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THE SEVERING SEAS

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Versé.—The Marriage of Nausicaa.
Blackwell, 1923.

Literature.—The Lady of the Lotus.
Oxford University Press, 1926.

THE SEVERING SEAS

By L. M. CRUMP, C.I.E., I.C.S.

BASIL BLACKWELL · OXFORD
MCMXXVII

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TO MY WIFE

“Toward seas that sever but can ne'er estrange”

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are due to the proprietors of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Pioneer Newspaper* for permission to republish "The Heritage of the Sun" and "Where?" respectively.

For the benefit of interested readers, if any, it may be noted that "The dream of the dead hound" will be more intelligible after perusal of the story "Glaucer's dream" (*Cornhill*, January, 1926), and "The Lady of the Lotus" after reading my book of that title (*Clarendon Press*, 1926), and that "Patroclos" follows on to the six dramatic monologues published in "The Marriage of Nausicaa" (*Blackwell*, 1923). "Helen" may be regarded as the Satyric poem following the Tragic—an effect of a not unnatural revulsion. "The Unknown Warrior" was written before the issue of the *Punch* cartoon.

"A kind of yesty collection" but not such, I fear, as "the drossy age dotes on"!

L. M. CRUMP.

The Residency,
Hyderabad.

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THE IVORY GATE

ποθῶ δ' ὑπερποντιᾶς φάσμα δοξεῖ δομῶν ἀνάσσειν—
—ÆSCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*.

BY day about the house I hear
A well-loved voice, soft, sweet, and clear:
Or, sitting quiet, grow aware
Of a light footstep on the stair:
Or, dainty fingers touch my brow—
Sure, 'twas her hand I felt but now.

At night, awake, I pine to be
With her who's far across the sea:
And, when sleep comes, on fairy feet
Comes she, whose skin all sleep would cheat.
With mocking morn, relentless fate
Shuts her within the ivory gate.

We do but love and pray to be
Together always, I and she:
We've given the Gods no cause, why they
Such envious malice should display,
Save that on earth there would be shown
Felicity to match their own.

SEPARATION

ALTHOUGH we parted are
By wide seas' severance
And continents',
Love knows no bar,
Nor any hindrance
To her contents.

Long as we love,
Our souls are one,
And sing together,
Though skies be dark above,
Hidden the sun,
Stormy the weather.

Yet will the body fight,
And claim its part,
Nor cease to pine:
All is not right
'Till we lie heart to heart
Your lips on mine.

DOWN CHANNEL

WHEN the pitiless throb of the beating screw
Revives the pain of the last embrace,
And only memory holds the view
Of the one beloved face:

When England fades to a thin blue line,
Marking the end of a tale, that is told,
And the harvestless sea is a mocking sign
Of all that man's hands may hold:

The world is before you! there's work to be done!
Summon your courage and fall too again!
This is not death! You still live, my son!
And the proof lies in the pain.

B E Y O N D

BEYOND the orb'd horizon of the plains,
Beyond the gleaming silence of the snows,
Beyond the ceaseless turmoil of the seas,
Lies she I love.

Oh! when see her dear face again ?
Oh! when hear her sweet voice again?
Oh! when kiss her soft lips again?
No thought can tell.

Haply, when all the seas are dry,
Haply, when melted all the snows,
Haply, when all the plains are hills,
It may befall.

Oh! then shall sea and sky be one!
And snow and fire be joined in one!
And hill and plain melt into one!
And one we twain!

THREE SONNETS

(Written off Ithaca)

I

THE days escape! the slackened chain grows taut
To drag the body back and rend the heart
With bitter knowledge, that we two must part
And end swift months of happiness, dear-bought
By long lone years: yet not unwisely taught
By our tradition, we conceal the smart
And seek in whirr and whirl of road and mart
To lose the grief, wherewith our souls are fraught.

Tearless we parted: not till on my eyes
Dawned the blue beauty of Maggiore lake,
Did my dulled heart awake, and waking knew
The might of hands, whose strength in weakness lies,
The fierce revenge, remembered kisses take,
The pain, that knows no anodyne save you.

II

Why have I risen from my soft-swung bed,
Long ere the Dawn puts forth her rosy hand
To beat the bounds of sky and sea and land?
And why the richer, stranger light instead,
Enchants the isle from beach to craggy head,
Regilds the homing wanderer on the strand,
The lady at the loom, the woovers' band,
The bow at last re-strung, the arrow sped?

T H R E E S O N N E T S

Because three thousand years ago an old
Blind poet carved the image of the King
In epic crystal clear: because for me,—
A traveller of no heroic mould
And all unskilled your utter truth to sing—
You burn as constant as Penelope.

I I I

Through the drawn curtains of the waking day
Peers out the Ithaca, that man has wrought.
Yet shall the miracle of Homer's thought
Not pass like rainbows in the wind-spun spray!
O'er that bare islet, o'er its common clay
He waved his wand, and Time and Change were
taught
That their corrupting hands availèd naught
To mar the bright immortals of his sway.

Ah! would the Muse but give to me the same
Sure power, that Homer wields so easily!
Then would I set you in immortal rhyme
And send your beauty, courage, truth and fame
In level step with wise Penelope
Adown the ringing corridors of Time.

TINKER, TAILOR

“TINKER, tailor, soldier, sailor”
You merrily chant the childish rune,
The distant hum of the world’s hive buzzing
In your quiet garden all too soon.

You merrily chant the childish rune,
Happy to-day nor looking beyond:
Out in the world, as here in your garden,
Will you still wave the Enchanter’s wand?

Happy to-day nor looking beyond—
But we, who keep the garden we’ve made,
Know that beyond there lie waiting for you
Sorrow and happiness, sunshine and shade.

But we, who keep the garden we’ve made,—
Flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone—
What can we give you to help you and guide you?
All the flowers wither, except love alone.

Flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone,—
Yet who can tell what lies hid in the seed?
Will you hark back to the staid city merchant
Or link with the fierce, old, moss-trooping breed?

