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The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets

Edited by
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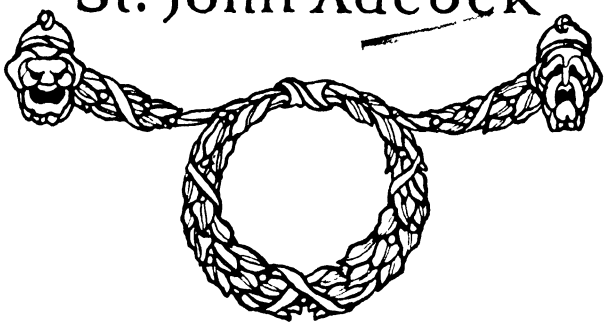

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INTRODUCTION

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

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

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 court-yard 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

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

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.

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LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

His subtle, imaginative narrative and dramatic verse is as rugged and metaphysical as Donne's. "Interludes and Poems" (1908); "Mary and the Bramble" (1910); "The Sale of St. Thomas" (1911); "Emblems of Love" (1912); "Deborah" (1912).

Soul and Body

BODY:

ART thou for breaking faith, after these years,
These many married years
Wherein we have ourselves so well delighted?
Why art thou sick? Art thou beginning fears
That our dear joys have been unholy things?
Trust me, since we have been so long plighted,—
Whate'er be this white worship thou dost mean
To reach on these unlucky wings,—
Thou wilt miss the wonder I have made for thee
Of this dear world with my fashioning senses,
The blue, the fragrance, the singing, and the green
And thou wilt find, not having me,
Crippled thy high powers, gone to doubt
Thy indignation and thy love, without
Help of my lust and the anger of my blood
And my tears.
Try me again; dost thou remember how we stood
And lookt upon the world exultingly?
What is for rapture better than these?—
Great places of grassy land, and all the air
One quiet, the sun taking golden ease
Upon an afternoon;
Tall hills that stood in weather-blinded trances
As if they heard, drawn upward and held there,
Some god's eternal tune;
I made them so, I with my fashioning senses
Made the devoted hills: have their great patiencies
Not lent thee any health of ecstasy?

Or when the north came shouting to the beach,
Wind that would gag in his throat a lion's speech,
And spindrift with a whirring hiss went by
Like swords,—wert thou not glad with me?
O who will lodge thee better than I have done
In exultation?—I who alone
Can wash thee in the sacring of moonlight,
Or send thee soaring even that above
Into the wise and unimaginable night,
The chambers of the holy fear,
Or bring thee to the breasts of love.

SOUL:

Dear Body, my beloved friend, poor thanks have I
For all this service. As if fires had made me clean,
I come out of thy experience,
Thy blue, thy fragrance, thy singing and thy green,
Passions of love, and most, that holy fear:
Well hast thou done to me with every sense.
But there's for me a fiercer kind
Of joy, that feels not, knows not, deaf and blind:
And these but led to it, that we did try
When we were person, thou and I;
Woe for me if I should dare
Partake in person now I see
The lights of unware ecstasy.
I must not in amazement stay,
Henceforth I am for a way
Beyond thy senses, beauty and fear,
Beyond wonder even.
I want neither earth nor heaven,
I will not have ken or desire,
But only joy higher and higher
Burning knowledge in its white fire
Till I am no more aware
And no more saying "I am I,"
But all is perfect ecstasy.

J. R. ACKERLEY

" Poems by Four Authors " (1923).

The Conjurer on Hammersmith Bridge

HE smiled at me in manner undismayed,
  And then, with an expressive glance and shiver,
He flung his leg across the balustrade
  And dropped into the river.

Alone I watched his exit from the world ;
  Alone I ran to peer into the gloom,
And saw the way the swelling ripples curled
  Above his midnight tomb.

I watched his hat drift down upon the tide,
  A witness of his scorn of God and men.
His head rose up as though dissatisfied,
  And slowly sank again.

Not mine the parting guest to speed or stay ;
  Not mine to interfere in private sorrow,
Or force a man who so disliked to-day
  To wait upon to-morrow.

I wondered would his last expiring breath
  In other folk breed equal hate and strife.
I hoped he was enjoying more his death
  Than he had liked his life.

He rose no more. The waters ceased their stir ;
  But in my mind I saw him, pinched and sick,
Yet calm and smiling—like a conjurer
  About to do a trick,

Arthur Adams

A trick that was ineffable, sublime,
  That loosed despair and hatred into space,
That flicked a human being out of time
  And never left a trace——

Except the hat. I watched it turn and sway
  And wander from the place where he had drowned;
The conjurer had tricked himself away,
  And could not hand it round.

ARTHUR ADAMS

New Zealand poet, novelist, dramatist and journalist. Has lived much in Australia and done most of his journalistic work for the Sydney *Bulletin*. "Maoriland and Other Verses" (Sydney, 1899); "The Nazarene" (London, 1902); "London Streets" (London, 1906); "Collected Poems" (1913).

Sydney

IN her grey majesty of ancient stone
She queens it proudly, though the sun's caress
Her piteous cheeks, ravished of bloom, confess,
And her dark eyes his bridegroom-glance have known.
Robed in her flowing parks, serene, alone,
She fronts the East; and with the tropic stress
Her smooth brow ripples into weariness;
Yet hers the sea for footstool, and for throne
A continent predestined. Round her trails
The turbid squalor of her streets, and dim
Into the dark heat-haze her domes flow up;
Her long lean fingers, with their grey old nails,
Giving her thirsty lips to the cool brim
Of the bronze beauty of her harbor's cup.

The Australian

ONCE more this Autumn-earth is ripe,
Parturient of another type.

While with the Past old nations merge
His foot is on the Future's verge.

They watch him, as they huddle, pent,
Striding a spacious continent,

Above the level desert's marge
Looming in his aloofness large.

No flower with fragile sweetness graced—
A lank weed wrestling with the waste ;

Pallid of face and gaunt of limb,
The sweetness withered out of him ;

Sombre, indomitable, wan,
The juices dried, the glad youth gone.

A little weary from his birth,
His laugh the spectre of a mirth,

Bitter beneath a bitter sky,
To Nature he has no reply.

Wanton, perhaps, and cruel. Yes,
Is not his sun more merciless ?

So drab and neutral is his day,
He finds a splendour in the grey

And from his life's monotony
He draws a dreary melody.

When earth so poor a banquet makes
His pleasures at a gulp he takes ;

The feast is his to the last crumb :
Drink while he can . . . the drought will come.

His heart a sudden tropic flower,
He loves and loathes within an hour.

Yet you who by the pools abide,
Judge not the man who swerves aside ;

He sees beyond your hazy fears ;
He roads the desert of the years ;

Rearing his cities in the sand,
He builds where even God has banned ;

With green a continent he crowns,
And stars a wilderness with towns ;

With paths the distances he snares :
His gyves of steel the great plain wears.

A child who takes a world for toy,
To build a nation or destroy,

His childish features frozen stern,
His manhood's task he has to learn—

From feeble tribes to federate
One white and peace-encompassed State.

But if there be no goal to reach ? . . .
The track lies open, dawns beseech !

Enough that he lay down his load
A little further on the road.

So, toward undreamt-of destinies
He slouches down the centuries.

Andromeda

SHE is a snared and prisoned thing—
A meek white moth with broken wing.
Life took her heart when it was yet
Too young for grieving or regret,
And slowly tamed his prisoner—
That glowing woman's heart of her !

She did not guess what earth could give ;
She did not know she did not live ;
Caught from the sun in Work's grey net
And in a gloomy office set,
Her breast sometimes forgot to sigh :
Some days she hardly missed the sky.

Her dewy gladness dull work took
To write dead figures in a book ;
And on her high stool, hour by hour,
She sits—a frail and long-stemmed flower !
And the days drag, each day the same :
She is so soft a thing to maim !

She, made for love, of love compact,
Has half-forgot the love she lacked ;
She waits, a harp of slackened strings :
One word of love its music brings.
Each hour is but a death she dies :
One hand in hers is Paradise.

And when I kiss her lips at night
She is a pool of still delight,
Her low laugh a triumphant thing,
Her voice a bird on buoyant wing ;
And when I whisper low her name
Her soul is but a shaken flame !

Her soul that dreams it is alive
The grey ghouls take—from nine till five.
She adds up figures—who to me
Is a god-given mystery !

Richard Aldington

They shut her heart in ledgers up—
Her heart that is a thirsty cup!

So long her life has bled and bled,
They pay dead wages to one dead.
Ah, still we change, our gods to mock,
Andromeda upon the rock!
But that young stifled heart of her—
Unbind me, gods! her rescuer!

RICHARD ALDINGTON

One of the Imagist group of poets. "Images, 1910–1915" (1915—reissued with additional poems, 1919); "Images of Desire" (1919); "Images of War" (1919); "Poems of Meleager" (1920); "Exile and Other Poems" (1923).

Meditation

AS I sit here alone in the calm lamplight,
Watching the red embers
Slowly fade and crumble into grey dust,
With that impenetrable silence
Of long night about me
And the companionship of the immemorial dead
At hand upon my shelves,
Then, when I have freed myself
From trivial designs and false longings,
When I have fortified my soul
To endure the rough shock of truth,
Then I can think without trembling or whimpering
That I must see you dead,
That I must press down your useless eyelids,
Extend your arms, smooth down your hair,
And set upon your lips a withered flower,
The poor last kiss.

Egerton Ryerson

In the imagination
I have endured all that without a tear;
Yet, if it were not that above all things
I seek and cling to my own truth,
I would cozen my agony with any lie,
Any far-fetched similitude, any dream
Which would lighten with hope this neavy certitude ;
I would kiss the feet of man or woman
Who would prove to me your immortality,
Prove to me your new life circles this life
As the immense sky, naked and starry,
Circles with its illimitable round
The low white roof of our cottage.

Yet, as I would not catch your love with a lie,
But force you to love me as I am,
Faulty, imperfect, human,
So I would not cheat your inward being
With untrue hopes nor confuse pure truth with a legend.
This only I have :
I am true to my truth, I have not faltered ;
And my own end, the sudden departure
From the virile earth I love so eagerly,
Once such a sombre matter, now appears nothing
Beside this weightier, more torturing bereavement.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON

Canadian poet and journalist. Professor of English Literature at University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. " The Amber Army " (1909).

Egerton Ryerson

HERE in the Chapel's holy, melting light,
A tenderness comes o'er the square-hewn face,

William T. Allison

A rich, transforming touch of twilight grace
That makes the brow's full majesty and might
Seem less severe, and shows the eyes more bright
And gentler in their granite cavities;
But naught can smooth from this our Hercules
The lines of stress about those lips locked tight.

For he it was who fought our fight and fared
Of old as our brave knight, our pioneer
He blazed the easy road for you and me,
He struggled for us all, he planned, he dared,
He gave us liberty; behold him here,
Strong servant of that truth which makes us free.

The Grays and the Browns

LEAGUE upon league of ice and snow,
And February's bitter chill—
Yet "Bob White" marks with fairy show
His tiny trail up Indian Hill.

And through the bitter, blustering day,
With snowshoes on her scaly feet,
The ruffed grouse picks her happy way
To her low-hidden, snug retreat.

Brave little fluffs in grays and browns
Breasting the cheerless winter skies,
Men winter-worn in grumbling towns
Might look to you with shame-filled eyes.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

Novelist and poet. Daughter of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A. "Songs of Womanhood" (1903); "A Few Lyrics" (1909).

Victory

WHEN that my soul, too far from God,
  In earthly furrows crawled about,
An insect on a dusty clod
  Wandering wingless in and out:

At deepest dark I looked above
  And saw a million worlds alight
That burnt the mortal veils of Love
  And left it shining infinite:

I gazed and gazed with lifted head
  Until I found my heart had wings,
And now my soul has ceased to dread
  The weary dust of worldly things.

The Stranger

HER door stood open all day long,
    And as the men went past
They heard her wheel, her gentle song
    That said "He'll come at last!"

A stranger halted at the gate
    One evening and smiled;
Said she then: "He for whom I wait
    Is wingèd, and a child."

He turned from her with wondrous mien,
And never a word he spoke;
But from afar she saw the sheen
Of wings beneath his cloak. . .

REGINALD ARKELL

Playwright and journalist; author of much witty and whimsical light verse. The following is one of the shorter poems in his volume, "Columbine: A Fantasy" (1913).

The Buryin'

THE mists be on the river bed,
The roses all be gone;
And here be I, about to die,
Wi' harvest coming on.
Dear Lord, I've trapsed some weary miles,
I'll be main glad to rest awhiles.

The folk'll soon be in the fields,
A-getting in the grain.
For most of those, the time I've chose
Be awkerd in the main.
Though not so bad, 'tis sure, for they
As be a-working by the day.

September be a better month
For all the carter men;
And when I die don't signify,
So let I bide till then.
The wagons 'll be standing by,
And there'll be time to bury I.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Since he became known as a poet, has made a second reputation as critic, novelist and writer of short stories. "Exodus" (1912); "Thirty New Poems" (1918); "The Buzzards" (1921).

The Young Bather

DOWN by the water a boy stood there,
Stripped to bathe, on a rock shelf narrow,
Sweet-curved, spare,
With clustering hair,
Pure as a lily-bud, slim as an arrow.

Over his back in the breezes warm
Shine and shadow danced free and fickle,
Then, palm to palm,
Of each lifted arm,
Sweet and slight as the young moon's sickle,

He dived. And seeing that child of May,
A whim of beauty, a wonder of slimness,
I nigh could pray
That the Gods would slay
And keep him there in the weedy dimness.

But lank and dripping his brown head rose:
He crawls ashore and the leafage severs,
And the branches close
On a form that goes
With all sweet things else down the Years' great rivers.

To think that the glory must leave his head,
And his young, white beauty must all forsake him;
I had almost said
That the gods were dead,
Did it need not the hand of a god to make him.

Martin Armstrong

The Explorers

WE are those wandering souls that never rest:
No ancient laws can bind us, for the zest
And hunger of the eternal in us burn,
Driving us to adventure and to spurn
Ease and the humble joys within our ken
In the narrow earthly heavens of little men:—
Hunger for great experience, wisdom deep
Of nature and ourselves, those truths that leap
Flame-like to greet the faithful stress of soul
That forges on, seeking the glittering pole
Through pain and terror and heart's agony,
And many a windy battle on the sea.

Sunsets chaotic, fierce and beautiful
Fire the long furrow of our cleaving hull
And gild the coasts with wild and changing lights
Still ominous of elemental fights.
And the known coasts fall behind, the plunging ship
Leaps through untravelled seas, and lo, the grip
About our hearts of a sudden delighted fear
As the starry wonders glimmer and grow clear
Nightly, to nourish the unsated will
That goads us ever on to struggle still
On weltering decks in the roaring of ripped sails,
With maniac seas and screaming winds and the flails
Of lashing rain, in the clatter of hurled spray,
Through nights moonless and starless, through long day
Of twilight windless, till at evenfall
Thunder and lightning usher in the squall.

The loudest storms die down and cease to be,
But nourished with their strength and laughter we,
Unbeaten wrestlers, ever onward roll
With warm sea-freshened body and laughing soul,

The Fool

Still eager for whatever shall befall;
And still, like lion-tamers, proudly call
New terrors and wonders forth from the unknown:
Gathering from toil and terrors overthrown,
From keen adventure and unabashed endeavour
The ambrosial food that keeps us young for ever;
Seeking new worlds until our soul shall be
Wide as the frontiers of divinity.

HENRY BAERLEIN

Better known as a novelist and writer of travel books. "Windrush and Evenlode" (1915); "Rimes of the Diables Bleus" (1917). Some of his finest poetry is in "The Diwan of Abu'l Ala" (1908) and other translations from the Persian.

The Fool

"EVER, ever," the lady said,
"Dost thou sit with a downcast head;
Surely one of the motley race
Should have laughter upon his face.

"Weave me a tale that is blithe and gay
Or abandon my court to-day.
All are sad when they gaze on thee."
"I will tell you a tale," quoth he.

Long he looked on her sitting there,
Under a halo of golden hair,
Then he said, "I will weave for you
Something merry and something true.

"In a garden the flowers were gay,
Red, white, yellow—they danced all day,

And the gardener was their guide,
Piping them over the countryside.

" But one night to a starlit pool
Did the gardener come, poor fool—
Never he thought that the world could hold
Such a glorious flower of gold.

" Soon this magical thing of night
Put the charms of the sun to flight,
And, magical lady, he ceased to play
With the clamorous flowers of day.

" Though he knew he would grasp in vain,
For the stalk was a fairy's chain,
Still that flower did he love the best.
Think not, lady, I speak in jest."

" Fool," said she, " in this tale of thine
Sorrow and loveliness intertwine,
Yet how can such a fairy-tale
Make the cheek of a jester pale ? "

" Ah ! but often I dream," quoth he,
" That the gardener lives in me,
Then, O lady, I hang my head."
" Thou art a foolish fool," she said

Those Little Feet Have Passed

THOSE little feet have passed
Away for ever more,
Now they are loitering
Upon a pallid shore.

Ah no, they tread, they tread
Upon this heart of me—
I did not know that little feet
Could fall so heavily

MAURICE BARING

An Admirable Crichton of letters, whose poems, books of travel, plays, essays, short stories, novels and translations fill many volumes. "The Black Prince and Other Poems" (1902); "Desiderio" (1906); "Sonnets and Short Poems" (1906); "Collected Poems" (1911); "Poems: 1914–1919" (1920).

WE drift apart, nor can we quite forget;—
Some link is lost; and that affinity
That binds us not and will not set us free,
Still tinges all our friendship with regret.

And now I feel at last our hearts have met
In perfect tune; that God made you for me
And me for you; and now that he has set
This veil between us, this mute mystery.

Yet when I wash away the dust of earth,
In the cool kingdoms of celestial dew,
I trust that you will meet me with a smile,
The old smile made undying with new birth;
And I'll say this: "I loved you all the while."
And you will say "I loved you and I knew."

I DARE not pray to thee, for thou art won
Rarely by those by whom thou hast been wooed;
Thou comest unsolicited, unsued,
Like sudden splendour of the midnight sun.

Yet in my heart the prayer doth still abide
That thou hast haply heard my unbreathed prayer;
That in the stifling moment of despair,
I shall turn round and find thee by my side,

May Bateman

Like a sad pilgrim who has wandered far,
And hopes not any longer for the day,
But blinded by black thickets finds no way,
Comes to a rift of trees, in that sad plight,
And suddenly sees the unending aisles of night
And in the emerald glow the morning star.

Vale

I AM for ever haunted by one dread
That I may suddenly be swept away,
Nor have the leave to see you, and to say
Goodbye: then this is what I should have said:

I have loved summer and the longest day;
The leaves of trees, the slumberous film of heat,
The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.

I have loved words which left the soul with wings,
Words that are windows to eternal things.
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,
Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear:
I have loved these because I have loved you.

MAY BATEMAN

"Sonnets and Songs" (1895).

The Call of the Sea

TO watch the salt sea-spray
Break in a myriad star-showers on the sand,

While the sun's kisses warm the rose-lit bay
And the mainland ;

To hear strange voices call,
Echo of mermaids' singing from below,
Deep in their coral castles, while the slow
Night shadows fall ;

To feel in all around
The spell of life's rare silences ; the calm
Hush that succeeds the palpitating sound
Of the world's psalm ;

To wake with,—not a prayer ;
Hardly a thought, perhaps,—unconscious love
Rising, because of all the beauty there,
To God above ;

To strive to make our own
Even the *dream* of something widely pure ;
To hear God in the stillness, and, alone,
Learn to endure ;—

This is to understand
All the pent throbbing of the wordless storm ;
The majesty of the skies' starry band,—
Worlds multiform ;

And if, before the last,
We lay love's passion on the vast sea's breast
And watch it drift far, as the tide ebbs fast,—
This is,—to rest.

CLIFFORD BAX

Dramatist and poet. " Poems Dramatic and Lyrical " (1911); " A House of Words " (1920); " The Traveller's Tale " (1921).

Youth

WITHIN a primrose wood I lay content
  Upon a certain blithe blue day of spring,
And, ever near, my lover came or went
  And gathering violets ever did she sing.

So fair she was I laughed for love, and cried
  " Still can I see how yesterday you stood,
Your whole fair frame rejoicing in its pride
  And lovelier than the whole spring-lovely wood ! "

Ah then she paused and coming where I sat
  Smiled, and with one dear hand upon my head,
" *O love, my love, may you remember that*
  When I am no more beautiful," she said.

Memory

WALKING by windy trees
And hearing that hoary sound
(For older than man himself
Is the sound of windy trees)
On a sudden—like that dread
Fall from the edge of sleep—
I felt the present collapse
And time swallowing time,
And I was a man far back
In the virgin green of the earth.

The South Country

There, by the windy trees,
For a moment full as a day
I saw the world outspread
Like toys on the floor, and moved
At will through a thousand years
And all the cities of old :
And once could hear, in a lull,
As though the door were ajar,
Voices of men who talked
In the streets of Athens and Rome.

Was it a sleight of the brain,—
A trick of the windy trees ?
The rest may judge as they will,
For he that has known, as I,
This tidal wave of the soul,
Knows that eternal change—
Though it burn up worlds and suns—
May neither consume nor cloud
The diamond spirit in man.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Mr. Belloc's novels, essays, studies in biography, historical, polemical and journalistic works, to say nothing of such delightful frivolities as " The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," have rather overshadowed his poetry, of which he has written too little, but that little includes things that will endure.
" Verses " (1910) ; " Verses and Sonnets " (1924).

The South Country

WHEN I am living in the Midlands,
That are sodden and unkind,

I light my lamp in the evening;
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country,
They stand along the sea,
And it's there, walking in the high woods,
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day;
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are vast and grey;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the rocks
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;

Dawn Shall Over Lethe Break

Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there,
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend ;
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex weald ;
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if I ever grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood,
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

Dawn Shall Over Lethe Break

LADY, when your lovely head
Sinks to lie among the Dead,
And the quiet Places keep
You that so divinely sleep :

Laurence Binyon

Then the Dead shall blesséd be
With a New Solemnity.
For such beauty so descending
Pledges them that death is ending.
Sleep your fill:—But when you wake
Dawn shall over Lethe break.

LAURENCE BINYON

Poet and dramatist; essentially lyrical even in his dramas and early epics. "Lyric Poems" (1894); "Poems" (1895); "London Visions" (Book I, 1895; Book II, 1898; Collected edition, 1908); "Porphyrion" (1898); "Odes" (1900); "The Death of Adam" (1903); "Penthesilea" (1905); "England and Other Poems" (1909); "Auguries" (1913); "The Winnowing Fan" (1915); "The Anvil" (1916); "The Cause" (1917); "The New World" (1918); "The Four Years" (1919); "The Syrens" (1925).

For the Fallen

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

Whitechapel High Road

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Whitechapel High Road

LUSTY life her river pours
Along a road of shining shores.
The moon of August beams
Mild as upon her harvest slopes ; but here
From man's full-breath'd abounding earth
Exiled she walks, as one of alien birth,
The pale, neglected foster-mother of dreams.
For windows with resplendent stores
Along the pavements dazzle and outstare
The booths that front them ; there,
To the throng which loiters by in laughing streams
Babble the criers ; and 'mid eager sounds
The flaming torches toss to the wind their hair,
And ruddy in trembling waves the light
Flushes cheeks of wondering boys
Assembled, their lips parted and eyes bright,

As the medicine-seller his magic herb expounds,
Or some old man displays his painted toys.
Deaf with a vacant stillness of the tomb,
At intervals a road deserted gapes,
Where night shrinks back into her proper gloom,
Frighted by boisterous flare
Of the flame, that now through a cluster of green grapes
Shines wanly, or on striped apple and smooth pear
Flits blushing; now on rug or carpet spread
In view of the merry buyers, the rude dyes
Re-crimsons, or an antic shadow throws
Over the chestnut-brazier's glowing eyes;
And now the sleeping head
Of a gipsy child in his dim corner shows,
Huddled against a canvas wall, his bed
An ancient sack: nor torch, nor hundred cries
Awake him from his sweet profound repose.

But thou, divine moon, with thine equal beam
Dispensing patience, stealest unawares
The thoughts of many that pass sorrowful on
Else undiverted, amid the crowd alone:
Embroiderest with beauties the worn theme
Of trouble; to a fancied harbour calm
Steerest the widow's ship of heavy cares;
And on light spirits of lovers, radiant grown,
Droppest an unimaginable balm.
Yet me to-night thy peace rejoices less
Than this warm human scene, that of rude earth
Pleasantly savours, nor dissembles mirth,
Nor grief nor passion: sweet to me this press
Of life unnumbered, where if hard distress
Be tyrant, hunger is not fed
Nor misery pensioned with the ill-tasting bread
Of pity; but such help as earth ordains
Betwixt her creatures, bound in common pains,
One from another, without prayer, obtains.

WILLIAM BLANE

Lived long in South Africa, is included in anthologies of South African poets, but published his latest volume since his return to England. "Lays of Life and Hope" (1889); "The Silent Land" (1906); "A Ballad of Men and Other Verses" (1913)

A Prayer

O THOU who unto Jairus' fervent prayer
Did'st lend Thine ear,
And to his house amid the crowd repair,
My pleadings hear.

"My daughter lieth at the point of death,"
He cried to Thee;
His words I now repeat with bated breath—
Oh, hear Thou me!

The crowd oppressed Thee on that fateful day—
The sick drew nigh
And sought to touch Thy garment and delay
Thy passing by.

Till one who tidings unto Jairus bore
Pressed near and said,
"Why troublest thou the Master any more?
Thy child is dead."

O Christ who then beheld that father's face
And saw his grief,
Try not my strength so fiercely; of Thy grace
Grant me relief.

"Talitha Cumi" now no more is said
When life is flown;
Haste then, and lay Thy hand upon her head
Ere she be gone!

A word from Thee, Lord Christ, a word, a touch
And all were well!
To thee so little, and to me how much
No lips can tell. . . .

Behold how beautiful she is, how dear,
How sweet, how good,
Enlinking girlhood in her nineteenth year
With womanhood.

It seems so short a time since at my knee,
So dear, so small,
She knelt and lisped her childish prayer to Thee
At even-fall.

As round her girlish years my memory clings,
Tears flow unbid;
For I recall a thousand little things
She said and did.

Alas, my faith and hope are weak indeed;
My thoughts are wrong;
And humanly, in faltering words, I plead—
Love only strong.

Oh, if Thou wilt not come, all help is past
And death is near:
This night, O Christ, they say may be the last
For one so dear. . . .

I cannot even frame my prayer aright,
And only know
That with her life the loveliness and light
Of mine would go.

The Shepherd

Forgive me then, O Master! And if Thou,
Who knowest best,
From this poor life of pain and sorrow now
Would'st give her rest,

Be near her spirit as it steals away
Beyond our ken;
When by her side in helpless love we pray,
Oh, help her then!

Be near her—let her feel her trembling hand
Held firm by Thee,
When first the wonders of the Unknown Land
Her eyes shall see. . . .

Be near me, too! When for her voice, her touch,
I yearn alone—
Be near me, Lord, for I shall need Thee much
When she is gone!

