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Author Adcock John

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THE BOOKMAN TREASURY
OF LIVING POETS

PART II

SPECIAL SCHOOL EDITION
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The
Bookman
Treasury of
Living Poets

Edited by
St. John Adcock

SCHOOL EDITION

Part II

LONDON

1927

INTRODUCTION

MANY have set out to tell us What is Poetry, but they might as hopefully have attempted to define the kingdom of heaven. Most other words are amenable to the conjuring of the philologist, but he can no more put what the word Poetry means for all of us into a sentence, or into a treatise, than he could decant the seven seas into a pocket-flask. Coleridge's "best words in the best order" probably comes as near as we ever shall come to a definition of its outward form, and that is as much of it as can adequately be defined. The thing itself is all spirit, vision, emotion, and you can only say of it as Tennyson said of the flower—

" If I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

It is everywhere and in everything, though none of us has the insight and breadth of sympathy to find it in everything everywhere. It is the light that never was on sea or land, and the homely glow in the cottage window ; the star in the sky, and the fire on the hearth ; the careless laughter of children, and the dreams of the man of business ; the glare of the footlights, and the sacred flame on the altar ; the jewels of the privileged few, and the common coinage that everybody handles ; the romance of remembered yesterdays, and the realities of to-day ; it is life and death, the solid but perishable earth and the intangible eternity ; the heights and the depths are as one to it, and it walks as familiarly in the

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magnificence of kings as in the homespun of peasants or the rags of the beggar. It speaks in "Hamlet," and in "We are Seven"; in Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," and in Longfellow's "Resignation"; in Shelley's "Adonais," and in Cowper's "Lines on Receiving his Mother's Picture." But there is never an end to such cataloguing—

"When I have done, I have not done,"

but leave still to say infinitely more than I have said.

One star may differ from another in magnitude, but no astronomer would be so arrogant as to deny even the smallest its place in the solar system; and you may depend it is some deficiency of culture, some narrowness of feeling in yourself if you are not sensitive to the poetry of Cowper, for example, or of Pope. Wit and humour are as poetical in essence as are any of the higher moods of the poet. Longfellow, again, who is too often disdained by superior minds because he makes a more general, less intellectual, less subtly imaginative appeal than Donne, is as true a poet in his place as, however far removed from him, is the loftiest of the hierarchy. He seldom rises to the height of great arguments, but he clothes the poetry of common human experience in the ordinary language that is natural to it and gives it most ample expression. That is his art, and you may prove the authenticity of it by trying to translate his simple, heartfelt utterances—"The Two Angels," "The Ladder of Saint Augustine," "Suspira," "Haunted Houses"—into the nobler, richer language of greater poets, and finding how most of the quiet beauty, tenderness, emotion that are the poetry of them is lost in the process. If they are not fine enough for a taste whose very delicacy restricts its capacity for enjoyment, they have given delight to a robuster many whose tastes are equally limited in a different direction, and to æsthetic faculties which are none the less sensitive for being

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less parochial. So you may take it that if Longfellow's popularity means anything, it does not necessarily mean anything more unflattering than did their ancient popularity to the songs of Homer.

For no poetry has been specially written for the learned, or for exceptional persons. Every poet writes for the general public, or he would not complain when it neglects him ; and the greater poets sooner or later make the wider appeal. Like everything else, and all of us, poetry has risen from humble origins. When it was a matter of folk-songs, ballads and story-telling it was not seriously regarded as an art but as a form of entertainment. It was sung or recited at fairs and festivals, in the courtyard and the market-place, and the best and truest of it was also the most popular. Nowadays, when we are more cultured, we collect those unsophisticated old ballads and songs and metrical tales and write learnedly about them, and sometimes try to imitate them, but their magic is a wonder beyond our learning. They have not risen to immortality by splendour of diction or nice perfection of technique, but by the truth and naturalness of thought, feeling and drama that live in their stark simplicity of phrase and are the life and beauty of it.

There are good poets who in theme and manner are too essentially poets of their time to be poets of all time. As they come down the years into a new atmosphere they lose much of the quality and significance that was theirs in a world with whose tastes and ideals they were wholly in harmony. I don't believe Campion's songs are so lovely to us as they were to his contemporaries ; and the great vogue of Cowley will never return to him, because we can never return to the frame of mind and fashion of thought that chimed with his own and so found natural beauty and " the language of his heart " in verses that to our later age seem to have the studied artificiality of a Dutch garden. In the earliest of anthologies—" England's Helicon," " A Paradyse of Dainty

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Devises," and the rest of those delightful Elizabethan miscellanies—there are poems that never would have come down to us at all if they had not been preserved by the anthologists ; they have only escaped being forgotten long ago by the chance that left them embalmed in these collections. But in their own day they were eagerly alive, and they are fragrant still with the poetical spirit of their period ; they belong more wholly to that period than do the enduring lyrics of those greater writers by association with whom they have been withheld from oblivion ; and because they were so intrinsically of their period they help at least toward the more intimate interpretation of it to us, as obsolete costumes do and old letters about local and transitory things.

All these considerations have influenced me in compiling "The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets." If, instead of trying to give it a catholic inclusiveness, I had whittled it down to an exhibition of my individual preferences, rejecting what I know appeals to others though it may not appeal so potently to me, it would have been misleading to offer this as a collection representing the range and variety of work that is being done by the poets who are living to-day in the British Commonwealth of nations. The poetry of our overseas Dominions is less known in these islands than it should be, and here takes its due place in a general anthology of English verse for the first time. I have endeavoured to select something of what seems to me the best that has been done by living poets of every grade and of every different school, so that the book might serve as a sort of poetical cosmography, a reading in which should be a liberal education in the poetry that reflects the thought and moods and manners of contemporary life, as well as in that which still, in our days, draws inspiration from the fields of old romance. No doubt I shall be told I have omitted things I should have included, and included things I should have omitted ; that is inevitable, since

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in matters of taste no two of us are likely to be in complete agreement. Of course there are poems here, as in every such miscellany, that will not please everybody, but so far as my judgment goes there is none that will not please somebody. The only way to know what is poetry is not to read about it but to read it, and such as touches you and answers to your own needs is the real thing so far as you are concerned, and whether it has the approval of few or many others should be a matter of indifference to you. No definition being possible, if you want any guide at all as to what is poetry, you can have nothing better than old Samuel Daniel's wisely comprehensive assertion that "whatsoever force of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered : that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." I confess I am of his faith, and have applied his touchstone in this matter.

One or two poets are not so fully represented here as they would have been if copyright difficulties had not restrained me ; and I regret that at least two are absent, their omission being discovered too late for remedy.

I have to thank the authors and publishers mentioned in the list of Contents for very kindly giving me permission to reprint the poems in this volume ;—immediately after the names of all poems in the Contents are the titles of the books from which they are taken and the names of their publishers ; or the names of periodicals that have kindly given permission for the reproduction of some that have not appeared in book form. Where no such indication appears, the poem is still in manuscript, and the author has allowed me to print it before it appears in a book of his own.

ST. J. A.

PREFATORY NOTE TO SCHOOL EDITION

THE chief virtue of every Anthology lies in its educational value. It cannot, at its best, pretend to be a concise substitute for the literature of any period, of any kind, or even of any one author; but fulfils its proper function if it is so compiled that it interests and gives pleasure to the reader and serves him, at need, as a useful introduction to the particular class of literature or phase in literary development with which it is concerned. It has been the aim of "The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets" to offer the student of poetry such an introduction to the work, in every variety, that is being done by poets of to-day in all parts of the British Empire; and a general recognition that it fulfils this purpose more amply than does any other existing anthology has led to its re-issue in the present edition.

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THEODORE MAYNARD

“Laughs and Whiffs of Song” (1915); “Drums of Defeat”
(1917); “Folly” (1918).

Laughter

OH, not a poet lives but knows
The laughing beauty of the rose,
The heyday humour of the noon,
The solemn smiling of the moon,—
When night, as happy as a lover,
Doth kiss and kiss the earth, and cover
His face with all her tender hair.

Sweet bride and bridegroom everywhere,
And mothers, who so softly sing
Upon their babies' slumbering,
Know joy upon their lips, and laughter
At Joy's heels that comes tumbling after

But who shall shake his sides to hear
That sacred laughter, fraught with fear,
That laughter strange and mystical—
The hero laughing in his fall;
Whene'er a man goes out alone,
Is thrown and is not overthrown?

The fates shall never bow the head
That irony hath comforted,
Nor thrust him down with shameful scars
Who towers above the reeling stars.
Thus God, Who shaketh roof and rafter
Of highest heaven with holy laughter;

Theodore Maynard

Who made fantastic, foolish trees
Shadow the floors of tropic seas,
Where finny gargoyles, goggle-eyed,
Grin monstrosly beneath the tide ;
Who made for some titanic joke
Out of the acorn grow the oak ;
From buried seed and riven rocks,
Brings death and life—a paradox !
Who breaks great Kingdoms, and their Kings,
Upon the knees of helpless things. . . .
So flesh the Word was made Who gave
His body to a human grave,
While devils gnashed their teeth at loss
To see Him triumph on the cross. . . .

Thus God, Who shaketh roof and rafter
Of highest heaven with holy laughter.

The Poor

STRONG in your patience, inarticulate
You trudge the dismal lines of drab streets through ;
Knowing no hope or anger, you must wait
Until God make this arrogant world anew.

You bear upon your bowed and bleeding backs
Christ's cross (oh, where His boasted sceptre now ?),
For no man in this endless rabble lacks
The sneer of Pilate written o'er his brow

You share God's sacred mark of poverty,
Out of the travail of a woman born ;
You tread the dolorous way to Calvary
Between the Roman's law, the High Priest's scorn.

PHYLLIS MÉGROZ

"The Silver Bride and Other Poems" (1924).

The Old Wife

DEATH once with stealthy footfall crept
Toward the bed where she had slept,
The Old Wife, by her goodman's side
From golden girl to time-wan bride.

"Come, dame," the mocking spectre says,

"Break marriage-bonds, and walk my ways,

"Though you have loved so long and lit

"A flame where old folk snugly sit,

"Not any wisdom of the wise

"Can re-create the dust that lies

"In unknown graves beneath the grass

"Into the loveliness that was.

"There is no sage whose cunning hand

"Hath power to set the sea-worn sand

"Into its ancient shape of stone,

"Or bud the blossom that hath blown."

The Old Wife rose with creaking care,
Sleeked on her gown and smoothed her hair,
All silently lest she should stir

Her goodman's sleep with thought of her.

Slow-smiling on her marriage-bed

She followed Death with noiseless tread,

And, standing on the threshold, cast

One look about the room—her last.

"Poor Death," she said, "I am your cheat,

"I fill your grave with counterfeit,

"A little mortal clay outdone

"Is all the treasure you have won.

"Sleep, my dear master, sleep thy fill,

"Thy goodwife is beside thee still."

R. L. MÉGROZ

Critic and miscellaneous writer ; author of "Walter de la Marc," a study of the man and his work ; of much uncollected verse, and of one book of "Personal Poems" (1919).

From a Sonnet Sequence

LAST night I lay while figures came and went
About the twilit porticoes of sleep.
Under my pillow, tired spring unspent,
Tick-tocked, tick-tocked a watch's fall and leap
Of rhythmic noise, tick-tocked, tick-tocked to thought
Revolving round those silent porticoes
Where figures went and came . . . But what I sought
Sleep kept within the secrecy she chose.
Then as I looked through my shut eyelids, I
Saw all worlds break, their atoms decompose
In silence. Distance opened like a sky,
And, as a Dawn from broken darkness grows,
In the whirling motion of all things took form
A Perfect Blossom from that spheric storm.

MY hand upon this table,—mystery.
My hand upon this cloth of black and red ;
That pale pink flesh, part of the shell of me,
Covering that pattern made in some man's head.
Most curious pattern that can thought enthrall :
Acanthus leaves, blood-red, from blackness start,
And strange red lilies smear the gloomy pall
With anguish of a death-betrampled heart.
O hand of mine, twin brother of this which writes,
You are less real than he who made this cloth :
Soul, looking from these earthly windows, sights
The housewalls and firm ground, yet knows that both
Housewalls and solid ground are thought unstable
Of mind which sees my hand upon this table.

Song

YOU God, vast Mystery of Mysteries
Man's wisdom cannot know, dare not deny,
Heart beating in those mighty ecstasies
That throb from star to star, from sky to sky,
Mind breathing into its huge spaciousness
And then outbreathing these great winds that go
Across the heavens, heaving into stress
The broken surface of Man's life below,
Amid the ruins of our tumbled toys
Tread with disturbing foot this little world.
To leave consoling promise of your joys
Where man at man hate's missile madly hurled :
Let the bright Future's veil be now withdrawn
And sound the blazing clarions of the dawn.

Song

KING of a world of beauty
Where vanishing streams
Wash through the silent meadows
Of my dreams,

King of a world of beauty
Where wealth is in soft skies
And for love alone are greedy
The most wise,

King of a world of beauty
Where joy and pain are one
Desire for a star unforgotten
Beyond the sun,

King of a world of beauty
This world has never seen,
I lost it ; then I found you
There, the Queen.

CHARLOTTE MEW

Has written little, which little would have been much more, if she had not the art of writing with intensely concentrated narrative power. Her one small book, "The Farmer's Bride" (1916), was re-issued with additional poems in 1921.

The Quiet House

WHEN we were children old nurse used to say,
 The house was like an auction or a fair
 Until the lot of us were safe in bed.
 It has been quiet as the country-side
 Since Ted and Janey and then Mother died
 And Tom crossed Father and was sent away.
 After the lawsuit he could not hold up his head.
 Poor Father, and he does not care
 For people here, or to go anywhere.

To get away to Aunt's for that week-end
 Was hard enough ; (since then, a year ago,
 He scarcely lets me slip out of his sight—)
 At first I did not like my cousin's friend,
 I did not think I should remember him :
 His voice has gone, his face is growing dim,
 And if I like him now I do not know,
 He frightened me before he smiled—
 He did not ask me if he might—
 He said that he would come one Sunday night,
 He spoke to me as if I were a child.

No year has been like this that has just gone by ;
 It may be that what Father says is true,
 If things are so it does not matter why :
 But everything has burned, and not quite through,
 The colours of the world have turned
 To flame, the blue, the gold has burned

The Quiet House

In what used to be such a leaden sky.
When you are burned quite through you die.

Red is the strangest pain to bear ;
In Spring the leaves on the budding trees ;
In Summer the roses are worse than these,
More terrible than they are sweet :
A rose can stab you across the street
Deeper than any knife :
And the crimson haunts you everywhere—
Thin shafts of sunlight, like the ghosts of reddened
swords have struck our stair
As if, coming down, you had spilt your life.

I think that my soul is red
Like the soul of a sword or a scarlet flower :
But when these are dead
They have had their hour.

I shall have had mine, too,
For from head to feet,
I am burned and stabbed half through,
And the pain is deadly sweet

The things that kill us seem
Blind to the death they give :
It is only in our dream
The things that kill us live.

The room is shut where Mother died,
The other rooms are as they were,
The world goes on the same outside,
The sparrows fly across the Square,
The children play as we four did there,
The trees grow green and brown and bare,
The sun shines on the dead Church spire,

Susan Miles

And nothing lives here but the fire,
While Father watches from his chair,
 Day follows day
The same or, now and then, a different grey,
 Till, like his hair,
Which Mother said was wavy once and bright,
 They will all turn white.

To-night I heard a bell again—
Outside it was the same mist of fine rain,
The lamps just lighted down the long, dim street,
 No one for me—
I think it is myself I go to meet :
I do not care ; some day I *shall* not think : I shall not
 be.

SUSAN MILES

None writes " free " verse more effectively, or relies less on extravagance and eccentricities of manner for her effects. " Dunch " (1916) ; " Annotations " (1922) ; " Little Mirrors " (1924) ; " The Hares " (1924).

Two Strangers

FOR eleven years and a half
This grey-eyed boy,
Whose skin is fair as an infant's
Has been a Waif and Stray.
Now the bright blood is flushing through his fair cheeks,
And his grey eyes are luminous,
Because his mother
Awaits him.
Slowly he moves across the hall of the Home,
Slowly, and a little heavily,
He approaches,

Endurance

Unsmiling, absorbed,
Two strangers.
His grey eyes, unswerving,
Meet my eyes.
Unswerving my eyes
Meet his ;
And for a flash
Which seems interminable
My eyes are liars.
Then they swerve ;
My hand pushes forward
The stranger in whose direction the grey-eyed boy has
not glanced.
My voice says tautly :
“ Here is your mother, Roger,”
And turning to the window
I stare at the railings of the Home
And drum with cold fingers
Upon the sill.

Endurance

YOU are a big child
And I am a small one.
You are so strong and merry
In the corridor at play
That I, though neither strong nor merry,
Can yet, because of you,
Endure the knowledge
That behind a shut door our brother
Is lying dead.
You know that he is lying there
Dead,
And you have been crying,
For you love him
Every bit as much as I do ;
More, I think than I do,

Susan Miles

But though you have been crying
You are not terrified.
Life has not picked you up and dropped you suddenly
As it has dropped me.
You know, and your cheeks are tear-stained,
But there is fortitude in your soul.
There is no fortitude in mine.
I cannot play,
Though I should perhaps be glad enough
Of an excuse
To grip your hand in the game.
But I can sit here huddled together,
Chin on knee, watching you.
But though your strength
Does not make me strong,
Nor your merriment make me merry,
Your strength and your merriment give me, as I have
said,
Endurance.

Life

YOU have a big empty basket on your arm,
And your eyes are very round indeed.
Your mother's purse is gripped in your hand.
It is swollen with many pennies.
You have come straight into old Mr. Hammond's
shop.
And you have given him,
In a voice so eager that the breathings do not at all
correspond with the punctuation,
A list of your important, your urgent
Necessities.
You need many things ;
Half-pounds of sugar
And of currants,
Flour and sultanas :

Life

You need spices
And margarine
And treacle.
I imagine that your mother is intending to make
 you
A Sunday cake.
And old Mr. Hammond has listened to your needs
His old hands clasped behind his old back.
And his head inclined toward you
A little on one side.
He has smiled his old, old smile
And he has said,
"Oh dear me. Do you now really?
Dear me, Dear me."
And he has moved away, still smiling his old, old
 smile,
And he has left you
(A little less young than you were
But rounder eyed than ever)
Silent, in the midst of the shop,
To wait your turn.
And while you are waiting
And I am waiting,
You are for me no longer
A little boy,
You are everybody.
And old Mr. Hammond is for me no longer
Old Mr. Hammond—
He is life.

HAROLD MONRO

One of the high priests of the "new" poetry, which he himself writes with a feeling for beauty of form and phrase; he has a quiet sense of humour which, in his "Some Contemporary Poets" (1920), prompted him to laugh at noisier

Harold Monro

members of the "new" group who have not his saving grace of restraint. "Before Dawn" (1910); "Children of Love" (1914); "Trees" (1915); "Strange Meetings" (1915).

Child of Dawn

O GENTLE vision in the dawn :
My spirit over faint cool water glides,
Child of the day,
To thee ;
And thou art drawn
By a same impulse over silver tides
The dreamy way
To me.

I need thy hands, O gentle wonder-child,
For they are moulded unto all repose ;
Thy lips are frail,
And thou art cooler than an April rose ;
White are thy words and mild :
Child of the morning, hail !

Breathe then upon mine eyelids—Oh we twain
Will build the day together out of dreams.
Life, with thy breath upon mine eyelids, seems
Exquisite to the utmost bounds of pain.
I cannot wish to live, except so far
As I may be compelled for love of thee.
O let us drift,
Frail as the floating silver of a star,
Or like the summer humming of a bee,
Or stream-reflected sunlight through a rift.

I will not hope, because I know, alas,
Morning will glide to noon and then the night
Will take thee from me. Everything must pass
Swiftly—but naught so swift as dawn-delight.
If I could even make thee last till day,
Child of repose,

Solitude

Were broad upon the lea,
What god can say,
What god or mortal knows,
What wonder might not happen unto me ?

O gentle vision in the dawn :
My spirit over faint cool water glides,
Child of the day,
To thee ;
And thou art drawn
By the same impulse over silver tides
The dreamy way
To me.

Solitude

WHEN you have tidied all things for the night,
And while your thoughts are fading to their sleep,
You'll pause a moment in the late firelight
Too sorrowful to weep.

The large and gentle furniture has stood
In sympathetic silence all the day
With that old kindness of domestic wood :
Nevertheless, the haunted room will say :
" Some one must be away."

The little dog rolls half awake,
Stretches his paws, yawns, looking up at you,
Wags his tail very slightly for your sake,
That you may feel he is unhappy too.

A distant engine whistles, or the floor
Creaks, or the wandering night-wind bangs a door,
Silence is scattered like a broken glass.
The minutes prick their ears and run about,
Then one by one subside again and pass
Sedately in, monotonously out.
You bend your head and wipe away a tear.
Solitude walks one heavy step more near.

E. HAMILTON MOORE

"The Flame" (1910); "An Idyll and Other Poems" (1912); "The Rut" (1913); "The Garden of Love" (1914); "The Fountain of Ablutions" (1921); "Cupid's Auction" (1923).

The Cloistered Heart

A HUMMING schoolgirl crocodile :
Youth in a bevy—languors, charms,
Frills, confidences, linking arms. . . .
Follows, demure, with guarded smile,
Dark eyes downcast, discreet, unstraying,
Still folded hands, mute Aves saying,
Sweet slenderness, rose-bloomed and dimpled,
Robed, veiled and coifed and whitely wimpled,
With silent, humble, hidden feet
Walking the flaunting noonday street,
Still sanctuaried—the little Nun.

Before her, rippling in the sun,
The laughing lights and shadows run ;
Above, laburnum's yellow tassels,
Summer's blue zenith, towered cloud castles,
Mauve lilac, chestnut candles piled
And kindled. . . .

Fixed and unbeguiled,
She only sees her quiet cell.
She dreams—but O, if she could tell
What folded wings about her keep
Their daylong peace, and watch her sleep,
Martha her spinning wheel would quit,
And go at Mary's feet to sit,
And the rapt earth its hurrying pace
Forget, to pause, high-poised in space.

That Land

Heavenly reclusion ! Tell-tale smile !
Heart at celestial tryst ! The while
Around, about, before her, whirls
The bubbling merriment of girls,
Chattering like finches, butterfly gay,
A curl, a scarf, a skirt asway—
Young laughing lips, clear questing eyes,
And a May-day earthly paradise !

T. STURGE MOORE

Artist, critic of art and poetry, and a poet whose best and most characteristic work, apart from a few finely-wrought lyrics, is on classical themes. "The Vinedresser" (1899); "Aphrodite against Artemis" (1901); "Danaë" (1903); "The Little School" (1905; enlarged, 1917); "Poems" (1906); "Mariamne" (1911); "The Sicilian Idyll" (1911); "The Sea is Kind" (1914); "Tragic Mothers" (1920); "Judas" (1923).

That Land

WOULD that I might live for ever
Where those who make me happy dwell !
Desire doeth excellently well,
Now, wooing me ;
For, oh, she never
Nameth any other place !
There ease weds grace ;
There thought is free,
Born like a smile upon the face,
Expressed as simply as a child
Kisseth its playmate, laughing gaily ;
There, there, the courteous, joyous, mild
Train life to beauty daily.

T. Sturge Moore

There thought is free ; for life is bound
Religiously, and sings while serving ;
No inner echoes counsel swerving,
All strengthen life,
Till sought be found ;
Old valours rise to share
Ordeals there ;
Near, like a wife,
Stands effort's outcome bodied fair,
Not fettered with dead thoughts, not fainting
Because the night-mare world hath lain
Athwart her hopes, but love acquainting
With beauty ever again.

Ever again and again
Filling the eyes of our child
With the milk of paradise,—
Of which the soul is fain,
For which the heart is wild,
And tears are in the eyes :
Ah : that milk of paradise
Is happiness,
Is power to bless ;
What balmy air to halcyon's wing
That power to those who make me glad is :
'To bind my life, in bonds to sing,
The way such freedom may be had is :—
The way to gain the power to bless,
The one way to win happiness.

Renaissance

O HAPPY soul, forget thyself !
'This that has haunted all the past,
That conjured disappointments fast,
That never could let well alone,
That, climbing to achievement's throne,
Slipped on the last step ; this that wove

Renaissance

Dissatisfaction's clinging net,
And ran through life like squandered pelf ;—
This that, till now, has been thy self
Forget, O happy soul, forget !

If ever thou did'st aught commence—
Set'st forth in springtide woods to rove,
Or, when the sun in July throve,
Did'st plunge into calm bay of ocean
With fine felicity in motion,—
Or, having climbed some high hill's brow,
Thy toil behind thee like the night,
Stood'st in the chill dawn's air intense,—
Commence thee now, thus recommence :
Take to the future as to light.

Not as a bather on the shore
Strips off his clothes, glad soul, strip thou :
He throws them off, but folds them now ;
Although he for the billows yearns,
To weigh them down with stones he turns ;
To mark the spot he scans the shore ;
Of his return he thinks before.
Do thou forget
All that, until this joy franchised thee,
Tainted thee, stained thee, or disguised thee ;
For gladness, henceforth without let,
Be thou a body naked, fair ;
And be thy kingdom all the air
Which the noon fills with light ;
And be thine actions every one
Like to a dawn or set of sun,
Robed in an ample glory's peace ;
Since thou hast tasted this great glee
Whose virtue prophesies in thee
That wrong is wholly doomed, is doomed and bound to
cease.

THOMAS MOULT

A novelist of distinction, editor of the annual volume of "The Best Poems" of the year; critic and poet, most of whose work in verse remains uncollected, except for his one book of poems, "Down Here the Hawthorn," published in 1921.

"Truly He Hath a Sweet Bed"

BROWN earth, sun-soaked,
Beneath his head
And over the quiet limbs. . . .
Through time unreckoned
Lay this brown earth for him. Now is he come,
Truly he hath a sweet bed.

The perfume shed
From invisible gardens is chaliced by kindly airs
And carried for welcome to the stranger.
Long seasons ere he came, this wilderness
They habited.

They, and the mist of stars
Down-spread
About him as a hush of vespering birds.
They, and the sun, the moon :
Naught now denies him the moon's coming
Nor the morning trail of gold,
The luminous print of evening, red
At the sun's tread.

The brown earth holds him,
The stars and little winds, the friendly moon
And sun attend in turn his rest.
They linger above him, softly moving. They are gracious,

Lovers' Lane

And gently wise : as though remembering how his
hunger,
His kinship, knew them once but blindly
In thoughts unsaid,
As a dream that fled.

So is he theirs assuredly as the seasons.
So is his sleep by them for ever companion'd.
. . And, perchance, by the voices of bright children
playing
And knowing not : by the echo of young laughter
When their dancing is sped.

Truly he hath a sweet bed.

Lovers' Lane

THIS cool quiet of trees
In the grey dusk of the north,
In the green half-dusk of the west,
Where fires still glow ;
These glimmering fantasies
Of foliage branching forth
And drooping into rest ;
Ye lovers, know
That in your wanderings
Beneath this arching brake
Ye must attune your love
To hushed words.
For here is the dreaming wisdom of
The unmovable things . . .
And more :—walk softly, lest ye wake
A thousand sleeping birds.

Thomas Moulton

Invocation

HURL down, harsh hills, your bitterness
Of wind and storm.

Stem ye the drift of herded men

With your uncouthness

So, tasting of your power, they press

Back shrinking where upon their warm

Safe ways of smoothness

They seek their various lusts again.

Guard ye, wild hills, with scar and whip
Your outlawry,

Lest alien-hearted pigmies tame

Your trackless boulders,

And with their unclean cunning slip

The leash of civlry

Fast round your shoulders.

O keep ye from that shame.

Or they shall surely come, black hordes
Swarming as lice

With their obscenities and greed

Across your fastness,

Even your peaks that swing white swords,

Rent, splintered ice

Into the vastness

Of skies where fanged winds feed.

Hurl down, harsh hills, your bitterness,
Guard ye with flail

Of shattering wind and thong of sleet

Your pride uplifting

To the impaled stars ; be pitiless

Before this unquiet trail

Of man-herds drifting

Against your stone-still feet.

NEIL MUNRO

Since Stevenson, there has been no greater Scots writer of romance than the author of "John Splendid," "Gilan the Dreamer," and the other novels and tales that have made Mr. Neil Munro famous. A recent collected edition of his works contained no book of his poems, some of which are too good to be left in the files of the periodicals that published them.

To Exiles

ARE you not weary in your distant places,
Far, far from Scotland of the mist and storm,
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm ?
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping
To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home ?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our valleys
The midnights roar, the grey noons echo back ;
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbours from horizons black ;
We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched heather
We are the men, we battle, we endure !
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure !

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted
Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us
Children of tempest, all unshaken still.

Neil Munro

We wander where the little grey towns cluster
Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wild-fowl muster
To shelter from the day's inclemency ;
And night will come, and then, far through the darkling,
A light will shine out in the sounding glen,
And it will mind us of some fond eyes sparkling,
And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,
Snow-silence fall, or lightning blast the pine,
That light of Home shines warmly in the valley,
And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine !
Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,
When all the recollections come a-thronging
Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing
While the wild winter blusters round their land ;
The light of Home, the winds so bitter blowing—
Look, look and listen, do you understand ?
Love, strength, and tempest—oh, come back and share
them,
Here is the cottage, here the open door ;
We have the hearts although we do not bare them—
They're yours, and you are ours for evermore !

John O'Lorn

MY plaid is on my shoulder, and my boat is on the shore,
And it's all by wi' auld days and you ;
Here's a health and here's a heart-break, for it's hame,
my dear, no more,
To the green glens, the fine glens we knew !

The Heather

'Twas for the sake o' glory, but oh, wae upon the wars
That brought my father's son to sic a day ;
I'd rather be a craven wi' nor fame nor name nor scars,
Than turn an exile's heel on Moidart Bay.

And you, in the day-time you'll be here, and in the mirk,
Wi' the kind heart, the open hand and free ;
And far awa' in foreign France, in town or camp or kirk,
I'll be wondering if you keep a thought for me.

But nevermore the heather nor the bracken at my knees,
I'm poor John O'Lorn, a broken man ;
For an auld Hielan' story I must sail the swinging seas
A chief without a castle or a clan.

My plaid is on my shoulder, and my boat is on the shore,
And it's all by wi' auld days and you ;
Here's a health and here's a heart-break, for it's hame,
my dear, no more,
To the green glens, the fine glens we knew !

The Heather

IF I were king of France, that noble fine land,
And the gold was elbow deep within my chests,
And my castles lay in scores along the wine-land
With towers as high as where the eagle nests ;
If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout and vaunting,
My history sang, my stainless tartan wore,
Was not my fortune poor, with one thing wanting,—
The heather at my door !

