staring at that wall of black—
As, in the glimmer of the dusky lamp,
They sat and wondered, wondered if the damp—
The stealthy after-damp that creeping, creeping,
Takes strong lads by the throat, and drops them sleeping,
To wake no more for any woman's weeping—
Would steal upon them, ere the rescue came . . .
And if the rescuers would find them sitting,
Would find them sitting cold . . .
Then, as they sat and wondered, like a flame
One thought burned up both hearts :
Still, neither breathed her name.

And now their thoughts dropped back into the pit,
And through the league-long gallery went flitting
With speed no fall could hold :

They wondered how their mates had fared :
If they'd been struck stone-dead,
Or if they shared
Like fate with them, or reached the shaft,
Unhurt, and only scared,
Before disaster overtook them :
And then, although their courage ne'er forsook them,
They wondered once again if they must sit
Awaiting death . . . but knowing well
That even for a while to dwell
On such like thoughts will drive a strong man daft :
They shook themselves until their thoughts ran free
Along the drift, and clambered in the cage ;
And in a trice were shooting up the shaft :
But when their thoughts had come to the pithead,
And found the fearful people gathered there,
Beneath the noonday sun,
Bright-eyed with terror, blinded by despair,
Dick rose, and with his chalk wrote on the wall,
This message for their folk :
' We can't get any further, 12, noonday '—
And signed both names ; and, when he'd done,
Though neither of them spoke,
They both seemed easier in a way,
Now that they'd left a word,
Though nothing but a scrawl.

And silent still they sat,
And never stirred :
And Dick's thoughts dwelt on this and that :
How, far above their heads, upon the sea
The sun was shining merrily,
And in its golden glancing
The windy waves were dancing :

And how he'd slipt that morning on his way :
And how on Friday, when he drew his pay,
He'd buy a blanket for his whippet, Nell ;
He felt dead certain she would win the race,
On Saturday . . . though you never could tell,
There were such odds against her . . . but his face
Lit up as though, even now, he saw her run,
A little slip of lightning in the sun :
While Robert's thoughts were ever on the match
His team was booked to play on Saturday ;
He placed the field, and settled who should play
In Will Burn's stead ; for Will he had a doubt
Was scarcely up to form, although. . . .

Just then, the lamp went slowly out.

Still, neither stirred,
Nor spoke a word ;
Though either's breath came quickly, with a catch.

And now again one thought
Set both their hearts afire
In one fierce flame
Of quick desire :
Though neither breathed her name.

Then Dick stretched out his hand ; and caught
His brother's arm ; and whispered in his ear :
' Bob, lad, there's naught to fear . . .
And, when we're out, lad, you and she shall wed.'

Bob gripped Dick's hand ; and then no more was said,
As, slowly, all about them rose
The deadly after-damp ; but close
They sat together, hand in hand.
Then their minds wandered ; and Dick seemed to stand

And shout till he was hoarse
 To speed his winning whippet down the course . . .
 And Robert, with the ball
 Secure within his oxters charged ahead
 Straight for the goal, and none could hold,
 Though many tried a fall.

Then dreaming they were lucky boys in bed
 Once more, and lying snugly by each other :
 Dick, with his arms clasped tight about his brother,
 Whispered with failing breath
 Into the ear of death :
 'Come, Robert, cuddle closer, lad, it's cold.'

W. W. GIBSON.

Imperial Delhi

Imperial City! dowered with sovereign grace
 To thy renascent glory still there clings
 The splendid tragedy of ancient things,
 The regal woes of many a vanquished race ;
 And memory's tears are cold upon thy face
 E'en while thy heart's returning gladness rings,
 Loud on the sleep of thy forgotten kings,
 Who in thine arms sought Life's last resting-place.

Thy changing kings and kingdoms pass away
 The gorgeous legends of a bygone day,
 But thou dost still immutably remain
 Unbroken symbol of proud histories,
 Unaging priestess of old mysteries
 Before whose shrine the spells of Death are vain.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

The Call of the Spring

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the May.
Though many a road would merrily ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's done,
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the mile-stones
To the land where all roads meet.
But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.
Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and swing
With cataract-dews imperaled;
And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.
It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
 We'll follow the gypsy sun ;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
 And the day is well begun ;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
 And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
 And a note of the mating dove ;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
 And the warm white clouds above ;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
 Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
 There's not much better to win !
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought, you
 have proved
 The worth of folly and sin ;
So now come out of the City's rout,
 Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all
 You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
 And your lips can carry a song ;
You may leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,
 If your lips can carry a song !