EDMUND BLUNDEN

A pastoral poet, more scholarly than Clare, whose work he edited, but not less true to rural life and character. "Pastorals" (1915); "The Barn"; "Three Poems" (1916); "The Waggoner" (1920); "The Shepherd and other Poems of Peace and War" (1922).

The Shepherd

EVENING has brought the glow worm to the green,
And early stars to heaven, and joy to men;
The sun is gone, the shepherd leaves the pen
And hobbles home, while we for leisure lean
On garden gates. O shepherd old and kind,

Sweet may your musings and your slumbers prove !—
When the rude chairs, of untanned osiers wove,
Creak to the dead of night, his rest he'll find ;
And at his feet well pleased his dog will doze,
And not a traveller passes but he knows.

A country god to every childish eye—
Who sees the shepherd save when he comes home,
With untrimmed staff, smock stitched like honeycomb,
With great-tongued boots, and buskins to the thigh !
A seer, a country god—as thought conceives
His oracles of seasons foul or fair,
His weather-bitten looks and wild white hair
That on his shoulders thatches like an eaves :
And he himself, proud of his antique toil,
Gossips with none that might such honour soil.

Sleep comes upon the village, the rich bee
From honeyed bells of balsams high is gone ;
The windows palely shine ; the owls whoop on,
But bats have slunk into their hollow tree.
The shepherd hours before has closed his eyes,
But he unseen will take his staff in hand
And walk to wake the morning through the land
Before the cockerel knows 'tis time to rise.
High on the hill he dares the mist and dew
And sings before a sunbeam ventures through.

Now when the morning ripens and unfolds
Like beds of flowers the glories of the plain,
His heart leaps up at every steeple vane
And barn and kiln and windmill on the wolds ;
For boyhood knew them all and not a brook
But he has bathed and played the miller there ;
By every green he's hurried to the fair
And tended sheep in every whitethorn nook.
Thus dreaming does he hurdle up the pen
And thinks how soon comes clipping time agen.

The Shepherd

His sheep his children are, each one he knows,
And well might know, who lay through winter storm
In cramping hulks with bracken scarce kept warm
While each one came from the poor frightened yoes.
He never bids or wants for holiday,
His sheep his children are and his delight:
The shepherd's harvest makes the May so bright
When round his feet the lambs so frisk and play
And nuzzle in his sleeve and twitch his hand—
The prettiest dears, he calls them, in the land.

But May, when music grows on every tree,
Too quickly passes, shepherds'-roses die—
New dipt and shorn, they still delight the eye:
How fast they gather to his "Cub—burree":
Even crows and jackdaws scrambling for the beans
Among their troughs are of his rustic clan
And know him king of bird and sheep and man;
And where he breaks his bread the emmet gleans.
The great sun gives him wisdom, the wind sings
Clear to his simple heart the hardest things.

The stubble browsing comes, and grand and grave
Autumn in shadow swathes the rolling weald,
The blue smoke curls with mocking stealth afield,
And far off lights, like wild eyes in a cave,
Stare at the shepherd on the bleaching grounds.
Deeply he broods on the dark tide of change,
And starts when echo sharp and sly and strange,
To his gap-stopping, from the sear wood sounds,
His very sheep bells seem to bode him ill
And starling whirlwinds strike his bosom chill.

Then whispering all his eighty years draw nigh,
And mutter like an Advent mind, and grieve
At perished summer, bid him take his leave
Of toil and take some comfort ere he die.
The hounded leaf has found a tongue to warn

How fierce the pang of winter, the lead rain
Brings him old pictures of the drowning plain,
When even his dog sulks, loath to face the morn,
The sun drops cold in a watery cloud, the briars
Like starved arms still snatch at his withered fires.

But shepherd goes to warm him in his chair,
And in the blaze his dog growls in his dreams,
And on the hearth the leaping firelight gleams
That makes him think of one with ruddy hair
Who kept the sheep in ancient Bethlehem.
With trusting heart he takes his Bible, reads
Once more of still green banks and glittering meads
Where storms are not, nor ever floods to stem ;
Where the kind shepherd never takes them wrong
And gently leads the yoes that are with young.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

His finest work is in his poetical dramas, " King Lear's Wife," " Riding to Lithend," " Midsummer Eve," etc. ; but he has written lyrics of charm and delicate beauty. " The Gate of Smaragdus " (1904) ; " Chambers of Imagery " (1907), second series (1912) ; " Collected Poems " (1925).

A Carol for Christmas Day Before Dawn

O, BETHLEM town to-night is cold,
And Bethlem town is very dark ;
Down tumbling street, on upland wold
Stir neither wife nor patriarch ;
No travellers the inn-door seek
Where still the gusty sign-boards creak.

Our Lady of Consolation

The dull, dumb shepherds of the heath
Are warm beside their wives in bed;
The mildewed manger chills beneath
The wet thatch gaping over-head;
The ancient stars are tired and dim
And no new star announces Him.

Or is it that we cannot hear
The least of spiritual songs,
And know not some strange joy more near
Than too familiar angel-throngs?—
Of Him the greater is our need
Whose life has dwindled to a creed.

Because we know the Lord once woke
Unto a far-off people's pain,
We dream, a numb bewildered folk,
That He might think to come again
To heal by new, enlightening cares,
A world more sorrowful than theirs.

Our Lady of Consolation

WE seek you in the garden to and fro,
Thinking how much it was your loved abode;
We gather heartsease from the seed you sowed,
And every blossom seems a gift from you.
Then we remember your hushed bed, and go
Where rosemary and roses round you strewed
Droop tenderly, by dying faintness bowed,
While dreams of girlhood smooth your white worn brow.
Ah, lately lost and always unforgot,
Come oft unseen and sit with us again
And soothe us with your old benignity.
We cannot think you do not share our lot,
For here your heart was when you were not nigh,
And all our hearts are with you now as then.

F. VICTOR BRANFORD

"Titans and Gods" (1922); "Five Poems" (1922); "The White Stallion" (1925).

Man

HE walks the world with mountains in his breast,
And holds the hiltless wind in vassalage.
Transtellar spaces are his fields of quest,
Eternity his spirit's ambassage.
The uneared acre of the firmaments
Under his hungry harrow, yields increase.
While from the threshold of dim continents
They beckon him, who bear the stars in lease.

And yet is he a thane of foreigners,
On sapphire throned, but in an unkinged house,
Arrased with honours, broidered in gold sheen—
A palace in a town of sepulchres.
Voices he hears, but knows not what they mean,
His own to him the most mysterious.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Poet laureate since 1913, and a master of metrical harmonies. "Prometheus the Firegiver" (1883); "Eros and Psyche" (1885); "The Growth of Love" (1876–89); "Shorter Poems" (1890–4); "Demeter" (1905); Poetical works (2 vols., 1898–9); Poetical works, excluding the eight dramas (1912).

From "The Growth of Love"

REJOICE, ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright;

On a Dead Child

And that your names, remember'd day and night,
Live on the lips of those that love you well.
'Tis ye that conquer'd have the power of hell,
Each with the special grace of your delight:
Ye are the world's creators, and thro' might
Of everlasting love ye did excel.

Now ye are starry names, above the storm
And war of Time and nature's endless wrong
Ye flit, in pictured truth and peaceful form,
Wing'd with bright music and melodious song,—
The flaming flowers of heaven, making May—dance
In dear Imagination's rich pleasance.

THE world still goeth about to shew and hide,
Befool'd of all opinion, fond of fame:
But he that can do well taketh no pride,
And see'th his error, undisturb'd by shame:
So poor's the best that longest life can do,
The most so little, diligently done;
So mighty is the beauty that doth woo,
So vast the joy that love from love hath won.

God's love to win is easy, for He loveth
Desire's fair attitude, nor strictly weighs
The broken thing, but all alike approveth
Which love hath aim'd at Him: that is heaven's praise:
And if we look for any praise on earth,
'Tis in man's love: all else is nothing worth.

On a Dead Child

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be
Thy father's pride;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff;
Yet feels to my hand as if
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

Contentment

From " Later Poems "

ONE grief of thine
  if truth be confest
Was joy to me ;
  for it drave to my breast
Thee, to my heart
  to find thy rest.

How long it was
  I never shall know :
I watcht the earth
  so stately and slow,
And the ancient things
  that waste and grow.

But now for me
  what speed devours
Our heavenly life,
  our brilliant hours !
How fast they fly,
  the stars and flowers !

THOMAS BURKE

Author of " Limehouse Nights," " Nights in Town," " The Outer Circle," " The Wind and the Rain," and other sketches and stories of London life ; of an early book of " Verses," now unobtainable, and " The Song-Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse " (1920).

Contentment

WHAT though a man be money-poor ?
There's honeysuckle by the door,

Peacefully perfumed lavender,
And wilding weed and gossamer.

There's plenty cheese and plenty bread,
And russet ale and apples red ;
And breezes from the garden bring
A busy voice that loves to sing

Songs of our happy English clime,
Of Lily, Lavender, and Lime !
And children in the sunshine shout
For joy that tedious school is out.

Indeed, with friends, and cheese, and bread,
And russet ale, and apples red,
And honeysuckle by the door,
Great joy is mine, though I be poor.

Paddington

DEEP in a dusk of lilac the station lies,
  Vasty and echo-haunted and fiercely made ;
Speared all about with suns where the arches rise,
  Leaping on lusty limbs over pools of shade.
Oh, lovely are her lean lines, and lovely her poise,
Empanoplying the long, dim frenzy of noise

But her most beauty she holds until the night,
  Even as Love, until the brute day be ended,
When all her thousand eyes in a tempest of light
  Shatter the cathedral gloom, and show her splendid.
Splendid we know her, and ever splendid she stands ;
Clean from the splendid sweat of human hands.

Night-piece

LADY, the world is old, and we are young.
  The world is old to-night and full of tears

To All Mourners

And tumbled dreams, and all its songs are sung,
  And echoes rise no more from the tombed years.
Lady, the world is old, but we are young.

Once only shines the mellow moon so fair;
  One speck of Time is Love's Eternity.
Once only can the stars so light your hair,
  And the night make your eyes my psaltery.
Lady, the world is old. Love still is young.

Let us take hand ere the swift moment end.
  My heart is but a lamp to light your way,
My song your counsellor, my love your friend,
  Your soul the shrine whereat I kneel and pray.
Lady, the world grows old. Let us be young.

C. KENNETT BURROW

Novelist and poet. "London Dead and Other Verses" (1908); "Carmen Varia" (1912); "Poems in Time of War and Peace" (1919).

To All Mourners

I DO not bid you, tired ones, cease to weep—
There is a time for tears;
Nor do I bid you less securely keep
Remembrance of past years:
I bid you only stand as those who reap
Amongst life's living ears.

I bid you still look eastward for the light,
And, musing on the dead,
Draw to yourselves the beauty and the might

That with their spirits fled :
Thus, doubly strong, toil onward through the night
Fed by this sacred bread.

The granaries of Death cannot withhold
From you the living seed :
The empty husk, the hollow tarnished gold,
His guerdon and his need ;
But unto you still live the noble-soul'd,
Still live, and love, and plead.

I do not bid you, tired ones, love them less,
I bid you love them more ;
So, in the hour of utter loneliness,
When soul and sense implore,
They shall, with holy benediction, bless
From their serener shore.

MAY BYRON

"The Wind on the Heath" (1911).

The Fold

WHEN God shall ope the gates of gold,
The portals of the heavenly fold,
And bid his flock find pasture wide
Upon a new earth's green hill-side—

What poor strayed sheep shall thither fare,
Black-smirched beneath the sunny air,
To wash away in living springs
The mud and mire of earthly things !

The Cobatant

What lonely ewes with eyes forlorn,
With weary feet and fleeces torn,
To whose shorn back no wind was stayed,
Nor any rough ways smooth were made!

What happy little lambs shall leap
To those sad ewes and spattered sheep,
With gamesome feet and joyful eyes,
From years of play in Paradise!

The wind is chill, the hour is late;
Haste thee, dear Lord, undo the gate;
For grim wolf-sorrows prowling range
These bitter hills of chance and change:

And from the barren wilderness
With homeward face Thy flocks do press:
Their worn bells ring a jangled chime—
Shepherd, come forth, 'tis eventime!

The Combatant

WHEN thou shalt stand, a naked shivering soul,
Stripped of thy shows and trappings, made most bare
Of all the fleshly glory thou didst wear—
And hear the thunder of God's judgment roll
Above thy head; while to their hard-won goal
His own elect ascend the golden stair—
What plea wilt proffer, when, too late for pray'r,
Of thy lost life thou see'st the sum and whole?

"I have no armour dinted by the fight,
No broken sword, no casque with cloven rim;
Was none to witness to the grisly sight,
For all alone we strove in darkness dim;
Yet in the Valley of Death, O Lord, one night,
I met Apollyon and I vanquished him."

SIR HALL CAINE

Though the novelist has left the poet in eclipse, before he became known as a novelist, Sir Hall Caine was a poet of distinction, and his poems, chiefly in sonnet form, appeared for the most part in the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* during the '80's, certain of his sonnets winning high praise from Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Edited "Sonnets of Three Centuries" (1882).

After Sunset

VOCAL yet voiceless, lingering, lambent, white
With the wide wings of evening on the fell,
The tranquil vale, the enchanted citadel,—
Another day swoons to another night.
Speak low: from bare Bencathra's purple height
The sound o' the ghyll falls furled; and, loath to go,
A continent of cloud its plaited snow
Wears far away athwart a lake of light.

Is it the craft of hell that while we lie
Enshaded, lulled, beneath heaven's breezeless sky,
The garrulous clangours and assoilëd shows
Of London's burrowing mazes haunt us yet?
City, forgive me: mother of joys and woes
Thy shadow is here, and lo, our eyes are wet.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

His only book of verse contains a "pageant of the types that stand for the nation of to-day," drawn from almost every part of Ireland. "Irishry" (1913).

Loafers

IF highest Heaven were no more
Than this: an undulating floor

Of flowering furze and lawny grass ;
White clouds, like ships, that pass and pass ;
An April sun warming my neck ;
Two corbies playing at pick-a-back ;
A lark trilling, a butterfly
That mounts and falls and flutters by
My Thoreau open at " Walden Pond " ;
Blue hills of mystery beyond—
'Twould be enough. Or, having this,
Who'd die to win more perfect bliss ?

And who's the wiser ? I, or he
Who props a wall at Eden Quay,
And spits innumerably between
His drinks ? while April like a queen
Rides over noisome lane and street,
Bringing the breath of meadow-sweet,
Of flowering furze and daffodils
That toss their beauty to the hills,
Of wall-flowers, purple, brown and red,
And Solomon's-seal with drooping head,—
And Liffey's ooze meanders rank,
For all her touch, 'twixt bank and bank.

Heaven is peace. The key is found
In sightless air, unheeded sound,
Or such like atrophy of sense
When consciousness is in suspense :
The climbing thoughts lulled to a sleep
Of grey forgetfulness, like sheep
Gathered to fold : when near is blent
With distant, and the skyey tent
Of clouds and trilling larks and sun
And earth and wind and God are one.
He's even wise, who props a wall,
And cares not if it stand or fall !

WILLIAM CANTON

Has written a "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society" and many other books, but is most widely known as author of "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book," which have a place apart in the literature of childhood. The poems that follow are from the second of Mr. Canton's books of miscellaneous poetry: "A Lost Epic and Other Poems" (1887); "Comrades: Poems Old and New" (1902).

The Latter Law

I

WHEN, schooled to resignation, I had ceased
To yearn for my lost Eden; when I knew
No loving Spirit brooded in the blue,
And none should see His coming in the East,
I looked for comfort in my creed; I sought
To draw all nature nearer, to replace
The sweet old myths, the tenderness, the grace
Of God's dead world of faith and reverent thought

Oh, joy! I found the stern new Law reveal
Romance more rare than poesy creates:
Your blood, it said, is kindred with the sap
Which throbs within the cedar, and mayhap
In some dim wise the tree reciprocates,
Even as a Dryad, all the love you feel!

II

You and the great glad Earth are kith and kin;
There is one base, one scheme of life, one hope
On that and this side of the microscope.
All things, now wholes, have parts of many been
And all shall be. A disk of Homer's blood
May redden a daisy on an English lawn,
And what was Chaucer glimmer in the dawn
To-morrow o'er the plains where Ilion stood.

No jot is lost, or scorned, or disallowed;
One Law reigns over all. Take you no care,
For while all beings change one life endures,
And a new cycle waits for you and yours
To melt away, like streaks of morning cloud,
Into the infinite azure of things that were.

III

And soon the selfish clinging unto sense,
The longing that this ME should never fail,
Loosed quivering hands, for oh! of what avail
Were such survival of intelligence,
If all the great and good of days gone by—
Plato, Hypatia, Shakespeare—had surceased,
Had mingled with the cloud, the plant, the beast,
And God were but a mythos of the sky?

And when I thought, o'ershadowed with strange awe,
How Christ was dead—had ceased in utter woe,
With that great cry "Forsaken!" on the cross,
I felt at first a sense of bitter loss,
And then grew passive, saying, "Be it so!
'Tis one with Christ and Judas, 'Tis the law!"

IV

But when my child, my one girl-babe lay dead—
The blossom of me, my dream and my desire—
And unshed tears burned in my eyes like fire,
And when my wife subdued her sobs, and said:
"*Oh! husband, do not grieve, be comforted,*
She is with Christ!" I laughed in my despair.
With Christ! O God! and where is Christ, and where
My poor dead babe? And where the countless dead?

The great glad Earth—my kin !—is glad as though
No child had ever died ; the heaven of May
Leans like a laughing face above my grief.
Is *she* clean lost for ever ? How shall I know ?
O Christ ! art Thou still Christ ? And shall I pray
For unbelief or fulness of belief ?

Heights and Depths

HE walked in glory on the hills ;
We dalesmen envied from afar
The heights and rose-lit pinnacles
Which placed him nigh the evening star.

Upon the peaks they found him dead ;
And now we wonder if he sighed
For our low grass beneath his head,
For our rude huts, before he died.

BLISS CARMAN

Describes himself as a journalist, but his name leads all the rest among past and present poets of Canada. " Low Tide on Grand Pré " (1893) ; " Ballads of Lost Haven " (1897) ; " Songs from Vagabondia," and " More Songs from Vagabondia " (with Richard Hovey—1894–6) ; " Last Songs from Vagabondia " (1900) ; " Pipes of Pan " (I, 1902 ; II, 1903) ; " Songs of the Sea Children " (1904) ; " Songs from a Northern Garden " (1905) ; " Earth Deities " (1914) ; " April Airs " (1916).

The Keeper's Silence

MY hillside garden half-way up
The mountains from the purple sea,

Beholds the pomp of days go by
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds
Stream over Grand Pré in the sun,
And the white fog seethe up and spill
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North,
Like a great caldron of the tides,
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,
And ever fuming up their sides.

Yet here within my valley world
No breath of all that tumult stirs ;
The little orchards sleep in peace ;
Forever dream the dark blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep
The silver legion of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of homely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say
Good morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.

I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do;
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half-aware,
They will unlock their hearts for once,—
How sad if I should not be there!

From "Songs of the Sea Children"

O WONDER of all wonders,
The winter time is done,
And to the low, bleak, bitter hills
Comes back the melting sun!

O wonder of all wonders,
The soft spring winds return,
And in the sweeping gusts of rain
The glowing tulips burn!

O wonder of all wonders,
That tenderness divine,
Bearing a woman's name should knock
At this poor door of mine!

In a Grand Pré Garden

IN a garden over Grand Pré, dewy in the morning sun,
Here in earliest September with the summer nearly done,
Musing on the lovely world and all its beauties, one by one !

Bluets, marigolds, and asters, scarlet poppies, purple phlox,—
Who knows where the key is hidden to those frail yet perfect locks
In the tacit door of being where the soul stands still and knocks ?

There is Blomidon's blue sea-wall, set to guard the turbid straits
Where the racing tides have entry ; but who keeps for us the gates
In the mighty range of silence where man's spirit calls and waits ?

Where is Glooscaap ? There's a legend of that saviour of the West,
The benign one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts well, though men the best,
Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their villages had rest.

Once the lodges were defenceless, all the warriors being gone
On a hunting or adventure. Like a panther on a fawn,
On the helpless stole a war-band, ambushed to attack at dawn.

But with night came Glooscaap. Sleeping he surprised them ; waved his bow ;
Through the summer leaves descended a great frost, as white as snow ;
Sealed their slumber to eternal peace and stillness long ago.

Then a miracle. Among them, while still death undid their thews,
Slept a captive with her children. Such the magic he could use,
She arose unharmed with morning, and departing, told the news.

He, too, when the mighty Beaver had the country for his pond
All the way from the Pereau here to Bass River and beyond,
Stoned the rascal, drained the Basin ; routed out that vagabond.

You can see yourself Five Islands Glooscaap flung at him that day,
When from Blomidon to Sharp he tore the Beaver's dam away,—
Cleared the channel, and the waters thundered out into the bay.

(*Do we idle, little children ? Ah, well, there is hope, maybe,*
In mere beauty which enraptures just such ne'er-do-wells as we !
I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling me !)

Here he left us—see the orchards, red and gold in every tree !—
All the land from Gaspereau to Portapique and Cheverie,
All the garden lands of Minas and a passage out to sea.

You can watch the white-sailed vessels through the meadows wind and creep,
All day long the pleasant sunshine, and at night the starry sleep,
While the labouring tides that rest not have their business with the deep !

So I get my myth and legend of a breaker-down of bars,
Putting gateways in the mountains with their thousand-year-old scars,
That the daring and the dauntless might steer outward by the stars.

So my demiurgic hero lays a frost on all our fears.
Dead the grisly superstition, dead the bigotry of years,
Dead the tales that frighten children, when the pure white light appears.

Thus did Glooscaap of the mountains. What doth Balder of the flowers,
Balder, the white lord of April, who comes back amid the showers
And the sunshine to the Northland to revive this earth of ours ?

First, how came my garden, where untimely not a leaf may wilt ?
For a thousand years the currents trenched the rock and wheeled the silt,
Dredged and filled and smoothed and levelled, toiling that it might be built.

For the moon pulled and the sun pushed on the derrick of the tide ;
And a great wind heaved and blustered,—swung the weight round with a stride,
Mining tons of red detritus out of the old mountain-side,—

Bore them down and laid them even by the mouth of stream and rill
For the quiet lowly doorstep, for cemented joist and sill
Of our Grand Pré, where the cattle lead their shadows or lie still.

So my garden floor was founded by the labouring frugal sea,
Deep and virginal as Eden, for the flowers that were to be,
All for my great drowsy poppies and my marigolds and me.

Who had guessed the unsubstantial end and outcome of such toil,—
These, the children of a summer, whom a breath of frost would foil,
I, almost as faint and fleeting as my brothers of the soil ?

Did those vague and drafty sea-tides, as they journeyed, feel the surge
Of the prisoned life that filled them seven times from verge to verge,
Mounting to some far achievement where its ardour might emerge ?

Are they blinder of a purpose in their courses fixed and sure,
Those sea arteries whose heavings throb through Nature's vestiture,
Than my heart's frail valves and hinges which so perilously endure ?

Do I say to it, " Give over ! "—Can I will, and will it cease ?
Nay, it stops but with destruction ; knows no respite nor release.
I, who did not start its pulses, cannot bid them be at peace.

Thus the great deep, framed and fashioned to a thought
beyond its own,
Rocked by tides that race or sleep without its will from
zone to zone,
Setting door-stones for a people in a century unknown,

Sifted for me and my poppies the red earth we love so well.
Gently there, my fine logician, brooding in your lone grey
cell !
Was it all for our contentment such a miracle befell ?

No ; because my drowsy poppies and my marigolds and I
Have this human need in common, nodding as the wind
goes by,
There is that supreme within us no one life can satisfy.

With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet my own,
They are but the stranger people, swarthy children of the
sun,
Gypsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the year is done.

(How we idle, little children ! Still our best of tasks may be,
From distraction and from discord without baseness to get
free.
I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling me !)

Humbly, then, most humbly ever, little brothers of the
grass,
With *Aloha* at your doorways I salute you as you pass,
I who wear the mortal vesture, as our custom ever was.

Known for kindred by the habit, by the tanned and crim-
son stain,
Earthlings in the garb ensanguined just so long as we
remain,
You for days and I for seasons mystics by the common
strain,

Till we tread the virgin threshold of a great moon red and low,
Clean and joyous while we tarry, and uncraven when we go
From the rooftree of the rain-wind and the broad eaves of the snow.

And this thing called life, which frets us like a fever without name,
Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can tame,
Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in perfect flame,—

What it is I know not ; only I know they and I are one,
By the lure that bids us linger in the great House of the Sun,
By the fervour that sustains us at the door we cannot shun.

From a little wider prospect, I survey their bright domain ;
On a rounder dim horizon, I behold the ploughman rain ;
All I have and hold so lightly, they will perish to attain!

Waking at the word of April with the South Wind at her heels,
We await the revelation locked beneath the four great seals,
Ice and snow and dark and silence, where the Northern searchlight wheels.

Waiting till our Brother Balder walks the lovely earth once more,
With the robin in the fir-top, with the rain-wind at the door,
With the old unwearied gladness to revive us and restore,

In a Grand Pré Garden

We abide the raptured moment, with the patience of a stone,
Like ephemera our kindred, transmigrant from zone to zone,
To that last fine stage of being where they live on joy alone.

O great Glooscaap and kind Balder, born of human heart's desire,
When earth's need took shape and substance, and the impulse to aspire
Passed among the new-made peoples, touching the red clay with fire,

By the myth and might of beauty, lead us and allure us still,
Past the open door of wonder and oblivion's granite sill,
Past the curtains of the sunset in the portals of the hill,

To new provinces of wisdom, sailless latitudes of soul.
I for one must keep the splendid faith in good your lives extol,
Well assured the love you lived by is my being's source and goal.

Fearless when the will bids " Venture," or the sleepless mind bids " Know,"
Here among my lowly neighbours blameless let me come and go,
Till I, too, receive the summons to the silent Tents of Snow.

In a garden over Grand Pré, bathed in the serenity
Of the early autumn sunlight, came these quiet thoughts to me,
While the wind went down the orchard to the dikes and out to sea.

(Idling yet? My flowery children, only far too well I see
How this day will glow forever in my life that is to be!
I must go and pick my apples. There is Malyn calling me!)

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

There is enough poetry in the wit and humour and idealistic or grotesque fantasy of Mr. Chesterton's essays and novels to rank him as a poet even if he had written no verse. The wit and humour, fantasy, emotion, high seriousness that are in his one play, " Magic," are characteristic of all his work, including his poems. " The Wild Knight " (1900) ; " The Ballad of the White Horse " (1913) ; " Poems " (1915) ; " The Ballad of St. Barbara " (1923).

The Donkey

WHEN fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will ;
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;
One far fierce hour and sweet ;
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

The Praise of Dust

" WHAT of vile dust ? " the preacher said.
  Methought the whole world woke,
The dead stone lived beneath my foot,
  And my whole body spoke.

