

WILD FRUIT

By

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



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WILD FRUIT



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WILD FRUIT

: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS :

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WILD FRUIT

WILD FRUIT

MINE's but a syrinx rough,
Won from a reed-bed by an unknown river.
Would that it were enough
To make one heart throb or one eyelid quiver ;
But here's no song of might,
No thunder from the height.

Mine's but a frail of rushes
Filled with wild berries from a lonely path
Gathered off humble bushes.
From no sweet, sunshine-haunted, golden garth
They come. No treasure these
Of far Hesperides.

And yet full many a thorn
Hid in the tangled boughs whence they were
brought.

I have been stabbed and torn ;
Even for these uncultured fruits I fought.
Taste, ere with coming night
They are forgotten quite.

SONGS AND JESTS

A SONG

LAST dimpsy light I had gude speed—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
For the loveliest woman ever you seed
Went down-along over the water mead—
Sing hey, sing honey ho !

Her misty eyen was grey as glass—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
My stars ! what a butivul bowerly lass !
And be gormed if I could let the girl pass—
Sing hey, sing honey ho !

With bow and scrape I then began—
Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—
“ Now do 'e, I pray, let me carry your can.”
She smiled and said, “ Out o' my path, young
man.”
Sing hey, sing honey ho !

A SONG

“ Your pathway shall be mine,” quoth I—

Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—

“ You’ m the loveliest creature under the sky,

And for you I’ ll live and for you I’ ll die ! ”

Sing hey, sing honey ho !

“ Gude Lord ! wheer was you born ? ” cried
she—

Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—

“ I’ m the farmer’ s wife and the mother o’ three !

My eldest be comin’ to welcome me.”

Sing hey, sing honey ho !

A tiny girl came toddlin’ by—

Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—

Wi’ a sunbonnet like a blue butterfly ;

And she had her mother’ s misty grey eye.

Sing hey, sing honey ho !

“ Come hither, my li’ l dinky miss ”—

Sing hey, sing ho, sing honey—

“ For to take to your pearl of a mother this.”

I picked up the cheel and gave her a kiss.

Sing hey, sing honey ho !

THE ROPE WALK

“ Ess, the battle of life be a rope-walk, I reckon,
An’ the best of us spin wi’ our backs turned to
Fate,
But theer’s not a soul knows when the master
will beckon—
Whether early or late.

“ An’ theer’s none as can value the work of his
neighbour ;
Theer’s none as can see either end or beginning,
For the length o’ the thread ban’t no part of
our labour,
But awnly the spinning.”

BLUE EYES

“ OH, Daisy dear, wi’ eyes so blue,
Come tell me quick an’ come tell me true,
If I be your man, or the chap in grey—
Him as carried your basket but yesterday,
Him as drove ’e to market but yesterday.”

“ Why, Peter Chugg, now doan’t ’e frown,
An’ doan’t ’e look up, nor yet look down,
But look ’e straight into my eyes so blue—
For ’tis theer you may larn whether I love you :
For ’tis theer you can see whether I love you.”

Then Peter stared, wi’ all his might,
An’ thought, poor sawl, as he’d seen aright ;
But uplong to worship the next Sunday,
If her wadden axed out wi’ the chap in grey !
Ess ! he’d put up the banns, thicky chap in grey.

BLUE EYES

Now Peter's swearin' ! so 'tis sayed,
A man be a fule to trust a maid ;
An' the Dowl, though black as a parson's shoe,
Have doubtless got eyes of a butiful blue—
Chugg knows that his eyes be a butiful blue.

SONG

MAY the primrosen kiss your little feet
Under the soft green shadows of the spring,
And all the music of the wild wood ring
Where sunshine and the nodding bluebells meet
 As you go up-along, up-along.
Oh, may your heart for joy and gladness sing
 As you go up-along.

May the red sun departing in the west
Transform the way and turn it golden bright ;
May after-glow of pearl and rosy light
Serenely shine upon the road to rest,
 As you go down-along, down-along.
Oh, may soft voices sound upon the night
 As you go down-along.

SONG

Cuckoo ! Sing all the joys of June.
Cuckoo ! Scent of the hawthorn spray.
Cuckoo ! Elms in a haze at noon.
Cuckoo ! Silver of new-mown hay.
And echo laughs upon the bosomed hills
And echo glides the leafy glades along—
 Hark ! how the golden sunshine throbs and
 thrills
 With heart-beat of his old-world song.

Cuckoo ! The petals of a rose.
Cuckoo ! A bow upon the rain.
Cuckoo ! Shining the river flows.
Cuckoo ! Cloud-purple cools the plain.
And all the loveliness of Summer's face
And all the glory of the Summer land
 Roll like a jewel on the heart of space—
 An opal for the Mother's hand.

ANTHEA'S BIRTHDAY

MANY happy returns of the day, lady mine,
May the year fall as gently as petal of roses.
Sure you are immortal, since you are divine ;
Your claim to Olympus no goddess opposes.
But though Aphrodite would have you above,
And Athene, grey-eyed, for your company
 yearns,
Forget not one mortal and promise your love
Many happy returns.

SONG

DAWN was a maiden fair and bright,
Hope on her brow, a star of might ;
And as she leapt the hills along,
Earth sang to her a matin song.

‘ Welcome, young Day ;
Shine while you may,
Rest on my bosom and gladden my heart.
I am your slave,
Mountain and wave
Thirst for your footstep and sorrow to part.’

EVE was a mother, sweet and wise,
With understanding in her eyes,
And as she moved the vales along
Earth sang to her an even song.

‘ Fare thee well, Day,
Fading away,
Thankful am I for your love and your light.
Sink to your rest
Under the west
Vale and vale beyond the dark night.’

US

“ Us was sitting on a gate—me an’ her—
In a very coorious state—me an’ her.
When the moon beganned to shine
I took both her hands in mine !
We was going of it fine—me an’ her.”

“ ’Peared us hadn’t nought to say—him an’ me.
Telling wadden in our way—him an’ me.
But he heaved a sort o’ groan
An’ I gived a little moan,
While us pitched theer—all alone—him an’ me.

“ Us continued on the gate—him an’ me—
Till it growed a trifle late. Him an’ me
Hearkened to the owls a-bawling,
Listened to the cats a-wauling—
Then the church clock chimed. ’Twas calling—
him an’ me.”

US

“ Back along us slowly went—me an’ her
Feeling very well content—me an’ her.
Come her evening out ’tis plain
Us shall do as I ordain :
Sit ’pon thicky gate again—me an’ her.”

SONG

ALACK, alas ; alas, alack !
They say John Blee will ne'er come back.
He's took a ship for foreign parts
To find new girls and break new hearts—
To find new girls and break new hearts.
 Alack, alack, alas, alack !
 Alas, alackaday !

Alack, alas ; alas, alack !
I trusted—oh, I trusted Jack !
I gived him all I'd got, you see,
And now he's sailed away from me—
And now he's sailed away from me—
 Alack, alack, alas, alack !
 Alas, alackaday !

Alack, alas ; alas, alack !
The sky is grey ; the world is black.

SONG

Poor fool was I that granted boon
To love that changes with the moon—
To love that changes with the moon.

Alack, alack, alas, alack!

Alas, alackaday!

FOR YOUR GOLD

For your gold—for your dear golden hair—
When I prayed to you, hard-hearted girl,
And offered my soul if you'd spare
Just the least little, bright little curl,
You refused, without reason or rhyme.
But alas! now the market is cold.
Only silver you'll get out of Time
For your gold.

THE FISHERMAN

HE was a lad of high degree ;
She was a farmer's daughter ;
He came to fish the silver ley,
Or did he come to court her ?
“ Pray angle where you will,” quoth she ;
“ The little trout may swim to thee ;
But never think that you'll catch me.”

Yet where was that fair maiden born
But felt her heart beat higher
To see a lordling look forlorn
And beg to come anigh her ?
“ Stray nearer, if you must,” quoth she,
“ Since 'tis an act of charity ;
But never try to speak to me.”

The woodland ways are sweet and green
Under the summer weather,
And through the dingle, through the dene,
Go boy and girl together.

THE FISHERMAN

“ You held my hand because,” quoth she,
“ The stepping-stones were slippery ;
But now I’m over let it be.”

A heart that burns, a breast that sighs,
Red lips with promise laden ;
A pleading voice and bright brown eyes—
Alas, my pretty maiden !

“ Can such a king of men,” quoth she,
“ Mate with a humble girl like me ?
Then I will trust my soul to thee ! ”

She sits amid the yellow sheaves,
That little farmer’s daughter,
Or counts the scarlet cherry leaves
Fall on the shining water.

“ Red leaves and river deep,” quoth she,
“ Come, hide my tear-worn heart, for he
Hath broken and forgotten me.”

MAN'S DAYS

A SUDDEN wakin', a sudden weepin' ;
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin' ;
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red hot an' the love of a maid ;
Wan glorious hour as'll never fade ;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs,
 some tears ;
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then auld man's talk o' the days behind 'e ;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e ;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin',
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

SONG

OH, how I love my own dear lady fair,
Love her grey eyes and love her tangled hair,
Love her sweet smile, like sunshine on the sea,
And love her best of all for loving me.

I love the baby dimples in her cheeks
That wake to listen if my girl but speaks.
I love her cheerfulness and charity,
But love her best of all for loving me.

RONDEAU

MY love ! My heart ! My darling one !
Oh, never wander far from me
Until there sets the final sun
Upon my day, made life by thee.
Would that I knew some precious thing
Of worth to match thee as thou art,
But only to thy feet I bring
My love, my heart.

THE OWL AND THE EPITAPH

THE moon shone in the midnight sky
As an old brown owl went gliding by.
He lighted upon a churchyard tree,
And shouted aloud right eerily—

“ Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo !

The graves are many, the mice are few.”

Beneath his perch there stood a stone
Where a young, dead woman lay alone.
The owl coned over her epitaph,
Then, blinking his eyes, he began to laugh—

“ Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo !

This was a fine damsel that once I knew.

“ ‘ Here lies the dust of Mercy Ann,
The faithful wife of Jonathan Cann.

THE OWL AND THE EPITAPH

Such virtue could not inhabit clay,
So Heaven hath plucked the flower away.'

Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo !

But, gentlemen all, the tale isn't true.

“ Dear Mercy Ann, the lovely elf,
Was another night-bird, like myself.
Look in the woods by the manor gate :
You'll find a cot in a ruinous state.

Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo !

Her gravestone should really be writ anew.

“ ‘ Here lies the dust of Mercy Ann,
The faithful mistress of young Squire Mann.
She gave him five years of joy and bliss,
And now she's a flower in the realms of Dis.’

Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo !

There's a mouse on her grave ! ” And down
he flew.

CIGARETTES

You are burning them ; silver smoke flies
All vainly in ringlets and flashes
To veil your white teeth and blue eyes ;
But oh, little smoker, the ashes !
They cover a secret indeed—
They hide what's beyond your discerning.
Far more than bright shreds of gold weed
You are burning.

TO ANTHEA'S BOSOM

WHEN that I went, a little lad, to school—
One half a cherub and one half a fool—
The weary pedant dinned upon my ears
That all the world is but two hemispheres.

Maybe I doubted then, for I was born
To laugh the wisdom of the wise to scorn;
But now, indeed, most surely it appears
That all the world is but two hemispheres.

THE LEGEND OF DART

MAID o' mine, little maid, by the brink of the
river—

The river so golden, so gay and so free—

Where halcyon gleams, where the meadowsweets
quiver

And bend to the weight of a murmuring bee.

There's more than your bonny grey eyes and fair
tresses

Beneath, like your dear dainty self in a dream,

For dimly reflected, within her recesses,

Your soul is revealed in the soul of the stream.

Year in, year out, the River of Dart

Is lovely as thou, little maid of my heart.

Maid of mine, little maid, hidden deep in her
sources,

The river, so frank and so laughing of face,

Hides mystical, magical, murderous forces :

Each year a man dies in her silver embrace.

THE LEGEND OF DART

Be sure a dark spirit is restlessly roaming
Unseen in the depths where the currents unroll.
She watches and waits for a sad winter gloaming,
Then snatches dear life from some night-foun-
dered soul.

Year in, year out, the River of Dart
Is cruel as thou, little maid of my heart.

A DEDICATION

KIND-HEARTED friend, I would not have thee
take

This little book without a sign from me ;

'Tis but the Thought it heralds that can make

A gift so small be offered worthily.

Then hold it as a messenger who brings

The very best within my power to send ;

Wishes, that want no words to give them wings,

Kind-hearted friend !

TERESETTE

A SMALL white cap on honey-coloured hair ;
Grey eyes as bright as morning ; a red face ;
A bosom worthy of some goddess fair
Greeks dreamed in marble ; yet too grand to
 grace

Such a small woman ; plump and ruddy arms
That work from dawn till even, bare to view—
And one may briefly note her other charms—
To my bucolic fancy far from few.

She scorns a waist ; she's deep and broad in
 thigh ;

Short, massive, merry, always glad to aid.

And that's all I shall tell you about my—

I wish she was my—little chambermaid.

Before we part I rather hope to get—

But she is knocking. 'Entrez, Teresette'!

A DEVON COURTING

BIRDS gived awver singin',
Flittermice was wingin',
Mist lay on the meadows—
A purty sight to see.

Downlong in the dimpsy, the dimpsy, the
dimpsy—

Downlong in the dimpsy
Theer went a maid wi' me.

Two gude mile o' walkin',
Not wan word o' talkin',
Then I axed a question
An' put the same to she.

Uplong in the owl-light, the owl-light, the
owl-light—

Uplong in the owl-light
Theer comed my maid wi' me.

TO CHLOE

AFTER HORACE. ODE XXIII

CHLOE, you fly me like a frightened fawn
That seeks her mother on the mountain-side,
And trembles at the lispings, lucent lawn
Of forest leaves, or when her amber hide
Is stroken by the wind. Nay, even spring's
Soft budding laughter some new terror brings,
And when the lizard rustles through the brake,
Her little knees and little heart both shake.
But, Chloe, who doth hurt or hinder you ?
No tigress, no Gaetolian lion I,
To tear your tenderness, but lover true,
Compact of worship and humility.
You're wife-old, sweetheart ! Prithee understand,
And stray a little from your mother's hand.

TO MR. WILLIAM WATSON,
WHO FLOUTED SCIENCE

UNGRATEFUL poet! Canst thou steep thy song
In such unreason and melodious wrong?
What Son of Science not forgot by Fame
Did ever any 'conquest' dare to claim?
Pure hearts and patient! 'Tis your priests and gods
Have stricken down our searchers with their rods:
As when Prometheus, for his mighty love,
Suffered long martyrdom of jealous Jove.
Water your wine of scorn with tears, my friend;
Flash round the world your eyes and mark the
trend.

Creators are not all the salt of earth;
The Finders minister to joy and worth,
Wisdom and sanity and sweetness too:
They do their perfect work as well as you.
Remember that these unchivalric stings
Without forgiving Science had no wings;
Sneer not again; flout nevermore her rôle:
She wafts your noble songs from pole to pole.

POEMS OF FEELING

THE WREATH

WHERE are the orange flowers I hid away
So silvery and bright,
My sisters wove
Out of their love,
To make a little wreath upon the day
That saw me bride,
When sunshine died
Upon this wedded night ?

Oh, perished sweetness from my father's home
Under the olive hill,
Instead of dew
Tears swiftly slew
Your loveliness ; and mine to this has come.
Would ye were now
Gold on the bough,
And I a maiden still.

TO ANTHEA : THAT SHE MAY BE
COMFORTED

My soul's small voice hath told me ;
Pure hope and faith uphold me
That we cannot part,
Oh, dearest heart,
Though shepherd Death shall fold me.

The noontide sun is shining
To mock at your repining,
For a lover's shroud
Is but a cloud—
A cloud with a silver lining.

The breath of fire can never
Our dual spirits sever,
But an after-glow
My soul shall know
Till you return for ever.

TO ANTHEA

No sorrow then, no sighing,
No murmuring, no crying.
While you shall endure
Be very sure
My passing is not dying.

Commingled we ascended,
Through life's high heaven wended ;
And one cannot sink
Beneath time's brink
Ere the other's way be ended.

Twin stars to sister, brother ;
To father and to mother ;
To the world one gleam
On the starry stream ;
But glorious suns to each other.

Still shall be feeling, knowing,
Still worshipping, still showing
My heart for a light
Above the night
To guide your lonely going.

TO ANTHEA

Oh, woman, though none heed it,
And life no longer speed it,
Like a flame shall burn,
Through earth and urn,
My love while you can need it.

Under wild winds and weather
Beneath the loneliest heather
I'll wait till you creep
To share my sleep
And we surcease together.

WINTER SUNRISE

THERE'S a shadow on the starlight far away, far
away ;

There's a pearl hid in the mist so cold and grey,
Where young Morning, silver-eyed,
Steals along the steep hill-side
For to seek another little, new-born day,
For to find and love a little new-born day.

There's a glory on the granite, far away, far away ;
There's a rainbow on the mist so cold and grey.
Soft and rosy in her breast,
From the mountain's golden crest,
Happy Dawn doth bear another new-born day ;
Happy Dawn doth bring a little new-born day.

HER SILENCES

MISTRESS of melody and silence too,
Queen over silver speech, and of the word
That flashes. Oh ! how often have I heard
And felt it pierce my understanding through,
As from a cloud there breaks the gleam of
 heaven's blue.

And if her speech is music unto me,
Music of bells that peal to mad desire,
Or a fierce rivulet of ambient fire
That bears me drowning into love's wild sea,
Then what way understood shall her deep silence
 be ?

Only her magic eyes the truth express ;
Her eyes the fateful mystery unfold,
Whether of sullen lead or burning gold
Her stillness comes ; and if she ban or bless—
To death with silent ' No,' to life with silent
 ' Yes.'

NIGHT WIND

OH, great, invisible, unhappy wind,
Doth the great dark of death too haunt thy
mind ?

But sure the first faint shudder of to-morrow
Will end thy sorrow.

Wail out thy weary litanies to me ;
I, that am man, will listen tenderly ;
I—a sad scion of the self-same mother—
Will be thy brother.

Harper of all the ages, hither roam
And find within my hopeless soul a home ;
Bend like a minstrel o'er my heart—its throbbing
Echoes thy sobbing.

WHERE MY TREASURE IS

ETERNAL Mother, when my race is run,
Will that I pass beneath the risen sun,
Suffer my sight to dim upon some spot
That changes not.

Let my last pillow be the land I love
With fair infinity of blue above ;
The roaming shadow of a silver cloud,
My only shroud.

A little lark above the morning star,
Shall shrill the tidings of my end afar ;
The muffled music of a lone sheep-bell
Shall be my knell.

And where stone heroes trod the Moor of old ;
Where ancient wolf howled round a granite fold ;
Hide thou, beneath the heather's new-born light,
My endless night.

A CRY ON THE NIGHT

SLEEPLESS and sad I lie
Hearing a little bell
The tardy ages tell
As they crawl by.

Would that I were as ye,
Sleepers by the bell-tower,
Ashes beyond time's power—
Slaves once—now free.

Oh, Life, thou hast the sting,
Not poppy-bearing Death.
Only by road of breath
Comes suffering.

Toll the vile hours away,
Toll, till yon ashy light
Makes the black wing of night
Moult into day.

A CRY ON THE NIGHT

Not day nor light can mend
This twilight road of mine
Leading through dust and brine
On to the end.

Toll for me living, bell.
Toll with your deepest stroke ;
But, when my heart is broke,
Knell me no knell.

TO MY SON; ON HIS NINTH
BIRTHDAY

THERE is a grey old haven by the sea
That stretches granite arms and lifts a light
To shield small ships by day and guide by night
From the Atlantic's wroth and sudden might
And riotous mad glee.

Thou small ship, anchor here within my ken ;
My heart shall be thine harbour, while I can
Still serve and strive, with many a careful plan,
To fortify thy green, young faith in man
Against the sea of men.

Oh, busy, bright-eyed, brown-faced boy of boys,
So full of great to-morrows and great deeds,
Bring hither each high hope and let your needs
Embrace me too. I love the road that leads
To your best dreams and joys.

TO MY SON

Nine is a good wise age, but storm and stress
Of life when we are nearly five times nine
May rob us of our wisdom, boy of mine ;
And e'en the youngest sometimes err—through
fine

Access of trustfulness.

We'll aid each other, then, a few years more
Ere the world's work thou help'st to make or mar,
Ere, at the bidding of thy young soul's star,
Thou wingest, strong for good or ill, afar
From home's too narrow shore.

Soon the Great Lights will sparkle from above,
Immortal beacons beckon thee and turn
Thy youth to youth, since youth for youth doth
burn ;
Youth yearns to youth ; and youth from youth
shall learn
To conquer and to love.

DAWN WIND

WIND of the Dawn am I, and only She
Who knows the music of my every song
Can hear the whisper lingering along
Melodiously.

Melodiously along the moonlit corn,
With silver fingering all my peaceful way,
I nightly wander towards another day
Soon to be born.

