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THE
WIZARD'S
LOOM
AND
OTHER POEMS



BRUCE
MALAHER

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The Wizard's Loom

And other Poems



The Author, being on Active Service in
Mesopotamia, has been unable personally
to correct and revise this Volume.

The Wizard's Loom

And other Poems

By

BRUCE MALAHER

Author of

A Legend of Wicklow



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TO
L. E. BARNES
MY FRIEND
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS DEDICATED

THE WIZARD'S LOOM

A Wizard sat in his chamber high,
Weaving, weaving, weaving.
Evil and sinister was his eye,
With silver shuttle and threads of gold
Weaving patterns for young and old—
Grief for the Husband, Pain for the Wife,
Sorrow and Pain in the Loom of Life,
Weaving, weaving, weaving.

The Wizard sat idle in the gloom.
Gazing, gazing, gazing.
Dusty and silent was the Loom,
And murky shadows hung around
The seething cauldron on the ground ;
But the Wizard's eyes looked far away,
Beyond the street where his chamber lay,
Gazing, gazing, gazing.

Out in the twilight, lovers two,
Smiling, smiling, smiling,
Sat hand in hand, as lovers do,
Whilst the youth in whispers told
Softly a story centuries old :
The Wizard wondered with surprise
To see such Joy in the lovers' eyes,
Smiling, smiling, smiling.

The Wizard sits in his lonely room,
Weaving, weaving, weaving,
Working busily at his Loom ;
But no more shadows lurk in the air,
For Love and Sunshine have entered there.
Smiling and singing he weaves again,
More threads of Joy, and less of Pain,
Weaving, weaving, weaving.

THISTLEDOWN

On the passing breeze come I
 Lightly, lightly,
Sinking low, then sailing high,
 Lightly, lightly,
Floating through the sunny hours
From the purple thistle flowers ;
Children clap their hands and cry
“ See the Thistledown go by ! ”

I will wander far away
 Gaily, gaily,
Over streams and fields of hay,
 Gaily, gaily.
“ What’s your message, Thistledown,
To us children of the town ? ”
“ Little children, dance and play,
You must all grow up one day. ”

RED PINES

Tall and straight the pine trees stand
 Above the purple heather,
Looking out across the land
 In little clumps together ;
The glowing sun behind the hill
 With splendour gilds them all,
And where a pool lies dark and still,
 Silent their shadows fall.

Softly steals the evening mist
 Over the lowland fields,
Whilst the pinewood, heaven-kissed,
 Its fragrant perfume yields.
How beautiful the pine trees are,
 Standing so proud and free,
Waving their branches from afar,
 Waving to me.

REST

At even, weary of the play
And clamouring of those around,
To the dim woods I steal away
And lay me down upon the ground.
Oh, to be quiet and at rest,
With grass below and trees above,
Near all the things that know me best,
The things I love !

Oh, wondrous are the sights I see,
And sweet the voices that I hear,
For creatures come and talk with me,
My woodland comrades, soft and dear :
The furry squirrel, and the hare,
The feathered singer from his nest,
All come to bid me welcome there
And bring me rest.

EVENTIDE

Up from the brook, across the slumb'rous meadow,
Where tall grass trembles in the vagrant breeze,
 And browsing cattle stand,
 Down in the fallow land,
The evening mist comes stealing through the trees.

Under the deepening purple of the sky
The scented wild flowers bow their heads and close;
 Above the pine-clad hill
 The moon, serene and still,
A crimson lantern o'er the forest glows.

In the deep shadow of the spreading trees
Dim forms are lurking, whilst rich melody
 And laughter meet
 In cadence sweet,
And echo dreamily across to me.

From the wood hollow, where the fallen leaves
Lie dank and hidden, gleams a dancing light ;
 Methinks I surely stand
 Upon enchanted land,
And that the Fairies are abroad to-night.

THE WISHING WELL

Come away out to the woods to-night,
Out amongst the trees, and play,
For the silver moon is shining bright
Over the fragrant fields of hay ;
The day with all its heat and noise
Has fled across the twilit sea,
So come away out, you girls and boys,
To the Wishing Well with me.

Hark to the voices of the night
Singing dreamily in the trees,
And see the beautiful goblin light
Merrily dancing o'er the leas.
There are secrets in the hollow,
Pleasures in the leafy dell,
Only known to those who follow
Me to the Wishing Well.