My galleys might be sailing every ocean,
Robbing the isles, and sacking hold and keep,
My chevaliers go prancing at my notion,
To bring me back of cattle, horse, and sheep ;

Charles Murray

Fond arms be round my neck, the young heart's tether,
And true love-kisses all the night might fill,
But oh, *mochree*, if I had not the heather,
Before me on the hill !

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding, and a beggar's pay,
If I might earn them where the heather, waving,
Gave fragrance to the day.
The stars might see me, homeless one and weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And still content, I'd find a bedding cheery,
Where'er the heather grew !

CHARLES MURRAY

Born in Aberdeen ; all his poetry has been published since he has been living in South Africa, but none more national in feeling and utterance ever came out of Scotland. Has held various Government appointments in South Africa ; served in the Boer War, and as Lieutenant-Colonel of S.A. Defence Force during the Great War ; is Secretary for Public Works there and a C.M.G. " Hamewith " (1900) ; " A Sough o' War " (1917) ; " In the Country Places " (1920).

The Tinkler

GIN I was a sturdy tinkler
Trampin' lang roads an' wide,
An' ye was a beggar hizzie
Cadgin' the country side ;

The meal bags a' your fortune,
A jingling wallet mine,
I wouldna swap for a kingdom
Ae blink o' my raggit queyn.

The Tinkler

The gowd that hings at your lugs, lass
I would hammer it for a ring,
Syne Hey for a tinkler's waddin'
An' the lythe dyke-sides o' Spring

O whiles we would tak' the toll-road
And lauch at the Norlan' win',
An' whiles we would try the lown roads,
An' the wee hill-tracks that rin

Whaur the blue peat reek is curlin'
An' the mavis whussles rare,
We'd follow the airt we fancied
Wi' nane that we kent to care.

An' ye would get the white siller
Spaein' the lasses' han's,
An' I would win the brown siller
Cloutin' the aul' wives' cans,

Whiles wi' a stroop to souder
Girdin' at times a cogue,
But aye wi' you at my elbuck
To haud me content, ye rogue.

We'd wash in the runnin' water,
An' I would lave your feet,
An' ye would lowse your apron
An' I would dry them wi' 't.

I'd gaither yows at gloamin
An' ye would blaw the fire,
Till the lilt o' the singing kettle
Gart baith forget the tire.

Charles Murray

An' blithe, my cuttie luntin',
We'd crack about a' we'd seen,
Wi' mony a twa-han' banter
Aneth the risin' meen.

Syne in some cosy plantin'
Wi' fern an' heather spread,
An' the green birks for rafters
The lift would roof your bed.

An' when your een grew weary
Twa stars would tine their licht,
An' saftly in my oter
I'd faul' you for the nicht.

Nae cry frae frichtened mawkin,
Snared in the dewy grass,
Nor eerie oolet huntin'
Would wauken you then, my lass.

An' when the mists were liftin'
An' the reid sun raise to peep,
Ye would only cuddle the closer
An' lauch to me in your sleep.

*Wi' a' the warl' to wander,
An' the fine things yet to see,
Will ye kilt your coats an' follow
The lang, lang road wi' me?*

*The open lift an' laughter—
Is there onything mair ye lack?
"A wee heid in the bundle
That shouds upon my back."*

The Hills an' Her

BY nicht, by day, my dream's the same,
The warl' at peace an' me at hame,
Awa' fae danger, din an' stir,
Back to the quiet hills an' Her.
Her an' the hills, wi' me to share,
An' Heaven itsel' micht weel be there.

A bower o' birks,—O happy dream.—
A wee hoose happit owre wi' breem,
A window to the Wast, a neuk
Weel-cushioned by the fire, a beuk
O' sangs—the sangs I canna sing,
For aye as throu' my hairt they ring
I lift my heid, an' lose the line,
To meet the een that's waitin' mine.

A gairden sweet wi' bud an' bell,
A windin' path, a mossy well
That starts a burn that tumbles on
To sink saft-oxtered safe in Don.
A scuff of rain, a whirrin' reel,
An' lang or dark a heapit creel :—
Wi' routh o' flies an' souple wan'
What fisher ever envied man ?
An' caller trout, what better dish
Could only couthie couple wish ?
Weel-bunkered links, a partner keen,
A putt for't on the hin'most green :
Ay, but it's fine hoo dreams contrive
To gie guid golfers back their drive,
Put doon new ba's at ilka tee,
An' gobble Bogey fives in three :
Throu' mavis-haunted plantins then
While gloamin' steals oot owre the glen,
An' leanin' on the gate I see
The sweet-eyed lass that looks for me.

Sarojini Naidu

What's left o' life, thus, there I'd pass.
I dreamt the place, I ken the lass.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

His most notable work has been done as essayist, and critic of art and literature ; was some time editor of the *Athenæum* ; founder and editor of the *Adelphi* ; has experimented as a novelist, and in 1920 published his "Poems : 1916-20."

Serenity

I ASK no more for wonders : let me be
At peace within my heart, my fever stilled
By the calm circuit of the year fulfilled,
Autumn to follow summer in the tree
Of my new-ordered being. Silently
My leaves shall on the unfretting earth be spilled,
The pride be slowly scattered that shall gild
A windless triumph of serenity.

Vex me no more with dreams ; the tortured mind
Hath turned and rent the dreamer. Fore-ordained
My motions, and my seasons solemn lead
Each to his own perfection, whence declined
Their measured sequence promise shall contain,
And my late-opened husk let fall a seed.

SAROJINI NAIDU

There is beauty and tenderness and passion in the lyrics of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, and a note of spontaneity that gives wings to her words. She was educated at Hyderabad and at Cambridge ; she learned her art from the English poets and

The Victor

her thought is coloured with Western philosophy, but her imagination is Indian, and she finds her themes among her own people. "The Golden Threshold" (1905); "The Bird of Time" (1912); "The Broken Wing" (1917).

Invincible

O FATE, betwixt the grinding stones of Pain,
Tho' you have crushed my life like broken grain,
Lo! I will leaven it with my tears and knead
The bread of Hope to comfort and to feed
The myriad hearts for whom no harvests blow
Save bitter herbs of woe.

Tho' in the flame of sorrow you have thrust
My flowering soul and trod it into dust,
Behold, it doth reblossom like a grove
To shelter under quickening boughs of Love
The myriad souls for whom no gardens bloom
Save bitter buds of doom.

The Victor

THEY brought their peacock-lutes of praise
And carven gems in jasper trays,
Rich stores of fragrant musk and myrrh
And wreaths of scarlet nenuphar . . .
I had no offering that was meet,
And bowed my face upon his feet.

They brought him robes from regal looms,
Inwrought with pearls and silver blooms,
And sumptuous footcloths broideréd
With beetle-wings and gleaming thread. . . .
I had no offering that was meet,
And spread my hands beneath his feet.

Sarojini Naidu

They filled his court with gifts of price.
With tiers of grain and towers of spice,
Tall jars of golden oil and wine,
And heads of camel and of kine . . .
I had no offering that was meet,
And laid my life before his feet.

The Soul's Prayer

IN childhood's pride I said to Thee :
" O Thou, who mad'st me of Thy breath,
Speak, Master, and reveal to me
Thine inmost laws of life and death.

" Give me to drink each joy and pain
Which Thine eternal hand can mete,
For my insatiate soul would drain
Earth's utmost bitter, utmost sweet.

" Spare me no bliss, no pang of strife,
Withhold no gift of grief, I crave,
The intricate lore of love and life
And mystic knowledge of the grave."

Lord, Thou didst answer stern and low :
" Child, I will hearken to thy prayer,
And thy unconquered soul shall know
All passionate rapture and despair.

" Thou shalt drink deep of joy and fame,
And love shall burn thee like a fire,
And pain shall cleanse thee like a flame,
To purge the dross from thy desire.

" So shall thy chastened spirit yearn
To seek from its blind prayer release,
And, spent and pardoned, sue to learn
The simple secret of My peace.

Sailing at Dawn

“ I, bending from My sevenfold height,
Will teach thee of My quickening grace,
Life is a prism of My light,
And Death the shadow of My face.”

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Has written admirable historical romances in prose, but these fall into a second place well in the wake of his stirring songs and ballads of the sea, which are so deservedly popular that his more delicate, more highly poetical work does not always make itself heard, perhaps, above the glorious rattle of “ Drake’s Drum.” He has published no book of verse since his “ Admirals All ” (1897), “ The Island Race ” (1898), “ The Sailing of the Long-Ships ” (1902), and “ Songs of Memory and Hope ” (1909) were gathered into “ Poems : New and Old ” in 1912.

Sailing at Dawn

ONE by one the pale stars die before the day now,
One by one the great ships are stirring from their
sleep,
Cables all are rumbling, anchors all a-weigh now,
Now the fleet’s a fleet again, gliding towards the deep.

Now the fleet’s a fleet again, bound upon the old
ways,

Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray ;
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways.
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day.

Far away behind us town and tower are dwindling,
Home becomes a fair dream faded long ago ;
Infinitely glorious the height of heaven is kindling,
Infinitely desolate the shoreless sea below.

Sir Henry Newbolt

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old
ways,
Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray ;
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways.
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day.

Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender,
Once again with high hearts serve the age to be,
Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender,
Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old
ways,
Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray ;
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways.
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day.

Messmates

HE gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of the day ;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the 'Trades and the tides roll over him
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles around ;
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him
And the great ships go by.

Song

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below ;
If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
'The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.

Song

(To an air by Henry Lawes, published in 1652)

THE flowers that in thy garden rise,
Fade and are gone when Summer flies,
And as their sweets by time decay,
So shall thy hopes be cast away.

The Sun that gilds the creeping moss
Stayeth not Earth's eternal loss :
He is the lord of all that live,
Yet there is life he cannot give.

The stir of morning's eager breath—
Beautiful Eve's impassioned death—
Thou lovest these, thou lovest well,
Yet of the Night thou canst not tell.

In every land thy feet may tread,
Time like a veil is round thy head :
Only the land thou seek'st with me
Never hath been nor yet shall be.

It is not far, it is not near.
Name it hath none that Earth can hear ;
But there thy Soul shall build again
Memories long destroyed of men,
And Joy thereby shall like a river
Wander from deep to deep for ever.

Robert Nichols

The Volunteer

" HE leapt to arms unbidden,
Unneeded, over-bold ;
His face by earth is hidden,
His heart in earth is cold.

" Curse on the reckless daring
That could not wait the call,
The proud fantastic bearing
That would be first to fall ! "

O tears of human passion,
Blur not the image true ;
This was not folly's fashion,
This was the man we knew.

ROBERT NICHOLS

Found his first inspiration in the war, and his best poems are, perhaps, those that reflect his war-time experiences. " Invocation " (1915) ; " Ardours and Endurances " (1917) ; " Aurelia " (1920).

Last Words

O LET it be
Just such an eve as this when I must die !
To see the green bough soaking, still against a sky
Washed clean after the rain.
To watch the rapturous rainbow flame and fly
Into the gloom where drops fall goldenly,
And in my heart to feel the end of pain,
The end of pain : the late, and long expected !—
To see the skies clear in a sudden minute,
The grey disparting on the blue within it,
And on the low far sea the clouds collected.

Comrades : An Episode

In that deep quiet die to all has been,
To be renewed, to bud, to flower again :
My second spring !—whose hope was nigh rejected,
Before I go hence and am no more seen.

To hear the blackbird ring out, gay and bold,
The low renewal of the ringdove's moan
From among high, sheltered boughs, and ceaseless fall
Pitter, pitter, patter,
A dribble of gold
From leaves nodding each on the other one,
The hush, calm piping and the slow, sweet mood !
To drink the ripe warm scent of soaking matter,
Wet grass, wet leaves, wet wood,
Wet mould,
The saddest and the grandest scent of all.

So when my dying eyes have loved the trees
Till with huge tears turned blind,
When the vague ears for the last time have hearkened
To the cool stir of the long evening breeze,
The blackbird's tireless call,
Having drunk deep of earth-scent strong and kind,
Come then, O Death, and let my day be darkened.
I shall have had my all.

LAWFORD,

April, 1916.

Comrades : An Episode

BEFORE, before he was aware
The " Verey " light had risen . . . on the air
It hung glistening. . . .

And he could not stay his hand
From moving to the barbed wire's broken strand.

Robert Nichols

A rifle cracked.

He fell.

Night waned. He was alone. A heavy shell
Whispered itself passing high, high overhead.
His wound was wet to his hand : for still it bled
On to the glimmering ground.
Then with a slow, vain smile his wound he bound,
Knowing, of course, he'd not see home again—
Home whose thought he put away.

His men

Whispered : " Where's Mister Gates ? " " Out on the
wire."

" I'll get him," said one. . . .

Dawn blinked, and the fire

Of the Germans heaved up and down the line.

" Stand to ! "

Too late ! " I'll get him." " O the swine !
When we might get him in yet safe and whole ! "
" Corporal didn't see 'un fall out on patrol,
Or he'd 'a got 'un." " Sssh ! "

" No talking there."

A whisper : " 'A went down at the last flare."
Meanwhile the Maxims toc-toc-tocked ; their swish
Of bullets told death lurked against the wish.
No hope for him !

His corporal, as one shamed,
Vainly and helplessly his ill-luck blamed.

.

Then Gates slowly saw the morn
Break in a rosy peace through the lone thorn
By which he lay, and felt the dawn-wind pass
Whispering through the pallid, stalky grass
Of No-Man's Land. . . .

And the tears came
Scaldingly sweet, more lovely than a flame.
He closed his eyes : he thought of home

Comrades : An Episode

And grit his teeth. He knew no help could come. . . .

The silent sun over the earth held sway,
Occasional rifles cracked and far away
A heedless speck, a 'plane, slid on alone,
Like a fly traversing a cliff of stone.

"I must get back," said Gates aloud, and heaved
At his body. But it lay bereaved
Of any power. He could not wait till night.
And he lay still. Blood swam across his sight
Then with a groan :
"No luck ever ! Well, I must die alone."

Occasional rifles cracked. A cloud that shone,
Gold-rimmed, blackened the sun and then was gone. . . .
The sun still smiled. The grass sang in its play.
Some one whistled : "Over the hills and far away."
Gates watched silently the swift, swift sun
Burning his life before it was begun.

Suddenly he heard Corporal Timmins' voice :

"Now then,
'Urry up with that tea."

"Hi Ginger !" "Bill !" His men !
Timmins and Jones and Wilkinson (the "bard"),
And Hughes and Simpson. It was hard
Not to see them : Wilkinson, stubby, grim,
With his "No, sir," "Yes, sir," and the slim
Simpson : "Indeed, sir ?" (while it seemed he winked
Because his smiling left eye always blinked),
And Corporal Timmins, straight and blonde and wise,
With his quiet-scanning, level, hazel eyes ;
And all the others . . . tunics that didn't fit . . .
A dozen different sort of eyes. O it

Robert Nichols

Was hard to lie there ! Yet he must. But no :
" I've got to die. I'll get to them. I'll go."

Inch by inch he fought, breathless and mute,
Dragging his carcass like a famished brute . . .
His head was hammering, and his eyes were dim ;
A bloody sweat seemed to ooze out of him
And freeze along his spine. . . . Then he'd lie still
Before another effort of his will
Took him one nearer yard.

.

The parapet was reached.
He could not rise to it. A lookout screeched :
" Mr. Gates !"

Three figures in one breath
Leaped up. Two figures fell in toppling death ;
And Gates was lifted in. " Who's hit ?" said he.
" Timmins and Jones." " Why did they that for
me ?—

I'm gone already !" Gently they laid him prone
And silently watched.

He twitched. They heard him moan
" Why for me ?" His eyes roamed round, and none
replied.

" I see it was alone I should have died."
They shook their heads. Then, " Is the doctor
here ?"

" He's coming, sir ; he's hurryin', no fear."
" No good. . . .

Lift me." They lifted him,
He smiled and held his arms out to the dim,
And in a moment passed beyond their ken,
Hearing him whisper, " O my men, my men !"

IN HOSPITAL, LONDON.

Autumn, 1915.

WALLACE B. NICHOLS

Dramatist and poet. Known as poet chiefly by "Jericho Street" (1921) and "The Song of Sharruk" (1916); as dramatist by the historical trilogy, "Earl Simon" (1922), "The Glory of the World" (1924) and "Coloman," written in collaboration with Edward Percy, and produced at Strand Theatre in 1923.

Jericho Street

TO-NIGHT the climbing street lies bare
Unto a flood of starry air;
A few gaunt lamps are lit, and soon
Over the roofs will surge the moon.
Against the planetary space
The tall church rears a stony face,
As dumbly praying to be quit
Of its long watch of the infinite.
Up either side, in rigid sets,
Stretch the monotonous maisonettes,
Their yellow windows, deadly neat,
Shining alike along the street;
But one amazing puddle glows
With the absolute crimson of a rose
Where through red blinds a vivid light
Is pouring level on the night.
In ordered file lank chimneys jut
Into the sky, and, clearly cut,
The church's little steeple lifts
Its cock among the Uranian drifts;
With headlights blazing full a car
Stands mid-way up the hill, the tar
On the wet road made molten there
By that electric, white-hot glare.
A cold, low wind comes up from the east,
A new wind, and the rain has ceased.
Save where belated footsteps sound

Wallace B. Nichols

Along the pavement, all around
Time's old, original silence broods,
Twin-brother to that hush in woods
Which is the thunder at the core
Of life. The shutting of a door
Disturbs it once ; a tram clacks past
The street's lower end, and leaves more vast
Than ever that great soundlessness,
Till all at once some votaress
Of music starts to sing, whereat
The street awakes from flat to flat.
Here someone plays an exercise,
And with her thin piano tries
To drown a neighbour's gramophone,
Whereon is pattered, out of tone,
Some tuneless, vain banality.
Across the road rings laughter free,
Laughter of girls ; and, just above,
A conscious tenor whines of love.
Near by a man is playing Brahms ;
Another opposite squeezes psalms
Out of a sick harmonium ;
Next door one finger tries to strum
The latest ragtime's syncope.
A dog barks twice ; and suddenly
The distant clocks reverberate
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
And nine. And all things stand and seem
A large and stationary dream
Wherein the poet beholds unfurled
The flow and vision of the world,
And in one street possesses whole
Life's actual and immediate soul,
In dwelling after dwelling seeing
The immortal fire of mortal being.

At Number 42

THEY sit, the husband and the wife
Together, joyous in their life ;
They have been wedded now a year.
A secret brings them yet more near ;
And while he reads aloud to her
Oft their awed eyes, abashed, confer.
He has forgotten loneliness,
Youth's perilous ache and primitive stress ;
She has forgotten an old lover
And his drawn look when all was over,
With the waste fields and dimming sky
So dumb around his dumb good-bye.
Does she remember that her bliss
Was quarried from the soul's abyss ?
Her lyric yearning sings full quire ;
She sees a cradle in the fire.

ALFRED NOYES

No living poet has made a more general appeal, or written with a wider range of subject and style : a range that covers such delicate, poignant fantasies as "The Forest of Wild Thyme" (1905), and the robust energy and epic splendours of "Drake" (1908) ; the grace and charm of many of the lyrics scattered through his books, and the breezy humour of "Forty Singing Seamen" (1907) ; the bitter irony of "The Victory Ball" and the mingled humour, pathos, romance and philosophic vision of the narrative poems in "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" (1912) and "The Torchbearers" (1922-25). His mastery of technique is allied to a creative imagination that is not common in the poetry of to-day. Among his other books (apart from essays and short stories) are "The Loom of Years" (1902) ; "The Flower of Old Japan"

Alfred Noyes

(1903); "Poems" (1904); "The Enchanted Island" (1909);
"Collected Poems" (1910); "The Wine Press" (1913);
"The Elfin Artist" (1920).

The Companion of a Mile

THWACK! Thwack! One early dawn, upon our
door

I heard the bauble of some motley fool
Bouncing, and all the dusk of London shook
With bells! I leapt from bed,—had I forgotten?—
I flung my casement wide and craned my neck
Over the painted Mermaid. There he stood,
His right leg yellow and his left leg blue,
With jingling cap, a sheep-bell at his tail,
Wielding his eel-skin bauble,—*bang! thwack! bang!*—
Catching a comrade's head with the recoil
And skipping away! All Bread Street dimly burned
Like a reflected sky, green, red and white
With littered branches, ferns and hawthorn-clouds;
For, round Sir Fool, a frolic morrice-troop
Of players, poets, prentices, mad-cap queans,
Robins and Marians, coloured like the dawn,
And sparkling like the green-wood whence they came
With their fresh boughs all dewy from the dark,
Clamoured, *Come down! Come down, and let us in!*
High over these, I suddenly saw Sir Fool
Leap to a sign-board, swing to a conduit-head,
And perch there, gorgeous on the morning sky,
Tossing his crimson cocks-comb to the blue
And crowing like Chanticleer, *Give them a rouse!*
Tickle it, tabourer! Nimble, lass, nimble!
Tuck up your russet petticoats and dance!
Let the Cheap know it is the first of May!

And as I seized shirt, doublet and trunk-hose,
I saw the hobby-horse come cantering down,

The Companion of a Mile

A paste-board steed, dappled a rosy white
Like peach-bloom, bridled with purple, bitted with gold,
A crimson foot-cloth on his royal flanks,
And, riding him, His Majesty of the May !
Round him the whole crowd frolicked with a shout,
And as I stumbled down the crooked stair
I heard them break into a dance and sing :—

SONG

I

Into the woods we'll trip and go,
Up and down and to and fro,
Under the moon to fetch in May,
And two by two till break of day,
 A-maying,
 A-playing,
For Love knows no gain-saying !
Wisdom trips not ? Even so,—
Come, young lovers, trip and go,
 Trip and go.

II

Out of the woods we'll dance and sing
Under the morning-star of Spring,
Into the town with our fresh boughs
And knock at every sleeping house,
 Not sighing,
 Or crying,
Though Love knows no denying !
Then, round your summer queen and king,
Come, young lovers, dance and sing,
 Dance and sing !

Alfred Noyes

"*Chorus*," the great Fool tossed his gorgeous crest,
And lustily crew against the deepening dawn,
"*Chorus*," till all the Cheap caught the refrain,
And, with a double thunder of frolic feet,
Its ancient nut-brown tabors woke the Strand :—

A-maying,
A-playing,
For Love knows no gain-saying !
Wisdom trips not ? Even so,—
Come, young lovers, trip and go,
Trip and go.

Into the Mermaid with a shout they rushed
As I shot back the bolts, and *bang, thwack, bang*,
The bladder bounced about me. What cared I ?
This was all England's holy-day ! "Come in,
My yellow-hammers," roared the Friar Tuck
Of this mad morrice, "come you into church,
My nightingales, my scraps of Lincoln green,
And hear my sermon !" On a window-seat
He stood, against the diamonded rich panes
In the old oak parlour, and, throwing back his hood,
Who should it be but Ben, rare Ben himself ?
The wild troop laughed around him, some a-sprawl
On tables, kicking parti-coloured heels,
Some with their Marians jiggling on their knees,
And, in the front of all, the motley fool
Crossed-legged upon the rushes.

O, I knew him,—
Will Kemp, the player, who danced from London
town
To Norwich in nine days and was proclaimed
Freeman of Marchaunt Venturers and hedge-king
Of English morrice-dancery for ever !
His nine-days' wonder through the country-side
Was hawked by every ballad-monger. Kemp
Raged at their shake-rag Muses. None but I

The Companion of a Mile

Guessed ever for what reason, since he chose
His antics for himself and, in his games,
Was more than most May-fools fantastical.
I watched his thin face as he rocked and crooned,
Shaking the squirrel's tails around his ears ;
And, out of all the players I had seen,
His face was quickest through its clay to flash
The passing mood. Though not a muscle stirred,
The very skin of it seemed to flicker and gleam
With little summer lightnings of the soul
At every fleeting fancy. For a man
So quick to bleed at a pin-prick or to leap
Laughing through hell to save a butterfly,
This world was difficult ; and perchance he found
In his fantastic games that open road
Which even Will Shakespeare only found at last
In motley and with some wild straws in his hair.

But " Drawer ! drawer ! " bellowed Friar Ben,
" Make ready a righteous breakfast while I preach ;—
Tankards of nut-brown ale and cold roast beef,
Cracknels, old cheese, flaunes, tarts and clotted cream,
Hath any a wish not circumscribed by these ? "
" A white-pot custard for my white-pot queen,"
Cried Kemp, waving his bauble, " mark this, boy,
A white-pot custard for my queen of May,—
She is not here, but that concerns not thee !—
A white-pot Mermaid custard, with a crust,
Lashings of cream, eggs, apple-pulse and spice,
A little sugar and manchet bread. Away !
Be swift ! "

And as I hustled to and fro,
The Friar raised his big brown fist again
And preached in mockery of the Puritans
Who thought to strip the moonshine wings from Mab,
Tear down the May-poles, rout our English games,
And drive all beauty back into the sea.

Alfred Noyes

Then laughter and chatter and clashing tankards drowned
All but their May-day jollity a-while.

But, as their breakfast ended, and I sank
Gasping upon a bench, there came still more
Poets and players crowding into the room ;
And one—I only knew him as Sir John—
Waved a great ballad at Will Kemp and laughed,
“ Atonement, Will, atonement ! ”

“ What ? ” groaned Kemp,
“ Another penny poet ? How many lies
Does *this* rogue tell ? Sir, I have suffered much
From these Melpomenes and strawberry quills,
And think them better at their bloody lines
On *The Blue Lady*. Sir, they set to work
At seven o'clock in the morning, the same hour
That I, myself, that's *Cavaliero* Kemp,
With heels of feather and heart of cork began
Frolickly footing, from the great Lord Mayor
Of London, tow'rd's the worshipful Master Mayor
Of Norwich.”

“ Nay, Kemp, this is a May-day tune,
A morrice of country rhymes, made by a poet
Who thought it shame so worthy an act as thine
Should wither in oblivion if the Muse
With her Castalian showers could keep it green.”
And while the fool nid-nodded all in time,
Sir John, in swinging measure, trolled this tale :—

I

With Georgie Sprat, my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my
 tabourer,
And William Bee, my courier, when dawn emblazed
 the skies,
I met a tall young pedlar as I danced by little Sudbury,
Head-master o' morrice dancers all, high head-borough
 of hyes ?

The Companion of a Mile

By Sudbury, by Sudbury, by little red-roofed Sudbury,
He wished to dance a mile with me ! I made a courtly
bow :

I fitted him with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and
tenor bells,
And "*Tickle your tabor, Tom,*" I cried, "*we're going to
market now.*"

And rollicking down the lanes we dashed, and frolicking
up the hills we clashed,
And like a sail behind me flapped his great white frock
a-while,
Till with a gasp, he sank and swore that he could dance
with me no more ;
And—over the hedge a milkmaid laughed, *Not dance
with him a mile ?*

" You lout ! " she laughed, " I'll leave my pail, and
dance with him for cakes and ale !
I'll dance a mile for love," she laughed, " and win
my wager, too.
Your feet are shod and mine are bare ; but when could
leather dance on air ?
A milkmaid's feet can fall as fair and light as falling
dew."

I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and
tenor bells :
The fore-bells, as I linked them at her throat, how soft
they sang !
Green linnets in a golden nest, they chirped and trembled
on her breast,
And, faint as elfin blue-bells, at her nut-brown ankles
rang.

Alfred Noyes

I fitted her with morrice-bells that sweetened into wood-
bine bells,
And trembled as I hung them there and crowned her
sunny brow :
“ Strike up,” she laughed, “ my summer king ! ” And
all her bells began to ring,
And “ *Tickle your tabor, Tom,* ” I cried, “ *we’re going
to Sherwood now !* ”

When cocks were crowing, and light was growing, and
horns were blowing, and milk-pails flowing,
We swam thro’ waves of emerald gloom along a chest-
nut aisle,
Then, up a shining hawthorn lane, we sailed into the
sun again,
Will Kemp, and his companion, his companion of a
mile.

“ Truer than most,” snarled Kemp, “ but mostly lies !
And why does he forget the miry lanes
By Brainford with thick woods on either side,
And the deep holes, where I could find no ease
But skipped up to my waist ? ” A crackling laugh
Broke from his lips, which, if he had not worn
The cap and bells, would scarce have roused the mirth
Of good Sir John, who roundly echoed it,
Then waved his hand and said, “ Nay, but he treats
Your morrice in the spirit of Lucian, Will,
Who thought that dancing was no mushroom growth,
But sprung from the beginning of the world
When Love persuaded earth, air, water, fire,
And all the jarring elements to move
In measure. Right to the heart of it, my lad,
The song goes, though the skin mislike you so.”
“ Nay, an there’s more of it, I’ll sing it, too !
’Tis a fine tale, Sir John, I have it by heart,
Although it lies throughout.” Up leapt Will Kemp,

The Companion of a Mile

And crouched and swayed, and swung his bauble round,
Marking the measure as they trolled the tale,
Chanting alternately, each answering each.

II

The Fool.

The tabor fainted far away behind us, but her feet that
day
They beat a rosier morrice o'er the fairy-circled
green.

Sir John.

And o'er a field of buttercups, a field of lambs and butter-
cups,
We danced along a cloth of gold, a summer king and
queen !

The Fool.

And straying we went, and swaying we went, with lamb-
kins round us playing we went ;
Her face uplift to drink the sun, and not for me her
smile.
We danced, a king and queen of May, upon a fleeting
holy-day,
But O, she'd won her wager, my companion of a mile !

Sir John.

Her rosy lips they never spoke, though every rosy foot-
fall broke
The dust, the dust to Eden-bloom ; and, past the
throbbing blue,
All ordered to her rhythmic feet, the stars were dancing
with my sweet,
And all the world a morrice-dance !

Alfred Noyes

The Fool.

She knew not ; but I knew !
Love, like Amphion with his lyre, made all the elements
conspire
To build his world of music. All in rhythmic rank
and file,
I saw them in their cosmic dance, catch hands across,
retire, advance,
For me and my companion, my companion of a mile !

Sir John.

The little leaves on every tree, the rivers winding to the
sea,
The swinging tides, the wheeling winds, the rolling
heavens above,
Around the May-pole Igdrasil, they worked the morrice-
master's will,
Persuaded into measure by the all-creative Love.

That hour I saw from depth to height, this wildering
universe unite !
The lambs of God around us and His passion in every
flower !

The Fool.

His grandeur in the dust, His dust a blaze of blinding
majesty,
And all His immortality in one poor mortal hour.
And Death was but a change of key in Life the golden
melody,
And Time became Eternity, and Heaven a fleeting
smile ;
For all was each and each was all, and all a wedded unity,
Her heart in mine, and mine in my companion of a
mile.

The Companion of a Mile

Thwack ! Thwack ! He whirled his bauble round
about,

"This fellow beats them all," he cried, "the worst
Those others wrote was that I hopped from York
To Paris with a mortar on my head.

This fellow sends me leaping through the clouds
To buss the moon ! The best is yet to come.

Strike up, Sir John ! Ha ! ha ! You know no more ? "

Kemp leapt upon a table. "Clear the way,"

He cried, and with a great stamp of his foot

And a wild, crackling laugh, drew all to hark.