Lo ! from the East he comes ; and I rejoice,
And throbbing on into the ruddy light
Leap like a giant from the dying night
With organ voice.

Along the rosy, misty, magic lands
That gleam above each dewy-scented lea
The children of the morning welcome me
And clap their hands.

THE KISSES

Your gentle kiss fell light upon my lips
As when a hovering Vanessa sips
One instant and away.

Oh, blessed touch ! How little then I guessed
What seeds of aching grief and wild unrest
Were sowed that summer day.

But now the secret garden of my heart
Can scarcely hold them ; every throbbing part
Blooms with a mad desire.

Oh, precious woman of the misty eye,
Would to dear God that futile kiss of mine
Had planted such a fire.

Yours carried life and flying seed of flame
Until the very letters of your name
Chime out a glorious song.

Mine found no fruitful resting-place to dwell,
But humbly sank to that sad haunt of hell
Where sterile kisses throng.

SONG OF A SAD HEART

My life's but an antic,
Half sane and half frantic,
Half kicks and half half-pence,
Half smiles and half tears ;
Half dross and half treasure,
Half pain and half pleasure,
Half dreaming, half seeming,
Half hopes and half fears.

A seat in a galley,
A little blind alley,
A plunge into being,
A leaf in the wind ;
A beautiful bubble
On oceans of trouble,
A road where the sign-posts
Are all going blind.

A shadow that passes
Along thirsty grasses,

SONG OF A SAD HEART

A fungus that's fretting
The face of the earth ;
A pitiful blunder,
A sorrowful wonder,
A cry out of darkness,
A hunger, a dearth.

A cradle to cry in,
A coffin to lie in.
Betwixt them I steal
Past the fun of the fair—
Chance calling, Fate guiding,
Life's round-about gliding.
Then Death, the grey dustman,
Surprises me there.

O link with thy glory
Both ends of my story,
Thou rainbow of Hope,
Spanning sorrow and strife.
From osier to elm
Light some road through the realm,
Where one weary man wanders
The desert of life.

TO THE ARTIST

Now the first silver of the new-born day
Old Wizard Time doth glean along the sky,
And labours, for a future mystery,
To store the sunrise wonder from on high.

Then as the dayspring back to evening burns,
And sunset wine o'erflows earth's purple brim,
Dawn's silver into ruddy gold he turns.
So Time doth use the sun ; so thou use him.

From precious moments, ere they all grow cold,
From the fierce fervour of the noonday bright,
From love, joy, sorrow weld one lamp of gold
To beam above thine own eternal night.

SONG TO SILVER-EYES

SURELY your father was Fire
And Demeter's self brought to birth
Such a spirit one happy May,
Your brimming cup to my dearth,
Your beacon to my desire,
Your light in my darkest day !

Oh ! for the nest of your arms
And your bosom drawn close to mine,
My darling, my heart, my own !
Men sing of women and wine,
But I, who have kissed your charms,
Can sing of woman alone.

Why do you love me so well,
And yield up your magic to me,
And light such a fragrant flame
For one not worthy of thee ?
I only your wonder tell
And worship your precious name.

THE LOVER AND THE WIND

“WIND of the South with the wild, wet mouth,
Cease from thy wailing and fury of railing ;
Whisper to me in my vigils of pain
That soon I shall meet her,
And soon I shall greet her,
And thrill with the passion of kisses again.

“Wind of the South with the wild, wet mouth,
Silence thy raving and hark to my craving ;
Echo a hope through my vigils of pain.
I hunger to hold her,
I throb to enfold her
And melt in the fire of her body again.”

“Suffering man, since thy race began
I have been weeping and I have been keeping
A myriad vigils of sorrow and pain.
No more shalt thou meet her,
No more shalt thou greet her,
Or thrill with the passion of kisses again.

THE LOVER AND THE WIND

“Suffering man, the arc of thy span
To - morrow is bounded and finished and
rounded.

Thou shalt forget all thy vigils of pain,
Nor hunger to hold her,
Nor throb to enfold her,
Nor cry for the fire of her body again.”

FINGLE VALLEY

WIDE woodland worlds are ringing
With the dappled grey birds' singing
And the stream flows by
A forget-me-not's eye
Where silver fronds are up-springing.

Soft blades and blossoms mingle
In the misty vale of Fingle
And the young leaves play
Through each emerald day
In many a dene and dingle.

Great Mother, hear my crying
For the years are fleetly flying
And a dream of Spring
To my weary heart bring
In the hour when I am dying.

FINGLE VALLEY

One vision will content me
And none that loves need lament me
If my sense but fade
On a golden-green glade,
When you claim the dust you lent me.

SONG OF A WEARY WORLD

THROUGH space dimensionless and starry seas
I wheel and wonder at my sun's command,
Whither the Mother's everlasting hand
Beckons from Hercules.

Again and yet again I ring my road ;
Again pursue my weary march in time ;
Across the glimmering abysses climb,
Groaning beneath my load.

The grief of many a golden galaxy
I pass from day to night, from night to day,
Blind and obedient, shrivelled, old and grey—
My song sunk to a sigh. -

There was a time when, as a planet-child,
I gloried ; Alma Venus from her place
Bent low to scan my new-created face,
And saw it good, and smiled.

SONG OF A WEARY WORLD

In joy she rose and swiftly came to me,
Reaping ripe stars and sowing as she came ;
Life, Life she brought ! A dawn of living flame
Flashed over earth and sea.

Yet as she planted she was very sad,
And watered all the breast of me with tears.
She saw the dolours of unnumbered years ;
I, seeing not, was glad.

But so came Man, out of the ages blown—
A shining master-bubble on the crest
Of the last wave that Life had upward pressed—
And claimed me for his own.

At first I joyed in him as forth he leapt—
My firstborn blessed with power to understand—
But lo ! he lifted matricidal hand,
And Alma Venus wept.

At first I joyed in him as at a boon ;
Then wakened evil on my startled face,
Until I cursed this comprehending race,
And envied the dead moon.

SONG OF A WEARY WORLD

Oh, hear my cry, oh, hear my cry, ye stars !
This bosom round he tortures to his ends ;
He burrows, slaughters, scatters, rives, and rends—
My very heart he mars !

His habitations fester in my breast ;
His galleys maculate my ocean foam ;
He spies where all my secret treasures home—
Ultimate scourge and pest !

He peeps below, he probes and plagues above,
Poisons my land and fouls my deepest sea ;
He seeks and finds and tears away from me
The last wild things I love.

His purposes and good, his rights and wrongs,
Choke the sweet air, the clamours of his claim
Deafen my ear, deride his Mother's aim,
And strangle Nature's songs.

Lusting and lying, murdering his kind—
Each stronger kingdom at a weaker's throat—
He shrieks for ever the discordant note,
This monster with a mind.

SONG OF A WEARY WORLD

Dust of my dust—last and supremest race
Of races lifting on from age to age—
This conscious creature's awful pilgrimage
Maddens the eyes of space.

Oh, build upon his bones a better thing ;
Add yet a link to life's eternal chain ;
Depose humanity, or once again
Thy primal silence fling.

Heed my long agonies, and let them cease ;
Lighten the horror of my endless woe ;
From off this bleeding bosom bid him go
And give thy planet peace.

But if thou shalt ordain we never part,
Then, Mother, pity me by pitying him ;
Despatch thy swiftest, gold-winged seraphim
With Reason to his heart.

Send them and this thy gift ; let Reason reign,
So that a reconciliation come
Between the children and their ancient home,
Ere darkness fall again.

SONG TO ANTHEA

O LOVE, how I have lived while others slept,
With the white moon and thee!
Heaven-high the flame of adoration leapt,
Sea-deep the ecstasy.

Yet I was haunted and my spirit quelled
And fearful of alarms
While the first treasure of the world I held :
My Anthea in my arms.

And now one radiant memory I keep
Till life and I shall part :
She loved me, loved me well enough to sleep
In peace upon my heart.

EPITAPH

WHEN the dust of the workshop is still,
The dust of the workman at rest,
May some generous heart find a will
To seek and to treasure his best.

From the splendour of hopes that deceived ;
From the wonders he planned to do ;
From the glories so nearly achieved ;
From dreams that so nearly came true ;

From his struggle to rise above earth
On the pinions that could not fly ;
From his sorrows ; oh, seek for some worth
To remember the workman by.

If in vain ; if Time sweeps all away,
And no laurel from that dust springs ;
'Tis enough that a loyal heart say,
“ He tried to make beautiful things.”

ANDREA D'AGNOLO (DEL SARTO)

How often did his soul ache as he painted ?
How often fainted
His erring spirit, while the immortal gift
Of his right hand cut wider the deep rift
Between him and his art ?
How often did his palate light a higher
And purer fire
Within him ? Much he suffered, so they say,
Because a worthless clod of woman's clay
Burdened his foolish heart.

He made her dust immortal ; never man
Since world began
Paid better for the privilege she gave
Of share in her ; but did the baggage save
Him from his faulty self ?
While he translated her into the sky,
Madonna high :
All that she did was drag him down, down, down,
To coin his fame and sully his renown
And smirch his soul for pelf.

ANDREA D'AGNOLO (DEL SARTO)

Uxorious master ! that could let a wife
Tarnish your life
And with her greedy, harlot view of things
Betray your genius, soil you, clip your wings
To line her dirty nest.
Some other she had helped to lift your soul
Nearer the goal—
To raise your spirit and environ it
With womanhood a little better fit
To guard your precious best.

Vain, vain to think so ! Pitifully vain
This futile strain.
Our fires burn dull or splendid as they can.
No woman's taper shall eclipse in man
His own, his proper light.
That stuff we're filled with makes or mars the
game ;
Decides the flame.
The mingled oil that rare d'Agnolo fills
Came from the presses of ancestral mills
To burn now dim, now bright.

Andrea was Andrea ; higher than his soul
Shall wave the scroll

ANDREA D'AGNOLO (DEL SARTO)

That rates his place supreme ; and if a fool—
If his days show a sort of crepuscule
Between their dawns of glory—
What strange, unparalleled concern is that
To babble at ?
Clotho a phœnix sense of colour, form,
Twined up and wove with feeble human norm ;
And hence the master's story.

We gather fig from thistle, grape from thorn
Where art is born ;
Then suck your grapes with joy, and leave the
stones,
Nor utter sanctimonious silly groans
Because a seed is sour,
Let clocks of men, that only keep good time,
Make their own rhyme
And tick perfection from the mantelpiece
Of each mean spirit ; still art's ancient lease
Is shortened not an hour.