NIGHTS IN FAIRYLAND

Sometimes, when all are sleeping, I delight
To don a pair of silver wings and fly
Out of my window through the starry night,
Seeking adventures in the tree-tops high :
Up there I sit amid the leaves and swing
With the big branches gently to and fro,
Whilst on the breeze a thousand voices sing
“ Thrice welcome, little comrade from below ! ”

I see the yellow moon above the hill,
Watch her reflection in the glimmering lake,
And peeping into birds' nests find all still
Fast sleeping, though the branches creak and shake.
I talk to all the squirrels as they pass
From tree to tree on light and nimble toe,
And looking down upon the moonlit grass
Spy Fairies dancing on the lawn below.

Upon a hooting owl away I ride
Over the forest to a secret dell,
Alighting there to rest my steed beside
The crystal waters of a magic well ;
Or else amongst the shadows I will play
Hide and go seek with goblins green and red.
Until the dawn, when I must fly away,
Fold up my wings and jump back into bed.

NIGHTFALL ON THE MOORS

The night wind sweeps across the moors
 In from the sea,
Through alder trees and yellow broom,
Bringing the distant ocean's boom
 To me.

Little I heed the leaden sky,
 The dripping tree,
Nor care I though the driving rain
Comes splashing on my window pane
 Incessantly.

A footstep passing on the stair
 Creaks noisily,
But in my chair I sit content,
For rain I love, the wind's lament
 It pleases me.

Somewhere beyond this pleasant room,
 In the still house
The midnight hour is striking clear—
Behind the wainscot, too, I hear
 A little mouse.

With driftwood blazing on the fire
 And supper set,
'Tis fine to be so snug and warm,
Whilst out of doors amid the storm
 It 's cold and wet.

THE ANGRY SEA

I do not love the angry sea,
I always dread
The monster fierce that roars at me
From its deep bed.

For crouching there it longs to spring,
To make new graves,
And I can hear bells tolling ring
Beneath the waves.

O'er some lost church's seaweed walls
The ocean sings,
Whilst sea-snakes slumber in the halls
Of Kings.

As year by year the crumbling land
Goes silently,
Castle and Church slip hand in hand
Down to the sea.

Some night the cruel sea will rise
And suddenly
The billows, heaving to the skies,
Sweep over me :

Stretch out a gleaming arm and seize
The sinking shore,
This manor house, my lands and trees,
Come surging o'er.

Instead of smiling fields of corn,
And woods in May,
White horses racing will be borne
Across a Bay.

AUTUMN

Leaves of autumn, brown and sere,
 From the branches falling,
By the stream are borne away,
Whilst the eddies swirl and play ;
And from thickets on the bank,
Where the grass grows lush and rank,
 I hear the thrushes calling :

Calling over marsh and meadow,
 Winding stream and shady pool,
Till behind a distant hill
Dips the sun, the air is chill,
And through the approaching night
Comes a gleam of yellow light
 From the windows of the School.

O'er the willow-bordered river
 Autumn mists will gather soon,
School and playing fields concealing
In a sea of mist-waves, stealing
Upward through the dripping wood,
Where the night-owls lonely brood
 Sad beneath the silver moon.

YULETIDE

Pile high the logs, pile high,
Heap fir-cones on the fire,
Till merrily the sparks do fly
And crackling flames leap higher.
What though the deep snow falls
O'er bastion and towers ?
Secure within my castle walls
We'll dance away the hours.

Prepare the festive board,
With holly deck the hall,
Where hangs my armour and my sword
Upon the antler'd wall ;
Good venison and wine
Shall my retainers bring,
And off a boar's head we will dine
Whilst mummers play and sing.

Coldly the moon may shine
Over the wintry trees,
And gibbets at the cross roads' sign
Creak loudly in the breeze ;
Yet Castle lights shall fall
Warmly upon the tide,
Nor shall the arras on the wall
Betray the wind outside.

Pile high the logs, pile high,
Heap fir-cones on the fire,
Till merrily the sparks do fly
And crackling flames leap higher.
What though the deep snow falls
O'er bastion and towers ?
Secure within my castle walls
We'll dance the passing hours.

WOMAN DIVINE

I love you when you stand
 Looking at me
With roses in your hand,
 So tenderly.

I love to know your heart
 Is linked to mine
By Cupid's magic art,
 Woman Divine.