" You, that play tyrant to the dust,
  And stamp its wrinkled face,
This patient star that flings you not
  Far into homeless space,

" Come down out of your dusty shrine
  The living dust to see,
The flowers that at your sermon's end
  Stand blazing silently.

" Rich white and blood-red blossom stones,
  Lichens like fire encrust,
A gleam of blue, a glare of gold,
  The vision of the dust.

" Pass them all by : till, as you come
  Where, at a city's edge,
Under a tree—I know it well—
  Under a lattice ledge,

" The sunshine falls on one brown head.
  You, too, O cold of clay,
Eater of stones, may haply hear
  The trumpets of that day

" When God to all his paladins
  By His own splendour swore
To make a fairer face than heaven,
  Of dust and nothing more."

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

" The Little City " (1911) ; " The Escaped Princess " (1916) ; " The Hills of Morning " (1921) ; " The Gothic Rose " (1922) ; " The Garland of Armour " (1923).

Vespers

THE light is going away from the dear world :
It is all vanished with the sunken sun ;
Into long lines of rest the clouds are curled,
And slumber—all but one.

That, hung up-piled, shines over all its height
With loveliest gold and rose of softened fire,
Borrowing from the west unearthlier light,
As it mounts slowly higher.

Quietly like a dream the evening
Droops with its dim veils on the silent wood :
A few brown birds make deeper as they sing
The heavenly solitude.

Ah, blessèd dream ! surely I seem to see
How in Her place of light where no wind blows,
Shines in Her glorious virginity
The White and Mystic Rose.

Alas ! the darkness falls upon my vision,
And on the woods it falls, and on the lands ;
Yet, though the cities hold it in derision,
The City of Heaven stands.

RICHARD CHURCH

"The Flood of Life and Other Poems" (1917); "Philip and Other Poems" (1923).

The Nightingale

THE day has sunk exhausted with his strife,
And even yet the western sky is stained
With lightless glooms of blood. The ebbing life
Flames fitfully; and, noiseless, unrestrained,
The midnight fantasy of summer fire
Reveals the murmuring forest, and is gone
Before the startled leap of my desire
Can tell my heart what it has gazed upon.
Desire! The hour is rich with sudden hopes;
The night is odorous with life and love.
Desire! What is that throbbing from the slopes
Of the dark hill, deep in the silent grove?
The sullen night is troubled with thy fire,
Oh tragic voice of all the world's desire.

ETHEL CLIFFORD

"Songs of Dreams" (1903); "Love's Journey" (1905).

Had Sappho Lived

NAY, take the gold I offer, I am old
And blind, but I have looked upon Love's face
And trod the secret ways you wander in.
You think because my fires are dead and cold
That I have never known the altar-place,
Nor seen the hidden sanctuary within.

Yet once I ran as happy maidens run,
And climbed the windy hill, and searched the sea
For garlands, till Love burned away my heart.
And then I sang no more, nor sought the sun,
Nor listened to the ever-singing sea,
But sat by grey-leaved willows all apart.

Till, through the willows whispering in the rain,
There came a voice that cried: "Is all Life told
And counted naught because Love shuts one door?"
Then reached I for my harp and sang again,
And gathered all my sorrows into gold,
And of my grief made gladness for the poor

The watching shepherds sing my words at night;
Rich merchants send me many and great gifts
To make them songs. Now am I old and blind,
Yet still my spirit strains towards the light,
Like to a new-fledged lark that soars and lifts,
But knows not what's to seek or what's to find

So take my gift, and round your slender throat
Set jewelled chains and call your lover near.
His eyes shall find your fairness grown more fair;
His hands shall find the jewels that denote
Your beauty's worth; his heart shall find both dear,
Nor ever know which holds him closer there.

Love goes about the earth in many a guise:
Ask not too closely of the name he bears
When he shall pause beside your open gate.
Stretch forth your hands and question not his eyes.
The way is long for whoso lonely fares,
And bare the singly woven web of Fate.

The Song in the Valley

The poor refuse not bread, the thirsty wine ;
  What hunger and what thirst like that of Love ?
    I that had nothing am now rich for you.
Buy with my gold the thing you count divine :
  Earth often gives what is refused above,
    And mortals pay the debt from heaven due.

The Song in the Valley

HOW softly comes the night. The thousand fires
  The new-waked stars have lit beyond the sky
Shine dim and distant as war-beacons show
  To one too old to hear the rallying-cry.

A slow contentment in the valley broods,
  Far from the swift unrest of higher airs.
Does Fate grow kinder at the journey's end,
  Or is it we grow wiser in our prayers ?

Yet sometimes, through the sleepy valley's peace,
  I hear, from deep within my heart, the song
We heard when, morning-young upon the hill,
  We yearned towards the battle, being strong.

We thought together we should hold the stars ;
  We took the sun in heaven for a sign
We should together win the earth, and sit
  In Honour's hall and drink the heroes' wine.

And now the journey ends, and we have won
  No kingdom ; yet not quite uncrowned we go :
For Love was ours and all the songs Love sings,
  The dreams that those who love not cannot know

Since everything must pass and we must pass—
We have seen the world and played in it our parts—
Give me your hand and draw me through the porch
Of sleep, the sanctuary of pilgrim hearts.

HELENA COLEMAN

Canadian poet. "Marching Men: War Verses" (1917).

The Fields are Green in Canada

(*Written in Wartime*)

THE fields are green in Canada,
And bloom is on the bough,
The orchards by the farmhouse
Are just a glory now;
The thorn-trees by the fences,
The lilacs by the door,
Seem more intent on blooming than
They ever did before.

But there are eyes in Canada
That cannot see for tears,
And there are hearts in Canada
Grown weary with their fears,
The nesting-birds of Canada,
They pipe to deafened ears.

The April woods of Canada
Harbour the sweetest things—
A flash of lilting rapture
Mere recollection brings;
Hepaticas and violets
And all the fairy train
Run out in rosy pathways to
Subdue the world again.

A Cradle Song

But who is there in Canada
Has any mind to-day
To roam the woods of Canada
Or count the flowers of May,
When Sorrow walks in Canada
And Grief has mind to stay?

Yet is there bloom in Canada
With scent of other life
Plucked from the fields of burning,
Snatched from the hands of strife;
And they who won it, silenced
Just at the turn of dawn,
Their names shall long remembered be
When ours are dimmed and gone—

They made a song for Canada
Shall ring the world around,
Though hearts may grieve, yet Canada
Forever more is crowned,
And these green fields of Canada
Henceforth are sacred ground.

PADRIAC COLUM

Irish poet and dramatist. "Wild Earth" (1901).

A Cradle Song

O, MEN from the fields!
Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly,
O! men coming in.

Padriac Colum

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue !

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O, men from the fields !
Soft, softly come thro',
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

The Plougher

SUNSET and silence ! A man : around him earth savage, earth broken ;
Beside him two horses—a plough !

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there in the sunset,
And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder of cities !

" Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker ! Can'st hear ? There are ages between us.
" Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset ?

" Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth child and earth master ?
" Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana ?

" Yet, why give thought to the gods ? Has Pan led your brutes where they stumble ?
" Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put hands to your plough ?

Fate

" What matter your foolish reply ! O, man, standing lone and bowed earthward,
" Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-giving God."

. . . . .

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the savage ;
The brute tamer stands by the brutes, a head's breadth only above them.

A head's breadth ? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the height up to heaven,
And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots, purples, and splendours.

WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY

Editor of the *Fortnightly*, and for many years literary editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, author of divers works in philosophy and literary criticism, of " Kit Marlowe," a drama, " Undine," etc.

Fate

HIGH in the spaces of sky
Reigns inaccessible Fate :
Yields she to prayer or to cry ?
Answers she early or late ?

Change and re-birth and decay,
Dawning and darkness and light—
Creatures they are of a day,
Lost in a pitiless night.

William Leonard Courtney

Men are like children who play
  Unknown by an unknown sea:
Centuries vanish away—
  She waits—the eternal She.

Nay, but the gods are afraid
  Of the hoary Mother's nod;
They are of things that are made,
  She the original God.

They have seen dynasties fall
  In ruin of what has been:
Her no upheavals appal—
  Silent, unmoved and serene.

Silent, unmoved and serene,
  Reigns in a world uncreate,
Eldest of Gods and their Queen,
  Featureless, passionless Fate.

Death

GRIEF, and the ache of things that pass and fade,
  The stately pomp, the pall, the open grave,
  These and the solemn thoughts which cannot save
Our eyes from tears, nor make us less afraid
Of that dread mystery which God has made:—
  How many thousand thousand men who wave
  Speechless farewells, with hearts forlornly brave,
Know well the mockery of Death's parade?

This cannot help us to transgress the bounds,
  Nor give us wings to overpass the steep
  Ramparts of Heaven which God's angels keep:
Wide is the "great gulf fixed": for us the mounds
Of fresh-turned earth; above, sweet peace surrounds
  The painless patience of eternal sleep.

Hereafter

οὖλος ὁρᾶ, οὖλος δὲ νοει οὖλος δὲ τ' ἀκούει.
—XENOPHANES.

"There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."—ECCLESIASTES ix. 10.

I WAIT for thee, belovèd: and my heart,
Merged in the ocean of infinitude
Wherein all thoughts and hopes and passions brood
In dreamful slumber mid a world apart,
Dreams of that mortal sphere, where still thou art;
There rings no human speech, no human mood
Stirs, where the All in frozen solitude
Plays on a boundless stage his awful part.

Yet if thou camest where the unmoving main
Breaks with no sound upon its ice-girt shore,
I think thy love, changing the changeless scene,
Might spread in widening circles, more and more,
Might waken passion's cry for what had been,
And fire the ancient pulse of joy and pain.

ZORA CROSS

Australian poet. "Songs of Love and Life"; "The City of Riddle-Me-Ree"; "The Lilt of Life" (1918).

Love Sonnet—XXXV

I CANNOT find a fault in you; and yet
I think you are not perfect in many ways.
I have seen lips more meet for maiden praise
And eyes less shadowed with a grey regret.

But pure perfection of your love has let
The tenant mirrors of my mind such rays,
All other men reflect a smoky haze
And in the murk their virtues I forget.

He knows not perfect who has found the best,
Nor worth who would deny unworthiness.
But meanest flowers are fair as any rose
When blowing fragrant to our least behest.
So you are perfect in my heart no less
For that unworthiness my poor mind knows.

The Birthday of the Dead

WHERE'ER I turn to-night, I see a child
With brown, unribboned hair;
Smiling soft-eyed at me, as once I smiled;
And fair, as I was fair.

Her little hands are plaiting flowers and ferns,
Her tiny feet are crossed.
Sometimes she sings, and through her carol burns
The youth that I have lost.

I know her grave is green upon the hill—
She died in infancy—
And yet how pensive, and how very still,
She sits and smiles at me.

I'll say, this time next year: "She'd have been nine
Had earth not been her bed."
Her little years increase and bloom with mine—
Ah! how can she be dead?

GERALD H. CROW

" Chosen Poems " (1915) ; " The Island " (1919).

The Cloister

WE will put off the world's dishonoured weeds
And all her tattered motley, we who strove
And are tired out ; with quiet footsteps move
To where His body is broken and yearns and pleads,
Where God is not an argument for creeds
To bandy in mutual scorn but a great love,
And we are sure because we cannot prove
Save by the solacing of many needs :
And where for us with our last office said,
Our prayers and fastings over, shall be found
A nameless peaceful resting where the sound
Cometh but faintly to their tranquil head,
Through the mid-quiet of the cloister-ground,
Of sacrifices for the blessed dead.

" *When We Are Old* "

WHEN we are old, so old that our own youth
Shews like a play we saw, shall we be glad
We served their custom or their fear like truth,
And failed the proper wisdom our hearts had !
Bethink you now the lily dies, the rose
Falls and forgets ; and how shall we keep love
More than a lily-while, when we must lose
Our beauty and all the wonderment thereof ?
Sufficient day by day till love goes over
Is this our perishable desert bread.
Love unenjoyed is lost, O perfect lover,
Not stored ; and how shall we be comforted ?
For whoso treasure up dead roses weep
Over the dead loves that they could not keep.

GERALD CUMBERLAND

Novelist, dramatist and dramatic and musical critic, who, in "Set Down in Malice," and "Written in Friendship," freely criticized contemporary authors, composers, and others. "Rosalys and Other Poems" (1919).

Undying Wonder

FOR me life has no joys but these :
To search for new discoveries,

To burn my flesh at life's great fire,
To quench my soul of its desire,

To rise upon ambition's wings
To risk my life for gorgeous things.

But new discoveries soon blend
With stale regret, and then they end.

And the fire of life that once was hot
Soon fades and fails, and then is not.

And the soul soon wearies of desire,
And all ambition must expire.

But Thou art fire that never dies,
Thou art desire that bounds the skies.

Thou art ambition's tireless wings,
Thou art the soul that always sings.

So, though the whole world fades and dies,
I still find wonder in Thine eyes.

CHARLES DALMON

"A Poor Man's Riches: A Bundle of Lyrics" (1922).

The Ancient Faith

O NEVER say that Pan is dead,
And every nymph and satyr fled,
Though, in these days of faithless pride,
Men seldom seek the countryside
On simple pilgrimage to find
The magic that Pan leaves behind!

I saw a cherry tree in flower,
All radiant from a passing shower;
Against the deep blue sky it shone,
Most beautiful to look upon:
And from the midst of that fair tree
A dryad leaned and smiled to me.

No mortal maid was ever seen
So lovely as that cherry queen!
Hers was the face that sometimes looks
From pages of enchanted books
Where loving workmanship portrays
The beautiful of bygone days.

And if you doubt all ancient lore,
And say that satyrs are no more,
There's many a Sussex croft will show
The marks that, even children know,
Are made upon the grassy ground
By faeries dancing round and round.

O never say that Pan is dead!
But listen for his pipes instead;
And listen, listen till you hear
His merry music; sweet and clear
It comes to all the faithful who
Still listen as men used to do.

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

Has told the story of his nomadic life in " The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," and found in the hardships and careless freedom of his town and country wanderings inspiration for some of the most starkly realistic and exquisitely flower-like lyrics and ballads in the language. His songs sing themselves and have the beautiful simplicity of unpremeditated art. " The Soul's Destroyer " (1907) ; " New Poems " (1907) ; " Farewell to Poesy " (1910) ; " Songs of Joy " (1911) ; " Foliage " (1913) ; " Collected Poems " (1910–23).

April's Charms

WHEN April scatters coins of primrose gold
Among the copper leaves in thickets old,
And singing skylarks from the meadows rise,
To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies ;

When I can hear the small woodpecker ring
Time on a tree for all the birds that sing ;
And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long—
The simple bird that thinks two notes a song ;

When I can hear the woodland brook, that could
Not drown a babe, with all his threatening mood ;
Upon whose bank the violets make their home,
And let a few small strawberry blossoms come :

When I go forth on such a pleasant day,
One breath outdoors takes all my care away ;
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold
Of wood that's green and fill a grate with gold.

The Kingfisher

IT was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
  And left thee all her lovely hues;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
  So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such lovely hues,
  Live with proud peacocks in green parks;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
  Let every feather show its mark;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
  Thou hast no proud ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
  That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

Sweet Stay-at-Home

SWEET Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes,
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairy flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough;
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

The Likeness

WHEN I came forth this morn I saw
  Quite twenty cloudlets in the air;
And then I saw a flock of sheep,
  Which told me how those clouds came there.

That flock of sheep, on the green grass,
  Well might it lie so still and proud,
Its likeness had been drawn in heaven,
  On a blue sky, in silvery cloud.

I gazed me up, I gazed me down,
  And swore, though good the likeness was,
'Twas a long way from justice done
  To such white wool, such sparkling grass.

EDWARD DAVISON

" Poems by Four Authors " (1923).

Between Heaven and Charing Cross

WHEN the silence guards thy breath
And a darkness hides thy head,
Doubt, a paler shape than Death,
Draws me dreaming from thy bed.

Softly do I seek the street
Where the unhappy shadows move,
Pacing on intent to meet
The spirit that I still might love.

I dream of calm that has not been,
And never can be till I find
The long withheld, the still unseen,
The spiritual mistress mind.

Thou sleepest through oblivion
Where no lost step could echo in,
While thy pale sisters one by one
Tread the footworn moonlight thin.

Their bright shoes glimmer as they pass
Their writhen shadows ebb and flow
From lamp to lamp as in a glass
Upon the shining flags below.

Sadly I scan each fading face
With a brief and steady glance,
Their dark dispiteous looks abase
My hope and turn my eyes askance.

They pass away in gradual waves
Down to the mine of darkness soon;
The houses stand like stones on graves,
The streets are empty in the moon.

Beyond an atmospheric wall
Thy dim and fearful lights decline,
And I come wondering after all
If that calm spirit can be thine.

MRS. C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT

Author of "Anna Beames," "They Green Stones," and other novels remarkable for their literary quality and realistic power, and of four volumes of poems, "Sappho," "Idyls of Womanhood," "Beyond," and "Bitter Herbs" (1923), which contains perhaps her most characteristic work in poetry.

Walls

I

SUNSHINE
Beating on shattered nurseries, on steps
Immaculately white, breaking
Into this crypt.

Thick walls, and lined with coffined thought,
Portraits of the forgotten, samplers stitched
By fingers dust an hundred years.

He to his office in the busy town, while I,
With those dark chambers overhead, must sweep and sew
Through the interminable days,
The narrowing years—

Is it a thrush
Or gipsy fluting in the lane ?

II

Walls
About a hearth, to fend
From faltering flesh the javelins of the rain,
Ay—and the stabbing whisper.

For satin shoes the paved familiar path
Between the lilies, in the trim
Dutch garden, where the dial cuts
Time into hours.

Will no one hush
That wild sweet piping in the lane ?

III

A prison of thick walls
Holding a little stagnant air, a heart
In durance ;
While the road
In bite and burn of weather,
The desperate adventure of the road,
Beckons.

At eve the fire of sticks beside the way
And love's gift pressed
To the full bosom.

IV

From the pale swathe of tents beside the beck
A gipsy, calling. . . .

WALTER DE LA MARE

In his novels and stories, no less than in his poems and in his delightful verse for children, Mr. de la Mare is usually at home in a familiar world of men and women which is not so much haunted by the spirit world, with its fays and elves and gnomes and ghostly peoples, as a natural part of it. He is sometimes as eerie and bizarre as Poe ; sometimes as quaintly fantastic as Lamb ; and often blends the divers qualities of both. " Songs of Childhood " (1902) ; " Poems " (1916) ; " The Listeners " (1912) ; " Peacock Pie " (1913) ; " Collected Poems " (1920) ; " The Veil and Other Poems " (1921).

England

NO lovelier hills than thine have laid
  My tired thoughts to rest ;
No peace of lovelier valleys made
  Like peace within my breast.

Thine are the woods whereto my soul
  Out of the noontide beam,
Flees for a refuge green and cool
  And tranquil as a dream.

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal ;
  Thy clouds—how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
  Into Infinity !

My heart within me faints to roam
  In thought even far from thee :
Thine be the grave whereto I come,
  And thine my darkness be.

The Sleeper

AS Ann came in one summer's day,
  She felt that she must creep,
So silent was the clear cool house,
  It seemed a house of sleep.
And sure, when she pushed open the door,
  Rapt in the stillness there,
Her mother sat with stooping head,
  Asleep upon a chair;
Fast—fast asleep; her two hands laid
  Loose-folded on her knee,
So that her small unconscious face
  Looked half unreal to be:
So calmly lit with sleep's pale light
  Each feature was; so fair
Her forehead—every trouble was
  Smoothed out beneath her hair.
But though her mind in dream now moved
  Still seemed her gaze to rest—
From out beneath her fast-sealed lids,
  Above her moving breast—
On Ann; as quite, quite still she stood;
  Yet slumber lay so deep,
Even her hand upon her lap
  Seemed saturate with sleep.
And as Ann peeped, a cloudlike dread
  Stole over her, and then,
On stealthy, mouselike feet she trod
  And tiptoed out again.

The Song of Shadows

SWEEP thy faint strings, Musician,
  With thy long lean hand;
Downward the starry tapers burn
  Sinks soft the waning sand;

The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,
  The embers smoulder low ;
Across the walls the shadows
  Come and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,
  The minutes mount to hours ;
Frost on the windless casement weaves
  A labyrinth of flowers ;
Ghosts linger on the darkening air,
  Hearken at the open door ;
Music hath called them, dreaming,
  Home once more.

Winter Dusk

DARK frost was in the air without,
  The dusk was still with cold and gloom,
When less than even a shadow came
  And stood within the room.

But of the three around the fire,
  None turned a questioning head to look,
Still read a clear voice, on and on,
  Still stooped they o'er their book.

The children watched their mother's eyes
  Moving on softly line to line ;
It seemed to listen too—that shade,
  Yet made no outward sign.

The fire-flames crooned a tiny song,
  No cold wind stirred the wintry tree ;
The children both in Faërie dreamed
  Beside their Mother's knee.

My Son

And nearer yet that spirit drew
  Above that heedless one, intent
Only on what the simple words
  Of her small story meant.

No voiceless sorrow grieved her mind,
  No memory her bosom stirred,
Nor dreamed she as she read to two
  'Twas surely three who heard.

Yet when, the story done, she smiled
  From face to face, serene and clear,
A love, half dead, sprang up, as she
  Leaned close and drew them near.

C. J. DENNIS

Few Australian poets have been more popular in their own country or in ours. Writes in the vernacular, with a vein of true poetry running through the racy humour of his verse. " Back Block Ballads " (1913) ; " The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke " (1915) ; " Digger Smith " (1919).

My Son

MY son ! . . . Them words, jist like a blessed song,
Is singin' in me 'eart the ole day long ;
  Over an' over ; while I'm scared I'll wake
  Out of a dream, to find it all a fake.

My son ! Two little words, that, yesterdee,
Wus jist two simple, senseless words to me ;
  An' now—no man, not since the world begun,
  Made any better pray'r than that. . . . My son !

My son an bloomin' 'eir . . . Ours ! . . . 'Ers an' mine !
The finest kid in—Aw, the sun don't shine—
Ther' ain't no joy for me beneath the blue
Unless I'm gazin' lovin' at them two.

A little while ago it was jist " me "—
A lonely, longin' streak o' misery.
An' then 'twas " 'er an' me "—Doreen, my wife!
An' now it's " 'im an' us " an'—sich is life.

But 'struth ! 'e is king-pin ! The 'ead serang !
I mustn't tramp about, or talk no slang ;
I mustn't pinch 'is nose, or make a face,
I mustn't—Strike ! 'E seems to own the place !

Cunnin' ? Yeh'd think to look into 'is eyes,
'E knoo the game clean thro' ; 'e seems that wise.
Wiv 'er an' nurse 'e is the leadin' man,
An' poor ole dad's amongst the " also ran."

" Goog, goo," 'e sez, an' curls 'is cunnin' toes.
Yeh'd be su'prised the 'eaps o' things 'e knows.
I'll swear 'e tumbles I'm 'is father, too ;
The way 'e squints at me, an' sez, " Goog, goo."

Why ! 'smornin', 'ere 'is lordship gets a grip
Fair on my finger—give it quite a nip !
An' when I tugs 'e won't let go 'is hold !
'Angs on like that ! An' 'im not three weeks old !

" Goog, goo," 'e sez. I'll swear yeh never did
In all yer natcheril, see sich a kid.
The cunnin' ways 'e's got ; the knowin' stare—
Ther' ain't a youngster like 'im *anywhere* !

An', when 'e gets a little pain inside,
'Is dead straight griffin ain't to be denied.
I'm sent to talk sweet nuffin's to the fowls;
While nurse turns 'and-springs ev'ry time 'e 'owls.

But say, I tell yeh straight . . . I been thro' 'ell!
The things I thort I wouldn't dare to tell
Lest, in the tellin', I might feel again
One little part of all that fear an' pain.

It come so sudden that I lorst me block.
First, it was, 'Ell-fer-leather to the doc.,
'Oo took it all so calm 'e made me curse—
An' then I sprints like mad to get the nurse.

By gum; that woman! But she beat me flat!
A man's jist putty in a game like that.
She owned me 'appy 'ome almost before
She'd fairly got 'er nose inside the door.

Sweatin' I was; but cold wiv fear inside—
An' then, to think a man could be denied
'Is wife an' 'ome an' told to fade away
By jist one fat old nurse 'oo's in 'is pay!

I wus too weak wiv funk to start an' rouse.
'Struth! Ain't a man the boss in 'is own 'ouse?
"You go an' chase yerself!" she tips me straight.
"'Ther's nothin' now fer you to do but—wait."

Wait? . . . Gawd! . . . I never knoo what waitin' meant
In all me life, till that day I was sent
To loaf around, while there inside—Aw, strike!
I couldn't tell yeh wot that hour was like!

Three times I comes to listen at the door;
Three times I drags meself away once more;
'Arf dead wiv fear; 'arf filled wiv tremblin' joy . . .
An' then she beckons me, an' sez—"A boy!"

"A boy!" she sez. "An' bofe is doin' well!"
I drops into a chair, an' jist sez—"'Ell!"
It was a pray'r. I feels bofe crook an' glad . . .
An' that's the strength of bein' made a dad.

I thinks of church, when in that room I goes,
'Oldin' me breaf an' walkin' on me toes.
Fer 'arf a mo' I feared me nerve 'ud fail
To see 'er lying there so still an' pale.

She looks so frail, at first, I dursn't stir.
An' then, I leans acrost an' kisses 'er;
An' all the room gets sorter blurred an' dim . . .
She smiles, an' moves 'er 'ead. "Dear lad! Kiss 'im."

Near smothered in a ton of snowy clothes,
First thing, I sees a bunch o' stubby toes,
Bald 'ead, termater face, an' two big eyes.
"Look, Kid," she smiles at me. "Ain't 'e a size?"

'E didn't seem no sorter size to me;
But yet, I speak no lie when I agree;
"'E is," I sez, an' smiles back at Doreen.
"The biggest nipper fer 'is age I've seen."

She turns away; 'er eyes is brimmin' wet.
"Our little son!" she sez. "Our precious pet!"
An' then, I seen a great big drop roll down
An' fall—kersplosh!—fair on 'is nibs's crown.

An' still she smiles. " A lucky sign," she said.
" Somewhere, in some ole book, one time I read,
  ' The child will sure be blest all thro' the years
  Who's christened wiv 'is mother's 'appy tears.' "

" Kiss 'im," she sez. I was afraid to take
Too big a mouthful of 'im, fear 'e'd break.
  An' when 'e gits a fair look at me phiz
  'E puckers up 'is nose, an' then—Geewhizz !

'Ow *did* 'e 'owl ! In 'arf a second more
Nurse 'ad me 'ustled clean outside the door.
  Scarce knowin' 'ow, I gits out in the yard,
  An' leans agen the fence an' thinks reel 'ard.

A long, long time I looks at my two 'ands.
" They're all I got," I thinks, " they're all that stands
  Twixt this 'ard world an' them I calls me own.
  An' fer their sakes I'll work 'em to the bone."

Them vows an' things sounds like a lot o' guff.
Maybe, it's foolish thinkin' all this stuff—
  Maybe, it's childish-like to scheme an' plan ;
  But—I dunno—it's that way wiv a man.