AT ZERMATT

COLD-HEARTED mist ! Not only on the mountain
Did your wan shadows sweep to dull the snows—
And muffle up each lonely, singing fountain
And chill the red bud of the alpen rose ;
Not only where the dayspring leapt so free
To flash upon the glacier's dim, green eyes—
Not only for the mountains, but for me
You limn again ; your cold forefinger lies
Like ice upon my spirit. Sorrows old
That the fair red-winged morning sent with
night

To roam awhile, creep back into the fold
Of my sad bosom, till the brief delight
Of dawn upon the lifted snow is stilled
And I am worse for having known it. See,
Grey hawk of sorrow ! thou hast struck and killed
A new-born joy and slain a wakened glee.
Oh, cruel shade, born of our common mother,
Thou art the very symbol of my grief—

AT ZERMATT

Ever in wait to speed and swoop and smother
Return of fearful peace—yea, like a thief,
Filching and filching from one beggared heart
The little that it has. No anodyne
Shall play a merciful Nepenthe's part
To drown this everlasting scourge of mine.
Let but a dream fling ghostly joy to me,
And bid me wake to cry, 'It shall be true!'
Above the hills of hope I only see
Thy haggard spectres stealing down the blue.

LAMIA OF SUNSET

Now the gates of the evening swung wide
And the spirit of evening spoke rest,
While the hungering heart of me cried
And the wandering feet of me pressed
Solemn, wave-beaten, wind-beaten shores looking
 forth on the far-gleaming west.

From the place of the sun to the sea ;
From the sea to the lap of the land ;
All unfettered and flaming and free
Did the glow and the glory expand
Till they throbbed in wild pulses of fire through
 the wave and the golden-ribbed sand.

Where the breast of each billow ran dark
To the ridge of the down-falling dome,
Flashed a spirit of flame, like a spark

LAMIA OF SUNSET

Through the last little curl of the comb ;
And deep chamfered with furrows of gold were
the floors of the on-racing foam.

Who can tell very truth touching light,
Till he view the primordial fire
Stricken reel from his throne on the height,
And confounded and tortured expire
In the arms of the wind-riven sea, with the earth
and the sky for a pyre ?

Heaven flows in a fierce phlegethon
With the far-flashing wave for a brim,
And adown that red gold, one by one,
Sail the cirri, all purple and dim,
As it had been great feathers new fallen, from the
wings of the swift seraphim.

It was there she ascended and came
From the sun-flooded surges to me,
From the foam and the flash and the flame,
From the wild liquid light floated she,
As our queen Aphrodite of old lifted love from
the fathomless sea.

LAMIA OF SUNSET

Most serenely and graciously flowed
Her fair shape to her feet in the brine,
And full low her round bosom-buds glowed
Where the Greek set that delicate shrine,
While her wind-worshipped hair made a night,
 for the stars of her wonderful eyne.

Amber bright as the weed on the shore
Was her robe ; at her zone shone a star ;
For an orb her long fingers upbore
Certain moon-coloured pearls ; and afar
And athrob came her silvery voice, sweet as songs
 of the Sirenes are.

“ Wouldst thou banish and lose me, O friend,
Or wouldst cherish and keep and fulfil
All the compact that never should end ?
Was I wrought for your boon or your ill ?
At my heartstrings so sweet shall you drown ?
 Shall you drown or but drink at your will ?

“ Not a type nor a symbol am I—
Neither spectre, nor stain, nor a stone.
Not a matchless epitome

LAMIA OF SUNSET

But myself and myself alone—
Just my own cunning, subtle, strange self, to be
known or be left unknown.

“ When I met your desires in the way
You have cried that I vanquished the good,
That I made bitter night of your day,
That I robbed your sad soul of her food.
You have worshipped and wondered and raved ;
you have struggled and not understood.

“ I shall torture and scourge to the end ;
I shall strangle your visions and thrust
’Twixt your heart and the heart of your friend ;
I shall sink your endeavours in dust ;
I shall turn many songs into sighs ; and the
sword of your spirit shall rust.

“ I shall bring you rare joys to the birth ;
I shall waken you moments of might ;
I shall thrill all your being with mirth ;
I shall flood all your art with my light ;
I shall smile as the sun on your day ; I shall love
as the moon through your night.

LAMIA OF SUNSET

“ When apart, we are prisoned, confined ;
But together, one spirit and free.
Though I glean from the wings of the wind ;
Though I garner the storm-beaten sea ;
Though I rob the arcana of earth, all the treasure
I bring unto thee.

“ Never long must I stray from your heart ;
Never far can I fly from your soul ;
Of the same stormy fact we are part
'Neath the same stormy flag we enroll.
We are one in our longings and loves ; in our
desolate search for a goal.”

She was silent ; the light of the clouds
Fell away, as the petals that fall
When the rain sweeps the roses and shrouds
The wet earth with impermanent pall.
And I lifted my eyes to her eyes ; and my senses
I tuned to her call.

She was silent ; the light of the land
Drooped discomfited, shrivelled and slain ;
And the gold perished out of the sand ;

LAMIA OF SUNSET

And my soul to its fellow again
Dumbly turned, for I knew her full well, my
fair lady of joy and of pain.

She's a-wing with the heralds of morn
And awake through the watches of night ;
With my heart she began and was born—
My familiar, my protean sprite,
My sweet lamia of laughter and grief, my own
genius of darkness and light.

Like twin stars we must glimmer and die,
Each to other the tyrant and slave,
Clinging close as the cloud to the sky,
Cleaving true as the wind to the wave.
So the dryad of old with her oak, found one
cradle, one life and one grave.

A LITANY TO PAN

By the abortions of the teeming Spring,
By Summer's starved and withered offering,
By Autumn's stricken hope and Winter's sting,
Oh, hear !

By the ichneumon on the writhing worm,
By the swift, far-flung poison of the germ,
By soft and foul brought out of hard and firm,
Oh, hear !

By the fierce battle under every blade,
By the etiolation of the shade,
By drouth and thirst and things undone half
 made,
Oh, hear !

By all the horrors of re-quickened dust,
By the eternal waste of baffled lust,
By mildews and by cankers and by rust,
Oh hear !

A LITANY TO PAN

By the fierce scythe of Spring upon the wold,
By the dead eaning mother in the fold,
By stillborn, stricken young and tortured old,
Oh, hear !

By fading eyes pecked from a dying head,
By the hot mouthful of a thing not dead,
By all thy bleeding, struggling, shrieking red,
Oh, hear !

By madness caged and madness running free,
Through this our conscious race that heeds not
thee,
In its concept insane of Liberty,
Oh, hear !

By all the agonies of all the past,
By earth's cold dust and ashes at the last,
By her return to the unconscious vast,
Oh, hear !

THE QUESTIONER

“ And dost thou sing for me, grey bird
Upon the rowan tree ? ”

“ Nay, brother dust,
If know thou must,
'Tis for my own lady, brother dust,
That I sing so merrily.”

“ And dost thou bud for me, red rose
So sweet to smell and see ? ”

“ Nay, brother dust,
If know thou must,
'Tis waking life's decree, brother dust,
That doth set my fragrance free.”

“ And dost thou laugh for me, bright burn,
And leap and flash with glee ? ”

“ Nay, brother dust,
If know thou must,
I leap and flash to be free, brother dust ;
I laugh to think of the sea.”

THE QUESTIONER

“ And dost thou shine for me, white Moon,
Who lift my heart to thee ? ”

“ Nay, brother dust,
If know thou must,
'Tis the great sun kissing me, brother dust,
Lights the silver that you see.”

“ And art thou come for me, grey Death ?
Dost whet thy scythe for me ? ”

“ Yea, son of dust,
Since know thou must,
I am here to garner thee, son of dust,
To thy dreamless destiny.”

A SONG TO SILVER EYES

Now that the dayspring surely comes
To wake a dreaming world once more
And light a thousand, thousand homes
With message from the Eastern shore ;
Though dawn doth shiver sad and grey
And sombre clouds hide earth and sea,
My love shall be the sun to me
And glad' my going through the day.

When mournful darkness falls again
To sink old earth in slumber deep,
Save where the sisters, sorrow, pain,
Their sobbing, throbbing vigils keep ;
Though faint my heart and dim my sight
Beneath the storm's immensity,
My love shall be a star to me
And guide my going through the night.

SONNETS

SWINBURNE

CHILDREN and lovers and the cloud-robed sea
Shall mourn him first ; and then the mother-
land,
Weeping in silence by his empty hand
And fallen sword, that flashed for Liberty.
Song-bringer of a glad new minstrelsy,
He came and found joy sleeping and swift fanned
Old pagan fires, then snatched an altar brand
And wrote, " The fearless only shall be free ! "
Oh, by the flame that made thine heart a home,
By the wild surges of thy silver song,
Seer before the sunrise, may there come
Spirits of dawn to light this aching wrong
Called Earth ! Thou saw'st them in the fore-
grow roam ;
But we still wait and watch, still thirst and long.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS

I

WHERE silver swathes of newly fallen hay
Fling up their incense to the Roman sun ;
Where violets spread their dusky leaves and run
In a dim ripple, and a glittering bay
Lifts overhead his living wreath ; where day
Burns fierce upon his endless night and none
Can whisper to him of the thing he won,
Love-starved young Keats hath cast his gift of
clay.

And still the little marble makes a moan
Under the scented shade ; one nightingale
With many a meek and mourning monotone
Throbs of his sorrow ; sings how oft men fail
And leave their dearest light-bringers alone
To shine unseen, and all unfriended pale.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS

II

OH, leave the lyre upon his humble stone,
The rest erase ; if Keats were come again,
The quickest he to blot this cry of pain,
The first to take a sorrowing world's atone.
'Tis not the high magistral way to moan
When a mean present leaps and sweeps amain
Athwart the prophets' vision ; not one groan
Escapes their souls, and lingers not one strain.
They answer to their ideals ; their good
Outshines all flare and glare of futile marts.
They stand beside their altars while the flood
Ephemeral rolls on and roars and parts.
It shall not chill a poet's golden blood ;
It cannot drown the masters' mighty hearts.

TO SAMUEL LEGHORNE CLEMENS.
WELCOME

(ON HIS LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND)

THE voice of England welcomes thee again,
Thou well-beloved son of Freedom. One and
all

Would be thy hosts; and where thy way shall
fall

A myriad friends press forward to obtain
The bounty of a smile. There is a chain
Of pure heart's gold that links mankind in thrall
Before the magic sleight of him we call
After the watchful pilot's cry: "Mark Twain!"
Helmsman of joy, thy shining wake doth glow
Beneath the glory of the westering sun;
And by its gleaming ripple all men know
The steadfast course that thou hast ever run
Through life's uneven weather—steered to show
Sane Laughter and sweet Liberty are one.

