



WILFRED CAMPBELL

*Frontispiece*

# THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILFRED CAMPBELL

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR BY

W. J. SYKES

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## PREFACE

ONE morning a few weeks before Campbell's last illness, as he and I were going into town together, he turned to me and said abruptly, "If anything happens to me, Sykes, I want you to be my literary executor." At the time I treated the matter lightly and replied that he would likely outlast me. After his death, however, his words recurred to me, and, at the invitation of his publishers and with the approval of his family, I undertook to prepare this edition.

The poems are arranged as far as possible in chronological order. In the case of the last section, however, there may be a few that were written at an earlier date than some of the "Sagas." Several poems from "Lake Lyrics" and the "Dread Voyage" that he did not include in the "Collected Poems" are found here. For these I must assume responsibility. It seemed to me that in his later years he was inclined to undervalue his early work. A few poems or parts of poems that appeared in the volume of 1905 are omitted. All of the "Sagas" are included.

Beyond the selection and arrangement, the work of editing has been confined to revision in minor details.

This is not the place, it seems to me, for an analysis, criticism, or approval of the poems of Wilfred Campbell. They are here to speak for themselves.

W. J. SYKES.

OTTAWA,  
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## MEMOIR

BETWEEN the years 1885 and 1890 there can be discerned in English-speaking Canada the beginnings of a flowering of poetry. Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*, published in 1889, served both to mark this movement and to give it an impetus. Already Chas. G. D. Roberts had published his *Orion* (1880), and his second volume, *Songs of the Common Day*, appeared in 1887. In 1888 Lampman published *Among the Millet*, and the same year saw Frederick George Scott's first volume, *The Soul's Quest*. A year later Wilfred Campbell's *Lake Lyrics* issued from the press, while Duncan Scott and Bliss Carman, whose first volumes date from the early nineties, were already contributing poems to the magazines.

It is worth noting that these six men, whose poetic work was the centre of the new movement, were all born between 1860 and 1863; four in 1861, one in the preceding, and one in the following year.

In general, this poetry carried on the Victorian tradition; though it had a distinct flavour of its own derived partly from the aspects of Nature, rugged or gentle, which gave rise to much of it, and in some cases revealing the healthy flush of sturdy young nationhood.

It was in the middle eighties of the last century that lovers of poetry in Canada, especially those who were young, began to notice verses in various periodicals signed W. W. Campbell. There was about these poems a charm and a promise that set them apart from the general run of fugitive verse. Among those interested in such things, it was commonly known that the writer was a student at Toronto University.

William Wilfred Campbell was born at Berlin (now Kitchener), Ont., in 1861. His father, the Rev. Thomas Swainston Campbell, was a Church of England clergyman in that town; but while the boy was still small, moved to Wiarton, a beautiful little village on an arm of the Georgian Bay. Here in the heart of the Lake District, with the gentle expanse of Colpoy Bay in front, and seven

miles across the peninsula the mighty waters of Lake Huron, with rugged headlands along the shore and small placid lakes inland, the poet's youth passed. Stimulated by the striking aspects of Nature about him and by the atmosphere of culture in his home, the boy early began to write verses. His elementary education was begun at home and carried on at Owen Sound High School. Inclined to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, he decided to study for the Church and entered Wycliffe College, Toronto. Here he remained for several years, taking lectures both in the college and in Toronto University. During his undergraduate days he was a frequent contributor both in prose and verse to the well-known college paper, *Varsity*; and his brother, Mr. J. C. Campbell, remembers a short serial that he wrote at that time, having for its central idea the tragedy of shipwrecks in the fierce autumn gales on the upper Great Lakes. His last year at college was spent at the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here he came under favouring literary influences which left their mark upon him,—*inter alia* he met and was encouraged by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In 1884 he married Miss Mary Dibble, daughter of Dr. Dibble, of Woodstock, Ont. His marriage, which was a happy one, had its beneficial influences on his literary life, one of which was that it brought to his assistance a constant adviser and a critic, kindly but not too easily pleased. Henceforward, Campbell discussed all his compositions with his wife.

In 1885 he was ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church by the Bishop of New Hampshire, and was given charge of the parish of West Claremont, Massachusetts, with its interesting old church built before the Revolution. During the three years that he remained here he was a contributor of poetry to *Harper's Monthly*, the *Atlantic*, and other magazines. In 1888 he returned to Canada on being appointed rector of St. Stephen's, New Brunswick. It was here that he published his first volume, a little booklet of 18 pages called *Sunshine and Snowflakes*, later included in *Lake Lyrics*. The following year he made his formal entry among Canadian poets by the publication of *Lake Lyrics*, a volume that attracted considerable attention both in America and England. While the themes in this volume were mainly of Nature, yet some of the poems, notably "Lazarus," show that Campbell had been brooding on the problems of human life and destiny. In musical quality, in grace and beauty of form, some of these earlier poems are as fine as anything Campbell ever wrote.

After two years at St. Stephen's, Campbell took a charge for a few months at Southampton, on the shores of Lake Huron. About this time he reached the conclusion that his vocation was not in the Church; its dogmas, he felt, placed a restraint on his freedom of thought and speech, and he decided to leave the ministry. In 1891 he gave up his parish and came to Ottawa, where, through the influence of his friends, chief of whom was Alexander McNeil, member of Parliament for North Bruce, he was appointed to a position in the office of the Secretary of State. It is worthy of mention that among those who strongly supported Campbell for the post in the Civil Service, because of literary merit, was Sir Wilfred Laurier, then leader of the Opposition, a man always keen to recognize and generous towards young genius. So the poet settled down in Ottawa, where he resided during the remainder of his life.

It was quite an event in Canadian literary circles when about 1892 the *Toronto Globe* in its Saturday edition started, under the head of "The Mermaid Inn," a department containing literary criticism and general discussion of life and society. This column was conducted by Campbell, Lampman, and Duncan Scott, and served to bring to the fore the literary activities of this group of young writers, all in the Civil Service at Ottawa. Much excellent material appeared in these pages; indeed my impression, based on memories of many years ago, is that for suggestiveness, originality, and fearlessness, this column excelled anything appearing in Canadian journals before or since.

When the "Dread Voyage" appeared in 1893, it was clear that in the intervening years the poet had been less absorbed in the moods and external face of Nature, and that his imagination had dwelt more on human life with special attraction to those aspects of it that are gloomy, weird, and mystical.

In 1894 Campbell was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and to the end of his life he took an active interest in the proceedings of the History and English Literature Section. Some years later he was chosen to represent the Society at the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Aberdeen University, on which occasion the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

In 1899 he published in Boston what was decidedly his best volume of verse up to this time, *Beyond the Hills of Dream*. This volume substantially increased his reputation both in America and England.

During the early nineties Campbell formed one of a little circle of friends from whom he derived encouragement and stimulus in his

literary work. Besides Lampman and Duncan Scott, with whom, as we have already noted, he collaborated, there was his friend, Alexander McNeil of North Bruce, Dr. Weldon, Principal of the Law School, Halifax, Arthur Dickey, afterwards Minister of Justice, J. C. Paterson, that fine type of the scholar and gentleman, W. D. Lesueur, and at times the brilliant and erratic Nicholas Flood Davin. A few years later a close friendship developed between him and Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King, now Prime Minister of Canada—a friendship that lasted unbroken till his death.

A line of thought that occupied a growing place in Campbell's work after he came to Ottawa was what we may call the patriotic, and, using the word in a good sense, the imperialistic vein. Love for Canada first, attachment to the Mother Country, a faith and a pride in one's blood kin, in their past achievements and their present activities and power; with a sense of their responsibility for this power, a feeling of good-will towards other peoples of the earth, these were the leading points in Campbell's political thought; and many times, as in "England," "The World-Mother," "Canada" "To the United States," they find passionate expression in his verse. Such themes occupied a large place in the poet's thoughts and feelings during the later half of his life; and when he sang the "Sagas of Vaster Britain," it was not the vastness on which he laid stress—

"Lest her very vastness house a frailty that may thrust her down";

rather he dwelt on that love of peace and freedom, on that sense of justice, on that principle of tolerance, that makes her "the refuge for Earth's weak in their distress," on that "patience that endures," on that loose union of liberty-loving states pointing the way to world-wide common amity, that form the ideals of the British Empire.

Not long after he came to Ottawa, Campbell was impelled to try his hand at drama. Such poems as "Unabsolved" and "Lazarus" showed dramatic qualities, but he was now to attempt the full-length five-act tragedy. Any close friend of the poet's during the last years of the old, and the early years of the new century, know that for much of this time he was absorbed in dramatic writing, and occasionally to a little group he would read with much spirit scenes from what he had written. He had hopes of seeing some of his plays on the stage, and with this in view discussed the matter with several leading actors, but his hopes in this line were not realized; and in truth, for the most part ("Daulac" may be an

exception) these plays are not suited to the stage. It is as a form of imaginative writing, as dramatic poetry to be read rather than acted, that they are to be judged. So considered, Campbell's plays will be found to be, I think, not only an important part of his work, but a distinct and unique contribution to Canadian letters.

In 1895 he published privately at Ottawa, in a little blue-covered volume, now very rare, "Mordred and Hildebrand." In 1908 he republished these along with two later tragedies, "Daulac" and "Morning," in a volume called *Poetic Tragedies*. His intention to publish another group of historical dramas, "if these receive a kindly welcome," was never carried out; but he has left in manuscript a number of completed plays, a selection from which it is to be hoped will yet be given to the public. In the preface to his *Collected Poems* of 1905 he mentions, in addition to those published, "Brockenfiend," "Robespierre," "Sanio," and the "Admiral's Daughter."

As the present volume does not contain the tragedies, their leading characteristics may here be noted. The plots are drawn from history or legend, though there are modern touches, and the central problems at times, as in Hildebrand, seem to have a special bearing on contemporary life. In form and language they resemble the works of the Elizabethan age, of which period Campbell was a student and a lover. His treatment was on the whole gloomy; his genius had a bent towards tragedy; he felt "the ancient, cruel laws of human life." Yet, as in "Morning," there is a gleam of hope at the end:

"Nay, nay, you lie, you doubters; back of all  
This wintry age, this iron of dread and dark,  
I see a glimmer, I do feel a dawn  
Breaking, breaking."

His protagonists are of heroic proportions—Hildebrand and Daulac; even the dwarfed and misshaped Mordred has a soul not without heroic greatness. It was typical of Campbell's courage and individuality that at a time when the mind of the reading public, dominated by Tennyson's portrait, conceived of Arthur as the upright king and perfect knight of chivalry, he represented him as a deeply erring, weak, and narrow man. While it is impossible to say what place these dreams will hold in the literature of Canada, I would venture the opinion that one hundred years from now, if our civilization holds and develops, they will be much more highly rated than they are at present.

In 1905 he collected in one substantial volume all his verse hitherto

published which he wished to preserve, along with many new poems. The favourable reception given to this work by the best literary periodicals of America and England was an evidence of the secure place Campbell had won among contemporary poets.

In the following years the poet tried his hand at prose fiction. *Ian of the Orcades*, a Scottish romance, was published in 1906, and three years later appeared *A Beautiful Rebel*, a tale of the War of 1812 on the Niagara frontier. It may be said that these were respectable but not distinguished novels.

About this time he did considerable prose writing of a descriptive or historical nature. He supplied the text to Mr. Mower Martin's sketches in a volume on Canada in Black's colour series; he brought out a book about the scenes of his boyhood, entitled *The Beauty, History, Romance and Mystery of the Canadian Lake Region*; and he wrote a volume on Eastern Canada, a work entitled the *Scotsman in Canada*.

In June, 1909, Campbell was transferred from the Department of the Secretary of State, where he had held a position for eighteen years, to the Dominion Archives—a change that gave him much satisfaction. Always interested in history, he enjoyed that intimate association with valuable records and original documents that his new position afforded him.

In 1915 a selection from Campbell's work entitled *Sagas of Vaster Britain* was brought out in England. Although it was not known at the time, some years later Campbell's friends learned that it was Mr. Watts-Dunton who chose the poems for this volume.

The story of Campbell's life during the Great War is best told in the first part of his posthumous poems. His desire for peace, his patriotic pride in Britain's stand, his sense of the dreadfulness and tragedy of war, of the stern call of duty, how he was thrilled by the stories of heroic deeds, how in those dreadful years he turned to Shakespeare and the older classics for relief, how he hailed with joy the coming of peace—these were his life during those dark years.

A few months before his death he was commissioned to write the history of the Imperial Munitions Board in Canada, a task that he found full of interest, but that unfortunately he had to leave incomplete.

Late in December, 1918, he caught a cold which he regarded at the time as but a trifle. In some severe weather that followed he got a chill, pneumonia set in, and on New Year's morning, 1919, he passed away.

In appearance, Campbell was of medium height and rather stocky in build. His features were strong, and his expression, especially when he was engaged in conversation that interested him, animated. He loved to argue a point and would throw himself whole-heartedly into the contention at issue. At such times mannerisms familiar to his friends showed themselves, of taking off and putting on his pince-nez, of blinking rapidly, and throwing back a lock of hair that tended to fall over his forehead.

Campbell was a man of strong emotions, which is only another way of saying that he had the poetic temperament. The poems that most readily illustrate this, such as "The Mother," "Vengeance of Saki," "Unabsolved," are gloomy, weird and tragic, and this no doubt reflects truly one side of Campbell's Celtic temperament. It would, however, convey a quite erroneous impression to imply that this was his mood in daily intercourse. Far from it, he could make and enjoy a joke as readily as his fellows. But he undoubtedly took things seriously, held strong convictions, cherished warm friendships, and rooted aversions. Alone with himself, it was the graver side of life, its cares, its disappointments, its tragedies, and its final issues that chiefly attracted him.

An aristocrat in theory, laying considerable stress on lineage, he was in practice one of the most democratic of men. Human life in all its range, from "Dan'l and Mat" to King Edward VII, interested him.

His chief interests as a student were in subjects of a literary and historical character. He certainly read a good deal of the earlier English drama, and pursued some special studies in Canadian history. Moreover, from his student days—due partly to the lectures of Sir Daniel Wilson—he was interested in myth and folklore and ethnology. Yet it cannot be said that books were with him the ruling passion. The book of Nature, the music of humanity, these made the strongest appeal to him.

Campbell's mind (and verse at times) showed a bent toward speculation, derived partly, perhaps, from his early training in philosophy and theology. He often strongly protested against our bondage to the material and the present, and in his poems habitually sought the freedom of a wider outlook and of the truth in ideals. While he gave up many of the dogmas of his youth, he clung to the last to a moderate optimism in regard to human life, both from the point of the individual and of the race, and to the firm belief that the things of the spirit are the realities that endure.

That Campbell was a lover of beauty goes without saying. From

his earliest years, as we have noted, Nature appealed to him, and there are but few of her aspects as seen in Eastern Canada all through the different months of the year that have escaped him. The lakes, the rivers, the fields, the trees, the hills in their autumn glory, all have impressed him with their beauty which finds expression in his verse.

Beauty in form of poetry, the finished verse, the finely chiselled line, did not greatly appeal to him—at least in the latter part of his life. His view is that “the spirit and not the form makes earth’s literature.” In a letter he protests against the “self-conscious affectation of arts.” And yet, many examples might be quoted to show that he was to a high degree master of melody and rhythm. It is only that artistic workmanship was not Campbell’s main aim in poetry.

He was a man of rugged independence and marked personality. In an age when our angles are worn down in the social mill and we “merge in form and gloss the picturesque in man and man,” Campbell preserved his individuality to a marked degree. To his friends life seems poorer, more conventional, and commonplace since he is gone.

LAKE LYRICS

(1889)



## VAPOUR AND BLUE

DOMED with the azure of heaven,  
Floored with a pavement of pearl,  
Clothed all about with a brightness  
Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magical girdle,  
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—  
These are the inland waters,  
These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,  
Spirits of mist and of flame,  
Moonlit memories left here  
By gods who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo  
In silence of moon-dim caves,  
Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers,  
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of nature  
Are set in the light of God's smile,  
Far from the world's wild throbbing,  
I will stay me and rest me awhile.