Yet, who can tell what lies in the seed?
One seed at least breeds to type always true:
That is the seed which we sowed in our garden
And in the garden we builded for you.

TINKER, TAILOR

One seed at least breeds to type always true,
Parched by the drought or watered by showers:
Carry love's seed with you; sow your own garden:
Endless its beauty, immortal its flowers.

Parched by the drought, or watered by showers,
It shall not fail in flower or in leaf,
Whether good fortune or ill may betide you—
"Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief."

PANPIPES

A NN, Ann, my little Ann,
Who worships Pan,
And roams with Pan,
Over the hills
By rivers and rills
Hearkening ay for the runs and the trills
Of the pipes he plays
In the long summer days,
And in autumn and spring,
'Till she feels she must sing
Of the cloud and the sea,
And the flower on the lea,
Of the stream that leaps prattling down from the hill
And the dance of the daffodil.

Ann, Ann, my little Ann,
What has become of the pipes of Pan?
Spring has gone by!
And the summer is nigh!
Soon will be blazing the roses of June!
Have your ears grown deaf to the tune
Of the pipes of Pan,
Little Ann?
Have a care lest your soul
Cease to breathe to the rhythm, that runs through
the whole
Of earth, sea and sky, grass, tree, beast, and man,—
The rhythm of Pan!

P A N P I P E S

Hark to the beat
Of those strange goat feet,
And the words, that slip
From his human lip,
And the song, that flies at the star,
High and far,
Where perchance the Gods are!

Do not grow cold!
Cling firm to your hold
Of the warm life of earth,
Wherefrom man had birth!
Keep your joy in the heart and the life of man,
Little Ann!

Nor forget you are part of the soul,
That beats through the whole,
That has breathed on your tongue,
The songs you have sung.
Let not the fire
Turn ash and expire:
But higher and higher
Blow the flame of your verse, till it soar
To the feet of God, who is more
Than all things are,
Higher and greater and wiser than Pan,
And lovelier far,
Little Ann.

A SONNET OF EXILE

THE tangled vastnesses of Himalay,
The cloven valleys, pine-clad peaks, that rise,
Range upon range, to where my tired eyes
See snow touch sky a hundred miles away,
Dwarf man and all man's being: day by day
Earth fades into illusion, and self lies
Slow merging in the All-soul, till it dies
Absorbed, if free from all the bonds of clay.

Give me a land to feed, not kill, desire,
With shallow vales and gently murmuring streams
And small snug homesteads, not too far apart,
Round hills, that do not unto heaven aspire,
A land, wherein my soul can dream my dreams,
A homely land, that nestles in my heart.

Chail. Simla Hills.

S E N T R Y - G O

I HATE the dead, dark, empty bungalow,
Bolted and barred against the biting heat,
Where nothing stirs all day, except the beat
Of punkahs swinging steadily and slow
Upon their endless, tireless sentry-go,
Stamping into my brain, with heavy feet,
Their tune of May, which they all June repeat,
And all the rains, as they march to and fro.

Yet now and then, in corners of the room,
Where shy, untroubled air still lurks about,
Flits the dim ghost of her across the sea;
And tiny feet rush pattering through the gloom,
And whispers faint float up, "We can't come out
Until the sentries halt and set us free."

EN ROUTE TO BOMBAY

THREE months agone the land lay brown and
bare

And trembling in the grip of fiercest heat.

No hill tops pierced the dust-haze thick to greet
Eyes, that strained to them through the shimmering
glare.

To-day the rains have cooled and cleansed the air,
The distant hills creep nearer through soft light:
Down emerald slopes in leaping lines of white
Young cataracts dance in rapture everywhere.

Ten tropic years fall from me, like a cloak

Discarded: and I stand upon the hill,

Whereon a boy's light feet were wont to range,
At edge of moors from whose deep heart there broke
A Yorkshire beck adown a Yorkshire ghyll
Toward seas that sever but can ne'er estrange.

INDIA

I

L AND, that hast never learnt to stand alone!
Undated spoil of the invading North!
That ever from its teeming womb thrust forth
Host upon host, who sealed thee for their own,
Yet, victims of their victim, quickly-grown
Into the likeness of thy native-born
And by thy swift corruption soon out-worn,
Fell to the first assailant of their throne.

What, India, now when from far Western seas
Each generation pours in vigorous streams
Of blood untainted by thy fell disease?
Will thou still slumber? still be lost in dreams?
Or, wakening, suckle on thy ample breast
Strong virile sons of the reviving West?

II

Cease now to hold aloof nor turn thine eyes
Back to a dim imagined golden age,
Which History records not on her page,
When thou wert rich in all Fate now denies,
When priests all holy were, Kings just and wise,
When crops ne'er failed and peasants ploughed
and span,
Rejoicing in the Gods' good gifts to man,
And they themselves walked earth in their own guise.

I N D I A

If such age were, it cannot come again.

As mother Ganges merges in the sea,
To ebb and flow for ever with the main,

Thou hast reached ocean, and must ever be
Tossed in the gulf, wherein thou hast been hurled
To share the fortunes of a shrinking world.

I I I

In truth thou hast no choice! till thou canst stand
Alone, for thee is no way of escape

From other northern, other western rape.

Though England's sons approach, an alien band,
In mutual love clasp thou the proffered hand,

They stretch to thee: the ring of wedlock take,

And in this closest union strive to make

Thy sons more worthy of their motherland!

Manhood, truth, strength, justice, and liberty

For high and low, whate'er their caste or blood—
Those only can make good thy claim to be

Adopted in the Imperial sisterhood,

Who live, though sundered by wide severing seas,
On lessons learnt at their great Mother's knees.

THE LADY OF THE LOTUS

FLOWER of perfection, thou, and perfect flower!
Thou didst not bring strange far-off Gods to
birth!

Thy stem beneath the lake in human earth
Deep-rooted! yet God-given thy rich dower
Of poesy unfolding—sun or shower—
Blooms of pure passion, constancy, grief, mirth
And truth, that lives for what it knows love-worth
And dies ere yield its soul to alien power.