HOLYOAKE

1817-1906

THOU glorious Titan, art thou gone at last ?
Shall the embattled peal thy name no more ?
Must the majestic spirit that of yore
Made thy young heart a home be now outcast ?
Ah, never ! with thy passing hath not passed
The truth eternal that thou suffer'dst for.
Never again shall clang the iron door
Thy bleeding hands thrust open and held fast.
Servant of Man, well done ! The great unborn
Shall thunder forth thine honour in that light,
Whose radiant and unutterable morn
Thy life hath hastened over Freedom's night.
And o'er the upward pathway thou hast worn,
Thy steadfast name shall blaze, a star of might.

THE GRAVE OF LANDOR

O MAN that hated kings—thyself a king,
What lifted trophies, what loud pæan of praise
Record the glorious vintage of thy days ?
Thy marble lies uncumbered ; here we fling
No symbols and no sorrows ; only strays
Sweet marjoram ; and vernal grasses bring
Their little verdure for a wreath of bays,
Where gold-eyed lizards bask and grey birds sing.
Thou lamp of beauty, with what crystal light,
Lifted austere in starry strength and grace,
For Freedom dost thou burn ! And now thy
 might,
Wisdom and wonder hearten men apace.
Higher and higher leaps thy dayspring, bright
As Tuscan sky above thy dreamless place.

MARBLE AND BRONZE

My bread doth spring from stones ; the best I
know

Of what mankind hath made in highest sort,
Is of the eternal, deep-ribbed mountain wrought
From far Pentelicus. To them I go
And by them is my shaken spirit brought,
Through the sad glory of their after-glow,
Unto a mood of dim content that nought
But these same golden shadows can bestow.

Hellas ! thy marble and thy minstrelsy
Shall guide my way where, all unseen, among
Thy least of lovers, I still bend the knee
Fainting and trembling. Art is over-long
And drowns life deeper than eternity
Within the ambit of thy stone and song.

BUONARROTI'S "DAWN."

SPIRIT of twilight chill and upper air
Stretched desolate upon the rack of morn ;
Thou hooded grief from mountain marble torn,
Gazing sad-lidded on the sky's despair,
While the grey stars, like tears, descend forlorn ;
Earth's broken heart and man's unsleeping care
Wait on thy pillow, crying to be borne—
The only burden thou shalt ever bear.
No infant hope may dream on thy deep breast,
No little lip may soothe with infant might
Thy mouth's immortal woe ; for thee, oppressed,
Dawn dim epiphanies beyond all light,
Where man's long agony and cry for rest
But torture dayspring into darker night.

ANTINOUS

His loveliness is shadowed ; still there flies
One cold doubt darkling through that mystic
gaze,

Whether surrender of the glorious days
Must be. Pure joy of living fiercely vies
With joy of giving ; while the Destinies
Await his youthful will and Clotho stays.
Apollo—Dionysus ? Parting ways
Stretch grey and golden underneath his eyes.
For love he tastes the lips of death and goes
Down to the dreamless. His young spirit bends
Unto Light's Lord ; while stricken earth bestows
A godhead, and much marble grief ascends.
But all the immortality man knows
In living hearts of men begins and ends.

THE DREAMING ARES

FALLEN on gentle thoughts, his godly eyes
Dream and still dream of Love ; her little son
Plays at his mighty knee and hath begun
To banish blood from that fierce soul. He flies
To Aphrodite : she, the precious one,
Who makes war pitiful. Again he lies
Upon her deep, delicious breast, and none
So mild as Mars in memory's ecstasies.
He hath forgot his lion-headed sword ;
His hand is throbbing with a touch more rare.
Than war his tongue doth frame a gentler word ;
From archen foot to curly forehead fair
His ichor thrills, as though her sweet voice
 poured
On his love-conquered heart from ambient air.

TO THE UNKNOWN THREE
(THE SO-CALLED 'FATES' OF THE
PARTHENON)

HAIL, headless Trinity ! though envious ages
Have wrought your decollation, yet ye hold
The golden sceptres of the Age of Gold
And reign sublime, supernal, while life wages
Her ceaseless bitternesses manifold,
And roars around your silent throne and rages
Where no god stoops, nor deity assuages,
As in the gracious morning time of old.

While Helios' foaming horses gallop free
And thunder with the glory of the Light ;
Or to the purple of the wine-dark sea
Steals dim Selene from Demeter's sight

Ye shall endure, ye sacred ones, and be
A greater miracle than dawn or night.

THE CHERUB AND THE LUTE

You magic darling of the scarlet wings,
And lashes black, and mouth so round and red,
Cuddling your golden lute with curly head,
Drowsing and dreaming of delicious things
That cherubs know ; your little song is sped ;
Your little fingers loosen on the strings.
Oh, leave them now, and make my heart a
 bed,
For dear delight your baby vision brings.
Fold up your silver feathers ; come to me ;
With the last muffled murmur of your
 strain—
Sweet as the tinkling lark, or honey bee,
Low as the rustle of the twilight rain—
Whisper some hope, some joyful mystery ;
Then sleep awhile, and wake and sing again.

A MEMORY

THERE is a fleeting grief that falls to men
Most innocently struck by passer-by,
Where unknown faces wake a sudden sigh
And image the dear dead. 'Tis often when
Meshed in the busy maze, a brow, an eye
Of stranger pressing past doth hurt us. Then
Some vanished soul, who made our joy, comes
 nigh,
Or whispering, well-loved ghost steals to our ken.
But harsher sorrow pierced my spirit through ;
For flashed a face in far-off Italy
Whose laughing eyes, so brave, so bright, so true,
Turned back old time and flushed old agony
With withering memoria of you,
Who are not dead, but only dead to me.

DEATH AND SLEEP

ALL hail, ye cloudy shepherds, Death and Sleep,
How close your folds do lie—the near and
nether ;

But one hath stars and flying winds and weather
Above his silences in earth and deep ;

The other doth the weary living keep,
And herds his flocks upon that toilsome tether,
Till oft the sad-eyed dreamers wake and weep,
And clasp cold hands and call on Death together.

One fold is murmurous with sorrow's sounds ;
To still them lies beyond the shepherd's might ;
But in the silent lodges of the mounds
Broods neither pain nor darkness, joy nor light :
No heart shall wake in tears ; no grief nor
wounds

Can fret the watches of that endless night.

CROCUS

HAIL ! little saffron messenger of Spring !
Again your sudden, leaping, laughing fire
Peeps through the fringes of the sad attire
Old Winter wears ; again you come to fling
The hoarded sunshine that your blossoms bring
Where all may see and wonder and admire
And read in every golden cup and spire
Sure promise of the world's awakening.
You shadow forth delights you may not see ;
You tell of glories that you cannot know ;
On the cold ground you set a certainty
Then gather up your scattered gold and go.
And man will quite forget you presently—
He's used to treat his minor prophets so.

THE GRAVE OF EDWARD LEAR

AMID the silent lodges of the dead,
Beneath the terraced hills of Italy,
He lies, with sunny cypress at his head
And mourning purple of the fleur-de-lys
Upon his marble. Roses white and red
Twine there, and round about the mystery
Of olive groves their twinkling silver spread
Along the sapphire of the Inland Sea.

Sleep, laughter-maker of a vanished day.
What merry jester of them all can vie
With your mad fancies, whimsical and gay ?
No sorrow here ! We'll pass this pillow by
In happiness of gracious thoughts, and pay
The tribute of a smile ; but not a sigh.

POEMS OF SEEING

THE SEASONS

AWAKES the slumberer, dear buxom earth
Stirs to the lifting sun and airy mirth
Of birds ; and when her coverlet she flings,
It lights and twinkles into buds and wings ;
Rolls like a wave and breaks in verdant foam
On meadows where her bleating babies roam.

Spring in the likeness of a little maid,
Doth haunt the holt and fold and hidden nest ;
Spreads the first sweet of flowers for the breast
Of the young year ; or lifts blue eyes to trace
The shrill lark's spiral upon heaven's face.

Now burn the frenzied pulse and flame of life
Where hot July hath taken earth to wife ;
And mated her in high and golden noons ;
And loved her by the light of low red moons ;
While stealthy-footed hours a vigil keep
And white stars throb above their wedded sleep.

Summer, in semblance of a queen, doth view
The pageant of her kingdoms all outspread.

THE SEASONS

Of sun-fire fierce, and shade, and delicate dew
Her regal robe is woven ; on her head
Flower-light and night and morning make a
 crown
From which her rainy-scented hair pours
 down.

The garner's fill again ; the heavy scent
Of perfect things in mellow sweetness blent
Now visibly along the sleepy air
Floats to the sky, then rolls and rises where,
Like to a jewelled censer, the ripe earth
Flings to the sun full savour of her worth.

Autumn—deep-bosomed mother—counts the
 gain,
Smiling alike where far-flung harvest glows
And where each little goblet of wild grain
Lifts for a blessing ; solemnly she goes
Garbed with the rainbow glory of ripe fruit
In golden pomp to Pan's own passionate flute.

Sunk to hibernal, naked weariness
Again earth meets the riotous caress
Of all the winds ; from out her drooping eyes
The light of seeing fades away and dies.

THE SEASONS

Then star-lit frosts with sudden swiftmess still
Heartbeat of dene and dingle, vale and hill.

Winter ! O ancient nurse, come rock to sleep
The world again and bring great gift of rest.
Lower the light, where failing sunbeams creep
To kindle yon brief wonder of the west.
Draw the cloud curtains close and spread below
Our dreaming mother's coverlet of snow.

HYMN TO POMONA

A SILVER dew lies on the Autumn grasses,
Autumnal sunshine habits every tree ;
From each bejewelled, bending bough there
 passes

Immeasured sweetness slowly up to thee,
Pomorum Patrona ! Pomorum Patrona !
O hear, as thou wast wont to hear of old,
Thou guardian goddess of the red and gold.

Banners, above thy orchard temples flying,
Flame forth new splendours from each glowing
 glade,

And little hills of scented light are lying
Beneath thy lichened pillars in the shade,
Pomorum Patrona ! Pomorum Patrona !
O give, as thou wast wont to give of old,
Thou guardian goddess of the red and gold.

With ample store abundantly she blesses
Each nestling hamlet of the hills and plains,

HYMN TO POMONA

Shaking within their thirsty cider-presses
A glory garnered from her woodland fanes.
Pomorum Patrona ! Pomorum Patrona !
We praise thy name, as men were wont of old,
Thou guardian goddess of the red and gold.

WIND OF THE WEST

I BEAR the banner of the sun at noon ;
I light the million jewelled lamps of June ;
I weave, from sky and purple sea below,
The rosy cradle where a baby moon
Rocks in the after-glow.