"With hey and ho, through thick and thin,

The hobby-horse is forgotten.

But I must finish what I begin,

Though all the roads be rotten,

By all those twenty thousand chariots, Ben,

Hear this true tale they shall ! Now, let me see,

Where was Will Kemp ? Bussing the moon's pale
mouth ?

Ah, yes ! " He crouched above the listening throng,—

"*Good as a play,*" I heard one whispering queen,—

And, waving his bauble, shuffling with his feet

In a dance that marked the time, he sank his voice

As if to breathe great secrets, and so sang :—

III

At Melford town, at Melford town, at little grey-roofed
Melford town,

A long mile from Sudbury, upon the village green,
We danced into a merry rout of country-folk that skipt
about

A hobby-horse, a May-pole, and a laughing white-pot
queen.

They thronged about us as we stayed, and there I gave
my sunshine maid

Alfred Noyes

An English crown for cakes and ale—her dancing was
so true !
And “ Nay,” she said, “ I danced my mile for love ! ”
I answered with a smile,
“ ’Tis but a silver token, lass, thou’st won that wager
too.”

I took my leash of morrice-bells, my treble, bass, and
tenor bells,
They pealed like distant marriage bells ! And up came
William Bee
With Georgie Sprat, my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my
tabourer,
“ Farewell,” she laughed, and vanished with a Suffolk
courtesie.

I leapt away to Rockland, and from Rockland on to
Hingham,
From Hingham on to Norwich, sirs ! I hardly heard
a-while
The throngs that followed after, with their shouting and
their laughter,
For a shadow danced beside me, my companion of a
mile !

At Norwich, by St. Giles his gate, I entered, and the
Mayor in state,
With all the rosy knights and squires for twenty miles
about,
With trumpets and with minstrelsy, was waiting there
to welcome me :
And, as I skipt into the street, the City raised a shout.

They gave me what I did not seek ! I fed on roasted
swans a week !
They pledged me in their malmsey, and they lined me
warm with ale !

The Companion of a Mile

They sleeked my skin with red-deer pies, and all that
runs and swims and flies ;

But through the clashing wine-cups, O, I heard her
clanking pail.

And, rising from his crimson chair, the worshipful and
portly Mayor

Bequeathed me forty shillings every year that I should
live,

With five good angels in my hand that I might drink
while I could stand !

They gave me golden angels ! What I lacked they
could not give.

They made Will Kemp, thenceforward, sirs, Freeman of
Marchaunt Venturers !

They hoped that I would dance again from Norwich
up to York ;

Then they asked me, all together, had I met with right
May weather,

And they praised my heels of feather, and my heart,
my heart of cork.

.

As I came home by Sudbury, by little red-roofed Sudbury,
I waited for my bare-foot maid, among her satin kine.
I heard a peal of wedding-bells, of treble, bass, and tenor
bells :

“ Ring well,” I cried, “ this bridal morn ! Soon shall
you ring for mine ! ”

I found her foot-prints in the grass, just where she stood
and saw me pass.

I stood within her own sweet field and waited for my
May.

I laughed. The dance has turned about ! I stand
within : she'll pass without,

And—*down the road the wedding came, the road I danced
that day !*

Alfred Noyes

*I saw the wedding-folk go by, with laughter and with
minstrelsy,
I gazed across her own sweet hedge, I caught her happy
smile,
I saw the tall young pedlar pass to little red-roofed
Sudbury,
His bride upon his arm, my lost companion of a
mile.*

Down from his table leapt the motley Fool.
His bauble bounced from head to ducking head,
His crackling laugh rang high, — “ Sir John, I
danced

In February, and the song says May !
A fig for all your poets, liars all !
Away to Fenchurch Street, lasses and lads,
They hold high revel there this May-day morn.
Away ! ” The mad-cap throng echoed the cry.
He drove them with his bauble through the door ;
Then, as the last gay kerchief fluttered out,
He gave one little sharp sad lingering cry
As of a lute-string breaking. He turned back
And threw himself along a low, dark bench ;
His jingling cap was crumpled in his fist,
And, as he lay there, all along Cheapside
The happy voices of his comrades rang :—

Out of the woods we'll dance and sing
Under the morning-star of Spring,
Into the town with our fresh boughs
And knock at every sleeping house,
Not sighing,
Or crying,

Though Love knows no denying !
Then round your summer queen and king,
Come, young lovers, dance and sing,
Dance and sing !

The Silent Squadron

His motley shoulders heaved. I touched his arm,
"What ails you, sir!" He raised his thin white face,
Wet with the May-dew still. A few stray petals
Clung in his tangled hair. He leapt to his feet,
"'Twas February, but I danced, boy, danced
In May! Can you do this?" Forward he bent
Over his feet, and shuffled it, heel and toe,
Out of the Mermaid, singing his old song—

A-maying,
A-playing,
For Love knows no gain-saying!
Wisdom trips not? Even so,—
Come, young lovers, trip and go,
Trip and go.

Five minutes later, over the roaring Strand,
Chorus, I heard him crow, and half the town
Reeled into music under his crimson comb.

WILL H. OGILVIE

Was born at Holefield, near Kelso, and since 1908 has been back in Scotland again; but spent eleven years on a sheep-station in the Australian bush, and his rousing, lilting bush ballads have given him a distinctive place among Australian poets. "Fair Girls and Gray Horses" (1898); "Hearts of Gold" (1903); "Rainbows and Witches" (1903); "Whaup o' the Rede" (1909); "The Land We Love" (1910); "The Overlander" (1913); "The Australian" (1916); "Galloping Shoes" (1922).

The Silent Squadron

DOWN the long dream-lanes
At the dead of night,
With gray mists over and mists below,

Will H. Ogilvie

With loose-held reins
On their horses white
I watch where the silent riders go.

With their heads bent low
And a hoof-stroke dumb
They never turn to the left or right,
And the shadows go
And the shadows come
But the silent squadron is deadly white.

Should a bit-bar play
Or a saddle creak
It would free the blood of an icy fear,
If a horse should neigh
Or a rider speak
It would lighten the load of my heart to hear.

But the troop rides on
With a measured pace
And touching stirrups that make no sound,
And the stars have shone
On a comrade's face
That is twelve long years in the graveyard ground.

Here are the ends
Of the parted ways—
The long Dead March of the years to be ;
And these are the friends
Of the olden days
Taking their last ride silently.

There's an empty space—
They keep my place
In their ghostly ranks ; and I catch my breath !
Yet hand to the rein
There are better men
Riding to-night with the Steeds of Death.

The Men Who Blazed the Track

SINCE the toasts for the absent are over,
And duly we've pledged in our wine
Our Land, and our Friends, and our Lover,
Here's a toast for you, comrades o' mine :
*To the fighting band that won the land
From the bitterest wastes out-back !
From hut and hall to the kings of all—
" The Men Who Blazed the Track ! "*

They rode away into the forest
In mornings gold-studded with stars,
And the song of the leaders was chorused
To the clinking of rowel and bars ;
They fought for the fame of the Islands
And struck for the Width of the World,
They fashioned new roads in the silence
And flags in the fastness unfurled.

Their tents in the evening would whiten
The scrub, and the flash of their fires
Leap over the shadows to brighten
The way of Ambition's desires ;
By the axe-marks we followed their courses,
For scarcely the ashes remain,
And the tracks of the men and the horses
Are hidden by dust-storm and rain.

The seasons from June to December
Are buried and born as of old,
But the peoples have ceased to remember
Who won them the laurels they hold ;
Yet sometimes the North wind comes bringing
Those keener of hearing and sight
The music of lost axes ringing,
The beat of lost hoofs in the night.

Carola Oman

Our pride is the path of our fathers,
Our hope's in the sons of our home,
And wherever our nation foregathers
Our nation is foremost to roam ;
But the valleys that smile to our tillage,
The hills where our banners unfold,
Were won by the men of the village
And bought with their axes of old.

*And we only ride with the flowing tide
As we follow the blazed line back,
So we'll drink the toast of the vanguard host,
And " The Men Who Blazed the Track."*

CAROLA OMAN

' The Menin Road ' (1919).

Christmas, 1918

OPPOSITE us across the cobbled square
The trees stand black against the Christmas rain.
The clerk looks up a moment from his pen
In the kit-office, with a vacant stare,
And sees the flags drip grey upon the pane—
Chattering women, shawled and clutching toys,
A few civilians, porters, slouching men,
And shambling smoking youths, and shrieking boys
Wandering on platforms. It is noon ;
But blue as dusk, and dark as melted snow
Can fill the flooded gutters. Very soon
The garish lamps will flicker out. And so,
Comes the Peace Christmas to us. Is this all,
To stare and scribble while the shadows fall ?

Denny's Daughter

The light burns low. I see the canvas shake
Upon the walls. Now it has passed. In dark
I rise alone, and my tired footsteps make
Slow progress over a black landscape. Blank
The sightless sky—a mighty wind—the bark
Of a far-distant dog—the smell of rank
Forgotten country roads. By my side now
There moves another traveller. As we walk
Down to the hurried village a high star
Burns with heroic light, and so we talk
Of recent wonders, for if men speak true
Three days the dawning sky has been inflamed.
There have been angels seen above the hill.
Of her eternal loneliness ashamed
The old year withers silently, but still
Listens though not with hope. Now very wide
The ceaseless wind slashes the clouds apart.
And unprotected lies the countryside
Deserted, feeling for her frozen heart.
But in the village, as we pass near by,
The inn is overcrowded. We pass on.
The star is stayed above the inn—or gone.
We only hear a new-born infant cry.

MOIRA O'NEILL

"Songs of the Glens of Antrim" (1900); "More Songs of
the Glens of Antrim" (1921).

Denny's Daughter

DENNY'S daughter stood a minute in the field I be to
pass,
All as quiet as her shadow lyin' by her on the grass ;

Moira O'Neill

In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut tree's crooked
root,

Well I mind the crown o' clover crumpled under one
bare foot.

For the look of her,
'The look of her
Comes back on me to-day,—
Wi' the eyes of her,
'The eyes of her
'That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white an' stiff
upon her bed,

Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' somewhere on
her head :

She'll be singin' *Ave Mary* where the flowers never wilt,
She, the girl my own hands covered wi' the narrow
daisy-quilt. . . .

For the love of her,
'The love of her
'That would not be my wife :
An' the loss of her,
'The loss of her
Has left me lone for life.

Corrymeela

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day ;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat !
Och ! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy
trees,

'This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees ;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through
the heat

Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

Time's Nemesis

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in
his shoes !

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och ! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
" God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said : the girl she thought
me wild.

Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to
raise,

The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase ;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back
again—

Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English
town !

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

HERMON OULD

" Candle Ends " (1920).

Time's Nemesis

THIS is where he stood,
I loathed the very sight of him,
The meagreness and height of him,
His cassock, girdle, hood,
His rippleless contentment
As he told his beads
Or uprooted weeds

Barry Pain

In the scent-filled priory garden—
All these awoke resentment

In a heart prepared to harden
Before such sweet contentment.

For I was full of the urging blood of youth,
Of superabundant life, untamed, uncouth ;
Beheld great vessels splitting unpathed seas
And me the captain of rich argosies ;
Beheld life spinning in an endless round
Of wild adventures and rainbow romance
Wherein I—hero—lover—laurel-crowned,
Displayed myself with flawless elegance.
Beheld—Suffice it that the dream came true
As dreams dreamed ardently enough will do. . . .

This is where he stood,
In cassock, girdle, hood,
Uprooting weeds that grew in the flagged pathway.

I hunger for the sight of him,
The quiet and the light of him,
And the peace that came
From his meagre frame
Like a silver twilight closing a sun-scorched day.

BARRY PAIN

Would be far better known for such novels as "The Octave of Claudius" and "The Gifted Family" if he had not been so brilliantly successful as a humorist. "The Army of the Dead," one of the most poignantly beautiful poems of the war, appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*.

The Army of the Dead

I DREAMED that overhead
I saw in twilight grey

The Army of the Dead

The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain ;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain ;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls ;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls ;
And by that trumpet led,
Far up the exalted sky,
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—
Look upward, standing mute ;
Salute !

SIR GILBERT PARKER

Before Sir Gilbert became famous with "The Seats of the Mighty," "Pierre and his People," and other notable novels, he published his only book of poems, "A Lover's Diary" (1894).

From "A Lover's Diary"

AS one would stand who saw a sudden light
Flood down the world, and so encompass him,
And in that world illumined Seraphim
Brooded above and gladdened to his sight ;
So stand I in the flame of one great thought,
That broadens to my soul from where she waits,
Who, yesterday, threw wide the inner gates
Of all my being to the hopes I sought.
Her words came to me like a summer-song,
Blown from the throat of some sweet nightingale ;
I stand within her light the whole day long,
And think upon her till the white stars fail :
I lift my head towards all that makes life wise,
And see no farther than my lady's eyes.

None ever climbed to mountain heights of song,
But felt the touch of some good woman's palm ;
None ever reached God's altitude of calm,
But heard one voice cry, " Follow ! " from the throng.
I would not place her as an image high
Above my reach, cold, in some dim recess,
Where never she should feel a warm caress
Of this my hand that serves her till I die.
I would not set her higher than my heart,—
Though she is nobler than I ever can be,—
Because she placed me from the crowd apart,
And with her tenderness she honoured me.
Because of this, I hold me worthier
To be her kinsman, while I worship her.

Santa Claus

As in a foreign land one threads his ways
 'Mid alien scenes, knowing no face he meets ;
And, hearing his name spoken, turns and greets
 With wondering joy a friend of other days ;
As in the pause that comes between the sound
 Of recognition, all the finer sense
Is swathed in a melodious eloquence,
 Which makes his name seem in its sweetness drowned ;
So stood I, by an atmosphere beguiled
 Of glad surprise, when first thy lips let fall
The name I lightly carried when a child,
That I shall rise to at the judgment call.
The music of thy nature folded round
Its barrenness a majesty of sound.

ANDREW BARTON PATERSON

Australian born, newspaper editor and journalist ; war correspondent during South African War ; served through the Great War, and was promoted to the rank of Major ; author of one novel and a book of short stories, but famous as " Banjo Paterson," one of the best and best-loved of Australian poets. " The Man from Snowy River " (1895) ; " Rio Grande's Last Race " (1902).

Santa Claus

" HALT ! Who goes there ? " The sentry's call
Rose on the midnight air
Above the noises of the camp,
The roll of wheels, the horses' tramp.
The challenge echoes over all—
" Halt ! Who goes there ? "

A quaint old figure clothed in white,
He bore a staff of pine,
An ivy-wreath was on his head,
" Advance, O friend," the sentry said,

Andrew Barton Paterson

"Advance, for this is Christmas Night,
And give the countersign."

"No sign nor countersign have I.
Through many lands I roam
The whole world over far and wide.
To exiles all at Christmastide
From those who love them tenderly
I bring a thought of home.

"From English brook and Scottish burn,
From cold Canadian snows,
From those far lands ye hold most dear
I bring you all a greeting here,
A frond of a New Zealand fern,
A bloom of English rose.

"From faithful wife and loving lass
I bring a wish divine,
For Christmas blessings on your head."
"I wish you well," the sentry said,
"But here, alas! you may not pass
Without the countersign."

He vanished—and the sentry's tramp
Re-echoed down the line.
It was not till the morning light
The soldiers knew that in the night
Old Santa Claus had come to camp
Without the countersign.

Old Australian Ways

THE London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,
The gale is piping loud;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze

Old Australian Ways

Towards the land we left behind—
The good old land of “never mind”
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we ;
They bear the long-accustomed yoke
Of staid conservancy :
But all our roads are new and strange,
And through our blood there runs
The vagabondage love of change
That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro
Behind a prison's bars,
They never feel the breezes blow
And never see the stars ;
They never hear in blossomed trees
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies,
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers come of roving stock
That could not fixed abide ;
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride ;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead.
And always farther out.

The wind is in the barley-grass,
The wattles are in bloom ;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume ;

Andrew Barton Paterson

The parakeets go screaming by
 With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
 Rejoicing at the Spring.

So throw the weary pen aside
 And let the papers rest,
For we must saddle up and ride
 Towards the blue hill's breast ;
And we must travel far and fast
 Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past
 The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track
 In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
 Beyond the Overflow ;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
 With stockwhip in his hand,
He reached at last (oh, lucky elf !)
The Town of Come-and-Help-Yourself
 In Rough-and-Ready Land.

And if it be that you would know
 The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
 Beyond the Queensland side,
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
 To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead—filled with awe,
You then might see what Clancy saw
 And know what Clancy knew.

Rio Grande

NOW this was what Macpherson told
While waiting in the stand ;
A reckless rider, over-bold,
The only man with hands to hold
The rushing Rio Grande.

He said, " This day I bid good-bye
To bit and bridle rein,
To ditches deep and fences high,
For I have dreamed a dream, and I
Shall never ride again.

" I dreamt last night I rode this race
That I to-day must ride,
And cantering down to take my place
I saw full many an old friend's face
Come stealing to my side.

" Dead men on horses long since dead,
They clustered on the track ;
The champions of the days long fled,
They moved around with noiseless tread—
Bay, chestnut, brown, and black.

" And one man on a big grey steed
Rode up and waved his hand ;
Said he, ' We help a friend in need,
And we have come to give a lead
To you and Rio Grande.

" ' For you must give the field the slip ;
So never draw the rein,
But keep him moving with the whip,
And, if he falter, set your lip
And rouse him up again.

Andrew Barton Paterson

“ ‘ But, when you reach the big stone wall,
Put down your bridle hand
And let him sail—he cannot fall,
But don’t you interfere at all ;
You trust old Rio Grande.’ ”

“ We started, and in front we showed,
The big horse running free :
Right fearlessly and game he strode,
And by my side those dead men rode
Whom no one else could see.

“ As silently as flies a bird,
They rode on either hand ;
At every fence I plainly heard
The phantom leader give the word,
‘ Make room for Rio Grande ! ’ ”

“ I spurred him on to get the lead,
I chanced full many a fall ;
But swifter still each phantom steed
Kept with me, and at racing speed
We reached the big stone wall.

“ And there the phantoms on each side
Drew in and blocked his leap ;
‘ Make room ! Make room ! ’ I loudly cried
But right in front they seemed to ride—
I cursed them in my sleep.

“ He never flinched, he faced it game,
He struck it with his chest,
And every stone burst out in flame—
And Rio Grande and I became
Phantoms among the rest.

Rio Grande

“ And then I woke, and for a space
All nerveless did I seem ;
For I had ridden many a race,
But never one at such a pace
As in that fearful dream.

“ And I am sure as man can be
That out upon the track
Those phantoms that men cannot see
Are waiting now to ride with me ;
And I shall not come back.

“ For I must ride the dead men’s race,
And follow their command ;
’Twere worse than death, the foul disgrace
If I should fear to take my place
To-day on Rio Grande.”

He mounted, and a jest he threw,
With never a sign of gloom ;
But all who heard the story knew
That Jack Macpherson, brave and true,
Was going to his doom.

They started, and the big black steed
Came flashing past the stand ;
All single-handed in the lead
He strode along at racing speed,
The mighty Rio Grande.

But on his ribs the whalebone stung—
A madness, sure, it seemed—
And soon it rose on every tongue
That Jack Macpherson rode among
The creatures he had dreamed.

Eden Phillpotts

He looked to left, and looked to right,
As though men rode beside ;
And Rio Grande, with foam-flecks white,
Raced at his jumps in headlong flight,
And cleared them in his stride.

But when they reached the big stone wall,
Down went the bridle hand,
And loud we heard Macpherson call
" Make room, or half the field will fall !
Make room for Rio Grande ! "

" He's down ! he's down ! " And horse and man
Lay quiet side by side !
No need the pallid face to scan,
We knew with Rio Grande he ran
The race the dead men ride.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

With his second novel, " Children of the Mist " (1899), Mr. Phillpotts made Dartmoor his kingdom, and on Dartmoor or in Cornwall has found the scenes and characters of most of his novels and short stories. He is of the school of Hardy, and at the head of the school. In his most successful plays (" The Secret Woman," dramatized from his novel, and the phenomenally popular " The Farmer's Wife ") and in his poems he is an imaginatively realistic interpreter of rural life. " Plain Song " (1917) ; " As the Wind Blows " (1920) ; " Pixies' Plot " (1922) ; " Cherry Stones " (1924).

A Dartmoor Stream

WHEN Shakespeare wrote, you sang the song I hear,
And when Eliza reigned, your lint-white locks
Flashed where they flash to-day, among the rocks,
And showered their tresses twined into the brown pool clear.

A Dartmoor Stream

You danced and flung your foam upon the fern
And sang along your green and granite ways
Even as now, in far-off Golden days,
When toiled the tinner men beside your heathery urn.

Their ruins shrink beside you ; foxglove springs
Above the roofless hut and smelting place ;
No more their shadows fall upon your face,
Or mediæval chime of pick and hammer rings.

But they were children in your lap beside
The early men of stone, whose lodgings stand
Like mushroom circles grey upon the land
Above the cotton-grass that marks your cradle wide.

The bear has lapped your crystal on his rounds ;
The stricken elk beside you dropped at last—
A flint home in his shoulder, deep and fast—
To smear your emerald moss from red of deathly wounds.

And now, where once the wolf pack hunting went,
With ululation through the snowy nights,
Leap motor-cars upon the highway heights,
And by their hooting horns the silent air is rent.

All one to you : machine and beast and man,
And time, that leads them off and brings them in ;
You strive above all circumstance, to win
Your immemorial dream and predetermined plan.

Unchanging, ever-changing, you possess
Your spirit quickened with an ardour still
Of workmanship—a patient, steadfast will
To rarer beauty yet and purer loveliness.

Eden Phillpotts

Triads

I

THE lights of even flow on high—
Lilac and fading rose and gold—
That drift from east into the west
For day is growing old.

Still the thrush sings, the blackbirds cry,
And young lambs scamper through the fold,
Nor seek the mother's side to rest,
Nor feel the breeze bite cold.

Wide waves of darkness dim the sky ;
Day leaves the woodland and the wold ;
Eyes shut in holt and feathered nest ;
The curfew's knell is knolled.

II

At dark a haggard lad and worn
Homed faltering to his house-place.
Long had he been a curse and bane—
A byeword, mean and base.

He bent to suffer fiery scorn ;
He steeled his fickle heart to trace
In each sad eye the shame and pain
And grief of such disgrace.

Yet she that worthless one had borne
Into a proud and olden race,
Saw but her firstling child again
And ran and kissed his face.

III

Stars in the morning pallor fade ;
The false dawn burns the heel of night
And spills red fire into the dale
To make the grey dew bright—

Dreams

Flushing the sallows in the glade
Where singing waters, flashing white,
Foam on their granite stairs and veil
Each rock with rainbow light.

The lark's aloft : a sweet aubade
Thrills the blue crystal of the height ;
And, higher yet, the cirri hail
True dawn in all his might.

Dreams

WHEN I have won to rest once more
In sanctity of night and sleep,
Drift visions from the shadow shore—
Small, patient forms that creep.
They move in drab ; they wear no wings ;
They are the dreams that might come true—
Meek phantoms of the modest things
That I have power to do.

Like azure shadows in the snow,
Or bloom upon the sun-kissed grape,
Sweep lovelier shapes, that gleam and glow
And don a rarer shape.
They smile with eyes of queens and kings ;
They call on me to make them true—
The lordly, gracious, sovereign things
I have no power to do.

Remain such waking dreams as limn
Upon reality and truth,
Flying like holy seraphim
Whose rainbow wings drop ruth.
Born of the human sorrowings
That pierce our common nature through,
They challenge to the mightiest things
All men have power to do.

VICTOR PLARR

One of the poets of the "Rhymer's Club." The two poems following, which appeared in the *Windsor Magazine* and *The Times*, have not been collected into a volume. "In the Dorian Mood" (1896), "The Tragedy of Asgard" (1905).

Sunrise at Rushey, Upper Thames

ALL night the moon her gold dust flung
Athwart the pathways of the stars.
She paled not till the dawn was young.
Where the far line of willows bars

The grey vast marsh, a dreaming sea,
On which, like waves, the mists were curled.
Lone as is Immortality,
The sun rose over the dead world.

Nothing this awful stillness stirred—
This pageant played through ages long
Daily. No far fox barked, no bird
Gave forth its solitary song.

The cattle in the drowsing air,
Like stranded shapes of fabulous ships,
Couched moveless, save for here and there
The slow champ and the moving lips.

Grave as a fair remembering face
That mourns a lover in his shroud,
The great sun brooded in his place,
Attended by one wine-red cloud.

Above the willows and the surge
Of mists, and the dim rosy glow
For miles spread on the horizon's verge,
These seemed to muse as the gods do !

Strasbourg

I know not if the set of sun
At Rushey among clouds and fires—
His hot and breathless course being run—
Above the Hawk Tree's shimmering spires,

Or the long moonlight, clear almost
As noonday smiting the parched lawn,
Be lovelier than such sunrise lost
Amid the silences of dawn.

Strasbourg

I SAW thee sombrely enthralled,
My Strasbourg, in Autumnal haze
The year ere War, and I recalled
Thy fame and inly sang thy praise.

I hardly dared to dream that thou
Wouldst ever face the Dawn again.
I marked the sorrow on thy brow,
Thy silence, and thy ordered pain.

.

Oh, do we dream as oft we did—
Watchers on visionary walls?
There's something quivers that was hid:
On the blue Vosges—a trumpet calls.

We tore the linen on the bed
Long since for flags to deck our doors:
Long since with vine-lees blue and red
We dyed our secret tricolors.

Bring forth the dear flags hidden long,
Ring all ye bells for years misrung:
O, Alsace, be one burst of song,
One nosegay to our Frenchmen flung!

Max Plowman

Nay, practise now one last restraint,
Lest awful gladness drive us mad.
Keep slow our heart-beats lest we faint
And die through being over-glad.

O, eyes, hold back your tears, and lips
Forbear to tremble . . . O my God,
My blood beats like to lashing whips :
They tread where late the Prussian trod !

As, after death, a bridegroom might
Meet his dead bride among the blessed,
With indescribable delight
And awed timidity possess,

The City thrills, beholding where
The first file of deliverers comes
With clarion-blast that rends the air
And thunder of immortal drums.

Then bursts into a rhythmic flow
Freedom's tremendous lay of lays,
First sung in Strasbourg long ago—
The Marseillaise, the Marseillaise.

Hearts are too full for tongues to cry . . .
Mark, where th' old exquisite minster soars
Amid the hush, remote, on high,
Seen thro' glad tears, the tricolors !

MAX PLOWMAN

"First Poems" (1913); "The Golden Heresy" (1914);
"A Lap Full of Seed" (1917); "Shoots in the Stubble"
(1920).

A Farewell

SWEET soul, fare on thy way,
I cannot tread for thee

The Hidden Heart

The path that leads to day,
The path thou canst not see :
Fare on thy lonely way.

But know, whate'er betide,
If sad the journey seem,
Though never at thy side,
I dwell within thy dream :
Know this, whate'er betide.

And at the journey's end,
Lo I, from whom you go
Around love's world to wend
A way none else may know,
Will meet you at the end.

The Hidden Heart

*"Oh, did I close my treasures with roofs of solid stone
And darkened all my palace walls with envying and hate?"*

LET me grow young as I grow old ;
For Love, too long, I do confess,
My fearful heart beneath the fold
Of gaudy and dissembling dress
Has hidden lain
Where all in vain
I miserly concealed my happiness.

I hid my heart for fear
Some robber should come near
To steal my heart and show my pauper state.
I buried it, and when one came
Who in my heart had any claim
I showed my wit in self-concealed debate ;
And as that failed
Angry I grew and inly wailed,
" My pride shall yet force his to abdicate."

John Presland

Thus old and all mistrustful did I grow,
And if I sought my heart I could not find it :
 Indeed I could not show
 The napkin that did bind it ;
But thou didst come, dear Love, and dig it up,
 Restoring it to me and saying,
“ Behold, this is thyself, and this obeying
Thou shalt no longer sip the lee-stained cup
Of self-mistrustful life, but lo, the more
 Of this cup thou dost drink
 So much the more
Upon its lips shall crystal bubbles wink.”

Thus with my heart I friendly grew ;
But oh, alas, our friendship is but new,
 And often still I do present
 To life some other element,
 Saying, “ Will this not do ? ”
E'en while I know 'tis cold and nothing true.
 So to Thee, Love, I pray,
 My cunning take away
And more and more teach me the way to show,
 Nor wit, nor skill,
 Nor pride, nor prudent fear,
 Nor any other ill
 The recreant holdeth dear,
But only that young heart Thyself doth know.

 So shall I leave old age behind
 And Thy immortal youngness find.

JOHN PRESLAND

Her six poetical plays are historical romances of the past, but for her recent successful novel, “ *Dominion*,” Mrs. Skelton has found a theme in the life of Cecil Rhodes. As dramatist

Of Beauty

and poet her reputation falls short of her deserts. "The Deluge" (1911); "Songs of Changing Skies" (1913); "Poems of London" (1918).

Of Beauty

THIS faint, sweet trouble lying in my heart,
More delicate than love,
Like water, ruffled by an evening breeze,
Like the soft lapping of enchanted seas,
While tremulously shine the stars above,
What is it, exquisite—a thing apart
And shared by none?

I think it is the memory of wind
And waters and the sky;
Of stormy sunsets when the colours die
Passionately at last, drowned in the mist
Of rising shadows, 'tis the memory
Of all the wide world's loveliness, that's grown
Into the senses of the far-off past
That were our parents, so that it's become
Part of us, bone of our bone.

The springs and summers of a thousand years;
Scent and colour; and the vanished light
Upon a tropic lily; and the moon
Flinging its mesh of silver o'er the plain;
And snows that melted from the hills at noon;
And the faint whisper of the evening rain;
All these are in our memory and make
This faint delicious trouble in our heart
With their hushed murmur of lost loveliness.

So I, while all my senses are awake,
Here, in this visible fair world, will take
To beauty my perception's keenest edge;

John Presland

That when I too am dead,
Some later dweller in the sun from me
May take the gift which I inherited
From those long ages, and his way may tread,
Grasping all beauty to his heart again,
Half in enjoyment, half in memory,
—And all the time in vain.

London Dawn

DAWN over London ; all the pearly light
Trembles and quivers over street and park,
The houses are a strange, unearthly white ;
Pavement and roof grow slowly, palely bright ;
There is no shadow, neither light nor dark,
But everything is steeped in glimmering dawn.

Oh, purity of dawn ; oh, milk-and-pearl
Translucent splendour, spreading far and wide,
As on a yellow beach the small waves curl
—Almost as noiselessly as buds unfurl—
On windless mornings with the rising tide,
So flows the dawn o'er London, all asleep.

Indeed, I think that heaven is a sea,
And London is a city of old rhymes
Sunk fathoms deep in its transparency,
That folk of living lands may dream they see
And muse on, and have thoughts about our times,
How we were great and splendid, and now gone.