I only know that kid belongs to me !
We ain't decided yet wot 'e's to be.
  Doreen, she sez 'e's got a poit's eyes ;
  But I ain't got much use fer them soft guys.

I think we ought to make 'im something great—
A bookie, or a champeen 'eavy-weight :
  Some callin' that'll give 'im room to spread.
  A fool could see 'e's got a clever 'ead.

I knows 'e's good an' honest ; for 'is eyes
Is jist like 'ers ; so big an' lovin'-wise ;

They carries peace an' trust where'er they goes.
An', say, the nurse she sez 'e's got my nose!

Dead ring fer me ole conk, she sez it is.
More like a blob of putty on 'is phiz,
I think. But 'e's a fair 'ard case, all right.
I'll swear I thort 'e wunk at me last night!

My wife an' fam'ly! Don't it sound all right!
That's wot I whispers to meself at night.
Some day, I s'pose, I'll learn to say it loud
An' careless; kiddin' that I don't feel proud.

My son! . . . If ther's a Gawd 'Oo's leanin' near
To watch our dilly little lives down 'ere,
'E smiles, I guess, if 'E's a lovin' one—
Smiles, friendly-like, to 'ear them words—My son

MAY DONEY

"Songs of the Real" (1905); "The Way of Wonder" (1917).

Ascension

LOVE me, Dear Heart! but love me not so well
As on the gift to lavish all your gold;
Hand me not all my treasure yet to hold,
Nor pour me all my wine to drink, nor tell
Your utmost vows, nor let my heaven be
Revealed at once to me.

But by slow steps of gladness draw my feet
Up ever mounting ways toward far-peaked bliss;
Behind each kiss store me a fonder kiss,

Night Vision

Behind each smile another still more sweet,
Behind each glance a soul-flash yet more true
And eloquent of you.

Love me so purely that I grow more pure
Because I peep at paradise from earth,
So dearly that I take a richer worth,
So truly that I know my crown is sure;
But so imperfectly that every day
You woo and win in some more godlike way.

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY

Mr. Doughty's first book was written in prose—one of the greatest of all travel books, "Travels in Arabia Deserta" (1888). He had turned sixty before he made his first appearance as a poet; had devoted twenty years to a study of the English of the golden age of Elizabeth and, in his works, has made that English his own. The archaic form and phrasing of his verse presents difficulties to the average reader, but has won enthusiastic admirers among the chief of contemporary critics and poets. "The Dawn in Britain" (1906); "Adam Cast Forth" (1908); "The Cliffs" (1909); "The Clouds" (1912); "Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World" (1920).

Night Vision

(*From "The Cliffs"*)

AWN (*an elf piper*), ROBIN, HOWT, and other ELVES.

AWN. O, who of you has here,
A bugle-horn to call our great elf-choir.
ROBIN. I can flute like an owl, *whoo-hoo-huh*! with the best.
I can blow I a loud bugle note in my fist.

(ROBIN *sounds as it were an horn, in his knit hands; and blows then the owls note.*)

HOWT. 'Tis dewfall, 'tis dewfall; run through the green wood.
Hie, little goodfellows, leap over the clod.
And ye which loiter in
The smooth-cropt meadows sheen;
Where feed ruckling the ewes, and couch chawing fat kine;
Foot it, skip, leap it, over the beasts' chines:
Spring elves and tumble over each others backs!
Run through myrtle bog, and rushy mire,
Round cobwebbed thorn; about the scragged briar;

Over bank, over dyke,
Over the hollow brook,
Leap hither, leap hither!
And ye hill-elves, afar;
Come running down, adown from your dune brinks!
Heed! elfen how ye tread,
On any rattling leaf,
Lest ye waken the snake;
Which fell enemy is,
To elf-kind.

ELVES' DISTANT VOICES. We are coming presently! . . .

AWN. Look elves, how now I quaintly cast my foot!
When next I pipe, I'll teach you the new set;
How with bent kneebows, to trace a light morrice.

HOWT. But elf sires of mine age, whose lustless feet
And old dry joints are, like to mine, unfit,
To trip, in looking of elf-maidens sweet;
Can on these purple toad-stools, sprung to-night,
Here round me sit: sit by me and look on,
But all the while sit mum.

AWN. Up now, young elves, dance to new merry note,
Of my pipe's throat : tread it forth, tread it forth !
Piff !

(*Enter more* ELVES *running.*)

HOWT. Whence come ye foot hot ?

ONE OF THE NEW-COME ELVES. O Awn, O Howt !
Not past a league from hence, lies close-cropped plot,
Where purple millworts blow, which conies haunt,
Amidst the windy heath. We saw gnomes dance
There ; that not bigger been than harvest mice.
Some of their heads were deckt, as seemed to us,
With moonbeams bright : and those to-night hold feast ;
Though in them there none utterance is of speech.

AWN. Be those our mothers' cousins, dainty of grace :
But seld now, in a moonlight, are they seen.
They live not longer than do humble been.

ELVES. We saw of living herb, intressed with moss,
Their small wrought cabins open on the grass.

AWN. Other, in gossamer bowers, wonne underclod.

ELVES. And each gnome held in hand a looking glass ;
Wherein he keeked, and kissed oft the Moons face.

AWN. Are they a faery offspring, without sex,
Of the stars' rays.

ELVES. They'd wings on their flit feet ;
That seemed, in their oft shining, glancing drops
Of rain, which beat on bosom of the grass :
Wherein be some congealed as adamant.
We stooped to gaze (a neighbour tussock hid us),
On sight so fair : their beauty being such,
That seemed us it all living thought did pass.
Yet were we spied ! for looked down full upon us,
Disclosing then murk skies, Moons clear still face.
In that they shrunk back, and clapped to their doors.
(And some in chaps and gapes sunk, of the ground ;)
One roves at me, with glancing eye !
Whereof I bleed and strangle inwardly.

(*He holds his heart.*)

Heart-hurt; and every hour am like to die.

HOWT. Die foolish elf; there n' is no remedy!

AWN. Tread round now elves, in light-foot companies,
To my pipes measure.
And when you've had enough,
Ye shall cry me *Puff!*

(*He pipes, and* ELVES *dance apace.*)

ELVES. We cry you *Puff!* We've all, we've all lost breath.

(AWN *ceases; and* ELVES *stand holding their panting sides.*)

HOWT. Clap hands now merrily all, above your heads,
Whilst sleep your feet, to help this labouring moon;
Whose cheerful lamp murk scudding wrack hath blotted.

(*They stand and all clap hands.*)

AWN. I swear by my fay
'Twill all too soon be day.

ROBIN. The night lightens, heaven brightens!

WOOD-ELVES. We'll run to watch for sunblinks in the wood,
And cry; when shoot the first athwart green sprays!

ELVES ALL. Gather sweet woodbines, whilst ye may!

(*Exeunt* WOOD-ELVES.)

HOWT. Run other, to the end of yond green hill:
To spy, if yet He cometh up; to put out
The Moon.

AWN. Now almost our fair night is done. . . .

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The creator of Sherlock Holmes, whose great historical novels, "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Sir Nigel," "Micha Clarke," will probably receive full recognition when Sherlock Holmes loses a little of his popularity, has written three volumes of stirring and vigorous verse: "Songs of Action" (1898); "Songs of the Road" (1911); "The Guards Came Through" (1920); "Collected Poems" (1922).

A Ballad of the Ranks

WHO carries the gun?
  A lad from over the Tweed.
Then let him go, for well we know
  He comes of a soldier breed.
So drink together to rock and heather,
  Out where the red deer run,
And stand aside for Scotland's pride—
  The man that carries the gun!
    For the Colonel rides before,
      The Major's on the flank,
    The Captains and the Adjutant
      Are in the foremost rank.
    But when it's "Action front!"
      And fighting's to be done,
    Come one, come all, you stand or fall
      By the man who holds the gun.

Who carries the gun?
  A lad from a Yorkshire dale.
Then let him go, for well we know
  The heart that never will fail.
Here's to the fire of Lancashire,
  And here's to her soldier son!
For the hard-bit north has sent him forth—
  The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
  A lad from a Midland shire.
Then let him go, for well we know
  He comes of an English sire.
Here's a glass to a Midland lass,
  And each can choose the one,
But east and west we claim the best
  For the man that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
  A lad from the hills of Wales.
Then let him go, for well we know
  That Taffy is hard as nails.
There are several ll's in the place where he dwells,
  And of w's more than one,
With a " Llan " and a " pen," but it breeds good men,
  And it's they who carry the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
  A lad from the windy west.
Then let him go, for well we know
  That he is one of the best.
There's Bristol rough, and Gloucester tough,
  And Devon yields to none.
Or you may get in Somerset
  Your lad to carry the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
  A lad from London town.
Then let him go, for well we know
  The stuff that never backs down.
He has learnt to joke at the powder smoke,
  For he is the fog-smoke's son,
And his heart is light and his pluck is right—
  The man who carries the gun.

Who carries the gun ?
  A lad from the Emerald Isle.

A Prayer

Then let him go, for well we know
We've tried him many a while.
We've tried him east, we've tried him west,
We've tried him sea and land,
But the man to beat old Erin's best
Has never yet been planned.

Who carries the gun ?
It's you, and you, and you ;
So let us go, and we won't say no
If they give us a job to do.
Here we stand with a cross-linked hand,
Comrades every one ;
So one last cup, and drink it up
To the man who carries the gun !
For the Colonel rides before,
The Major's on the flank,
The Captains and the Adjutant
Are in the foremost rank.
And when its " Action front ! "
And there's fighting to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
By the man who holds the gun.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Has done more as dramatist and critic than as poet ; his finest and most enduring work is perhaps in his prose dramas, " Cromwell," and " Robert E. Lee," and in his three or four slim volumes of verse. " Poems " (1908–14) ; " Swords and Ploughshares " (1916) ; " Olton Pools " (1916) ; " Tides " (1917) ; " Seeds of Time " (1921) ; " Preludes " (1922).

A Prayer

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,

Not that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Last Confessional

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

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

Immortality

WHEN other beauty governs other lips,
And snowdrops come to strange and happy springs,
When seas renewed bear yet unbuilded ships,
And alien hearts know all familiar things,
When frosty nights bring comrades to enjoy
Sweet hours at hearths where we no longer sit,
When Liverpool is one with dusty Troy,
And London famed as Attica for wit . . .
How shall it be with you, and you, and you,
How with us all who have gone greatly here
In friendship, making some delight, some true
Song in the dark, some story against fear ?
Shall song still walk with love, and life be brave,
And we, who were all these, be but the grave ?

Last Confessional

FOR all ill words that I have spoken,
For all clear moods that I have broken,
For all despite and hasty breath,
Forgive me, Love, forgive me, Death.

Death, master of the great assize,
Love, falling now to memories,

You two alone I need to prove,
Forgive me, Death, forgive me, Love.

For every tenderness undone,
For pride when holiness was none
But only easy charity,
O Death, be pardoner to me.

For stubborn thought that would not make
Measure of love's thought for love's sake,
But kept a sullen difference,
Take, Love, this laggard penitence.

For cloudy words too vainly spent
To prosper but in argument,
When truth stood lonely at the gate,
On your compassion, Death, I wait.

For all the beauty that escaped
This foolish brain, unsung, unshaped,
For wonder that was slow to move,
Forgive me, Death, forgive me, Love.

For love that kept a secret cruse,
For life defeated of its dues,
This latest word of all my breath—
Forgive me, Love, forgive me, Death.

HELEN PARRY EDEN

Daughter of Judge Parry ; wife of an artist (Denis Eden), an artist herself, a critic as well as a poet, and one of the comparatively few women included among contributors to *Punch.*

"Bread and Circuses" (1914); "Coal and Candlelight" (1918); "The Rhyme of the Servants of Mary" (1919); "A String of Sapphires" (1921).

The Petals

YOURSELF in bed
(My lovely Drowsy-head)
Your garments lie like petals shed

Upon the floor
Whose carpet is strewn o'er
With little things that late you wore.

For the morrow's wear
I fold them neat and fair
And lay them on the nursery chair;

And round them lie
Airs of the hours that die
With all their stored-up fragrancy.

As a flower might
Give out to the cool night
The warmth it drank in day-long light

So wool and lawn
From your soft skin withdrawn
(Whereon they were assumed at dawn)

Breathe the spent mood,
Lost act and attitude,
Of the small sweetness they endued.

Ere all turn cold
No garment that I hold
But shakes a vision from its fold

Of little feet
That vainly would be fleet,
Tangled about with meadow-sweet,

And of bent knees
When Betsey kneeling sees,
In the parched hedgerow, strawberries.

Such things I see
Folding your clothes, which be
Weeds of the dead day's comedy.

The while I pray
Your part may be alway
So simple and so good to play,

And do desire
Your life may still respire
Such sweetness as your cast attire.

VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS

" The Revolt of Woman " (1910) ; " The Venturers " (1913).

After

WHEN death has sentinelled my door
Go thou, and visit there no more ;
Go quickly thence, and nothing take
And nothing leave for memory's sake.

And when they bring me to my bier
Come not in thought or presence near,
And when they take me to my grave
Do thou that little journey save.

And when they leave me to my sleep
Do thou no piteous vigil keep.
But rather rest, that I may be
At one, dear heart, in dreams with thee.

And after, if thou think to bring
Of flowers some painless offering,
Come if thou wilt, and blossoms bear,
But leave them not to wither there.

Or if thou leave them, sweet, renew,
The gift, as the sweet seasons do;
And if thou sorrow in this wise
Come not in sorrow's sombre dyes.

Ah, I would bid thee, if I dare,
On my sepulture spend no care;
Yet little know I how the dead
May leave the living comforted.

So love me, love, in life as now,
And then, in death, renew the vow;
Love's bounty spend, whate'er it is,
And, for love's sake, no more than this.

The Wayfarer

IS this the road into Elysium?
O sunburnt stranger, you who seem to have
Leisure to speak with whomso'er may come,
Do me this courtesy;

Make answer for yourself alone, I pray,
And then, if time bestead you, and your heart
Has the wayfarer's wisdom in it, say,
Is this road for me?

For look you, I am older, and have gone
  More than a half-day's journey towards the night,
And mine is not the joy or heart of one
    Willing to turn again ;

And look you, if your gentleness would send
  Me this way too, seeing how fair it is,
Consider, I have neither scrip nor friend,
    Nor cleansing from my stain,

And so what like are they that keep the gate,
  Are they of your mild conscience, do they serve
Their own hearts, or do prudent laws of state
    Make entry hazardous ;

And do they put deep questions, such as bring
  Intolerable thoughts for witnesses
To such a long and baffling questioning
    As might be hard for us ;

Answer me then, and then again of this ;
  That I may hear you tell me to return,
With such kind counsel, as your manner is,
    Such courtesies as are

A boon to those who on this journey be,
  And some solace for those who take the road,
And to all doubting travellers, and to me,
  Who have not trespassed far.

GODFREY ELTON

" Schoolboys and Exiles " (1919) ; " Years of Peace " (1925).

News

THEY came, you know, and told me you were dead,
Those little men who never dreamed of pain.

The Rarest Gift

" There's not much racing news to-day," I said.
I said, " I hope it will be fine again."
And then, I think, I climbed a certain hill
And saw two plough-shares and a rusty bin,
And further on, beyond John Farmer's mill,
A fence in which five rails had fallen in,
But sixty-two I counted upright still.
And all the time my feet were saying " dead,
Beating it slowly, beating through my head.

I saw it all. I saw the little room
In which, they said, they laid you ; to and fro
I heard the creeper rustling, and the boom
Of some old hornet on the lawns below.
I saw " The Stag at Evening " by the door,
And, though I struggled hard, my eyes were drawn
On past those old red ink stains on the floor,
On past the table, and " the Wounded Fawn "
To that bright hair . . .
No, I was wrong before.
Look at those railings, there are sixty-three,
I missed the one beyond laburnum tree

GEOFFREY FABER

" Interflow " (1915) ; " In the Valley of Vision " (1918).

The Rarest Gift

THE rarest gifts God can bestow
Do with the little children go.
Be these of body or of soul
They shine as never aureole
Shone round the head of fabled saint,

Untarnished yet nor yet grown faint.
What be these gifts ? Who asks is blind.
Not hidden are they nor hard to find.
In every street in every city,
Though much there be to quicken pity,
Who cannot see what is so plain,
'Tis certain he has eyes in vain.
Let him but be taught of me
To look upon them lingeringly,
He shall find that he is given
Such a key as opens Heaven,
Of his own heart the master key.
(If Heaven's not there, where can it be ?)

" Come put these beauties to the proof ! "
He obstinately holds aloof.
He will not look, he will not learn,
Aside his feet will never turn.
He goes upon the hard, white road.
His pride is in the heavy load,
The load he bears upon his back.
His eyes are fastened to the track.
He will not look, he will not hear,
Though angels whispered in his ear.

There are the children's voices. Hark !
Children are playing in the park.
Now surely that clear treble cry
Must catch him as he passes by.
'Tis like a lasso loosed and thrown
To tangle all who walk alone,
To bring them where the children play
The whole unending summer day.

And now the day is at its height.
Noon stills the chattering birds ; the light
Blinds the poor traveller on the road.

Full heavy is his heavy load.
Beneath the clustering oak 'tis sweet
To rest upon the carven seat;
He sits him down, his fardel lays
Upon the turf; his dull glance strays
Where little boys and girls are seen
On the gilded glowing green,
Chasing each other round and round,
Making such a merry sound,
That even the blackbird stops his trill.
The traveller smiles against his will!

Deepens the day; at length are hushed
Their voices too. Weary and flushed
The children scatter to the trees,
And each stops short soon as he sees
There underneath the clustering oak
The Traveller in his travelling cloak.
Now, gloomy Traveller, thou art caught!
At no price can escape be bought.
Here comes with grave regarding eyes
Their general, and thee espies,
Full seven years old, and four feet high,
—Tremble thou mayest, thou canst not fly.

Brave men respect the brave. The foe
Has eyed him o'er from head to toe,
And given the word—his life is spared.
(Though what had happened had he dared,
In pride of old age, to rebel,
I have not wit enough to tell!)
And round the Traveller's either knee
Gathers the little company.

They made him tell a story, who
Adventureless had lived life through.

But in his meanly furnished mind
Stories, alas ! were hard to find,
Till searching there he came at last
On a ballad from the olden past,
And told the tale of Robin Hood
And his gay life in the green wood.
Then did the children live again
The lives of Robin and his men.
And while he spoke and while they listened,
I saw that tears in his eyes glistened,
I knew that in his heart once more
Wide open stood the long shut door.
And there I left him, well content ;
For of all gifts to children lent,
That gift is prizèd more than gold
Which saves a soul from growing old.

ELEANOR FARJEON

" Dream Songs of the Beloved " (1911) ; " Sonnets and Poems " (1918) ; " Songs of a Penny Piper " (1922) ; " All the Year Round " (1923).

Sonnet

WILT thou put seals on love because men say
Love is a thing that certain time will steal ?
As well, since night is certain after day,
Might men their eyelids to the noontide seal.
Nay ! even though that worn-out tale were truth,
And love, dear love, were time's assurèd dower,
What profit canst thou get of cheated youth
By paying usury before his hour ?

A Morning Dream

I will not hear the sorry tune of time,
That bitter quencher of young blessedness,
Not to have proved young rapture is the crime,
Unproven it will be quenched no less, no less.
And thou wilt to the earth at last, time's scorn,
Relinquishing a crown thou hast not worn.

A Morning Dream

UNDERNEATH a skylight I
In my bed o' mornings lie,
Staring up through window-panes
Made dim by unremembered rains,
And always see above my face
A wavy tree in dingy space.

Beyond the greeny branch up there
Flows the deep and clear blue air,
So that I almost seem to be
Drowned at the bottom of the sea
Within the cabin of a ship
Wrecked on a long-forgotten trip.

And I who lie so still abed
Might be some mariner long-dead,
While green and blue above me flow,
And living weeds wave to and fro,
And withered leaves like fishes skim
The streams of air where sparrows swim

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

A lyrical and narrative poet who has shown himself also, in his studies of " Tennyson " and " Donne," a brilliant and

subtly analytical critic of poetry. " The Spirit of Love " (1921) ; " The Condemned " (1922) ; " Before the Dawn " (1924).

NOW while the breath of heaven is in our eyes,
On this proud peak, the summit of each sense,
Down glancing on Thought's valley, where it lies
Crouching beneath love's lofty eminence,
Let us swear deathless faith to all things fair,
To flower and fern-decked rock and streams that fall,
And white roads winding and long uplands bare,
And all sweet sounds that in a forest call.

Yea, let us kneel and gather in from space
The cloud's bright comradeship, the joys that drive
The sun through shadows drear with radiant face,
The trusty ardour of the winds that strive.
Then surely laughing in the face of time
We may from earth's last peak to heaven climb.

JOHN FERGUSON

Has, so far, published only one book, a collection of sonnets which has been justly praised by the critics, and in 1924 was re-issued in an eleventh and enlarged edition. " Thyrea and Other Sonnets " (1912).

In Hospital

THE everlasting sameness of the days,
The never-ending sadness of the nights,
The rising hope that hopelessness o'erblights,
The fevered restlessness that slowly slays—
How heavy is my heart! O Thou Whose ways

Are in the sounding deeps and starry heights
Illume my faith, that in Thine Arm which smites
I may behold the Arm that shall upraise.

Calm and subdue this peevish spirit of mine,
Bid me be noble for her sake, whose cry—
" Christ on the Cross, I would not have him die ! "
Like evening incense rises to Thy Shrine.
Dear God ! let me be noble for her sake,
Lest, disappointed, her brave heart should break.

" LET me be noble "—God forgive the prayer ;
Yet each man prays of this abandoned throng,
And I prayed also ; but I did you wrong,
Peculiar brothers of my own despair.
I would retract my words with scrupulous care,
And to the altar bring a gift of song ;
The pleas for pity unto you belong,
Who hopeless scan Life's rayless thoroughfare.

A little longer in this dolesome place,
Companioned by this death-o'ershadowed crew,
Only a little longer ! Is it true
Not mine the wasted frame, the desperate case ?
The pleas for pity, brothers, are for you—
And yet I prayed for pity, God of grace.

The Circus Clown

WITH whitened scalp and nose bedaubed with red,
He bounds into the ring and cracks his wheeze ;
Bursting with wit, he mounts a high trapeze,
Then falls into the net dispirited :
He mimics feats pyramidal, and dread

Contortions of some " Modern Hercules,"
While at his shins they throw a wooden cheese,
Or a soft turnip hits him on the head.

When tenting days are done, and nevermore
He smells the sawdust, sees the laughing eyes,
I somehow think that on a daisied floor
He'll turn a somersault in Paradise
To give some angel-child a glad surprise
Who never saw a circus clown before.

A. HUGH FISHER

" The Ruined Barn and Other Poems " (1921).

The Outcasts

YOU live in rooms, and so do I,
Friends may frequent where we are banned:
Convention with forbidding hand
Drives love beneath the sky.

Two homeless wanderers night by night,
Past many and many a home we tramp,
While others rest by hearth and lamp,
We learn the open air's delight.

We pass and leave the homes of men,
We tread cool turf beneath bright stars,
We hear the churring of night-jars,
We hear the bittern in the fen.

We know the silence of the woods,
We know the secret of the hills,
We know wide lakes and little rills,
And sky's innumerable moods.

Once in Autumn

We know wild places dew impearled,
We know deep dells and mossy dells,
We know the scent of heather bells,
We know the beauty of the world—

Perhaps it was, that pondering this
The sweetness of His ways untrod,
Convention, too, was made by God,
To give us more than common bliss.

F. S. FLINT

One of the pioneers of what has come to be vaguely known as the " new " poetry, with all the virtues and none of the extravagances of this school. " In the Net of the Stars " (1909); " Cadences " (1915); " Otherworld " (1920).

Both Sides the Mirror

I SPOKE to myself in the mirror, and said, " It is you."
And nothing the mirror answered. Both our breaths passed away.
" It is you—strange—you, in the mirror, and I—am who ?
Reflexion of you and of me ?—Ah, who can say ? "

I spoke to myself in the mirror, and he spoke too ;
But a wall of silence lay dead between him and me ;
And neither could hear what the other said, and neither knew
Whether he was reflexion, or I, or both, or what were we.

Once in Autumn

DO you recall one calm, sad autumn eve's
Bitterness, when we walked along the street

And all the while were rustling at our feet
The shrivelled spoils of summer, and " Dead leaves,"
I said, " our hopes—look, not a wind relieves
Our memory of them " ? You crept closer, sweet.
I looked into your eyes. Tears sprang to greet
Me, stealing all their lustre, like dim thieves.
Some wind has blown new life into our veins
Since then. Perhaps our bitterness was killed
By its own strength, and driving winds and rains
Have swept and washed away dead hopes that chilled
And galled our hearts, leaving Life free to build
The one dear hope that with us still remains.

ROBIN FLOWER

" Erie and Other Poems " (1910) ; " Hymenæa " (1918).

In the Train

WHEN they got in
I saw they did not care to have me there,
But just as I had marked the precious pair
I felt the train begin
Its two-hour journey. There we were, we three,
That awkward pair and me !
They sat down in the corner very prim,
A foot or two of seat 'twixt her and him,
And she looked out at the window, while he stared
At me, who dared
By some malignant scheme
To come between a lover and his dream.
She was a pretty little thing
As such things go, snub-nosed and quick of eye,
Bright-cheeked as though as yet Time's fugitive wing
Had touched her very lightly passing by,

But for the rest a slight enough affair
Made of the clay that serves for common ware.
And he—no finer earth
Had suffered in the furnace for his birth.
You might have picked the two
At any moment from the casual crew
That in a city goes
Along the street, and why none cares or knows.

Of course in such a case
One can't help feeling out of place,
Even looks are crimes,
And so I hid myself behind the *Times*
And let the idyll run out to its end.
One never does intend
To eavesdrop in these matters, yet somehow,
Faced by the instant here and now
One listens—Those can blame
Who've never done the same—
Well, reading blindly at the Births and Deaths,
I felt their hands touch, knew their separate breaths
Were drawing each to other.
And in them yearning knew the mighty mother
Weaving the spells that she has woven of old
Since first the palm tree shone with dusty gold,
Since earth first felt in earth
Move a twin rapture and re-echoing mirth.
This is her cunning who eternally
Must live in things that die,
Who is the wine in vessels basely moulded
And in scrawled notes the song delirious folded,
Who labours without end
And none knows whither all her labours tend.
It may be that to her
The very thrust and stir,
The pulse and eagerness of love
Crowns all the centuries she strove

In fume and darkness till she moulded man
And the ascent began,
Life after life till life should bring to birth
A rapture not of earth,
A song of which the words are living men,
And as a poet's pen
Traces the crabbèd words that are
More musical than any singing star,
So she in these
Poor things of earth aims at such harmonies
As, to our ears not given,
Are all the music of the gods in Heaven.

S. GERTRUDE FORD

"Lyric Leaves" (1912); "A Fight to a Finish" (1914); "Poems of War and Peace" (1915).