And when I feel your touch,
 Your beauty see,
I thrill to think that such
 Joy is for me.

God grant that I may be
 Worthy of you,
Your heart so wondrously
 Loving and true.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

The regiment of Youth is riding out
As morning mists still linger o'er the lea,
And thronging townsfolk give a mighty shout
To see so fair, so brave a company
Of bright-faced lads, all eager for the fight,
With banners flying and rich pageantry :
" We sally forth to conquer in our might,"
The pipes sing merrily.

* * * *

Across the heather mountain falls the night,
And now a little band returns again.
But why, oh why, this sad and fearful sight
Of wounded soldiers, footsore and in pain ?
Where are the other lads, so blithe and gay ?
Is this poor, tattered remnant all there be ?
" Many, alas ! have fallen by the way,"
The pipes moan fitfully.

THE HIDDEN FIRE

It comes unbidden and unseen,
 Unknown the hour,
Filling me with a joy serene
 That kindles power :
Power, and a flame to light my way
 With starry shine,
Until the meanest things of day
 Appear divine.

THE HORSEMAN

Away, away,
At break of day,
Whilst dewdrops glisten in the sun ;
The morning air blows cool and free
Upon my faithful horse and me,
And many the things we'll do and see
Before the day is done.

Right merrily
I shout with glee
As down the lanes we pass along :
Who is so blithe and gay as I,
Beneath God's wonderful blue sky,
Greeting the peasants trudging by
With laughter and with song ?

Away, away,
At break of day,
O'er hill and dale we two will roam ;
Not till the sheep come tinkling by,
And mists across the meadows lie,
Will I turn my horse's head, and cry :
" Ride home again, ride home."

DAY DREAMS

I sat beneath the apple tree
And sang me sad and low,
Whilst from above, the vagrant breeze
Shed sweet blossoms o'er the leas,
White as the drifting snow.

Then, my Beloved, young and gay,
Tongued like a silver bell,
Cried " Rise, fair maiden, come away ;
There's magic in your song to-day,
And in your eyes a spell."

Within the golden palace door
A wondrous feast lay spread,
And silken banners floated o'er
The glittering diadem he wore
Upon his princely head.

" Oh, quaff with me a flagon deep,
The wine of love runs red,
And see, dear Heart, this jewel keep,
Treasure it waking and asleep,"
My own true Lover said.

" Stay with me, maid of the golden eyes,
Till shadows flee away,
And we on rainbow pinions rise
To fly beyond the starry skies
Upon our bridal day."

But suddenly a spectre grim
Approached us as he spoke ;
My Lover paled, his form grew dim,
In vain I stretched my arms to him —
And weeping I awoke.

MAY DAY

My laddie came a-wooing me
All in the month of May ;
His eyes were bright with lover light,
His arms around me lay—
But now he's far away.

My laddie came in harvest time ;
He would not let me go.
Handsome and strong, he pleaded long ;
Again I answered " No "—
'Twas many years ago.

No laddie comes a-wooing me,
My hair is turning grey ;
But I will wait beside the gate :
Perhaps he'll come to-day—
It is the First of May.

FAIRY SONG

Sister, Sister, come once more
 Back with us to the Golden Days ;
Happily will pass the hours
Spent amongst the forest flowers,
Singing in the leafy bowers,
 Dancing down the glinting maze
 To the pipes of Pan,
 To the pipes of Pan.

See our dear Earth-Sister comes,
 Wakened from her leaden sleep,
Back to childhood's happy days
And its pleasant smiling ways ;
With the Goblins, Elves, and Fays,
 All the tired world to keep
 From growing old and grey,
 From growing old and grey.

DREAMING

Sleepyhead, Sleepyhead, why are you closing
Those sweet blue eyes so peacefully,
With head on my shoulder contentedly dozing,
Nobody near you but Father and me?

Dear dimpled chin, and cheeks all rosy,
Making a picture fair to see,
Little brown fingers still clutching a posy,
And stirring the heartstrings of Father and me.

THE BETTER PART

Is it enough for men to be content,
As thousands are, with having food and clothes,
On Pleasure-seeking, Fame or Riches bent,
People of culture, taste and charm—or those
Who proudly from an intellectual height
Behold with scorn the gilded butterfly,
Because *they* find in Learning their delight?
What happens when these people die?