For never light the common earth has born,
This crystalline pale wonder that so falls
On streets and squares the daily toil has worn,

London Dawn

On blind-eyed houses, holding lives forlorn,
For the grey roads and wide, blank, grey-brick walls
Shine with a glory that is new and strange.

And not more wonderful, nor otherwise
Shall dawn come up upon the dewy hills,
Nor in the mountains, where the rivers rise
That water Eden ; and no lovelier lies
The dawn on Paradise, than this that fills
The space 'twixt house and house with tremulous light.

Yet, on the pavement, huddled fast asleep,
A thing of dusty, ragged misery,
Grotesque in wretchedness, from London's deep
Spumed off, a strange distorted thing to creep
From God knows where, and lie, and let all be
Unheeding, whether of the day or night.

Such tired, hopeless angles of the knees
And neck and elbows—and the dawning grey
Trembling to sunrise ; in the park the trees
Begin to shiver lightly in a breeze,
And turning watchful kindly eyes away
The policeman passes slowly on his beat.

SIR ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH

Since he woke to find himself suddenly famous for "Dead Man's Rock," in 1887, "Q" has published some score of romances and books of short stories, including that great realistic novel, "Hetty Wesley," which many rank as his highest work in fiction. In his young days he was a brilliant critic on the *Speaker* ; since he has been Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, he has devoted his fine critical gift to the lectures that have been reprinted in "The Art of Reading," etc. Has written delightful lyrics and spirited romantic ballads that make one wish he had

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch

written more, and in "The Oxford Book of English Verse" has compiled one of the best anthologies in the language. "Green Bays: Verses and Parodies" (1893); "Poems and Ballads" (1896); "The Vigil of Venus" (1912).

The Least of These

"LORD, in Thy Courts
Are seats so green bestow'd,
As there resorts
Along the dusty road
A cavalcade,—King, Bishop, Knight, and Judge :
And though I toil behind and meanly trudge,
Let me, too, lie upon that pleasant sward,
For I am weary, Lord.

"Christ at Thy board
Are wines and dishes drest
That do afford
Contentment to the best.
And though with Poverty my bed hath been
These many years and my refreshment lean,
With plenty now at last my soul acquaint,
Dear Master, for I faint !"

But through the grille,
"Where is thy Robe ?" said He,
"Wouldst eat thy fill,
Yet shirk civility ?"
"My Robe, alas ! There was a little child
That shivered by the road"—Swiftly God smiled ;
"I was that Child," said He, and raised the pin ;
"Dear friend, enter thou in !"

Jenifer's Love

SMALL is my secret—let it pass—
Small in your life the share I had,
Who sat beside you in the class,

Ode

Awed by the bright superior lad :
Whom yet with hot and eager face
I prompted when he missed his place.

For you the call came swift and soon ;
But sometimes in your holidays
You meet me trudging home at noon
To dinner through the dusty ways,
And recognized, and with a nod
Passed on, but never guessed—thank God !

Truly our ways were separate.
I bent myself to hoe and drill,
Yea, with an honest man to mate,
Fulfilling God Almighty's will ;
And bore him children. But my prayers
Were yours—and, only after, theirs.

While you—still loftier, more remote,
You sprang from stair to stair of fame,
And you've a riband on your coat,
And you've a title to your name ;
But have you yet a star to shine
Above your bed, as I o'er mine ?

Ode

(Upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon)

O PASTORAL heart of England ! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat—
O wave into the sunset flowing calm !
O tired lark descending on the wheat !
Lies it all peace beyond the western fold
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star
Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold
Yon cloud with prophecies of linkèd ease—
Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees
To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Ernest Rhys

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepped
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflamme,
Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain
Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour
By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.
E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes
To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap
Like a repentant child at length he hies,
Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap
Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :
But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,
With still small voice divinelier whispering
Lifting the green head of the aconite,
Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—
She feels God's finger active at the root,
Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

ERNEST RHYS

Critic, essayist, editor of many books, including the "Everyman" series, from 1906 to 1923, and a poet of Celtic imagination and fancifulness in "Lays of the Round Table" (1908) ;
"The Leaf Burners" (1918).

Sir Launcelot and the Sancgreal

"Car il (le Gréail) n'or à nul pechéour
Ne compaignie ne amour."

HE found a chamber where the door was shut,
And thereto set his hand to open it ;
And mightily he tried, and still might not :
And then he heard a voice which sang so sweet,

Sir Launcelot and the Sancgreal

It seemed none earthly thing that he heard sing :

“ Honour and joy be given
To the High King of Heaven ! ”

It seemed none earthly thing that sung therein,
So sweet the voice, it near had made him greet,
For well he knew his body, stained with sin,

Was for that mystic chamber all unmeet,
Wherein those voices rang, yes, choired and sang :
“ Honour and joy be given
To the High King of Heaven ! ”

For well he knew that there the Sancgreal
Upon the board was set for sinless souls,
While the three rays shone sidelong down the wall ;

While he without did kneel with many a stain,
And there to that hid noise he joined his voice ;
“ Pity and grace be given
To me, lost child of Heaven ! ”

With that he saw the chamber door unclose,
And out there shone a clearness and a light
As all the torches in the world that house
Had lighted and been borne there burning bright
About the Sancgreal, while sang they all :

“ Honour and joy be given
To the sweet Lord of Heaven ! ”

Oh, much he marvelled, and would enter in,
And cried, “ Fair Father Jesu ” in his need,
Remembering then men’s woe and mortal sin
For which the Christ upon the Cross did bleed ;
Yes, crying still that prayer, he entered there :

“ Pity and grace be given
To me, poor knight of Heaven.”

Ernest Rhys

Right so he entered, where the Sancgreal
Did shine to greet him ; but a gust of fire,
And a grim smoke, there smote and made him fall ;
It took his body's might and all desire ;
He had no voice nor will, though they sang still :
 " Honour and joy be given
 To the High King of Heaven ! "

Then many hands did raise and bear him out,
And there all night he lay, till morning time ;
And many a day like dead lay Launcelot,
He heard no bell at matin or at prime :
Nathless none earthly thing, he deemed, did sing :
 " Honour and joy be given
 To the High King of Heaven ! "

Then came a dayspring and a fair white dawn,
And he rose up, yet did not rise the same ;
For all the bitterness and pain were gone ;
For he who sinn'd the sin had borne the shame,
And seen the Sancgreal, and heard them call :
 " Honour and joy be given
 To the High King of Heaven ! "

.

Oh now, frail sons of earth, who fell in sin,
Learn from the piteous deed of this dread knight ;
Beat at the door, and cry, and enter in,
And you shall win the Grail, and see the Light,
Yes, like none earthly thing, shall hear them sing :
 " Honour and joy be given
 To the High King of Heaven ! "

Keri's Daughter

I

ALONE I go a-hunting, when all their hunting's done,
To follow Keri's daughter in the footsteps of the sun.

Keri's Daughter

She drowns all the day thro', she wakens with the moth ;
And shakes out her black tresses from their crimson binding cloth.

Their beauty that she braided falls loose now to her knees,
As she goes to the window, and wonders at the trees.

Her eyes shine in the shadow, grown opal-like and change
Like pools that fill with starlight when other lights grow strange.

Now on the stair, bare-footed, she stays to gird her gown
That it may let the briars be, and lightly she goes down.

What fate's on Keri's daughter, to wake when all is done,
And follow where the sun went, but never see the sun ?

What fate's on me to follow along the fields of night
The feet of Keri's daughter, yet never cross her sight ?

II

The wind is her white brachet, to course the wood with
her,
Where the oak trees are tall, and the lone stars lean near.

The oak leaves cannot keep her, her white hound draws
her on ;
The livelong night they range the night, until the night
is done.

I ride into the mid-wood and wait. What fragrance clings
Upon the dreaming fernleaf, and the muffled, drowsy
things.

Is that an owl upon the hill, or is it her white hound,
To tell me I must leave the wood, and follow at the
sound ?

Ernest Rhys

But when we reach the hilltop, we hear them in the wood ;
And when we turn, we turn too late : the moorland is
her mood.

III

I have a horse of fire, bred by an ancient groom ;
His hoofs are not of water, and he can ride to doom.

But when he takes the hillside, where the twin torrents
pour,
I hear, far down the aber, her hound bay by the shore.

I hold my breath with rapture, I ride to the salt strand ;
The spotted waves, like leopards, run on the yellow sand.

The seamews talk like children ; the moon says " Here
she gave
Her white feet to the water, her white hand to the wave ! "

But the seamews talk together : " The creature is gone
home,
Her feet bear thro' the rushes soft flakes of sandy foam."

I wheel about ; the strand grows grey ; the night is
nearly run ;
And Keri's daughter flies for home long hours before the
sun.

IV

All night-things : stars, dark water, benighted oak and
fir,
The white moth and the brown moth, they all are friends
to her.

The sleeping leaves dream of her, as she goes thro' the
grasses,
The flower asleep thinks her white feet are flowers as she
passes.

Keri's Daughter

Now on the windy hilltop her hair, like wafted smoke,
Draws all the darkness after her, to be her beauty's cloak.

I feel it brush upon my cheek, I grasp at my delight ;
The morning-star looks cold on me, across the tops of
 night.

It speaks of night beyond the night, and stars on stars
 behind
The moon, that make a morning at midnight in her mind.

I know the darkness as I ride is different to her eyes,
That see in every sleeping leaf a light, a ray to rise.

And every leaf she brushes by takes of her leave to bloom,
The birch, the broody horn-beam, the star-dew and the
 broom.

And if the frost come at his hour, for her each crystal fine
Holds a white chamber in it, and a virgin lamp to shine.

v

At day I ask the salmon, and the speechless birch and
 fern,
Which road, to overtake her, my horse and I must turn.

I spur my horse, I tremble, as I go riding on,
And track the mountain torrent. Too late : I see the
 dawn.

If she should see us ride behind, or the sun set on his
 height,
Know, she would reign no longer in her mysterious
 night ;

Cecil Roberts

Then I should keep the white-limb'd girl within my
ordered house,
And let her hunt no longer, with her black cloak flying
loose.

.

Oh, it is well to follow, and not to overtake,
The maiden in her mystery, for the white spirit's sake.

But night bring back my hunting, for I would rather ride
In vain for Keri's daughter, than win the world beside.

CECIL ROBERTS

Poet, journalist, lecturer, and one of the ablest and most successful of younger novelists ("Scissors," etc.). "Phyllistrata and Other Poems" (1913); "Through the Eyes of Youth" (1914); "Youth of Beauty" (1915); "Collected War Poems" (1916); "Twenty-six Poems" (1917); "Poems" (1918).

Springtime in Cookham Dean

HOW marvellous and fair a thing
It is to see an English spring,
He cannot know who has not seen
The cherry-trees at Cookham Dean,
Who has not seen the blossoms lie
Like snowdrifts 'gainst a cloudless sky
And found the beauty of the way
Through woodlands odorous with may;
It is a rare, a holy sight
To see the hills with blossom white,
To feel the air about one flowing
With the silent rapture growing

Springtime in Cookham Dean

In the hidden heart of things
That yearn, that flower, put forth wings
And show their splendours one by one
Beneath the all-rejoicing sun.

Perhaps the joy of all the earth
Moved through us on that day of mirth
When, in the morning air, we trod
Hills sacred to the woodland god,
And heard behind us, as we ran,
The laughter of a hidden Pan,
Who dropped his flute because he heard
The artless cadence of a bird ;
And we, who love the southern sky,
One moment ceased to wonder why
A poet in his exile cried
To see an English spring, and sighed
Because a chaffinch from the bough
Sings and shakes the blossom now.
For who would sigh for southern skies
Who once had seen the paradise
Of this new Eden, where the flowers
Drench the woods with odorous showers,
And give delight till the sense sickens
With the rapture that it quickens ?
This heaven where petals fall as stars,
This paradise where beauty bars
Its petalled, white, inviolable portals
'Gainst the clamouring of mortals,
And from green altars in dim shrines
Calls to the driven soul, that pines
For leafy solitude and prayer
That whispers through the branches there.

When Spring, in her ascension, fills
The chalice of the sacred hills
With blossoms like the driven snow,

Cecil Roberts

And longing takes the heart, then go
On pilgrimage to Cookham Dean
And through dim aisles of shadowed green,
Diapered with the light that trembles
Round each tree, till it resembles
A maiden letting fall her hair
In cataracts of gold—draw near
The secret that brings Englishmen,
Faithful through exile, home again ;
And watch the wonder of the morn,
And hear the lark, with wings upborne
Into the cloudless empyrean,
Pour his lucent, quenchless pean,
Or feel the quickened senses start
In rapture at the artless art
Of orchards all in blossom, showing
Against the blue of heaven glowing
Through its depths of luminous light ;
Then from the windy woodland height,
Through dim ravines where tall trees wait
For day's decline to guild their state
And thrill them with caressing fingers
Of the sun-god, whose touch lingers
Upon their links—by paths that wind
Into the valley, go,—and find
The village by the water's edge
And listen to the rustling sedge
That by the churchyard whispers ; go—
And tread the woodland paths I know,
For whosoever has not seen
The cherry-trees at Cookham Dean,
Who has not roamed its hills and found
Delight in that enchanted ground,
He cannot know, he cannot tell
Where Spring performs her miracle.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Canadian poet and naturalist ; his animal stories ("The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "The Kindred of the Wild," etc.) are widely popular ; but his first and several of his later books have been in verse that ranks him with the greater poets of Canada. "Orion" (1880) ; "In Divers Tones" (1887) ; "Songs of the Common Day" (1893) ; "The Book of the Native" (1897) ; "New York Nocturnes" (1898) ; "Collected Poems" (1900) ; "The Book of the Rose" (1903) ; "New Poems" (1919).

The Unknown City

THERE lies a city unaccessible,
Where the dead dreamers dwell.

Abrupt and blue, with many a high ravine
And soaring bridge half seen,
With many an iris cloud that comes and goes
Over the ancient snows,
The imminent hills environ it, and hold
Its portals from of old,
That grief invade not, weariness, nor war,
Nor anguish evermore.

White-walled and jettied on the peacock tide,
With domes and towers enskied,
Its battlements and balconies one sheen
Of ever-living green,
It hears the happy dreamers turning home
Slow-oared across the foam.

Cool are its streets with waters musical
And fountains' shadowy fall.
With orange and anemone and rose,
And every flower that blows
Of magic scent or unimagined dye,
Its gardens shine and sigh,

Charles George Douglas Roberts

Its chambers, memoried with old romance
And faëry circumstance,—
From any window love may lean some time
For love that dares to climb.

This is that city babe and seer divined
With pure, believing mind.
This is the home of unachieved emprise.
Here, here the visioned eyes
Of them that dream past any power to do,
Wake to the dream come true.
Here the high failure, not the level fame,
Attests the spirit's aim.
Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought
Beyond the bournes of thought.
The obdurate marble yields ; the canvas glows ;
Perfect the column grows ;
The chorded cadence art could ne'er attain
Crowns the imperfect strain ;
And the great song that seemed to die unsung
Triumphs upon the tongue.

The Hour of Most Desire

IT is not in the day
That I desire you most,
Turning to seek your smile
For solace or for joy.

Nor is it in the dark,
When I toss restlessly,
Groping to find your face,
Half waking, half in dream.

It is not while I work,—
When to endear success,
Or rob defeat of pain,
I weary for your hands.

O Earth, Sufficing All Our Needs

Nor while from work I rest,
And rest is all unrest
For lack of your dear voice,
Your laughter, and your lips,

But every hour it is
That I desire you most,—
Need you in all my life
And every breath I breathe.

O Earth, Sufficing All Our Needs

O EARTH, sufficing all our needs, O you
With room for body and for spirit too,
How patient while your children vex their souls
Devising alien heavens beyond your blue !

Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen,
How obstinate in my blindness have I been,
Not comprehending what your tender calls,
Veiled promises and re-assurance, mean.

Not far and cold the way that they have gone
Who through your sundering darkness have withdrawn,
Almost within our hand-reach they remain
Who pass beyond the sequence of the dawn.

Not far and strange the Heaven, but very near,
Your children's hearts unknowingly hold dear,
At times we almost catch the door swung wide,
An forgotten voice almost we hear.

I am the heir of Heaven—and you are just.
You, you alone I know—and you I trust.

I have sought God beyond His farthest star—
But here I find Him, in your quickening dust.

DOROTHY ROBERTS

"The Child Dancer" (1921).

The Town Tree

NOW summer in my leaves is born again
Of the June sunlight and the silver rain,
Now children laugh up the long yellow street
Where summer hours go by on languid feet.
Above my head at dawn the South winds play,
My leaves laugh with brown sparrows all the day—
But when dusk stoops to me on purple wing,
I wait in silence for my thrush to sing.

He comes to me from little woods remote,
Holding the green earth's music in his throat,
He comes to me on brown wood-scented wings,
Among my boughs he rests—then wakes and sings—
And windows down the long street open wide
To hear him tell of the green country-side,
While my heart stirs to him, and steals away
To untrod paths beyond the track of day—
And all the town grows still, as the twilight
Moves softly down, leading the summer night.

Snow

BECAUSE I feel that snow will come to-night,
And shake, out of low clouds, light on swift light,
Because, to-morrow, in the merchant town,
I think how snow will lie trampled and brown—
Where hills grow whiter, O that I could stand
To watch the long snow's fall in my own land.

For there the winter is so white and still
That you can hear dogs bark from hill to hill,

The Sign

And quarrymen call greetings, friend to friend,
Climbing down homeward at the white day's end
The snow that falls there on the great hill's side,
Holding the land in peace for Christmastide,
Is white on David's Day when blackbirds sing,
And up the vale creeps slowly the shy Spring.

And there to-morrow cottagers will know
The tracks of starlings' feet in the still snow

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

A distinguished critic, author of a book of eerie imagination and grim humour, "The Other End," and of poems that have appeared in divers periodicals, from which the following are selected.

The Sign

" AS like as brother to brother
Is Love to Lust ;
How can I tell, my Mother,
Love from Lust ?

" The eyes of each are as springs
Clear and sweet ;
On the shoulders of each are wings——"
" Child, on the feet,

" On the feet of Love are wings !
On the feet of Lust,
For a sign and a warning, clings
A little dust."

Eric S. Robertson

The Widow

I DO not ask he should come back again.
There may be that upon the other side
That, if he came at all, he would come back
With troubled mouth, and blurr'd, unseeing eyes,
Blurr'd as the window-glass is blurr'd by rain,
Or as the snow blurs a familiar track :
And so, when I had recall'd him from Paradise,
It would not be as it was before he died.

I do not ask that I should dream a ghost
To soothe me with fugitive words and solaces.
I only ask to keep my memories,
The memories of the love which I have lost.
Grant, O Lord ! that my widow'd lips may yet
Tremble at the thought of an unforgetten kiss,
That the tears we shed together may flood my eyes,
And, whatever the future hides, may I never forget,
Never until my weary body dies,
How he would fall asleep with my hand in his.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON

Edited the " Great Writer " series of biographies ; author of
" The Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons," and other books,
including one volume of poems, " From Alleys and Valleys "
(1918).

The Lost Ideal of the World

A NOVICE in the school of Paradise,
I leant beside the Purple Gate, one day :
Eternity's blue deeps before me lay,
That girdled the Queen Island of the skies,

Love

And soul-content was lit within mine eyes,
Calm with the calm that lists not of decay,
A dreamy sense of dreams come true for aye,
And darkness burnt up in a last sunrise.

O God, what was she, there, without the Gate,
Sad in a beauty left Heaven incomplete ?
Drawn by an unknown star's young whisperings,
With hands stretched forth as if to pass by Fate,
She drifted on—so near Thy Mercy Seat !—
Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings !

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL (A. E.)

Poet and mystic, dreamer and practical genius, A. E. was (with W. B. Yeats) in the forefront of the Irish literary renaissance of the 'nineties ; one of the founders of the Irish Literary Theatre (1899), and, writing and lecturing, and as assistant secretary of an agricultural organization, has done great service in improving agricultural and industrial conditions in Ireland. His poetry is inspired with the love of earth and of man, and a mystical sense of the oneness of things seen and the things that are unseen. Yeats has said of him that he is the one poet in modern Ireland "who has moulded a spiritual ecstasy in verse." "*Homeward*" (1894) ; "*The Earth Breath*" (1897) ; "*New Poems*" (1904) ; "*Collected Poems*" (1913) ; "*Voices of the Stones*" (1925).

Love

ERE I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself
with the peace,
While I gaze on the light and the beauty afar from the
dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I
would not release ;
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their
succour again.

George William Russell (A. E.)

Ere I storm with the tempest of power the thrones and
dominions of old,
Ere the ancient enchantment allure me to roam through
the star-misty skies,
I would go forth as one who has reaped well what harvest
the earth may unfold ;
May my heart be o'erbrimmed with compassion ; on
my brow be the crown of the wise.

I would go as the dove from the ark sent forth with
wishes and prayers
To return with the paradise blossoms that bloom in the
Eden of light :
When the deep star-chant of the seraphs I hear in the
mystical airs,
May I capture one tone of their joy for the sad ones
discrowned in the night.

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart
of the love :
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its
tenderest breath,
I would still hear the cry of the fallen recalling me back
from above,
To go down to the side of the people who weep in the
shadow of death.

Childhood

HOW I could see through and through you !
So unconscious, tender, kind,
More than ever was known to you
Of the pure ways of your mind.

We who long to rest from strife
Labour sternly as a duty ;
But a magic in your life
Charms, unknowing of its beauty.

Forgiveness

We are pools whose depths are told ;
You are like a mystic fountain,
Issuing ever pure and cold
From the hollows of the mountain.

We are men by anguish taught
To distinguish false from true ;
Higher wisdom we have not ;
But a joy within guides you.

Forgiveness

AT dusk the window panes grew grey ;
The wet world vanished in the gloom ;
The dim and silver end of day
Scarce glimmered through the little room.

And all my sins were told ; I said
Such things to her who knew not sin—
The sharp ache throbbing in my head,
The fever running high within.

I touched with pain her purity ;
Sin's darker sense I could not bring :
My soul was black as night to me ;
To her I was a wounded thing.

I needed love no words could say ;
She drew me softly nigh her chair,
My head upon her knees to lay,
With cool hands that caressed my hair.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
And looked with grave, ethereal eyes ;
Ensouled by ancient Quietness,
A gentle priestess of the Wise.

ARTHUR K. SABIH

"Zyphon" (1902); "The Death of Icarus" (1906); "Medea and Circe" (1911); "New Poems" (1914).

THE great things of the earth we still may own,
Though from fierce restless striving we retire,
And dream no more proud dreams of high desire,
We can rejoice in poverty—this throne
Which none assails: food have we; a hearthstone
That glows irradiant with gracious fire;
And mutual love to comfort and inspire,
However hard the way, however lone.

This is the path of wisdom. True life needs
A humbler sacrifice and sweeter song
Than our strained hearts can reach through valorous
deeds.

Content with food and raiment, let us bring
Fresh inspiration to each trivial thing,
And freely, bravely, meekly pass along.

IN a small space of sweet brown earth
What simple changing joys have birth!
Through winter days I watch the dry
Bare boughs against the frosty sky,
Where twittering sparrows crowd and wait
A longed-for signal at the gate—
Their faithful Providence who comes
Each morn and afternoon with crumbs.

Ah! who shall tell our joy when first
The laughing crocus-children burst

At Eventide

Like flame along the ground? Though fierce
Chill February blasts oft pierce
Their sturdy hearts, and in decay
With the late snows they meet alway,
They are the jocund harbingers
That Spring upon her forehead wears.

One after one our children leap
In laughter from their winter sleep :
The sky rings with bird-voices, all
Quick mellowing to a richer call :
Through wind and sun and rain we see
The year's triumphant revelry
Roll on, and in its rapture show
Our backward hearts the way to glow.

AT eventide in an enchanted dell
Far buried from the busy world I lay,
And one by one the troubles of the day,
Its faltering hopes, and cares implacable,
Like icy fetters off my spirit fell.
The sunset-rose paled gradually away :
Nature called all her children from their play
To drink her golden calm unspeakable—

No bird woke sudden music ; and no breeze
Shook murmurs from the boughs o'erhanging wide :
Even the babbling streamlet seemed to glide
A brief while voiceless in an utter peace :
And, peering up the silence, I espied
A little boat-like moon among the trees.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

"Poems" (1901); "A Hymn to Dionysus" (1905); "Bertrud and Other Dramatic Poems" (1911); "Lyrics" (1912); "Songs of Aphrodite" (1913); "Selected Poems" (1919); "Epitaphs" (1921).

Riches

WHAT is the worth of all these things :—a day
Spent in a little town—a night of rain,
A score of footprints stamped in Sussex clay,
A word—a gesture—burnt into the brain ;

Or Youth up-leaping to a golden mood
Which crushes many lives in one mad hour ;
Some joy o'ertaken over long pursued—
A kiss, a close embrace, a tear, a flower ?

Grave judges heavy-fingered, these light things
Of air, how shall you weigh them ? In your scales
Heap your sad wealth against a little dust

Fallen upon a rose from a moth's wing ;
And watch your vaunted wisdom how it fails
Before delight which thrives upon a crust !

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

"Poems of the West and East" (1917); "Orchard and Vineyard" (1921).

Sorrow of Departure

HE sat among the shadows lost,
And heard the careless voice speak on
Of life when he was gone from home,

Sorrow of Departure

Of days that he had made his own,
Familiar schemes that he had known,
And dates that he had cherished most
As star-points in the year to come,
And he was suddenly alone,
Thinking (not bitterly
But with a grave regret) that he
Was in that room a ghost.

He sat among the shades apart,
The careless voice he scarcely heard.
In that arrested hour there stirred
Shy birds of beauty in his heart.

The clouds of March he would not see
Across the sky race royally,
Nor yet the drift of daffodil
He planted with so glad a hand,
Nor yet the loveliness he planned
For summer's sequence to fulfil,
Nor trace upon the hill
The annual waking of the land.
Nor meditative stand
To watch the turning of the mill.

He would not pause above the Weald
With twilight falling dim,
And mark the chequer-board of field,
The water gleaming like a shield,
The oast-house in the elms concealed,
Nor see, from heaven's chalice-rim,
The vintaged sunset brim,
Nor yet the high, suspended star
Hanging eternally afar.
These things would be, but not for him.

At summer noon he would not lie
One with his cutter's rise and dip,

Arthur L. Salmon

Free with the wind and sea and sky,
And watch the dappled waves go by,
The sea-gulls scream and slip ;
White sails, white birds, white clouds, white foam
White cliffs that curled the love of home
Around him like a whip. . . .
He would not see that summer noon
Fade into dusk from light,
While he on shifting waters bright
Sailed idly on, beneath the moon
Climbing the dome of night.

This was his dream of happy things
That he had loved through many springs,
And never more might know.
But man must pass the shrouded gate
Companioned by his secret fate,
And he must lonely go,
And none can help or understand,
For other men may touch his hand,
But none the soul below.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

A poet of the West Country, and author also of much delicately imaginative prose work. "Life of Life" (1897); "Lyrics and Verses" (1902); "A Book of Verses" (1906); "A Little Book of Songs" (1908); "West Country Verses" (Collected edition) (1908); "A New Book of Verses" (1910); "Songs of Wind and Wave" (1916); "City, Sea and Countryside" (1925).

Ghosts

GHOSTS of the dead abide with me
By night and day, continually ;
In all I do, and all I will,
Ghosts of the dead are with me still.

Ghosts

Their thoughts with mine are interfused :
They bring their habits long disused,
To bear upon my daily walk,
My simple deeds, my common talk.

I have no secret to divine
What things are theirs and what are mine,
Nor with whose moods I am perplexed
Or by whose lurking fancies vexed.

I sometimes, with a sense of dread,
Feel like a puppet of the dead,
So subtle is their potency
To live and breathe and move in me.

I know them gazing through mine eyes
Upon the sun's imperial rise ;
And with their thought mine eyes are wet
When tender suns of springtime set.

I dream of some vast life before
I sailed to touch on earth's dim shore ;
It is the dead who wake in me
This glimpse that looks like memory.

Theirs the old fault to which I yield
The weeds that curse a sterile field ;
And theirs, I timidly confess,
The shreds of goodness I possess.

Can I achieve the rule, and reign
In this ghost-tenanted domain,
Or must I be for ever led
By hands and voices of the dead ?

Arthur L. Salmon

Besieged

THE outworks all are taken
And the purlieus passed ;
But the keep remains unshaken,
The gate is fast.

I yield with vexed defiance
Those outward parts,
But I hold in calm reliance
My heart of hearts.

Sorrow and doubt and crying
Upon all sides ;
Not heeding or replying,
The soul abides.

I see them from the casement,
The trampling foe ;
But this last wall's abasement
They shall not know.

Hopes that are rashly eager
May be deceived,
But I know my soul's beleaguer
Shall be relieved.

Grief, hunger, madness, weeping,
Prevail without ;
A central peace is keeping
The last redoubt.

RUTH MANNING SANDERS

"The Pedlar" (1919); "Karn" (1922).

Music

NOW where the candles like two praying angels,
Slim, white, and golden aureoled, keep back
The endless leagues of night,
She in a luminous ring
Sits singing.

Her little head set slantwise, and the hair
In short soft lines falling about her face,
Her body lightly swaying,
Her fingers touching the keys
Very deftly.

The melody from out the ring of light
Is rising pure and sufficient, and the listeners
Thrill, crouched in darkness,
Yet are their hearts within them
Sad,—oh sad!

For they feel their world to be nought but broken pieces,
Evil or good, 'tis nought but fragments of things;
And this strain of music that rises
Triumphant into the night,
Puts them to shame.

Not for perfection they long, for that is death;
There is music beyond this strain, and beyond for ever,
Yet without harmony none,
Neither strength nor completeness,
Nor any rest.

And they who long for harmony, find a world
Of crazed and baffling discords, and are sad,—
Sad though the music rises
Triumphant, sure of itself
Into the night.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

No poet of the war is more starkly realistic, or has written of it with bitterer satire or a more poignantly human pathos. "The Old Huntsman" (1917); "Counter-Attack" (1918); "Collected War Poems" (1919).

Aftermath

HAVE you forgotten yet? . . .

For the world's events have rumbled on since those
gagged days,

Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city
ways :

And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts
that flow

Like clouds in the lit heavens of life ; and you're a man
reprieved to go,

Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to
spare.

*But the past is just the same,—and War's a bloody
game. . . .*

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

*Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll
never forget.*

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector
at Mametz,—

The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled
sandbags on parapets ?

Do you remember the rats ; and the stench

Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless
rain ?

Do you ever stop and ask, " Is it all going to happen
again ? "

Concert Party

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and
shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your
men ?

Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads,—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay ?

Have you forgotten yet ? . . .

*Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll
never forget.*

Concert Party

(Egyptian Base Camp)

THEY are gathering round . . .