And store in my heart old music,  
Melodies gathered and sung  
By genies of love and of beauty  
When the heart of the world was young.

## A LAKE MEMORY

THE lake comes throbbing in with voice of pain  
 Across these flats, athwart the sunset's glow ;  
 I see her face, I know her voice again,  
 Her lips, her breath, O God, as long ago.

To live the sweet past over I would fain,  
 As lives the day in the red sunset's fire,  
 That all these wild, wan marshlands now would stain,  
 With the dawn's memories, loves, and flushed desire.

I call her back across the vanished years,  
 Nor vain—a white-armed phantom fills her place ;  
 Its eyes the wind-blown sunset fires, its tears  
 This rain of spray that blows about my face.

## DAWN IN THE ISLAND CAMP

RED in the mists of the morning,  
 Angry, coloured with fire,  
 Beats the great lake in its beauty,  
 Rocks the wild lake in its ire,

Tossing from headland to headland,  
 Tipped with the glories of dawn,  
 With gleaming, wide reaches of beaches,  
 That stretch out far, wind-swept and wan.

Behind, the wild tangle of island,  
 Swept and drenched by the gales of the night ;  
 In front, lone stretches of water  
 Flame-bathed by the incoming light :

The dark reels dim and dips under,  
 Night wavers and ceases to be ;  
 As God sends the manifold mystery  
 Of the morning and lake round to me.

## HOW SPRING CAME

*(To the Lake Region)*

No passionate cry came over the desolate places,  
 No answering call from iron-bound land to land ;  
 But dawns and sunsets fell on mute, dead faces,  
 And noon and night death crept from strand to strand.

Till love breathed out across the wasted reaches,  
 And dipped in rosy dawns the desolate deeps ;  
 And woke with mystic songs the sullen beaches,  
 And flamed to life the pale, mute, death-like sleeps.

Then the warm south, with amorous breath inblowing,  
 Breathed soft o'er breast of wrinkled lake and mere ;  
 And faces white from scorn of the north's snowing,  
 Now rosier grew to greet the kindling year.

## LAKE HURON

*(October)*

MILES and miles of lake and forest,  
 Miles and miles of sky and mist,  
 Marsh and shoreland where the rushes  
 Rustle, wind and water kissed ;  
 Where the lake's great face is driving,  
 Driving, drifting into mist.

Miles and miles of crimson glories,  
 Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze ;  
 Miles of shoreland red and golden,  
 Drifting into dream and haze ;  
 Dreaming where the woods and vapours  
 Melt in myriad misty ways.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,  
 Miles and miles of sky and mist ;  
 Wild birds calling where the rushes  
 Rustle, wind and water kissed ;  
 Where the lake's great face is driving,  
 Driving, drifting into mist.

TO THE BLACKBERRY

I FIND thee by the country-side,  
With angry mailèd thorn,  
When first with dreamy woods and skies  
The summer time is born.

By every fence and woodland path  
Thy milk-white blossom blows,  
In lonely haunts of mist and dream,  
The summer airs enclose.

And when the freighted August days  
Far into autumn lean,  
Sweet, luscious, on the laden branch,  
Thy ripened fruit is seen.

Dark gypsy of the glowing year,  
Child of the sun and rain,  
While dreaming by thy tangled path  
There comes to me again

The memory of a happy boy,  
Barefooted, freed from school,  
Who plucked your rich lip-staining fruit  
By road-ways green and cool,

And tossed in glee his ragged cap,  
With laughter to the sky ;  
Oblivious in the glow of youth  
How the mad world went by ;

Nor cared in realms of summer time,  
By haunts of bough and vine,  
If Nicholas lost the Volga,  
Or Bismarck held the Rhine.

O time when shade with sun was blent,  
So like an April shower,  
Life has its flower and thorn and fruit,  
But thou wert all its flower ;

When every day Nepenthe lent,  
To drown its deepest sorrow,  
And evening skies but prophesied  
A glorious skied to-morrow.

O, long gone days of sunlit youth,  
I'd live through years of pain,  
Once more life's fate of thorn and fruit  
To dream your flower again.

## AUTUMN'S CHANT

FROM the far-off, mighty rivers,  
Drifting, shifting, glad-life givers,  
Throbbing, pulsing, to the lakes ;  
From the far-off, blue-peaked mountains,  
From the forest-girdled fountains,  
Where the sunlight leaps and shakes ;  
From the spaces wild and dreary,  
From the cornlands far and near,  
Comes the Autumn's miserere,  
Comes the death song of the year.

Comes the music of far voices,  
Where the season rich, rejoices,  
Half reluctant now to go :—  
Over lands of dreams and vapours,  
Where wild hosts with half burnt tapers  
Light her to the days of snow ;  
Over fields all yellow, burning  
With their store of ruddy heat,  
Under forests, ripe and turning  
Red and gold beneath her feet.

From the golden, undulating  
Wheat fields, where the glad, pulsating  
Gleam of mowers, moves along—  
Through the day so rich and heavy,  
Belled with bees, a pollened bevy,  
Jargoning their honied song ;

## 8 THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILFRED CAMPBELL

Comes the music of far voices  
Dying, swelling, here to me ;  
Thuswise all the earth rejoices  
At the year's maturity.

From far, northern lakes a clanging  
Note of wild-geese, where low-hanging  
Mists drift over marshes bleak ;  
In a world of smoke and shadow,  
Where, far over wild lake-meadow,  
Sunsets burn on field and creek ;  
Comes with all the lakes far moaning  
On some bare coast bleak and drear,  
Voices wild and sweet intoning  
Music of the dying year.

From the forest rich and gleaming,  
Where the old year sitteth dreaming  
By a smoky, curling brook ;  
Hour by hour new wonders learning  
Like to one who sitteth turning  
Pages of some magic book :  
Sound of nuts and dead leaves falling,  
Lonely note of crows and jays,  
Lowing herd, and squirrel calling,  
Chanteth sweet of Autumn days.

### THE FLIGHT OF THE GULLS

OUT over the spaces,  
The sunny, blue places,  
Of water and sky ;  
Where day on day merges  
In nights that reel by ;  
Through calms and through surges,  
Through stormings and lulls,  
O, follow,  
Follow,  
The flight of the gulls.

With wheeling and reeling,  
 With skimming and stealing,  
     We wing with the wind,  
 Out over the heaving  
 Of grey waters, leaving  
     The lands far behind,  
 And dipping ships' hulls.  
 O, follow,  
     Follow,  
 The flight of the gulls.

Up over the thunder  
 Of reefs that lie under,  
     And dead sailors' graves ;  
 Like snowflakes in summer,  
 Like blossoms in winter,  
     We float on the waves,  
 And the shore-tide that pulls.  
 O follow,  
     Follow,  
 The flight of the gulls.

Would you know the wild vastness  
 Of the lakes in their fastness,  
     Their heaven's blue span ;  
 Then come to this region,  
     From the dwellings of man.  
 Leave the life-care behind you,  
 That nature annuls,  
 And follow,  
     Follow,  
 The flight of the gulls.

## AUGUST EVENING ON THE BEACH, LAKE HURON

A LURID flush of sunset sky,  
 An angry sketch of gleaming lake,—  
 I will remember till I die  
 The sound, of pines that sob and sigh,  
     Of waves upon the beach that break.

'Twas years ago, and yet it seems,  
 O love, but only yesterday  
 We stood in holy sunset dreams,  
 While all the day's diaphanous gleams  
 Sobbed into silence bleak and grey.

We scarcely knew, but our two souls  
 Like night and day rushed into one ;  
 The stars came out in gleaming shoals :  
 While, like a far-off bell that tolls,  
 Came voices from the wave-dipped sun.

We scarcely knew, but hand in hand,  
 With subtle sense, was closer pressed ;  
 As we two walked in that old land  
 Forever new, whose shining strand  
 Goes gleaming round the world's great breast.

What was it, sweet, our spirits spoke ?  
 No outward sound of voice was heard.  
 But was it bird or angel broke  
 The silence, till a dream voice woke  
 And all the night was music-stirred ?

### ON THE LEDGE

I LIE out here on a ledge with the surf on the rocks below me,  
 The hazy sunlight above and the whispering forest behind ;  
 I lie and listen, O lake, to the legends and songs you throw me,  
 Out of the murmurous moods of your multitudinous mind.

I lie and listen a sound like voices of distant thunder,  
 The roar and throb of your life in your rock wall's mighty cells ;  
 Then after a softer voice that comes from the beaches under,  
 A chiming of waves on rocks, a laughter of silver bells.

A glimmer of bird-like boats, that loom from the far horizon,  
 That scud and tack and dip under the grey and the blue ;  
 A single gull that floats and skims the waters, and flies on  
 Till she is lost like a dream, in the haze of the distance, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

And here I lie on my ledge, and listen the songs you sing me,  
 Songs of vapour and blue, songs of island and shore ;  
 And strange and glad are the hopes, and sweet are the thoughts  
 you bring me,  
 Out of the throbbing depths and wells of your heart's great store.

## TO THE LAKES

(*In June*)

O MAGIC region of blue waters throbbing,  
 O blown wave-garden, 'neath the north world's span,  
 Wild paradise, girt in by crag-walls, robbing  
 All earth of beauty since the world began,  
 I dream again your voice of beaches sobbing  
 And crave a boon more sweet than gift of man :—

Once more in the ripe heart of golden summer,  
 To drift upon your blue pearly wimpling breast ;  
 To watch God's dawn bud, bloom, a flushed incomer,  
 To see him die with flames in thy hushed west ;  
 To even know the entranced silence dumber,  
 Because of heart awe-hushed and lips love-pressed ;

To watch the dimmed day deepen into even,  
 The flush of sunset melt in pallid gold ;  
 While the pale planets blossom out in heaven ;  
 To feel the under silence trance and hold  
 The night's great heartbeats ; soul-washed, nature-shriven,  
 To feel the mantle of silence fold on fold ;

\* \* \* \* \*

And so forget the sorrow and the glory,  
 The passion and the pain that men call life ;  
 To let the past go like a long-told story,  
 The long-forgotten and the long-dead strife ;  
 But just to drift here while the years grow hoary,  
 Dead to earth's living with all its anguish rife ;

And know no voice save that of beaches chanting,  
 No eye save June's own glorious dome of blue ;

And so be dead to all the strife and canting,  
 The violence of souls that were untrue ;  
 And only know one love, the mighty panting  
 Of your great heart that throbs your being through.

### DAN'L AND MAT

HAIN'T never heard of the Renshaws ?  
 Two brothers, Dan'l and Mat,  
 Lived down the shores of Huron,  
 On an island they called Big Hat ;  
 Where the waves run high'r'n mountains,  
 And the beaches is foggy and flat.

Dan'l was tall and strappin',  
 But Mat he was scraggy and lean,  
 Allus half-dead with the agy,  
 Caused by the liver or spleen.  
 But the 'fection betwixt them two brothers  
 Was a tarnal fine sight ter be seen.

They war'nt never properly edicated,  
 Least not in the reg'lar way  
 Of colleges, churches, and meetins ;  
 But I bet they was a 'spletive long way  
 Ahead in livin' and actin'  
 Of mos'n of those who pray.

Histories, lies you might call them,  
 But such stories them fellers could tell—  
 Beat old Robertson Cruiser,  
 And 'Rabian nights as well ;  
 An all of the gossellest truth, sir,  
 As them as heerd em could tell.

Night after night, down at Masons',  
 As drinkin an smokin we sat ;  
 'Magination, not lies, sir,  
 For no un ud contradict flat,  
 When Mat ud corroborate Dan'l,  
 An Dan'l ud swear by Mat.

An once when a half fool feller,  
  Stood up an said t'was all rot ;  
Ef it had'nt a bin fer Dan'l  
  (A tarnation fighter when hot),  
I believe as the crowd in the barroom  
  Would a murdered that chap on the spot.

Dead, yes, gone these years, sir,  
  Out fishin and caught in a squall ;  
Each tried ter resky the other,  
  But the lake as is hard on us all  
Washed their bodies ashore next mornin,  
  High and dry up, and that's all.

But ef lovin yer brother means heaven,  
  They've got it an mor'n that,  
For you'll find them away down the shore there,  
  On the island that's called Big Hat ;  
And Mat he lies close up to Dan'l,  
  An Dan'l he's sleepin by Mat.

## AUGUST NIGHT, ON GEORGIAN BAY

THE day dreams out, the night is brooding in,  
Across this world of vapour, wood, and wave.  
Things blur and dim. Cool silvery ripples lave  
  The sands and rustling reed-beds. Now begin  
Night's dreamy choruses, the murmurous din  
Of sleepy voices. Tremulous, one by one,  
The stars blink in. The dusk drives out the sun ;  
  And all the world the hosts of darkness win.

Anon through mists the harvest moon will come  
  With breathing flames above the forest edge,  
Flooding the silence in a silvern dream,  
Conquering the night and all its voices dumb  
With unheard melodies. While all agleam,  
  Low flutes the lake along the lustrous sedge.

## THE TIDES OF DAWN

How cool across the lake's pearled, heaving floor,  
 The spirit winds of morning steal in here :  
 Dim mists of darkness rise from marsh and mere,  
 And pallid phantoms brood at morning's door,  
 Beyond yon east the surfs of dawning roar,  
 To break in flame-waves on night's sombre beach ;  
 The heart still hears their impetuous, golden speech,  
 Imploring morn the daylight to restore.

Soon, soon, across the night's grey, ruined walls,  
 Will flood and surge the crimson tides of morn  
 Bathing the east and all the dusks forlorn ;  
 Soon, soon, across the dawn's white silence falls  
 Glory and music, morning's song and fire :  
 The waking world leaps to the day's desire.

## SNOW

Down out of heaven,  
 Frost-kissed  
 And wind-driven,  
 Flake upon flake,  
 Over forest and lake,  
 Cometh the snow.

Folding the forest,  
 Folding the farms,  
 In a mantle of white ;  
 And the river's great arms,  
 Kissed by the chill night  
 From clamour to rest,  
 Lie all white and shrouded  
 Upon the world's breast.

Falling so slowly  
 Down from above,  
 So white, hushed, and holy,  
 Folding the city

Like the great pity  
Of God in His love ;  
Sent down out of heaven  
On its sorrow and crime,  
Blotting them, folding them  
Under its rime.

Fluttering, rustling,  
Soft as a breath,  
The whisper of leaves,  
The low pinions of death,  
Or the voice of the dawning  
When day has its birth,  
Is the music of silence  
It makes to the earth.

Thus down out of heaven,  
Frost-kissed  
And wind-driven,  
Flake upon flake,  
Over forest and lake,  
Cometh the snow.

## CANADIAN FOLKSONG

THE doors are shut, the windows fast ;  
Outside the gust is driving past,  
Outside the shivering ivy clings,  
While on the hob the kettle sings.  
Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,  
The ponds are frozen along the road,  
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,  
While singeth the kettle on the fire.  
Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat  
Shivers and buttons up his coat ;

The traveller stops at the tavern door,  
 And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.  
 Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
 Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,  
 Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,  
 A kiss, and a welcome that fills the room,  
 And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.  
 Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
 Singeth the kettle merrily.

### LITTLE BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR

LITTLE blue eyes and golden hair  
 Sits like a fairy beside my chair,  
 And gazes with owlish look on the fire,  
 Where the great log crackles upon his pyre ;  
 And down in my heart there broods a prayer—  
 God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

Little blue eyes and golden hair  
 Chatters and laughs and knows no care ;  
 Though far outside the night is bleak,  
 And under the eaves the shrill winds shriek  
 And rattle the elm boughs chill and bare—  
 God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

Little blue eyes and golden hair,  
 Taken all sudden and unaware,  
 Caught in the toils of the drowsy god,  
 Has gone on a trip to the Land of Nod ;  
 Half fallen in my lap she lies,  
 With a warp of dreams in her lash-hid eyes ;  
 And deep in my heart still broods that prayer—  
 God bless blue eyes and golden hair.