Long after thy pavilions crumble down,
When age-forgotten Mandu's dying fame,
When Rewa's godhead, desecrate, departs,
Still shall thy songs be sung by sage and clown,
And green, as Malwa's monsoon hills, thy name
Live on her children's tongues and in their
hearts.

TO J. C. J.

of the Indian Civil Service (Bengal), Major R.A., D.S.O., M.C. with bar. Died of wounds in France, June 1st, 1918.

CAPTAIN of men and Captain of your soul,
Seeking the truth of life and not men's praise
At school, at Oxford, and in manhood's days,
Now when, 'mid names renowned from pole to pole,
Yours shines, emblazoned fair on Honour's scroll.
Fond memory calls most dearly to her gaze
The hint of Puck, that lurked in all your ways,
The vein of Quixote, which ran through the whole.

We laughed at these in calmer, happier days,
And yet 'twas we found cause to stay behind,
In claims of duty, lethargy, or wife :
You broke the chains, that bound your dull compeers,
Fulfilled the passion of your fiery mind
And made of death the coping-stone of life.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

“**T**IME questions not our titles. What are thine!
In what rich name wouldst thou make here
thy bed,
Laying unlaurelled, undistinguished head
In the full centre of our glorious line?
Stand and deliver word and counter-sign
Ere we, appointed sentinels of the dead,
Admit thy ghost, toil-worn and battle-red,
To fellowship of storied tomb and shrine.”

The unknown halted. “We were flower and fruit
Of the fair seed you sowed in English earth:
We knew the debt and guarded, till we fell
In swathes of sacrifice, the holy shoot
Of all she was and is and shall be worth—
Immortal England!” “Pass, friend, all is well.”

THE HARVEST OF MAN

πλείστην μὲν καλάμην χθονὶ χαλκὸς ἔχευεν
ἄμητος δ' ολίγιστος.

—*Iliad* xix, 222-3.

SWORD for sickle, what's man's gain
Thus to reap the golden grain?
Thick the straw but tramped in mud,
Stubble thick but drenched with blood,
Scant the ears, and bruised, and thin,
Naught for him to garner in.

Sower, seed, crop, reaper, he,
Shall his toil all wasted be?
Nay, he'll plough the field again,
Sow new seed and reap fresh grain,
Richer, fuller, trebly worth,
For what's ploughed beneath the earth.

Then he will turn architect
And with firmer faith erect,
Peace, thy shattered shrine again,
Freedom, thine an ampler fane,
Dedicate there sons new-born
First fruits of the nobler corn.

FROM MY WINDOW

BELOW, the smoothness of the levelled lawn,
Where tiniest feet can walk and never trip:
Then, spring's white roses at the base of pines
That soar aloft as high as youthful hope:
Behind them, lo! the bare, brown, buttressed steep
That fills the middle way, flecked here and there
With clustered trees, round some deep secret spring:
Beyond, long upward slopes, dark, as they climb,
And yet more dark 'neath mists that shroud the end:
High above all, the ever-unattained,
Ever-alluring, ever-beckoning snows
Bright in strong sunshine of eternity.

Mashobra. Simla Hills.

WESTWARDS

ALL to the south a yellow fire:
To the north, blue purple and green:
And ever and ever a new-lit lamp,
Starring the valley between.

The sullen throb of a fanatic drum:
And the hum of the thronged bazaar:
And the croak of a crow, that caws and caws
From a broken deodar.

Muharram. Simla.

H I L L P A T H S

O H! take, for me, the broad roads, the flat roads,
the straight roads,
The dreary, dusty, straight roads that run across
the plain,
Where naught new dawns in sight
But mile on mile of white,
And eyes can't find a corner or a hill to ease their
pain.

Now, they were made by dull men, by drear men, by
drab men,
Who marked them out with rulers and cut them with
a knife,
All in haste to reach an end,
And unknowing when to bend,
And jump and prance and gambol for the very joy
of life.

But give to me the little paths, the curved paths, the
crook'd paths
That dance in merry mazes up and down and round
the hills,
That chuckle, as they twist
To the valley 'neath the mist,
To leap across the busy streams, that turn the whirring
mills.

H I L L P A T H S

Now, these to me are sweet paths, are dear paths, are
loved paths,
'The spring of life is in them and they're quick with
childlike zest,
Always skipping on to learn
What rich joy hides round the turn
And what amazement bursts on sight when they
have topped the crest.

For, up they dart to low ridge, to mid ridge, to high
ridge,
And all delight and wonderment throb through them
as they go,
And away my spirit flies
With them to touch the skies
And gaze in nearer worship on the glory of the snow.

Oh! they are not as men's ways, but beasts' ways, but
God's ways.
They tread in Nature's footsteps through oak and
spruce and pine,
And road and beast and man
Are parts of Her wide plan
And all are fused in oneness in the flame of the
divine.

Mashobra. Simla Hills.

ECLIPSE

A DOWN sun-scarred rain-riven banks I came
Through greenest emerald to the river of jade:
At eve across the moon-lit waters peered
Into the shadow of the untrodden bank,
Enshrouded in the mystery of night,
And wondered, what fair lands would meet mine
eyes,
What barren deserts, cities rich, hot plains,
That know no respite from a tropic sun,
And what strange child to-morrow bore for me
In her deep secret womb.

To-morrow I
Make solemn march across the fateful stream
And of what lies beyond, I nothing know.
All, all are ignorant and can foresee
As much, as little as yon full-orbed moon
The stealthy dragon that creeps on to engulf
Her proud soft beauty in his loathly maw.

THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN

WHERE enchantment's marble isles,
With airy domes on pillars light,
Seek deep within the limpid lake
The image of their radiance white:
Where, like rain-fretted pinnacles
Of bergs that drift to tropic seas,
The fairy palace cupolas
Sway gently in the scented breeze:
Where, green beneath the Autumn rains,
The shaggy hills stretch out their arms
To clasp the closer to their breast
The Naiad of a thousand charms:
Where sambhur, boar, and shy gazelle
At bugle-call steal slowly down
To feast upon the rich largesse
Of monarchs of the solar crown:
High on the jutting battlement,
The eldest of the Sun's own breed
Watches, like his great ancestor,
The lowest of his subjects feed:
The inbred fineness of his blood
Imprinted on his musing face—
He sits and dreams of all the past,
Of all the future of his race:
How they reach through the mist of years
To the great God, who lights the world:
How from high Asia's wind-scoured steppes
Their camp-fire smoke to heaven upcurled:

THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN

How, through the passes of the North,
With sword and spear they thrust their way,
And over India's fabled plains
Stretched far and wide their royal sway:
How they built up a commonwealth
Each caste in its due order placed,
Each man content to tread the path
His father had before him traced:
How, when the bigot Moslem hordes
Closed on their hill-set capital,
They donned their saffron robes, and fell,
With solemn joy, as heroes fall,
To save from sacrilegious hands
Of alien foes, with fury blind,
The secrets of their ancient faith,
The honour of their women-kind:
How warriors from strange Western isles
Imposed on all their iron will,
And quelled a seething continent
With their imperious "Peace, be still!":
How India's first great Empress-Queen,
In mother-love, made solemn pact
To cherish and protect her sons
And guard her Princes' rights intact:
Yet, how the wisdom of the West,
Transplanting an exotic shoot,
Bewildered, saw the sapling bend
Beneath sedition's baleful fruit:

THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN

How, though war's fiery test assayed
Ind's soldier sons as tempered steel,
Now they must 'bate their pride and crouch
Beneath a slippered clerkly heel,
And immemorial Kings must bow
To subtle scribes of days gone by:
"Never!" out flamed the Sun-God's sword,
"My children still know how to die."

Udaipur.

IMITATIONS

I

HOW can I hope to win the peerless prize
Ten thousand rivals chase with greedy eyes?
What hope is mine, who can assert no claim
To power, to wealth, to merit, or to fame?
What hope? What hope? No art, no wisdom mine,
No proud descent from long illustrious line!
Ah! if she love me, as I her, all these
Weigh less than dust in Cupid's balances!

II

Ah! Love! I thought, that I knew you,
When I bent to that heart of mine,
And my lips drank in the rapture
Of your subtle enchanting wine.

Then Fate smote the cup into fragments
But with new amaze I am filled,
Though shattered the worthless vessel,
Not a drop of the wine is spilled.

LOVE SONG FROM THE PUSHTU
OF NAUROZ OF KHADU KHEL
KHANDI

MY joyful days I spend in praise,
For that my love is come again,
So sweet a breath from Spring's late death,
Is wafted o'er the land again.

And o'er my face the scented grace
Of my love's curls is spread again:
And through the trees the cooling breeze
From far off snows is blown again.

No fault is mine, yet I decline
My guiltless head to earth again;
And bow full low to meet the blow
From the keen blade Love draws again.

Nor can my breast know any rest,
With madness sweet 'tis filled again:
And Love's fell power claims every hour,
And grief and pain are fled again.

Oh! she is fair beyond compare,
Should she remove her veil again,
Swift, at its fall, would beauties all
Bow low their heads in shame again.

LOVE SONG FROM THE PUSHTU OF NAUROZ

The pearls that deck each rival's neck,
The bards that strung may loose again,
This happy morn to me is born
A glad New Year of song again.

TO THE MOON

FOR simple constancy
Let the poor heart pant:
Hail, Moon, I worship thee,
Splendid inconstant!

Whom wouldst thou charm, if ay
Full nor free-ranging?
Who long for maiden sigh
Sweetly unchanging?

Eyes faint and dim to-night
Sinking in sorrow,
Glow with recaptured light
From the glad morrow.

Though love avert her face
Bidding me leave her,
Soon my quick blood will race
At her full favour.

Tear-stains, at morn bedewed,
Evening erases,
Smiling in certitude
Of changing phases.

Endless variety
Re-charms each feature:
Swift mutability
Perfects God's creature.

TO THE MOON

Manifold love's delights,
Single the true one:
Each moon's last waning nights
Herald a new one.

Fame of inconstancy
Thou didst inherit:
Vaunt, Moon, thy legacy,
Blazon thy merit.

PLACES

UNDERNEATH the birch wood
By the river Ken—
That's the place
To see the face
Of little water-men.

Out upon the hillside
I and the children—
Two bright motes of happiness, dancing in the sun,
Drinking in the wind's wine
To bubble in their heart's blood,
Leaping and shouting on rocks, in bogs and rushes,
Living ev'ry moment, as if life could ne'er be done.

Out upon the hillside
I and the children
Climbed up to a cairn of stones, piled in days long-dead:
Eagerly they asked me,
What the men, who heaped it:
Carelessly I answered them: "The Cairn of Blood the
name is,
But none knows who built it, whose the blood there
shed."

Out upon the hillside
Sun-warmed and wind-sheltered,
I dozed and the children talked as children would,
Golden head and brown head
Nodding each to other:

P L A C E S

Waking then I questioned them and smilingly they
answered

“Making up a story, Dad, about the Cairn of Blood.”

Underneath the birch trees,
By the river Ken,
That's the place
To see the face
Of little water-men.

Where the downward waters meet
Ripple of the breeze,
Out they peep,
And back they leap,
For the eye that sees.

A D R E A M

To D. G. R.

THE endless dead
Stumbled to meet their Judge through Heaven's
gate,
And every head
Was bowed in fear of his deserved fate:
For there was none
Unladen with the sins, for which Christ bleeds,
And every one
Bore in his hands the book of his misdeeds,
Save one: for I
Held clasped against my heart a secret scroll:
And by and by
I stood before the throne—a naked soul—
And, trembling, gave
My scroll to the Mercy of the Almighty hand,
In faint hope brave,
He, seeing, would forgive and understand.

Thereon He gazed:
Then lifted eyes to the utmost bar of heaven:
All stood amazed,
To whom to stand before His face was given:
And He spoke now
In words divine by human love and grace,
"Pass: only thou
Canst lift the veil of sorrow from her face."

THE LOST LYRIC

SHE flits behind the mists,
Beyond my sight:
The words she sings to tune I faintly catch
I cannot write.