Is it enough to satisfy a taste
For Science, Literature, or glorious Art,
And yet disdain a precious hour to waste
(As they would say) upon the inner heart,
Devoid of love to God or fellow men,
Spiritual life to them an empty text?
Well, they *exist*—but *live* they never can,
Either in this world or the next.

How few are they who humbly pray and wait,
Prizing God's favours more than those of men,
Seeking His Service ere it is too late,
And they have passed beyond our mortal ken!
Better to be untutored and unknown,
Even a slave, on the Celestial Way,
Than the most splendid monarch on his throne,
Godless to-morrow as to-day.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

List to the breezes, you will hear
 Music sweet and low,
Lovely voices singing clear
 Songs of long ago :
Hear it wafted o'er the valley
 To the busy town,
Stealing through each lane and alley
 Softly up and down.

Hearts are melting 'neath the spell
 Of that strange refrain :
E'en the convict in his cell
 Thinks of God again ;
There are others who will never
 Hear that wondrous song,
Filled with cares and pleasures ever
 As they rush along.

But the tired working mother
 Lifts her head to smile,
And the little crippled brother
 Feels no pain awhile :
'Tis the chorus glorifying,
 Of an Angel band,
Welcoming the sick and dying
 To the Better Land.

RUSTLING CORN

Dear God—Oh, I was near Thee then,
Near, when I heard the rustling corn,
And saw the poppies in a glen
Of wildflowers redden in the dawn :
Near, when the clouds that drifted by
Cast long shadows o'er the land,
And a distant seagull's cry
Came across the sand.

When the cuckoo called her mate
Deep in the fastness of the wood,
I felt my little garden gate
Was where the door of Heaven stood.
I thought the thousand peeping eyes
Of tiny creatures in the grass
Were like the angels, calm and wise,
Watching to see me pass.

MEDITATION

There is a time when not the dearest friend
Can minister the balm my soul requires,
Or comprehending, give the love to end
And satisfy its manifold desires.

Ah then, to leave the multitudes that stare,
To wander at sweet will away awhile,
Where face to face with Self I can compare,
Can rightly read my Destiny—and smile.

On some lone hillside, some secluded spot,
Where nothing of the world can intervene,
There do I ponder o'er my complex lot,
And meditate with God, alone, unseen.

DEUS UBIQUE

There is incense in the air
And holy water in the dew,
A shrine beyond the thicket there
Under a spreading yew.

Countless candles brightly gleam
On an altar strewn with flowers,
Where the sparkling woodland stream
Flows through liliated bowers.

I will tether now my steed
To a bending willow near,
And worship in this quiet mead,
For God is surely here.

THE CLOSER FRIEND

He whispers in the rustling leaves,
The sunshine is His smile,
The wind that lingers round the eaves
Murmurs His name awhile.

He speaks in thunder loud and clear,
The roaring of the seas ;
His songs of love I also hear
Amongst the poplar trees.

He paints the sunset sky for me
With silver tints and gold,
Till rosy clouds sail in a sea,
Amber across the wold.

Creator of the forest flowers
And painter of the skies—
To think His friendship can be ours,
Unchangeable and wise !

This thought brings happiness divine,
Almost too great to bear,
For His dear hands are linked in mine,
And He is everywhere.

THE LAND OF HEARTS' DESIRE

O'er stony paths and desert sand
 Unknown I wander day by day,
A stranger in a foreign land,
 Treading the pilgrim's weary way.
The rich man scorns my humble lot,
 Whilst others mock my mean attire ;
Yet I possess what they do not,
 For I am king of Hearts' desire,

My city stands upon a rock
 Rising above the purple sea,
And through its gate, where emperors knock,
 Great treasure ships sail home to me ;
Above its busy streets, and mart,
 Tapers a tall cathedral spire—
With smiling face and singing heart
 I rule the land of Hearts' Desire.

Some folk, by roads of Wealth and Fame,
 To reach this happy place conspire ;
Yet by a *different* road *I* came
 To the fair land of Hearts' Desire.
In my cathedral's golden shrine
 Lies hid the knowledge they require :
Man must be linked to the Divine
 To become king of Hearts' Desire.

THE SHIP OF LIFE

Our barque with sails all trimmed and set,
Love's banner floating on the breeze,
Sets out for shores where never yet
Our feet have trod,
Over the blue unfathomable seas.

Away into the silver night,
'Neath the pale glory of the skies,
Where on before us gleaming bright
Lie many joys ;
There too lie sorrows, hidden from our eyes.