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
 Come, choose your road and away !
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
 As it dips to the sapphire day !
All roads may meet at the world's end,
 But, hey for the heart of the May !

Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come choose your road and away.

ALFRED NOYES.

A Prayer

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Not that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Not that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us ; we shall climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast revealed,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

The Dead

I

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away ; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene,
That men call age ; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;
And we have come into our heritage.

II

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music ; known
Slumber and waking ; loved ; gone proudly friended ;
Felt the quick stir of wonder ; sat alone ;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.
There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

RUPERT BROOKE.

NOTES

ODE TO DUTY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) believed that the poet should be a moral teacher, and the *Ode to Duty* is an illustration of this faith. Love of nature is another important aspect of his work.

Voice of God : conscience.

Lowly wise : perhaps borrowed from Milton (Book VIII, 173), 'Be lowly wise'.

KUBLA KHAN

THE circumstances in which this poem was composed are interesting. Coleridge (1772–1834) said he got this poem during a three-hours' sleep ('at least of the external senses') in his chair. On waking, he began putting it on paper immediately, but an unfortunate interruption prevented him from completing it. Coleridge's outstanding poetic qualities are his wonderful mastery of the music of words and imaginative perception. His *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has passed into one of the great classics of English poetry, and should have found a place here but for its length. Kubla Khan was a grandson of Chengiz Khan, the well-known founder of the Mongol empire, and this poem is based on the following passage in the *Pilgrimage* of Samuel Purchas (1577–1626), the English writer :

'In Xanadu did Cublai Can build a stately palace, encompassing sixteen miles plain ground with a wall wherein are fertile meadows, pleasant springs, delightful streams and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the midst thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure'.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE

THIS passage is from the *Lalla Rookh* of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore (1779–1852). The scene is laid in India, and the romance contains descriptions of the splendours of the Moghul court in the holiday-resort of Kashmir. It will be remembered that Shelley's Alastor is described as finding refuge in the valley :

In the vale of Cashmere, far within
 Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine
 Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,
 Beside a sparkling rivulet, he stretched
 His languid limbs.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

THIS poetic outburst, in appreciation of the Isles of Greece, occurs in *Don Juan*. Lord Byron (1788–1824) was a powerful and eloquent poet, full of energy and rich imagination.

Burning Sappho: a Greek lyric poetess who lived about the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., called 'burning' because her poetry was full of love. There is a tradition that she threw herself into the sea for love of Phaon.

Delos: the birth-place of Apollo.

Phœbus: Phœbus Apollo, the sun-god.

Scian and Teian muse: Scio (Chios) is one of the traditional birth-places of Homer, and Teo of the Greek poet, Anacreon.

Islands of the Blest: the illustrious dead, according to the Greeks, were supposed to go to the Islands of the Blest.

Marathon: the scene of a famous battle between the Greeks and the Persians (490 B.C.) on the east coast of Attica.

Salamis: an island near Athens, where a great naval battle was fought in 480 B.C., between the Persians and the Greeks.

Thermopylæ: the narrow pass in Thessaly where Leonidas and his three hundred defended themselves heroically against the Persians in 490 B.C.

Pyrrhic: a dance with armour, called after its traditional inventor, Pyrrichus.

Cadmus: a legendary king of Thebes, credited with the introduction of the alphabet from Phœnicia into Greece.

Polycrates: a tyrant of Samos, patron of the Greek poet, Anacreon.

Miltiades: tyrant of the Thracian Chersonesus, who commanded the Athenian army at Marathon.

Suli's rock and Parga's shore: in Albania.

Doric mothers: the Doric people are said to have conquered Peloponnesus.

Sunium: a cape, the southern extremity of Attica.

TO A SKYLARK

THIS beautiful piece is probably one of the most characteristic specimens of the poetry of Shelley (1792–1822). His elusive charm is difficult to define, but even the superficial reader can appreciate his musical diction, delicate sensibility and imaginative idealism.