Dim is the radiance,
Thin the melody:
The full possession of the eluding fay
Is not for me.

I strive to seize and hold
Her fitful charm:
I grasp but empty air, not naked waist
And body warm.

Yet what she bids me sing,
That sing I must:
Of man aglow with life or in the grave
Resolved to dust:

Of Sappho, dead for love;
Of Lalage,
Whose eyes yet smile, whose tongue yet prattles on
Alluringly:

The Armouress, mourning youth
In wrinkled woe:
Rapt Beatrice, who held her poet's pen
Yet did not know:

THE LOST LYRIC

Dark Ladies, lily Maids,
Spring, sun and flowers:
All that has moved man's heart to song in glad
Or mournful hours:

Young love, war, birth, and death,
God, time, and fate:
The myriad themes of bards of olden time
And singers late.

Oh! that my ears could hear!
My eyes but see!
One happy night the dream pass gate of horn
Not ivory!

THE DREAM OF THE DEAD
HOUND

IF she be the maid, I slew,
Ere she brought his child to birth,
If she bear like love to him,
Sound my sleep beneath the earth.

Yet uneasy are my dreams,
Fear sets my cold heart astir,
Lest some counterfeiting sprite
Hath done on the shape of her.

If so be, dead lover I
Of the dead, and murderer too,
On the false flesh of this ghost
Must another murder do.

THE LESSONS OF THE FIELD

To F. A. L.-J.

In memory of December 9th, 1896.—Oxford 9 points, Cambridge 8 points.

OLD friend, we owe our start in life
To Classics and Lit. Hum;
But don't you think we learnt far more
Behind a Rugged scrum?
I know at least, what I learnt there,
Has stood me in good stead,
Kept up my heart to face defeat,
Kept down a swelling head.

The rush well stopped, the tackle sure
That checks a winning foe,
Or holds a narrow one-point lead,
Until the whistle go,
'The opening made, the swift pass ta'en
At speed of flying feet,
Were fruit of powers, that throughout life,
Win victory from defeat.

The steadfast courage and the pride
Always to play the game,
And play it for the side alone,
And not for selfish fame,
The balanced temper that unmoved
Meets smile or frown of fate,
That chants no pæan of victory,
No losing hymn of hate,

THE LESSONS OF THE FIELD

The loyal trust, that fifteen men
 Into one team can bind,
And, animating bodies fit,
 True fitness of the mind—
These are the powers that shaped us in
 A mould that ne'er shall yield,
Stamping upon our plastic hearts,
 The high lessons of the field.

Now we have sons we hope will prove
 Of the right stuff and sort,
And nobly fill our places in
 The chivalry of sport.
Then, trusting Heaven's fields will be
 As Oxford meadows lush,
We'll go down to the charge of death
 As to a Rugger rush.

WHERE?

WHERE would you be, if the choice were your own?

In the shires, with a cloudy sky o'er you,
A good horse 'tween your knees, scent hot as you please,

And the pack and a stout fox before you?
On a bog? on a moor? by a tall Norfolk belt

With your trusty twelve-bore and with cartridge?
The mallard in flight, the grouse-pack in sight,
Or snipe, or pheasant or partridge?

Chorus: Ask us no more,
 All of us roar

Kadir grass, Kadir jhow, a good horse, a good boar!

Try farther afield! Try the African veldt
With a rifle, that you can rely on!

Then take on the elephant, rhino, and buff
Or face the full charge of a lion!

Try a tiger, that leaps at the elephant's head!

Try a stalk, when you first set your eyes on
Ibex or thar, poli, ammon, markhor,
Or a Central India bison!

Chorus: Ask us no more, etc.

They're all of them good but ask me for sport,
First a ride, for there's nothing to beat it:

W H E R E ?

Then something to chase, good comrades to race,
And—a fight to the death to complete it.
So fox-hunting won't do, though all they say's true
Of the Pytchley, the Quorn, the Cottesmore Hunt:
For there's one point that's clear, to all of us here,
There's only one Ace—that's a boar-hunt.

Chorus: Ask us no more, etc.

Try it as one wills! Try Mhow's rocky hills
And stretches of tricky black cotton!
Try the Bengali chur! Try the Gujerat fence!
Try going that's sound or that's rotten!
Let him run cunning, then use all your craft!
Run straight, then ride hard as you can, Sir!
At the end he will fight to his last ounce of might
And you'll know if you are a man, Sir!

Chorus: Ask us no more,
 All of us roar
Kadir grass, Kadir jhow, a good horse, a good boar!

TIGER

INCARNATE grace, incarnate strength, he lay
Asleep 'neath the Korundi's solid shade,
Where through nor tropic sun nor rain could pierce.
At eve a cooler breath and slow he woke
And stretched his mighty limbs and knew the lust
Of blood. For full three days he had not killed
And the old kill all eaten! Silent, then,
As sleep and fell as death he took his way
With careful feet on brittle leaves and glance
Suspicious, eager, peering, o'er each ridge
And round each bush. Then marked in a deep glade
A buffalo, for slaughter tethered. Down
He dropped and lay, still now and tense, save tail,
Whose twitching point bewrayed the hunger-lust
And hunger-hope. Head thrust between the grass,
He scanned each point of vantage, wondering
If this was man's device and if his foes
Lay there in wait to slay him as he slew.
Night fell and in its shade he glided on
Silently, stealthily, slowly. Then at last
One mighty bound, and all his fury fell
Upon his victim's shoulder, breaking neck
With wrench of mighty forearm and the force
Of flying body. In the throat he sheathed
His fangs and joyous, sucked the hot blood in
And feasted, gluttonous, on liver and heart
Torn from the quivering carcass. Satiated
The first fierce lust, down to the pool he stalked

T I G E R

And as he came, the timid Sambhur barked
And fled. Meanwhile the blood from whiskered jaws
Defiled the air and fouled the running stream,
Proclaiming to the night the King had killed.
Slaked now his thirst, upon the sand he rolled
Rejoicing in his might, his luck, the thought,
That the warm carcass still awaited him
To glut his maw.