Awake ye bells, shine out ye stars of Spring ;
And let the music of the wild wood ring ;
Deck my dear harp anew with golden green—
My ancient forest harp, whereon I sing
Of all this budding scene.

A song of rainbows gleaming on the rain ;
Of sap and scent and sunlight come again ;
Of the young laughing year's unmeasured mirth ;
Of quickened Nature's mother-pang, whose pain
Forewent this vernal birth.

WIND OF THE WEST

Joyful and sad, as plain-song from the pine,
Where wood-doves woo, melts liquid into thine,
Thou amber mavis with the raptured heart—
Even so this leaf-borne melody of mine
 Shall play its peaceful part.

YELLOW-HAMMER

A GOLDEN bird upon a golden thorn
Made music most forlorn.
Hid in a waste of whins and granite grey,
With melancholy lay,
He met the unfolding morn.

And yet his little, long drawn, lonely cry,
Tinkling so mournfully,
Better than nobler melody, I ween,
Chimed with that spacious scene
Of heath and sad-coloured sky.

ON A CLIFF

WIDE golden sunshine in the blue above,
On the blue dimples of the flashing sea
And 'mid the bluebells that encompass me ;
In my heart also sunlight and sheer love
For good Demeter, by whose thought I see.

The grey fowl cry along the shining sand
Where tinkling ripples spread their crystal clear ;
Aloft the lark, and whispering pine-tops near
Both sing ; and, giving heed to sea and land,
I thank Demeter at whose will I hear.

COCK-CROW

THE moon has set, the prophets of the morning,
Sonorous and defiant, shrill and clear,
Under the starlight echo forth a warning :
' The Lord of the Day is near ! '

A sense of light unseen is slowly growing
O'er weald and wold ere yet the dawn's un-
furl'd—
Ere yet the God, on stairs of gold aglowing,
Climbs up the edge o' the world.

Rare is the sunrise savour of the grasses,
Fragrant the odours in untrodden ways,
And breath of flowers ; yet no sweet surpasses
The incense of new-born days.

WELCOME

THE hard azure on high
That bends over the Spring
Falls a tinkling, a thrill—
Sudden, silvery, shrill ;
For the lark's in the sky
And his lyre-shapen wing
Lifts the song in a spiral at will.

In the East is the wind ;
At the fringe of the wood
Shiver catkins of gold
Or the fleece and the fold.
Sure the eaning ewes find
That the sunlight is good,
Though chill Eurus, his scythe's on the wold.

Dawns a sweet lemon light
Through the red-bosomed earth ;
Leaps and sparkles a train

WELCOME

Along dingle and lane ;
For the primrosen bright,
They are come to their birth
And the daffodil's dancing again.

THE TALISMAN

THE fungus folk peep forth again ;
Their cowls cast up the mould.
Robins are singing in the rain.
The Year is growing old.

But yesternight there fell an oak—
His heart was cracked and worn.
The springs have from their fountains broke
'Mid stubble of the corn.

Small birds in secret southward flee
On hurtling wings at night ;
The dawns roll dark and sanguinely,
The gloamings flame with light.

Autumn, whose apple-scented breath
Now mists along the wold,
Glides from her glory to her death
In ebony and gold.

THE TALISMAN

Declining Year of rainbow days
And rosy-footed hours,
Night darkens on thy woodland ways ;
Frost plucks thy last-born flowers.

Yet while I watch thy mother's fears,
And mourn along with thee :
A charm above the tide of tears
Makes Autumn nought to me.

O give the Orient tempest birth ;
Pour ice from every cloud ;
Freeze to her soul the aching Earth
In Winter's winding shroud ;

Drown world and sky and heaven above
Past all remembering,
The heart that not forgets to love,
Harbours eternal Spring.

THE SCYTHER-BEARER

Out of the East there came a friendless Wind,
And all the sullen day was frozen up,
Blinking through tears congealed. Along the sky
Fled to the West a sulky herd of clouds,
And through the ashen light fell fitfully
Morsels of scattered ice. Nor land nor wave
But loathed this wind, austere and resolute.
Beneath his touch the heath-clad mountains
shrank ;
The forest raved ; the grey sea showed her teeth
And hissed cold curses out on lonely shores ;
The smarting face of every natural thing
Scowled at the Scythe-bearer. Yet, all unmoved,
And careless of the curdled agony
Flashed from his wings, did Eurus smite the earth
With iron hand, and in the upper air
Invisible and ambient death he slew
That life might better live. The pestilence
He met and strangled ; and such hooded plagues

THE SCYTHER-BEARER

As haunt our habitations felt his knife
And perished. Huddled corpses of old leaves
He found and brought to the rain ; he swept and
scoured

Each secret, stagnant cranny, each dark place ;
He brought down death on many a sleeping life ;
And froze the eggs of bygone butterflies
For care of green young buds that waited
Spring ;

With daggers of pure ice the clod he rent
And slew the slayer that was slumbering there,
So other slumberers a fairer fate
Should find on wakening. His priestly steel
Made sacrifice, and offered up the less
In glory of the greater. Wherefore Earth
Shall smile again, and welcome blue-eyed June,
And bless that wooer from the Eastern hills
Whose fierce endearment made her bosom ache.

Welcome, thou Wind invincible ! I'll cry
Thy wise oblations to the slighting world
And tell the flowers how thy eager breath
Foreran their beauty ; how the west wind's self,
That rocked their moonlit petals tenderly,
And drank the dew from each dawn-open'd bud,

THE SCYTHER-BEARER

Showed not a truer, livelier love than thou
Who mad'st the naked forest shriek and bend
And at thine onset throb. The southern wind,
Moist with long kissing of his sweetheart sea,
Wins many a scented blessing for the rain ;
Zephyr doth sigh and languish all day long
Upon their loveliness, and bears away
The honeyed whisperings of summer noons ;
But thou—thou scourge of softness—thou who
com'st

Harsh as the call of duty in the dawn
To sufferers—oh, what reward hast thou ?
No cup of ivory or tigred gold
Opens for thy parched lips ; no pearly rose
Uplifts her mouth to give a kiss to thee ;
Each infant leaf doth fearful hug his twin
Upon thy advent ; not one little bud
But prays for thy departure ere it opes
Bright innocent eyes upon the breast of Spring.
For thou art but a type and form of truth ;
And Truth shall commonly discover here
The selfsame frosty welcome kept for thee.

Sweep on, great Orient messenger, sweep on,
Robed in the liquid amber of the dawn ;

THE SCYTHER-BEARER

Reign over us, thou swift and stern-eyed king,
With salutary justice ; so shall we
Remain the wiser when thou dost depart,
Sceptred with discipline and crowned with truth,
To chasten all the utmost bounds of Earth.

DAWN OVER NAPLES

By the still pathway of a sleeping sea
Hither one came, through island gates, like
clouds

Where climbed up Ischia before Baia
Hung with a necklace of men's homes in shrouds
Of nightly vapours. Then dim Capri rose,
In whose song-haunted grottoes Nereids
Cuddle their little azure babies close
And twinkle deep blue eyes through hyacinth
lids.

Bathed in a light that's bluer than the sky
With purple hair afloat on beaded foam
They dream and sing, where lapis-lazuli
Builds up the secret places of their home.
And lo! the mountain with the fiery snout
Jags darkling on the dawn and from his steeps
The breath of sleeping cyclops feathers out
And brightens in the dayspring, where it leaps
Along the bosoms of the folded hills,

DAWN OVER NAPLES

To nipple them with silver. Now the stars
Are burned away in fire that flames and fills
High heaven and earth and sea ; the jewelled
bars

Ascend, the Shining One doth take his way
On golden chariot wheels across the Bay.

MISTRAL

SUDDEN and savage from a mountain lair
He leaps to jar on every nerve of life,
To flog humanity with Fury's hair
And lacerate all Nature. His blunt knife
Torments and rends and tortures ; every tree
Chatters out curses on him—clashing palm
And shivering olive, fainting white to see
His ruthless violences. The sweet balm
Of mastic, myrtle, rosemary, and rue
Bleed where his brutal vigour thunders out
To harrow up young Spring, and hack and hew
His ruffian road. O wind, your dusty shout
Along the arid blue of heaven men hate ;
Yet, unloved fiend, that sapphire clarity
Glimpsed through the swaying chamærops and
date,
Where dance white plumes upon the Inland Sea,
Shall win a minor blessing, e'en for thee.

THE OLIVE

GIFT of Athene, hail ! Again for me
Your far-flung, solemn, sylvan mystery
Sweeps like a mighty incense cloud along
The Inland Sea.

Snow gleam and stern sobriety of pine
Ascend above ye ; at your feet there shine
The sapphire and the silver of the sea ;
While ye entwine

And link the bosomed hills. Each cloudy grove,
Whereon the slow, wine-purple shadows rove,
Fraught with some wonder of the hyaline
Would seem to move.

There wakes a tender flame along the dawn—
A budding of faint rose and gold and fawn
Kindles the brooding mist in jasper dreams
On each grey lawn.

THE OLIVE

The Eastern fires, when sunrise, half afraid,
Peeps like a lover at his sleeping maid,
Anoint with sudden, amber loveliness
Your gentle jade.

The morning lifts and pales upon each spray,
And all your terraced kingdoms raptured day
Kisses to strange sea pearl—greyer than green,
Greener than grey.

There is a glittering of lambent light
Upon the sea-born wind; your hearts grow
white
And throb and leap with sparks of silver fire
Frostily bright.

Along your ancient trunks the lichen weaves
One colour with the harmony of leaves,
While upward, tier on tier and crown on crown,
Each column heaves.

Sure ye are shadowless and only fling
An azure gauze about the feet of Spring,
Where corn and grape rejoice upon their road
To ripening.

THE OLIVE

Ye stand for more than fatness of the earth,
For more than fire upon the hearth of mirth—
Ye own Athene's might to feed and warm
The heart's own dearth.

O olive groves of Italy, that shrine
Haunt of the violet and latticed vine,
Your hillsides, to the last dark cypress spire,
I thought were mine !

Above possession mine—the secret part,
The spirit-haunted truth that knew no mart,
Hard won from steadfast, patient vigils by
A humble heart.

But when day droops along the waning west,
Fades o'er the sea, and on each dove-like breast
Faints in a rosy joy, what soul can share
Your hour of rest ?

When the dim huntress, from her starry place,
Bends low upon your sleep her own sad face
And trancèd aisles of silence shivering wake
To breathe her grace—

THE OLIVE

Shiver and start and almost seem to stare,
Then, cherished by the queen of all the air,
Are hushed, and slumber once again, and dream—
What soul can share ?

None, none ; no earthly sleight of word or stain,
No human divination, toil or pain
Your miracles of dawn and noon and night
Can weave again.