## A WINTER'S NIGHT

SHADOWY white,  
 Over the fields are the sleeping fences,  
 Silent and still in the fading light,  
 As the wintry night commences.

The forest lies  
 On the edge of the heavens, bearded and brown ;  
 He pulls still closer his cloak, and sighs,  
 As the evening winds come down.

The snows are wound  
 As a winding sheet on the river's breast,  
 And the shivering blast goes wailing round,  
 As a spirit that cannot rest.

Calm sleeping night !  
 Whose jewelled couch reflects the million stars  
 That murmur silent music in their flight—  
 O, naught thy fair sleep mars.

And all a dream—  
 Thy spangled forest in its frosty sleep,  
 Thy pallid moon that sheds its misty beam,  
 O'er water dead and deep.

## OLD VOICES

I STAND on the confines of the past to-night—  
 The world that is gone before ;  
 And in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light  
 Old shadows steal before my sight  
 From its strange and misty shore.

And bygone murmurs are in my ears,  
 And sweet lips touch my cheeks ;  
 And old, old tunes, that no one hears,  
 Now steal to me from the sad old years,  
 And sweet words that no one speaks.

But only the rhythm of an old-time tune,  
 That steals down the halls of time ;  
 And comes so soft, like the far-off rune  
 Of a stream that sleeps through the afternoon,  
 Or a distant evening chime.

And in the silence that intervenes  
 Sad voices whisper low ;  
 "Come back once more to the loved old scenes—  
 To the dim old region of boyhood's dreams—  
 To the sweet world you used to know."

## FEBRUARY

THOU chilly month of wind and rain,  
 Of drifting at the whited pane,  
 'Twixt winter's birth and winter's wane ;

Thou shrouded month of muffled snows,  
 Of gales from far-off arctic floes,  
 When winter dieth of his woes ;

Dost thou not through thine ice-bound girth,  
 Hear, in the warmer heart of earth,  
 The young spring dreaming of its birth,

When, stealing through thy mailèd, strong  
 Ice-armour, comes the sweet low song  
 Of pied wind flowers, their streams along,

With sweet first-thoughts and prophesies  
 Of warm, wet winds and soft, blue skies  
 And meadows all a green surprise ?

O, go thy way with gust and blow,—  
 For all thy looks of wintry woe,  
 Thou had'st a warm heart 'neath thy snow.

And all thy bluster and thy gust  
 A softer nature did encrust,  
 Which had the whole year's hopes in trust.

## SUNBEAMS

THEY weave a web of light and shade  
 In leafy nooks at noon,  
 And in the caverns of night they spin  
 The white locks of the moon.

They build the walls of nature's house,  
 Each smites with a golden bar ;  
 They climb down at night on silver strands,  
 And each is tied to a star ;

And then at dawn they softly steal  
 In the east, through their golden door,  
 And weave a woof of roseate hues  
 On the ocean's shimmering floor.

And every pearl of lustrous tint,  
 And every gem divine,  
 That borrows its light from the ocean's night,  
 Is the child of their airy mine.

And whether by night or whether by day  
 They loosen their shining skein,  
 It falls down out of the heaven's deep  
 In a silver or golden rain.

## BEFORE THE DAWN

ONE hour before the flush of dawn,  
 That all the rosy daylight weaves,  
 Here in my bed, far overhead  
 I hear the swallows in the eaves.

I cannot see, but well I know,  
 That out around the dusky grey,  
 Across dark lakes and voicèd streams,  
 The blind, dumb vapours feel their way.

And here and there a star looks down  
 Out of the fog that holds the sea  
 In its embrace, while up the lands,  
 Some cock makes music lustily.

And out within the dreamy woods,  
 Or in some clover-blossomed lawn,  
 The blinking robin pipes his mate  
 To wake the music of the dawn.

### INDIAN SUMMER

ALONG the line of smoky hills  
 The crimson forest stands,  
 And all the day the blue-jay calls  
 Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans  
 With all his glory spread,  
 And all the sumachs on the hills  
 Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,  
 Or past some river's mouth,  
 Throughout the long, still autumn day  
 Wild birds are flying south.

### TO A CLUMP OF MOSS

Low thou sleepest, where the wood is deepest,  
 Green and cool,  
 In the great shady gloom of the wood,  
 Beside some pool.

To thee is given the dew of heaven  
 Alone to drink,  
 Out of the crystal flagons the night  
 Lets down from the heaven's brink.

## RODODACTULOS

THE night blows outward in a mist,  
And all the world the sun has kissed.

Along the golden rim of sky,  
A thousand snow-piled vapours lie.

And by the wood and mist-clad stream,  
The Maiden Morn stands still to dream.

## LAZARUS

O FATHER ABRAM, I can never rest  
Here in thy bosom in the whitest heaven,  
Where love blooms on through days without an even ;  
For up through all the paradises seven,  
There comes a cry from some fierce, anguished breast ;

A cry that comes from out of hell's dark night,  
A piercing cry of one in agony,  
That reaches me here in heaven white and high ;  
A call of anguish that doth never die,  
Like dream-waked infant wailing for the light.

O Father Abram, heaven is love and peace,  
And God is good ; eternity is rest.  
Sweet would it be to lie upon thy breast  
And know no thought but loving to be blest,  
Save for that cry that nevermore will cease.

It comes to me above the angel-lyres,  
The chanting praises of the cherubim ;  
It comes between my upward gaze and Him,  
All-blessed Christ ; a voice from the vague dim :  
" O Lazarus, come and ease me of these fires !

" O Lazarus, I have called thee all these years,  
It is so long for me to reach to thee,  
Across the ages of this mighty sea,  
That loometh dark, dense, like eternity,  
Which I have bridged by anguished prayers and tears.

*“ Which I have bridged by knowledge of God’s love,  
That even penetrates this anguished glare ;  
A gleaming ray, a tremulous star-built stair,  
A road by which love-hungered souls may fare  
Past hate and doubt, to heaven and God above.”*

So calleth it ever upward unto me.  
It creepeth in through heaven’s golden doors,  
It echoes all along the sapphire floors,  
Like smoke of sacrifice, it soars and soars,  
It fills the vastness of eternity,

Until my sense of love is waned and dimmed.  
The music-rounded spheres do clash and jar,  
No more those spirit-calls from star to star,  
The harmonies that float and melt afar,  
The belts of light by which all heaven is rimmed.

No more I hear the beat of heavenly wings,  
The seraph chanting in my rest-tuned ear ;  
I only know a cry, a prayer, a tear,  
That rises from the depths up to me here ;  
A soul that to me suppliant leans and clings.

O Father Abram, thou must bid me go  
Into the spaces of the deep abyss ;  
Where far from us and our God-given bliss,  
Do dwell those souls that have done Christ amiss ;  
For through my rest I hear that upward woe.

I hear it crying through the heavenly night,  
When curvèd, hung in space, the million moons  
Lean planet-ward, and infinite space attunes  
Itself to silence ; as from drear grey dunes  
A cry is heard along the shuddering light,

Of wild dusk-bird, a sad, heart-curdling cry,  
So comes to me that call from out hell’s coasts ;  
I see an infinite shore with gaping ghosts ;  
This is no heaven, with all its shining hosts ;  
This is no heaven until that hell doth die.

So spake the soul of Lazarus, and from thence,  
Like new-fledged bird from its sun-jewelled nest,  
Drunk with the music of the young year's quost,  
He sank out into heaven's gloried breast,  
Spaceward turned, toward darkness dim, immense.

Hellward he moved like a radiant star shot out  
From heaven's blue with rain of gold at even,  
When Orion's train and that mysterious seven  
Move on in mystic range from heaven to heaven.  
Hellward he sank, followed by radiant rout.

The liquid floor of heaven bore him up  
With unseen arms, as in his feathery flight  
He floated down toward the infinite night ;  
But each way downward, on the left and right,  
He saw each moon of heaven like a cup

Of liquid, misty fire that shone afar  
From sentinel towers of heaven's battlements ;  
But onward, winged by love's desire intense,  
He sank, space-swallowed, into the immense,  
While with him ever widened heaven's bar.

'Tis ages now long-gone since he went out,  
Christ-urged, love-driven, across the jasper walls.  
But hellward still he ever floats and falls,  
And ever nearer come those anguished calls ;  
And far behind he hears a glorious shout.

## TITAN

TITAN—he loves a breezy hill  
Away above us in the clouds,  
Where sun and wind are never still,  
And fold it round with misty shrouds.

He loves the great world stretching out  
Into dim sky ; he loves the flowers

And trees, the brooks that laugh and shout,  
And often he will sit for hours

And gaze into the distant rim  
Of all things made of earth and air,  
That rounds the horizon vague and dim,  
Until his great, deep eyes do wear

A look of awe, in thoughts of One,  
Invisible, Eternal, Great,  
Who built from out the burning sun,  
This glorious world with all its state.

And through the clouds, that like a crown  
Of snow encircle his hill's great head,  
Sometimes the sun in peering down  
Will find him sleeping on his bed

Of clover lawn, with blossoms that strew  
Themselves like love, and round him wave;  
And all the night the winds blow through  
His dreams as through a cave.

Brawny, huge-limbed, in frame and mind  
True type of man, in heart a boy,  
Who loves the music of the wind,  
Who yet is innocent in joy.

Whose heart is not a cavern of doubt  
And dark foul hates, with passions rife;  
His dreams are all of flowers about,  
His life is part of nature's life.

Though great in strength of manly form,  
His heart is truest tenderness;  
Strong as the spirit of the storm,  
Soft as the rain drops when they press

With cooling lips the parchèd flowers  
That peer like young birds from their nest,  
Mouths gaping for the much-loved showers,  
That cool and nourish Nature's breast.

And there I know he sits at dawn  
Fresh from his cave of sleep, with eyes  
Clear as the sky above, the lawn  
Resplendent with a thousand dyes ;

A line of red that lights the east  
And widens over sky and sea  
In purple and gold, and snowy fleeced,  
Where mountain peaks loom high and free.

And when pale May with tears the earth  
Has watered, and the rosier June  
To balm and bloom has given birth,  
And strung the world to rarest tune,

Then I shall hie to Titan's hill  
Where far above among the clouds  
The sun and wind are never still,  
But fold it round with misty shrouds.

\* \* \* \* \*

And he shall teach me, he who drinks  
Where nature's fountains brimming run,  
Who forged in thought the burning links  
That bind the great zones of the sun.

Whose nightly torches are the stars  
That look with ever-trusting eyes  
Across the midnight's gloomy bars,  
And he will make me strong and wise.

## ISOLATION

To be alone, O God, to be alone,  
And never know the touch of kindly hand ;  
Like some lone tree far out on barren sand  
Where only nights and desert winds make moan,

Whence love and light and sympathy are flown ;  
 To be like riven pine on blasted land,  
 To take no part in all earth's struggling band,  
 To be alone, O God, to be alone.

To never know the common lot or part,  
 To hold no place in any human heart,  
 To pluck no flowers where love's wide bloom is sown—  
 If there be hell, 'tis isolation drear,  
 To never know a kiss, a sob, a tear ;  
 To be alone, O God, to be alone.

### INFANCY

WEAK, helpless wanderer from an unknown shore,  
 Frail infant bark, but lately set adrift  
 On life's rough waves, beneath its angry lift ;  
 To dare its strife, and meet its tempest roar,  
 Thy very weakness were thy richest store.  
 Thou puny tyrant, love's own gladdest gift,  
 Thou blossom fallen down the world's blue rift,  
 How thou dost coil about the heart's deep core.

O crowing lips and dimpled, clinging hands,  
 Clear, laughing eyes and chubby, baby face,  
 This world without thee were an empty place.  
 Thou makest paradise of all earth's lands,  
 And bring'st a boon no other joys can grant,  
 Thou latest bond in love's sweet covenant.

### KNOWLEDGE

WE are so quick to teach, so slow to learn,  
 And life is such a strange, mysterious school,  
 Wherein the soul hath neither law nor rule,  
 Save intuitions from the heart, that burn  
 And scathe the spirit, restless to discern  
 That which is weak, and what is wholly strong,  
 What lifteth up and beareth all along—  
 The one great law on which all lives do turn.

Go on dull spirit, tread thy purblind path,  
And nature, loving all, and hating none,  
Who grope in blindness toward the eternal sun,  
In some far-distant human aftermath,  
The struggle done, and darkness over-past,  
Will give thee peace in knowledge at the last.



THE DREAD VOYAGE AND  
OTHER POEMS

(1893)



## THE DREAD VOYAGE

TRIM the sails the weird stars under—  
Past the iron hail and thunder,  
Past the mystery and the wonder,  
    Sails our fated bark ;  
Past the myriad voices hailing,  
Past the moaning and the wailing,  
The far voices failing, failing,  
    Drive we to the dark.

Past the headlands grim and sombre,  
Past the shores of mist and slumber,  
Leagues on leagues no man may number,  
    Soundings none can mark ;  
While the olden voices calling,  
One by one behind are falling ;  
Into silence dread, appalling,  
    Drift we to the dark.

Far behind, the sad eyes yearning,  
Hands that wring for our returning,  
Lamps of love yet vainly burning :  
    Past the headlands stark !  
Through the wintry snows and sleeting,  
On our pallid faces beating,  
Through the phantom twilight fleeting,  
    Drive we to the dark.

Without knowledge, without warning,  
Drive we to no lands of morning ;  
Far ahead no signals horning  
    Hail our nightward bark.

Hopeless, helpless, weird, outdriven,  
 Fateless, friendless, dread, unshriven,  
 For some race-doom unforgiven,  
 Drive we to the dark.

Not one craven or unseemly ;  
 In the flare-light gleaming dimly,  
 Each ghost-face is watching grimly :  
 Past the headlands stark !  
 Hearts wherein no hope may waken,  
 Like the clouds of night wind-shaken,  
 Chartless, anchorless, forsaken,  
 Drift we to the dark.

## WINTER

OVER these wastes, these endless wastes of white,  
 Rounding about far, lonely regions of sky,  
 Winter the wild-tongued cometh with clamorous might ;  
 Deep-sounding and surgent, his armies of storm sweep by,  
 Wracking the skeleton woods and opens that lie  
 Far to the seaward reaches that thunder and moan,  
 Where barrens and mists and beaches forever are lone.

Morning shrinks closer to night, and nebulous noon  
 Hangs, a dull lanthorn, over the windings of snows ;  
 And like a pale beech-leaf fluttering upward, the moon  
 Out of the short day wakens and blossoms and grows,  
 And builds her wan beauty like to the ghost of a rose  
 Over the soundless silences, shrunken, that dream  
 Their prisoned deathliness under the gold of her beam.

Wide is the arch of the night, blue spangled with fire,  
 From wizened edge to edge of the shrivelled-up earth,  
 Where the chords of the dark are as tense as the strings of a lyre  
 Strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth,  
 With far-off, alien echoes of morning and mirth ;  
 That reach the tuned ear of the spirit, beaten upon  
 By the soundless tides of the wonder and glory of dawn.

The stars have faded and blurred in the spaces of night,  
 And over the snow-fringed edges wakens the morn,  
 Pallid and heatless, lifting its lustreless light  
 Over the skeleton woodlands and stretches forlorn ;  
 Touching with pallor the forests, storm-haggard and torn :  
 Till out of the earth's edge the winter-god rises acold,  
 And strikes on the iron of the month with finger of gold.

Then down the whole harp of the morning a vibration rings,  
 Thrilling the heart of the dull earth with throbbings and dreams  
 Of far-blown odours and music of long-vanished Springs ;  
 Till the lean, stalled cattle low for the lapping of streams,  
 And the clamorous cock, to the south, where his dunghill steams,  
 Looks the sun in the eye, and prophesies, hopeful and clear,  
 The stir in the breast of the wrinkled, bleak rime of the year.