Broke the pale dawn and quick
From the defiled dell the shadows fled
Up the steep slopes but till full day had come
He lay there gorging as a beast doth gorge,
Who knoweth not when he will eat again,
Nor ever marked, how from a grassy screen
Upon the cliff eyes watched his gluttony
Nor when they ceased to watch.

Then sleep,
Sleep of the full-fed, on the shady side
Of the ravine, beneath a bush, and dreams
Of blood and slaughter and full-sated lust,
Held him unthinking, lulled to indifference
By hunger satisfied and craving stilled.
Slow the sun clomb the high meridian.
Then Hulla! Hiya! Hulla! rattling drums
And blaring conches smote on his dulled ears.
He woke, raised head, cocked ears and listened hard,
Marked how the hated noise of men still drew
More near his lair. Sullen, sulky, up he rose

T I G E R

And slouched on heavily: and nearer yet
The uproar drew. His mind awoke and asked
Why thus they drove him forward. What the snare,
The ambush in his front? Thinking, he turned
To the left bank and tried to scale the height:
But tap of stick and clap of hand soon told
Men there were ready for him. Back he turned
With mind alert, suspicious of each tree
Each leaf, each rustle. Tried the other bank:
The same repulse! and still the roar behind
Pushed him for ever forward. Hark! what now?
A sound to the front and not a jungle sound!
What of it? what he knew not! Ah, but what?
And dim suspicion leapt to certainty
That he was beaten forward with intent
Towards an ambush. Until he knew more,
He would not move but lay down by a bush,
Licking his pads all blistered by hot rock,
Peered here and there and ever kept his ears
Alert for slightest sound. Still from behind
The uproar pressed him on, Hulla! hulla!
Soon they would come on him and he would turn,
And rend and tear their flesh, smash their thin skulls
Beneath his arms of steel. No! too full fed,
Too sated for a tulzie. Better then to slink
On watchfully! What now? A muffled cough!
A chink of metal! Someone lay in wait,
Scarce fifty yards ahead! glide on and see

T I G E R

Or wait till ears brought clearer news? Glide on!
Ten yards! and twenty! thirty! yes! there! men!
High in a tree a few yards to the right!
He would not move and down he lay again,
And still the uproar pressed him from behind.
And now decision! Back or forward? Well!
Better perchance a quick dash than await
The clang and clamour. Better risk it now,
And into instant gallop swung his limbs
And won was safety! Bang! whit! and a shock
That staggered all his might! Like a red flame
The bullet pierced and broke to rivulets
Of fire that burnt his very vitals through,
Yet was his force not spent and he fled on
Through the thick jungle. But the pain! the pain!
Too great at last for his vast strength! he could
No more and, spent, lay up beneath a bush.
In a brief space the uproar rose again
And branches snapped, and trees broke crashing
down
Beneath the feet of elephants: and men
Drew nigh! yet none espied him hidden there
Beneath the bush, where fallen, yellow leaves,
Barred by black shadows from each twig and branch,
Spots of white sunlight mimicked white and black
And yellow of his hide. Glowering he pondered.
Should he crouch there in hope they would pass by
Or hurl himself on them, these feeble folk

T I G E R

Who hunted him, the master, all the day?
Or on the elephants who bore the men,
Whose bullet smote him? If they did not pass
Him by, the elephants, the elephants should be
His mark. To leap on them, to drag them down,
To slay their riders, batten on the flesh
Of the huge carcasses! Ah! sweet revenge
For all his pain!

Now were they almost past!
'Tis well! when crash! a clod came clattering through
The bush and smote his stinging wound and sent
The pain afresh like lightning through his nerves.
One quick red glance! one loud, throat-rending roar!
A sudden leap! And fury, pain and strength,
Wound-maddened, flashed toward the elephant,
And claws and teeth were fixed deep in his head
And bit and tore. Down to his knees he sank
Before the onset of infuriate power,
Flung hither, thither head and up-curved trunk,
Casting the men in the howdah here and there,
Like pebbles in a grid: then steadied. Quick
Two shots rang out: and back the tiger dropped
With tail still lashing but the elephant
Knelt on him as he fell, crushed out the last
Of life and rising, smote with mighty feet,
Kicking the failing, dying jungle king
Into a pulp.

There lies his hide but still
My closed eyes hold that charge, my ears that roar.

PATROCLOS

SIT there, my helm; now am I fully dight:
The silver clasps the bronze about my legs
And on my breast the starry corslet sits
Close as 'twere forged for me: the nodding plumes
Crown my proud head and in my hand the sword
Knows me a master.

I have longed for this
Through years of silent hope, which, like a mole,
Burrowed its hidden way beneath my heart
Nor broke the surface.

Why should I not match
Achilles' armour with Achilles' deeds?
What voice speaks there? No, no, I never grudged
Him e'en the least of all his triumphs gained
So worthily. My secret soul is clean
Of envy and its lineal bitterness,
And I hold him my master, cousin, friend,
Rejoicing in his glory, sharer, too,
In the glooms of his dark soul.

And yet, why not?
Am I not sprung as he from Zeus' own seed?
Were not our fathers brothers, equal save
For one brief year, that 'stablished Peleus lord
Of Phthia and the peerless Myrmidons,
And cast me squire to wait his son's commands,
Bear shield, clean armour, tossed for recompense
Jewels he covets not, raiment he deems
Unworthy, women held too low to grace

PATROCLOS

His royal bed. Always the best for him
From first to last! in our far boyhood's days
When Cheiron taught us both, he always gave
The choice to him, and I must be content
With spear ill-shafted, blunt, unhandy sword,
Arrows half-feathered, horse that barely knew
A rider's weight! and always his beside
More patience, longer time! Cheiron ne'er grudged
A full day spent to teach him one more trick
Of fence. Meanwhile I slunk behind, unschooled,
Gleaning my knowledge from the fallen ears
Of his full sheaf. And thus we grew to men,
He of skill unrivalled, courage unsurpassed,
Swift foot and mind, wide generosity,
But changeful, moody, chafing at all bars
And, if they held, sullen behind them—I
As brave, as skilful every whit, but short
Of his dread kingdom, fell renown and blaze
Of glory lit with shining deeds.