The Star That Set

"Too quick despairer!"
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HAD that star waited! Night had hemmed it in
So long, and still its trust was in the day;
Sure, through all darkness, of a light to win;
Steadfast in hope, whatever fear might say.
Cloud upon cloud belied it; yet it stood
Holding its torch aloft, and prophesied,
Cleaving to faith in doubt's dim neighbourhood,
Till the torch flickered; till the last hope died,
Till the moon set; and then "Night wins," it said,
Before it too went down into the dark.
And yet, not one hour after, Night was dead,
And each cloud turned a rose and hailed a lark,
How should it dream of hope, where hope was none?
Yet, had it waited, it had seen the sun.

GILBERT FRANKAU

Before he began his career as a popular novelist, woke to find himself famous for his Byronically witty and satirical " One of Us " (1912), and returned successfully to the same vein in " One of Them " (1919). Meanwhile, he had touched a more deeply human, grimly realistic note in his war poems, written while he was in the firing-line in France. " The Guns " (1916); " The City of Fear " (1917); " Collected Poems " (1923).

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How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla

TO the lower hall of Valhalla, to the heroes of no renown,
Relieved from his spell at the listening-post, came Rifleman Joseph Brown.
With never a rent in his khaki nor smear of blood on his face,
He flung his pack from his shoulders, and made for an empty place.

The Killer-men of Valhalla looked up from the banquet-board
At the unfouled breech of his rifle, at the unfleshed point of his sword;
And the unsung dead of the trenches, the kings who have never a crown,
Demanded his pass to Valhalla from Rifleman Joseph Brown.

" *Who comes, unhit, to the party?* " A one-legged Corporal spoke,
And the gashed heads nodded approval through the rings of the Endless Smoke:
" *Who comes for the beer and the Woodbines of the never-closed Canteen,*
With the barrack-shine on his bayonet and a full-charged magazine? "

Then Rifleman Brown looked round him at the nameless men of the line—
At the wounds of the shell and the bullet, at the burns of the bomb and the mine ;
At the tunics, virgin of medals but crimson-clotted with blood ;
At the ankle-boots and the puttees, caked stiff with the Flanders mud ;
At the myriad short Lee-Enfields that crowded the rifle-rack,
Each with its blade to the sword-boss brown, and its muzzle powder-black :

And Rifleman Brown said never a word ; yet he felt in the soul of his soul
His right to the beer of the lower Hall, though he came to drink of it, whole ;
His right to the fags of the free Canteen, to a seat at the banquet-board,
Though he came to the men who had killed their man, with never a man to his sword.

" *Who speaks for the stranger Rifleman, O boys of the free Canteen ?*
Who passes the chap with the unmaimed limbs and the kit that is far too clean ? "
The gashed heads eyed him above their beers, the gashed lips sucked at their smoke :
There were three at the board of his own platoon, but not a man of them spoke.

His mouth was mad for the tankard froth and the biting whiff of a fag,
But he knew that he might not speak for himself to the dead men who do not brag.

A gun-butt crashed on the gateway, a man came staggering in ;
His head was cleft with a great red wound from the temple-bone to the chin,
His blade was dyed to the bayonet-boss with the clots that were scarcely dry ;
And he cried to the men who had killed their man :
" Who passes the Rifleman ? I !
By the four I slew, by the shell I stopped, if my feet be not too late,
I speak the word for Rifleman Brown that a chap may speak for his mate."

The dead of lower Valhalla, the heroes of dumb renown,
They pricked their ears to a tale of the earth as they set their tankards down.
" My mate was on sentry this evening when the General happened along,
And asked what he'd do in a gas-attack. Joe told him :
' Beat on the gong.'
' What else ? ' ' Open fire, sir,' Joe answered. ' Good God, man,' our General said,
' By the time you'd beaten that bloodstained gong the chances are you'd be dead.
Just think, lad.' ' Gas helmet, of course, sir.' ' Yes, damn it, and *gas helmet first.*'
So Joe stood dumb to attention, and wondered why he'd been cursed."

The gashed heads turned to the Rifleman, and now it seemed that they knew
Why the face that had never a smear of blood was stained to the jawbones, blue.

" He was posted again at midnight." The scarred heads craned to the voice,
As the man with the blood-red bayonet spoke up for the mate of his choice.
" You know what it's like in a listening-post, the Very candles aflare,
Their bullets smacking the sand-bags, our Vickers combing your hair,
How your ears and eyes get jumpy, till each known tuft that you scan
Moves and crawls in the shadows till you'd almost swear it was man ;
You know how you peer and snuff at the night when the North-East gas-winds blow."
" *By the one who made us and maimed us*," quoth lower Valhalla, " *we know !* "

" Sudden, out of the blackness, sudden as Hell, there came
Roar and rattle of rifles, spurts of machine-gun flame ;
And Joe stood up in the forward sap to try to fathom the game.
Sudden, their shells come screaming ; sudden, his nostrils sniff
The sickening reek of the rotten pears, the death that kills with a whiff.
Death ! and he knows it certain, as he bangs on his cartridge-case,
With the gas-cloud's claws at his windpipe and the gas-cloud's wings on his face. . . .
We heard his gong in our dug-out, he only whacked on it twice,
We whipped our gas-bags over our heads, and manned the step in a trice—
For the cloud would have caught us as sure as Fate if he'd taken the Staff's advice."

His head was cleft with a great red wound from the chin
to the temple-bone,
But his voice was as clear as a sounding gong, " I'll be
damned if I'll drink alone,
Not even in lower Valhalla ! Is he free of your free Can-
teen,
My mate who comes with the unfleshed point and the
full-charged magazine ? "

The gashed heads rose at the Rifleman o'er the rings of
the Endless Smoke,
And loud as the roar of a thousand guns Valhalla's answer
broke,
And loud as the crash of a thousand shells their tankards
clashed on the board :
" *He is free of the mess of the Killer-men, your mate of the*
unfleshed sword ;
For we know the worth of his deed on earth ; as we know
the speed of the death
Which catches its man by the back of the throat and gives
him water for breath ;
As we know how the hand at the helmet-cloth may tarry
seconds too long,
When the very life of the front-line trench is staked on the
beat of a gong.
By the four you slew, by the case he smote, by the grey gas-
cloud and the green,
We pass your mate for the Endless Smoke and the beer of
the free Canteen."

In the lower hall of Valhalla, with the heroes of no renown,
With our nameless dead of the Marne and the Aisne, of
Mons, and of Wipers town,
With the men who killed ere they died for us, sits Rifleman
Joseph Brown.

JOHN FREEMAN

A brilliant critic and essayist (" English Portraits," etc.) ; and a poet whose lyrics and descriptive verse have charm of fancy and grace of utterance, and the exquisitively sensitive feeling for natural beauty that is common in a born Londoner. " Presage of Victory " (1916) ; " Stone Trees " (1916) ; " Memories of Childhood " (1918–19) ; " Poems New and Old " (1920) ; " Music " (1921) ; " The Grove and Other Poems " (1925) ; " Absalom " (1925).

Absence

DISTANCE no grace can lend you, but for me
Distance yet magnifies your mystery.
With you, and soon content, I ask how should
In your two eyes be hid my heaven of good ?
How should your own mere voice the strange words speak
That tease me with the sense of what's to seek
In all the world beside ? How your brown hair,
That simply and neglectfully you wear,
Bind my wild thoughts in its abundant snare ?
With you, I wonder how you're stranger than
Another woman to another man ;
But parted—and you're as a ship unknown
That to poor castaways at dawn is shown
As strange as dawn, so strange they fear a trick
Of eyes long-vexed and hope with falseness sick.
Parted, and like the riddle of a dream,
Dark with rich promise, does your beauty seem.
I wonder at your patience, stirless peace,
Your subtle pride, mute pity's quick release.
Then you are strange to me and sweet as light
Or dew ; as strange and dark as starless night.
Then let this restless parting be forgiven :
I go from you to find in you strange heaven.

The Wish

THAT you might happier be than all the rest,
Than I who have been happy loving you,
Of all the innocent even the happiest—
This I beseeched for you.

Until I thought of those unending skies—
Of stagnant cloud, or fleckless dull blue air,
Of days and nights delightless, no surprise,
No threat, no sting, no fear ;

And of the stirless waters of the mind,
Waveless, unfurrowed, of no living hue,
With dead leaves dropping slowly in no wind,
And nothing flowering new.

And then I no more wished you happiness,
But that whatever fell of joy or woe
I would not dare, O Sweet, to wish it less,
Or wish you less than you.

Childhood Calls

COME over, come over the deepening river,
Come over again the dark torrent of years,
Come over, come back where the green leaves quiver,
And lilac still blooms and the grey sky clears.

Come, come back to the everlasting garden,
To that green heaven, and the blue heaven above.
Come back to the time when time brought no burden
And love was unconscious, knowing not love.

In Those Old Days

IN those old days you were called beautiful,
But I have worn the beauty from your face ;
The flowerlike bloom has withered on your cheek
With the harsh years, and the fire in your eyes

Burns darker now and deeper, feeding on
Beauty and the remembrance of things gone.
Even your voice is altered when you speak,
Or is grown mute with old anxiety
For me.

Even as a fire leaps into flame and burns
Leaping and laughing in its lovely flight,
And then under the flame a glowing dome
Deepens slowly into blood-like light :—
So did you flame and in flame take delight,
So are you hollow'd now with aching fire.
But still I warm me and make there my home,
Still beauty and youth burn there invisibly
For me.

Now my lips falling on your silver'd skull,
My fingers in the valleys of your cheeks,
Or my hands in your thin strong hands fast caught,
Your body clutched to mine, mine bent to yours :
Now love undying feeds on love beautiful,
Now, now I am but thought kissing your thought . . .
—And can it be in your heart's music speaks
A deeper rhythm hearing mine : can it be
Indeed for me ?

CECIL FRENCH

" Between Sun and Moon " (1922).

Hidden Sorrow

HIDDEN within your heart you bore
The silent wrongs of many years ;
Your silent courage moved me more
Than any tears.

The Road

You were so gay, none guessed how deep
Your sorrow dwelt; I only knew.
It was because you did not weep
I wept for you.

The Offering

I THOUGHT it but a little thing
To tell your worth aright;
Yet though I laboured long, I bring
No gift for your delight.

For—in default of skill laid low—
Seeing every word is fled,
I were most happy could you know
Half I have left unsaid.

I have made songs for others; let
Them rest, my friend, and take
What Time nor Change have touched as yet—
My failure for your sake.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

Novelist ("Mainspring," "The Colour of Life"), and in 1919 published "A Friendship and Other Poems."

The Road

WE shall not travel by the road we make;
Ere day by day the sound of many feet
Is heard upon the stones that now we break,
We shall be come to where the cross roads meet.

For us the heat by day, the cold by night,
The inch-slow progress and the heavy load,
And death at last to close the long, grim fight
With man and beast and stone: for them the road.

For them the shade of trees that now we plant,
The safe, smooth journey and the certain goal—
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant:
For us day-labour, travail of the soul.

And yet the road is ours as never theirs;
Is not one gift on us alone bestowed?
For us the joy of joys, O pioneers:
We shall not travel, but we make the road!

The Price

UPON the plain where ebbed the tide
Of blood the human flotsam lay;
And as the night came down there died
More than those bodies, more than they.

Above the trenches, by the cross
That marked each rough and nameless mound,
Rose like a mist the form of loss,
Filling the world from bound to bound.

And these the words that Shadow said,
And this the grief wherewith she grieved:
"I am the spirit of these dead,
And I the soul of the breaved.

"I am a thousand songs unsung,
A thousand thousand roads unmade;
Legion my name: I am the young,
The swift, the strong, the unafraid.

"I am a myriad precious things
That perished ere they came to birth,
And I all fair imaginings
That shall not now make glad the earth.

White Magic

" Hear you my voice ?—a dreamlike cry
That beats from far and dies forlorn ?
I am lost love, and I, oh, I
The children never to be born."

ROSE FYLEMAN

Her poems have a charming fantasy and humour and for many years past she has been a regular contributor to *Punch*. " Fairies and Chimneys " (1918) ; " The Fairy Green " (1919) ; " The Fairy Flute " (1921) ; " The Rainbow Cat " (1922) ; " A Small Cruise " (1923).

White Magic

BLIND folk see the fairies,
  Oh, better far than we,
Who miss the shining of their wings
Because our eyes are filled with things
  We do not wish to see.
They need not seek enchantment
  From solemn, printed books,
For all about them as they go
The fairies flutter to and fro
  With smiling, friendly looks.

Deaf folk hear the fairies
  However soft their song ;
'Tis we who lose the honey sound
Amid the clamour all around
  That beats the whole day long.
But they with gentle faces
  Sit quietly apart ;
What room have they for sorrowing
While fairy minstrels sit and sing
  Close to their listening heart ?

NORMAN GALE

A pastoral poet whose songs of love and the country life have something of the charm and simplicity of Herrick. "A Country Muse" (1892); "Orchard Songs" (1893); "Cricket Songs" (1894); "Songs for Little People" (1896); "More Cricket Songs" (1905); "Song in September" (1912); "Collected Poems" (1914); "A Merry-go-Round of Song" (1919); "A Book of Quatrains" (1925).

To the Sweetwilliam

I SEARCH the poet's honied lines
And not in vain, for columbines,
And not in vain for other flowers
That sanctify the many bowers
Unsanctified by human souls.
See where the larkspur lifts among
The thousand blossoms finely sung,
Still blossoming in the fragrant scrolls!
Charity, eglantine and rue
And love-in-a-mist are all in view,
With coloured cousins; but where are you,
Sweetwilliam?

The lily and the rose have books
Devoted to their lovely looks,
And wit has fallen in vital showers
Through England's most miraculous hours
To keep them fresh a thousand years.
The immortal library can show
The violet's well-thumbed folio
Stained tenderly by girls in tears.
The shelf where Genius stands in view
Has briar and daffodil and rue
And love-lies-bleeding; but not you,
Sweetwilliam.

Thus, if I seek the classic line
For marybuds, 'tis, Shakespeare, thine!
And ever is the primrose born
'Neath Goldsmith's overhanging thorn.
In Herrick's breastknot I can see
The appleblossom, fresh and fair
As when he plucked and put it there,
Heedless of Time's anthology.
So flower by flower comes into view,
Kept fadeless by the Olympian dew
For startled eyes; and yet not you,
Sweetwilliam.

Too seldom named! And never so
As makes the astonished heart to go
With deer-like leapings! Horace found
A name unsuited to the bound
His gleaming satires had to bear:
Even so, methinks a want of grace
In country calling lost a place
In poesy for one so fair.
How chancily a blossom slips
From ballad sunshine to eclipse,
Being short of honey for the lips,
Sweetwilliam!

Though gods of song have let you be,
Bloom in my little book for me.
Unwont to stoop, or lean, you show
An undefeated heart, and grow
As pluckily as cedars. Heat
And cold, and winds, that make
Tumbledown sallies, cannot shake
Your resolution to be sweet.
Then take this song, be it born to die
Ere yet the unwedded butterfly
Has glimpsed a darling in the sky,
Sweetwilliam.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

The irony, high idealism and brooding philosophy of life that characterize his work as a novelist are the distinctive qualities of Mr. Galsworthy's one book of poems, " Moods, Songs and Doggerels " (1911).

The Prayer

IF on a Spring night I went by
And God were standing there,
What is the prayer that I would cry
To Him ! This is the prayer :
O Lord of Courage grave,
O Master of this night of Spring !
Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask Thee anything !

Errantry

COME ! let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky !
For who would live so petty and unblest
That dare not tilt at something ere he die,
Rather than, screened by safe majority,
Preserve his little life to little ends,
And never raise a rebel battle-cry !

Ah ! for the weapon wistful and sublime,
Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,
Since Fate demands it shivered every time !
When in the wildness of our charge we reel
Men laugh indeed—the sweeter heavens smile,
For all the world of fat prosperity
Has not the value of that broken steel !

Lemnos Harbour

Ah! for the summons of a challenge cry
Which sets to swinging fast the bell that tolls
The high and leaping chimes of sympathy
Within that true cathedral of our souls
Set in our bodies' jeering market-place—
So crystal-clear, the shepherd's wayward pipe
From feasts his cynical soft sheep cajoles.

God save the pennon, ragged to the dawn,
That signs to moon to stand, and sun to fly;
And flutters when the weak is overborne
To stem the tide of fate and certainty,
That knows not reason, and that seeks no fame—
But has engraved around its stubborn wood
The words: "Knight-Errant, till Eternity!"

So! Undismayed beneath the serried clouds,
Raise up the banner of forlorn defence—
A jest to the complacency of crowds—
Bright-haloed with the one diviner sense:
To hold itself as nothing to itself;
And in the quest of its imagined star
To lose all thought of after-recompense!

LEON GELLERT

Was on active service with the Australian forces during the War, and has written some of the most poignant and grimly realistic of war poems in his "Songs of a Campaign" (1918).

Lemnos Harbour

THE island sleeps—but it has no delight
For me, to whom that sleep has been unkind.
My thoughts are long of what seems long ago,
And long, too, are my dreams. I do not know

These trailing glories of the star-strewn night
Or the slow sough of the wind.

I hear the rattle of the moving car ;
The children crying in the lighted street.
I walk along the same old asphalt way.
I see the church,—I hear the organ play
I see the hills I wandered on afar,
And spots of rain at my feet.

I see the dust-strewn hedge,—the latchéd gate ;
The gravelled path with roses either side ;
The cedar tree,—the lawn where I have lain ;
The pots of fern,—my mother's window pane.
I see the place where I sat long and late
By the trellis deep and wide.

The red Virginia crumbles at the wall.
The bed is bare where winter's snow-drops grew.
I feel my dog come licking at my hand.
I pause awhile beside the door. I stand
And hear the well-known footsteps softly fall
And the voices that I knew.

I slowly creep and peep beneath the blind.
—My father reads his book within his chair.
Some children play their game of dominoes.
My mother sits beside the fire and sews ;
Her head is bowed. I know her eyes are kind
By the grey lines in her hair.

I tap the pane to see those tears unshed.
I see them turn, and watch them sadly stirred
By the sound, and peer to see my face without.
They see, and smile. I hear no welcome shout.
They sit and gaze as they that see the dead,
But no one says a word.

Holiday

The island sleeps. May sleep come soon to me,
And lull these dreams within my shaken mind;
—These dreams that tell me I have seen the last
Of those I left so,—loved so in the past.

. . . . .

I hear the murmur of the moving sea,
And the murmur of the wind.

March, 1915.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Began as a romantic; has written some charming lyrics; and developed into one of the most truthfully and sternly realistic of modern poets. His best work is in his dramatic and narrative poems of the lives of the poor who live and work in the slum, the mine, the factory, the field; he writes of these, and the tragedy of these, with pity, bitterness and grim imaginative power. "Urlyn the Harper" (1900); "The Queen's Vigil" (1902); "Stonefolds" (1907); "Daily Bread" (1910); "Fires" (1912); "Thoroughfares" (1914); "Borderlands" (1914); "Battle" (1915); "Friends" (1916); "Livelihood" (1917); "Whin" (1918); "Home" (1920); "Neighbours" (1920); "Krindelsyke" (1922); "I Heard a Sailor Singing" (1925).

Holiday

A room in tenements, on the evening of Whit-Monday. EVA SPARKES, *a widow, sits on the bed in which her daughter,* NELLY, *lies unconscious, with her eyes open, and her hands moving in a regular succession of mechanical motions. Her second daughter,* POLLY, *stands near the window, looking out into the dismal court.*

EVA. Her hands are never quiet for a moment.
POLLY. She's tending the machine; and slipping in

The brush-backs, as we do the live-long day,
Day after day, and every blessed day,
Year in, year out, year in, year out, except
On Sundays and Bank Holidays. To think
To-day's Whit-Monday and Bank Holiday—
And what a holiday for her, poor lass!
EVA. She cannot rest: her hands keep working, working.
It must be weary work, at best: but now . . .
POLLY. And yet, we're always at it, all day long,
Year in, year out, until it drives us dizzy;
And, likely, we slip in a hand, as she did
The other day, poor lass. Six holes it drills—
And then they call it carelessness.
EVA. 'Twas that
Began the trouble—her poor broken hand:
It gives me quite a turn to think of it:
She's never been herself since then. It's hard
She cannot rest at all.
POLLY. To think to-day's
Bank Holiday!—and last year she was dancing.
EVA. She's ever been a dancer from a bairn,
Has Nelly: even as a babe-in-arms,
I couldn't keep her quiet, if she heard
An organ playing half a street away:
She'd jig and jig, till it took me all my time
To hold the jumping jenny on my lap.
Such nimble toes she had: 'twas in her blood:
I danced before I married; though afterwards
I'd little list for it: but, in my day,
While I'd the heart, I danced among the best:
When first your father saw me, I was dancing.
POLLY. Only last year, she danced the live-long day
She danced us all out easily, although
The sun was blazing; and we were fit to drop.
I think she would have danced herself to death,
But Daniel stopped the music: even he

Was done, deadbeat, though he's not easily puffed.
EVA. He'd scarcely go to-day at all; he said,
He couldn't go without her, couldn't bear
To leave her, and not knowing . . . But I told him
'Twas worse than useless for him to sit watching . . .
I think he only went away, at last,
Because he couldn't bear to see her hands.
It's bad enough for me, and almost more
Than I can stand: I couldn't have him, too,
Watching her hands. I cannot help but watch
Her poor, poor hands: they're never still a moment
All night I watched . . .
POLLY. And last year she was dancing
The live-long day—was dancing in the sun:
And there was no one who could dance with her:
I don't know where she picked up half the steps;
There seemed to be no end to them, as though
She made them up as she went on: they seemed
To come to her as easily as walking.
She danced and danced.
EVA. Ay, she'd a dancing heart.
POLLY. And, as she danced, you scarcely saw her feet move,
Because they went so quickly; and it dazzled,
The sunlight sparkling on her dancing buckles
That twinkled in and out beneath her flounces:
And as she danced, she waved a branch of hawthorn
Daniel had plucked for her.
EVA. When she came home
That night, her arms were laden; and the house
Was white with bloom for days: she'd scarcely left
A pot or pan for me to cook a meal in;
And yet I dared not toss it out. The scent
Was nigh too much for me: a hawthorn grew
Beside the door at home; and in the rain
It used to smell so fresh and sweet. 'Twill still
Be there, still blowing fresh and sweet, though I . . .

And she was born about the blossom-time;
For I remember how I lay and dreamt
I smelt it, though we'd left the country then;
And I was far from any blowing thing.
And I can smell it now, though I've not seen
A growing thorn for years.
POLLY. The smell of hawthorn
And the dazzle and heat together turned me faint.
She didn't seem to mind it, but danced on
Till I was dazed and dizzy, watching her:
And when I called to stop her, just danced harder,
And answered, laughing: she could dance for ever,
Dance in the sunshine till she'd drop down dead.
Then Daniel stopped the music suddenly:
Her feet stopped with it; and she nearly tumbled,
But Daniel caught her in his arms; and she
Was dazed and quiet, and hardly spoke a word
Till she was home in bed, and the candle out.
I didn't take much notice at the time,
For I was sleepy; but I remember each word,
As though she said them over, lying there:
"At least I've danced a day away. To-morrow,
To-morrow and to-morrow we'll be working—
To-morrow and to-morrow, till we're dead:
And yet, to-day the job was nearly done:
If only Daniel hadn't stopped the music,
I might have finished—dancing!"
EVA. Her poor hands
Are never quiet—always working, working:
They move so quickly I can scarcely follow . . .
POLLY. She always worked like that: the wonder is
She'd never slipped her hand before: she worked
As madly as she danced; and she danced madly.
EVA. She'll dance no more. Poor Daniel, I'd no heart
To tell him outright there's no hope for her.
He never asked me what the doctor said:

Happen, he knew, somehow: it isn't words
Tell us the most: we oftener learn the truth
Without them. And the lad was loth to go;
Yet couldn't bear to see . . . I cannot bear
To watch them: yet I cannot keep my eyes off:
They're always working, working, poor broken hands—
And once they'd beat to music on my breast,
When she was a laughing baby on my lap,
Would God that time had never passed.

POLLY. To think
They'll all be dancing, while she lies like this!

EVA. Dan went: but he was loth enough to go:
And there'll be little dancing for him to-day,
And many days to come. He'll not bide late:
I looked for him by now: he'll not have heart . . .

POLLY. And we are only "hands"! And in the end . . .
I wonder if I'll lie like that one day,
With fingers working uselessly? God spare me!
But I think there's little chance: I never worked
Or danced, as she did. She would dance . . .

EVA. I smell
Hawthorn as strongly now as we could smell it
After a shower.

POLLY. There's some one on the stairs:
I think it's Daniel.

(*The door opens, and* DANIEL WEBSTER *enters quietly, carrying a bunch of hawthorn.*)

DANIEL. How is Nelly now?
I've brought some bloom for her: I thought she might . . .
Last year she liked the bloom . . . a year to-day
She danced beneath the hawthorn on the heath.
I couldn't stay to see them jigging—and yet,
I cannot bear to watch . . .

EVA (*turning suddenly towards the bed*). Her hands have stopped.
She's quiet now. Ah, God, she's getting up !
She'll fall !

(*They all move towards* NELLY, *as she rises from the bed ; but something in her eyes stays them half-way ; and they stand spellbound, as she steps to the ground, and stumbles towards* DANIEL, *stretching out her hand for the hawthorn, which he gives her, without a word. Holding the branch over her head, she begins to dance, slowly, her feet gradually moving more quickly.*)

NELLY. Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . .
Who's stopped the music ? Oh !

(*She pauses, stands for a moment, swaying ; then drops to the floor in a heap.*)

EVA (*bending over her*).
Nelly ! Ah, God, she's done . . . she doesn't breathe . . .

(DANIEL *stoops, and picks the dropt branch from the floor.*)

DANIEL. It's fallen now, the bloom . . . I thought she might . . .
Last year she danced . . . and now . . . I brought the bloom . . .
EVA. Her hands stopped working when she smelt the blossom :
It set her dancing, dancing to her death.
DANIEL. O Christ, what have I done—what have I done ?
Nelly, I brought the bloom . . .
POLLY She's had her wish.

The Fowler

A WILD bird filled the morning air
With dewy-hearted song;
I took it in a golden snare
Of meshes close and strong

But where is now the song I heard?
For all my cunning art,
I who would house a singing bird
Have caged a broken heart.

MARY GILMORE

Has done admirable work in Australian journalism, and is one of the most distinguished of Australia's women poets. "Marri'd and Other Poems" (1910); "The Passionate Heart" (1918).

The Wife's Song

I SIT beside my sewing-wheel
And croon my little song,
Content to bide a wife at home
The sweet day long.

The supper waits beside the hob,
The kettle steams away,
For him who comes so swift of foot
At close of day.

The gravel grinds beneath his step;
I fly to ope the door.
Compared wi' me, the gilded Queen
Upon her throne is poor.

I trim the lamp, I stir the fire,
I set his place and mine :
'Tis fine to see the linen white,
The silver shine.

And whiles I sit beside my wheel
Humming my song,
And dream of curly heads a-row,
Hearts stout and strong.

I feel them nestle to my breast
And lie upon my lap :
My boys or girls, or girls and boys,
As it may hap.