### THE LAST RIDE

It seems his  
 soul had lived  
 that moment  
 before, when  
 he should come  
 to the dread  
 place.

I KNEW of it ages before,  
 Yea, it seemed that the years knew it too ;  
 That I should come to that shore,  
 Where the foam and the wild waters flew—  
 Where the winds and the bleak night blew ;—  
 And the name of that place, No more.

That he and  
 she and death  
 should ride  
 together.

I knew of it ages ago,  
 That I should thunder that ride,  
 With her and the night for my woe—  
 With her and death by my side—  
 Her and her pitiful pride ;—  
 And the long hours whose shudd'ring flow

Where the  
 black was as  
 Eblis, and the  
 sounds as  
 worms moving  
 in a grave.

Grew, while the black grew thick  
 As the close, hot air of a cave  
 In Eblis, where death-watches tick,  
 Like the moving of worms in a grave ;—  
 Grew, till the dawn outdrave  
 The black night, shudd'ring and sick.

The mimes  
chant their  
despair to the  
night.

Who were the mimes in the air  
That wept for the woe of our flight,  
That chanted a bitter despair,  
To the dark, haunted heart of the night—  
That knew not of wrong or of right,  
Save but of the moments that were ?

He sees the  
past, as ruined  
sunsets, and  
the early morn-  
ing of life.

The ruins of sunsets that hung  
On the far, reeling edge of the world ;—  
The long-uttered thoughts that upsprung  
Like the ghosts of a past that was furled,  
Where the dreams of a life were imperaled,  
In a morning for evermore young !

She also knew  
the demons  
that haunted.

And she ; she knew even as I,  
Of the phantoms that haunted us there ;  
Of the demons that never could die,  
While the world's heart pulsed our despair ;  
And out where the mad waters fare,  
The ghostly, wan shorelands should lie.

They ride by  
the hoarse sea,  
and the bitter  
winds and hell  
with them.

O, that night, and that terrible ride—  
With the bitter, sharp wind in the face,  
And the hoarse, great tongues of the tide,  
As it beat on the black of that place ;  
Till all hell joined in the race,  
With death and despair for a guide !

He slays the  
foes of his  
guilty thoughts  
while the  
demons trouble  
him.

Many the foes that I slew,  
With the sword of my guilt, red as blood—  
Many the demons that blew  
Their mad flame-horns through my mood,  
As I thundered that horrible wood,  
To the place where a world went through.

Now he hates  
the morrows  
to come

White, meagre, the days yet to come  
Seemed wintry and hateful to me :  
Would mornings wake, pitiless, dumb,  
With horror and dread agony—  
And the moan of that terrible sea  
Beat the dead-march of life like a drum

with the  
remorse for  
his wrecked  
days.

In the hands of some hideous mime—  
Some strange, inextinguishable flame  
That would burn at my heart for all time—  
Some horror too dread to have name,  
As of one who had played for a game,  
Then slipped and was lost in the slime ?

He knows the  
end cometh.

(I am but the poor wreck of a man,)  
When I came to that horrible place,  
(Love was never a part of God's plan,)  
And looked her and death in the face,  
And knew me unworthy and base,  
And the shores where the black waters ran ;—

They come to  
the outer shore  
and look each  
on each through  
the mists, and  
read the ancient  
curse there,

When we came to that lone outer shore,  
Where the world sundered, parting us two ;  
(God and the dread nevermore !)  
When we came where the thick mists blew,  
So face could scarce on face, through,  
Read the woe-rune of earth's ancient lore ;—

and feel the  
dread agony of  
parting. Their  
souls feel for  
one another as  
the seas for  
the land.

When hand stretched longing for hand,  
And that strange, wild cry of the soul ;  
As the feeble sea feels for the land,  
Or a racer far, far from the goal ;—  
So we, ere we drank of death's dole,  
Knew the black night that hope never spanned.

But he knows  
the hour has  
come,

Then I knew as I looked on her face,  
(Black, black is the night and the rain,)  
Sweet as a flower in that place,  
And heard the hoarse roar of the main ;  
That this was the hour for us twain,  
The last, bitter end of the race.

and the anguish  
at the gate of  
the nevermore.

And I gripped her as man only grips  
The last gift that God has for him,  
And lived with my lips on her lips  
An age that was anguished and dim ;  
And time was as bubbles that swim,  
Or the hailing of out-faring ships.

They plead in  
vain with time  
while their  
doom waits.

We pleaded and haggled with time,  
With time who was haggard and hoar ;  
And met the dread hell of our crime,  
While fate stood there at the door ;—  
With our doom in his hand he upbore,  
Till I heard each second's beat chime.

He feels that  
they died there.  
He is but a lost  
wreck on the  
coast of the  
ages ere the  
evil had power.

And I know now we died in that hour :—  
I am all but the ghost of a man,  
A mariner stranded ashore  
On some continent out of God's plan,  
Made before misery began,  
Or evil got men in its power.

And dreams a  
dead life with  
but one thing  
real for him  
which he liveth  
over and over  
forever, that  
night and the  
woe that her  
face held.

In dreams my imaginings trace,  
I feel I lived somewhere before,  
Ere life was, in some phantom place,  
Some land of the haunted No More ;—  
But, O God, that night and that shore,  
And that ride, and the woe of her face !

### SIR LANCELOT

HE rode, a king, amid the armoured knights,  
The glory of day tossing on helm and shield,  
And all the glory of his youth and joy  
In the strong, wine-like splendour of his face.  
He rode among them, the one man of men,  
Their lordliest, loveliest, he who might have been,  
Because of very human breadth of love,  
And his glad, winning sympathy for earth,  
Greater than even Arthur under heaven.

Kindlier than the morning was his face,  
Swift, like the lightning, was his eagle glance,  
No bit of beauty earth had ever held,  
Of child or flower or dream of woman's face,  
Or noble, passing godliness of mood,  
In man toward man, but garnered in his eye,  
As in some mere that gathereth all earth's face,  
And foldeth it in beauty to its breast.

He rode among them, Arthur's own right hand,  
Arthur, whom he loved as John loved Christ,  
And watched each day with joy that lofty brow  
Lift up its lonely splendour, isolate,  
Half godlike, o'er that serried host of spears ;  
And knew his love the kingliest, holiest thing,  
'Twixt man and man upon this glowing earth.

So passed those days of splendour and of peace,  
When all men loved his majesty and strength  
And kindness of spirit, which the king,  
Great Arthur, with his lofty coldness lacked.

'Twas Lancelot fought the mightiest in the lists,  
And beat with thunders back the brazen shields,  
And stormed the fastness of the farthest isles,  
Slaying the grizzly warriors of the meres,  
And winning all men's fealty and love,  
And worship of fair women in the towers,  
Who laid their distaffs down to watch him pass ;  
And made the hot blood mantle each fair cheek,  
With sweet sense of his presence, till all men  
Called Arthur half a god, and Lancelot  
The greatest heart that beat in his great realm.

Then came that fatal day that brake his life,  
When he, being sent of Arthur, all unknowing,  
Saw Guinevere, like some fair flower of heaven,  
As men may only see in dreams the gods  
Do send to kill the common ways of earth,  
And make all else but drear and dull and bleak ;  
Such magic she did work upon his soul,  
Till Arthur, God, and all the Table Round,  
Were but a nebulous mist before his eyes,  
In which the splendour of her beauty shone.

Henceforth the years would rise and wane and die,  
And glory come and glory pass away,  
And battles pass as in a troubled dream,  
And Arthur be a ghost, and his knights ghosts ;—  
The castles and the lists and the mad fights,

Sacking of cities, scourging of country-sides,  
All dreams before his eyes ;—all, save her love.

So girded she her magic round his heart,  
And meshed him in a golden mesh of love,  
And marred his sense of all earth's splendour there.

But in the after-days when brake the end,  
And she had fled to Glastonbury's cells,  
With all the world one clamour at her sin ;  
And Arthur like a storm-smit pine-tree stood,  
Alone amid his kingdom's blackened ruins ;—  
Then Lancelot knew his life an evil dream,  
And thought him of the friendship of their youth,  
And all the days that they had been together,  
And " Arthur, Arthur," spake from all the meres,  
And " Arthur, Arthur," moaned from days afar.  
And Lancelot grieved him of his woeful sin :—  
" And this the hand that smote mine Arthur down,  
That brake his glory, ruined his great hope  
Of one vast kingdom built on noble deeds,  
And truth and peace for many days to be.  
This hand that should have been his truest strength,  
Next to that high honour which he held."  
And all the torrents of his sorrow brake  
For his own Arthur—Arthur standing lone,  
Like some unriven pine that towers alone  
Amid the awful ruins of a world.  
And then a woeful longing smote him there,  
To ride by murk and moon, by mere and waste,  
To where the king made battle with his foes,  
And look, unknown, upon his face, and die.

So thinking this he fled, and the queen's wraith,  
A memory, in the moonlight fled with him.  
But stronger with him fled his gladder youth  
And all the memories of the splendid past,  
Until his heart yearned for the days that were,  
And that great, noble soul who fought alone.

Then coming by cock-crow and the glimmering dawn,  
He reached the grey-walled castle of the land,

Where the king tarried ere he went to fight  
 The last dread battle of the Table Round.  
 And the grim sentinels who guarded there,  
 Thinking only of him as Arthur's friend,  
 And knowing not the Lancelot scandal named,  
 And judging by the sorrow of his face,  
 Deemed him some knight who came to aid the king,  
 And pointing past the waning beacon fires,  
 Said, "There he sleeps as one who hath no woes."

And Lancelot passing silent left them there,  
 And entering the old abbey, ('twas some ruin  
 Of piety and worship of past days,)  
 Saw in the flicker of a dying hearth,  
 Mingled with faint glimmering of the dawn,  
 The great king sleeping, where a mighty cross  
 Threw its dread shadow o'er his moving breast.

And Lancelot knew the same strong, godlike face  
 That he had worshipped in the days no more ;  
 And all their olden gladness smote him now,  
 And he had wept but that his awful sin,  
 That made a wall of flame betwixt them there,  
 Had seared the very fountains of his soul.  
 Whereat he moaned, "O noble, saintly heart,  
 Couldst thou but know amidst thine innocent sleep,  
 Save for the awful sin that flames between,  
 That here doth stand the Lancelot of old days,  
 The one of all the world who loved thee most,  
 The joyous friend of all thy glorious youth ;  
 O noble ! godlike ! Lancelot, who hath sinned  
 As none hath sinned against thee, now hath come  
 To gaze upon thy majesty and die.  
 O Arthur ! thou great Arthur of my youth,  
 My sun, my joy, my glory !"

Here the king

Stirred in his sleep, and murmured, "Guinevere !"  
 And Lancelot, feeling that an age of ages,  
 Hoary with all anguish of old crime  
 And hideous bloodshed, were now builded up  
 Betwixt him and the king at that one name,  
 Clothed with the mad despairings of his shame,

Stole like some shrunken ghost-life from that place,  
To look no more upon great Arthur's face.

Then it did smite upon him he must die ;  
And in him the old ghost of honour woke  
That he must die in battle, and go out  
Where no dread sorrow could gnaw at his heart,  
But all forgetting and eternal sleep.

Whereat the madness of old battle woke,  
For his dread sin now burned all softness out,  
And the glad kindness of the Table Round,  
And left him, shorn of all the Christian knight,  
The gentle lord who only smote to save,  
Or shield the helpless from the brutal stroke ;  
And flamed his heart there with the lust to slay,  
And slaying be slain as his grim sires went out.

Then some far trumpet startled all the morn,  
Trembling westward from its dewy sleep.  
And with the day new battle woke the meres,  
And as a wood-wolf scents the prey afar,  
The noise of coming battle smote his ears,  
And woke in him the fierceness of his race,  
And the old pagan, joyous lust of fight.  
And crying, "Farewell, Arthur, mine old youth,  
Farewell, Lancelot, mine old kinder self,  
Lancelot, Arthur's brother, lie there low,  
Slain with the glory wherewithal you fell,  
While this new Lancelot, new-bred of old time,  
Before the new hope of the loftier day,  
Before the reign of mercy and glad law,  
Thunders in old madness forth to war."

And as in some bleak ruin of a house  
Where all the sweet, home joys are ravaged out,  
And some grim, evil pack hath entered in  
To tear and snarl, so the old Lancelot passed.  
And where he closed, the battle's fiercest shock  
Did hem him round, till as a mighty surf,

That clamours, thundering round some seaward tower,  
Toward him the battle roared, and clanged his shield,  
And fast his blade went circling in the sun,  
Like some red, flaming wheel, where'er he went ;  
Nor cared for friend or foe, so that he slew,  
And drank his cup of madness to the death ;  
Till those he fought with dreamed a giant earl  
Of grim, old days had come once more to earth,  
To fight anew the battles of his youth.

But some huge islesmen of the west were there :  
And they were fain to hew him down, and came  
Like swift, loud storm of autumn at him there.  
Then there grew clamour of the reddest fight  
That ever man beheld, and all outside  
Were stayed in awe to see that one man fight  
With that dread host of wilding warriors there.  
Nor stayed his awful brand, but left and right  
Whirled he its bloody flamings in the sun,  
And men went down as in October woods  
Do crash the mighty trunks before the blast,  
Till all were slain but one grim islesman left.  
But Lancelot by this was all one stream  
Of ruddy wounds, and like some fire his brain.  
And, with one awful shout of battle joy,  
He sent his sword-blade wheeling in the sun,  
And cleft that mighty islesman to the neck ;  
And crying, " Arthur ! " smote the earth, and died.

Then spread such terror over all the foe,  
That gods did fight with them there, that they fled.  
And all that day the battle moved afar,  
Out to the west by distant copse and mere,  
Till died the tumult, and the night came in,  
With mighty hush far over all that waste.  
And one by one the lonely stars came out,  
And over the meres the wintry moon looked down,  
Unmindful of poor Lancelot and his wounds,  
His dead, lost youth, the stillness of his face,  
And all that awful carnage silent there.

## IN AUTUMN

SEASON of the languorous gold,  
 Season of the hazy drouth ;  
 When the nights are nipt and cold,  
 And the birds go calling south,  
 Over lakes and still lagoons,  
 Through the long-tranced afternoons ;

Out in frosty, crimsoning woods,  
 When the afternoons are sunny,  
 In sweet open solitudes  
 Where the wild bee stores her honey,  
 And the bright wood-carpenter  
 Hammers at some dead old fir ;

There the world forgets its woe,  
 And the heart releases trouble,  
 Where the drumming partridge go,  
 Trailing underneath the stubble ;  
 While the golden afternoon  
 Slopes and slants and sinks too soon.

Where broad rivers, brimmed with rains,  
 Wind in sinuous blue for miles  
 Through low, grassy meadow plains,  
 Where the warm sun sifts and smiles,  
 And great tented elms throw  
 Shadows in cool depths below ;—

Spirit in blue hazes clad,  
 Maiden of the sunny mouth,  
 When the airs grow still and sad,  
 And the birds are calling south,  
 And the far-off hills are blue,  
 Here I love to dream with you ;

Dream the olden days of yore,  
 While the wind some haunted tune  
 Flutes in gold-green leafy core  
 Of the long-tranced afternoon ;  
 And my heart grows still and vast  
 With long memories of the past.

## UNABSOLVED

## A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

This poem is founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to save Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice was afraid to tell.