Emblem of peace, farewell—when Liberty
Doth make your glades a home, perchance some
 free
And golden harper of the great unborn
Shall honour thee.

Only a radiant spirit got among
The generations of that blessed throng
Cradled in Freedom, from his winged heart
May sing your song.

APENNINE NIGHTS

LIKE a great yellow rose the drooping moon
Bowed down and withered till her earth-worn
light

Died on the dusky mountains ; all the boon
Of dreaming silver that a suppliant night
Had won from Heaven was gone, and now the
dome

Of every hill, the dewy slopes of vine,
Glimmering ghostly, and each silent home
Of sleeping man awaited that chill sign
The night was done. But yet her ancient lease
Held over earth even unto the hills,
Whose scented forest wings upon the peace
Of the deep, starry sky were pluming. Rills
Threw out their loops of foam that turned and
glanced

Where, underneath linked arms of forest trees,
There sparkled lamps, as though the fairies
danced

APENNINE NIGHTS

To magic music. Such festivities
The frolic fire-flies used in nightly glades
When their brief, winking trails of light were
shown

Encircling with golden-green the shades
Where sang a nightingale upon his throne
Of myrtle. While the bird deliciously
Set dene and dingle tingling till the leaves
Kissed one another in an ecstasy,
The living light dripped through their trembling
sheaves

And came and went and came and went as when
Small stars peep out from rack of cloudy sky
Twinkling and vanishing. But quickly then,
Elves of the Apennine, your hour slipt by,
And one by one your tiny tapers died ;
Ye hid yourselves from the prophetic east
Where, through the purple now there stole and
sighed

A whisper and a tremor ; the bird ceased
His love-song sweet ; the firmament grew pale—
Pale as old ivory ; but soon its face
Was blushing, and each far-flung ridge and dale
Hill and lush valley drank the dawn apace.
Light sped on roseal wings where rivers flow,

APENNINE NIGHTS

To set their wrinkled shallows all afire
With amber flame ; from heaven's golden bow
Sped arrows into heaven, higher and higher,
Until the aged mountains met young day.
To each upsoaring crown and verdant head,
Where rolled the green, green forest's panoply
He leapt ; and they were glad to feel his tread.

And I win nothing from this vision. Mine
No song of triumph ; not for me to turn
The poet's raptured, ever-living line,
And wet man's eyes and make his spirit burn.
My humbler part to tell the mystery,
Not knowing whether any meaning be.

IN THE CASCINE

HERE Shelley wrote ; the immemorial trees
Have felt his passing through each dene and
glade ;
Have bent and whispered while the mysteries
Of deathless things were woven in their shade.
The wind that turns the shivering poplar white,
The nightingale that throbs upon the night,
Still haunt the shadows where a poet's soul hath
strayed.

And I have moved upon the selfsame earth
He trod, have gazed upon the golden tide
Of Arno, where her far-flung, rippled mirth
Meets with Mugnone, leaps and broadens wide.
By banks of emerald and sandy beach
She dims and shrinks again, long reach on reach,
While the tall slender trees fade off on either side.

The tasselled hyacinth caressed his feet ;
The great reed rose and rustled where he stood

IN THE CASCINE

Upon the river's brink ; in dingle sweet
The young leaves bowed before him through the
wood.

Peace was about his passing ; heaven's light
Fell cool upon his gracious forehead bright,
And saw that he was fair, and knew that he was
good.

The dome of blue whereon his winged soul
Wheeled like an eagle through the ether still ;
The plains that melt and glow and onward roll ;
Carrara's mist and marble, where they fill
The far horizon—all together brought
Under the ragged Apennines—have wrought
This gold and azure cup wherein he drank at will.

Not so the hour when from his spirit rose,
The solemn anthem of the great west wind.
Then, through red gloaming and the stormy
close
Of autumn, he went forth in might to find
The river burdened with her latter rains ;
Earth's thickened breath lie heavy on the plains ;
And open to his cry the immortal Mother's
mind.

IN THE CASCINE

Harper of all the ages, giant free,
Roaming on earth's deep bosom as of yore,
Greater than thou is this he wrote of thee.
Enduring as thyself for evermore,
Shelley's melodious miracle shall reign
For generations' joy, and still maintain
Whilst thou dost herd the cloud and bring the
 wave to shore.

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

I SAW it when the dawn was first declared—
His tower, whose body generations reared,
Its soul the Shepherd's own.
Not blue the ambit of the twilight sky,
But clear and warm as ancient ivory,
Enshrined that flower-like stone.

As ivory unstained, and then there flowed
Through the wide eastern heaven rays that glowed
Into the upper white.
With delicatest fire and gentle fawn,
The campanile's summit answered dawn
And heralded the light.

Upsoaring from the silence, where still kept
Blue shadows while the lily city slept,
Child of the morning sky,
You floated into flame, yourself a flame
Above all wonder and beyond all fame—
A glorious mystery.

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

One with the firmament and not with earth,
Melting into the very morning's mirth,
To heaven's high self avowed,
Wrought of the roseat dayspring, pierced with
shade

Of pearly eyes, night fluted, rainbow rayed,
Windowed with purple cloud.

Thy colours echo morn and night and noon.
Moonrise on earth and sunrise on the moon,
White Venus and red Mars ;
The deep green shadows of a mountain grove,
The foam that glimmers and the waves that rove
Under the setting stars.

Pillar of fire ! Symbol of the re-birth,
Lifted for ever on this radiant earth
By Tuscan Giotto's might,
Laud we the dust he piled in Arno's plain
To beckon Italy, ere yet again
His own dust sank to night.

HAMADRYAD

HUSH! More than life unconscious harbours
here.

A spirit haunts this solitary glen ;
And first I saw her fitfully, as when
We miss a pleasant thought, yet know that it is
near.

The spirit dwells in darkness and in light.
Her mossy-scented breath most fragrant flies
Misting in air ; and once I saw her eyes
Gleaming, like purple flowers, upon the fringe
of night.

And once the level beams of evening stole
To search the twilight through and show me
where,
Wreathed with red leaves, the wonder of her hair
Diffused the gloaming like a radiant aureole.

HAMADRYAD

A little river ran to kiss her feet
And, finding them, did softly sing to see
Them whiter than her own pure mystery,
Where moon-light and the foam-light amorously
meet.

Wrought of the lunar rainbow, crowned with
fire,
Her faithful eyes are glimmering not for me.
She turns from my too brief humanity
Where yon enormous shade heaves up his knotted
spire.

Hail, little hamadryad, sweet and rare !
Spirit, yet not immortal, since thy span
Shall cease again, where surely it began,
With thine own oak, whose gold now shines upon
the air.

Of this same autumn-flaming beacon part,
As music sleeps within the silent bells,
Soul of her tree, and dainty shadow dwells
In thrall of life and love unto that ancient heart.

NOCTURNE

TWILIGHT and falling dew ; a little bell
And answering bell, from campanile far,
Chime and are silent ; one triumphant star
Conquers the after-glow, that like a shell,
Nacreous and rose, vibrating as it dies,
Faints on the lifted forehead of the snow,
Falls from the deepening purple of the skies
And falling fades upon the hill below.
Unnumbered olive trees, like hooded wights,
Stand solemn in their companies and grey ;
Mule-mounted men go clattering down the way
To yonder galaxy of earth-born lights.
The crepuscule from sea and radiant land
Hath drunk the colour ; night lifts up her hand
For peace before the coming of the moon—
All darkling heaven will be silver soon.

BELLS OF VARENNA

DROWSY and sweet along the Larian Lake
Your melody is stealing ;
Your fitful pealing
Floats on the pinion of a summer night.
Aloft the murmuring upland echoes wake
And wing upon the mountains,
Whence flying fountains
Thin their wild whiteness out o'er many a height,
 Bells of Varenna,
 Bells of Varenna—
 Ancient bells,
 Solemn bells,
 Bells,
 Bells.

A tall grey campanile and a spire
Of russet red upspringing,
Meet for your ringing,
O most melodious, mediæval chime,

BELLS OF VARENNA

Arise and point with fane of moonlight fire
To forests and snow ridges
And far-flung bridges
And ruined castles of the olden time,
 Bells of Varenna,
 Bells of Varenna—
 Dulcet bells,
 Dreaming bells,
 Bells,
 Bells.

Along a floor of crystal, where the moon,
From her blue mansion bending,
Awaits the sending
Of your deep benison and soft 'good night,'
Canorous cadence comes. Too soon, too soon,
Faint off the last far throbbing
And silver sobbing
By Como's patined pathway, still and bright,
 Bells of Varenna,
 Bells of Varenna—
 Sleeping bells,
 Weary bells,
 Bells,
 Bells.

GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE

SELDOM it falls that mortal man can make
The loveliness that brings an echoing ache
And sigh from mortal man ;
Seldom a mossy-coated mountain stone
Hath bloomed to beauty rarer than its own,
Since the round world began.

Yet here's the wonder ; here a simple thought,
Sung in uplifted marble, sure hath wrought
Perfection's throbbing pain.
What only Nature's self can do at will,
One little shepherd from a Tuscan hill
Hath nobly done again.

TO AN OPAL

WRAPT in the radiant air's own milky tress,
That's less than cloud and more than cloudlessness,
Dawn-light and moon-light art thou ; dreaming
fire,

That dies along the west : a pulse ; a pyre
Burning beneath the brow of some red eave ;
The very staple that the salt winds weave
Into the vaporous east, or sobbing south,
When some grey hurricane sucks at the mouth
Of the dear, wild-haired sea, and with huge
mirth

Rains back his rape of kisses on the earth.
The blooms of old-world flow'rs in ancient
garths ;

The dancing aureole of winter hearths ;
The argent flame that haunts eternal snows ;
Spray of the burn and petal of the rose ;
Gleam of the dragon-fly or halcyon's wing ;
The dew-bedappled kirtle of the Spring ;

TO AN OPAL

The amber ripple of the kerning corn ;
Splendour of fruit ; where ripeness, like a morn,
Breaks through the bloom ; the rainbow's liquid
light ;

The northern dancers of an arctic night ;
Nacre of pearl and foam upon the sea—
All these, thou glimmering epitome
Of the world's glory, throb and nestle here
Within the little compass of a tear.

ITALIAN MORNING

THE hearth of dawn is burning on the sea,
Night's purple pales and swift the pallor turns
To amber and to amaranth ; light yearns
Along the liquid dark. In raiment free,
Wrought of wind-shotten flame, on golden arms,
Morning, the Mother, lifts her babe and charms
The young day's wondering eyes with Italy.