I see their father watch with pride
Full-hearted at their ways :
I turn me to my sewing-wheel,
And give God praise.

I mend their clothes, I tie their shoes—
These laces never done—
I kiss them out of doors to school,
And speed them one by one.

I watch them grow so father-like,
And ask the world in fee ;
But go or stay, or man or child,
They all come back to me.

Ah, who could dream a dream like this
And let such dreamings go,
For all the harsh and noisy world
Could give them, high or low ?

Ah, who could leave a dream like this
For any pride or place
Beyond the simple door of home
With all its kindly grace ?

Three Songs

Give me for aye to dream my dream
  Beside my sewing-wheel!
Give me to keep my singing heart
  That knows to love and feel!

Give me my arm for man and child
  While life shall last!
You can have all the pride and place:
  I put them past.

Three Songs

I

WHY can I never sing
  The things that move me most?
The wonder of an eagle's wing,
  The stillness of white frost;

The clarity of stars
  Through the long night;
Water on sandy bars,
  And dragon-flies in flight;

Girl-love and boy-love, spun
  Gossamer and flame!
Life at its morning sun
  Whispering a name . . .

II

All day I lay on a brink
  Where an eagle, high
Sailed serene in flight
  Over earth and sky;

And it seemed as though I heard,
  As the silent moments ran,
God out of heaven
  Speaking again to man.

III

Thunder is not His voice ;
  Nor winds, nor sound of sea :
But the voices of simple things—
  The bird and the bee.

The lightning knoweth Him not,
  Nor the storms that pass ;
But the flower that drinks of the dew ;
  And the grass.

HIBBART GILSON

" Uninspired Verse " (1917) ; " Sunshine " (1918) ; " The Hidden Splendour " (1920) ; " In and Out of Heaven " (1921) ; " Songs of the Sylvan Way " (1922).

The Convent Marriage Bell

I WATCHED beside a nun, when she was dead,
And heard her Spirit speak . . . these words she said :—

Out in the green meadow, you hear a linnet singing ;
And in the convent hid by trees, a bell is ringing,
Ringing, ringing for me !
And never again shall a sweeter note be heard
Than the carol which flows from yonder bird,
And each echoing clang of the bell ringing,
Ringing, ringing for me !

Yet the passers-by may raise their hats and drop a tear,
As mournful seems to them the belfry notes they hear
Ringing, ringing for me !
How little they know that every echoing knell
Seems the sweetest of sounds to me . . . The bell,
Since my Lord has taken His bride, is ringing,
Ringing, ringing for me !

LOUIS GOLDING

'Sorrow of War" (1919); "Shepherds Singing Ragtime" (1921).

Ploughman at the Plough

HE behind the straight plough stands
Stalwart, firm shafts in firm hands.

Naught he cares for wars and naught
For the fierce disease of thought.

Only for the winds, the sheer
Naked impulse of the year,

Only for the soil which stares
Clean into God's face he cares

In the stark might of his deed
There is more than art or creed;

In his wrist more strength is hid
Than in the monstrous Pyramid;

Stauncher than stern Everest
Be the muscles of his breast;

Not the Atlantic sweeps a flood
Potent as the ploughman's blood.

He, his horse, his ploughshare, these
Are the only verities.

Dawn to dusk with God he stands,
The Earth poised on his broad hands.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Novelist and poet. "A Country Boy" (1910); "In the Town" (1916); "The Streets and Other Poems" (1921).

Juillac-le-Coq

IT'S to Juillac-le-coq, where the vines stretch o'er the plain,
And the little streams are running eau-de-vie and the sweet champagne,
That I'd take my pipe and smoke it, sitting on some garden wall,
And kick my heels and dream my dreams, and never work at all.
For the sun's bright, and the moon's bright, and all the women's eyes
Are bright there; and joy's there, and love that fools despise.

It's a little dusty village, full of laughing men and girls;
At the thought of it my breath comes short, my tired brain spins and whirls.
I must tramp along and find it, choose my sunny white-washed wall,
And sing my songs, and dream my dreams, and never work at all.
There are vines there, and wines there, and straight, long dazzling ways
That shine white, on a fine night, when high the full moon sways.

Little Houses
(*Hill Street, Knightsbridge*)

LITTLE houses, though prim, have often a secret glance
That can speak to a heart outside—as one speaks to me—
And even their close-drawn curtains seem to enhance
The charm of their sly reserve, of their mystery. . . .

Sonnet

I like to walk through the Square to your quiet street,
And look at your windows—with just a suspicion of pride—
For I may go in, when I dare, and sit at your feet,
But the people who pass can't guess what it's like inside.

They haven't a notion—but I see your small arm-chair
And your dog, by the fire, and your novel thrown on the floor;
And I know there will always be flowers when you are there,
And always a smile for me, when I open your door.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

Lyrical and dramatic poet, whose poems have the mysticism, the deep love of Ireland, the wistful, haunting cadences that are characteristic of the Celtic spirit. "Poems" (1898); "Unseen Kings" (1904); "The One and the Many" (1904); "The Three Resurrections" (1905); "The Sorrowful Princess" (1907); "The Agate Lamp" (1912); "The Perilous Light" (1915); "Broken Glory" (1918).

Sonnet

STRONG spirit, striving upward to the light,
Soul of the world, half smothered in its dust
Breath of the battle, life's despairing trust,
In progress and hope's golden wingèd flight!
Where art thou, spirit? Vainly through the night
We call. Thy sword is eaten up with rust—
We know that thou art strong as thou art just,

Why hast thou wholly vanished from our sight?
The Spirit works in darkness, secretly,
  Among the hidden depths and roots of things,
  Down in those caverns where no skylark sings,
But germs of power and buried forces lie.
Have patience, when all flags of hope are furled,
Still there is courage in the under world!

Weariness

AMID the glare of light and song
  And talk that knows not when to cease,
The sullen voices of the throng,
  My weary soul cries out for peace,
Peace and the quietness of death;
  The wash of waters deep and cool,
The wind too faint for any breath
  To stir oblivion's silent pool,
When all who swim against the stream,
  And they that laugh, and they that weep,
Shall change like flowers in a dream
  That wither on the brows of sleep.

For silence is the song sublime,
  And every voice at last must cease,
And all the world at evening time
  Floats downward through the gates of peace,
Beyond the gloom of shadowy caves
  Where water washes on the stones,
And breaks with quiet foamless waves
  The nights' persistent monotones;
The stars are what the flowers seem,
  And where the sea of thought is deep
The moonlight glitters like a dream,
  On weary waters gone to sleep.

The Little Waves of Breffny

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic in it and many a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

One of the most scholarly of modern critics, author of that brilliant study in realistic autobiography, " Father and Son," of the Life of Swinburne, and other biographies and volumes of miscellaneous essays and criticism, Sir Edmund Gosse was first known as a poet with " On Viol and Flute " (1873) ; " New Poems " (1879) ; " Firdausi in Exile " (1885), "In Russet and Silver " (1894), etc., but seems to have given himself entirely to prose since he published his " Collected Poems " in 1911.

The Voice of D. G. R.

FROM this carved chair wherein I sit to-night,
The dead man read in accents deep and strong,
Through lips that were like Chaucer's, his great song

About the beryl and its virgin light;
And still that music lives in death's despite,
  And though my pilgrimage on earth be long,
  Time cannot do my memory so much wrong
As e'er to make that gracious voice take flight.
I sit here with closed eyes; the sound comes back,
With youth, and hope, and glory on its track,
  A solemn organ-music of the mind;
So, when the oracular moon brings back the tide,
After long drought, the sandy channel wide
  Murmurs with waves, and sings beneath the wind.

April, 1882.

With a Copy of Herrick

FRESH with all airs of woodland brooks
  And scents of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
  This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
  And heaven is blue,
Before his shrine our prayers we say,—
  Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff,—
  Thorns of sweet-briar;
His benediction is a laugh,
  Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
  Unction distils;
He hath a nimbus round his head
  Of daffodils.

Euthanasia

WHEN age comes by and lays his frosty hands
  So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce aware
  Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear,
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands ;
When time has bound these limbs of mine with bands,
  And hushed mine ears, and silvered all my hair,
  May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair
Trouble my soul that meekly girded stands.

As silent rivers into silent lakes,
Through hush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,
  Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away,
As ceases in a lamp at break of day
  The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

Blake

THEY win who never near the goal ;
  They run who halt on wounded feet ;
Art hath its martyrs like the soul,
    Its victors in defeat.

This seer's ambition soar'd too far ;
  He sank, on pinions backward blown ;
But, though he touched nor sun nor star,
    He made a world his own.

GERALD GOULD

Essayist, critic, lecturer, and a journalist who for certain years wrote leaders for and edited a militant daily newspaper, Mr. Gerald Gould is a poet who, except perhaps in lighter

moods, has never allowed the journalist in him to influence his verse. "Lyrics" (1906); "Poems" (1911); "Monogamy" (1918); "The Happy Tree" (1919); "The Journey: Odes and Sonnets" (1920).

The Earth-Child

OUT of the veins of the world comes the blood of me;
The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea;
The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget;
Long ago I was friends with the wind; I am friends with
it yet.

The hills are grey, they are strange; they breed desire
Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire;
For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,
And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the skies;
There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice replies;
When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,
I listen, I understand; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown
streams,
Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams;
To the ends of all waters and lands they are tossed, they
are whirled,
For my dreams are one with my body—yea, one with the
world.

Wander-Thirst

BEYOND the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me
be;

It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye ;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh ! the call of the sky !

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for his friend, and for his guide a star ;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the rivers call and the roads call, and oh ! the call of a bird !

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away ;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Author of the phenomenally popular " Father O'Flynn," and of lyrics that are more charming but less famous ; has collected and edited books of Irish folk-songs, anthologies of Irish poetry ; played a leading part in the Irish literary and musical renascence ; and was for many years, like Matthew Arnold, an Inspector of Schools. " Songs of Killarney" (1872) ; " Irish Songs and Ballads " (1879) ; " Father O'Flynn and Other Irish Lyrics " (1889).

Father O'Flynn

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;

Still, I'd advance you, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
Come, I venture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology
Into Thayology,
Troth. and Conchology, if he'd the call.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest conthroul;
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Crethis and Miranda

Crethis
(*after Meleager*)

"WHITHER is our Crethis gone?"
Still sighs on the Samian maid:
"Who one half such tales can tell
Half so well within the shade?
Who such pretty pastimes knows
Now as those our Crethis taught,
Sweetest playmate when we played,
Sweetest workmate when we wrought?
Dearest chatterbox that e'er
Lightened care—is Crethis dumb—
Into black oblivion passed,
Where at last we all must come?"

" Into black oblivion passed ? "
  Meleager, nay, not so,
Since that maid so sorely missed
  You have kissed long years ago.

Yet when your compelling art
  So touched my heart that I was fain
Within a measure of the Erse
  Your loveliest verse at once to enchain—

Meleager, little could I think,
  We, too, should drink, forlorn and lone,
As dark a cup of sorrow up
  For a Crethis of our own.

Miranda and Her Mother

" WHERE is our Miranda gone ? "
  With sorrow wan, I asked in vain,
A long, aching year ago,
  And now the snow falls again.

But as it whitens all the road,
  My heart's load at last uplifts,
For Miranda seems to glide
  At my side among the drifts ;

While the voice I loved so well,
  Like a bell sweet and clear,
Through the falling of the flakes
  Again takes and takes my ear ;

" Mother, when your grief was wild
  For your child and you rebelled,
When God willed that I should die,
  From your cry I was withheld.

" But since to comfort other grief
For relief from yours you go,
Very near you I have been,
Though unseen I am sent below.

" Now to the children take my kiss,
And tell them this and father, too,
That I often watch at night
With angels bright over you.

" And gently whisper in your ears,
My four Dears, thoughts that grow
To dreams of days when with linked hands
Through summer lands we used to go.

" And those young aunts and uncles dear
Who were so near in age to me,
Brothers and sisters they'd become
In their Welsh home above the Sea.

" Where long lovely walks we'd take,
To mountain lake or far-off strands,
Or bathe together in the bay
Or catch-ball play along the sands.

" Oh, ask them when again they climb
With song and rhyme our favourite hill
To unlock their arms that I may glide
Their steps beside and hear them still.

" And when home from Harlech town,
Quite weighed down by her load,
Grandmother comes, tell her that I
Still try to help her down the road.

" And tell Grandfather with my love,
That here above we study still,
The Classics we read side by side
At Easter-tide on Harlech hill.

" For all our heavenly citizens
Have work like earthly men's to do ;
Nor, as some think, pour praise and song
The whole night long, the whole day through.

" But Christ, the Ennobler of their needs,
Himself His Children upward leads
Where Science and Art with stone and gem
Build up His new Jerusalem."

ROBERT GRAVES

" Over the Brazier " (1916) ; " Fairies and Fusiliers " (1917) ; " Country Sentiment " (1920) ; " The Pier Glass " (1921).

Marigold

WITH a fork drive Nature out,
She will ever yet return ;
Hedge the flower bed all about,
Pull or stab or cut or burn,
She will ever yet return.

Look : the constant marigold
Springs again from hidden roots.
Baffled gardener, you behold
New beginnings and new shoots
Spring again from hidden roots.
Pull or stab or cut or burn,
They will ever yet return.

A Pinch of Salt

Gardener, cursing at the weed,
  Ere you curse it further, say.
Who but you planted the seed
  In my fertile heart, one day?
  Ere you curse me further, say!
  New beginnings and new shoots
  Spring again from hidden roots.
  Pull or stab or cut or burn,
  Love must ever yet return.

A Pinch of Salt

WHEN a dream is born in you
  With a sudden clamorous pain,
When you know the dream is true
  And lovely, with no flaw nor stain,
O then, be careful, or with sudden clutch
You'll hurt the delicate thing you prize so much.

Dreams are like a bird that mocks,
  Flirting the feathers of his tail.
When you seize at the salt-box
  Over the hedge you'll see him sail.
Old birds are neither caught with salt nor chaff:
They watch you from the apple bough and laugh.

Poet, never chase the dream.
  Laugh yourself and turn away.
Mask your hunger, let it seem
  Small matter if he come or stay;
But when he nestles in your hand at last,
Close up your fingers tight and hold him fast.

Robert Graves

Babylon

THE child alone a poet is :
Spring and Fairyland are his.
Truth and Reason show but dim,
And all's poetry with him.
Rhyme and music flow in plenty
For the lad of one-and-twenty,
But Spring for him is no more now
Than daisies to a munching cow ;
Just a cheery, pleasant season,
Daisy buds to live at ease on.
He's forgotten how he smiled
And shrieked at snowdrops when a child,
Or wept one evening secretly
For April's glorious misery.
Wisdom made him old and wary
Banishing the Lords of Faery.
Wisdom made a breach and battered
Babylon to bits ; she scattered
To the hedges and the ditches
All our nursery gnomes and witches.
Lob and Puck, poor frantic elves,
Drag their treasures from the shelves
Jack the Giant-Killer's gone,
Mother Goose and Oberon,
Bluebeard and King Solomon.
Robin, and Red Riding Hood
Take together to the wood,
And Sir Galahad lies hid
In a cave with Captain Kidd.
None of all the magic hosts,
None remain but a few ghosts
Of timorous heart, to linger on
Weeping for lost Babylon.

ROSALEEN GRAVES

"Night Sounds" (1923).

Choice

HOW am I most myself?
  Not in froth of laces,
Sighing hush of silk,
  Ruffles of frilled foam;
In dainty filminesses
  I feel less at home
Than in hay-scented homespun,
  Fit for rainy places.

Where am I most myself?
  Not in shops or churches,
Nor on glittered floors,
  Patterned by dancing feet,
But striding up cloudy hills
  That are redolent of peat,
Or watching the sun light up
  The crimson lamps of the larches

When am I most myself?
  What do I most enjoy?
Talking clothes and scandal?
  Flirting? Being polite?
Or, when stars prick faintly,
  Turning home at night
With songs, and a cool wind,
  And the keen talk of a boy?

JOAN GUTHRIE-SMITH

" Adventure Square " (1922).

From the Beguinage

IN the shadow of the cloister, oh, the grass is green and deep,
And the convent cows the sleekest and their munching slow and loud ;
We hear it through our many bells mid lime-flowers full of sleep,
Or lilac in a purple cloud.

Sweet time to deck our Lady in the bloom and blush of May,
The rose scent and the incense and the lily moon on high ;
Oh feet that cannot wander, oh heart that may not stray
With the bee and the butterfly !

The mossy gates may crumble, but the soul will never leave
The grass, the gleaming buttercups, the carven saints above ;
More joy in velvet petal, endless prayer and quiet eve
Than words of war and love.

There's a dewdrop all a-glisten on the honeysuckle sheaf,
Or a blood-red poppy nodding in a crevice of the wall,
And a chanted anthem swelling with a beauty past belief ;
And I scarce regret at all.

There may be paths for roaming, but for me the prayer and dole
Afar from smoke-plumed chimney and the city swart and loud ;
For here are bell and candle and the calm that heals the soul,
And lilac in a purple cloud.

STEPHEN GWYNN

Political, topographical and miscellaneous writer; journalist, novelist, poet; was for twelve years an Irish Nationalist M.P., and served in the war as captain of Irish Division. "Collected Poems" (1923).

In the Churchyard

THE plumed black horses pacing go
In formal hideous pomp of woe.
Lo, this man's mother there;
So must my mother fare.

Rough hireling hands, that have not known
Her living, lift the coffin down,
And ranged on either hand,
Strangers and kin, we stand.

They there, we here, and she between,
So near me, I could almost lean
And touch her bed; yet thus
Remote how far from us!

All changed, all passing—save her hair:
Death sets no sign of lordship there.
Years frosted it before,
Now it shall change no more.

Why not have given her to kind earth
That from her daisies might have birth,
That she into the grass
After her kind might pass?

That cold, unsightly, pitiless box
Never again unseals, unlocks.
How close clamped edges fit!
Vain to press lips on it.

Hark! the first clay in handfuls thrown,
And then the reader's monotone;
  Out under the heaven here
  It scarce arrests the ear.

It stops. With dreadful instant speed
Men fall to work, as if indeed
  There were a life to save
  By filling up a grave.

O set grey eyes of men she bore,
Watching the trench fill more and more!
  Set eyes—no tear is shed;
  A strong race she has bred.

Still shovelling, shovelling on the dead;
And then, one stroke with back of spade
  To show that all is done,
  Wage earned and resting won.

Kind hands range flowers on the loose clay
Poor pretty hothouse blossoms they,
  Tarnished already; Death
  Has touched them with his breath.

Is there no more, no more to do?
No more, no more; she has her due.
  Leave her, come home again,
  'Tis cold here in the rain.

Leave her to Nature; so 'tis best,
In that blind bosom lost, to rest.
  Her separate life is done,
  With Nature she is one.

The First Christmas

Where Nature strikes, the scar will close,
And soon the sod together grows.
  Her balm is Lethe; yet
  We for remembrance fret,

And, as each breath men dying draw
Rebels against the falling law,
  And with a kind of rage
  Heaves up its bony cage,

So strive we, when on Death we think,
Not into nothingness to sink.
  Ah, if none soothe us, still
  Nature is kind: Death will.

KATHERINE HALE

Canadian poet. "Grey Knitting" (1914); "The White Comrade" (1916).

The First Christmas

AS that Judean land which long ago
  Waited through centuries to find a face
  Where human and divine met first in grace
And proved high love incarnate here below:—
A little world that worshipped pomp and show
  Yet lay, as many a strange, imperial race,
  Whom haunting dreams for evermore encase,
Calling a vision that the soul must know—

So through the ways I could not understand,
  Through light that dawned to disappear again,
    And pale mirage upon the distance cast,
I waited even as that lonely land,
  And no dark night has ever been in vain,
    Since heaven shines through thee to me at last.

THOMAS HARDY

Mr. Hardy was a poet long before he was a novelist, and in his twenties, as he has told us, " practised the writing of poetry " very assiduously ; but abandoned that art when he began his career as a novelist and, with characteristic wholeheartedness, devoted himself to the writing of those great novels that made him famous. When he found that his two last, " Tess " and " Jude the Obscure," were prudishly misunderstood or misinterpreted, he resolved to write no more fiction and, turning back to his earlier art, has since become almost equally famous as one of the chief of living poets. " Wessex Poems " (1898) ; " Poems of the Past and Present " (1901) ; " The Dynasts " (1903-6-8) ; " Time's Laughing Stocks " (1909) ; " Satires of Circumstance " (1914) ; " Moments of Vision " (1917) ; " Complete Poetical Works " (1919) ; " Late Lyrics " (1922).

The Ghost of the Past

WE two kept house, the Past and I,
The Past and I ;
Through all my tasks it hovered nigh,
Leaving me never alone.
It was a spectral housekeeping
Where fell no jarring tone,
As strange, as still a housekeeping
As ever has been known.

As daily I went up the stair
And down the stair,
I did not mind the Bygone there—
The Present once to me ;
Its moving meek companionship
I wished might ever be,
There was in that companionship
Something of ecstasy.

The Night of Trafalgar

It dwelt with me just as it was,
Just as it was
When first its prospects gave me pause
In wayward wanderings,
Before the years had torn old troths
As they tear all sweet things,
Before gaunt griefs had wrecked old troths
And dulled old rapturings.

And then its form began to fade,
Began to fade,
Its gentle echoes faintlier played
At eves upon my ear
Than when the autumn's look embrowned
The lonely chambers here,
The autumn's settling shades embrowned
Nooks that it haunted near.

And so with time my vision less,
Yea, less and less
Makes of that past my housemistress,
It dwindles in my eye;
It looms a far-off skeleton
And not a comrade nigh,
A flitting, fitful skeleton
Dimming as days draw by.

The Night of Trafalgar

(*Boatman's Song*)

IN the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were blocked with sand,

And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where bones
of thousands are,
We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.
Had done,
Had done,
For us at Trafalgar!

"Pull hard, and make the Nothe, or down we go!" one
says, says he.
We pulled; and bedtime brought the storm; but snug
at home slept we.
Yet all the while our gallants after fighting through the
day,
Were beating up and down the dark, sou'west of Cadiz Bay.
The dark,
The dark,
Sou'west of Cadiz Bay!

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed
and tore,
As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon that
surly shore;
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near
and far,
Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar.
The deep,
The deep,
That night at Trafalgar!

At an Inn

WHEN we as strangers sought
Their catering care,
Veiled smiles bespoke their thought
Of what we were.
They warmed as they opined
Us more than friends—

That we had all resigned
For love's dear ends.

And that swift sympathy
With living love
Which quicks the world—maybe
The spheres above,
Made them our ministers,
Moved them to say,
" Ah, God, that bliss like theirs
Would flush our day ! "

And we were left alone
As Love's own pair ;
Yet never the love-light shone
Between us there,
But that which chilled the breath
Of afternoon,
And palsied unto death
The pane-fly's tune.

The kiss their zeal foretold,
And now deemed come,
Came not : within his hold
Love lingered numb.
Why cast he on our port
A bloom not ours ?
Why shaped us for his sport
In after-hours ?

As we seemed we were not
That day afar,
And now we seem not what
We aching are.
O severing sea and land,
O laws of men,
Ere death, once let us stand
As we stood then !

ALFRED HAYES

"The Death of St. Louis" (1885); "The Last Crusade" (1886); "David Western" (1887); "The March of Man" (1891); "The Vale of Arden" (1895); "The Cup of Quietness" (1911); "Simon de Montfort" (1921).

One Thing Wanting

NOT for the gift of strength that cannot tire,
Not for a fuller, nobler, sphere of strife,
Nor purer draughts of joy, do I desire
An after life.

Here 'tis no paltry warfare; if death ends
The fight, then death is rest, and rest is gain;
And life had moments that made large amends
For all its pain.

Nor do I greatly long to see unfurled
The scroll of fate, the clouds dispelled from earth;
The shadow and the mystery of the world
Are half its worth.

One boon alone I covet, here denied,—
Commune of soul with soul, skill to remove
The veils that keep our lives apart and hide
The truth of love;

To feel from heart to heart emotion pass,
The deep content of spiritual embrace;
To see no longer darkly through a glass
But face to face.

Love is a hunger never here appeased,
A question never answered; vainly speech
Pursueth; long ere love's intent be seized,
'Tis out of reach.

Time, You old Gipsy Man

I fear no disenchantment; I would prove
That here things seem less precious than they are;
My faith is, that the hearts of those I love
Are greater far

Than thought can comprehend, or tongue express;
If death reveal love's truth, then I rejoice
To die; meanwhile a silent wistfulness
Is love's best voice.

RALPH HODGSON

Few poets have won more fame with less work; but his two books, especially the second and smaller of them, contain a handful of lyrics that are as great as if they were ten times as many. "The Last Blackbird" (1907); "Poems" (1917).

Time, You old Gipsy Man

TIME, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Ralph Hodgson

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush,
Under Paul's dome ;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again ;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day.

The Gipsy Girl

" COME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries ! "
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years,
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears.

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat.

The Down by Moonlight

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur;

She fawned and whined "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
—But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes!

The Down by Moonlight

THE down looks new whose lonely slopes I climb,
Yet is he old despite the dress he wears:
Old as the dark and concreate with Time,

Waste with the affliction of uncounted years.
A weary head he stretches to the pale
Of Heaven; one bended arm of him uprears

A shaggy fist, as if to turn the hail
And fire of tempest fraught with new distress
For his old brow; and one arm seems to trail

Its atrophied and bony nakedness
Down to the streams that bless the living land,
As if, to mitigate the loneliness,

He too would reach, as we, another's hand.
So quiet this hour is grown, a whisper's fall
Were sacrilege; within me as I stand

Shy wonder, waking, seems a common brawl,
And even thought itself is over loud;
Desire alone is dumb; no plovers call;

And if owls fly, their flight is unavowed
For cry I hear of theirs : peace here and far,
And save the moon's loved presence one lit cloud
Is sole 'twixt me and night's first listening star.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

Canadian poet. " Spun Yarn and Spindrift " (1918).

The Little Dog-Angel

HIGH up in the courts of Heaven to-day
A little dog-angel waits,
With the other angels he will not play,
But he sits alone at the gates ;
" For I know that my master will come," says he :
" And when he comes, he will call for me."

He sees the spirits that pass him by
As they hasten towards the throne,
And he watches them with a wistful eye
As he sits at the gates alone ;
" But I know if I just wait patiently
That some day my master will come," says he.

And his master, far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low
For the dog that is not there ;
And the little dog-angel cocks his ears,
And dreams that his master's call he hears.

And I know, when at length his master waits
Outside in the dark and cold

For the hand of Death to open the gates
That lead to those courts of gold,
The little dog-angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

The Master of Shadows

INTO the western waters
Slow sinks the sunset light,
And the voice of the Wind of Shadows
Calls to my heart to-night—

Calls from the magic countries,
The lost and the lovely lands
Where stands the Master of Shadows,
Holding the dreams in his hands.

All the dreams of the ages
Gather around him there,
Visions of things forgotten
And things that never were.

Birds in the swaying woodlands,
Creatures furry and small,
Turn to the Master of Shadows
And he gives of his dreams to all.