Out of the twilight ; over the grey-blue sand,
Shoals of low-jargoning men drift inward to the sound,—
The jangle and throb of a piano . . . tum-ti-tum . . .
Drawn by a lamp, they come

Out of the glimmering lines of their tents, over the
shuffling sand.

O sing us the songs, the songs of our own land,
You warbling ladies in white.

Dimness conceals the hunger in our faces,
This wall of faces risen out of the night,
These eyes that keep their memories of the places
So long beyond their sight.

Jaded and gay, the ladies sing ; and the chap in brown
Tilts his grey hat ; jaunty and lean and pale,
He rattles the keys . . . some actor-bloke from town . . .
“ *God send you home* ” ; and then “ *A long, long trail* ” ;

Siegfried Sassoon

" *I hear you calling me* " ; and " *Dixieland* " . . .
Sing slowly . . . now the chorus . . . one by one
We hear them, drink them ; till the concert's done.
Silent, I watch the shadowy mass of soldiers stand.
Silent, they drift away, over the glimmering sand.

KANTARA,
April, 1918.

Attack

AT dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun
In the wild purple of the glowering sun,
Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that
 shroud
The menacing scarred slope ; and, one by one,
Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire.
The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed
With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,
Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.
Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,
They leave their trenches, going over the top,
While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,
And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,
Flounders in mud. O Jesu, make it stop !

Before Day

COME in this hour to set my spirit free
When earth is no more mine though night goes out,
And stretching forth these arms I cannot be
Lord of winged sunrise and dim Arcady :
When fieldward boys far off with clack and shout
From orchards scare the birds in sudden rout,
Come ere my heart grows cold and full of doubt
In the still summer dawns that waken me.

Surrender

When the first lark goes up to look for day,
And morning glimmers out of dreams, come then,
Out of the songless valleys, over gray
Wide misty lands to bring me on my way :
For I am alone, a dweller among men,
Hungered for what my heart shall never say.

HENRY SAVAGE

“ Escapes and Escapades ” (1915) ; “ A Long Spoon with the Devil ” (1922).

Surrender

WHOSE heart has warmed towards the rose,
And known the scented air of June,
But hates this dream of Time that throws
Its blight upon Life's afternoon,
And servant to its moments knows
That Death is all too soon ?

This dream of Time, this dream of Death !
Though all be dream, the pain no less
Of life is in the rose's breath
And fills the air with bitterness.
God gives to some his dream of faith,
To us his weariness.

For we who crush the grapes of pain,
Seeking the true, the perfect wine
In every moment, turn in vain
Our tired eyes upward for a sign.
Against the dream-built walls of Spain
Grows no eternal vine.

Henry Savage

And you within whose wondrous eyes
Dim lilies dream, and no one knows
Out of a dreamless paradise
The secret that they keep so close,
You, too, must find that Beauty dies
And God loves not the rose.

I have not loved as some have loved,
Nor knelt before her silver shrine
Whose beauty is so far ; nor proved
A faith that is not ; no divine
Artemis called ; no Christ has moved
This unfledged soul of mine.

Give me your moments then, O Time,
Since you have thus resolved to keep
The secret of your years, my rhyme
Shall tell of all who laugh and weep,
And human vesper bells shall chime
No sweeter song than sleep.

Persephone

IN my lonely room
I can hear the clamour of March.
He is calling the golden larch
From sleep, and the purple bloom
On the woods he will tinge with green
For his lady April's desire.
Winsome, in light attire,
She will come like a young queen.

Wilful and wayward,
Pleasure pursuing,
She will trip Mayward,
Laugh at all wooing,

Peace

And Love that fears
To enter hearts where gladness is,
Cruel in this,
Will hide in that rebellious hair of her,
And with vague dreams will stir
Her eyes to tears.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Canadian poet, who has done distinguished work also in biography and fiction. "The Magic House" (1893); "Labour and the Angel" (1898); "New World Lyrics and Ballads" (1905); "Lundy's Lane" (1916); "Beauty and Life" (1921).

Peace

GIVE me the peace for which I seek
From ocean, vale and hill;
The peace that shines from the sea and the pines,
The peace that is white and still.

The peace mount—still and crystal-white
In which all things have part;
It dwells for aye in the earth and the sky,
But never long in my heart.

I breathe in towns or uplands lone,
I hold a grail-like quest,
It flows in power one nameless hour,
Then I have rest, dear God, then I have rest.

Duncan Campbell Scott

Rapids at Night

HERE at the roots of the mountains,
Between the sombre legions of cedars and tama-
racks,
The rapids charge the ravine :
A little light, cast by grass under starlight,
Wavers about the shimmering stems of the birches :
Here rise up the clangorous sounds of battle,
Immense and mournful.
Far above curves the great dome of darkness
Drawn with the limitless lines of the stars and the
planets.
Deep at the core of the tumult,
Deeper than all the voices that cry at the surface,
Dwells one fathomless sound,
Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and the plangent
clamour.

O human heart that sleeps,
Wild with rushing dreams and deep with sadness !
The abysmal roar drops into almost silence,
While over its sleep play in various cadence
Innumerable voices crashing in laughter ;
Then rising calm, overwhelming,
Slow in power,
Rising supreme in utterance,
It sways, and reconquers and floods all the spaces of
silence,
One voice, deep with the sadness,
That dwells at the core of all things.
There by a nest in the glimmering birches,
Speaks a thrush as if startled from slumber,
Dreaming of Southern ricefields,
The moted glow of the amber sunlight,
Where the long ripple roves among the reeds.

Afterwards

Above curves the great dome of darkness,
Scored with the limitless lines of the stars and the
planets ;
Like the strong palm of God
Veined with the ancient laws,
Holding a human heart that sleeps,
Wild with rushing dreams and deep with the sadness
That dwells at the core of things.

Afterwards

I WATCHED thee with devotion
Through all those silent years,
Thy least regarded motion,
Thy laughter and thy tears.

But thou, when fate would sever
The visionary tie,
Unconscious and for ever
Left me without a sigh.

Yet though I needs must borrow
My comfort from distress,
I would not give my sorrow
For thy unconsciousness.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

Canadian poet ; Canon of Quebec Cathedral ; served in the War as Chaplain of the 1st Canadian Division ; was wounded and four times mentioned in dispatches. His poems of the war are written from depths of personal experience. " Soul's Quest " (1888) ; " My Lattice " (1894) ; " The Unnamed

Frederick George Scott

Lake " (1897); " Poems Old and New " (1900); " The Hymn of Empire " (1906); " The Key of Life " (1907); " Poems " (1910); " In the Battle Silences " (1916).

Nature's Recompense

WITH barren heart and weary mind,
I wander from the haunts of men,
And strive in solitude to find
The careless joys of youth again.

I see the long-loved woodland brook,
I watch the clouds when day is done,
I climb the mountain top and look,
All-eager at the rising sun.

I plunge into the forest glade,
Untrodden yet by human feet,
And, listening through the light and shade,
I hear the trees their songs repeat.

But all is vain, they will not come—
Those voices that I knew of old ;
Great Nature's lips to me are dumb,
Her heart to me is dead and cold.

In vain I lie upon her breast
And ask her for the dreams I seek,
She takes no pity on my quest,
I cannot force her lips to speak.

Then, haply, in a calm despair
I give up seeking, and I lie
All-thoughtless in the woodland air
And 'neath the leaf-bespangled sky.

A Reverie

And then it comes, the voice of old,
Which soothes the realms of death and birth,
The message through the ages told,
The cradle song of Mother Earth.

And as it thrills each languid sense
And lifts me from the world apart,
Great Nature makes full recompense
For her first entrance to my heart.

Dawn

THE immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place ;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of Eternal Thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

A Reverie

O TENDER love of long ago,
O buried love so near me still,
On tides of thought that ebb and flow,
Beyond the empire of the will ;
To-night with mingled joy and pain
I fold thee to my heart again.

Frederick George Scott

And down the meadows, dear, we stray,
And under woods still clothed in green,
Though many Springs have passed away
And many harvests there have been,
Since through the youth-enchanted land
We wandered idly hand in hand.

Then every brook was loud with song,
And every tree was stirred with love,
And every breeze that passed along
Was like the breath of God above ;—
And now to-night we go the ways
We went in those sweet summer days.

Dear love, thy dark and earnest eyes
Look up as tender as of yore,
And, purer than the evening skies,
Thy cheeks have still the rose they wore :
I—I have changed, but thou art fair
And fresh as in life's morning air.

What little hands these were to chain
So many years a wayward heart ;
And slight a girlish form to reign
As queen upon a throne apart
In a man's thought, through hopes and fears
And all the changes of the years.

Dear girl, behold thy boy is now
A man and grown to middle age ;
The lines are deep upon his brow,
His heart hath been grief's hermitage ;
But hidden where no eye can see,
His boyhood's love still lives for thee,—

Thomas John Barnardo

Still blooms above thy grave to-day,
Where death hath harvested the land,
Though such long years have passed away
Since down the meadows, hand in hand,
We went with hearts too full to know
How deep their love was long ago.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

Editor of *Punch* ; whose verse has technical finish as well as humour ; a parodist of genius, and in his graver moods has written some of the most exquisite of those memorial poems for which *Punch* is famous. " Horace at Cambridge " (1894) ; " Tillers of the Sand " (1895) ; " The Battle of the Bays " (1896) ; " In Cap and Bells " (1890) ; " Borrowed Plumes " (1902) ; " A Harvest of Chaff " (1904) ; " Salvage " (1908) ; " War Time " (1915) ; " Made in England " (1916) ; " From the Home Front " (1918).

Thomas John Barnardo

(Born 1845. Died September 19, 1905)

" SUFFER the children unto Me to come,
The little children," said the voice of Christ,
And for His law whose lips to-day are dumb
The Master's word sufficed.

" Suffer the little children—" so He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,
Up to the arms of God.

Naked, he clothed them ; hungry, gave them food ;
Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care ;
Led them from haunts where vice and squalor brood
To gardens clean and fair.

Sir Owen Seaman

By birthright pledged to misery, crime, and shame,
 Jetsam of London's streets, her "waifs and strays,"
Whom she, the Mother, bore without a name,
 And left, and went her ways—

He stooped to save them, set them by his side,
 Breathed conscious life into the still-born soul,
Taught truth and honour, love and loyal pride,
 Courage and self-control.

Till of her manhood, here and overseas,
 On whose supporting strength her state is throned,
None better serves the Motherland than these
 Her sons the once disowned.

To-day, in what far lands, their eyes are dim,
 Children again, with tears they well may shed,
Orphaned a second time who mourn in him
 A foster-father dead.

But he, who had their love for sole reward,
 In that far home to which his feet have won—
He hears at last the greeting of his Lord :
 " Servant of Mine, well done."

Dora

MY Dora, how the days have gone
 Since I, in Cupid's constant thrall,
Considered every goose a swan,
 And you the swanliest of them all.
The thing you did was always right ;
 About your simplest act or motion
Lingered the iridescent light
 That never was on land or ocean.

Dora

Once, it is true, I thought I traced
A hint of something less refined ;
It turned upon a point of taste :—
I asked your hand and you declined ;
Still “ Youth,” I urged, “ is seldom wise,
It needs to undergo correction ;
Some day she’ll come to recognize
The loss entailed by this rejection.”

But now I thank the kindly Fate
Which in the mask of Wounded Love
Left me just then disconsolate,
Owing to treatment as above ;
For you have lost your maiden dower ;
You are a woman in the Fashion,
And Bridge, from fevered hour to hour,
Is now your one and wasting passion.

We meet at dinner. You are pale ;
An odour on the ambient air
Of club tobacco, pungent, stale,
Steals from your loosely ordered hair ;
I note the vacant eyes that show
Their circling tell-tale lines of sable,
The restless hands that move as though
They sought the little green-cloth table.

My gayest sallies seem to irk
Your absent mind. You eat as one
Who gathers strength for serious work
That waits her when the meal is done ;
At last our hostess leads the way,
Bidding curtail our port and prattle,
And lo, you prick your ears and neigh
Like a war-mare that scents the battle.

Robert W. Service

We follow where the cards are spread ;
I mark your animated mien,
Your face a little flushed with red,
Your eyes perhaps a thought too keen
Alert to seize the subtlest clues,
Bold in assault, a stout defender—
If you could only bear to lose
You might be almost any gender.

Yet, as I watch you play the game
That " gives to life its only zest "
(Life, as you understand the same),
Indeed you hardly look your best ;
Missing the cool detached repose
That ought to stamp your cast of features,
You miss the charm that Woman throws
Over us men and lower creatures.

There is a thought I will adapt
From some one else's wisdom's wealth
(A polished orator, and apt
To toast aloud the Ladies' health),
In proof how low your lapse must be
From what a start to what a sequel :
You once were worth ten score of me,
And now—I count you scarce my equal.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Has been called the Kipling of Canada. Born in England, but since his early years has lived in the Dominion, and, as a poet, is as essentially Canadian as Adam Lindsay Gordon, though English born, was Australian. No poet of his country has had a wider popularity. The most stirring and dramatic of his ballads are stories of Yukon and the frozen north

My Friends

of Canada, where he made his home or wandered for many years. "Songs of a Sourdough" (1907); "Ballads of a Cheechako" (1909); "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" (1912); "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" (1916); "Ballads of a Bohemian" (1921).

My Friends

THE man above was a murderer, the man below was a thief;
And I lay there in the bunk between, ailing beyond belief;
A weary armful of skin and bone, wasted with pain and grief.

My feet were froze, and the lifeless toes were purple and green and gray;
And the little flesh that clung to my bones, you could punch it in holes like clay.
The skin on my gums was a sullen black, and slowly peeling away.

I was sure enough in a dreadful fix, and often I wondered why
They did not take the chance that was left and leave me alone to die,
Or finish me off with a dose of dope—so utterly lost was I.

But no; they brewed me the green-spruce tea, and nursed me there like a child;
And the homicide he was good to me, and bathed my sores and smiled;
And the thief he starved that I might be fed, and his eyes were kind and mild.

Robert W. Service

Yet they were woefully wicked men, and often at night
in pain

I heard the murderer speak of his deed and dream it over
again ;

I heard the poor thief sorrowing for the dead self he had
slain.

I'll never forget that bitter dawn, so evil, askew and
gray,

When they wrapped me round in the skins of beasts and
they bore me to a sleigh,

And we started out with the nearest post an hundred
miles away.

I'll never forget the trail they broke, with its tense, un-
uttered woe ;

And the crunch, crunch, crunch, as their snow-shoes
sank through the crust of the hollow snow ;

And my breath would fail, and every beat of my heart
was like a blow.

And oftentimes I would die the death, yet wake up to life
anew ;

And the sun would be all ablaze on the waste, and the sky
a blighting blue,

And the tears would rise in my snow-blind eyes and
furrow my cheeks like dew.

And the camps we made when their strength out-played
and the day was pinched and wan ;

And oh, the joy of that blessed halt, and how I did dread
the dawn ;

And how I hated the weary men who rose and dragged
me on.

Clancy of the Mounted Police

And oh, how I begged to rest, to rest—the snow was so
sweet a shroud ;
And oh, how I cried when they urged me on, cried and
cursed them aloud ;
Yet on they strained, all racked and pained, and sorely
their backs were bowed.

And then it was all like a lurid dream, and I prayed for
a swift release
From the ruthless ones who would not leave me to die
alone in peace ;
Till I wakened up and found myself at the post of the
Mounted Police.

And there was my friend the murderer, and there was
my friend the thief,
With the bracelets of steel around their wrists, and wicked
beyond belief :
But when they come to God's judgment seat—may I be
allowed the brief.

Clancy of the Mounted Police

IN the little Crimson Manual it's written plain and
clear
That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say good-bye
to fear ;
Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound of the
trail—
In the little Crimson Manual there's no such word as
“ fail ”—
Shall follow on though heavens fall, or hell's top-turrets
freeze,
Half round the world, if need there be, on bleeding hands
and knees.
It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson Manual
saith ;

Robert W. Service

The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty—to the death."

And so they sweep the solitudes, free men from all the earth ;

And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that know their worth ;

And so they scour the startled plains and mock at hurt and pain,

And read their Crimson Manual, and find their duty plain.

Knights of the lists of unrenown, born of the frontier's need,

Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the deed ;

Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players of the game,

Props of the power behind the throne, upholders of the name :

For thus the Great White Chief hath said, "In all my lands be peace,"

And to maintain his word he gave his West the Scarlet Police.

Livid-lipped was the valley, still as the grave of God ;

Misty shadows of mountain thinned into mists of cloud ;
Corpselike and stark was the land, with a quiet that
crushed and awed,

And the stars of the weird sub-arctic glimmered over
its shroud.

Deep in the trench of the valley two men stationed the Post,
Seymour and Clancy the reckless, fresh from the long
patrol ;

Seymour, the sergeant, and Clancy—Clancy who made
his boast

He could cinch like a bronco the Northland and cling
to the prongs of the Pole.

Clancy of the Mounted Police

Two lone men on detachment, standing for law on the trail ;

Undismayed in the vastness, wise with the wisdom of old—

Out of the night hailed a half-breed telling a pitiful tale,
“ White man starving and crazy on the banks of the Nordenscold.”

Up sprang the red-haired Clancy, lean and eager of eye ;
Loaded the long toboggan, strapped each dog to its post ;

Whirled his lash at the leader ; then, with a whoop and a cry,
Into the Great White Silence faded away like a ghost.

The clouds were a misty shadow, the hills were a shadowy mist ;

Sunless, voiceless and pulseless, the day was a dream of woe ;

Through the ice-rifts the river smoked and bubbled and hissed ;

Behind was a trail fresh broken, in front the untrodden snow.

Ahead of the dogs ploughed Clancy, haloed by steaming breath ;

Through peril of open water, through ache of insensate cold ;

Up rivers wantonly winding in a land affianced to death,
Till he came to a cowering cabin on the banks of the Nordenscold.

Then Clancy loosed his revolver, and he strode through the open door ;

And there was the man he sought for, crouching beside the fire ;

The hair of his beard was singeing, the frost on his back was hoar,

And ever he crooned and chanted as if he would never tire :—

Robert W. Service

*" I panned and I panned in the shiny sand, and I sniped on
the river bar ;
But I know, I know, that it's down below that the golden
treasures are ;
So I'll wait and wait till the floods abate, and I'll sink a
shift once more,
And I'd like to bet that I'll go home yet with a brass band
playing before."*

He was nigh as thin as a sliver, and he whined like a
Moose-hide cur ;
So Clancy clothed him and nursed him as a mother
nurses a child ;
Lifted him on the toboggan, wrapped him in robes of fur,
Then with the dogs sore straining started to face the
Wild.

Said the Wild, " I will crush this Clancy, so fearless and
insolent ;
For him will I loose my fury, and blind and buffet and
beat,
Pile up my snows to stay him ; then when his strength
is spent,
Leap on him from my ambush and crush him under
my feet.

" Him will I ring with my silence, compass him with my
cold ;
Closer and closer clutch him unto my icy breast ;
Buffet him with my blizzards, deep in my snows enfold,
Claiming his life as my tribute, giving my wolves the
rest."

Clancy crawled through the vastness ; o'er him the hate
of the Wild ;
Full on his face fell the blizzard ; cheering his huskies
he ran ;

Clancy of the Mounted Police

Fighting, fierce-hearted and tireless, snows that drifted
and piled,

With ever and ever behind him singing the crazy man.

" Sing hey, sing ho, for the ice and snow,

And a heart that's ever merry ;

Let us trim and square with a lover's care

(For why should a man be sorry ?)

A grave deep, deep, with the moon a-peep,

A grave in the frozen mould.

Sing hey, sing ho, for the winds that blow,

And a grave deep down in the ice and snow,

A grave in the land of gold."

Day after day of darkness, the whirl of the seething
snows ;

Day after day of blindness, the swoop of the stinging
blast ;

On through a blur of fury and the swing of staggering
blows ;

On through a world of turmoil, empty, inane and vast

Night with its writhing storm-whirl, night despairingly
black ;

Night with its hours of terror, numb and endlessly
long ;

Night with its weary waiting, fighting the shadows back,
And ever the crouching madman singing his crazy song.

Cold with its creeping terror, cold with its sudden clinch ;

Cold so utter you wonder if 'twill ever again be warm ;

Clancy grinned as he shuddered, " Surely it isn't a cinch
Being wet-nurse to a looney in the teeth of an arctic
storm."

The blizzard passed and the dawn broke, knife-edged
and crystal clear ;

The sky was a blue-domed iceberg, sunshine outlawed
away ;

Robert W. Service

Ever by snowslide and ice-rip haunted and hovered the
Fear ;

Ever the Wild malignant poised and panted to slay.

The lead-dog freezes in harness—cut him out of the
team !

The lung of the wheel-dog's bleeding—shoot him and
let him lie !

On and on with the others—lash them until they scream !
“ Pull for your lives, you devils ! On ! To halt is to
die.”

There in the frozen vastness Clancy fought with his foes ;
The ache of the stiffened fingers, the cut of the snow-
shoe thong ;

Cheeks black-raw through the hood-flap, eyes that tingled
and closed,

And ever to urge and cheer him quavered the mad-
man's song.

Colder it grew and colder, till the last heat left the
earth,

And there in the great stark stillness the bale fires
glinted and gleamed,

And the Wild all around exulted and shook with a
devilish mirth,

And life was far and forgotten, the ghost of a joy once
dreamed.

Death ! And one who defied it, a man of the Mounted
Police ;

Fought it there to a standstill long after hope was
gone ;

Grinned through his bitter anguish, fought without let
or cease,

Suffering, straining, striving, stumbling, struggling
on.

Clancy of the Mounted Police

Till the dogs lay down in their traces, and rose and staggered and fell ;
Till the eyes of him dimmed with shadows, and the trail was so hard to see ;
Till the Wild howled out triumphant, and the world was a frozen hell—
Then said Constable Clancy : “ I guess that it’s up with me.”

Far down the trail they saw him, and his hands they were blanched like bone ;
His face was a blackened horror, from his eyelids the salt rheum ran ;
His feet he was lifting strangely, as if they were made of stone,
But safe in his arms and sleeping he carried the crazy man.

So Clancy got into Barracks, and the boys made rather a scene ;
And the O.C. called him a hero, and was nice as a man could be ;
But Clancy gazed down his trousers at the place where his toes had been,
And then he howled like a husky, and sang in a shaky key :—

*“ When I go back to the old love that’s true to the fingertips,
I’ll say : ‘ Here’s bushels of gold, love,’ and I’ll kiss my girl on the lips ;
‘ It’s yours to have and to hold, love.’ It’s the proud boy I’ll be,
When I go back to the old love that’s waited so long for me.”*

Robert W. Service

The Song of the Pacifist

WHAT do they matter, our headlong hates, when we
take the toll of our Dead ?

Think ye our glory and gain will pay for the torrent of
blood we have shed ?

By the cheers of our Victory will the heart of the mother
be comforted ?

If by the Victory all we mean is a broken and brooding
foe ;

Is the pomp and power of a glittering hour, and a truce
for an age or so :

By the clay-cold hand on the broken blade we have
smitten a bootless blow !

If by the Triumph we only prove that the sword we
sheathe is bright ;

That justice and truth and love endure ; that freedom's
throned on the height ;

That the feebler folk shall be unafraid ; that Might shall
never be Right ;

If this be all : by the blood-drenched plains, by the
havoc of fire and fear,

By the rending roar of the War of Wars, by the Dead so
doubly dear . . .

Then our Victory is a vast defeat, and it mocks us as we
cheer.

Victory ! there can be but one, hallowed in every
land :

When by the graves of our common dead we who were
foemen stand ;

And in the hush of our common grief hand is tendered
to hand.

Cæsar Remembers

Triumph ! Yes, when out of the dust in the splendour
of their release
The spirits of those who fell go forth and they hallow
our hearts to peace,
And, brothers in pain, with world-wide voice, we clamour
that War shall cease.

Glory ! Ay, when from the blackest loss shall be born
most radiant gain ;
When over the gory fields shall rise a star that shall never
wane :
Then, and then only, our Dead shall know that they have
not fall'n in vain.

When our children's children shall talk of War as a mad-
ness that may not be ;
When we thank our God for our grief to-day, and blazon
from sea to sea
In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace . . . *that*
will be Victory.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

" The Street of Dreams " (1914) ; " To Verhaeren " (1917) ;
" Twenty-four Poems " (1918) ; " Swords and Flutes " (1919).

Cæsar Remembers

CÆSAR, that proud man,
Sat in his tent,
Weary with victory
With striving spent.

Where the grey Chilterns
Coiled and slept
That hard-lipped Emperor
Vigil kept.

William Kean Seymour

In the thin starlight
His glimmering hordes
Fought with the hard earth —
Spades for swords.

Out on the hill-slopes
His helméd host
Piled stark ramparts
Rimmed with frost.

But Cæsar cared not
For dyke and wall,
Faint and remote
Came the bugles' call ;

Soft in the shadows
He saw, and heard,
A Roman garden,
A Roman bird.

" Worlds to conquer !—
But Cæsar fails
To add one song
To the nightingale's ! "

Soft in the shadows
The tired man heard
A woman's laughter,
A woman's word.

Cæsar, shivering,
Heard repeat,
Spades on the hillside,
Sentries' feet.

The Ambush

" WILD one, wild one, fleeing through the woods,
Your skin is rent with thorns, dark fear is in your eyes."
" A deer was caught by giant snakes with soft and
gleaming hoods :
They are winding round her heart until she dies."

" Wild one, wild one, quiet now your heart."
" The doe was white and beautiful, her eyes were fires of
pain."
" 'Tis bitter, for the chase I willed is ruined ere the
start :
By strong pursuing hounds I wished her slain."

" Wild one, wild one, break not from me so ;
The woods are fierce with hunger and day has fled the
skies,
But in the house is tenderness and dreams." " Oh,
God, I go
From the terror of his hands and hooded eyes."

EDWARD SHANKS

Assistant editor of *London Mercury* ; some of his best critical work is collected in " First Essays on Literature " (1923), and for his third book of poems he was awarded the Hawthorn-den Prize for Imaginative Literature. " Songs " (1915) ; " Poems " (1916) ; " Queen of China " (1919) ; " The Island of Youth " (1921) ; " The Shadowgraph " (1925).

The Holiday

THE world's great ways unclose
Through little wooded hills :
An air that stirs and stills,
Dies sighing where it rose

Edward Shanks

Or flies to sigh again
In elms, whose stately rows
Receive the summer rain,
And clouds, clouds, clouds go by,
A drifting cavalry.
In squadrons that disperse
And troops that reassemble,
And now they pass and now
Their glittering wealth disburse
On tufted grass a-tremble
And lately leafing bough.

Thus through the shining day
We'll love or pass away
Light hours in golden sleep,
With clos'd half-sentient eyes
And lids the light comes through,
As sheep and flowers do
Who no new toils devise.
While shining insects creep
About us where we lie
Beneath a pleasant sky,
In fields no trouble fills,
Whence, as the traveller goes,
The world's great ways uncloset
Through little wooded hills.

Waste

SO rich a treasure in yourself you bring,
That some is spilt and wasted on the way,
As low clouds, halting, on wild seas astray,
Cheat the thick, thirsty blossoms of the spring.
And some I waste. But in our later years
We shall remember how, too prodigal,
We let the precious drops of honey fall,

The Swimmers

And pay for them at last with useless tears.
Ah, waste, waste, waste ! However much there is,
There's not too much for bare and mortal days,
That now, receding in youth's golden haze,
Seem dim but ever full eternities.
But there's an end ! Take heed lest you and I
Have wasted wealth to think on when we die.

The Swimmers

THE cove's a shining plate of blue and green,
With darker belts between
The trough and crest of the lazily rising swell,
And the great rocks throw purple shadows down
Where transient sun-sparks wink and burst and drown,

And the distant glimmering floor of pebble and shell
Is bright or hidden as the shadow wavers,
And everywhere the restless sun-steeped air
Trembles and quavers,
As though it were
More saturate with light than it could bear.

Now come the swimmers from slow-dripping caves,
Where the shy fern creeps under the veined roof,
And wading out meet with glad breast the waves.
One holds aloof,
And climbs alone the reef with shrinking feet
That scarce endure the jagged stone's dull heat,
Till on the edge he poises
And flies towards the water, vanishing
In wreaths of white, with echoing liquid noises,
And swims beneath, a vague, distorted thing.

Now all the other swimmers leave behind
The crystal shallow and the foam-wet shore,

Edward Shanks

And sliding into deeper waters find
A living coolness in the lifting flood :
Then through their bodies leaps the sparkling blood,
So that they feel the faint earth's drought no more.
There now they float, heads raised above the green,
White bodies cloudily seen,
Further and further from the brazen rock
On which the hot air shakes, on which the tide
Vainly throws with soundless shock
The cool and lagging wave. Out, out they go,
And now upon a mirrored cloud they ride,
Or turning over, with soft strokes and slow,
Slide on like shadows in a tranquil sky.
Behind them, on the tall parched cliff, the dry
And dusty grasses grow
In shallow ledges of the arid stone,
Starving for coolness and the touch of rain.
But, though to earth they must return again,
Here come the soft sea airs to meet them blown
Over the surface of the outer deep,
Scarce moving, staying, falling, straying, gone,
Light and delightful as the touch of sleep. . .

One wakes and splashes round,
And magically all the others wake
From their sea-dream, and now with rippling sound
Their arms the silence break.
And now again the crystal shallows take
The dripping bodies whose cool hour is done :
They pause upon the beach, they pause and sigh,
And vanish in the caverns one by one.

Soon the wet footmarks on the stones are dry :
The cove sleeps on beneath the unwavering sun.

ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD

First became known by those brilliant romances "The Red Cravat" and "Running Horse Inn," and after writing one or two powerfully realistic novels of modern life, has returned to romance with what is perhaps the finest of his books, "Brave Earth." The following is from a volume of his poems which he has withheld from publication too long.

School

OVER the firs, and over the tall elm-trees,
Still fills the sky with stars ?
And in the garden do the blood-red roses
Challenge the blood-red Mars ?

Under the bridge still flows the weedy river,
Dark water 'neath the dark ?
And does the haunted castle still deliver
Ghosts to the waiting bark ?

The slow hands mark the sleepy hour that passes,
The church guards her white graves,
A little wind rustles the soft tall grasses,
Under the rood that saves.

Oh, you who sleep, and wake at this swift clamour,
The ringing of the bell,
Some of us wakened once to your day's glamour,
But come not back to tell.

And some amid far firs and graves are dwelling,
And waters very far,
Who wait to hear the clangour of the belling,
And see the morning star.

EDWARD SHILLITO

Minister of Buckhurst Hill Church ; whose verse has much of the simplicity and religious mysticism that are the charm of George Herbert's. "The Omega" (1916) ; "Jesus of the Scars" (1919).

Jesus of the Scars

"He showed them His hands and His side."—JOHN xx. 20.

IF we have never sought, we seek Thee now ;
Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars ;
We must have sight of thorn-pricks on Thy brow,
We must have Thee, O Jesus of the Scars.