On to a land of mystery,
Of life and beauty all unknown,
A jewel in the distant sea,
We two, dear heart,
Just You and I with Love, alone, alone.

VALLETTA

(DEDICATED TO PETER UPCHER.)

From a lone turret on the city wall,
 Lofty and grey,
I watch the twilight shadows creeping, fall,
 And end the day :
Dusk ; and the glory of an Eastern sky ;
 Whilst in the breeze,
Down in the ancient moat, disused and dry,
 Wave orange trees.

Along the busy streets from far and near
 The goat bells ring,
And in St. Jacob's vaulted church I hear
 The children sing ;
Their voices rise and fall in droning chant
 Midst organ peal,
As the last rays of sunset fall aslant
 The old Castille.

Now from my tower shines a yellow beam
 Of lantern light,
Over the harbour, where the warships gleam
 Out in the night.
Noble the memories that haunt this spot
 Where heroes died,
And the great Knights of Malta, long forgot,
 Walked in their pride.

A THIRTEENTH CENTURY
PRAYER

Gesu !
Prince, and dear unseen Companion,
Perfect Love, so near to me,
Grant me courage to endure,
Keep me loyal, keep me pure,
Thy Knight Templar aye to be,
Gesu !

THE BEACON OF LOVE

Whatever winds are blowing
 Around yon distant tower,
The Lamp of Love stands glowing
 O'er every place and hour.

Thus when I am in desperate need,
 Fearing defeat to see,
I look toward Love's tower and read
 His messages to me.

Great thoughts, pure and undying,
 Come from that high abode,
Encouragement supplying
 To ease my heavy load.

How glad I am Love's beacon stands
 Where everyone can see ;
That others too may lift their hands
 And turn to it like me.

GOOD AND EVIL

Tell me, O grass that ripples in the wind,
O tree-trunks crimson in the setting sun,
And you, O brimming river, who will find
The quiet ocean when your work is done :
Tell me, sweet violets from the mossy wood,
And let the lilac blossoms whispering say,
How I may sift the Evil from the Good,
And find me Happiness and Rest to-day ?

Oh for the time when all the World was young,
When all were pure, and Life was glad and free,
When Nature's morning hymn of praise was sung
Throughout the Earth in joyful melody !
Oh for the days when man with man could smile
And look each other fearless in the face,
Untouched by passion, cruelty or guile,
The simple forebears of our ancient race !

Yet even now I can discern a few
Whose souls shine clear like stars above the wood,
True children of that former race who knew
Little of Evil and so much of Good :
Thus when I meet them and receive their love,
Treasure their friendship, and return their smile,
I feel that for such comradeship Above
I can rejoice to suffer here awhile.

THE UNKNOWN COMPANION

Who is it so blithe and gay
Who meets me in the Land of Dreams—
A comrade dear, with whom I play
Beside mysterious woods and streams?
Who is the one who understands
Without my having to explain,
From whom I love to take commands
And get sweet payment back again?

Sometimes we frolic in the sea,
Or fly together to the moon ;
He cares for no one else but me,
And waking-time comes all too soon :
I do not know, I cannot say,
Who is my friend, or where that shore ;
But this I know, that every day
I long for night to come once more.

THE GOD PAN

No longer goat-foot now is the god Pan,
But in his own true beauteous form of Man.
Some call him "Spring," and others "Golden Shine,"
Because he is so radiant and divine :
Thus children, when they see him, gaily cry,
"Oh, look ! there is a fairy passing by."

And I have seen him sometimes through the trees
Piping to dancing lambs upon the leas,
His lovely face alight with happy glow,
As through his goldspun locks the breezes blow ;
Or shyly peeping through a cottage door.
Only to vanish, and be seen no more.

Sometimes, at even, in the daisied meads
I hear his music, or amongst the reeds
And rushes, where dividing waters make
A little island in the moonlit lake ;
There, to the stars, he sings a wondrous song
Where the night shadows linger deep and long.

Once in my slumbering methought I heard
Close to my ear the singing of a bird :
When I awoke and looked, I saw the light
Of golden eyes, then quickly to the night
Out through my casement a young god had leapt,
And all was dark, and silent—till I wept.

Ah, bitterly I wept to think that I
Had been near him whom one could almost die
Of love to see, of love to touch and know,
Because I longed for a companion so ;
And to be loved by Pan must surely be
The sweetest joy there is in Arcady.