Lo ! I am worn and weary,
Sick of the garish light ;
Blow, thou Wind of the Shadows,
Into my heart to-night.

Out of the magic countries,
The lost and the lovely lands,
Where he, the Master of Shadows,
Waits, with the dreams in his hands.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Has been called " an English Omar Khayyam," and his ironical, stoical philosophy is somewhat Omarian, but he is essentially English ; his verses steeped in the colour, life and atmosphere of rural England as " The Rubáiyát " in the warmer light and subtler imagery of the Orient. " A Shropshire Lad " (1896) ; " Last Poems " (1922).

Sinner's Rue

I WALKED alone and thinking,
  And faint the nightwind blew
And stirred on mounds at crossways
  The flower of sinner's rue.

Where the roads part they bury
  Him that his own hand slays,
And so the weed of sorrow
  Springs at the four cross ways

By night I plucked it hueless,
  When morning broke 'twas blue :
Blue at my breast I fastened
  The flower of sinner's rue.

It seemed a herb of healing,
  A balsam and a sign,
Flower of a heart whose trouble
  Must have been worse than mine.

Dead clay that did me kindness,
  I can do none to you,
But only wear for breast-knot
  The flower of sinner's rue.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Is draughtsman, novelist, dramatist, critic, as well as poet; and as draughtsman and poet is in the Pre-Raphaelite line of descent. In his poetry, much of a mediæval mystic, but so modern that he took an active part in the woman's suffrage movement. "Green Arras" (1896); "Spikenard" (1898); "Rue" (1899); "Mendicant Rhymes" (1906); "Selected Poems" (1909); "The Heart of Peace" (1919); etc.

In a Garden

IN the twilight carols a bird. It is March here still;
The bough hangs bare, and the earth and the air are chill.
And—had I my will—have I any song to be heard,
And voice to make others rejoice—not a word? Not a word!

His heart out of gladness within, pours gladness without.
No nook in this garden that hears him—no alley or glade—
But sounds like the arbours of Eden while he is about:
His voice in the garden is God's, and has made me afraid.

Where are you? Where are you? he cries. I am here! I am here!
Comes a voice out of cover responding:—alas, but not mine!
I have eaten the bread of the wise, I am drunken with care;
I know I am mortal. But he, that knows not, is divine.

The Settlers

HOW green the earth, how blue the sky,
  How pleasant all the days that pass,
Here where the British settlers lie
  Beneath their cloaks of grass!

Here ancient peace resumes her round,
  And rich from toil stand hill and plain;
Men reap and store; but they sleep sound,
  The men who sowed the grain.

Hard to the plough their hands they put,
  And wheresoe'er the soil had need
The furrow drove, and underfoot
  They sowed themselves for seed.

Ah! not like him whose hand made yield
  The brazen kine with fiery breath,
And over all the Colchian field
  Strewed far the seeds of death;

Till, as day sank, awoke to war
  The seedlings of the dragon's teeth,
And death ran multiplied once more
  Across the hideous heath.

But rich in flocks be all these farms,
  And fruitful be the fields which hide
Brave eyes that love the light, and arms
  That never clasped a bride!

O willing hearts turned quick to clay,
  Glad lovers holding death in scorn,
Out of the lives ye cast away
  The coming race is born.

Bonds

AS a stream that runs to sea
  Ever by its banks is led,
  And by windings shepherded;
So in bonds though bound I be,
I through limits reach to Thee.

These dear bonds wherein I chafe,
  Wishing, "Would that I were free!"
These it is which hold me safe,
  Bringing me at last to Thee,
  As the stream is brought to sea.

Penning it from side to side,
  Shepherding its little streams,
  Every bank a barrier seems:
Yet the stream would soon be dried
If the channel were too wide.

Here fast bound by bank and fence,
  Where I have not space to spread,
Still my body, chafed by sense,
  Feels a spirit cross its bed,
  As a stream goes current-led.

Human minds so move about,
Only if fenced round with doubt;
Only if denied their grasp
Gain the everlasting clasp.
Only streams which fettered be
Fret their way at last to sea.

So, with limits for my guide,
Safe, I shall not wander wide;
  But, where we are meant to meet,
Find in Thee the Life denied:
  Falling low shall kiss Thy Feet,
Reaching far shall touch Thy Side.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

As brilliantly imaginative in the romance and bizarre realism of his verse as in the prose fiction that has made him popular. "The Burning Wheel" (1916); "The Defeat of Youth and Other Poems" (1918); "Leda" (1920).

Italy

THERE is a country in my mind,
Lovelier than a poet blind
Could dream of, who had never known
This world of drought and dust and stone
In all its ugliness: a place
Full of an all but human grace;
Whose dells retain the printed form
Of heavenly sleep, and seem yet warm
From some pure body newly risen;
Where matter is no more a prison,
But freedom for the soul to know
Its native beauty. For things glow
There with an inward truth and are
All fire and colour like a star.
And in that land are domes and towers
That hang as light and bright as flowers
Upon the sky, and seem a birth
Rather of air than solid earth.

Sometimes I dream that walking there
In the green shade, all unaware
At a new turn of the golden glade,
I shall see her, and as though afraid
Shall halt a moment and almost fall
For passing faintness, like a man
Who feels the sudden spirit of Pan
Brimming his narrow soul with all

The Canal

The illimitable world. And she,
Turning her head, will let me see
The first sharp dawn of her surprise
Turning to welcome in her eyes.
And I shall come and take my lover,
And looking on her re-discover
All her beauty :—her dark hair
And little ears beneath it, where
Roses of lucid shadow sleep ;
Her brooding mouth, and in the deep
Wells of her eyes reflected stars.

Oh, the imperishable things
That hands and lips as well as words
Shall speak ! Oh movements of white wings,
Oh wheeling galaxies of birds . . . !

The Canal

NO dip and dart of swallow wakes the black
Slumber of the canal :—a mirror dead
For lack of loveliness remembered
From ancient azures and green trees, for lack
Of some white beauty given and flung back,
Secret, to her that gave ; no sun has bled
To wake an echo here of answering red ;
The surface stirs to no leaf's wind-blown track.

Between unseeing walls the waters rest,
Lifeless and hushed, till suddenly a swan
Glides from some broader river blue as day,
And with the mirrored magic of his breast
Creates within that barren water-way
New life, new loveliness, and passes on.

VIOLET JACOB

" Verses " (1905) ; " Songs of Angus " (1915) ; " More Songs of Angus " (1918).

At a Brookside

A RUNNING melody is in the noon
Of grass-bound rivulet and tangled showers,
Of sunlight, glancing through the cuckoo-flowers
To mingle golden ripples with the tune ;
In the wide light my senses seem to swoon,
Drugged by the monotone of rhythmic hours
And voice of spring-fed watercourse that dowers
This winding meadow-land with music's boon.

Caught in a shimmering net of sight and sound,
And drawn, I know not whither, yet aware
Am I of some soft touch, and, blown around.
My face, the plentitude of waving hair—
Nay, let me lie and dream this wondrous thing ;
My hand, one moment, held the hand of Spring !

Armed

GIVE me to-night to hide me in the shade,
That neither moon nor star
May see the secret place where I am laid,
Nor watch me from afar.

Let not the dark its prying ghosts employ
To peer on my retreat,
And see the fragments of my broken toy
Lie scattered at my feet.

I fashioned it, that idol of my own,
Of metal strange and bright ;
I made my toy a god—I raised a throne
To honour my delight.

My Love is in a Light Attire

This haunted byway of the grove was lit
  With lamps my hand had trimmed,
Before the altar in the midst of it
  I kept their flame undimmed.

My steps turned ever to the hidden shrine;
  Aware or unaware,
My soul dwelt only in that spot divine,
  And now a wreck lies there.

Give me to-night to weep—when dawn is spread
  Beyond the heavy trees,
And in the east the day is heralded
  By cloud-wrought companies.

I shall have gathered up my heart's desire,
  Broken, destroyed, adored,
And from its splinters, in a deathless fire,
  I shall have forged a sword.

JAMES JOYCE

In the storm of controversy that rages round his "Ulysses" one is apt to overlook the quiet charm of some of the things in Mr. Joyce's one early book of verse, "Chamber Music" (1907).

MY love is in a light attire
  Among the apple-trees,
Where the gay winds do most desire
  To run in companies.

There, where the gay winds stay to woo
  The young leaves as they pass,
My love goes slowly, bending to
  Her shadow on the grass;

And where the sky's a pale blue cup
Overing the laughing land,
My love goes lightly, holding up
Her dress with dainty hand.

THE twilight turns from amethyst
To deep and deeper blue,
The lamp fills with a pale green glow
The trees of the avenue.

The old piano plays an air,
Sedate and slow and gay;
She bends upon the yellow keys,
Her head inclines this way.

Shy thoughts and grave wide eyes and hands
That wander as they list—
The twilight turns to darker blue
With lights of amethyst.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

The best of her poems are as imaginatively realistic as her novels, and the nature and human nature of Sussex enter almost as largely into many of them. "Willow's Forge and Other Poems" (1914); "Saints in Sussex" (1923).

To My Body—A Thanksgiving

THOUGH thou hast set me many a snare,
And cost me many a groan,
And caused feet to slip that were
Far dearer than my own—
Though thou hast been both sword and gin
To others and to me,
Yet I recall what thou didst win
Once for my soul, and I give thanks to thee.

To My Body—A Thanksgiving

For once, when all my heavens fell
  And each hour that went by
Brought nearer to the pit of hell
  The Dayspring which is I—
When all unheard the highest cried,
  When lost were course and goal,
When hope had fled and faith had died—
  Thou, even thou, didst then redeem my soul.

Thou broughtest me unto the snow,
  And thou didst force through me
The pumping blood, that I might know
  How fierce my flesh could be;
My flesh—till then half love, half dread—
  Became an armoured tower,
To which my wounded spirit fled
  And found a refuge in its bitter hour.

Thou didst deny the healing sleep
  Unless I strove all day
With thews and muscles, fierce to keep
  The wolves of thought at bay;
And thou didst crown thyself with strength,
  And lift thyself on high,
And free salvation win at length
  For the poor soul that thought it was to die.

Redemption thou didst work for me,
  And forth into the light
Crept my healed spirit, saved by thee
  From all the hells of night—
And this I never shall forget,
  And so I can forgive
Thy treacheries, and thank thee yet,
  For 'tis through thee I have found grace to live.

And more, for I know that some day
  A greater wonder thou
Shalt work for me, when thou shalt slay
  What thou hast quickened now.
As once thy life did make me whole,
  So once thy death shall reap
Both for thyself and for my soul
  The last redemption of a long, long sleep.

The Ascension Day

SO Thou hast left us and our meadows,
Lord, Who has blessed us and our meadows—
Lord of the sorrel-hearted hay,
Lord of the pollened flowers of May.
From our fields Thou hast ascended,
Passing into the anthered light
Beyond the sun, by the winds attended—
And the Sussex fields are white
With daisies, and the diadem
Of the hawthorn crowns the hedge.
And at the blue pond's reedy edge,
Like a broidered, silken hem
The yellow irises are blown.
Lord, Thou art gone, and gone alone.

Dost Thou think of us and our meadows,
Lord, Who hast left us and our meadows ?
In shining pastures of the sky
Thou walkest, Lord, ascended high.
The stars are flowers about thy feet,
And looking up to Thee we see
The River flowing silently—
The Milky River, broad and sweet
As Rother River here below,
While planets the dim marshes strow,

And constellations flower and fade.
O Lord, Thou hast Thy country there,
The fields and meadows of the sky,
The fields and meadows ever fair,
The dear, divine, undying glade.
At night we too walk in Thy meadows.
At midnight I may hear Thy call,
And ride to Thee on the moon's light—
To where the living waters fall,
And the unfading fields are bright,
The stars are flowers about our feet,
And at my side Thou art the sweet
Perfumed, eternal Breath of May. . . .

With a sob the pale-eyed day
Wakens at the Rother's mouth,
And back to earthly fields I go,
And back to earthly toil, and slow
Hot days of the slow, drawling South,
Toiling to keep the fields alive.
For our poor meadows cannot thrive
On just the memory of Thy feet,
Which trod them once and found them sweet.
Our tears, our sweat, must give them life,
For Thou, our Lord, hast gone on high
To golden countries of the sky,
To golden fields of golden stars
Beyond the echo of our strife. . . .
Yet there, upon the shining hill,
Thou dreamest of our meadows still,
And Lord, we have Thy promise plain
That Thou wilt walk in them again.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Commonly described as " the poet of Imperialism," but so much more than that, he would remain one of the greatest figures in contemporary poetry if all his Imperialistic verse were cancelled. Like Shakespeare, never the idol of a little clan, he wrote for the crowd, but not like one of it. He has wrought miracles with colloquial speech, but his finer prose and verse is in the simple, glowingly imaginative language of great literature. " Departmental Ditties " (1886); " Barrack-Room Ballads " (1892); " The Seven Seas " (1896); " The Five Nations " (1903); " Collected Verse " (1912); " Songs from Books " (1913); " The Years Between " (1918).

The Children's Song

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things
And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !

The Explorer

" THERE'S no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so :
" Something hidden, Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go ! "

So I went, worn out of patience ; never told my nearest neighbours—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in the town ;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass ;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked boulders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on the Pass ;

Thought to name it for the finder ; but that night the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies, so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my Whisper waked to hound me :—
" Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there ! "

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had died—
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore me . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned
to aloes,
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream
ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water
drained to shallows—
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and blast-
ing sky . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by
them;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the
smoke;
I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to try
them.
"Something lost behind the Ranges" was the only
word they spoke.

I remember going crazy: I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I
saw.
Very full of dreams that desert; but my two legs took
me through it. . . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black
and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country
past disputing—
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind—
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
recruiting,
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I
entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and
blazed and ringed 'em—
Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my
findings grew.
David went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a
kingdom !
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the
worth of two !

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised
snow-slide shivers—
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin
ore-bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined
rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains !

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em ;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head
an hour ;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-ripe
woods that screen 'em—
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the
power !

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps
that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears ;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water
holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called
the Pioneers.

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples?) No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle, water transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready.
Then He chose me for his Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours.

Yes, your "Never-never country"—Yes, your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper came to me!

Sussex

GOD gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs
But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
  All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest
  The Channel's leaden line;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
  And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
  Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight
  Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
  Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
  Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
  Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
  The tinkling silence thrills;
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
  The Lord who made the hills:
But here the old Gods guard their round,
  And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfred found
  Dreams as she dwells apart.

Though all the rest were all my share
  With equal soul I'd see
Her nine and thirty sisters fair,
  Yet none more fair than she.
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
  And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
  Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun
  Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
  Looks naked towards the shires;
And East till doubling Rother crawls
  To find the fickle tide,
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
  Our ports of stranded pride

I will go North about the shaws
  And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
  No more than "Sussex weed";
Or South where windy Piddinghoe's
  Beguilded dolphin veers,
And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse
  Lie down our Sussex steers

So to the land our hearts we give
  Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
  Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
  Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
  Yearns to its fellow-clay.

God gives all men all earth to love,
  But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
  Belovèd over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
  The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
  Yea, Sussex by the sea.

EDMUND GEORGE VALPY KNOX

"Evoe," of *Punch*. "The Brazen Lyre" (1911); "A Little Loot" (1919); "Parodies Regained" (1921).

Lost Innocence

THE hours of gold come back to me
That Time has pinched (he can't return 'em),
The well-remembered chestnut tree
(Or was it, after all, laburnum?),
The rural rill,
The shriek of dying pigs—I hear them still.

'Tis out of no bucolic whim
I promulgate agrarian measures;
But, now that London's lure is dim,
And stale to me her storied pleasures,
I'd give a lot
To be like some of those to whom they're not.

I see them rubicund and hale,
Men whom the underground nonpluses,
Who cling convulsive to the rail
Of apoplectic motor-'buses,
On fire to view
The splendours of St. Stephen's and the Zoo.

From hamlets far away they wend,
They breathe the air of brake and coppice,
They know not which the southward end
Of Regent Street, and which the top is;
They also cube
By devious jinks their journeys to the Tube

Ah, would that I could feel the thrill,
As once I felt, of urban clamour,
Could lose my heart to Ludgate-Hill,
And re-experience the glamour
Of Oxford Street,
The magic and the mystery of the Fleet,

Could share the wild delirious sense
Of those who hie from havens stilly,
And, flotsam on its seas immense,
Could pause again in Piccadilly
To ask some bland
Policeman, " Officer, is this the Strand ? "

Heads and Hearts

LONG ago, my dear, when Science
Loaned from Fancy what she lacked,
Placing rather more reliance
On hypothesis than Fact,
People with perverted notions
Laid the body out in lots,
And located our emotions
In the most unlikely spots.

Thus, they prate about our " choler,"
Thus, they babble of our " spleen,"
Phrases which the finished scholar
Merely understands to mean
That a somewhat wild vagary
Made the old philosopher
Range around his " little Mary "
Passions far removed from her.

We of course are not so foolish :
  We to-day should scorn to see
Such a " never-went-to-schoolish "
  Physical anatomy ;
Yet we keep one superstition ·
  Age to erring age imparts
One deplorable tradition :
  'Tis the Shibboleth of Hearts.

So we find the shops again full
  Of St. Valentine his Ghost ;
Hearts, devoted or disdainful,
  Interchange, and by the post
Light-apparelled Loves await us
  Piercing with pictorial darts
That hydraulic apparatus
  Of the inter-costal parts

Well, they're wrong, then, let me tell 'em
  Since the seat where passions reign
Lies beyond the cerebellum,
  Somewhere in the upper brain ;
Love's a kind of ideo-motor
  Action that depends upon
Certain centres in the coat or
  Rind of the encephalon

That is why I send no token
  Of a cardiac distress ;
Hearts, my darling, are not broken
  In the Stream of Consciousness ;
To denote the dizzy vortex
  Where my love has lately swum,
I have diagrammed the cortex,
  Dearest, of my cerebrum.

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

Usually breaks away from the restraints of classical metres and, in his verse, as in his novels and stories, is an artist in revolt against artistic reticences. "Love Poems" (1913); "Amores" (1916); "Look! We Have Come Through" (1917); "New Poems" (1918).

Piano

SOFTLY, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

NINA FRANCES LAYARD

"Selections from Poems" (1923).

A Rain Sonnet

AND all the dank hair of the hurrying rain,
Flung backward by the wind, did stream and fly
Across the anxious forehead of the sky,

And rattling lashed my shaken window-pane
With sudden spotted sounds, that yet again
  Sink to a lighter fingering, or die
  Into a tinkling treble by-and-by,
Soft as the falling of wind-scattered grain.

So is my sorrow as the streaming drift,
  That from the mighty shoulders of a cloud
Is shaken back and tangled in the blast;
So is my dreadful sorrow, but I lift
  A trembling hand to God and cry aloud
That He shall make it music at the last.

The Secret of the Lily Pool

THE lily leaves lay flat and green;
  They made a cover for the pool;
And all beneath the tender screen
  Was deep and dark and cool.

The lily bloom had gathered up
  Her petal skirt of bridal silk;
The blue fly lighted on her cup,
  Her cup as white as milk.

And to the pool the trees let down
  A drapery of tasselled grace;
But, where they met the water brown,
  They swept a dead man's face.

And every falling seed that lit
  Must throw a circle from its place;
The dimpled waters play with it
  About that dead man's face.

A moorhen, darting from her nest,
  Made sudden tracks from north to south;
The moving ripples at his breast
  Rose up and touched his mouth.

Beside the pool, where sedges grew
  And heavy rush-heads bend and sink,
A fisher-bird of azure blue
  Peered downward to the brink.

And, leaning from her reedy bower,
  In that clear water-mirror scanned,
She seemed a wingèd lupin flower
  Held in the dead man's hand.

And no man knew the deed was done;
  For no man ever passed that way,
And he was seen by only one—
  A little child at play;

For she had wandered through the wood.
  And, oh! she kept the secret well;
Her infant signs none understood—
  She had no words to tell.

Nor paled her cheek for pity then,
  But, when she grew to woman's case
She said, "I know not where or when
  I saw a dead man's face."

The mother turned her head away,
  For sudden sorrow fills her eye,
And the maiden knows not to this day
  None saw her father die.

And still the lily cups are seen,
  And, from the rushes by the shore,
The fisher-birds of blue and green
  Hang watching as before.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

There is fancy, imagination and a charm of style in " The Book Bills of Narcissus," " Prose Fancies," and the novels that helped to give Mr. Le Gallienne a large vogue in the 'nineties, but his finer work is in his poems of which a collected, and selected, edition is overdue. " English Poems " (1892) ; " Robert Louis Stevenson and Other Poems " (1895) ; " New Poems " (1910).

London Beautiful

LONDON, I heard one say, no more is fair,
London whose loveliness is everywhere,
London so beautiful at morning light
One half forgets how fair she is at night,
London as beautiful at set of sun
As though her beauty had but just begun ;
London, that mighty sob, that splendid tear,
That jewel hanging in the great world's ear.
Strange queen of all this grim romantic stone,
Paris, say some, shall push you from your throne,
And all the tumbled beauty of your dreams
Submit to map and measure, straight cold schemes
Which for the loveliness that comes by chance
Shall substitute the conscious streets of France,
A beauty made for beauty that has grown,
An alien beauty, London, for your own.

O wistful eyes so full of mist and tears,
Long be it ere your haunted vision clears,
Long ere the blood of your great heart shall flow
Through inexpressive avenue and row ;
Straight-stepping, prim, the once adventurous stream,
Its spirit gone, it loiters not to dream,
All straight and pretty, trees on either side,
For London's beauty London beautified

Ah ! of your beauty change no single grace,
My London with your sad mysterious face

Richard Le Gallienne

Christmas in Wartime

THIS is the year that has no Christmas Day,
Even the little children must be told
That something sad is happening far away—
Or, if you needs must play,
As children must,
Play softly, children, underneath your breath !
For over our hearts hangs low the shadow of death,
Those hearts to you mysteriously old,
Grim, grown-up hearts that ponder night and day
On the straight lists of broken-hearted dead,
Black narrow lists no tears can wash away,
Reading in which one cries out here and here
And falls into a dream upon a name.
Be happy softly, children, for a woe
Is on us, a great woe for little fame,—
Ah ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year,
Its berries are too red.

And lovers, like to children, will not you
Cease for a little from your kissing mirth,
Thinking of other lovers that must go
Kissed back with fire into the bosom of earth,—
Ah ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe.
Be happy softly, lovers, for you too
Shall be as sad as they another year,
And then for you the holly be berries of blood,
And mistletoe strange berries of bitter tears.
Ah ! lovers, leave you your beatitude,
Give your sad eyes and ears
To the far griefs of neighbour and of friend,
To the great loves that find a little end,
Long loves that in a sudden puff of fire
With a wild thought expire.

And you, ye merchants, you that eat and cheat,
Gold-seeking hucksters in a noble land,

Think when you lift the wine up in your hand
Of a fierce vintage tragically red,
Red wine of the hearts of English soldiers dead,
Who ran to a wild death with laughing feet—
That we may sleep and drink and eat and cheat.
Ah ! you brave few that fight for all the rest,
And die with smiling faces strangely blest,
Because you die for England—O to do
Something again for you,
In this great deed to have some little part ;
To send so great a message from the heart
Of England that one man shall be as ten,
Hearing how England loves her Englishmen.
Ah ! think you that a single gun is fired
We do not hear in England ? Ah ! we hear,
And mothers go with proud and happy eyes
That say : It is for England that he dies,
England that does the cruel work of God,
And gives her well-beloved to save the world
For this is death like to a woman desired,
For this the wine-press trod.
And, England, when forgot this passing woe,
Because of all your captains, strength on strength,
Think too, when the sure end has come at length,
Victory for England—for God means it so—
Be strong in kindness for the little dead,
The stubborn tribe that could not understand,
But, child-like, fought the purposes of Time ;
England, so strong to slay, be strong to spare
England, have courage even to forgive,
Give back the little nation leave to live,
To shear its sheep and grow its lazy corn,—
Children there are that must be whipped to grow,
And some small children must be whipped with fire.
And you in churches, praying this Christmas morn,
Pray as you never prayed that this may be
The little war that brought the great world peace ;

Undazzled with its glorious infamy,
O pray with all your hearts that war may cease,
And who knows but that God may hear the prayer.
So it may come about next Christmas Day
That we shall hear the happy children play
Gladly aloud, unmindful of the dead,
And watch the lovers go
To the old woods to find the mistletoe.
But this year, children, if you needs must play,
Play very softly underneath your breath ;
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death
Makes England holy with sorrow this Christmas Day,—
Yet ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year—
Its berries are too red.

Christmas, 1899.

What of the Darkness?

WHAT of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?
Are there great calms and find ye silence there ?
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some great faith our faces never dare.
Dwells it in Darkness ? Do ye find it there ?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie ?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry ?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap ?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep ?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.
Dwells it in Darkness ? Do ye find it there ?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,
Day that shows man so great and God so small,
That hides the stars and magnifies the grass ;
O is the Darkness too a lying glass,
Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there ?
What of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?

RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN

Has been for over thirty years on the staff of *Punch*, from whose pages most of his cleverest books in verse and prose have been reprinted. "Anni Fugaces" (1901); "Crumbs of Pity" (1903); "Light and Shade" (1909); "The Vagabond" (1918).

Crumbs of Pity

KEEN is the morning, keen and bright,
And all the lawn with frost is white;
In every bush, in every tree,
The birds sit watching warily.
Now out, now in, they hop and peer,
And cock their cunning heads to hear
The chirping of a childish voice:
They know it well, and they rejoice
When resolutely stepping, comes
To scatter here her gift of crumbs,
Her round face topped with shining curls,
My little laughing girl of girls.
And, O ye soft and feathered things,
Redbreasts who flit on fearless wings,
Familiar, friendly, boldly shy,
Birds of the liquid, trustful eye;
Ye sparrows, chattering o'er your food,
Linnets, and all the perky brood
Of finches, blackbirds yellow-billed,
And thrushes with your music stilled—
Since winter's icy breath makes mute
The swelling ripple of your flute;
Ye, too, ye sable suited rooks,
Timid for all your threatening looks,
Who in solemnity survey
Your twittering colleagues at their play,

When on the poplar's top you swing,
And desperately claw and cling ;
Then, when each bird has pecked its last,
And all the fluttering rout is past,
And all the chirping duly dumb,
Swoop down, but rarely find a crumb ;—
All ye, whose hungry bills are fed
By Helen's daily doles of bread,
Be not afraid, be not afraid
To gather round my rosy maid.
Oh, give a kindly thought to her,
Your little friend and minister ;
And, as you watch her, pass the word—
" She's but a plump unfeathered bird."
So when the day is done, and night
Sets all the twinkling stars alight,
You'll breathe a bird-wish as you sleep,
That One who guards the birds may keep
Cosy and safe from every ill,
From winds that bite and frosts that chill,
And through the night's long hours defend
The birds' unfeathered little friend.