Wert : wast, 2nd person singular—I was, thou wast or wert.

Arrows : the rays from 'the star of heaven'.

Chorus Hymeneal : marriage-song, from Hymen, god of marriage.

Knew : correct grammar would require the second person, 'knewst'.

Measures : in the sense of music.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

THIS narrative, by John Keats (1795–1821), of the hard-hearted lady who would not reciprocate the knight's love, explains itself. A fine sense of colour and sound, a command of musical expression, and a delicate imagination are among the outstanding qualities of the poet.

BRAHMA

THE reference in this poem is not to Brahma, one of the Hindu Trinity, but to the *Brahman*, the soul whose immortality is the subject here. The poem is more or less based on some of the well-known verses of the *Bhagavadgita*, of which Emerson (1803–1882) was fond. The verses are :

'Weapons cleave him not, nor fire burneth him, nor waters wet him, nor wind drieth him away.

'Uncleavable he, incombustible he, and indeed neither to be wetted nor dried away ; perpetual, all-pervasive, stable, immovable, ancient'—(Book II).

The sacred Seven : the seven sages, Marichi, Atri, Angirasa, Pulastya, Pulaha, Kritu, Vashista.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

THIS poem, later incorporated with the *Idylls of the King*, under the title, *Passing of Arthur*, was an early attempt on the part of Tennyson (1809–1892) to deal with the Arthurian legend. Besides the *Idylls of the King*, Tennyson will be remembered for his *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, and *Princess*. Combining serious thought with beauty of expression, Tennyson is deservedly one of the most popular of English poets. This piece, like much of the rest of the *Idylls of the King*, is

based on Malory's famous book of mediæval romance, *Morte d'Arthur*. The following is the relevant extract :

'Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there sawest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there ? said the king. Sire, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king ; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand ; and then he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword ; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What sawest thou there ? said the king. Sire, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah, traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do not now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies

in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king: and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar of a chapel and an hermitage.'

Lyonness: the legendary land connecting Cornwall with the Scilly isles.

Camelot: Arthur's capital.

Merlin: the magician who took charge of Arthur on his father's death and made arrangements for his being brought up by a trusted knight.

Excalibur: Arthur's great sword.

Authority forgets: the power of command deserts a dying king.

Three Queens:

Three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

Avilion: or Avalon, located, according to tradition, near Glastonbury.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

THIS poem, by Robert Browning (1812-1889), describes the absorbing love of knowledge on the part of a grammarian. Apart from its intrinsic value as an ideal representation of the zealous pursuit of learning for its own sake, it is a fine picture of the spirit prevailing in

Europe during the period of the Renaissance. Robert Browning was not particularly anxious to make his verses smooth and polished, and hence the ruggedness of his expression. The spontaneous outburst of his thoughts is there, without any attempts at artistic perfection of form.

Writing of the poem in his book on the *Poetry of Robert Browning*, Stopford Brooke says :

'The matter of thought in it is of less interest to us than the poetic creation wrought out of it, or than the art with which it is done. We see the form into which the imaginative conception is thrown—the group of sorrowing students carrying their master's corpse to the high platform of the mountain, singing what he was, in admiration and honour and delight that he had mastered life and won eternity ; a conception full of humanity, as full of the life of the dead master's soul as of the students' enthusiasm. This thrills us into creation, with the poet, as we read. Then the imagination which has made the conception into form adorns it. It creates the plain, the encircling mountains, one cloudy peak higher than the rest ; as we mount we look on the plain below ; we reach the city on the hill, pass it, and climb the hill-top ; there are all the high-flying birds, the meteors, the lightnings, the thickest dew. And we lay our dead on the peak, above the plain. This is the scenery, the imaginative ornament, and all through it we are made to hear the chant of the students ; and so lifting is the melody of the verse we seem to taste the air, fresher and fresher as we climb. Then, finally, into the midst of this flows for us the eager intensity of the scholar. Dead as he is, we feel him to be alive ; never resting, pushing on incessantly, beating failure beneath his feet, making it the step for further search for the infinite, resolute to live in the dull limits of the present work, but never content save in waiting for that eternity which will fulfil the failure of earth ; which, missing earth's success, throws itself on God, dying to gain the highest. This is the passion of the poem, and Browning is in it like a fire. It was his own, his very life. He pours it into the students who rejoice in the death of their master, and he gives it to us as we read the poem.'