The heavens frighten us ; they are too calm ;
In all the universe we have no place.
Our wounds are hurting us ; where is the balm ?
Lord Jesus, by Thy Scars, we claim Thy grace.

If when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine ;
We know to-day what wounds are, have no fear,
Show us Thy Scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong ; but Thou wast weak ;
They rode, but Thou didst stumble to a throne ;
But to our wounds only God's wounds can speak,
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.

The Adventurer

IT was like God the narrow path to take
Wherein He calls the sons of men to tread,
Like Him with steady hand His all to stake
Upon one sacred Head.

Weeders

He writes His holy comedy, as though
At Calvary as the Fifth Act nears its end,
Upon one tragedy more, one final woe
The curtain must descend.

It was like God, our gallant God to fall
Leading His men, where there is no retreat,
From the stormed height of Calvary to call
A lost world to His feet.

HORACE SHIPP

“Hecuba in Camden Town” (1920).

Weeders

ACROSS the field they spread,
A crooked line between the rigid furrows of the earth :
Bent women, young and old,
Their hard, brown hands
Groping and groping in the brown, hard soil,
Hour after hour, yard by sun-scorched yard,
Weeding.
First with their laughter and the human word,
Morning till noon-heat ;
Now silent.
The hot fingers of the sun pluck them ;
The hard ridges of the earth,
The angular, bent bodies,
Hot tarred fences,
And jagged edges of the endless furrows
Look brittle in the stiff heat of the sun.
Hour succeeds mute hour.
The line creeps a little forward,
Then, at evenfall, the heat relaxes.

Horace Shipp

One by one torturedly
They stand upright again straightening their bent backs.
Far off in the vaulted cathedral
A white-robed cleric,
With cool hands fingering the Services,
Prays the Lord's Prayer with modulated voice,
". . . Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive . . ."
And God's hand,
Grown cramped in giving,
Is stretching its soiled fingers wearily.

Rebel

BEAUTY to you is some white queen who stands
Remote from common things in her high chamber,
Lamplit and precious, rich with gold and amber,
Passionless, with a lily in her hands.

Stern at her guarded gates, the people : brutes,
Ill-favoured, fetid, murmuring discontent,
She does not hear nor know. The lily's scent
Hangs heavily ; there is charm of hidden lutes.

You are her maiden, mirroring her face,
But I would lead her through the clangorous street,
Where evil swarms and breeds, where all the place
Is grey with pain and bitter with defeat,
Until she knew her kinship with the race
Sullied to make a pathway for her feet.

Chant Autumnal

NOT all your spilth of sudden gold,
Not all your beauty passing by,
Helps us forget that you are old,
That you are old and like to die.

The Garden in Spring

The splendid torment of your face,
The burning wonder of your fire,
Cry that your feet have known the place
Of passionate living and desire.

For you have trafficked with the sun,
And you have known the wind's caress ;
Yea, from the amorous rain have won
This garment of your loveliness.

But now the winds will strip you bare ;
The rains will batter down your gold ;
The sun will know you not, nor care
That you are dying, being old.

FREDEGOND SHOVE

" Dreams and Journeys " (1918) ; " Daybreak " (1922).

The Garden in Spring

THE west has purple wings to spread
Above these tulips in their bed ;
The daffodils have tears to shed
In angel pity for the dead.

The cuckoo's voice is in the hill ;
The blackbird in the garden still
Calls to the wallflowers warm and sweet
To blossom at his yellow feet.

The daisies open wide and prink
Their snowy frills with vivid pink ;
The sun that now begins to sink
Gives the green earth his beams for drink.

May Sinclair

The lilac bears his burden down
And sweeps the grass with purple crown,
Pouring his perfume on the air
For bees to carry everywhere.

The chestnut sheds her rosy sheaf—
As queens bestow a royal grief—
Upon the path where pebbles lie
Like shining fragments of the sky.

O world of heat! O day in spring!
There is a song in each green thing.
O blossoms, teach my soul to sing
Before the frost has touched her wing.

MAY SINCLAIR

One of the ablest, and the most subtly psychological of contemporary women novelists. For her novels, her work in philosophy, criticism and poetry, she has been ranked as "the foremost living writer among English-speaking women." Her first novel ("Audrey Craven") was preceded by two volumes of verse, but her most characteristic poetry is in the more recent "The Dark Night," a novel in unrhymed, irregular verse that, rising at times to a lyrical beauty of phrase, has the narrative power of her novels in prose. "Essays in Verse" (1891); "The Dark Night" (1924). "The Grandmother" was first published in the *Criterion*.

The Grandmother

I

GRANDMOTHER sits in her chair
On the flagged walk, in the sun,
She is nodding with sleep.
Her white cashmere shawl has a faint scent of camphor,

The Grandmother

And her gown a faint scent of lavender.
Her face is soft and blank like a mask of white wool,
Her eyes are covered with a blueish film,
Like oil on water,
They pour tears when they blink in the sun,
Their shut lids are wet with tears.
“Granny, are you asleep?”
She wakes when she hears me,
Her pale purple lips shake in a sad, kind smile.
“Is it you, Elizabeth?”
“Yes, did you want me?”
Has the time seemed very long?”
She answers, “No.
I am quite happy,
Sitting here,
Thinking about God.”
I wonder: What does she think about Him?
What goes on behind the mask of white wool,
Behind the filmed eyes?
I think she sees herself in heaven,
In a warm, comfortable place, sitting in an arm-chair,
Wrapped in a new, snow-white, heavenly shawl,
With God’s arms around her,
The arms of a nice, kind man
Who knows all about Grandmother;
He is old, eternally old, the white-bearded Ancient of
Days,
And he loves Grandmother.
She cuddles close in his arms,
And she talks to him like a child,
She asks him to forgive her all the naughty things she
has done;
She is so old and tired
That she falls asleep when she prays;
And sometimes she is thinking about what there will be
for dinner,
When she ought to be thinking about him.

May Sinclair

And sometimes she is cross with Elizabeth
She is so tired and weak,
And she has had trouble ;
God knows all about it,
How they all went away,
How they all died,
How there is nobody left but Elizabeth—
And ah well, dear God, you know what Elizabeth is
And God tightens his arms,
And says, " Never mind, Granny,
It's all right.
Go to sleep on My shoulder."

Oh God, I, who never prayed to You,
Pray to You now :
Let me not sleep like this :
Never for me the dark calm,
The dreamless and corrupt content.
Let me die waking,
With thought a light in my brain,
And love a fire in my heart,
And afterwards
Never to rest in the folded arms of heaven,
But to go on,
Following God through the glory of the worlds for
ever.
Give me, not peace,
But the bright, sharp ecstasy,
And what pang may come after.

II

Grandmother is dying ;
She falls from sleep to sleep,
From dream to dream.
The things of to-day and yesterday
That have lived but a short time with her

The Grandmother

Are gone,
And only the old things remain.
She has forgotten to read in her Bible,
She has forgotten to pray,
Forgotten all about God.
She has forgotten me,
She thinks that I am my mother, her daughter, Eliza-
beth ;
For the dead children have come back to her,
They sit on her knee,
She shakes out the little garments,
And folds them up.
“Granny, what are you doing ? ”
“Putting my babies to bed.”
Sometimes a new-born baby
Lies with her there in the bed ;
And sometimes she is a child herself,
And the old dead men, her brothers, are children with
her.

Then she is frightened,
She thinks there are ghosts in the room,
And faces that look at her.
When the thunderstorm came she cried,
And hid herself in my arms ;
She thought I was her mother.

Surely, surely God remembers,
Though she forgets,
Surely somewhere the arms of the kind God are waiting
For this child heavy with sleep.
I tuck in the blankets round her,
She must sleep warm to-night
Who will lie so cold to-morrow .

Ah, the dark night,
Darker the dark round her,
Steeper the walls of sleep.

Edith Sitwell

Grandmother died last night.

I lift the white sheet
And uncover the dead face,
White among the white roses, the white lilies ;
Her face is more living than when it was alive,
No longer the blank soft mask of wool,
But firm and clear,
With a stern, sad beauty,
Beauty of one who knows,
Who has looked on at the passing
Of all things that she loved ;
That is the face she must have had long ago.

EDITH SITWELL

With her brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, has popularized in this country that *vers libre*, or " new " poetry, which delights some readers and infuriates others. They are in poetry very much what the futurists were in art—rebels against established order, and not to be judged until their revolution has ceased to be riotous and its supporters and opponents have recovered their critical serenity of mind. " The Mother " (1915) ; " Clowns' Houses " (1918) ; " The Wooden Pegasus " (1920) ; " Façade " (1922) ; " Sleeping Beauty " (1924) ; " Troy Park " (1925).

Processions

WITHIN the long black avenues of Night
Go pageants of delight,

With masks of glass the night has stained with wine,
Hair lifted like a vine ;—

The Mother

And all the coloured curtains of the air
Were fluttered. Passing there,

The sounds seemed warring suns ; the music flowed
As blood ; the mask'd lamps showed

Tall houses light had gilded like despair :
Black windows, gaping there.

Through all the rainbow spaces of our laughter
Those pageants followed after ;

The negress Night, within her house of glass
Watched the processions pass.

The Mother

I

OUR dreams create the babes we bear ;
Our beauty goes to make them fair.
We give them all we have of good,
Our blood to drink, our hearts for food.

And in our souls they lie and rest
Until upon their mother's breast,
So innocent and sweet they lie.
They live to curse us ; then they die.

When he was born, it seemed the spring
Had come again with birds to sing
And blossoms dancing in the sun
Where streams released from winter run.

His sunlit hair was all my gold,
His loving eyes my wealth untold ;

Edith Sitwell

All heaven was hid within my breast
Whereon my child was laid to rest.

He grew to manhood. Then one came
False-hearted as Hell's blackest shame,
To steal my child from me, and thrust
The soul I loved down to the dust.

Her hungry, wicked lips were red
As that dark blood my son's hand shed,
Her eyes were black as Hell's own night,
Her ice-cold breast was winter-white.

I had put by a little gold
To bury me when I was cold.
Her fangèd, wanton kiss to buy
My son's love willed that I should die.

The gold was hid beneath my bed ;
So little, and my weary head
Was all the guard it had. They lie
So quiet and still who soon must die.

He stole to kill me while I slept—
My little son, who never wept
But that I kissed his tears away
So fast, his weeping seemed but play.

So light his footfall, yet I heard
Its echo in my heart, and stirred
From out my weary sleep to see
My child's face bending over me.

The wicked knife flashed serpent-wise.—
Yet I saw nothing but his eyes,
And heard one little word he said
Go echoing down among the Dead.

The Mother

II

They say the Dead may never dream,
But yet I heard my pierced heart scream
His name within the dark. They lie
Who say the Dead can ever die.

For in my grave I may not sleep
For dreaming that I hear him weep,
And in the dark, my dead hands grope
In search of him. O barren hope !

I cannot draw his head to rest
Deep down upon my wounded breast. . . .
He gave the breast that fed him well
To suckle the small worms of Hell.

The little wicked thoughts that fed
Upon the weary, helpless Dead. . . .
They whispered o'er my broken heart,
They stuck their fangs deep in the smart.

"The child she bore with bloody sweat
And agony has paid his debt.
Through that bleak face the stark winds play ;
The crows have chased his soul away.

"His body is a blackened rag
Upon the tree—a monstrous flag,"
Thus one worm to the other saith,
Those slow mean servitors of Death.

They chuckling said : "Your soul, grown blind
With anguish, is the shrieking Wind
That blows the flame that never dies
About his empty, listless eyes."

Osbert Sitwell

I tore them from my heart. I said
"The life-blood that my son's hand shed,
That from my broken heart outburst,
I'd give again, to quench his thirst.

"He did no sin. But cold blind earth
The body was that gave him birth.
All mine, all mine the sin; the love
I bore him was not deep enough."

OSBERT SITWELL

"Twentieth Century Harlequinade" (1916); "Argonaut and
Juggernaut" (1919); "The Winstonburg Line" (1920);
"Out of the Flame" (1923).

At the House of Mrs. Kinfoot

AT the house of Mrs. Kinfoot
Are collected
Men and women
Of all ages.
They are supposed
To sing, paint, or to play the piano.
In the drawing-room
The fire-place is set
With green tiles
Of an acanthus pattern.
The black curls of Mrs. Kinfoot
Are symmetrical.
—Descended, it is said,
From the Kings of Ethiopia—
But the British bourgeoisie has triumphed.
Mr. Kinfoot is bald

At the House of Mrs. Kinfoot

And talks
In front of the fire-place
With his head on one side,
And his right hand
In his pocket.

The joy of catching tame elephants,
And finding them to be white ones,
Still gleams from the jungle-eyes
Of Mrs. Kinfoot,
But her mind is no jungle
Of Ethiopia,
But a sound British meadow.
Listen then to the gospel of Mrs. Kinfoot :
“ The world was made for the British bourgeoisie,
They are its Swiss Family Robinson ;
The world is not what it was.
We cannot understand all this unrest !

Adam and Eve were born to evening dress
In the southern confines
Of Belgravia,
Eve was very artistic, and all that,
And felt the fall
Quite dreadfully.
Cain was such a man of the world
And belonged to every club in London ;
His father simply adored him,
—But had never really liked Abel,
Who was rather a milk-sop.
Nothing exists which the British bourgeoisie
Does not understand ;
Therefore there is no death
—And, of course, no life.

The British bourgeoisie
Is not born

Osbert Sitwell

And does not die,
But, if it is ill,
It has a frightened look in its eyes.

The War was splendid, wasn't it ?
Oh yes, splendid, splendid."

Mrs. Kinfoot is a dear,
And so artistic.

Alone

FROM my high window,
From my high window in a southern city,
I peep through the slits of the shutters,
Whose steps of light
Span darkness like a ladder.
Throwing wide the shutters
I let the streets into the silent room
With sudden clatter ;
Walk out upon the balcony
Whose curving irons are bent
Like bows about to shoot—
Bows from which the mortal arrows
Cast from dark eyes, dark-lashed
And shadowed by mantillas,
Shall in the evening
Rain down upon men's hearts
Paraded here, in southern climes,
More openly.
But, at this early moment of the day,
The balconies are empty ;
Only the sun, still drowsy-fingered,
Plucks, pizzicato, at the rails,
Draws out of them faint music
Of rain-washed air,

Alone

Or, when each bell lolls out its idiot tongue,
When time lets drop his cruel scythe,
They sing in sympathy.
The sun, then, plucks these irons,
As, far below,
That child
Draws his stick along the railings.
The sound of it brings my eye down to him.
Oh heart, dry heart,
It is yourself again.
How nearly are we come together.
If, at this moment,
One long ribbon was unfurled
From me to him,
I should have shown
Above in a straight line—
A logical growth,
And yet,
 I wave, but he will not look up,
 I call, but he will not answer.

From where I stand
The beauty of the early morning
Suffocates me ;
It is as if fingers closed round my heart.
The light flows down the hills in rivulets,
So you could gather it up in the cup of your hands,
While pools,
The cold eyes of the gods,
Are cradled in those hollows.
Cool are the clouds,
Anchored in the heaven ;
Green as ice are they,
To temper the heat in the valleys
With arches of violet shadow.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

"The People's Palace" (1918); "Doctor Donne and Gargantua" (1921); "The Hundred and One Harlequins" (1922).

Outskirts

THE gold voice of the sunset was most clearly in the air
As I wandered through the outskirts of the town.

And here disposed upon the grass, I see
Confetti-thick the amorous couples,—
What thoughts, what scenes, evoke, evaporate
In leaden minds like theirs?
Can I create them? These things
Which mean the happiness of multitudes?
A river bank, grass for a dancing-floor,
The concertina's wail, and then the darkening day.

Raise your eyes from ground to trees
And see them stretch elastically
Tall and taller,—then look along
The banks all frayed of the canal
Where we are sitting,—the water
Lies like a sword
With marks of rust
Where the sun has caught it.
Lie back and listen,
Watch the reflections.

You see the ripples run among the leaves,
Brush them aside, like painted birds
That sing, within the lattices
The sun's hot bars make with the branches.
In China, I am told, my dear
The temples are outlined with bells
That swing in the wind, or clash
Beneath the rain-showers.

Tahiti

So when these ripples play among the trees
Or any insect drops upon the water
The rings and circles spread
Make the whole trees shiver,
And far down you hear
Clash upon clash, the ringing
Of the bells that jangle with the leaves.

You cannot pierce those distances ?
Look up ! Look up !
Night is slowly coming to fill the valleys,
Drench the hills, and free us
From the suffocation of the sunset.
On lands all turbulent with heat
The small white houses dancing
On the rim of the horizon,—like aproned children
In a schoolyard—are stilled.
The far-off hills stand solitary,
Made yellow by the sun.
Beneath them where the river winds
You hear the spirting of a gramophone—
A fountain playing with discoloured water ;
And the strumming of a piano,
Too far for voice to carry,
Jerks like a mote before our eyes.
For all the instruments men make
Play on a public holiday,
That birdlike we may play upon a reed,
Or let the nightingale we've made
Sing among our trees of sentiment.

Tahiti

WHEN the hood of night comes on the land
My ship is rocked by the sunset wind—
Shrill voices from the town
Cleave the air like darts ;

C. Fox Smith

When they sing in chorus
It were as if steel arrows of the day,
The showers of rain, rebounded to the dome of air.
When one alone shouts loud, his jagged voice
Blares like a trumpet. Banjos and drums
Beat, twang, and throb hysterically
Outside the mud-built huts.

Far off, the sun, caught spider-like
In its cloud-web, is seething down the sea
And churns the waves, spatters them with blood.
Despairingly it waves red tentacles, clutching
Fiercely each wool-white wave crest, then splutters out
Ashore, the tall trees flap their foliage,
Cut out like stage-trees carved in canvas ;—
The leaves whip the trees as ropes flick the masts
Of every salt-fed ship.

C. FOX SMITH

Has written much of the sea in prose and in verse ; uses the vernacular with extraordinary skill and effectiveness ; her ballads and lyrics of ships and the sea and sailormen have a masculine vigour and picturesqueness of phrase seldom found nowadays outside the pages of Kipling. " Songs in Sail " (1914) ; " Rhymes of the Red Ensign " (1919) ; " Rovings " (1921) ; " Sea Songs and Ballads " (1923), etc.

Pacific Coast

HALF across the world to westward there's a harbour
that I know,
Where the ships that load with lumber and the China
liners go,—

Pacific Coast

Where the wind blows cold at sunset off the snow-crowned peaks that gleam
Out across the Straits at twilight like the landfall of a dream.

There's a sound of foreign voices—there are wafts of strange perfume—

And a two-stringed fiddle playing somewhere in an upstairs room ;

There's a rosy tide lap-lapping on an old worm-eaten quay,

And a scarlet sunset flaming down behind the China Sea.

And I dare say if I went there I should find it all the same,

Still the same old sunset glory setting all the skies aflame,
Still the smell of burning forests on the quiet evening air,—

Little things my heart remembers nowhere else on earth but there.

Still the harbour gulls a-calling, calling all the night and day,

And the wind across the water singing just the same old way

As it used to in the rigging of the ship I used to know
Half across the world from England, many and many a year ago.

She is gone beyond my finding—gone for ever, ship and man,

Far beyond that scarlet sunset flaming down behind Japan ;

But I'll maybe find the dream there that I lost so long ago—

Half across the world to westward in a harbour that I know—

Half across the world from England many and many a year ago.

C. Fox Smith

Port o' Dreams

"THERE'S a deal o' ports," said Murphy, "an' I guess
I've sampled most—

Round about the Gulf o' Guinea, up an' down the Chili
coast,

In the Black Sea an' the Baltic an' the China seas I've
been,

An' the North Sea an' the South Sea an' the places in
between.

"An' the ports as look the finest turn out some'ow worst
of all—

For I lost my chum in Rio in a Dago dancin' 'all,
An' I lost my bloomin' 'eart once to a wench in Callao,
An' I lost my youth in 'Frisco . . . but that's years an'
years ago.

"But there's one I've never sighted out of all the ports
that be :

It's a place a feller talked of as was shipmates once with
me

In the hooker *Maid of Athens*—she was one of Dunc
Macneill's,

She went missin' many a year since bound from Steveston
home with deals.

"An' this feller said the drinks there are the best a man
could find,

An' a sailor's always welcome, an' the girls are always
kind,

An' there's dancin' an' there's singin' an' there's every
sort of fun

In the plaza of an evenin' when the lazy day is done.

"An' the blessed old Pacific he keeps singin' like a psalm
To the shippin' in the roadstead an' the firefly in the
palm,

Confession

An' the days are never scorchin' an' the nights are
never 'ot
In that port 'e used to yarn of with the name I've clean
forgot.

" An' I'll never fetch that harbour, but it's maybe for the
best,
For I dare say if I found it it'd be like all the rest,
An' I like to think it's waitin', waitin' all the while for
me,
With the red wine an' the white wine an' the dancin' an'
the spree,
An' the fireflies gleamin' golden in the palms I'll never
see."

STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD

" The Common Day " (1915).

Confession

GREY through my window looms the sullen sky,
Sleep's fingers will not rest upon my eyes ;
The night is Thine, O God, and in my heart
I speak my secret faith in humble wise.

Not mine the wonder of the winters fair,
Not mine the fresh young beauty of the spring ;
The summer's blos'my fragrance, nor the gold
And brown of autumn's leafy garnering.

Not mine the stir of wind across the heath,
The whip of spray, the tang of weed-strown shore
Not mine the dawn nor wine-flush of the west,
The sea's soft whisper and her angry roar.

J. C. Squire

Not mine night's stillness, nor the moon's white lure,
Not mine the dreams that lit my silent hours ;
Not mine the eyes that saw, the feet that strayed,
The hands that plucked and garlanded Thy flowers.

Thine was the Light, and Thine the eye that saw,
The hand that gave, and took its heart's desire ;
Dreamer and dreams, the singer and the song :
Mine was, O God, the clay, and Thine the fire.

J. C. SQUIRE

Editor of the *London Mercury* ; a brilliant critic, essayist, and short story writer, and a poet with a sense of humour and irony. Began as a parodist, and was hailed as a master of parody for " Imaginary Speeches " (1912), and " Steps to Parnassus " (1913) ; and as a poet, whether working in classical measures or experimenting with new forms, has a strong individual note and a range of style that touches beauty and grace on the one side, and an uncompromising vigour of thought and realistic utterance on the other. " The Three Hills " (1913) ; " The Survival of the Fittest " (1916) ; " Twelve Poems " (1916) ; " Tricks of the Trade " (1917) ; " The Lily of Malud " (1917) ; " The Gold Tree " (1918) ; " Poems " (1918-22) ; " The Birds " (1919) ; " The Moon " (1920) ; " American and Other Poems " (1923).

To a Bull-Dog

(W. H. S., Capt. (Acting Major), R.F.A. ; killed April 12,
1917)

WE shan't see Willy any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more :
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.

To a Bull-Dog

We looked from the window and there was his cab,
And we ran downstairs like a streak,
And he said, "Hullo, you bad dog," and you crouched
on the floor,
Paralysed to hear him speak,

And then let fly at his face and his chest
Till I had to hold you down,
While he took off his cap and his gloves and his coat,
And his bag and his thonged Sam Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,
The three of us, just as of old,
And you lay down and I sat and talked to him
As round the room he strolled.

Here in the room where, years ago
Before the old life stopped,
He worked all day with his slippers and his pipe,
He would pick up the threads he'd dropped,

Fondling all the drawings he had left behind,
Glad to find them all still the same,
And opening the cupboards to look at his belongings
... Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,
Though you'll thrust your head on my knee,
And try to draw me from the absent-mindedness
That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know,
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,
That the last time we waved him away
Willy went for good.

J. C. Squire

But sometimes as you lie on the hearthrug
Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,
Even through your muddled old canine brain
Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,
How we brought home a silly little pup,
With a big square head and little crooked legs
That could scarcely bear him up.

But your tail will tap at the memory
Of a man whose friend you were,
Who was always kind though he called you a naughty
dog
When he found you on his chair ;

Who'd make you face a reproving finger
And solemnly lecture you
Till your head hung downwards and you looked very
sheepish !
And you'll dream of your triumphs too.

Of summer evening chases in the garden
When you dodged us all about with a bone :
We were three boys, and you were the cleverest,
But now we're two alone.

When summer comes again,
And the long sunsets fade,
We shall have to go on playing the feeble game for two
That since the war we've played.

And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street,

The Unvisited

Nor in any crowd ; yet, strange and bitter thought,
Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick and said, " Where's Willy ? "
You would quiver and lift your head,

And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,
And wait for the word to spring.
Sleep undisturbed : I shan't say *that* again,
You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
While you lie asleep on the floor ;
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,
And he won't be coming here any more.

The Unvisited

WHAT was there there beyond that farthest train,
Day beyond day the gentle wavelike plain,
Deserts and deep canyons and silent forests
Climbing to snowy peaks without a stain.

Groves of great fruits and towers built of old,
Vine-terraced hills and crystal streams and gold,
Soft-fronded palms, blue seas and golden beaches
That murmuring fringes of white foam enfold.

Dream-prairies spread with flowers that never grew,
And breezes balmier than ever blew,
A fiercer wilderness and mightier mountains
And deeper woods than ever traveller knew,

And mellowier fruits and bluer lovelier bays
And warmer starrier nights and idler days,
No pain, no cruelty and no unkindness,
Peace and content and love that always stays.

J. C. Squire

A London Sunset

IN fragments visible, enmeshed low down,
The sun is behind the trees, the trees are dark,
Against the dazzle of gold which fades away
To an upper sky of pale crystalline blue.
This side of the trees the garden's already dark,
But scattered around, take on the lingering light
Roofs and chimney pots, soft, mellow, serene.

There's a late bird going songless, intent, across,
High over all things here.

O peaceful hour,
I forget my body, I seem to be one with the sky,
A note in the chord of a beautiful ending thing.
Alone but not unhappy : not even alone,
For over this vast city so strangely hushed,
In high rooms, or standing at staircase windows,
On the summits of roads, or leaning on gates in the
suburbs,
Are lovers, with fingers touching, who look at the west,
And wondering boys and meditative old men,
Everywhere fixed a few, in suspended life,
Watching the last of the sun fade from the sky,
At peace with the same celestial dream as I.

The Three Hills

THERE were three hills that stood alone
With woods about their feet,
They dreamed quiet when the sun shone
And whispered when the rain beat.

They wore all three their coronals
Till men with houses came
And scored their heads with pits and walls
And thought the hills were tame.

Prairie Born

Red and white when day shines bright
They hide the green for miles,
Where are the old hills gone? At night
The moon looks down and smiles.

She sees the captors small and weak,
She knows the prisoners strong,
She hears the patient hills that speak :
“ Brothers, it is not long ;

“ Brothers, we stood when they were not
Ten thousand summers past.
Brothers, when they are clean forgot
We shall outlive the last ;

“ One shall die and one shall flee
With terror in his train,
And earth shall eat the stones, and we
Shall be alone again.”

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

Canadian novelist and poet ; has been named “ the poet of the prairies,” and as “ the only singer of decided merit that the Canadian West has yet produced.” His most popular novel is “ The Homesteaders,” and his books of verse are “ The Empire Builders ” (1908) ; “ *Prairie Born* ” (1911) ; “ Songs of the Prairie ” (1911) ; “ Why Don't They Cheer ? ” (1918).

Prairie Born

WE have heard the night wolf howling as we lay alone
in bed ;
We have heard the grey goose honking as he journeyed
overhead ;

Robert J. C. Stead

We have smelt the smoke-wraith flying in the hot October
wind,

And have fought the fiery demon that came roaring down
behind ;

We have seen the spent snow sifting through the key-
hole of the door,

And the frost-line crawling, crawling, like a snake across
the floor ;

We have felt the storm-fiend wrestle with the rafters in
his might,

And the baffled blizzard shrieking through the turmoil of
the night.

We have felt the April breezes warm along the plashy
plains ;

We have mind-marked to the cadence of the falling April
rains ;

We have heard the crash of waters where the snow-fed
rivers run,

Seen a thousand silver lakelets lying shining in the
sun ;

We have known the resurrection of the spring-time in
the land,

Heard the voice of Nature calling and the words of her
command,

Felt the thrill of spring-time twilight and the vague,
unfashioned thought

That the season's birthday musters from the hopes we
had forgot.

We have heard the cattle lowing in the silent summer
nights ;

We have smelt the smudge-fire fragrance—we have seen
the smudge-fire lights—

We have heard the wild duck grumbling to his mate
along the bank ;

Heard the thirsty horses snorting in the stream from
which they drank ;

Prairie Born

Heard the voice of Youth and Laughter in the long, slow-
gloaming night ;
Seen the arched electric splendour of the Great North's
livid light ;
Read the reason of existence—felt the touch that was
divine—
And in eyes that glowed responsive saw the End of God's
design.

We have smelt the curing wheat-fields and the scent of
new-mown hay ;
We have heard the binders clatter through the dusty
autumn day ;
We have seen the golden stubble gleaming through the
misty rain ;
We have seen the plow-streaks widen as they turned it
down again ;
We have heard the threshers humming in the cool Sep-
tember night ;
We have seen their dark procession by the straw-piles'
eerie light ;
We have heard the freight-trains groaning, slipping,
grinding, on the rail,
And the idle trace-chains jingle as they jogged along the
trail.

•

We have hopes to others foreign, aims they cannot under-
stand,
We, the " heirs of all the ages," we, the first-fruits of the
land ;
From the bosom of our prairies we have drunk a mighty
draught ;
We have fought with Fate bare-handed ; we have diced
with Death, and laughed ;
From our wild and wind-swept Mother we have travailed
in pain,

Robert J. C. Stead

She hath haltered us and bridled us and broken us in
twain ;
Yet she holds her children strangely in a passion never
done,
And our hearts are bound for ever in the spell that she
hath spun !

The Sufferers

THERE'S a breed that is born to suffer,
To carry the sin of the age,
And it matters not the condition,
And it matters not the wage,
Nor where in the wide creation,
The lure of the light they see—
There's a breed that is born to suffer,
As ever the breed must be.

Not for them is the peace of pleasure,
Or the comfort of content ;
Ever they bear the burden,
Though weary they be, and bent ;
Their days are spent in labour,
Their nights are spent in pain :
There's a breed that is born to suffer,
That others may reap the gain.

They are not of one flag or nation ;
They are not of one colour or race ;
They are not of one school of thinking ;
They are not of one class or place ;
But the blood of the breed is in them
And will not let them lie :
There's a breed that is born to suffer,
And suffer they must, or die.

The Sufferers

When the world is laxed and lazy,
Or sleeping in sweet content,
The breed is hard at the business
For which the breed was sent ;
And straining with brain and muscle,
In saintliness or sin,
They pry at the gates of knowledge
That all may enter in.

For the Thought that demands expression ;
For the Purpose that will attain ;
For the Thing that must be discovered,
They carry the weight of pain ;
For the Truth that needs revealing,
For the Law that is still unknown—
These are the calls they answer,
And make the calls their own.