PAN

Oh, laughing, laughing face of Pan,
I see you peeping through the trees,
How fair you are, half god, half man,
Piping merrily on the breeze ;
Oh, was it only yesterday
That I was feeling lone and sad
Because my comrades' noisy play
Was all the pleasure that I had ?

But now—Life is a wondrous thing,
For I have heard your voice divine.
What was it made the forest bring
Your throbbing heart so close to mine ?
How came that lovely starlit eye
To gaze on me so tenderly ?
Oh, Pan, sweet god, I almost die,
Thinking how dear you are to me.

THE MERE

Through moonlit gardens to the distant lake,
Where gleaming water stretches far away,
Bordered by reeds and rushes, I will take
My heart's companion at the close of day :
There he and I beside the mere will stand
Feasting our eyes upon the peaceful scene,
Happy because we two can hand in hand
Muse silently with none to intervene.

Then will we leap into the shadowy mere,
Two lads rejoicing to be free once more,
And cleave with strong white arms the water clear,
Swimming away together from the shore,
Out to the middle of the silver lake
Which holds a thousand secrets from the moon,
And cast away our longings, and the ache
That comes to Youth which must grow old too soon.

YOUNG APRIL

He came from out the shadows
Just for a little while ;
He taught me what to sing
And showed me how to smile ;
Revealed to me Life's beauty,
That Good alone is best,
That I must follow Duty
And leave to God the rest.

We wandered through the garden
Adown the dancing hours :
I learnt the hidden language
Of animals and flowers.
Then oh ! the bitter pain—
He could no longer stay—
But in a mist of rain
He smiled, and fled away.

THE SEEKER

I sought him in the garden
 Among the flowers,
Where rain the sweet rose petals
 In soft showers ;
But though I heard his voice, I found him not
—The flowers faded as the sun grew hot.

I sought him in the forest
 Deep and cool,
Under the shady trees
 Beside a pool,
But when I called his name, he was not there
—Dark grew the glades, and cold the air.

Back to my little cell,
 Sad and forlorn,
Weeping I went alone
 To sit and mourn,
When, through the open door, I saw a light
—“ Oh, joy !” I cried, “ My Love is here to-night.”

EUROCLYDON

Last night the Wind came crying—
 Sobbing across the sea,
And near where I was lying
 His tears fell piteously ;
I heard him moaning round the eave
 And sighing through the broom,
Because I would not give him leave
 To share my little room.

To-day, the Wind comes singing
 And dancing down the road,
His joyous laughter ringing
 Around my small abode ;
I hear his fingers gently tapping
 On the window pane,
His merry voice above the rapping,
 “ I am here again ! ”

“ No more,” I cry, “ stand knocking,
 I will unlatch the pin ”—
Then quick the door unlocking,
 I let my Lover in ;
“ Ah, take me for your very own,
 Your willing bride to be :
I can no longer dwell alone
 Now Love has come to me ! ”

MY FRIEND

Who is my friend?—a man
Whose eyes reflect sincerity and truth,
Lighting as they behold me ;
One whose heart beats loyally,
Whose thoughts wing love.
He is a man with whom deep silence is communion ;
Whose quiet touch is strength,
Who above all is rich in sympathy,
Who understands.
Such do I trust—and love—
Such is my friend.

And I—what do I give?
I give him all he gives to me and more—
Myself—
Because he is my Friend.

FRAGMENT

In Friendship's mantle wrapped, we two made one
Shall dwell together in most sweet accord,
Each heart a haven, and each face a sun
Lit with the joy of God.

VOICES ON THE WIND

See where the tall grass grows—
 In through the open door,
The silver moonlight flows
 Across the lichened floor ;
Soft music low and sweet
 Rises from the flower and tree ;
All Nature sings to greet
 Just you and me.

The drowsy wild flowers nod,
 Lulled by the passing breeze,
And chant across the sod
 Their witching melodies ;
Dear voices of vague things
 All beautiful and free,
What joy their singing brings
 To you and me.

Sweet Friend, though now to-night
 Together we commune,
Dusk to a darker light
 Must make surrender soon.
Oh ! may some voices raise
 This happy memory
In the dim after-days
 For you and me.

ASTROPHEL

Whence do you come, O Radiant One,
 Passing by my door,
Your face towards the evening sun
 Sinking behind the moor ?
Why do you gather wayside flowers
 And sing so sweet an air
That birds are silent in their bowers
 When you are there ?