Crofts : fields adjoining homesteads.

Thorpes : hamlets.

Lyric Apollo : Apollo in the aspect of the beautiful god of poetry.

Calculus : the disease called *stone*.

Tussis : cough.

Soul-hydroptic! his soul having the thirst of a man suffering from disease.

Hoti's business, Oun and De: Greek particles.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

ELIZABETH BROWNING (1806–1861), wife of Robert Browning, drew attention to a serious evil by the publication of this poem, the employment of children in mines and factories. Elizabeth Browning's interest in the matter was roused by the report of a Commission which investigated the facts. The success of the poem was immediate—it hastened an Act of Parliament to remedy the evil.

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

GEORGE ELIOT (Marian Evans, 1819–1880) was better known as a novelist, but this poem, full of beautiful sentiment, has found a place in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. In the original this poem has a motto from Cicero which has been translated as: 'I am more concerned with the long time to come, when I shall be no more, than with this narrow present.'

Rebellious flesh: as opposed to the 'truer self'.

Shaming still its child: though giving occasion to repentance, the flesh lapses into its old ways, bringing shame on its resolutions.

RUGBY CHAPEL

THIS elegiac poem, by Matthew Arnold (1822–1883), is a tribute to his great father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, well-known as the headmaster of one of the most famous Public Schools of England. The name of Arnold's father is associated with valuable educational ideas. Dr. Arnold said that he treated his pupils with kindness, because they were not even half his years; that he controlled them with authority, because they had to be educated; and he showed them courtesy, because they were to become gentlemen. Born in 1795, Dr. Arnold died in 1842. This poem was written some years later, in 1857.

The grim and taciturn host: a reference probably to Old Age and Death at the same time.

THE TAJ MAHAL

THIS sonnet on the Taj Mahal, at Agra, is by the well-known historian of India, H. J. Keene (1827–1899), who was for some time in the Indian Civil Service. Besides historical works, Mr. Keene was also the

author of many volumes of poems, *The Death of Akbar, Peepul Leaves*, etc.

THE INDIAN SPRING

THIS piece is from the translation of the *Raghuvamsa* of Kalidasa, by Ralph Thomas Griffith (1826–1906), at one time a distinguished member of the Indian Educational Service. Griffith was not a poet of a very high order, but he did much for popularising the ancient classics of India by a number of admirable translations.

Koil : the Indian cuckoo, the *koil* referred to in Rudyard Kipling's line :

' The little, little *koil* singing on the *sirish* bough.'

Malaya : cool Eastern breeze.

Asoka : the tree of that name blossoming in spring.

Amaranth (literally, 'fadeless' or 'everlasting') : the name of a flower.

Vakul : Indian flower (Sanskrit, *Vakula*).

THE SONG OF APOLLO

THESE lines of Sir Lewis Morris (1832–1907), full of fine aspiration, occur in the section devoted to Apollo in Book III of the *Epic of Hades*. His *Epic of Hades* is a pleasing attempt at the presentation of Greek mythology in mellifluous verse.

THERE IS A HILL

ROBERT BRIDGES (born 1844) is the present poet-laureate of England and is a poet of real distinction, though he does not make an appeal to a very wide circle of readers. This descriptive piece is one of his most well-known compositions, and is an admirable illustration of his poetic qualities.

Flower-de-leys or *fleur-de-lis* : the lily flower (French).

IN MEMORIAM

It has been said of William Ernest Henley (1849–1903) that he was a man who was very much greater than his work'. His work in poetry is not contemptible either, distinguished as it is by tenderness and sincerity of real poetic feeling. This is a tribute to his friend, R. T. Hamilton Bruce (1846–1899). Henley was a chronic invalid throughout his life, but he had an indomitable spirit, which did not yield to pain and suffering.

THE GOLDEN ISLES

THE Golden Isles described here are, of course, only in the poet's imagination. Sir Edmund Gosse was born in 1849, and is one of our foremost living critics. He has also been a pioneer in drawing attention to the need for the study of modern European literatures. This is from his delightful volume of lyrics, *On Viol and Flute*.