He sees the jewelled turmoil of the shore,
The cornice and the cavern of each wave,
The wakened deep, where flashing sun-stars pave
The pathless places, and the hollow, hoar,
Old billows beating out on shell and sand
Their song, that stilleth not since sea and land
Were parted, in the primal time of yore.

Above the beach, by terraces that still
Twine upward, where low cliffs betray the light,
A town of many turrets—grey and white—

ITALIAN MORNING

Springs clustered close, as though one only will
That dreamed in pearl and opal, here had brought
This glimmering wonder of incarnate thought,
Like a dim rainbow arching on the hill.

Linked by a thousand little spans that leap
To carry dawn across the slumbering streets
Braced against earthquake ; turned from summer heats ;
The hamlet like a honeycomb, set deep
Upon the hillside clings. Compact of courts
It stands, with deep piazzas, cloisters, ports,
That lead aloft by gloomy stairways steep.

All checked and dappled, the vibrating light
Rides on an aureole of waxing fire,
By arch and arbour'd roof, by dome and spire,
Along the fleeting watches of the night.
Morning doth jewel every shrine ; the wells
Glitter with wide, wet mouths ; and little bells
Shrill from the campanile's rosy height.

Beyond, the fringes of the mountain bare
For vine and citron ; all the terraced earth
Smiles like a bride beneath her bloom veil. Mirth

ITALIAN MORNING

Of silver-petalled cherry, almond, pear
Rains on the roses ; and the olive mills
Darken the river with their wine-red rills.
The great reed's silky whisper rises there.

Beheld afar, the villages elate,
In garb of lavender and buff and blue,
Spattered with rust and russet and the hue
Of vernal lattice, shine. By ruined gate
The laden branches of the lemon fall
And over faded tiles and mossy wall
Spring aigrettes of the golden-fruited date.

Aloft the far-flung orchards thinly float,
Their smoke upon the mountains. In a cloud
The dim innumerable olives shroud
With misty jade each bosomed hill remote.
The wrinkled, lion-coloured earth they fold
In crumpled undulations, like an old,
Grey coverlet dragged to an ancient throat.

Fretted with sudden splash of cypress shade,
Tempered with jasper shadows, fringed with light,
The olives sparkle ; and their legions bright

ITALIAN MORNING

Silver the dawn wind's kiss. Through every
glade
Of massy, humpbacked bole and bough there
shine
Deep, far-off azure forests of the pine
Upon the shoulders of the mountains laid.

And where they cease upon the slopes, anew
Earth lifts aloft her tawny, lean-ribbed breast
In precipice and pinnacle, all dressed
With myrtle, mastic, rosemary and rue,
For fragrant girdles round the upper world.
And twinkling down are lonely torrents hurled
In threads of fire against the shadowy blue.

Follow the far-flung, closely knitted pelts
Of forest firs that throng the higher steep
And clasp and cling and never fail to keep
The mighty mould beneath them. Cloudy belts,
Red on the ridge and purple in the glen,
Circle each crag and hide from every ken
Their lifted foreheads, where the morning melts.

The billows of the still white cumuli
Float in thin ripples, and the sunrise spreads

ITALIAN MORNING

With many a loop of fire about the heads
Of solemn mountains, where they lift on high
And spire upon their silent canopy,
And join the silver-feathered, sapphire sea.
Unto the silver-feathered, sapphire sky.

Peace, peace upon thy borders, land of light !
Spirit of man, brave as the morning, found
His charter sanctified on this good ground
When Liberty fore-glowed along the night.
Then heroes sang her glad epiphany
And eagle legions soared aloft to dye
Their feathers in the dawning of her might.

Oh, by the morn upon thine Inland Sea,
By waves and hills that roll and lights that rove,
To finger foam and forest with pure love,
Forget not thine immortal history.
By the wide dayspring on thy crowns of snow
And by the beacon of thine own heart's glow,
Again be fearless and again be free.

DIANA NEMORENSIS

HERE was her sanctuary and her grove
Where little Nemi's jade-green water fills
An emerald cup and purple shadows rove
Upon the lake and the fair Alban hills.
Ilex and arbutus and myrtle ray
The dusky brink and throbbing nightingales
Pour out their muffled songs by night and day
Where the dim, secret, goddess-haunted vales
Open upon the waters. Yonder crags
Hold up the hamlet ; roofs and mellow walls
Of russet and of silver spring, and rags
Flash blue and crimson where the sunlight falls
In the dark ways. Far down upon the lake
Nemi shines mirrored on the placid face
Of Dian's sacred glass ; and here I make
A picture of the olden time and trace
Fair suppliant women thronging by the shore
To beg for women's blessings, while the blaze
Of votive torches on a night of yore

DIANA NEMORENSIS

Thrid fire through the dark forest, by whose ways
Mothers of promise, in a choral band
Came to the altars of the Huntress. Soon
They knelt and prayed, and each a blazing brand
Burned to Diana, till a virgin moon
Glided along the mountains and her light
Cooled the red passion of the running flame
That ran a hoop of fire about the night
And circled sacred Nemi in her name.

GENTIANA VERNA

THERE is a goblet rimmed with ceaseless snows
Wherein the wise may innocently drink
Of everlasting beauty. Here it flows
And fills that mountain cup into the lifted brink.

Around about the genial forest larch,
With tawny spire and emerald tracery,
Mists on the mountain bosoms, then the arch
Of each excoriate breast doth heave up wild and
free.

Naked they swell until begin to cling
The mottled ermines of the melting snow,
Mantling the gorges, where grey glaciers bring
Their glimmering loads to vent upon the lees
below.

Remote, enthronèd, stark ; haunt of the cloud,
And home of avalanche ; beneath the weight
Of the eternal whiteness bent and bowed
They spire upon the storm and hold their awful
state.

GENTIANA VERNA

Yet here a goddess on a ray of light
Fears not to fly, and where her pinions go,
Beside the precipice and smitten height
Twinkle out stars and buds that love the bitter
snow.

And as the snow departs and glittering melts
Off ledge and slope, shy soldanellas peep
In ragged purple robes upon the pelts
Of the etiolate grass and sodden, brumal steep.

The gold-eyed dryas flashes on the gloom
Of old grey rocks and meets the cushioned pink.
Vernal anemones with opal bloom
Droop in a silver joy beside the glacier's brink.

Swift snow-born rillelets thread a wreath of flowers
Where ivory buttercups flash through the spray
And azure myosotis drink their showers
While, laughing to the hills, they leap upon their
way.

The bears' own berry bends her clustered blooms
Rose-rimmed to earth ; the least azalea spreads
A little carpet wrought on rocky looms
For foothold in the crags, where the brown
chamois treads.

GENTIANA VERNA

And greater things innumerable shine.
Within their woodland haunts together blow
St. Bruno's lily and the columbine ;
Actæa nods her head and alpen roses glow.

The globe flower lifts a little orb of gold ;
The sceptred aconite doth shrink from view ;
The lily of the valley's bells unfold
With green herb Paris dim and violets and rue.

But fairer far than all this garnered store
Of splendours from a tintured precipice
Or iris-painted meadow ; more, far more,
Than all that I have seen and loved, there cometh
this.

The vernal gentian ! Art thou but a flower,
Thou sweet new friend, whose deep and trusting
eyes
Gladden my heart even in its darkest hour
And still sad thoughts and charm away my secret
sighs ?

My soul is wondering at thee, marvelling
At thy unutterable, blue delight

GENTIANA VERNA

Where, woven in the diadem of Spring,
Thou showest such a smile as knows not day nor
night.

The wind-worn valleys of the inland sea
Amid the feathers of their crested brine
And liquid leagues of lapis-lazuli
Have never gladdened heart with such a blue as
thine.

The southern skies that bend a sapphire brow
Over the lakes and glens so dear to me
Are less immeasurably blue than thou :
They cannot tell again thy cerule ecstasy.

Not the wine-purple of the shadowed wave :
Not the dim mountains clothed in turquoise air,
Like bloom upon the grape—these never gave
A hue that with thy joy of colour could compare.

Flower, thou art musical, I hear thee sing
Like children on the mountains roaming free,
Thou happy, numerous, uplifted thing,
A song that haunts thy home with lyric melody.

GENTIANA VERNA

Spirit of Spring ! with thee our ancient earth
Opens blue eyes upon the weal and wold.
Demeter's own sad face doth melt to mirth
Amid the radiance of thy galaxies untold.

Oh, thou art such a happy, infant thing !
Image of trustfulness, a spirit blest,
An innocent, a firstborn offering,
A baby laughing on her joyful mother's breast.

And the strange look—ineffable and far
That lights the depth of little children's eyes,
As though some twinkle of their guardian star
Had found them—thou dost share that secret of
the skies.

Where still I stand before the mystery
Of unimagined, untold, haunting blue
Thou echoest in thy being, grant to me
Some verity to build my shaken heart anew.

Declare what heaven for my poor sight concealed
Doth open to thy upturned worshipping,
What kindling truth has been to thee revealed—
Yea, but one whisper soft in thy bright mercy
bring.

AT GRIMSPOUND

GLIMMERED the cone of many a leathern tent
And moonlight glazed the marsh,
While hungry wolf pack galloped swift and rent
The nightly air, where flocks were safely pent,
With ululation harsh.

The people slept, the sentinel alone
Upon his granite rest
Kept watch—a Stone Man, sitting on a stone.
Within one tent some baby made a moan
And met his mother's breast.

Then, where great Bellaford upon the night
Lifted a mighty head,
There twinkled out a sudden tongue of light ;
The bale-fire blazed ; the watcher yelled his
fright ;
The lodge awoke in dread.

AT GRIMSPOUND

Flashed the red torch on hairy arm and thigh ;
Leapt up the fighting men ;
Huddled the skin-clad women ; rose a cry
Of rage and terror to the starry sky
And fled the wolves to den.

Away the warriors thunder and their sound
Faints on the anxious ear.
The aged throng their wakened fires around ;
The children sleep again, while fold and pound
The women guard in fear.

They shiver and draw close each shaggy hide ;
The bale-fire dies away.
The night is long, and agony full tide
Drowns' all their aching hearts, till open wide
The silver gates of day.

Like a slow snake upon the dewy earth
The fighting legions home.
They bring their spoils and prisoners with mirth,
And victory they bring, and perished worth,
For dead men also come.

The Clan rejoices while the clansmen weep
And widowed women rave.

AT GRIMSPOUND

To heaven the red-fanged, raging death fires leap
Where heroes' dust beneath one mighty heap
Of granite finds a grave.

Now they have vanished with their blood and
tears

Behind the rolling mist ;
The Stone Man and his joys and hopes and fears
Are not : his home and grave defy the years
And with Time keep a tryst.

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