“ Of starry birth am I,
 Wanderer by land and sea,
 Travelling to a country where
 All is perfect, all is fair :
 Follow me.”

Oh ! stay awhile, dear Radiant One,
 And tell me of that land,
My path of Life has scarce begun,
 I need a brother's hand ;
Tarry, sweet guest, and sup with me,
 There's much I long to know :
Who dwells in that land fair to see
 Whither you go ?

“ The beautiful and good
 For ever there abide ;
 All things that are true and pure
 In that country shall endure
 With God beside.”

He passes down the rugged track
Where wind-blown pine trees stand,
And now he lingers to look back
And beckon with his hand :
A wonderful celestial smile
Upon his face I see,
I hear his golden voice awhile
Singing to me :

“Follow by thorny way
O'er mountain path and stream,
Along the track of the whistling wind,
Though thunders roar, and snowstorms blind,
Follow the Gleam.”

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

All things change—but God remains,
God remains, and therefore Love.
Love remains and Friendship too,
Friendship between me and you,
Forged with chains of purest gold,
Whether we be young or old.
Therefore, though we parting go
Out upon Life's ebb and flow,
All the *best* of here below,
All our Friendship and our love
Will be reproduced above,
And, abiding there, will be
Perfect through Eternity.

FAREWELL

Farewell, farewell. Beloved !
We will not say " Good-bye,"
Because there is no parting
Between us—you and I :—
Only a little waiting
For sweeter joys to come,
A fonder kiss of greeting,
A warmer welcome home.

MY MESSAGE

Friend and Brother—how I love you,
How I long to see your face,
 With a yearning
 That returning
Finds my heart a dreary place.

Softly on the wind I whisper—
As it blows across the sea—
 “ I am thinking,
 Ever thinking
Only, dearest lad, of thee.

“ Ever sighing, ever longing
For my loved one far away,
 Always praying,
 Pleading, praying
That we meet again some day.’

THE DEEPER UTTERANCE

There is a deeper speech than tongue can frame,
A language human words can not express,
Which silent messengers without a name
Convey to us unseen,
Returning as they came.

Here no deceits, no falsehoods ever wing
Their hidden flight from speaking soul to soul ;
Only the truths which in the heart upspring
Can pass unhindered thus,
And consolation bring.

Only the height of love, the depth of grief,
Stirring emotion in another's breast,
Can speak this tongue, and minister relief
By sigh, by kindly look,
Or hesitation brief.

STUDENT DAYS

Bright-faced lads with merry glances,
Laughing eyes and friendly hands ;
How the flight of Time enhances
Bygone days in other lands !
Now I sit alone and ponder,
Till before my eyes a haze
Gathers slowly as I wander
Back to the old Student Days.

Oh to feel the heather springing
On the mountains in the dawn,
Whilst the valleys echo, ringing
With the music of my horn !
Oh to see the white limbs gleaming
In the sunlight, as we take
Headers in the dancing, beaming
Waters of a pine-fringed lake !

When o'er college tower and gable
Winter winds are whistling higher,
Then, with supper on the table,
We all gather round the fire :
Here's a health to Youth and Gladness
Ere we part and go our ways !
For the morrow may bring Sadness
To our friends of Student Days.

THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS

The night winds linger by the moonlit hill,
Where prowling jackals and hyænas cry
Amongst the ruins—and a glimmering rill
Croons a low lullaby.

The Sphinx, which through cool night and burning noon
Guards where the secrets of the desert lie,
Now sees the stately galleon of the moon
Come sailing proudly by.

Under my camel's feet, as here alone
I sit beneath the silver-studded skies,
Perhaps the treasure of a Pharaoh's throne
In some vast palace lies.

Maybe a temple of the rarest grace,
More fair than in my dreams I ever saw,
Is buried underneath this very place,
Doomed to be seen no more.

Slowly each comrade to his slumber hies,
For misty shadows steal across the sand,
And Night, dark goddess of a thousand eyes,
Broods o'er the silent land.

Where yonder palm trees gentle music raise
I too will guide my camel and alight ;
Perchance sweet Presences from Ancient Days
Will throng my couch to-night.

THE SPHINX

Wonderful, wonderful you are,
Mysterious Figure in the sand,
With patient eyes toward the far
Mokattam hills, where hands long cold
Quarried the mighty Pyramids of old.