And now

The spear, the Pelian spear, that Cheiron gave
To deal out death! And it shall deal to-day—
I cannot wield it! Did Achilles know?
And was that why, in granting my request,
He bade me stay my hand nor lead the host
Against the sacred coronal of Troy,
Lest some God slay me? Does he fear for me
Thinking me less than him? or for himself

PATROCLOS

Shunning some oracle or word of Zeus?
 That holds more likelihood than all these days
 When danger's hands were closing on our throats,
 To brood abed through jaundiced hours for naught,
 Save that his minion had been reft from him
 By Agamemnon. Were she wedded wife,
 And did his soul travail for her as once
 Orpheus for lost Eurydice, excuse
 Were easy: but she can be naught to him
 Than latest of a thousand captives led
 To camp, unwilling yet prepared to win
 With their smooth bodies favour from the kings,
 Who are their masters. Naught! Yet there he sulks.
 A petted, pampered child, whose cherished toy
 Is taken from him. Heralds have been sent
 With free confession of the wrong, that burns,
 And full atonement. Still the hero sulks,
 And nourishing his peevish temper hurls
 The ripening fruit of ten years toil to rot
 Out on the dunghill. See, where on the walls
 The flood of battle lips the very crest
 And soon will over-top it. See the fire
 That flames in Grecian huts, where Hector leads
 The Trojan van: and still too proud to pluck
 The darling rage, he mothers like a babe,
 From his full bosom, still too proud to face
 Taunt of threats unfulfilled, he orders me
 Lead forth his Myrmidons and thrust the foe

PATROCLOS

From the beleaguered walls. With subtle pride
 He bids me don his mask, and sally forth
 Clad in his armour, as if none would dare
 Outface his panoply. And I obey—
 No silly scarecrow flaunting in the sun
 The terror of his garments, but a man,
 Able to prove my self at every point,
 Save fortune's gifts and easy-won renown,
 An equal captain. Lo! My chance at last!
 At last, the birthright that was almost mine!
 At last the circumstance that made him great!
 To-morrow, I shall clothe myself in this
 Resplendent armour, at whose blinding gleam
 The stricken foe will coil within the shell
 Of Ilium! To-morrow I shall lead
 The Myrmidons to battle, whose loud cry
 Will shake to dust Troy's panic-shrivelled heart!
 To-morrow, at my view, shall Hector droop
 His tossing plumes and slip from faltering hand
 His useless blade! My chance! My chance at last!
 I had no Goddess mother nor was I
 Dipped in the Stygian waters, till no spot
 Could own the impact of the cleaving steel:
 I am but man, yet sprung of the same blood
 As fills Achilles' veins, taught by his side
 To wield my weapon, in life's tenser school
 To wield the weapon of myself at will,
 To hood each hungry passion, launching it

PATROCLOS

From resolution's wrist to swoop and strike
The destined quarry when 'tis flushed aright,
Not casting golden chances to the winds
At flare of gamester temper, that defies
The reckoned odds, that stakes world-filling fame
And opportunity to dim the stars
Against a captive harlot.

Mine is not

That temper nor his frenzied heat to sate
Blind lust for blood, nor have I pinned my faith
To cast alone of balanced spear and thrust
Of skilful sword, but open-eyed shall face
The losing battle, marshalling the host,
Watching the auspicious minute, that I fling
My peerless regiment, my Myrmidons
Into the furnace, when their furious heat
Can blast opposing foes and burn to ash
The still defiant towers of Ilium.

I have the chance I prayed for, yea, far more
Than all I begged the Gods and I will show
Myself a man to-morrow, whom the world
Shall hail inspired, divine, that from the scroll
Of glory shall Achilles' name be struck
To die dishonoured, and emblazoned there
For gaping generations to behold
And stare at, till tears blind their dazzled eyes,
Patroclos—Saviour, Conqueror, and King!—
And yet I would that I could wield that spear!

HELEN

COME, Polycaste, let us leave the men
To ramble on about what pleases them—
The war at Troy and all the fairy-tales,
Odysseus brought back from his wanderings.
It keeps them happy: we will slip away
To my apartments for a quiet chat.
I'll go on weaving, you can sit by me
And tell me all about Telemachus,
What sort of husband does he make, and how
You find Penelope: or p'raps you'd rather not
Talk about her: it may be wiser. Well
About Telemachus, I think you said
You saw him, when he came to Pylos first,
Seeking for news of his lost father. Then
You bathed him, and that naughty Eros loosed
A dart at you. You liked his straight young limbs
The quiet wisdom of his face, and though
Nought was said then, he had remembered you.
And when Odysseus drifted home, and swept
The wooers from his halls to halls of death,
The bridal gifts were sent. Quite a romance!
And that is helpful! But what pleases me
Is this—you both belong to good old families,
Children of Kings, who bore themselves like Kings
In war and council. That's a far better start:
You know what is expected of you each,
By each, and what you both should look for in
Those over whom Zeus set you. It's a base

On which to build. But now—Telemachus—
I hope he's all you dreamed: you blush and nod
Yet, after all, you do not know him yet,
Nor your own self, and you may find, that dreams
Have rude awakenings. How well I recall
The wild excitement of my wedding day!
It was a brilliant function! All the Kings
From near and far, and e'en the deathless Gods
Sent splendid gifts and graciously sat down
To share the feast: my age-fellows, adorned
In shining raiment, danced before my path,
Flower-strewn: and crowding poets rhapsodized
Unending hymns of all the happiness
I brought to Menelaus. Him, of course,
I barely knew, but yet again, like you
And your Telemachus—in fact perhaps
To a more marked degree—we both were born
And knew how to behave—a precious gift,
Indeed invaluable. It helped us through
Our first beginnings—not an easy time,
As you have doubtless found. 'Tis mad to bind
Woman and man in their raw youth in yoke
Of wedlock and expect them pull at once
With perfect understanding: they must learn
To give and take, and how to fit their own
To the other's idiosyncrasies. We were
A model pair, until Hermione,
My darling girl, was born: just at the time