O FATHER, hear my tale, then pity me,  
 For even God His pity hath withdrawn.  
 O death was dread and awful in those days !  
 You prate of hell and punishment to come,  
 And endless torments made for those who sin.  
 Stern priest, put down your cross and hearken me ;—  
 I see for ever a white glinting plain,  
 From night to night across the twinkling dark,  
 A world of cold and fear and dread and death,  
 And poor lost ones who starve and pinch and die ;—  
 I could have saved them—I—yea, even I.  
 You talk of hell ! Is hell to see poor frames,  
 Wan, leathery cheeks, and dull, despairing eyes,  
 From whence a low-flamed madness, ebbing out,  
 Goes slowly deathward through the eerie hours ?  
 To hear for ever pitiless, icy winds  
 Stir in the shivering canvas of the tent,  
 With idle, brute curiosity nature hath,  
 While out around, one universe of death,  
 Stretches the loveless, hearthless, Arctic night ?

This is my doom, it sitteth by my side,  
 And never leaves me through the desolate years.  
 Go, take your hell to men who never lived,  
 Save as the slow world wendeth, sluggish, dull.  
 Even they must suffer also, poor bleak ones,  
 Then is your feeble comfort nothing worth.  
 You tell me to have hope, God will forgive.  
 O priest, can God forgive a sin like mine ?  
 You say He is all-loving ; did He lie  
 With me that night amid the eyeless dark,  
 And writhe with me, and whisper, " Save thyself,  
 That way to North lies cold and age and death,  
 And awful failure on men's awèd tongues,  
 To linger years hereafter ; southward lies  
 Home, heat, and love, and sweet, blood-pulsing life,—

Life, with its morns and eves and glad to-morrows,  
And joy and hope for many days to be ? ”

Did He, I say, lie with me there that night,  
And know that awful tragedy beyond,  
And my poor tragedy enacted there ?  
Then must He feel Him since as I have felt,  
And live that hideous misery in His heart.  
And, knowing this, I say unto thee, priest,  
He could not be a God and say, forgive.  
You plead my soul's salvation, the one end  
And aim of all my thought ; then hearken, priest,  
For this my sin hath made me more than wise :—  
That seems to me the one great sin I sinned  
In selling all to save mine evil self.

Stay, hearken, priest, and haunt me not with hopes  
As futile as those icy-fingered winds  
That stirred the canvas there that Arctic night.  
I bid thee hark and mumble not thy prayers  
Like August bees heard in a summer room,  
That drone afar, but keep them for the dead,  
The dull-eared dead who sleep and heed them not.  
You say the Church absolves, you speak of peace ;  
You talk of what not even God can do,  
Be He but what you make Him. In my light,—  
And mine is light of one who knows the case,  
The facts, the reasons, and hath weighed them too,—  
There is but one absolver, the absolved.

For I, since that far, fatal Arctic night,  
Have been alone in some dread, shadowy court,  
Where I was judge and guilty prisoner too.  
Words, words are empty ; were life built on words,  
How rich the poor would grow, the weak be strong,  
The hateful loving, and the scornful weak !—  
The king would be a peasant, and the poor  
A king in his own right ; the murderer, red  
From his foul guilt, would pass to God's own breast,  
And all damned things, long damned of earth's consent,  
And some dread law much older far than we,  
Would blossom righteous under heaven's face.

Still fared we north across that frozen waste  
Of icy horror ringed with awful night,  
To seek the living in a world of death ;  
And as we fared a terror grew and grew  
About my heart like madness, till I dreamed  
A vague desire to flee by night and creep,  
By steel-blue, windless plain and haunted wood,  
And wizened shore and headland, once more south.  
There, as we went, the days grew wan and shrunk,  
And nights grew vast and weird and beautiful,  
Walled with flame-glories of auroral light,  
Ringing the frozen world with myriad spears  
Of awful splendour there across the night.  
And ever anon a shadowy, spectral pack  
Of gleaming eyes and panting, lurid tongues  
Haunted the lone horizon toward the south.

Long day by day a desolation went  
Where our wan faces fared, o'er all that waste ;  
And I was young and filled with love of life,  
And fear of ugly death as some weird black,  
The enemy of love and youth and joy ;  
A lonely, ruined bridge at edge of night,  
Fading in blackness at the outer end.  
And those were cold, stern men I went with there,  
Who held their lives as men do hold a gift  
Not worth the keeping ; men who told dread tales,  
That made a madness in me of that waste  
And all its hellish, lonely solitude,  
And set my heart abeating for the south,  
Until that awful desolation ringed  
My reason round, and shrunk my fearful heart.  
Yea, Father, I had saved them but for this ;—  
Why did they send me on alone, ahead,  
Poor me, the only weak one of that band,  
Who was too much of coward to show my fear ?  
Why did life give me that mad fear of death,  
To make me selfish at the very last ?  
Why did God give those men into my hand,  
And leave them victim to a craven fear  
That walked those lonely wastes in form of man ?

No, Father, take your cross, mine is a pain  
 That only distant ages can outburn.  
 Forgiveness! No, you know not what you say;  
 You churchmen mumble words as charmers do,  
 And talk of God and love so glib and pat,  
 And think you reach men's souls and give them light,  
 When all the time my spirit is to you  
 A land unfound, a region far removed,  
 Where walk dim ghosts of thoughts and fears and pains  
 You never dreamed of. What know you of souls  
 Like this of mine that hath girt misery's sum  
 And found the black with which God veils His face?

Then hearken, priest, and learn thee of my woe,  
 For I have lain afar on northern nights,  
 By star-filled wastes, and conned it o'er and o'er,  
 And thought on God, and life, and many things,  
 And all the baffling mystery of the dark.  
 And I have held that awful rendezvous  
 Of naked self with self alone and bare,  
 And knew myself as men have never known;—  
 Have fought the duel, flashing hilt to hilt,  
 And blade to blade, of flesh and spirit there,  
 Until I lay a weak and wounded thing,  
 Like some poor, mangled bird the sportsman leaves  
 Writhing and twisting there amid the dark.

You talk of ladders leading up to light,  
 Of windows bursting on the perfect day,  
 Of dawns grown ruddy on the blackest night.  
 Yea, I have groped about the muffled walls,  
 And beat my spirit's prison all in vain,  
 Only to find them shrouded fold on fold;  
 And still the cruel, icy stars look down,  
 And my dread memory stayeth with me still.

It was a strange, mad quest we went upon,  
 To seek the living in the lifeless North.  
 For days, and days, and long, lone, loveless nights,  
 We set our faces toward the Arctic sky,  
 And threaded wastes of that lone wilderness,  
 Beyond the lands of summer and glad spring,

Beyond the regions kind of flower and bird,  
Past glint horizons of auroral gleams,  
A haunted world of winter's wizened sleep,  
Where death, a giant, aged, and stark and wan,  
Kept fast the entrance of those sunless caves  
Where hides the day beyond the icy seas.

Then life ebbed lower in the bravest heart,  
And spake the leader, "If in ten more days  
We chance on nothing, then will we return,  
And set our faces once more to the south."  
For that dread land began to close us in,  
With cold and hunger, bit at our poor limbs,  
Till life grew there a feeble, flickering flame,  
Amid the snows and ice-floes of that land.  
Then ten days crept out shrunk and grey and wan,  
With nothing but the lonely, haunted waste.  
Then spake the leader, "If in five more days!"  
Then parcelled out those five grey, haggard days,  
While life to me grew like an ebbing tide,  
That surged far out from some dread death-like strand.  
And horror came upon me like the night,  
That seemed to gird the world in desolate walls.  
Then spake the leader, "If in three more days!"

But when the third day waned we came, at last,  
Unto the shores of some dread, lonely sea,  
That gloomed to North and night, and far beyond,  
Where ruined straits and headlands loomed and sank,  
There seemed the awful endings of the world.

Then spake the leader, "Let us go not yet,  
But stay a little ere we turn us south,  
Perchance, poor souls, they might be somewhere here."  
And then to me, "You go, for you are young  
And strong, and life throbs quickest in your veins,  
And you have eyes more strong to see, for ours  
Are dimmed by the dread frost-mists of this land;  
And creep out there beyond yon gleaming ledge,  
And bring me word of what you there may see.  
And if you meet no sign of mast or sail,  
Or hull or wreck, or mark of living soul,  
Then we will turn our faces to the south;

For this great ocean's vastness hems us in,  
 And death here nightly creeps from strand to strand,  
 And binds with girth of black the gleaming world."

Then, whispering, "Madness, madness," to the dark,  
 I crept me fearful o'er that gleaming ledge,  
 And saw but night and awful gulfs of dark,  
 And weird ice-mountains looming desolate there,  
 And far beyond the vastness of that sea.  
 And then—O God, why died I not that hour?—  
 Amid the gleaming flocs far up that shore,  
 So far it seemed that man's foot scarce could go,  
 The certain, tapering outline of a mast,  
 And one small patch of rag; and then I felt  
 No man could ever live to reach that place,  
 And horror seized me of that haunted world,  
 That I should die there and be froze for aye,  
 Amid the ice-core of its awful heart.  
 Then crept I back, the weak ghost of a life,  
 A miserable, shaking, confined fear,  
 And spake, "I saw but ice and winds and dark,  
 And the dread vastness of that desolate sea."  
 Again he spake, "Creep out once more and look;  
 Perchance your sight was misled by the gleam."  
 And then once more I crept out on that ledge,  
 And saw again the night and awful dark,  
 And that poor beckoning mast that haunts me yet;  
 And as I lay those moments seemed to grow,  
 As men have felt in looking down long years,  
 And there I chose "'twixt evil and the good,"  
 And took the evil; then began my hell,  
 And back I crept with that black lie on lips,  
 And spake again, "I only saw the night,  
 And those weird mountains and the awful deep."  
 At that he moaned and spake, "Poor souls! poor souls!  
 Then they are doomed if ever men were doomed."  
 Whereat a sudden, great auroral flame  
 Filled all the heaven, lighting wastes and sea,  
 And came a wondrous shock across the world,  
 Like sounds of far-off battle where hosts die,  
 As if God thundered back mine awful lie,  
 And I fell in a heap where all was black.

When next I lived, we were full three days south,  
 And two had died upon that dreadful march ;  
 Then memory came, and I went laughing mad,  
 But kept mine awful secret to this hour.

No, priest, you can do nothing ; pain like mine  
 Must smoulder out in its own agony,  
 Till there be naught but ashes at the last.  
 But something 'mid the pauses of the dark  
 Doth teach me that I am not all alone ;  
 For I have dreamed in my dread, maddest hour,  
 An awful shadow, blacker than my black,  
 Went ever with me. Hearken to me now :  
 I never felt a hand or saw a face,  
 I never knew a comfort more than sleep,  
 The winters they are only barren snows,  
 And age is hard, and death waits at the last.  
 But I have felt in some dim, shapeless way,  
 As memories long remembered after youth,  
 That back of all there is some mighty will,  
 Beyond the little dreams that we are here,  
 Beyond the misery of our days and years,  
 Beyond the outmost system's outmost rim,  
 Where wrinkled suns in awful blackness swim,  
 A wondrous mercy that is working still.

### THE DREAMERS

THEY lingered on the middle heights  
 Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven ;  
 They whispered, " We are not the night's,  
 But pallid children of the even."

They muttered, " We are not the day's,  
 For the old struggle and endeavour,  
 The rugged and unquiet ways,  
 Are dead and driven past for ever."

They dreamed upon the cricket's tune,  
 The winds that stirred the withered grasses :  
 But never saw the blood-red moon  
 That lit the spectre mountain-passes.

They sat and marked the brooklet steal  
 In smoke-mist o'er its silvered surges :  
 But marked not, with its peal on peal,  
 The storm that swept the granite gorges.

They dreamed the shimmer and the shade,  
 And sought in pools for haunted faces :  
 Nor heard again the cannonade  
 In dreams from earth's old battle-places.

They spake, "The ages all are dead,  
 The strife, the struggle, and the glory ;  
 We are the silences that wed  
 Betwixt the story and the story.

"We are the little winds that moan  
 Between the woodlands and the meadows ;  
 We are the ghosted leaves, wind-blown  
 Across the gust-light and the shadows."

Then came a soul across those lands  
 Whose face was all one glad, rapt wonder,  
 And spake : "The skies are ribbed with bands  
 Of fire, and heaven all racked with thunder.

"Climb up and see the glory spread,  
 High over cliff and 'scarpment yawning :  
 The night is past, the dark is dead,  
 Behold the triumph of the dawning !"

Then laughed they with a wistful scorn,  
 "You are a ghost, a long-dead vision ;  
 You passed by ages ere was born  
 This twilight of the days elysian.

"There is no hope, there is no strife,  
 But only haunted hearts that hunger  
 About a dead, scarce-dreamed-of life,  
 Old ages when the earth was younger."

Then came by one in mad distress,  
 "Haste, haste below, where strong arms weaken,  
 The fighting ones grow less and less!  
 Great cities of the world are taken!

"Dread evil rolls by like a flood,  
 Men's bones beneath his surges whiten,  
 Go where the ages mark in blood  
 The footsteps that their days enlighten."

Still they but heard, discordant mirth,  
 The thin winds through the dead stalks rattle,  
 While out from far-off haunts of earth  
 There smote the mighty sound of battle.

Now there was heard an awful cry,  
 Despair that rended heaven asunder,  
 Wide pauses when a cause would die,  
 Where love was lost and souls went under,

The while these feebly dreamed and talked  
 Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven,  
 Faint ghosts of men who breathed and walked,  
 But deader than the dead ones even.

And out there on the middle height  
 They sought in pools for haunted faces,  
 Nor heard the cry across the night  
 That swept from earth's dread battle-places.

## THE MOTHER

This poem was suggested by the following passage in Tyler's Animism: "The pathetic German superstition that the dead mother's coming back in the night to suckle the baby she has left on earth may be known by the hollow pressed down in the bed where she lay."

### I

It was April, blossoming spring,  
 They buried me, when the birds did sing;

Earth, in clammy wedging earth,  
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,  
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,  
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night  
I lay all silent and stark and white,

Yet over my head I seemed to know  
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,  
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew

The water-ghosts up from lakes below,  
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.

Under earth, in the grave's stark night,  
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.

I felt the winds of ocean and land  
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low,  
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

## II

From throes of pain they buried me low,  
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,  
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.

I dreamed of my babe, and I kened that his rest  
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling :  
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring !

When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red  
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,  
And then I rose in my graveclothes white.

I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed  
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,  
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud ;  
No star shone white, no winds were loud ;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,  
For the voice of my baby seemed to call ;

And I kened me a voice, though my lips were dumb :  
Hush, baby, hush ! for mother is come.

I passed the streets to my husband's home ;  
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb ;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,  
Light waves that break on the shores of death.

I listened a space at my chamber door,  
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger arm,  
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there !  
O come with me from the pain and care !

“O come with me from the anguish of earth,  
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

“Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,  
And mother will croon you a slumber-song—

“A slumber-song that will charm your eyes  
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!

“The loves of earth your being can spare,  
But never the grave, for mother is there.”

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,  
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,  
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;

Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,  
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,  
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,  
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown  
That God doth know of it high on His throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers  
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,  
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

## DUSK

Down by the shores at even, when the waves  
Lap lightly on the reedy rims, and soft,  
One trembling star, a blossom, flames aloft,  
Where the sunk sun the western heaven laves

With lowest tides of day ; the tired world craves  
 For the great night, that cometh brooding in,  
 With draught of healing over earth's far din,  
 And blessed rest that recreates and saves.

Far in the breathing woods the whip-poor-will  
 Reiterates his plaintive note ; and hark !  
 A dusky night-hawk whirs athwart the dark,  
 Haunting the shadows, till in silvern swoon,  
 Hunted by her own spirit, strange and still,  
 Over the waters comes the wan, white moon.

### OUT OF POMPEII

SHE lay, face downward, on her bended arm,  
 In this her new, sweet dream of human bliss,  
 Her heart within her fearful, fluttering, warm,  
 Her lips yet pained with love's first timorous kiss.  
 She did not note the darkening afternoon,  
 She did not mark the lowering of the sky  
 O'er that great city. Earth had given its boon  
 Unto her lips, love touched her and passed by.