With mein majestic still you wait,
Calm and inscrutable you smile,
Like one who sees beyond the gate
That bars the garden of the mind
Beyond, to the great which lie behind.

In vain has Time's ungentle hand
Tried to obliterate that look,
And vainly has the desert sand
In ceaseless waves come surging round,
Striving to bury you beneath the ground.

Unchanged, unaltered will remain
Your power and mystery, O Sphinx,
And from your eyes an endless train
Of wondrous thoughts continue still,
Like caravans, to pass beyond the hill.

AFTERGLOW

The sun has set
 Behind a hill,
I linger yet
 Beside the rill ;
Tall palm trees wave
 To me below,
And Arabs grave
 Pass to and fro.

I've lived before—
 It must be so ;
This temple door
 I seem to know ;
Empires have passed
 And ages flown
Since I saw last
 That altar stone.

A haunting face,
 Divinely fair,
With tender grace
 Still glimmers there ;
A joy, a pain
 Of long ago,
Return again
 In Afterglow,

PALM TREES

Trees, dear trees, so gracefully
Waving against the sunset sky,
Each has a soul, for each can see
So high.

With earth so far, and Heaven near,
They cast their shadows deep and long,
Each has a voice, and I can hear
Their song.

My trees are friends to all around,
Leafy havens wide and free,
To every creature above ground,
And me.

When, sad and lonely, back I steal
To my tree-friends, who love me best ;
And with my arms around them, feel
At rest.

At rest beneath the crescent moon,
Surrounded by my comrades high,
All gently rustling as they croon
Lullaby.

THE NILE BARRIER

Beauty is here unveiled, and stands
With all her charms before mine eyes,
For what could fairer be than lands
Like these, beneath Egyptian skies?
Islands that float upon an azure sea
Where the great Barrier thunders distantly.

Under luxuriant leafy shade
Lie grassy lawns and beds of flowers,
Whilst in the shadows of the glade
The lizards play amongst the bowers,
Or dart across a lichen-covered wall
And disappear behind the waterfall.

Upon the waters of the Nile
Laden feluccas creep along,
Whilst from beneath their sails awhile
Comes on the breeze an Arab song;
Past reedy islands to the South they go
And vanish in the misty sunset glow.

And I, who stand upon the shore
Where grasses wave proud and serene,
Am filled with longing more and more
To pass into the Great Unseen;
For if this sin-stained world can be so fair,
What Greater Beauty must await me there!

THE PYRAMIDS OF CHEOPS

Looming lone across the land,
Mighty memorials we stand,
Surrounded by the shifting sand
 Where the Nile lies gleaming :

None know why or whence are we,
None can read our Destiny,
Yet we stand eternally
 O'er the desert dreaming.

MY DESIRE

Would I had wings, that I might go
 Away, away ;
My feet ache passing to and fro,
My heart is dull with care, and so
 Would I had wings.

Would I had wings to fly away
 Alone, alone,
Across the waters of the bay,
Free as a swallow night and day ;
 Would I had wings.

Would that I had a cosy nest
 Afar, afar,
Beyond the gateways of the West
Where I could be at peace. and rest ;
 Would I had wings.

THE LURE OF IRELAND

Red bracken, red bracken, you call from the mountains,
The lone, misty mountains of Wicklow, to me,
On the wind as it blows,
Where the green shamrock grows,
And the river winds lazily down to the sea.

The brown leaves of autumn sing low in the valley,
The rooks call impatiently over the trees ;
From bogland and heather,
Through fair or foul weather,
Come, dear Irish voices that call on the breeze.

There's a lure in the beautiful mountains of Wicklow
A lure in the land where I'm yearning to be ;
How long must I stay
Alone and away,
When Ireland is calling from over the sea ?

THE DOOR

Dark, dark the portals that are grimly frowning
 In this dread hour which has o'ertaken me ;
High towering crags the sombre lintel crowning,
 Obscure God's light, God's air, relentlessly ;
 About my feet vast depths abysmal lie,
 And now, behold !
I stand alone, who am about to die.

Here, king and peasant, rich and poor, have passed
 To Death—Door of Eternity—
And on its threshold now stand I, at last,
 All powerless to turn aside and flee ;
But stay, I tremble and I faint no more !
 Because I see
A Golden Glory shines beneath the Door.

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