The world knows not their labour,
The world knows not of the need,
The world knows not of the doing
Until it beholds the Deed ;
And some it accepts with gladness,
And some it rejects with scorn,
But the sufferer had to do it,
For to that end was he born.

And so in the hours of darkness
They try the untrodden ways,
There's never a path leads onward
But the path their efforts blaze ;
And little they care for labour,
Though weary and dark the night ;
There's a breed that is born to suffer—
To suffer is their delight !

W. Force Stead

*The world may read the verses,
But it will not understand,
For it does not know the workers,
Nor the way the work is planned ;
But the Men of the Midnight Effort—
To them will the truth be known,
For the breed that was born to suffer
Have a language of their own.*

W. FORCE STEAD

" Moonflowers " (1909) ; " Windflowers " (1911) ; " Holy Innocents " (1917) ; " Verd Antique " (1920) ; " The Sweet Miracle " (1922) ; " Wayfaring " (1924).

Bartholomew-Tide

NOW is the harvest of the year,
When sicklemen from early prime
Until the pale eve's bluest time,
Bend to their reaping, far and near.
Tho' sundown burns a rusty light,
Where all the ripened harvest heaves,
The red moon of another night
Will light but garnered sheaves.

The valley-orchard, deep and mute,
And thick of leaf and darkly green,
Is lit with low red lamps between
The leaves, where gleams the crimson fruit.
But when the stars are sharp and cold,
And frigid airs are wisping round,
The heavy apple, losing hold,
Rolls to the dew-chilled ground.

Madrigal

Bronzed pear-fruit swings and gold sunflower
Above the vine-tressed garden wall ;
Lone in the tree-top one bird-call
Echoes the year's brief lyric hour :
Maturing summer dreams of spring,
And dreaming hears the songs of May ;
But lo, while yet her late birds sing,
The first leaf floats away.

Now well-piled wain and steaming pair
Returning heap the laden bin ;
It is the time to gather in
Spring dreams, and all thy summer care.
But of thy sown seed and young shoot,
That April fed with rainy sleep,
And red June rounded into fruit,
What shall late August reap ?

Madrigal

(TO FRANCESCA)

I HEARD my lady playing
The song some old musician had caught,
And out of dew and sunshine wrought
One time when he went Maying :
I saw but dark runes on a printed sheet,
Yet out of these she drew the sweet
Delight of that old song.
"Behold, my love," I said,
"You raise him from the dead,
Who has been dead so long :
A soul that sleeps in unsuspected things
Waits for thy touch, then lifts its wings,
Waves in mine eyes, burns in my heart, and sings."

James Stephens

For Sylvia

Who Died in Spring

A WEEK since, and I saw her smile
In sunshine by the meadow-stile ;
A day since, and the lilies gave
Faint light and fragrance from her grave :
And now with dawn above them spread,
She and the lilies both are dead.

A Death in the House

THERE is much tiptoe moving to and fro
In darkened chambers where the blinds are tight,
And voices whisper in the ghostly light,
And fear steals trembling in a shroud of woe,
Because an old man from his home must go :
For him the home is fading out of sight,
He will be gone before the fall of night,
So all is closed and hushed, the lights made low.
Nay, but fling back the blinds, let the sun shine !
So may this voyager lift his eyes and hail
The blue alluring wild unending west ;
For neither Jason cleaving the lone brine
Towards Colchis, nor Columbus under sail,
Adventured on so high, so bold a quest.

JAMES STEPHENS

Irish life, scenery, character, folk-lore are the material of his novels ("The Crock of Gold," "The Charwoman's Daughter," etc.), and of his poems, which have a charming simplicity of manner and are touched at times with a quaint humour.

The Voice of God

" Insurrections " (1909) ; " The Hill of Vision " (1912) ;
" Songs from the Clay " (1915) ; " The Adventures of Seumas
Beg " (1915) ; " Reincarnations " (1918) ; " Dierdre " (1923).

Independence

I GREW single and sure,
And I will not endure
That my mind should be seen
By the sage or the boor. .

I will keep, if I can,
From each brotherly man :
The help of their hands
Is no part of my plan.

I will rise then and go
To the land of my foe,
For his scowl is the sun
That shall cause me to grow.

The Voice of God

I BENT again unto the ground,
And I heard the quiet sound
Which the grasses make when they
Come up laughing from the clay.

" We are the voice of God," they said :
Thereupon I bent my head
Down again that I might see
If they truly spoke to me.

But around me everywhere
Grass and tree and mountain were
Thundering in mighty glee,
" We are the voice of Deity."

James Stephens

And I leapt from where I lay,
I danced upon the laughing clay,
And, to the rock that sang beside,
"We are the voice of God," I cried.

The Road

BECAUSE our lives are cowardly and sly,
Because we do not dare to take or give,
Because we scowl and pass each other by,
We do not live; we do not dare to live.

We dive, each man, into his secret house,
And bolt the door, and listen in affright,
Each timid man beside a timid spouse,
With timid children huddled out of sight.

Kissing in secret, fighting secretly!
We crawl and hide like vermin in a hole,
Under the bravery of sun and sky
We flash our meannesses of face and soul.

Let us go out and walk upon the road,
And quit for evermore the brick-built den,
The lock and key, the hidden, shy abode
That separates us from our fellow-men.

And by contagion of the sun we may
Catch at a spark from that primeval fire,
And learn that we are better than our clay,
And equal to the peaks of our desire.

Optimist

ALL ye that labour, every broken man
Bending beneath his load, each tired heart

Optimist

That cannot quit its burden, all the clan,
Black-browed and fierce, who feel the woeful smart
Of fortune's lances, wayward, uncontrolled.
All ye who writhe in silence 'neath the sin
That no man knows about, and ye who sold
The freedom of your souls if ye might win
A moment's ease from strife, and hate the thing
That brought it, ye who droop, trembling with pain,
And hunger-haunted, lacking everything
That dignifies existence, and are fain
To lay ye down and die, hear the behest—
"All ye that labour, come to me, and rest."

Let ye be still, ye tortured ones, nor strive
Where striving's futile. Ye can ne'er attain
To lay your burdens down. All things alive
Must bear the woes of life, and if the pain
Be more than ye can bear, then ye must die.
This is the law, and bootless 'tis to seek
Far through the deeps of space, beyond the high
Pearl-tinted clouds, out where the moon doth peak
Her silver horns, for all that vastness bows
To an appointed toil, and weeps to find
Some kindly helper. Be ye patient, rouse
Your shoulders to the load to ye assigned,
And dree your weird; be sure ye shall not moan
Stretched in the narrow bed beneath the stone.

Lo, we are mocked with fancies, and we stretch
Meek, unavailing arms to anywhere,
But help is none. The north wind cannot fetch
An answer to our cries, nor in the air
Fanned by the south wind's van is any aid.
What then is left, but this, that we be brave
And steadfast in our places, not afraid
However fell our lot, and we will lave

Arthur Stringer

Us deep in human waters till our minds
Grow broad and kindly, and we haply steal
A paradise from Nature. Nothing binds
Man closer unto man than that he feels
The trouble of his comrade. So we grope
Through courage, truth, and kindness back to hope.

ARTHUR STRINGER

Canadian novelist and poet ; best known now, perhaps, as a novelist, but first made his reputation as a poet of imaginative and strikingly original quality. "Open Water" (1916).

The Man of Dreams

ALL my lean life
I garnered nothing but a dream or two.
These others garnered harvests
And grew fat with grain.
But no man lives by bread,
And bread alone.
So, forgetful of their scorn,
When starved, they cried for life,
I gave them my last dreams,
I bared for them my heart,
That they might eat.

The Pilot

I LOUNGE on the deck of the river-steamer,
Homeward bound with its load,
Churning from headland to headland
Through moonlight and silence and dusk ;

Life

And the decks are alive with laughter and music and
singing,
And I see the forms of the sleepers,
And the shadowy lovers that lean so close to the rail,
And the romping children behind,
And the dancers amidships.
But high above us there in the gloom,
Where the merriment breaks like a wave at his feet,
Unseen by lover and dancer and me,
Is the Pilot, impassive and stern,
With his grim eyes watching the course.

Life

A RIND of light hangs low
On the rim of the world ;
A sound of feet disturbs
The quiet of the cell
Where a rope and a beam loom high
At the end of the yard.

But in the dusk
Of that walled yard waits a woman ;
And as the thing from its cell,
Still guarded and chained and bound,
Crosses that little space,
Silent, for ten brief steps,
A woman hangs on his neck.

And the walk from a cell to a sleep
Is known as Life,
And those ten dark steps
Of tangled rapture and tears
Men still call Love.

L. A. G. STRONG

"Dublin Days" (1921); "The Lowery Road" (1923)

Three Little Songs

LOVER'S SONG

THE air is hot, the sun is high,
And all his fierce and garish light
Beats on the stream, and makes the road
A streak of dusky white.
Beneath the bridge, where all is cool,
The waters find relief from day;
And are refreshed in that cool place,
And rippling with an added grace
Pass out upon their way.

The world is hard, its eyes burn bright,
And in that hot and searching glare
The gentlest words, the loveliest thoughts,
Seem void of grace and bare.
But in your mind, where all is pure,
And all things wear a gentler hue,
They come, and are renewed, until
They are poured forth the lovelier still
For having lodged with you.

WASHERWOMAN'S SONG

CLOUDS, clouds, clouds in the sky,
The Heavenly washing is hung out to dry!
Billowing, bellying, full in the breeze,
Leaping and tugging as gay as you please.
Look, children, look at 'em! If they was mine,
I'd be in dread that they'd blow off the line.

For Fasting Days

POET'S SONG

ALL the exquisite cunning of hands,
All the diamond wit of the wise,
All the magical words that poets have dreamed,
Fade away at a glance of the eyes.
And the lips that Pheidias moulded are cold ;
Better the warmth of your lips and breath
Than the loves of Propertius given to dust,
Or Shelley strewing the road to death
With pure and delicate lilies of song.
O you have dumb'd the voice of the past !
How shall I praise you ? I look upon you,
Mine eyes are filled and I hold you fast.

MURIEL STUART

Lyrical and narrative poet, the beauty and emotional power of whose verse have rarely been excelled by any contemporary woman poet ; essentially modern in thought and feeling, and in her sympathy with the ideals of modern womanhood. " Christ at Carnival " (1916) ; " The Cockpit of Idols " (1918) ; " Poems " (1922).

For Fasting Days

ARE you my songs, importunate of praise ?
Be still, remember for your comforting
That sweeter birds have had less leave to sing
Before men piped them from their lonely ways.

Greener leaves than yours are lost in every spring ;
Rubies far redder thrust their eager rays
Into the blindfold dark for many days
Before men chose them for a finger-ring.

Muriel Stuart

Sing as you dare, not as men choose, receive not
The passing fashion's prize, for dole or due—
The hour's loud, foolish, unrecognition—grieve not!
Oh, stoop not to them! Better far that you
Should go unsung than sing as you believe not,
Should go uncrowned than to yourselves untrue.

Common Fires

THE fern and flame had fought and died together,
From fading frond the falling smoke crept grey,
The heath drew close her old brown shawl of heather
And turned her face away.

To-day the bee no bell of honey misses,
The birds are nesting where the bracken lies
Green, tranquil, deep, quiet as dreams or kisses
On weary lips and eyes.

The heath has drawn the blackened threads together,
My heart has closed her lips upon old pain,
But somewhere, in my heart and in the heather,
No bud shall grow again.

Forgiveness

ASK not my pardon! For if one hath need
Once to forgive the god that he hath raised,
No further creed
Can that god give; but 'neath the soul who praised
Lies bruised like a reed.

Let your dark plume, in passing, leave a stain
On my plume's whiteness: call your bitter, sweet:
Give plague, or pain:
But cringe not, fallen and fawning at my feet,
By that to rise again.

The Seed Shop

No ! go your wild mad way, and seem at least
The god you were . . . assume your aureole :
Make me no priest
To wash my hands in the waters of your soul,
 Before I go to feast.

The Seed Shop

HERE in a quiet and dusty room they lie,
Faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,
Forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry—
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

Dead that shall quicken at the call of Spring,
Sleepers to stir beneath June's magic kiss,
Though birds pass over, unremembering,
And no bee seek here roses that were his.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams,
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust
That will drink deeply of a century's streams;
These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in their safe and simple house of death,
Sealed in their shells a million roses leap ;
Here I can blow a garden with my breath,
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

REV. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY

Served as a Chaplain during the Great War ; awarded M.C.
Rector of a London church. In addition to books in prose,
has published in verse, that teaches a broad, humane philosophy

Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

with touches of homely humour and pathos, "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," and "More Rough Rhymes," under his Army nickname of "Woodbine Willy"; "Peace Rhymes of a Padre" (1920); "Songs of Faith and Doubt" (1922).

Humility

I KNOW. It is not easy to explain
Why should there be such agony to bear?
Why should the whole wide world be full of pain?
But then, why should her hair
Be like the sudden sunshine after rain?

Turn cynic if you will. Curse God and die.
You've ample reason for it. There's enough
Of bitterness, God knows, to answer why.
The road of life is rough,
But then there is the glory of the sky.

I find it ever thus. I scorn the sun.
I con the book of years in bitter rage.
I swear that faith in God is dead and done,
But then I turn a page,
And shake my sides with laughter at His fun.

If life were only tragedy all through,
And I could play some high heroic part,
With fate and evil furies to pursue,
I would with steadfast heart,
But my fine tragic parts are never true.

God always laughs and spoils them, and for me
He sets the stage to suit a human fool,
Who blunders in where angels fear to be,
So if life is His School,
I trow He means to teach Humility.

ARTHUR SYMONS

Few living critics of literature, art, music, are so scholarly and so subtle, or have a style more delicate or more strongly individual ; in prose and verse an intellectual romancist and a poetical realist. His Muse is more of the city than of the country ; the loveliness of his poetry is a little cold ; its sensuousness rather of the spirit than of the flesh, but its exquisite artistry touches disillusion with beauty and gives grace and charm to the motley, raw life of the town. " Days and Nights " (1889) ; " Silhouettes " (1892) ; " London Nights " (1895) ; " Amor's Victima " (1897) ; " Images of Good and Evil " (1900) ; " Collected Poems " (1901) ; " A Book of Twenty Songs " (1905) ; " The Fool of the World " (1906) ; " Tragedies " (1916) ; " Tristan and Iseult " (1917).

The Last Memory

WHEN I am old, and think of the old days,
And warm my hands before a little blaze,
Having forgotten love, hope, fear, desire,
I shall see, smiling out of the pale fire,
One face, mysterious and exquisite ;
And I shall gaze and ponder over it,
Wondering, was it Leonardo wrought
That stealthy ardency, where passionate thought
Burns inward, a revealing flame, and glows
To the last ecstasy, which is repose ?
Was it Bronzino, those Borghese eyes ?
And, musing thus among my memories,
O unforgotten ! you will come to seem,
As pictures do, remembered, some old dream.
And I shall think of you as something strange,
And beautiful, and full of helpless change,
Which I beheld and carried in my heart ;
But you, I loved, will have become a part
Of the eternal mystery, and love
Like a dim pain ; and I shall bend above
My little fire, and shiver, being cold,
When you are no more young, and I am old.

Rabindranath Tagore

The Blind Beggar

HE stands a patient figure, where the crowd
Heaves to and fro.
A sound is in his ears
As of a vexed sea roaring, and he hears
In darkness, as a dead man in his shroud.
Patient he stands, with age and sorrow bowed,
And holds a piteous hat of ancient years ;
And in his face and gesture there appears
The desperate humbleness of poor men proud.

What thoughts are his, as, with the inward sight,
He sees those mirthful faces pass him by ?
Is the long darkness darker for that light,
And sorrow nearer when such mirth is nigh ?
Patient, alone he stands from morn to night,
Pleading in his reproachful misery.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Indian poet, dramatist, novelist and essayist ; in his prose and verse a philosophical mystic, a dreamer of dreams, but a very practical visionary, a teacher no less in his books than in the school he has founded in Bengal and to which he has for many years devoted most of his time and thought. Has published over fifty works written in Bengali, and his poetry in English includes "The Gardener" (1913) ; "Fruit-Gathering" (1916) ; "The Cycle of Spring" (1917) ; "The Crescent Moon" (1919) ; "Gitanjali" (1919).

BID me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in
full baskets into your courtyard, though some are
lost and some are not ripe.
For the season grows heavy with its fulness, and there
is a plaintive shepherd's pipe in the shade.

No : it is not yours to open buds into blossoms

Bid me and I shall set sail on the river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting the languid waves
into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and in the weary hour of
evening the call comes from your house on the shore
in the sunset.

WHERE roads are made I lose my way,

In the wide water, in the blue sky there is no line of a
track.

The pathway is hidden by the bird's wings, by the star-
fires, by the flowers of the wayfaring seasons.

And I ask my heart if its blood carries the wisdom of the
unseen way.

NO : it is not yours to open buds into blossoms,

Shake the bud, strike it ; it is beyond your power to
make it blossom,

Your touch soils it, you tear its petals to pieces and strew
them in the dust.

But no colour appears, and no perfume.

Ah ! it is not for you to open the bud into a blossom.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.

He gives it a glance, and the life-sap stirs through its
veins.

At his breath the flower spreads its wings and flutters in
the wind.

Colours flush out like heart-longings, the perfume be-
trays a sweet secret.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.

Rachel Annand Taylor

Thanksgiving

THOSE who walk on the path of pride crushing the
lowly life under their tread, covering the tender
green of the earth with their footprints in blood ;
Let them rejoice, and thank Thee, Lord, for the day is
theirs.

But I am thankful that my lot lies with the humble who
suffer and bear the burden of power, and hide their
faces and stifle their sobs in the dark.

For every throb of their pain has pulsed in the secret
depth of Thy night, and every insult has been
gathered into Thy great silence.

And the morrow is theirs.

O Sun, rise upon the bleeding hearts blossoming in
flowers of the morning, and the torchlight revelry
of pride shrunk to ashes.

LISTEN, my heart, in his flute is the music of the smell
of wild flowers, of the glistening leaves and gleaming
water, of shadows resonant with bee's wings.

The flute steals his smile from my friend's lips and spreads
it over my life.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

A poet whose lyrics have beauty of thought and emotional or
dramatic power ; and author of a finely subtle study of the
Italian renaissance. " Poems " (1904) ; " Rose and Vine " (1909) ; " The Hours of Fiametta " (1910) ; " The End of Fiametta " (1923).

The Daughter of Herodias

THE Daughter of Herodias,
She danced before the king :

The Daughter of Herodias

That rain of ecstasy she was
Whose silver and fantastic feet
Flash down the ways of Spring

The Daughter of Herodias,
Magician loveliest !
What music clave unto her,—as
A star within her love-locks sweet,
A heart upon her breast !

The Daughter of Herodias,
Like waves before the moon,
Like ringing rimes a dreamer has
Lured to a lay of lover-folk,
Swayed softly to the tune.

The Daughter of Herodias,
She danced in gold and red
Upon the floors of chrysophras :—
The light of flaming cities broke
Behind her sumptuous head.

The Daughter of Herodias,
Resplendent, unappalled,
Wove such a spell, it came to pass
She drew the soul down sounding seas
Of pearl and emerald.

O Daughter of Herodias,
What horror of the deep,
What slime of impure things !—Alas !
What loathing loathed captivities
In that abysmal sleep !

Rachel Annand Taylor

The Immortal Hour

STILL as great waters lying in the West,
So is my spirit still.
I lay my folded hands within Thy breast,
My will within Thy will.
O Fortune, idle pedlar, pass me by.
O Death, keep far from me who cannot die.
The passion-flowers are lacing o'er the sill
Of my low door.—As dews their sweetness fill,
So do I rest in Thee.
It is mine hour. Let none set foot therein.
It is mine hour unflawed of pain or sin.
'Tis laid and steeped in silence, till it be
A solemn dazzling crystal, to outlast
And storm the eyes of poets when long-past
Is all the changing dream of Thee and Me.

The Hours of Fiametta

THE SUM OF THINGS (TO ANOTHER WOMAN)

WELL! I am tired, who fared to divers ends,
And you are not, who kept the beaten path;
But mystic Vintagers have been my friends,
Even Love and Death and Sin and Pride and Wrath.
Wounded am I, you are immaculate,
But great Adventurers were my starry guides:
From God's Pavilion to the Flaming Gate
Have I not ridden as an immortal rides?
And your dry soul crumbles by dim degrees
To final dust quite happily, it appears,
While all the sweetness of her melodies
Can only stand within my heart like tears.
O throbbing sounds, with tears and splendour spent—
Ye are all my spoil and I am well content.

Age Intercedes for Youth

I

FOR Youth who goes to War
 With winds of April blowing
Through his unvisored golden hair,
With reckless golden head all bare
 And all his banners flowing,—
For Youth, for Youth who rides afar
 In silver armour fair to see,
 With joints of gold at arm and knee,
 Rose-broidered prince of chivalry,
Arrogant, wistful, beautiful,—
 Youth the Pure Fool,—
We who are old, hard, winter-bitten gray,
Yet rode crusading once upon a day,
We pray to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
“*O let him win the battle that we lost.*”

II

For Youth who comes from War,
 Borne heavily, forsaken,
A bitter wound above the heart,
A horror in the tender heart,
 And all his banners taken,—
For Youth, for Youth brought from afar,
 His golden beauty soiled with dust,
 His silver armour black with rust,
 Despoiled of valour, pride, and trust,—
For Youth who seeks with pangs extreme
 His routed dream,—
We that are dust, yet once were dew and flame,
Pray, “*Let him linger not like us, in shame.*
Before those pangs corrupt, O bury Youth
In some white tomb with music and with ruth.”

GILBERT THOMAS

In his essays ("Sparks from the Fire," etc.) and his poems, is a poet and thinker who finds inspiration in the everyday life of his time. "Birds of Passage" (1912); "The Wayside Altar" (1913); "The Voice of Peace" (1914); "The Further Goal" (1915); "Towards the Dawn" (1918); "Poems: 1912-1919" (1920).

Solitude

I FOUND thee, Solitude, in creek and cave;
By lonely streams and silenced watermills;
Among the mystic whispers of the hills,
And on the moaning ocean's moonlit wave;
Where the west wind about some mossy grave
With plaint of common doom the spirit chills;
And in the organ's yearning voice which thrills
With ecstasy some dim cathedral nave.

But I have known thee better 'mid the glare
And glittering confusion of the town;
And in the vacant, melancholy stare
Of them that flitter, ghostlike, up and down.
Amid the clamours of the city square
Thy spirit holds her court and wears her crown!

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Since the publication of "The Apple of Eden" (1905), has taken his place with the ablest and most popular of living novelists and dramatists, and has written one volume of verse, "Poems: 1918-1923" (1924).

The Song of the Plough

I AM the precursor of God,
The earth divides at my blade.
Upturned by me, beneath each sod,
The seed of the soul is laid.

High Mass

The earth divides at my blade ;
Like water the furrows roll,
By my bright steel the bed is made
For the delivering of the soul.

Upturned by me, beneath each sod,
I set Life's purpose free ;
The deep impenetrable will of God
Is bared to sight by me.

The seed of the soul is laid ;
The warm wind lends its breath ;
I am the implement God made
To outroot the weed of Death.

High Mass

I NEVER knew at day-break
That, for a little space,
The birds made such a raptured song
In every leafy place—
As though it were their grace.

As though it were their grace song—
For, scarcely 'tis begun
To reach the swelling note of praise,
Before their thanks are done.
They silence one by one.

But, for those still first moments,
Before the day's awake,
They sing as though they held High Mass
In every tree and brake—
As 'twere for God His sake.

I never knew that, listening—
And with an eager ear—
To music in the choirs of God,
The human heart could hear—
And still be full of fear.

W. J. TURNER

"The Hunter and Other Poems" (1917); "The Dark Fire" (1918); "In Time Like Glass" (1922); "The Seven Days of the Sun" (1925).

The Forest Bird

THE loveliest things of earth are not
Her lilies, waterfalls or trees,
Or clouds that float like still white stones
Curved upon azure seas,
Or snow-white orchids, scarlet-lipped
In darkness of damp woods,
In rush of shadowy leaves;
Or the pale foam that lights the coast
Of earth on moonless eves.

The moon is lovely, and the sea's
Bright shadow on the sand;
The phantom vessel as it glides
Out from a phantom land;
And, hung above the shadowed earth
Moored in a crystal sky
The fleet of phantom lights;
These are but beauty's fading flags,
Her perishable delights.

But in transparency of thought
Out of the branched, dark-foliaged wood
There flits a strange, soft glimmering light,
Shy as a forest bird.
Most lovely and most shy it comes
From realms of sense unknown,
And sings of earthly doom
Of an immortal happiness
In the soul's deepening gloom.

KATHARINE TYNAN

Author of over a hundred books, more than half being deft and entertaining novels, mostly of Irish life and character, and three or four volumes of personal recollections ; but her most enduring work has been done in verse. She stands first among the women poets of Ireland ; her lyrics have a charm of spontaneity and perfect simplicity, and are inspired by a love of children, of nature, by thoughts and emotions common to humanity, and a deep religious earnestness. " Shamrocks " (1887) ; " Ballads and Lyrics " (1890) ; " Cuckoo Songs " (1894) ; " The Wind in the Trees " (1898) ; " Collected Poems " (1901) ; " Irish Love Songs " (1892) ; " Experiences " (1908) ; " New Poems " (1911) ; " Irish Poems " (1913) ; " Late Songs " (1917) ; " Evensong " (1922), etc.

The Old Love

OUT of my door I step into
The country, all her scent and dew,
Nor travel there by a hard road,
Dusty and far from my abode.

The country washes to my door
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,
The thunder of the woods, and then
The backwash of green surf again.

Beyond the feverfew and stocks,
The guelder-rose and hollyhocks ;
Outside my trellised porch a tree
Of lilac frames a sky for me.

A stretch of primrose and pale green
To hold the tender Hesper in ;
Hesper that by the moon makes pale
Her silver keel and silver sail.

Katharine Tynan

The country silence wraps me quite,
Silence and song and pure delight ;
The country beckons all the day
Smiling, and but a step away.

This is that country seen across,
How many a league of love and loss,
Prayed for and longed for, and as far
As fountains in the desert are.

This is that country at my door,
Whose fragrant airs run on before,
And call me when the first birds stir
In the green wood to walk with her.

The Meeting

(TO ADA TYRRELL)

AS I went through the ancient town,
Long lost and found once more,
Oh, who is this in a green gown
I knew so well of yore ?

Veils of enchantment hid the place,
Hung every street and square :
I felt the sea-wind in my face
And ruffling in my hair.

Oh town I loved so well and lost,
And find again with tears,
Your streets hold many a darling ghost
And all the vanished years.

Thanksgiving

My heart went singing a low song,
• Glad to be home again.
But who is this comes blithe and young,
Not feared of life but fain ?

Oh, who is this comes cold as stone
To my quick cry and call ?
Of all the faces loved and flown
I knew her best of all.

“ Stay, you are . . . ” Is she deaf and blind
Or hath she quite forgot ?
What chill is in the sun, the wind,
Because she knows me not ?

As I went down—my eyes were wet—
Eager and stepping fast
That was my own sweet youth I met
Who knew me not and passed.

Thanksgiving

(TO MAY SINCLAIR)

I THANK God when I kneel to pray
That mine is still the middle way.

Set in a safe and sweet estate
Between the little and the great ;

Not troubled with wealth's cares nor yet
Too poor where needs that cark and fret

Push out sweet leisure and green nooks,
And give no chance for talk and books

I take my middle way between
The mansion and a lodging mean.

Katharine Tynan

My cottage at the country's edge
Hath sweetbriar growing in its hedge.

Honesty, heartsease and sweet-peas,
Herb-bennet, love-in-idleness.

Give me a tree, a well, a hive,
And I can save my soul alive.

Yet be as poor in spirit as
The Poverello's Lady was.

I covet not soft silk or lace
Nor any lovely lady's face ;

Nor yet would go in hodden grey ;
But lawns and wool be my array.

I still may ask a friend to dine
And set him meat and pour him wine ;

Nor count the coins within my purse
To see that I am nothing worse.

I thank God that my middle place
Is set amid much pleasantness.

And not too high and not too low
The safe, untroubled path I go.

The Widow

BETWEEN her tears that run like rain,
Streaking her roses with their stain,
Her pretty smiles break forth and play
In her drowned eyes the old sweet way,
And find a dimple near her lip.

The Widow

From the old, dear companionship
Fond memories she recalls, gay jest,
And innocent laughter happiest.
Again she weeps, and for her part
Praises the Will that broke her heart,
And finds but love for him and her,
Although the Will hath stripped her bare.

Already, o'er the waste of Death
She plants her flowers of Hope and Faith,
Heartsease with Love-lies-bleeding, sees
Her days so many rosaries
That must be told before they meet,
Yet seeing her feet run to his feet,
What matter if they travel fast
Or slow, so they arrive at last?
Again the smile breaks happily,
The Promise of God in a wet sky
Because Time goes; yea, Time and Space
That bring her nearer his embrace.

She hopes God will forgive her even
That her lost darling makes her heaven,
That as she strives upon her road
She thinks on him more than on God;
Nor blessed saint, nor seraphim
Allure her thoughts that are of him;
Nor that sweet Mother of all grief
Who gives the broken hearts relief.
Across that waste she sees him live,
Surely the kind God will forgive.
So her rod flowers like Aaron's Rod.
These be Thy tender mercies, God!

ALBERTA VICKRIDGE

"The Sea Gazer" (1919); "The Poet Maker" (1922);
"The Forsaken Princess" (1924).

Winter Weather

WHEN Crazy Dick drew nigh to Storth,
The air was filled with flakes of white.
"Behold," he cried, "a miracle!
The sky is raining stars to-night!"

When John the Mayor looked out at Storth,
His breath in rusty vapour came.
"Thank God," he said, "for board and bed!"
And turned, and kicked the logs aflame.

So there was one that hour in Storth
Who had a pious prayer to pray,
And one who cried, "A miracle!
To-night men tread the Milky Way!"

E. H. VISIAK

"Buccaneer Ballads" (1910); "Flints and Flashes" (1911);
"The Phantom Ship" (1912).

The Sower

REST, weary heart. Your work is done.
The sown seed ripens in the sun.
The toil you gave, the care, the pain
Hath won to light the 'prisoned grain;
And many labourers are come
Unto the gladsome harvest home.

Quiet Night and Perfect End

But will the singing reapers know
The price you paid, the debt they owe ?
And will they give you thanks and praise
To cheer your solitary days ?

They shall not need. It matters not.
For, in the harvest fields of love,
Wherein the holy reapers move,
Your fame shall never be forgot.
Your soul hath won through bar and clod
Unto the dazzling fields of God.

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

One of the greatest of modern philosophic mystics, and has written many books, in prose and verse, on sacramental religion and the higher mysticism. "Collected Poems" (1914).