In one dread moment all the sky grew dark,  
 The hideous rain, the panic, the red rout,  
 Where love lost love, and all the world might mark  
 The city overwhelmed, blotted out  
 Without one cry, so quick oblivion came,  
 And life passed to the black where all forget ;  
 But she—we know not of her house or name—  
 In love's sweet musings doth lie dreaming yet.

The dread hell passed, the ruined world grew still,  
 And the great city passed to nothingness :  
 The ages went and mankind worked its will.  
 Then men stood still amid the centuries' press,  
 And in the ash-hid ruins opened bare,  
 As she lay down in her shamed loveliness,  
 Sculptured and frozen, late they found her there,  
 Image of love 'mid all that hideousness.

Her head, face downward, on her bended arm,  
 Her single robe that showed her shapely form,  
 Her wondrous fate love keeps divinely warm  
 Over the centuries, past the slaying storm ;  
 The heart can read in writings time hath left,  
 That linger still through death's oblivion ;  
 And in this waste of life and light bereft,  
 She brings again a beauty that had gone.

And if there be a day when all shall wake,  
 As dreams the hoping, doubting human heart,  
 The dim forgetfulness of death will break  
 For her as one who sleeps with lips apart ;  
 And did God call her suddenly, I know  
 She'd wake as morning wakened by the thrush,  
 Feel that red kiss across the centuries glow,  
 And make all heaven rosier by her blush.

### PAN THE FALLEN

HE wandered into the market  
 With pipes and goatish hoof ;  
 He wandered in a grotesque shape,  
 And no one stood aloof.  
 For the children crowded round him,  
 The wives and greybeards, too,  
 To crack their jokes and have their mirth,  
 And see what Pan would do.

The Pan he was they knew him,  
 Part man, but mostly beast,  
 Who drank, and lied, and snatched what bones  
 Men threw him from their feast ;  
 Who seemed in sin so merry,  
 So careless in his woe,  
 That men despised, scarce pitied him,  
 And still would have it so.

He swelled his pipes and thrilled them,  
 And drew the silent tear ;  
 He made the gravest clack with mirth  
 By his sardonic leer.

He blew his pipes full sweetly  
At their amused demands,  
And caught the scornful, earth-flung pence  
That fell from careless hands.

He saw the mob's derision,  
And took it kindly, too,  
And when an epithet was flung,  
A coarser back he threw ;  
But under all the masking  
Of a brute, unseemly part,  
I looked, and saw a wounded soul,  
And a godlike, breaking heart.

And back of the elfin music,  
The burlesque, clownish play,  
I knew a wail that the weird pipes made,  
A look that was far away,—  
A gaze into some far heaven  
Whence a soul had fallen down ;  
But the mob only saw the grotesque beast  
And the antics of the clown.

For scant-flung pence he paid them  
With mirth and elfin play,  
Till, tired for a time of his antics queer,  
They passed and went their way ;  
Then there in the empty market  
He ate his scanty crust,  
And, tired face turned to heaven, down  
He laid him in the dust.

And over his wild, strange features  
A softer light there fell,  
And on his worn, earth-driven heart  
A peace ineffable.  
And the moon rose over the market,  
But Pan the beast was dead ;  
While Pan the god lay silent there,  
With his strange, distorted head.

And the people, when they found him,  
 Stood still with awesome fear.  
 No more they saw the beast's rude hoof,  
 The furtive, clownish leer ;  
 But the lightest spirit in that throng  
 Went silent from the place,  
 For they knew the look of a god released  
 That shone from his dead face.

### THE WERE-WOLVES

THEY hasten, still they hasten,  
 From the even to the dawn ;  
 And their tired eyes gleam and glisten  
 Under north skies white and wan.  
 Each panter in the darkness  
 Is a demon-haunted soul,  
 The shadowy, phantom were-wolves,  
 Who circle round the Pole.

Their tongues are crimson flaming,  
 Their haunted blue eyes gleam,  
 And they strain them to the utmost  
 O'er frozen lake and stream ;  
 Their cry one note of agony,  
 That is neither yelp nor bark,  
 These panters of the northern waste,  
 Who hound them to the dark.

You may hear their hurried breathing,  
 You may see their fleeting forms,  
 At the pallid polar midnight,  
 When the north is gathering storms ;  
 When the arctic frosts are flaming,  
 And the ice-field thunders roll ;  
 These demon-haunted were-wolves,  
 Who circle round the Pole.

They hasten, still they hasten,  
 Across the northern night,  
 Filled with a frightened madness,  
 A horror of the light ;

Forever and forever,  
Like the leaves before the wind,  
They leave the wan, white gleaming  
Of the dawning far behind.

Their only peace is darkness,  
Their rest to hasten on  
Into the heart of midnight,  
Forever from the dawn.  
Across far phantom ice-floes  
The eye of night may mark  
These horror-haunted were-wolves  
Who hound them to the dark.

All through this hideous journey  
They are the souls of men  
Who in the far dark-ages  
Made Europe one black fen.  
They fled from courts and convents,  
And bound their mortal dust  
With demon, wolfish girdles  
Of human hate and lust.

These, who could have been godlike,  
Chose, each a loathsome beast,  
Amid the heart's foul graveyards,  
On putrid thoughts to feast ;  
But the great God who made them  
Gave each a human soul,  
And so 'mid night forever  
They circle round the Pole.

A-praying for the blackness,  
A-longing for the night,  
For each is doomed forever  
By a horror of the light ;  
And far in the heart of midnight,  
Where their shadowy flight is hurled,  
They feel with pain the dawning  
That creeps in round the world.

Under the northern midnight,  
 The white, glint ice upon,  
 They hasten, still they hasten,  
 With their horror of the dawn ;  
 Forever and forever,  
 Into the night away  
 They hasten, still they hasten  
 Unto the judgment day.

### BELATED

THE year drifts sadly back this way,  
 With autumn's grief and pain ;  
 But with the red leaf and the gold  
 She ne'er will come again.

This world hath its weird beauteousness,  
 That youth in music stirs ;  
 But time will ne'er bring back to earth  
 The beauty that was hers.

You could not call a red leaf God's  
 If she were not God's too ;  
 A light fell on such eyes and lips  
 Man never more will woo.

When her smile went the day's went too,  
 Night, when she closed her eyes,  
 Lost half its glory. When she woke  
 Earth changed to paradise.

She looked so peaceful in her sleep  
 When they laid her to her rest,  
 I could not help but think upon  
 An infant at the breast.

She looked so like to one who'd wake  
 This side the break of dawn,  
 I grudged the very earth they heaped  
 Her snow-like breast upon.

I hear her low voice calling soft,  
 Her footstep at the doors ;  
 I wake up in the dead of night,  
 And walk the wintry floors.

I see her croon her babe to sleep,  
 Athwart the moonlight now,  
 Her wealth of golden hair that fell  
 Across her gentle brow.

I often walk at death of day,  
 Amid the sunset firs,  
 And dream the world will no more know  
 The beauty that was hers.

I wonder in some far-off state,  
 If love can conquer death,  
 Shall I know her and she know me,  
 As when she drew life's breath ?

And will she stand at some flame-gate,  
 And wait and watch for me,  
 And fall upon my breast and weep  
 With joy my face to see ?

And bring the little ones around  
 To climb to father's arms ;  
 While her sweet face, the face of yore,  
 To mother-beauty warms ?

And we go, laughing, weeping, through  
 Some gate of crystal dome,  
 While love grows godlike more and more,  
 To greet the wanderer home.

### AN AUGUST REVERIE

THERE is an autumn sense subdues the air,  
 Though it is August and the season still  
 A part of summer, and the woodlands fair.  
 I hear it in the humming of the mill,  
 I feel it in the rustling of the trees,  
 That scarcely shiver in the passing breeze.

'Tis but a touch of Winter ere his time,  
 A presaging of sleep and icy death,  
 When skies are rich and fields are in their prime,  
 And heaven and earth commingle in a breath :—  
 When hazy airs are stirred with gossamer wings,  
 And in shorn fields the shrill cicada sings.

So comes the slow revolving of the year,  
 The glory of nature ripening to decay,  
 When in those paths, by which, through loves austere,  
 All men and beasts and blossoms find their way,  
 By steady easings of the Spirit's dream,  
 From sunlight past the pallid starlight's beam.

Nor should the spirit sorrow as it passes,  
 Declining slowly by the heights it came ;  
 We are but brothers to the birds and grasses,  
 In our brief coming and our end the same :  
 And though we glory, godlike in our day,  
 Perchance some kindred law their lives obey.

There are a thousand beauties gathered round :  
 The sound of waters falling over-night,  
 The morning scents that steam from the fresh ground,  
 The hair-like streaming of the morning light  
 Through early mists, and dim, wet woods where brooks  
 Chatter, half-seen, down under mossy nooks.

The ragged daisy starring all the fields,  
 The buttercup abrim with pallid gold,  
 The thistle and burr-flowers hedged with prickly shields,  
 All common weeds the draggled pastures hold,  
 With shrivelled pods and leaves, are kin to me,  
 Like-heirs of earth and her maturity.

They speak a silent speech that is their own,  
 These wise and gentle teachers of the grass ;  
 And when their brief and common days are flown,  
 A certain beauty from the year doth pass :—  
 A beauty of whose light no eye can tell,  
 Save that it went ; and my heart knew it well.

I may not know each plant as some men know them,  
 As children gather beasts and birds to tame ;  
 But I went 'mid them as the winds that blow them,  
 From childhood's hour, and loved without a name.  
 There is more beauty in a field of weeds  
 Than in all blooms the hothouse garden breeds.

For they are nature's children ; in their faces  
 I see that sweet obedience to the sky  
 That marks these dwellers of the wilding places,  
 Who with the season's being live and die ;  
 Knowing no love but of the wind and sun,  
 Who still are nature's when their life is done.

They are a part of all the haze-filled hours,  
 The happy, happy world all drenched with light,  
 The far-off, chiming click-clack of the mowers,  
 And yon blue hills whose mists elude my sight ;  
 And they to me will ever bring in dreams  
 Far mist-clad heights and brimming rain-fed streams.

In this dream August air, whose ripened leaf,  
 Pausing before it puts death's glories on,  
 Deepens its green, and the half-garnered sheaf  
 Gladdens the haze-filled sunlight, love hath gone  
 Beyond the material, trembling like a star,  
 To those sure heights where all thought's glories are.

And Thought, that is the greatness of this earth,  
 And man's most inmost being, soars and soars,  
 Beyond the eye's horizon's outmost girth,  
 Garners all beauty, on all mystery pores :—  
 Like some ethereal fountain in its flow,  
 Finds heavens where the senses may not go.

## IN THE SPRING FIELDS

THERE dwells a spirit in the budding year—  
 As motherhood doth beautify the face—  
 That even lends these barren glebes a grace,  
 And fills grey hours with beauty that were drear

And bleak when the loud, storming March was here :  
 A glamour that the thrilled heart dimly traces  
 In swelling boughs and soft, wet, windy spaces,  
 And sunlands where the chattering birds make cheer.

I thread the uplands where the wind's footfalls  
 Stir leaves in gusty hollows, autumn's urns.  
 Seaward the river's shining breast expands,  
 High in the windy pines a lone crow calls,  
 And far below some patient ploughman turns  
 His great black furrow over steaming lands.

### IN A JUNE NIGHT

SEE how the luminous night hath drawn around  
 The curtains of her majesty, and o'er  
 The far-heard, murmurous sounds of earthly life  
 Hath dropped the mantle of her misty sleep,  
 That spreads itself and folds the corners in  
 Of darkness round this hid rim of the world.

O Beauty, thou art never half so rare  
 And restful to the spirit as when thou  
 Dost throne thyself amid the dome of night,  
 The deep blue zenith, that is scarcely blue,  
 Where darkness scarce takes colour, and the arch  
 Of heaven glows with myriad misty fires,  
 That move like spirits in majestic space,  
 And fill with inward music the great void  
 That tunes itself to match the seraphim,  
 And lifts the heart of man to higher planes  
 Of strength and greatness.

I have seen thy face  
 At kindling morning or at dreamy eve,  
 Or mid the pauses of a summer noon,  
 When thou didst glass thee in a woodland pool,  
 Where sound was far, and all the world a dream.  
 And I have hunted thee down autumn lanes,  
 Dream-avenues of mists and ruddy fires,  
 Past the complainings of the thoughtful wind,

That in the under-heart of woodlands moaned,  
And jargoned memories of the haunted past.

Or I have seen thy presence in the storm,  
The quick, mad muttering of the thunder-cloud,  
That zigzagged all the ashen fields with red,  
Followed by the sudden rushing rain,  
That roared the roof-tops and the window-panes,  
And threshed the grain-fields and the garden flowers,  
And flooded the dusty roads with pools and streams,  
While all the heaven brimmed with fire and rain;  
Then darkened past and left the summer sky  
As stainless as the blue eye of a child;  
And all the world alit with trembling gems,  
Beneath the sunlight and the cooling air.

Or I have seen thine awfuller majesty  
In mad November, when his muffled storms,  
Loud-tongued and mighty, racked the skeleton woods,  
And roared and surged amid the branchy tops,  
Like some far surf of ocean on his shore,  
Hounding the frosts from their still fastness there.  
Or in the frosty silence of deep snows  
And long-drawn, silent nights of weeping winds,  
Crooning a tune amid the skeleton trees;  
Thy spirit hath made music in my heart.

But thou art draped in all thy glow, supreme,  
Here in the luminous dream of this June night,  
When all the heaven's roof doth seem to rise  
And lift and lift in endless floors of light;  
Glad wells of glory, infinities of space,  
Jewelled with wheeling systems, circling round  
In silvered journeyings o'er the seas of night.

Down under here the mother-earth is still  
And shadowed, save that for a spirit-wind  
That whispers in a voice, so low, so low,  
That scarcely makes a rustle in grasses heard;  
Or low, cool breathings of the forest edge.  
Down near by in the covert thicket hid,

Like molten silver or white moving mist,  
 Could you but see it, hark, a gurgling brook,  
 That goes so silvern, silvern, down its stones,  
 Blithely, like the sweet notes of a song,  
 Tenderly, from dripping stone to stone,  
 Filling the night with drowsèd melody.

This is a clime where spirits only dwell,  
 And man knows he is godlike; love finds wings,  
 And wisdom spans existence. Under here  
 My soul doth find the infinite, glad rest,  
 And all my heart grows kindred with the stars.

### HARVEST SLUMBER SONG

SLEEP, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep;  
 Red is the moon in the night's still deep,  
 White are the stars with their silver wings  
 Folded in dreamings of beautiful things,  
 And over their cradle the night wind sings;  
 Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Soft in the lap of the mother night  
 The wee baby stars, all glowing and bright,  
 Flutter their silver wings and crow  
 To the watchful winds that kiss as they blow  
 Round the air-cradle that swings so low  
 Down in the lap of the mother night.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep;  
 Red is the moon in the night's still deep,  
 And the wee baby stars are all folded and kissed  
 In a luminous cradle of silver mist;  
 And if ever they waken the winds cry, Whist;  
 Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

### AUTUMN

SEASON of languorous gold and hazy drouth,  
 Of nature's beauty ripened to the core,  
 When over fens far-calling birds wing south,

Filling the air with lonesome dreams of yore,  
 And memories that haunt but come no more ;  
 Maiden of veiled eyes and sunny mouth,  
 Dreaming between hushed heat and frosted lands ;  
 With fire-mists in thine eyes, and red leaves in thy hands.

Spirit of Autumn, siren of all the year,  
 Who dost my soul with glamouries entwine ;  
 As some old trunk, deep in the forest drear,  
 Is gloried by some crimson, clinging vine ;  
 So thou dost fill my heart with haunted wine,  
 When in the still, glad days by uplands sere,  
 With slow-drawn pace, I seek thy slumbrous moods,  
 In thy hushed, dreamy haunts of fields and skies and woods.