The Argive mother: Danæ, the daughter of king Acrisius of Argos, who bore Perseus to Jupiter, who visited her in a shower of gold in the brazen tower in which she was confined by her father. Read the *Doom of King Acrisius* in the *Earthly Paradise* of William Morris.

Delos . . . Latona's hem: Latona is said to have given birth to Apollo and Diana on this island.

Naxos: the celebrated island in the Ægean sea.

Parian: marble from the island of Paros, for which it was well-known.

Cyclades: the islands of the name in the Ægean sea surrounding Delos.

WHERE THE MIND IS WITHOUT FEAR

THIS noble aspiration for the motherland is from the *Gitanjali* of Rabindranath Tagore (born 1861), and is a translation from the original Bengali by the poet himself. Rabindranath got the Nobel prize for literature in 1914. *The Gitanjali*, *The Gardener* and the *Crescent-Moon* are among his most well-known works in poetry, but he has also won distinction in Drama and in Fiction.

THE STORY OF ODYSSEUS

THIS extract is from an admirable translation of Homer's *Odyssey* by Sir William Marris, the present (1927) Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. Born in New Zealand in 1873, he entered the Indian Civil Service in 1896, and has found it possible during his distinguished official service to publish excellent translations of Horace, Catullus and Homer. In the course of his long wanderings, Odysseus arrives at the court of king Alcinous, to whom he gives an account of his adventures.

Calyso and *Circe*: two beautiful women, with powers of enchantment, who tried to keep him as their lover without letting him return to his wife and children in Ithaca.

Cicones : a people of Thrace near the Hebrus.

Achæans : Achaia was a country north of the Peloponnesus, on the bay of Corinth.

Lotus-eaters : see Tennyson's *Lotus-eaters*, which elaborates the following episode.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

W. B. YEATS (born 1865) is the leader of the Irish school of English poets, whose work is characterised by genuine love of beauty and romance and a delicate imagination. It has been said of Yeats that 'while no one is more essentially Celtic, and none is more distinctly national, his poetry belongs to English literature.'

FATE

PROF. GILBERT MURRAY (born 1866), the present Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Oxford, has achieved notable success in the very difficult art of translation. His admirable versions of the plays of Euripides are deservedly popular in the English-speaking world. This extract, describing the inexorable power of Fate, is from his translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

Orphic rune : mysterious script (from the mysteries associated with Orpheus, the legendary musician of Greece).

Thracian scroll : Orpheus, according to one version, is buried in Thrace.

Apollo to the Asclepiad gave : Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, was taught the art of medicine by his father, and his own sons also acquired it.

THE BROTHERS

THIS pathetic story of two brothers is by W. W. Gibson (born 1878), whose poetry is built with the material of every-day life. He has utilised to admirable advantage his intimate knowledge of the life of the labourers in the mines, among whom he has lived for years. The two brothers have petty quarrels and jealousies of their own, but they are hushed in silence in the solemn presence of Death.

IMPERIAL DELHI

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU (born 1879) is an accomplished Indian poetess, and is the author of the *Golden Threshold*, *Bird of Time*, and *Broken Wing*. Edmund Gosse writes of her that she is 'acknowledged to be the most accomplished living poet of India—at least of those who

write in English'. (Rabindranath is excluded from the comparison, as he writes in Bengali and his English poems are all translations in prose.)

THE CALL OF SPRING

ALFRED NOYES (born 1880) is one of the prominent poets of the younger generation, possessing not merely a fine imagination, but also a real command over poetic language. Love of the open air is one of the well-marked characteristics of his poetry, and here is a fine tribute to the lure of Nature in the season of spring.

A PRAYER

JOHN DRINKWATER (born 1882) is probably more well known as a dramatist than as a poet, his *Abraham Lincoln* being very popular on the stage. His lyric poetry is, however, of undeniable merit. This prayer is intended to draw attention to the supreme need for

The will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

THE DEAD

RUPERT BROOKE (1887–1915) deserved to be called an 'inheritor of unfulfilled renown,' in the famous words of Shelley. Death cut short his bright career early in the Great European War, but he has left his mark in English poetry. Another well-known sonnet of his is the one on the Soldier, beginning with the words :

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there 's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