Ye sportive mice that swiftly go
Behind the wainscot to and fro,
And sometimes to your outlets creep
And half pop out and take a peep,
Alert, but ready to retreat,
Into a world where cheese smells sweet—
Ye quivering, twisting specks of fur
With whisking tails and ears astir,
We do not grudge you of our store ;
A little less, a little more,
It matters not, so nibble on
In peace, then like a flash begone.
I cannot bear to bar the house
To here and there a tiny mouse.

And Helen, if she marks at all
Your scamperings from wall to wall,
Will smile to hear you frisk and run :
" It's mousies, Daddy, having fun."

So, Helen, ere at eve you steep
Your busy baby-brain in sleep,
Your mother takes you on her knee
And whispers to you tenderly.
You watch her lips, you clasp her hand,
And, though you may not understand
Each word she says or all that's meant,
You listen and you purr assent.
And it may chance that on a day
Far hence, to this your thoughts will stray,
And in a dream you'll seem to hear
The words with all their meaning clear :
Ah, then you'll recollect and know
What the dear voice said long ago :
" My sweet, be sure no gentle thought
That from God's love a ray has caught,
No tender childish pity spent
On creatures meek and innocent,
No mercy for their lowly lot
Is ever wasted or forgot.
God, who gave children pity, heeds
Such loving thoughts, such gentle deeds :
He sets them, gold and clustering gems,
On angels' brows as diadems,
And looks Himself in pity mild
On bird, and mouse, and little child."

SHANE LESLIE

Editor of the *Dublin Review*, has done brilliant work as critic, novelist and biographer, and is a poet of charm and distinction. "Songs of Oriel" (1908); "Verses in Peace and War" (1915).

Monaghan

MONAGHAN, mother of a thousand
Little moulded hills:
Set about with little rivers
Chained to little mills.

Rich and many-pastured Monaghan:
Mild thy meadows lie,
Melting to the distant mountains
On the mirrored sky.

Lovely, lowly-lying Monaghan,
On thy little lakes
Float and tremble lordly lilies
Hoed by fairies' rakes.

Silvered o'er with sunshine, or by
Night with shimmering fog:
Where thy sloping cornland meets
Beauteous fields of bog.

Humbly hid with heath and lichen
Waits thy turf of old:
While the hasty bees come hiding
Honey thro' thy mould.

Thro' and thro' thy restless rushes
Run a thousand rills,
Lisping long-forgotten little
Songs of Ireland's ills.

In Service

For thy mingled chaplet, oak and
Beechwood thou dost bind:
Green in summer, and in winter
Musical with wind.

W. M. LETTS

" Songs from Leinster " (1913); " Hallow-e'en, and Other Poems of the War " (1916).

In Service

LITTLE Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the queerest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,
A feathered hat upon her head,
And boots upon her feet.
" Och, Mick," she says, " may God be praised that you and I should meet.

" It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;
" I'm lost without the bog-land,
I'm lost without the sea.
An' the harbour an' the fishing boats that sail out fine and free.

" I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,
To see the big waves lapping,
To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking more.

" To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea.
The children in the doorway,
Or round my mother's knee ;
For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door—
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

Blessings

IT'S what I thank God for each night,
A little cabin that's mine by right,
The strength of a man for work or fight,
And food and light.

It's what I thank God for each day—
A wife with never too much to say,
A wife, a dog, and a child for play,
For them I'd pray.

I thank God for the land I tread,
A pipe to smoke and an easy bed,
The thatch I made that's over my head,
And daily bread.

I thank God for an Irish name,
And a son of mine to bear the same,
My own to love me and none to blame :
No more I'd claim.

SYLVIA LYND

"The Thrush and the Jay" (1916); "The Goldfinches" (1920).

The Small Daughter

GOD does not fail in anything,
The ring-dove's neck, the beetle's wing,
The buds that turn from green to gold,
The sunny perfumes of the spring,
The coloured patchwork of the wold,
The blue dusk dropping fold on fold,
And all talk talked and stories told
In the long evenings by the fire,
And strength and laughter and desire.

Dear, when you come to me and say
Do this, do that, I must obey,
Swift to interpret, to devise
With all the gladness that I may,
So can I face the trust that lies
Within your wide exacting eyes
(Your beautiful exacting eyes);
Mending and fashioning, I know
If you will have, it must be so.

Do not be over harsh with me
When (empty of all subtlety,
Stupid and ignorant and shy)
You find my small reality.
When on a sudden grown as high
And how much cleverer than I!
You put your games and nonsense by
And find me also questioning
And empty of all counselling.

Ah, turn your puzzled glances then
From the unresting ways of men,
From tangled right and tangled wrong
To where the brooks are loud with rain,
To where the birds are glad with song,
And with the world know you are young,
And with the ageing world be strong,
And unto God as faithful be
As in these days you are to me.

The Whistling Boy

IT is not the whistling of blackbird or wren,
Nor yet the plump chaffinch that sings in the lane;
But a little starved boy that is crooked and lame,
A little starved ruffian that hasn't a name.

He's always in want and he's always in woe,
A load on his back and an errand to go,
A devil to fight and he'll fight six to one,
Or poke out a half-smothered wasp's nest for fun.

In a lapful of sorrows his infancy lay,
The mother who bore him she soon ran away,
His grandmother reared him in poverty cold,
And the life of the young was the grief of the old.

Sure not from his father such happiness came,
And not from his mother who left him in shame,
The song of green fields, of the streams and the groves,
The song of sweet hopes and of confident loves.

Oh, what puts that spirit of spring in his breast,
Oh, what makes him pipe like a bird by its nest,
Oh, what makes him whistle like blackbird or wren,
The little lame ruffian rejected of men?

The Return of the Goldfinches

WE are much honoured by your choice
O golden birds of silver voice,
That in our garden you should find
A pleasaunce to your mind——

The painted pear of all our trees,
The south slope towards the gooseberries
Where all day long the sun is warm—
Combining use with charm.

Did the pink tulips take your eye ?
Or Breach's barn secure and high
To guard you from some chance mishap
Of gales through Shoreham gap ?

First you were spied a flighting pair
Flashing and fluting here and there,
Until in stealth the nest was made
And graciously you stayed.

Now when I pause beneath your tree
An anxious head peeps down at me,
A crimson jewel in its crown,
I looking up, you down :—

I wonder if my stripey shawl
Seems pleasant to your eyes at all,
I can assure you that your wings
Are most delightful things.

Sweet birds, I pray, be not severe,
Do not deplore our presence here,
We cannot all be goldfinches
In such a world as this.

The shaded lawn, the bordered flowers,
We'll call them yours instead of ours,
The pinks and the acacia tree
Shall own your sovereignty.

And, if you let us, we will prove
Our lowly and obsequious love,
And when your little grey-pates hatch
We'll help you to keep watch.

No prowling stranger cats shall come
About your high celestial home,
With dangerous sounds we'll chase them hence
And ask no recompense.

And he, the Ethiope of our house,
Slayer of beetle and of mouse,
Hugh, lazy, fond, whom we love well—
Peter shall wear a bell.

Believe me, birds, you need not fear,
No cages or limed twigs are here,
We only ask to live with you
In this green garden, too.

And when in other shining summers
Our place is taken by new-comers,
We'll leave them with the house and hill
The goldfinches' good will.

Your dainty flights, your painted coats,
The silver mist that is your notes
And all your sweet caressing ways
Shall decorate their days.

The Fountain-Springs

And never will the thought of spring
Visit our minds, but a gold wing
Will flash among the green and blue,
And we'll remember you.

SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT

"Poems of the Unknown Way" (1901); "Horizons and Landmarks" (1911).

The Fountain-Springs

WERE they not memories of things known before,
Not the strange vision of an unknown shore,
That met us when in childhood we began
To look upon our dwelling-place, and ran
Fearless to meet our fortune; when our eyes
Saw life with wonder, but without surprise;
When, though newcomers, no strange note we heard
In voice of wind or rain or song of bird;
And looking on the hills and trees and flowers
We loved, and without question made them ours;
And trusted the dumb creature and the hand
That guided us, nor sought to understand?
Were they not greetings of things old and dear,—
Not the strange voices of an alien sphere,—
That greeted us and linked us, with a bond
Of speech familiar, to some home beyond?
We were a part of all that we beheld
In those young days; it was our joy that welled
Into the sunshine with the mountain rill,
Our heart that in the rose's heart lay still,
Our wings that held the sea-bird o'er the foam,
Our feet that brought the wandering outcast home.
Earth had no secret that we could not share,
For everything we saw and loved we were.

Not when defenceless on the earth we stood
In childhood doubted we that life was good
Not when we made our feast of everything
Could we distrust the hidden fountain-spring.
But when the years began to separate
From Life our lives, when all that once seemed great
In heaven and earth, all wonder and delight
Were narrowed to the measure of our sight ;
When knowledge of the suffering and wrong
That nature dealt the weak to serve the strong,
When records of man's greed and lust and pride
Defaced life's beauty and its hope belied,—
How had we then that mockery withstood,
Or trusted that the source of life was good,
Had not the memory of its old caress
Reproached our hearts in their unfaithfulness ;
Had we not once beheld a face so sweet
It could not but express a heart that beat
For us, and knew what waited us, the while
It viewed us from the darkness with its smile ;
Had we not known those vanished hours that wove
Of homely human bonds immortal love ;
Of flowers and stars and woods and mountain streams,
And things that die, imperishable dreams ?

A Psalm : Sit Nobis templum

OURS be the church not built with hands,
Whose corners are the seas and lands ;
Whose windows are the night and day,
The rose of dawn, the evening gray ;
Whose pillars soar through azure space
To shadowy heights, and interlace
In songs that, past the silver bars
Of moonlight, mingle with the stars.
The mountains shall our altars raise ;
Our cloisters hide in woodland ways ;

And, in the rocks, each crystal rill
Our fonts of Holy water fill.
Processions of the years and hours
Shall ever move beneath its towers ;
And down its echoing isles shall sweep
Eternal anthems of the deep.
But gleams shall evermore be shown
Through distant doors of paths unknown,
And round its walls shall evermore
Come whispers of an unknown shore.

Be it our ritual to read
In Life our Faith, in Truth our Creed.
Let fear its graven tablets break,
And Love our ten commandments make.
Let us, when heaven no light imparts,
Our gospel seek in human hearts :
Our hymn of praise on children's lips ;
In Beauty, our Apocalypse.
And let the burdens all must bear
In silence, be our common prayer ;
Let every flower that cleaves the sod
Become to us a word of God ;
And, lifting Heavenward Life's intent,
Love be, itself, our Sacrament.

ROSE MACAULAY

Had written several admirable novels, romantic or domestic, before she began to write the witty and satirical novels that have made her popular. Her poems are in " The Two Blind Countries " (1914) and " Three Days " (1919).

The Losers

THE soft dust on the by-roads
Is shaken and stirred

By the shuffling feet of a listless folk,
  But no sound is heard,
For they slouch along, a tired trail,
  With never a song or word.

The days they walked the high road,
  With its sun, dust, and sweat,
Its hope and its pride, are a dim dream
  That they will soon forget.
All for the fields of slumber
  Their feet are set.

But, as they slouch on drowsily,
  They shall quiet joys find—
Boots without heels, jars without jam,
  And gnawed cheese-rind,
And pilchard-tins, with one or two
  Fish-tails left behind.

And glad they are to have left climbing
  The difficult way—
Glad no more to sweat and strive,
  No more obey;
Yea, all but glad the goal was not
  For such as they.

(Lost souls, they say, from Michael's gate
  Turn back in suchwise.
Forgetful of the ecstasy
  Of the strange, steep skies,
Down poppied paths to the silent lands
  They slope, with blind eyes.)

Peace waits to take them utterly
  For a little space;
They must go shambling down the hill
  To the dim, still place,

Apologia

Where, stretched at ease, they shall forget
  They have run and lost a race.

* * * * *

The gray dust on the by-roads
  Is shuffled and blurred
By the dragging feet of beaten men,
  And a quiet sound is heard—
A drawing of slow breath, as if
  A thousand sleepers stirred.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

Doctor of medicine, and author of " The Romance of Medicine," " Science, Matter and Immortality," and kindred works ; but began as a poet, and has returned to poetry in his later books. " Granite Dust " (1892) ; " New Poems " (1904) ; " War " (1918) ; " Odes and Other Poems " (1919).

Worship

WORK is devout, and service is divine.
Who stoops to scrub a floor
May worship more
Than he who kneels before a holy shrine ;
Who crushes stubborn ore
More worthily adore
Than he who crushes sacramental wine.

Apologia

(To A. H. L.)

O FRIEND, and is my life unjust
  Because I do not seek renown,
Nor love the hot arena-dust,
  Nor toil to win an olive crown,

But rather for a time would hide
  Deep in a vale of Thessaly,
And watch the cool Penéus glide
  Atween its laurels to the sea ?

My waiting is not wholly weak,
  Nor is my idle dreaming wrong,
For lo ! the only crowns I seek
  Are inspiration for my song,

And love, to garner and to give,
  And joy, to harvest and to sow,
And health, that I may largely live,
  Missing no boon the gods bestow.

And heat and haste will help me not,
  Nor days of toil, and nights of care,
But idle dream, and vagrant thought,
  And sunny sky, and fragrant air.

O brave, strong friend, who cannot rest,
  Who dare not dream, who will not wait,
What man can know what life is best ?
  The Best is the Predestinate—

The life we feel the gods desire,
  The fate they urge us to fulfil :
Suffice it, if we both aspire
  To work with the Almighty Will,

Whether it lead us forth to sing
  In Tempe's vale a gentle note,
Or writhe in the arena-ring
  With cruel thumbs upon our throat.

Whether by patience or by strife
  Thus only can our spirits climb
From Death into Immortal Life,
  From Now into Eternal Time

Thus only can we guard and save
  Our soul's divine integrity,
Else are we broken like a wave
  Torn by a tempest from the sea.

And even tho' we win success,
  We lose all saving self-control,
Unable even to possess
  A fickle, fragmentary soul.

Friend, though we differ here and there,
  Yet have we bonds of brotherhood—
A common love of all things fair,
  A common reverence for the Good.

And fain are we that Knowledge be
  No daughter of the gods above,
But sister of sweet Sympathy,
  And handmaid in the courts of Love.

Lo, to the gods I give my will,
  And by my " dæmon " am I led.
Why should you rack and prune me still
  To fit a hard Procrustes' bed ?

Altho', perchance, I find delight
  In other lesser joys than you,
Yet haply *both* our lives are right,
  If we to our own selves are true.

Each man a separate life must lead,
  Each soul a separate path must wend :
Content am I if I succeed
  In sometimes meeting with a Friend.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Canadian poet. " Between the Lights " (1904) ; " Fires of Driftwood " (1922).

Wet Weather

IT is the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—
The cloud upon the mountain, the mist upon the sea,
The sea-gull flying low and near with rain upon each feather,
The scent of deep, green woodlands where the buds are breaking free.

A world all hot with sunshine, with a hot, white sky above it—
Oh then I feel an alien in a land I'd call my own ;
The rain is like a friend's caress, I lean to it and love it,
'Tis like a finger on a nerve that thrills for it alone.

Is it the secret kinship which each new life is given
To link it by an age-long chain to those whose lives are through,
That wheresoever he may go, by fate or fancy driven,
The home-star rises in his heart to keep the compass true ?

Ah, 'tis the English in me that loves the soft, grey weather—
The little mists that trail along like bits of wind-flung foam,
The primrose and the violet—all wet and sweet together,
And the sound of water calling, as it used to call at home.

Inheritance

THERE lived a man who raised his hand and said,
" I will be great,"
And through a long, long life he bravely knocked
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove
High place to win ;—
Worn out he died, and dying left no trace
That he had been.

He also left a son, who, without care
Or planning how,
Bore the fair letters of a deathless fame
Upon his brow.

" Behold a genius filled with fire divine ! "
The people cried
Not knowing that to make him what he was
Two men had died.

For One Who Went in Spring

SHE did not go, as others do,
With backward look and beckoning ;
With no farewell for anything
She passed the open doorway through.

The little things she left behind
Lie where they fell from hands content—
Fame a forgotten incident
And life a season out of mind.

The spring will find her footstep gone,
But spring is kind to vanished things,
Camas and buttercups she brings
With green that tears have brightened on.

And we, who walked with her last year
While April in the lilacs stirred,
Will turn with sudden look or word—
Forgetting that she is not here.

JAMES A. MACKERETH

" In Grasmere Vale " (1907); " A Son of Cain " (1910); " In the Wake of the Phœnix " (1912); " Iolaus " (1913); " On the Face of a Star " (1913); " The Red, Red Dawn " (1917); " The Death of Cleopatra " (1920).

To a Blackbird on New Year's Day

HAIL, truant with song-troubled breast,—
Thou welcome and bewildering guest!
Blithe troubadour, whose laughing note
Brings spring into a poet's throat,—
Flute, feathered joy! thy painted bill
Foretells the daffodil.

Enchanter, 'gainst the evening star
Singing to worlds where dreamers are,
That makes upon the leafless bough
A solitary vernal vow,—
Sing, lyric soul! within thy song
The love that lures the rose along!

The snowdrop, hearing, in the dell
Doth tremble for its virgin bell;
The crocus feels within its frame
The magic of its folded flame;
And many a listening rapture lies
And pushes towards its paradise.

Moonrise at Grasmere Once More

Young love again on golden gales
Scents hawthorn blown down happy dales ;
The phantom cuckoo calls forlorn
From limits of the haunted morn ;—
Sing, elfin heart ! thy notes to me
Are bells that ring in Faëry !

Again the world is young, is young,
And silence takes a silver tongue ;
The echoes catch the jocund mood
Of laughing children in the wood ;
Blithe April trips in winter's way,
And nature, wondering, dreams of May.

Sing on, thou dusky fount of light !
God love thee for a merry sprite !
Sing on ! for though the sun be coy,
I sense with thee a budding joy,
And all my heart with ranging rhyme
Is poet for the prime !

Moonrise at Grasmere Once More

THE breath of the firwood comes faintly :
A melody trembles, and goes :
Dimly a dreaming cypress tree
Sways to a dreaming rose :
The mists steal into the garden, and the great moon grows.

A lattice clinks in the gloaming,
And shuts with a shudder of stars.
Lonesomely, drowsily roaming
The melody's drifting bars
Commingle with the hushings of the dusky deodars.

No step through the night cometh :
The lake water in sleep
Lisps to its reeds ; and hummeth
A torrent's muffled leap
Far in the mountains lonely where the dark lies deep.

Scents in the dew-moist meadows,
  Starlight, and lilied shore,
Waters that far in the stillness
  Croon of enchanted lore,
You whisper of joys that no moonrise will wake for me more.

You are steeped in the mystery of passion,
  Are mild with the meaning of pain.
I have homed to this dream-haunted water
  From years that were vain :
Oh ! poignant with raptures departed these wonders that wane.

Loved loss, in soft melody sighing
  With so ghostly, so magic a tone !
Ah, my youth !—in mooned meadows replying,
  Where I linger alone,
Sweetly mute, with deep memories unspoken, as a moss-fondled stone.

The lyric has died into silence.
  Lone, dreaming, the larch-feathered hills
Lie glassed in the dream of the water.
  Like shy thoughts creep the rills
Through the grave woods ; and, soothing to slumber, comes the drone of the ghylls.

From the tower floats the murmur of midnight :
  Enchanted on mountainous ground
Brambled coppices hanging in heaven
  Entangle the sound,
And faint bells on the dream-hills of faery seem tolling around.

An owl in the firwood is hooting ;
  It breaks not the spell of repose :
A lost mountain echo is fluting :
  Like a dream-voice it goes.
Misty sheen's on the mere and the meadow, and the moon's on the rose.

RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA

Novelist and poet. "The Little Book of Dew" (1919).

"Love Summer Sits at Her Wheel of June"

LOVE SUMMER sits at her wheel of June,
And spins her cloth of rose,
And the murmur of that turning wheel
For ever comes and goes,
Like hum of bees, and sigh of breeze,
And little leaves whisp'ring in the trees!

'Tis spun with threads of gossamer
White butterflies have brought,
With clematis and lavender
And wild-rose petals wrought,
And dragonflies, of curious dyes
And peacock's blue and emerald eyes.

Moon-daisies and forget-me-not
And little trembling-grass
And "books of dew" with rosy leaves
Into the fabric pass,
And mosses old, with cups of gold,
And poppies sleeping fold on fold.

Blossom of lime and honey-flower
Upon it shake their scent,
And May-lilies and mignonette
With meadow-sweet are blent:
'Tis thickly spread with petals shed
Of fair carnations, white and red.

But when Love Summer takes her robe
And wraps the world therein,
And to the outposts of the earth
Its thousand perfumes win,
Tho' breezes come, and bees still hum,
The spinning-wheel of June is dumb.

In an early poem, consecrated his gift to the quest for beauty, and claimed as his kingdom " the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth " ; and is true to that quest in his realistic, sometimes squalidly realistic, narrative poems, as in his ballads and lyrics of the sea and the metaphysical philosophy of the " Lollingdon Downs " sonnet sequence. Came to poetry after he had been a sailor, tramp, bar-tender in America, and those experiences are writ large in his poems and stories. Except for " Nan," he has gone more to history and romance for his plays. " Salt Water Ballads," " The Everlasting Mercy," " The Widow in the Bye-Street," etc., are included in his " Collected Poems " (1924).

Sea-Fever

I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Beauty

I HAVE seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain :
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships ;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

From " Lollingdon Downs "

HERE in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly colour, all the glow,
Here in the self which withers like a flower ;
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,
And droops and dies and rots and is forgotten
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.
Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone,
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone ;
The God, the holy Ghost, the atoning Lord,
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-pane.

But useless all, though sometimes when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.
Then for an instant I have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,
Whether some saint whose glory doth anoint
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
Or something that the things not understood
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

But all has passed, the tune has died away,
The glamour gone, the glory; is it chance?
Is the unfeeling mud stabbed by a ray
Cast by an unseen splendour's great advance?
Or does the glory gather crumb by crumb
Unseen, within, as coral islands rise,
Till suddenly the apparitions come
Above the surface, looking at the skies?
Or does sweet Beauty dwell in lovely things
Scattering the holy hintings of her name
In women, in dear friends, in flowers, in springs,
In the brook's voice, for us to catch the same?
Or is it we who are Beauty, we who ask?
We by whose gleams the world fulfils its task.

From "The Widow in the Bye-Street"

SHE tottered home, back to the little room.
It was all over for her, but for life;
She drew the blinds, and trembled in the gloom;
"I sat here thus when I was wedded wife;
Sorrow sometimes, and joy; but always strife.
Struggle to live except just at the last,
O God, I thank Thee for the mercies past.

From " The Widow in the Bye-Street "

Harry, my man, when we were courting ; eh . . .
The April morning up the Cony-gree.
How grand he looked upon our wedding day.
' I wish we'd had the bells,' he said to me ;
And we'd the moon that evening, I and he,
And dew come wet, oh, I remember how,
And we come home to where I'm sitting now.

And he lay dead here, and his son was born here ;
He never saw his son, his little Jim.
And now I'm all alone here, left to mourn here,
And there are all his clothes, but never him.
He's down under the prison in the dim,
With quicklime working on him to the bone,
The flesh I made with many and many a groan.

And then he ran so, he was strong at running,
Always a strong one, like his dad at that.
In summertimes I done my sewing sunning,
And he'd be sprawling, playing with the cat.
And neighbours brought their knitting out to chat
Till five o'clock ; he had his tea at five ;
How sweet life was when Jimmy was alive."

And sometimes she will walk the cindery mile,
Singing, as she and Jimmy used to do,
Singing " The parson's dog lep over a stile,"
Along the path where water lilies grew.
The stars are placid on the evening's blue,
Burning like eyes so calm, so unafraid.
On all that God has given and man has made.

Burning they watch, and mothlike owls come out,
The redbreast warbles shrilly once and stops ;
The homing cowman gives his dog a shout,
The lamps are lighted in the village shops.
Silence ; the last bird passes ; in the copse
The hazels cross the moon, a nightjar spins,
Dew wets the grass, the nightingale begins.

Singing her crazy song the mother goes,
Singing as though her heart were full of peace,
Moths knock the petals from the dropping rose,
Stars make the glimmering pool a golden fleece,
The moon droops west, but still she does not cease,
The little mice peep out to hear her sing,
Until the inn-man's cockerel shakes his wing.

And in the sunny dawns of hot Julys,
The labourers going to meadow see her there.
Rubbing the sleep out of their heavy eyes,
They lean upon the parapet to stare ;
They see her plaiting basil in her hair,
Basil, the dark red wound-wort, cops of clover,
The blue self-heal and golden Jacks of Dover.

Dully they watch her, then they turn to go
To that high Shropshire upland of late hay.
Her singing lingers with them as they mow,
And many times they try it, now grave, now gay,
Till, with full throat, over the hills away,
They lift it clear ; oh, very clear it towers
Mixed with the swish of many falling flowers.

THEODORE MAYNARD

" Laughs and Whifts 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 ;
Who made fantastic, foolish trees
Shadow the floors of tropic seas,
Where finny gargoyles, goggle-eyed,
Grin monstrously 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,

From a Sonnet Sequence

" 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 Mare," 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.

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,

Song

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

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,

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 :

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

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.

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

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,

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 Moult

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 civilry
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," " Gilian 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;

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.

An' blithe, my cuttie luntin',
We'd crack aboot 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 oxter
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

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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 "

(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 ! Nimbly, lass, nimbly !
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,

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!

" *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 jigging 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

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 bustled 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.

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'rds 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.

I fitted her with morrice-bells that sweetened into woodbine 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 chestnut 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,

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 buttercups,
We danced along a cloth of gold, a summer king and queen!

The Fool.

And straying we went, and swaying we went, with lambkins 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 footfall 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.

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 quean,—
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

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 !

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 !*

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,

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.

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 ;

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 mortial 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

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,

" 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

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 ;

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.

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.

" ' 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.

" 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.

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 !

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 possest,

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 treasuries 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."

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

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;

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

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 ?

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,

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."

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.

She drowses 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 ?

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 allare 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.

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;

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

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,

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,

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 emprize.
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 unforgotten 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."

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 unforgotten 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 renascence 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.

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. SABIN

" 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

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,

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,

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.

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* " ;

" *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.

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.

Rapids at Night

HERE at the roots of the mountains,
Between the sombre legions of cedars and tamaracks,
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
Innumerous 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

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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, unuttered 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.

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 ;

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.

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 :—

" 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 ;

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 ;

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.

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 finger-tips,
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.

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 Hawthornden 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

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 unclose
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,

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,

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 iver,
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,

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.

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

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, Elizabeth;
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.

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 ;—

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 ;

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.

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."

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

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

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,

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.

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 ;

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 belong-
    ings
  . . . 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.

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,

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 mellower 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;

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 ;

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 September 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 understand,
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 travailéd in pain,

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."

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

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-tincted 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 dumbed 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 bruisèd 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

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); "Amoris 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 betrays 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 shrunken 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 :

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 san ;
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.

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.

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.

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,

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

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.

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;

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

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.

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 threats 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.

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.

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 uplifted,
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 sallow,
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.

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 drowses,
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

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 ;

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 renascence 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 lyrist ; 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 Oisin " (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 dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings ;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements 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 ;
Mere 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,

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:

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.

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!

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