H E L E N

My husband was perfection: naught could pass
His tender thought: but afterwards he showed
No real consideration for my pain
And altered figure. It was clear to me
That would be ruined, and my beauty lost,
If I bore children at the rate he wished.
He had to understand that there's an end
To a woman's patience. When he begged me face
The cruel pangs once more to give an heir
To him and Lacedæmon, I refused
Gently but firmly. He swung off and fell,
Manlike, to the first woman, who made eyes
At him—a slave of my own household
Whom he dared make my equal. 'Twas enough
To sting the dullest, and though I did not
Run after other men, yet Paris came—
The very type to tempt, prompt to my hour
Of greatest weakness—slim and well set up,
Always attentive, always at my side,
Amusing too, and pat with tales and songs
Of all the lighter poets, which he sang
To his own lyre most beautifully. I
Was fascinated: and perhaps there was
Some truth in the strange story, that went round
About the golden apple. There's no doubt
Of this, at least, that if a woman turned
The scale in Aphrodite's favour, I
Was she. I knew the whole of Greece and none

H E L E N

Dared hint a challenge to my beauty then.
You should have seen me—well, well, never mind!
But I was lovely, and poor Paris lost
Both head and heart: and though I meant no harm
Yet I was dull and Menelaus seemed
Wrapt in his ugly slave, who swelled with pride
When she brought forth a son, most fitly named
The son of sorrow, whom she calls his heir,
Though I do not. That was what tipped the beam:
Whether intriguing Aphrodite was in fact
Pulling the puppet-strings or not, I fled
To Troy. Well then—and this is what I have
Been working to—a fool might have found things
Most difficult, but I was not perturbed,
I never lost command, and if you should
Get into such positions, mind you think
Of my advice. I've had experience
And gladly give the benefit to you.
Picture the scene: the Trojan plain swept bare
Of men and cattle: the whole country-side
Pinned in the city: food and fuel short:
Widows and orphans numberless, and half
The men wounded or maimed: everyone,
Save those with nicer sense of honour and
A real appreciation of my worth,
Clamouring to pack me home and end the war.
Priam's attitude was perfect: he, of course,
Despite his age admired me: Paris, too,

Did what he could, and he was glass and mould
To all the youth: but what had most effect
Was taking the right pose. I thought it out,
Took it, and kept it, and if you can but
Remember that, and have sufficient brains
To work your sum out for yourself, whate'er
The circumstances, you will win safe through.
That tale of Aphrodite and her bribe
Of me to Paris gave the needful hint.
It threw o'er all the proper atmosphere
Of high romance: and when folk talked of it,
I dropped my eyes and blushed and slipped away
With plaintive air of meek submission to
Fates' harsh decree. That was enough for most,
And I was washed of blame: but 'twas not so
With all: Laodike, who held herself
Most fair of Priam's daughters, envied me
My beauty from the first: Cassandra, too,
Was difficult: at times she seemed quite fond,
And, then, the fit came on her, and she raved
Of all the woes that I had brought on Troy
And on herself, and even made bad puns
Upon my name—a most offensive trick
I much resented. Then Hector had his doubts,
And he was man and hero such as few
Are bred on earth, whose lightest word to all
Spelt swift obedience. He frightened me
With looks askance, as if he counted up

H E L E N

Whether I was worth the long-enduring war
And endless bloodshed: I had need to use
Both brains and tact with him: for instance, once
I well remember, he came raging back
From the fell battle, packed off Hekabe
And all the women to Athene's shrine,
Looking for further victims, burst on us
And found my Paris, handsome, debonair,
Polishing an arrow point until it shone
Like diamond, and chatting quietly
Meanwhile to me. With words, that cut like whips,
He lashed him, bidding him go fight for those
Who staked their lives to save both him and me.
Paris was tactful and considerate:
I always found him so: he turned the stream
By promising to sally forth himself
At once: and saved me too by quick riposte
That I but then had been entreating him
To arm for battle. I clinched the affair
By gentle deprecation of the ills
Brought by me, dog-faced, on the hapless folk,
Slid the blame on the Gods and sweetly asked
Hector to sit by me and rest awhile.
There is no doubt you can face any man
With the right pose. That is the real gift
Of well-bred women: though I must admit
That when Troy fell and Menelaus came,
Hot with the pent-up jealousy of years,

H E L E N

Intent to slay me, for one passing shade
My nerve was shaken but I summoned up
My failing courage, drew myself erect
To the full stretch of my imperial height
And flashed a proud defiance back to his
Uplifted sword. He never could resist
My perfect eyes: he dropped the blade, and I
Swung round at once to luckless misjudged wretch,
Who had not left her husband and her home
But for intriguing Gods, who drove her on
To deeds her heart ne'er dreamed of. After all,
He never quite forgot he had in me
A peerless woman: and I took the blaze
He lit in Greece and spread o'er seas to Troy
Quite simply, as the finest compliment
He could have paid. He knew that I was pleased,
And that pleased him, combined with deference
Such as a wife should pay a husband, who
Thought so much of her. Well—pose pulled me
through

Both then, and after, with a harder task,
When I sailed home to Lacedæmon. There,
Folk looked askance at me, but I held on,
My head in air, admitting mine no fault,
Putting all off my shoulders on the Gods',
And never 'bating aught of the respect,
That was my due: and here we are to-day,
Honoured, considered, liked by everyone,

H E L E N

No house more popular! I retain my air
Of injured innocence and blithely talk
Of Troy and the long siege, as if the Gods
Wove the whole web, and Menelaus falls
Each day more deeply in the same belief.
He's handsome and a gentleman but weak
And he will end by thinking so himself.
Now, dear, run off and get undressed: I'm sure
If your Telemachus is half as fond
Of you, as Menelaus, or as Paris was
Of me when I was your age, he'll be vexed
Not to find you in bed. No, don't protest:
You never can be sure what fate may have
In store for you, and girls should not despise
The advice of older women. Good night, dear.