How often in the still, rich frosted days,  
 Down the slow hours of some tranced afternoon,  
 Have my feet wandered in a mad, sweet maze,  
 Hunting the wind that, like some haunting tune,  
 Peopled with memories all the great, gold swoon  
 Of rustling woodlands, streams and leafy ways,  
 Ever eluding, fluting, sweet, before  
 Fading to rest at last in gold-green leafy core.

Far out beside some great, hill-cradled stream,  
 Winding along in sinuous blue for miles,  
 By tented elms, in fields that sleep and dream,  
 Low marsh-lands where the warm sun slopes and smiles,  
 Where through the haze the harsh grasshopper files  
 His rasping note, the pallid asters gleam,  
 And golden-rod flames in the smoky light,  
 While far, blue, fading hills in mists elude my sight.

Or out in maple woods where companies  
 Of sombre trunks lift the soft light between,  
 And little sunbeams steal with ruddy eyes,  
 Sifting adown the canopies of green ;  
 Spirit of sadness, here you move unseen  
 Down tented avenues where the long light lies  
 From morn till even, through the silent hours,  
 Where over all, the day frets through in sunny showers.

On silent nights, grey mists creep near the ground,  
 And airs are keen and stars grow sharp and clear,  
 And phantom frosts steal in and make no sound  
 Down the long, haunted river, bleak and drear,  
 Biting with death the sedges dank and sere,  
 And ever the wan moon rises large and round  
 Over the woodlands, flooding with icèd dream  
 The far-hushed, ghostly face of wood and field and stream.

On frosty morning in the crimsoning woods ;  
 Or where the long, low, grassy meadows shine,  
 Wimpling and steaming out through hazy moods  
 Of dewy glories to the far sky-line ;  
 And pearly brooks, a company divine,  
 Go, softly chattering, under smoky hoods ;  
 I love to walk abroad and con with you  
 Dream thoughts that are most sad and beautiful and true.

### TO THE RIDEAU RIVER

ACROSS the peace of all the night's great healing,  
 Beneath the silence of the dark's hushed deep,  
 A phosphorescent, ghostly spirit stealing,  
 You softly slide, a sleep within a sleep.

You slip and shine by boughs that bend to kiss you,  
 You dream by curvèd banks of shimmering green ;  
 And where you swerve the alien meadows miss you,  
 But happy are the banks you glide between.

You drift, a solace to the great woods under,  
 Wimpling wide in many a watery moon ;  
 And when you sing, the hours, in soft-eyed wonder,  
 Lean, finger on lip, entrancèd by your tune.

Out by dim, hazy shores, in reedy shallows,  
 The drowsy cattle sun them in the heat ;  
 And, far from woody slopes and ragged fallows,  
 A lazy wind goes loitering in the wheat,

You fill the summer with your magic, chanting  
Your sleepy music out by field and fell ;  
And spirits elusive in your bosom haunting  
Sleep like the genie in the Arabian well.

In low green capes, by country ways descending,  
Where your tides wind by many a braided shore,  
The great cool elms, the heaven and water blending,  
Mirror their ghosts within your shimmering floor.

By pebbly shoals whereon your tides are driven  
In silvery surge and far-heard slumbrous song,  
Your sleeping shores and the white hosts of heaven  
Hearken your tender droppings all night long ;

Where out along the dusk, all white-mist laden,  
You cradle deep in wells of azure light,—  
Like to the virgin dreams of some sweet maiden,—  
In your glad breast the million stars of night.

Across your silver bars whereby you glisten,  
Oblivious of the throes of earth's wild mart,  
You leap and sing, and then you lie and listen,  
As if to hear the throbbing of your heart.

Unfettered child of nature's mirth and gladness,  
Sing, sing and drift by field and country way ;  
Fill earth and men with thy divine, sweet madness,  
With glad contentment gird both night and day :

Till care and pain one troublous dream dissolving,  
Across the splendour of thy misty bars ;  
We only know the glorious day revolving,  
Night's majesty, and her eternal stars.

### AN OCTOBER EVENING

THE woods are haggard and lonely,  
The skies are hooded for snow,  
The moon is cold in heaven,  
And the grasses are sere below.

The bearded swamps are breathing  
 A mist from meres afar,  
 And grimly the Great Bear circles  
 Under the pale Pole Star.

There is never a voice in heaven,  
 Nor ever a sound on earth,  
 Where the spectres of winter are rising  
 Over the night's wan girth.

There is slumber and death in the silence,  
 There is hate in the winds so keen ;  
 And the flash of the north's great sword-blade  
 Circles its cruel sheen.

The world grows agèd and wintry,  
 Love's face peakèd and white ;  
 And death is kind to the tired ones  
 Who sleep in the north to-night.

## LOVE

LOVE came at dawn when all the world was fair,  
 When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife ;  
 Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
 And murmured, " I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,  
 When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed ;  
 Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
 And whispered, " I am rest."

## IN THE FREEDOM OF THE SPRING

WHEN snows melt out and Winter breaks his chain,  
 And earth, released from her shrivelled woe,  
 Wakens beneath the warm suns come again,  
 And thawed streams widen in their overflow,

And woods with song and buddings gladder grow ;  
 'Tis then I love to loose me from this life,  
 Its cares, its gridings, and its sordid strife,  
 And roam, kin-child with all earth's souls that glow.

Far out in great north woods, wind-rocked and swung,  
 When the soft south has warmed the wintry earth,  
 In those glad days when lusty life is young,  
 To bloom with waxen petals, spring's new birth,  
 And brawling brooklets haste in murmurous mirth ;  
 I slip life's leash with freedom of the spring,  
 While the young year in its first love doth fling  
 New joys, new beauties, round the grey world's girth.

Here in hushed dells, by mossy crags and steeps,  
 Where silent pools stand moorèd in the air,  
 Under the shades of woodlands, shy, cool deeps,  
 Loved by lone creatures stealing to loiter there :  
 The timid fawn, the loping, shadowy hare,  
 The wily lynx, who secret haunts his prey ;  
 Here flutter of wings, athwart the drowsèd day,  
 Wakes Solitude from out her hidden lair.

\* \* \* \* \*

The low of kine comes in from farms afar,  
 The chopper's axe rings blithely down the wind,  
 And here at even comes the first pale star,  
 In the soft heaven over the woods behind  
 Where the warm south hath blown in, bland and kind ;  
 'Tis here I love to be ; to feel my heart  
 Wake with the season's in its first glad start,  
 When the young year gropes slow for heart and mind.

Far out in maple woods, with laugh and song,  
 The jocund sugar-makers ease their toil  
 With mirth, the sunny, melting hours along,  
 Where, brim with sap, the great iron kettles boil,  
 And troughs spill over with their amber spoil  
 Of generous maples ; evening skies loom soft  
 With veil of stars, in heaven's deep wells aloft,  
 Where great mossed branches lift and spread and coil.

\* \* \* \* \*

The year hath draped his mantle of beauty on,  
 And tuned his pipe to melody once more ;  
 All weazened faces put new youth upon,  
 And I am fain to learn the young year's lore ;  
 His wisdom taught of heaven and wood and shore ;  
 To drink anew of life's fresh ecstasy,  
 To dream new life in sky and field and tree,  
 Where Spring's first footsteps blossom the forest floor.

### THE CHILDREN OF THE FOAM

OUT forever and forever,  
 Where our tresses glint and shiver  
 On the icy moonlit air ;  
 Come we from a land of gloaming,  
 Children, lost, forever homing,  
 Never, never reaching there ;  
 Ride we, ride we, ever faster,  
 Driven by our demon master,  
 The wild wind in his despair.  
 Ride we, ride we, ever home,  
 Wan, white children of the foam.

In the wild October dawning,  
 When the heaven's angry awning  
 Leans to lakeward, bleak and drear ;  
 And along the black, wet ledges,  
 Under icy, caverned edges,  
 Breaks the lake in maddened fear ;  
 And the woods in shore are moaning ;  
 Then you hear our weird intoning,  
 Mad, late children of the year ;  
 Ride we, ride we, ever home,  
 Lost, white children of the foam.

All grey day, the black sky under,  
 Where the beaches moan and thunder,  
 Where the breakers spume and comb,  
 You may hear our riding, riding,  
 You may hear our voices chiding,  
 Under glimmer, under gloam ;

Like a far-off infant wailing,  
 You may hear our hailing, hailing,  
     For the voices of our home ;  
 Ride we, ride we, ever home,  
 Haunted children of the foam.

And at midnight, when the glimmer  
 Of the moon grows dank and dimmer,  
     Then we lift our gleaming eyes ;  
 Then you see our white arms tossing,  
 Our wan breasts the moon embossing,  
     Under gloom of lake and skies ;  
 You may hear our mournful chanting,  
 And our voices haunting, haunting,  
     Through the night's mad melodies ;  
 Riding, riding, ever home,  
 Wild, white children of the foam.

There, forever and forever,  
 Will no demon-hate dissever  
     Peace and sleep and rest and dream ;  
 There is neither fear nor fret there  
 When the tired children get there,  
     Only dews and pallid beam  
 Fall in gentle peace and sadness  
 Over long surcease of madness,  
     From hushed skies that gleam and gleam :  
 In the longed-for, sought-for home  
 Of the children of the foam.

There the streets are hushed and restful,  
 And of dreams is every breast full,  
     With the sleep that tired eyes wear ;  
 There the city hath long quiet  
 From the madness and the riot,  
     From the failing hearts of care ;  
 Balm of peacefulness ingliding,  
 Dream we through our riding, riding,  
     As we homeward, homeward fare ;  
 Riding, riding, ever home,  
 Wild, white children of the foam.

Under pallid moonlight beaming,  
 Under stars of midnight gleaming,  
     And the ebon arch of night ;  
 Round the rosy edge of morning,  
 You may hear our distant horning,  
     You may mark our phantom flight ;  
 Riding, riding, ever faster,  
 Driven by our demon master,  
     Under darkness, under light ;  
 Ride we, ride we, ever home,  
 Wild, white children of the foam.

### HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION

FOR weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,  
     Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze ;  
 The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,  
 And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,  
     In those grey, withered days.

Behind a mist the blear sun rose and set,  
     At night the moon would nestle in a cloud ;  
 The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net ;  
 The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,  
     And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,  
     Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,  
 Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute  
 Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarlèd root  
     The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,  
     The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry ;  
 Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,  
 And all the world, with ominous silence, stood  
     In weird expectancy.

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,  
     Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue ;

Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,  
 Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,  
 But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,  
 A joyous tremor of the icy glow ;  
 And woke to hear the North's wild vibrant strains,  
 While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,  
 Fast fell the driving snow.

### ON A SUMMER SHORE

LONG years have gone, and yet it seems  
 But scarce an hour ago,  
 I lay upon a moss-grown rock,  
 And watched the ebb and flow  
 Of waters, where cool shades above  
 Glassed in cool depths below.

You stood beside me sweet and fair,  
 A basket on your arm,  
 Red-heaped with luscious fruit we'd picked  
 Down at the old shore-farm ;  
 You stood and in the shore-wood made  
 A picture glad and warm.

Like heaving pearl the blue bay rocked  
 Against its limestone wall,  
 Far off in reeling dreams of blue  
 The heavens seemed to fall  
 About the world, and there you stood,  
 Unconscious, queen of all.

From far-off fields the low of kine,  
 Soft bird-notes, airy streams,  
 That stole in here, far, broken notes  
 Of all the day's hushed dreams ;  
 And you, one slender shaft of light,  
 In all the world's wide gleams.

We spoke no love, for I was shy,  
 And you were shyer then ;  
 Mine was a boy's faint heart, and yours  
 Still outside of love's ken ;  
 But such sweet moments are full rare  
 In barren years of men.

And often when the heart is worn  
 And life grows sorrow-wise,  
 I dream again a blue, north bay,  
 A gleam of summer skies ;  
 And by my side a young girl stands  
 With heaven in her eyes.

You are a dream, a face, a wraith,  
 You drift across my pain,  
 I lock you in my sacred past  
 Where all love's ghosts remain ;  
 But life hath nought for me so sweet  
 As you can bring again.

## ON THE SHORE

(*Age*)

WITH golden spicèd dreams blows in the dawn,  
 About the cool blue bosom of the lake ;  
 Far over wave and shore wild voices wake,  
 The watery curves and windy reeds upon,  
 Where the young glory of the day dreams on ;  
 And wingèd creatures haunts of sleep forsake,  
 And dreams and silence their dim ways betake  
 Round the grey edge where lidded night hath gone.  
 Here all is young and glad, the laughing shore,  
 The sunshine, the glad birds, no memories  
 On haggard faces wistful to forget ;  
 Save yon old man beside the rude hut door,  
 With palsied hands, chin bending to his knees,  
 Mending dead youth in meshes of a net.

## THE DEAD LEADER

*(Written on the day of Sir John A. Macdonald's Funeral,  
June 10, 1891)*

LET the sad drums mutter low,  
And the serried ranks move slow,  
And the thousand hearts beat hushed along the street ;  
For a mighty heart is still,  
And a great, unconquered will  
Hath passed to meet the conqueror all must meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

With banners draped and furled,  
'Mid the sorrow of a world,  
We lay him down with fitting pomp and state ;  
With slumber in his breast,  
To his long, eternal rest  
We lay him down, this man who made us great.

Him of the wider vision,  
Who had one hope, elysian,  
To mould a mighty empire toward the west :  
Who through the hostile years,  
'Mid the wrangling words, like spears,  
Still bore this titian vision in his breast.

God gave this highest honour  
To the nation, that upon her  
He was spared to lay the magic of his hand ;  
Then to live to see the greatness  
Of his noble work's completeness,  
Then to pass to rest beloved by his land.

We stand at death's dim gates  
Where his mighty soul awaits  
Somewhere the long, long silence of the years.  
And the marble of his lips  
Doth all our woe eclipse,  
Death's awful peace rolls back upon our tears.

Greater than all sorrow  
That our hearts can borrow,  
Loftier than our fleeting, human praise ;  
He hath calmness, great and grim,  
That death hath granted him,  
The wisest and the mightiest of our days.

Let the sad drums mutter low,  
And the serried ranks move slow,  
And the thousand hearts beat hushed along the street ;  
For a mighty heart is still,  
And a great, unconquered will  
Hath passed to meet the conqueror all must meet.

BEYOND THE HILLS OF DREAM

(1899)



## BEYOND THE HILLS OF DREAM

OVER the mountains of sleep, my Love,  
Over the hills of dream,  
Beyond the walls of care and fate,  
Where the loves and memories teem,  
We come to a world of fancy free,  
Where hearts forget to weep ;—  
Over the mountains of dream, my Love,  
Over the hills of sleep.

Over the hills of care, my Love,  
Over the mountains of dread,  
We come to a valley, glad and vast,  
Where we meet the long-lost dead :  
And there the gods in splendour dwell,  
In a land where all is fair,  
Over the mountains of dread, my Love,  
Over the hills of care.

Over the mountains of dream, my Love,  
Over the hills of sleep ;—  
Could we but come to that heart's desire,  
Where the harvests of fancy reap,  
Then we should know the old joys and hopes,  
The longings of youth's bright gleam,  
Over the mountains of sleep, my Love,  
Over the hills of dream.

Yea, there the sweet old years have rest,  
And there my heart would be,  
Amid the glad ones loved of yore,  
At the sign of the Fancy Free ;

And there the old lips would repeat  
 Earth's memories o'er and o'er,  
 Over the mountains of might-have-been,  
 Over the hills of yore.

Unto that valley of dreams, my Love,  
 If we could only go,  
 Beyond the mountains of heart's despair,  
 The hills of winter and snow,  
 Then we should come to those happy isles,  
 Those shores of blossom and wing,  
 Over the mountains of waiting, my Love,  
 Over the hills of spring.

And there where the woods are scarlet and gold,  
 And the apples are red on the tree,  
 The heart of autumn is never old  
 In that country where we would be.  
 And how would we come to that land, my Love ?  
 Follow the midnight stars,  
 That swim and gleam in a milk-white stream,  
 Over the night's white bars.