Quiet Night and Perfect End

THE desert cries for the city,
The city from strife and stress
Of the weary weeks, for a refuge seeks
In the cave and the wilderness.

I know that the marsh exhaling
White mists to a liquid star
In the windless night to a sacred height
Aspires, and the light afar.

I know that the woods wind-driven
Send thoughts—with a bird on high—
Through white cloud-clusters, when young March
blusters,
For the peace of a purple sky.

Arthur Edward Waite

The torrents pour through their chasms
To the unplumbed wells below,
And to ocean's vastness, with a sure flight's fastness,
All eager waters flow.

But O the city, the desert,
The forests, the marshes, the streams,
Wild waters falling which are crying and calling
As they roll, O soul, in thy dreams.

Earth knows not what it is seeking,
Though still to the search impelled,
But thou canst divine what an end is thine
And the course to that end withheld.

Thou hast sought in the city and desert ;
Thou hast sought in the height and deep,
Though the goal to win is not found therein ;
Yet a certain trance or sleep,

'Twixt space and time gives issue
By a wonderful path and lone,
Leading keen and straight to a mystical gate,
And beyond the gate it is known,

It is known, the end of the vision
Which is neither to East nor West,
And the North cannot tell it, nor the sweet South
spell it,
But the end of that path is rest.

The high thoughts reel and waver,
And sense in that realm untrod
Has bonds unbelted and cinctures melted,
But the end of the path is God.

C. HENRY WARREN

"The Stricken Peasant" (1925).

The Stricken Peasant

DIM twilight here ; and in her singing mind
Dim twilight too. Shut in this darkened room,
Over whose broad-beamed walls the shadows bloom,
All day she lies ;
Yet will her sweet thoughts find
Nothing but praise to tell until she dies.

No footstep passes but she knows the tread ;
And each some pastoral memory awakes
Within her dreamy head.
Or when the barley-wains
Go rumbling past, darkly her old brain tells
Of other wagons jolting up the lanes
In days long ; then breaks
A tear from shrunken lids the while she dwells
On far-off romping harvests that she knew
When Ned and she to their shy loving drew.

Sometimes, for hours, no company she knows
But chattering birds
That rustle in her eaves, when the wind blows
Sparrows and starlings, jostling, helter-skelter,
To the thatch for shelter :
Yet are their pipings plain to her as words.
Or she will turn to the window's leaded panes—
On loved scenes lingering long ;
And whether sun makes bright the land, or rains
Close it in tremulous veils, one song
Is ever at her lips—though mutely thrown
To the still air—of love and love alone.
And when the twilight fades and wagons come
Wheeling their yellow lights about her room,

Sir William Watson

As to the farm they pass along
Their very creaking is an evensong
So with their little circumstance, the days
Draw to a close ; the nights dark vigil keep—
Unblessed of sleep :
Yet is her every word a meed of praise.

Such peace is hers no knowledge gives,
Who, to no other end than loving, lives :
Such faith, no knowledge now can try,
With urgent Wherefore, Why,
To dim the brightness of her old belief.
Out of her very grief
Has grown this rich content,
Easing her soul in its lone banishment.

And often, in her dreams, the skies are riven
With a great light ; till her accustomed eyes
Behold the blaze of heaven.
Upon her ears a singing breaks ; the skies
Fold back and ever back ; and flaxen-fair
The angels are, moving in beauty there.
The memory is so bright for her
That waking, still she fears to stir
Lest this her room and these her hands should be
A borrowed dream out of Eternity.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

As a poet in the grand manner, with something of the splendid sonority of Milton, and of the serene dignity of Wordsworth, without his colloquial simplicity, Sir William Watson stands alone among his contemporaries. His odes, elegies and sonnets have restraint and nobility of style and are rich in golden lines and jewelled phrases ; nothing could be terser than his

Autumn

exquisitely finished epigrams ; has written also a sheaf of very beautiful lyrics, and some satirical verse that rises to a white heat of passionate anger. "The Prince's Quest" (1880); "Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature" (1884); "Wordsworth's Grave" (1890); "Lacrimæ Musarum" (1892); "Lyric Love" (1892); "The Eloping Angels" (1893); "Odes and Other Poems" (1894); "The Father of the Forest" (1895); "The Purple East" (1896); "The Year of Shame" (1896); "The Hope of the World" (1897); "Collected Poems" (1898); "Collected Poems" (1906); "New Poems" (1909); "The Muse in Exile" (1913); "The Superhuman Antagonists" (1919); "A Hundred Poems" (1922); "Poems Brief and New" (1925), etc.

Autumn

THOU burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young
And therefore blest and wise,—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendour, strange, and full of fear !
In vain her pageant shall the Summer rear ?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.

Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
Of Summer's bloom, the legend of the Spring !
And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing,
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme ;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou at height of thy magnificence
A figment and a dream.

Sir William Watson

Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire ;
And in the storm-dismantled forest-choir
For thine own elegy thy winds attune
Their wild and wizard lyre :
And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
The pathos of thy beauty, and the sting,
Thou parable of greatness vanishing !
For me, thy woods of gold and skies of grey
With speech fantastic ring.

For me, to dreams resigned, there come and go,
'Twixt mountains draped and hooded night and morn,
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn ;
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees,
Thy ruinous bowers and drifted foliage wet—
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes
And soul of all regret !

World-Strangeness

STRANGE the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease ?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.

Thomas Hood

So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

O Like a Queen

O LIKE a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head !
But O, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me !

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud, and pure, and free !

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing ;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread,
And O, her queenly golden head !
But O, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me !

Thomas Hood

HE saw wan Woman toil with famished eyes ;
He saw her bound, and strove to sing her free.
He saw her fall'n ; and wrote " The Bridge of Sighs " ;
And on it crossed to immortality.

Sir William Watson

Ode in May

LET me go forth and share
The overflowing Sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the pewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,
Grave, ceremonial, pure,
As once, from lips that endure,
The cosmic descant rose,
When the temporal lord of life,
Going his golden way,
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
But the strong god sued and pressed ;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

Nocturne

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears,
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
And fruit of thy love, O Sun,
For this thy spouse, thy adored.
To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,
Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
"Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul :
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the Whole.

ALEC WAUGH

Novelist, and has written of public school life, a record of his experiences as a prisoner of war, an autobiography, and one book of poems, "Resentment" (1918).

Nocturne

THE smouldering glow of sunset shines
Faintly through the bending pines ;

Alec Waugh

And twilight silverfooted creeps
Down the dimming paths, and peeps
Into glooms and dark recesses,
Covering with her falling tresses
Gently as a maid her lover,
Foxglove, violet and clover ;
And soft scents that sleep by day
Wake and through the darkness stray.
Earth and night and trees and sky
Are harpstrings to the harmony
That built a city out of dreams
Beside Scamander's winter streams.

All lovely things beneath the sun
Blend in that music and are one.
Beauty of colour, tune and rhyme,
Odour of muskrose and wild thyme,
And your swift laughter. Though your feet
Tread other paths and find them sweet,
In every mood that Beauty sways
Safe from the shame of lengthening days
You dwell untainted. I can feel
The fragrance of your warm breath steal
Over my face. The chilling air
Bows with the weight of falling hair,
And through the gateways of the blue
Untroubled endless leagues of sky
Your flocking thoughts tread quietly,
Wanderers seeking a far home,
Pilgrims one by one they come
Till the night is full of you.

O Love, in after days when Death
Has made you his, and with cold breath
Silenced your laughter, keen and free,
Unfettered by mortality,

Tit-for-Tat

The sense of you will linger still
In flower and wind and wooded hill.
And I shall find you when the night
In twilight's mantle kisses light,
My heart an altar for your sake
Will burn with vestal flames that take
Intenser radiance from the sense
Of your divine omniscience.
And in the corner of my brain
There will be plenty after pain.

MARION ST. JOHN WEBB

Has written prose stories ("Knock Three Times," "The Little Round House," etc.) and several books of verse for children: "The Littlest One" (1914); "Eliz'beth, Phil and Me" (1919); "The Littlest One Again" (1923), etc.

Tit-for-Tat

IT'S cold an' grey an' still outside,
And everything is wet with rain.
I'm standing on the cushion seat,
And breavin' on the window pane,
An' drawin' pictures with me 'and.
The window's high against the sky—
I can't see out unless I stand.

I've drawn a house an' chimley pot;
I've drawn a man an' child'en too,
A napple an' a toasting fork,
An' someone who is jus' like you,
An' Gran'ma sittin' in the rain.
The pane's so small I've filled it all,
And speks I'll have to breave again.

Mary Webb

But Jane has spoilt it now ; she says
I want a whippin'—an' I don't.
She's rubbed the window clean, and says
She'll fetch a policeman—but *she won't*.
And now she's gone downstairs again
I'm breavin' on the window pane.
I'll draw a nugly one of Jane.

Somebody Singing

SOMEBODY was singing
As we passed Miss Penny's house to-day.
"What a lovely song !" said Mother.
"Sung in such a tender way—
Like a mother singing to her children."
Mother went on walking,
But I stopped behind a minute there,
An' I peeped inside the window,
Wond'rin' who the child'en were,
An' the mother singing to her child'en.
Sittin' there, an' singing in a gentle tone,
There was jus' Miss Penny—all alone.

MARY WEBB

(MRS. HENRY B. L. WEBB)

A novelist ("The Golden Arrow," "Precious Bane," etc.) who joins to a subtle mastery of narrative and profound psychological insight, a grace and beauty of style which is a prevailing charm in her still uncollected poems.

An Old Woman

THEY bring her flowers, red roses heavily sweet,
White pinks and Mary lilies and a haze
Of fresh green ferns. Around her head and feet
They heap more flowers than she in all her days

Foxgloves

Possessed. She sighed once, "Posies aren't for me
They cost too much."

Yet now she sleeps in them, and cannot see
Or smell or touch.

Now in a new and ample gown she lies.
White as a daisy bud it is, as warm
And soft as those she saw with longing eyes,
Passing some bright shop window in a storm.
Then, when her flesh could feel, how harsh her wear !
Not warm nor white.
This would have pleased her once. She does not care
At all to-night.

They give her tears, affection's frailest flowers,
And fold her close in praise and tenderness.
She does not heed. Yet in those empty hours
If there had come, to cheer her loneliness,
But one red rose in youth's rose-loving day,
A smile, a tear,
It had been good. But now she goes her way
And does not hear.

Foxgloves

THE foxglove bells, with lolling tongue,
Will not reveal what peals were rung
In Faery, in Faery, a thousand ages gone.
All the golden clappers hang
As if but now the changes rang.
Only from the mottled throat
Never any echoes float.
Quite forgotten, in the wood,
Pale, crowded steeples rise.
All the time that they have stood
None has heard their melodies.

Mary Morison Webster

Deep, deep in wizardry,
All the foxglove belfries stand.
Should they startle over the land,
None would know what bells they be.
Never any wind can ring them,
Nor the great black bees that swing them,
Every crimson bell, down-slanted,
Is so utterly enchanted.

MARY MORISON WEBSTER

"To-Morrow" (1922).

Hope Deferred

HE spake harsh words, and then he went his way,
And I, with subtle reasoning, through the night
Strove hard to understand, but with the day
Masked hope, and said, "To-morrow he will write."

And then to-morrow passed, and I was wan
With waiting for the hope that should have been,
He spake harsh words and left me and was gone,
And now a leaden silence lies between.

Christ pardon man's unfaith and woman's wiles,
Christ pardon flesh that fails and faith that fears,
But yesternight I lost the joy of smiles,
To-day I have forgotten the ease of tears.

Contrast

THE old canal is asleep,
A mother sings to her child,
Where the sluggish waters creep,
A mother sings to her child.

The Song of the Old Mother

Gleam of gold in the hair,
Blue of heaven in the eye,
The world is hushed to prayer,
And the lazy barge goes by.

Unmasked misery grins,
Rags on a railing hung,
Bottles and battered tins,
Reek of the city dung,
Not to such has been given
Dower of pleasure and silk,
But the song is a song of heaven
And the milk is a mother's milk.

The old canal is asleep,
A mother sings to her child,
In the midst of the midden heap,
A mother sings to her child.
Gleam of gold in the hair,
Blue of heaven in the eye,
The glory of love is there,
And God, where the barge goes by.

ANNA WICKHAM

"The Contemplative Quarry" (1915); "The Man with a Hammer" (1916); "The Little Old House" (1921).

The Song of the Old Mother

DO you remember the summer
Before the boy was born?
You rowed me up the river,
Between the filling corn,

Charles Williams

I see you now as you smiled at me
And handed me ashore.
Then we were happier lovers,
Than in the year before.

We wandered in the orchard
Beside the river brink,
I saw the young bronze apples,
And lingered there to think.
"The child will be here in the autumn,
When fruit is red on the boughs."
You asked me why I was smiling
As we went into the house.

The last thing I saw from my windows
Were ladders against the trees,
Then I woke on my happiest morning
To see your son on your knees.
And I was weak for laughing,
But there were tears in my joy
To see yourself a father
And you a slip of a boy.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

"The Silver Stair" (1912); "Poems of Conformity" (1917);
"Divorce" (1920); "Windows of Night" (1925).

Sonnet

HALF nun thou seem'st and half a bacchanal,
Devout, yet ruddied in the dancing whirl:
O from what cloister and what carnival
Grew'st thou for me incarnate and a girl?
And still in obscure shadows of thine eyes
A crouching fierceness threatens the path of man,

Richmond Park

I feel through all my limbs the savage rise,
Grappling with thee in strife barbarian.
And little there should daily courtesy
Make truce, or reason put an end to hate,
Except thy grave look push the farther plea :
"We were converted unto love of late."
The silver trumpets through me lead thy van ;
But O beneath, hark the wild pipes of Pan !

Richmond Park

THREE men came over Richmond Park,
In friendly jocund mood ;
The wind blew dusk, the wind blew dark ;
Great trees about them stood.
Those on the right were drowned in mist,
To the left they grew a wood.

There was a friend to right of me,
There was a friend to left.
My soul was 'ware, all suddenly,
It trod a dangerous cleft.
My heart between two strange hearts beat,
Of livelihood bereft.

I knew not either alien heart,
Nor either alien tone,
Nor what from ambush there would start ;
Softly they walked unknown.
I dropped to separating depths,
And drifted there alone.

But God drew back this soul of mine
Into its earthy ark ;
I saw the lights of Putney shine
Beneath us in the dark,
And—God be thanked !—I heard my friends
Talking in Richmond Park.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS

"Poems" (1915); "New Poems" (1919).

Joy and Beauty

JOY and beauty once went paired
Through Spring's bright orchard graced and aired
With grass and apple-leaf and flower—
Joy was each second of Beauty's hour.

Beauty remains, and hill and tree
Proclaim her presence visibly,
Brooks sing of her to any ear
And perfume whispers she is near.

But Joy's a vision, faded hence,
Seen by Youth's Inexperience.

"When We are Old, are Old . . ."

AGE is a large, untidy hall
With a little fire and a draughty door,
Where the great beginnings of nothing-at-all
Hobnob on the littered floor.

And they chatter over the rags, the old,
With "This was a flaming kiss,"
Or "Men would dream were this thing told,
And men would weep were this."

And thither shall you and I come, too,
And walk in the chilly place;
And I shall still be praising you,
Though the young men laugh in my face.

And the broken words of the once sweet tongue
Shall feel about in the gloom,
And echoes of all that we said when young
Go racketing round the room.

HUMBERT WOLFE

"London Sonnets" (1920); "Shylock Reasons with Mr. Chesterton" (1920); "Kensington Gardens" (1924); "The Unknown Goddess" (1925).

February 14

LET'S be done with talking,
Words are half a snare
That fools use for stalking
What was never there.

Let's be done with weeping,
Tears are but a sign
That a doom is creeping
On what was divine.

Why be broken-hearted?
Time to break the heart
If we should be parted
And not care we part.

Dear, the wind is over
In the world outside.
I was once your lover,
You were once my bride.

Let's go out together
In the quiet air,
We may find each other
Waiting as we were.

Iliad

FALSE dreams, all false,
mad heart, were yours.
The word, and nought else,
in time endures.

Humbert Wolfe

Not you long after,
perished and mute,
will last, but the defter
viol and lute,

sweetly they'll trouble
the listeners
with the cold dropped pebble
of painless verse.

Not you will be offered,
but the poet's false pain.
Mad heart, you have suffered,
and loved in vain.

What love doth Helen
or Paris have
where these lie still in
a nameless grave ?

Her beauty's a wraith,
and the boy Paris
muffles in death
his mouth's cold cherries.

Yes ! these are less,
that were love's summer,
than one gold phrase
of old blind Homer.

Not Helen's wonder
nor Paris stirs,
but the bright untender
hexameters.

And, thus, all passion
is nothing made,
but a star to flash in
an Iliad.

Twilight

Mad heart, you were wrong !
No love of yours,
but only what is sung,
when love's over, endures.

MARGARET L. WOODS

A romantic realist, or a realistic romancist in her novels (" Sons of the Sword," " A Poet's Youth," etc.) ; there is this mingling of romance and realism also in her ballads and lyrics ; in her poems and in her poetic tragedy, " Wild Justice," without sacrificing anything of their grace or harmony, she is often as uncompromisingly realistic as the most modern of " new " poets. " Lyrics and Ballads " (1889) ; " Poems Old and New " (1907) ; " Collected Poems " (1913) ; " The Return and Other Poems " (1921).

Twilight

COME, let us go,
For now the gray and silent eve is low,
The river reaches gleam,
And dimly blue in windings of the stream
Its heavy rushes bow.
The day is past, the world is dreaming now,
The world is dreaming now, let us too dream.

And dreaming be
The vision of our souls like this we see,
Where unsubstantial skies
Blend with the Earth's obscure realities.
Let us recall the blind
Forewandered years and round their temples bind
Fresh coronals of lovelier memories.

Margaret L. Woods

For dreaming here
We shall remember joys that never were,
That might and might not be ;
One rich remembrance with its alchemy
Transmuting all Time's store,
Till the sad years exult and deem they bore
Only the long, long love 'twixt thee and me.

The Mariners Sleep by the Sea

THE mariners sleep by the sea,
The wild wind comes up from the sea,
It wails round the tower, and it blows through the grasses,
It scatters the sand o'er the graves where it passes
And the sound and the scent of the sea.

The white waves beat up from the shore,
They beat on the church by the shore,
They rush round the gravestones aslant to the leeward,
And the wall and the mariners' graves lying seaward,
That are banked with the stones from the shore.

For the huge sea comes up in the storm,
Like a beast from the lair of the storm,
To claim with its ravenous leap and to mingle
The mariners' bones with the surf and the shingle
That it rolls round the shore in the storm.

There is nothing beyond but the sky,
But the sea and the slow-moving sky,
Where a cloud from the grey lifts the gleam of its edges,
Where the foam flashes white from the shouldering
ridges,
As they crowd on the uttermost sky.

An April Song

The mariners sleep by the sea.
Far away there's a shrine by the sea ;
The pale women climb up the path to it slowly,
To pray to Our Lady of Storms ere they wholly
Despair of their men from the sea.

The children at play on the sand,
Where once from the shell-broidered sand
They would watch for the sails coming in from far places,
Are forgetting the ships and forgetting the faces
Lying here, lying hid in the sand.

When at night there's a seething of surf,
The grandames look out o'er the surf,
They reckon their dead and their long years of sadness,
And they shake their lean fists at the sea and its madness,
And curse the white fangs of the surf.

But the mariners sleep by the sea.
They hear not the sound of the sea,
Nor the hum from the church where the psalm is up-
lifted,
Nor the crying of birds that above them are drifted.
The mariners sleep by the sea.

An April Song

O COME across the hillside, the April month is here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the child-time of the year.
The wren sings on the fallow,
The lark above the fallow,
The birds sing everywhere,
With whistle and with holloa
The labourers follow
The shining share,
And sing upon the hillside in the seed-time of the year.

Margaret L. Woods

O come into the hollow, for Eastertide is here,
And pale below the hillside the budding palms appear.
The silver buds a-blowing
Their yellow blooms are showing
To woo the bee ;
The bee awhile yet drowzes,
But the drunken moth carouses
All night upon the tree,
And dreams there is the dawning of the Spring-time of
the year.

O come into the woodland, the primroses are here,
And down in the woodland beneath the grasses sere,
As in a wide dominion,
How many a pretty minion
Of spring to-day,
Where the warm sunshine passes
Thro' the forest of the grasses,
Awakes to play,
To sport there in the sun-time, the play-time of the year.

O come across the hillside, for now the Spring is
here,
Come, child, with your laughter, your pretty April cheer.
Your fantasy possesses
The airy wildernesses,
The shrill lark's dower,
The forest and the blossom,
The earth and in her bosom
The mouse's bower ;
The sunlight and the starlight of the Spring-time of the
year.

O come into the wide world ! For you the Spring is
here,
The blue heaven is smiling, the young earth carols clear.
Come happy heart to wonder,
Come eager hands to plunder

Good Friday Night

The wide world's store,
The meadow's golden glory,
The shining towers of story
On Dreamland's shore,
To reign there all the song-time, the child-time of the
year.

Good Friday Night

NOW lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.
Stillness profound
Steeps like a balm the wounded body wholly,
More still than the hushed night brooding around.
The moon is overhead,
Sparkling and small, and somewhere a faint sound
Of water dripping in a cistern slowly.
Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.
One little grated window has the tomb,
A patch of gloom
Impenetrable, where the moonbeams whiten
And arabesque its walls
With leafy shadows light as a caress.
The palms that brood above the garden brighten,
But in that quiet room
Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills it all.
Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.

Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.
The sorrowing women sometimes fall asleep
Wrapped in their hair,
Which while they slumber yet warm tears will steep,
Because their hearts mourn in them ceaselessly.
Uprising, half aware,
They myrrh and spices and rich balms put by
For their own burials, gather hastily,
Dreaming it is that morrow

Margaret L. Woods

When they the precious body may prepare.
Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.
Peter sleeps not,
He lies yet on his face and has not stirred
Since the iron entered in his soul red-hot.
The disciples trembling mourn their disillusion,
The He whose word
Could raise the dead, on whom God had conferred
Power, as they trusted, to redeem Israel,
Had been that bitter day put to confusion,
Crucified and interred.
Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.
Have they not peace to-night who feared Him, hated
And hounded to His doom,
The red thirst of their vengeance being sated?
No, they shall run about and bite the beard,
Confer, nor cease
To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are afeared
Still of Him tortured, crushed, humiliated,
Cold in a blood-stained tomb.
Now rests the Lord crowned with ineffable peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart,
That mortal life His mother gave Him ended.
No word save one
Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud
On her perdurable silence has descended.
Hush. In her heart
Which first felt the faint life stir in her Son,
Perchance is apprehended
Even now dimly new mystery, grief less loud
Clamours, the Resurrection has begun.
Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart.

DAVID McKEE WRIGHT

Born in Ireland ; went to New Zealand before he was out of his 'teens, and became a Congregational minister there, but resigned after a few years, and went to Sydney as a journalist and, like so many Australian authors, has contributed much of his best work as critic and poet to the *Sydney Bulletin*. "Aroangi and Other Verses" (1896); "Station Ballads" (1897); "Wisps of Tussock" (1900); "New Zealand Chimes" (1900); "An Irish Heart" (1918).

Haunted Memory

I WILL go on to the sunrise, taking the road as it winds
Beyond three trees and a broken gate and a great house
that cannot see—

Because the windows are shuttered over the ragged blinds
And there is none within it to open the door to me.

But there is a hedge in blossom, and a scent of honey is
blown

Always out of the garden if one should loiter and pass ;
And it seems like a place that sometimes at evening I
must have known,

Walking with shining feet when the dew was wet on the
grass.

But I will go on to the sunrise, for over the hills is the sea,
Making a murmur on rocks and lifting the salt brown
weed,

And a yellow flower on the cliff that is flaunting a petal
free,

While the stem below the blossom is heavy with ripening
seed.

I never have looked from the hill, but I know how the
headland runs,

Caved and crumbling, to shelter a small boat near to the
sand ;

David McKee Wright

And the quiet water flashes a thousand swift little suns
That the breeze chases out of the ocean and hurries back
to the land.

I will come back from the sunrise, taking the road past
the door,
By the rusted gate that is broken, and the hedge and the
silent trees ;
For surely a ghost walks with me who has been here too
often before,
Hearing a sob in the water and a grief in the moan of the
bees.

Morn's Desire

THE Young Day combs his yellow hair
On the mountains of Morn's Desire ;
And, oh, but my Love, my Love is fair,
And her heart is a rose of fire !

The sea has fingers foamy white
That fondle the wet, wet sand ;
But, oh, my Love has a touch as light
As the lily that is her hand.

The Young Wind draws a fiddle-bow
Over mountain, and sun, and sea ;
But the voice of my Love is kind and low
With a bridal melody.

And all the world is mine to wear—
The sea, and the song, and the fire—
For, oh, but my Love, my Love is fair
On the mountains of Morn's Desire.

W. B. YEATS

The leading figure in the Irish literary renaissance that helped to make the 'nineties glorious ; one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, where some of his own poetical and prose dramas were produced. He is greatest as a lyricist ; his plays are not so remarkable for the drama as for the loveliness of the poetry that is in them ; he is a mystic, a symbolist, a dreamer, and in his lyrics and lyrical ballads has recaptured the eerie other-worldness of old Irish myths and legends, or clothed his own dreams, fancies, emotions in a wistful, twilight beauty of phrase and cadence that have found a host of imitators, but none that could imitate the natural, incommunicable magic of his song. "The Wanderings of Oisín" (1889) ; "The Countess Kathleen" (1892) ; "Poems" (1895) ; "The Wind Among the Reeds" (1899) ; "Collected Works" (1908) ; "The Green Helmet" (1910) ; "Later Poems" (1923), etc.

When You are Old

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down a book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

W. B. Yeats

The 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 drop-
ping 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 grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Fallen Majesty

ALTHOUGH crowds gathered once if she but showed
her face,
And even old men's eyes grew dim, this hand alone,
Like some last courtier at a gypsy camping place
Babbling of fallen majesty, records what's gone.

The lineaments, a heart that laughter has made sweet,
These, these remain, but I record what's gone. A crowd
Will gather, and not know it walks the very street
Whereon a thing once walked that seemed a burning
cloud.

The Second Coming

TURNING and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer ;
Things fall apart ; the centre cannot hold ;
Merely anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned ;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand ;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming ! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight : somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again ; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born ?

To a Young Beauty

DEAR fellow-artist, why so free
With every sort of company,
With every Jack and Jill ?
Choose your companions from the best ;
Who draws a bucket with the rest
Soon topples down the hill.

You may, that mirror for a school,
Be passionate, not bountiful,

W. B. Yeats

As common beauties may,
Who were not born to keep in trim
With old Ezekiel's cherubim
But those of Beaujolet.

I know what wages beauty gives,
How hard a life her servant lives,
Yet praise the winters gone :
There is not a fool can call me friend,
And I may dine at journey's end
With Landor and with Donne.

He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

HAD I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet :
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Into the Twilight

OUT-WORN heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right ;
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight grey ;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill :
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will ;

Song

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight ;
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
•And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

Novelist (" The Dark Tower," " Pilgrim's Rest," etc.) whose first book was a critical study of Robert Bridges, and who has written lyrics that have charm and an individual quality in " Five Degrees South " (1917) ; " Poems " (1919).

Song

WHAT is the worth of war
In a world that turneth, turneth
About a tired star
Whose flaming centre burneth
No longer than the space
Of the spent atom's race :
Where conquered lands, soon, soon
Lie waste as the pale moon ?

What is the worth of art
In a world that fast forgetteth
Those who have wrung its heart
With beauty that love begetteth,
Whose faint flames vanish quite
In that star-powdered night
Where even the mighty ones
Shine only as far suns ?

And what is beauty worth,
Sweet beauty that persuadeth
Of her immortal birth,
Then, as a flower fadeth :

Geoffrey Winthrop Young

Or love, whose tender years
End with the mourner's tears,
Die when the mourner's breath
Is quiet at last in death?

Beauty and love are one,
Even when fierce war clashes :
Even when our fiery sun
Hath burnt itself to ashes,
And the dead planets race
Unlighted through blind space,
Beauty will still shine there :
Wherefore, I worship her.

Easter

ADOWN our lane at Eastertide
Hosts of dancing bluebells lay
In pools of light : and " Oh ! " you cried,
" Look, look at them : I think that they
Are bluer than the laughing sea,"
And " Look ! " you cried, " a piece of the sky
Has fallen down for you and me
To gaze upon and love," . . . And I,
Seeing in your eyes the dancing blue
And in your heart the innocent birth
Of a pure delight, I knew, I knew
That heaven had fallen upon earth.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

" Wind and Hill " (1909); " Freedom " (1914); " April
and Rain " (1923).

I HAVE not lost the magic of long days :
I live them, dream them still.

A Heart Awake

Still am I master of the starry ways,
 and freeman of the hill.
Shattered my glass, ere half the sands had run,—
I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.
Mine still the hope that hailed me from each height,
 mine the unresting flame.
With dreams I charmed each doing to delight ;
 I charm my rest the same.
Severed my skein, ere half the strands were spun,—
I keep the dreams, I keep the dreams I won
What if I live no more those kingly days ?
 their night sleeps with me still.
I dream my feet upon the starry ways ;
 my heart rests in the hill.
I may not grudge the little left undone ;
I hold the heights ; I keep the dreams I won

RUTH YOUNG

“ Verses ” (1904) ; “ The Heart of the Wind ” (1907) ; “ The Philanthropists ” (1909) ; “ The Water-Carrier of Venice ” (1911) ; “ A Scallop Shell of Quiet ” (1917) ; “ The Serpent’s Head ” (1922).

A Heart Awake

THE moon had set,
The grass with glittering dew was wet
I heard a little bird wake in the night ;
 One tiny twitter it made
 As though afraid
It had slept too long to welcome the light.
I heard a little heart wake in the night ;
 One tiny prayer it prayed
 As though afraid
It had forgotten to thank God for delight.

Ruth Young

And the light where the moon had set
Faded, till shadow and darkness met.

On the Death of an Aged Priest

CERTAIN it is and sure
Brave souls who firmly endure
Carry with them pure gold
When from this world of woe
They gladly, gently go.

Laden, they sink to sleep,
And precious the burden they bear !
Courage, they take, untold,
Tears for the sins of Man,
Sympathy for the sad,
Admiration and love,
Faith which hath vanquished despair,
Laughter with little ones glad.

Never, since Life began
Death offered less reason for tears !
He rests now, after long years
Of ministry never denied
To all who rejoiced or who sighed.
His charity kindled Love's flame
In the spirit of each one who came
Under his influence mild.

Surely the Holy Dove
Guardeth him in his sleep :
Surely the Saviour Child
Holdeth his soul in His Hand :
Surely the Father of Love
Will bid him rejoicingly reap
His sheaves in the Spirit-Land !