Or follow the trail of the sunset red  
 That beacons the dying deeps  
 Of day's wild borders down the edge  
 Of silence, where evening sleeps ;  
 Or take the road that the morning wakes,  
 When he whitens his first rosebeam,  
 Over the mountains of glory, my Love,  
 Over the hills of dream.

Sometime, sometime we will go, my Love,  
 When winter loosens to spring,  
 And all the spirits of joy are ajog,  
 After the wild-birds' wing,—  
 When winter and sorrow have opened their doors  
 To set love's prisoners free,  
 Over the mountains of woe, my Love,  
 Over the hills of dree.

And when we reach there we will know  
 The faces we knew of yore,  
 The lips that kissed, the hands that clasped,  
 When memory loosens her store ;  
 And we will drink to the long dead years,  
 In that inn of the golden gleam,  
 Over the mountains of sleep, my love,  
 Over the hills of dream.

And all the joys we missed, my Love,  
 And all the hopes we knew,  
 The dreams of life we dreamed in vain,  
 When youth's red blossoms blew ;  
 And all the hearts that throbbed for us,  
 In the past so sunny and fair,  
 We will meet and greet in that golden land,  
 Over the hills of care.

Over the mountains of sleep, my Love,  
 Over the hills of dream,  
 Beyond the walls of care and fate,  
 Where the loves and memories teem,  
 We come to a land of fancy-free,  
 Where hearts forget to weep,  
 Over the mountains of dream, my Love,  
 Over the hills of sleep.

## MORNING

WHEN I behold how out of ruined night  
 Filled with all weirds of haunted ancientness,  
 And dreams and phantasies of pale distress,  
 Is builded, beam by beam, the splendid light,  
 The opalescent glory, gem bedight,  
 Of dew-emblazoned morning ; when I know  
 Such wondrous hopes, such luminous beauties grow  
 From out earth's shades of sadness and affright ;

O, then, my heart, amid thy questioning fear,  
 Dost thou not whisper : "He who buildeth thus

From wrecks of dark such wonders at his will,  
 Can re-create from out death's night for us  
 The marvels of a morning gladder still  
 Than ever trembled into beauty here" ?

### BEREAVEMENT OF THE FIELDS

*(In Memory of Archibald Lampman, who died February 10, 1899)*

Soft fall the February snows, and soft  
 Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain ;  
 For never more, by wood or field or croft,  
 Will he we knew walk with his loved again ;  
 No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,  
 In those high moods where love and beauty reign,  
 Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain.

Soft fall the February snows, and deep,  
 Like downy pinions from the moulting breast  
 Of the all-mothering sky, round his hushed sleep,  
 Flutter a million loves upon his rest,  
 Where once his well-loved flowers were fain to peep,  
 With adder-tongue and waxen petals prest,  
 In young spring evenings reddening down the west.

Soft fall the February snows, and hushed  
 Seems life's loud action, all its strife removed,  
 Afar, remote, where grief itself seems crushed,  
 And even hope and sorrow are reproved ;  
 For he whose cheek erstwhile with hope was flushed,  
 And by the gentle haunts of being moved,  
 Hath gone the way of all he dreamed and loved.

Soft fall the February snows, and lost,  
 This tender spirit gone with scarce a tear,  
 Ere, loosened from the dungeons of the frost,  
 Wakens with yearnings new the enfranchised year,  
 Late winter-wizened, gloomed, and tempest-tost ;  
 And Hesper's gentle, delicate veils appear,  
 When dream anew the days of hope and fear,

And Mother Nature, she whose heart is fain,  
Yea, she who grieves not, neither faints nor fails,  
Building the seasons, she will bring again  
March with rudening madness of wild gales,  
April and her wraiths of tender rain,  
And all he loved,—this soul whom memory veils,  
Beyond the burden of our strife and pain.

Not his to wake the strident note of song,  
Nor pierce the deep recesses of the heart,  
Those tragic wells, remote, of might and wrong ;  
But rather, with those gentler souls apart,  
He dreamed like his own summer days along,  
Filled with the beauty born of his own heart,  
Sufficient in the sweetness of his song.

Outside this prison-house of all our tears,  
Enfranchised from our sorrow and our wrong,  
Beyond the failure of our days and years,  
Beyond the burden of our saddest song,  
He moves with those whose music filled his ears,  
And claimed his gentle spirit from the throng,—  
Wordsworth, Arnold, Keats, high masters of his song.

Like some rare Pan of those old Grecian days,  
Here in our hours of deeper stress reborn,  
Unfortunate thrown upon life's evil ways,  
His inward ear heard ever that satyr horn  
From Nature's lips reverberate night and morn,  
And fled from men and all their troubled maze,  
Standing apart, with sad, incurious gaze.

And now, untimely cut, like some sweet flower  
Plucked in the early summer of its prime,  
Before it reached the fullness of its dower,  
He withers in the morning of our time ;  
Leaving behind him, like a summer shower,  
A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the chime  
Of gentle and imperishable rhyme.

Songs in our ears of winds and flowers and buds  
And gentle loves and tender memories

Of Nature's sweetest aspects, her pure moods,  
 Wrought from the inward truth of intimate eyes  
 And delicate ears of him who harks and broods,  
 And, nightly pondering, daily grows more wise,  
 And dreams and sees in mighty solitudes.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft  
 He sleeps in peace upon the breast of her  
 He loved the truest; where, by wood and croft,  
 The wintry silence folds in fleecy blur  
 About his silence, while in glooms aloft  
 The mighty forest fathers, without stir,  
 Guard well the rest of him, their rare sweet worshipper.

### A WOOD LYRIC

INTO the stilly woods I go,  
 Where the shades are deep and the wind-flowers blow,  
 And the hours are dreamy and lone and long,  
 And the power of silence is greater than song.  
 INTO the stilly woods I go,  
 Where the leaves are cool and the wind-flowers blow.

When I go into the stilly woods,  
 And know all the flowers in their sweet, shy hoods,  
 The tender leaves in their shimmer and sheen  
 Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green,  
 In those haunted halls where my footstep falls,  
 Like one who enters cathedral walls,  
 A spirit of beauty floods over me,  
 As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,  
 That strengthens and glories, refreshens and fills,  
 Till all mine inner heart wakens and thrills  
 With a new and a glad and a sweet delight,  
 And a sense of the infinite out of sight,  
 Of the great unknown that we may not know,  
 But only feel with an inward glow  
 When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life-worn brothers, come with me  
 Into the wood's hushed sanctity,

Where the great, cool branches are heavy with June,  
 And the voices of summer are strung in tune ;  
 Come with me, O heart out-worn,  
 Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,  
 Come, tired and broken and wounded feet,  
 Where the walls are greening, the floors are sweet,  
 The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs meet.

### THE DRYAD

HER soul was sown with the seed of the tree  
 Of old when the earth was young ;  
 And glad with the light of its majesty  
 The light of her beautiful being upgrew.  
 And the winds that swept over land and sea,  
 And like a harper the great boughs strung,  
 Whispered her all things new.

The tree reached forth to the sun and the wind  
 And towered to heaven above.  
 But she was the soul that under its rind  
 Whispered its joy through the whole wood's span,  
 Sweet and glad and tender and kind ;  
 For her love for the tree was a holier love  
 Than the love of woman for man.

The seasons came and the seasons went  
 And the woodland music rang ;  
 And under her wide umbrageous tent,  
 Hidden forever from mortal eye,  
 She sang earth's beauty and wonderment.  
 But men never knew the spirit that sang  
 This music too wondrous to die.

Only nature, forever young,  
 And her children forever true,  
 Knew the beauty of her who sung  
 And her tender, glad love for the tree ;  
 Till on her music the wild hawk hung  
 From his eyrie high in the blue  
 To drink her melody free.

And the creatures of earth would creep from their haunts  
 To stare with their wilding eyes,  
 To hearken those rhythms of earth's romance,  
 That never the ear of mortal hath heard ;  
 Till the elfin squirrels would caper and dance,  
 And the hedgehog's sleepy and shy surprise  
 Would grow to the thought of a bird.

And the pale wood-flowers from their cradles of dew  
 Where they rocked them the whole night long,  
 While the dark wheeled round and the stars looked through  
 Into the great wood's slumbrous breast,  
 Till the grey of the night like a mist outblew ;  
 Harkened the piercing joy of her song  
 That sank like a star in their rest.

But all things come to an end at last  
 When the wings of being are furled.  
 And there blew one night a maddening blast  
 From those wastes where ships dismantle and drown,  
 That ravaged the forest and thundered past,  
 And in the wreck of that ruined world  
 The dryad's tree went down.

When the pale stars dimmed their tapers of gold,  
 And over the night's round rim  
 The day rose sullen and ragged and cold,  
 Over that wind-swept, desolate wild,  
 Where the huge trunks lay like giants of old,  
 Prone, slain on some battlefield, silent and grim,  
 The wood-creatures, curious, mild,

Searching their solitudes, found her there  
 Like a snowdrift out in the morn ;  
 One lily arm round the beech-trunk bare,  
 One curved, cold, under her elfin head,  
 With the beechen shine in her nut-brown hair,  
 And the pallor of dawn on her face, love-lorn,  
 Beautiful, passionless, dead.

## PENIEL

IN a place of the mountains of Edom,  
 And a waste of the midnight shore,  
 When the evil winds of the desolate hills  
 Beat with an iron roar ;  
 With the pitiless black of the desert behind,  
 And the wrath of a brother before :—

In a place of the ancient mountains,  
 And the time of the midnight dead,  
 Where the great wide skies of his father's land  
 Loomed vastly overhead ;  
 Jacob, the son of the ancient of days,  
 Stood out alone with his dread.

And there in that place of darkness,  
 When the murk of the night grew dim,  
 Under the wide rooftree of the world  
 An unknown stood with him,—  
 Whether a devil or angel of God,—  
 With presence hidden and grim,

And spake, “Thou son of Isaac,  
 On mountain and stream and tree,  
 And this wide ruined world of night,  
 Take thy last look with me :  
 For out of the darkness have I come,  
 To die, or conquer thee.”

Then Jacob made stern answer,  
 “Until thy face I see,  
 Though I strive with life or wrestle with death,  
 Yet will I strive with thee :  
 For better it were to die this hour  
 Than from my fate to flee.

“Yea, speak thy name or show thy face,  
 Else shall I conquer thy will.”

But the other closed with an iron shock,  
 Till it seemed the stars so still,  
 With the lonely night, in a wheeling mist,  
 Went round by river and hill.

And Jacob strove as the dying strive,  
 In the woe of that awful place.  
 Yea, he fought with the desperate soul of one  
 Who fights in evil case :  
 And he called aloud in the pauses dread,  
 "O give me sight of thy face.

"Yea, speak thy name, what art thou, spirit,  
 Or man, or devil, or God ?  
 Yea, speak thy name !" But no voice came,  
 From heaven or deep or sod :  
 And the spirit of Jacob clave to his flesh  
 As the dews in a dried-up clod.

Then they rocked and swayed as Autumn storms  
 Do rock the centuried trees :  
 Yea, swayed and rocked : that other strove,  
 And drave him to his knees :  
 And Jacob felt the wide world's gleam  
 And the roar of unknown seas.

Like to a mighty storm, it seemed,  
 There thundered in his ears :  
 And a mighty rushing water teemed,  
 Like brooks of human tears :  
 And opened the channels of his spent heart,  
 And washed away his fears.

And he rose with the last despairing strength  
 Of life's tenacity,  
 And he swore by the blood of man in him,  
 And God's eternity,  
 "'Tis my life, my very soul he wants ;  
 That he shall not have of me."

Then his heart grew strong and he felt the earth  
 Grow iron beneath his feet,

And he drank the balmy airs of night  
Like rose-blooms raro and sweet :  
And his soul rose up as a welling brook,  
His life or death to meet.

And he spake to that unknown enemy there,—  
“By yon white stars I vow,  
That be thou devil or angel or man,  
Thou canst not conquer me now :  
For I feel new lease of life and strength  
In this sweat that beads my brow.”

They locked once more ; the stars, it seemed,  
Went round in dances dim,  
Where the great white watchers over each hill,  
With the black night, seemed to swim ;  
But Jacob knew his enemy now  
Could nevermore conquer him.

Yea, still with grip of death they strove,  
In iron might, until,  
Planet by planet, the great stars dropped  
Down over the westward hill :  
And Jacob stood like one who stands  
In the strength of a mighty will.

Then at that late, last midnight hour,  
When the little birds rejoice,  
And out of the lands of sleep life looms  
With the rustle of day's annoys,  
That other spake as one who speaks  
With a sad despairing voice,

And cried aloud, “I have met my fate,  
Loosen, and let me go :  
For I have striven with thee in vain,  
Till my heart is water and woe.”  
“Nay, nay,” cried Jacob, “we strive, we twain,  
Till the mists of dawning blow.”

Then spake that other, “I hate thee not,  
My spirit is spent, alas.

Thou art a very lion of men,  
 Release, and let me pass ;  
 For thou hast my heart and sinews ground  
 As ocean grinds his grass."

Then answered Jacob, "Nay, nay, thou liar,  
 This is the lock of death ;  
 For thee or me it must be thus,  
 The will of my being saith,  
 Thou man or devil, I hold thee here  
 Unto thy latest breath.

"For I do feel in thee I hold  
 My life's supremest hour :  
 I would as lief let all life slip  
 As thee from out my power,  
 Until I gaze on thy hid face,  
 And read my spirit's dower.

"Yea, show thy face or who thou art,  
 Or man or angel or fiend,  
 I rend thy being fold from fold,  
 And scatter thee to the wind."  
 Then they twain rocked as passions rock,  
 When madness wrecks the mind.

For each now knew this was the end,  
 And one of them must die,  
 Then Jacob heaved a mighty breath,  
 With a last great sobbing cry,  
 And gripped that other in a grip,  
 Like the grip of those who die.

For he felt once more his spirit faint,  
 And his strong knees quako beneath,  
 And it seemed the mountains flamed all red  
 At the coming of his breath ;  
 And he prayed if he were conquered now  
 That this might be his death.

The tight grip eased, the huge form slipped  
 Back earthward with a moan,

And Jacob stood there 'neath the dawn,  
 Like one new-changed to stone ;  
 For in the face of the prone man there  
 He read his very own.

Not as man sees who reads his fellows  
 In the dim crowds that pass ;  
 Nor as a soul may know himself,  
 Who looks within a glass ;  
 But as God sees, who kneads the clay,  
 And parts it from the mass.

And over his head the great day rose  
 And gloried leaf and wing,  
 And the little boughs began to tremble,  
 And the little birds to sing ;  
 But on his face there shone a strength  
 Like the power of a new-crowned king.

### AFTERGLOW

AFTER the clangour of battle  
 There comes a moment of rest,  
 And the simple hopes and the simple joys  
 And the simple thoughts are best.

After the victor's pæan,  
 After the thunder of gun,  
 There comes a lull that must come to all  
 Before the set of the sun.

Then what is the happiest memory ?  
 Is it the foe's defeat ?  
 Is it the splendid praise of a world  
 That thunders by at your feet ?

Nay, nay, to the life-worn spirit  
 The happiest thoughts are those  
 That carry us back to the simple joys  
 And the sweetness of life's repose.

A simple love, and a simple trust,  
 And a simple duty done,  
 Are truer torches to light to death  
 Than a whole world's victories won.

### GLORY OF THE DYING DAY

O GLORY of the dying day !  
 That into darkness fades away.  
 O violet splendour ! melting down  
 By river bend o'er tower and town ;  
 O glory of the dying day !  
 That into darkness fades away.

O majesty of dying light !  
 O splendour of the gates of night !  
 That all a molten glory glows,  
 Till purple-crimson fades to rose,  
 And dying, melting, outward goes  
 In ashes on the even's rim  
 When all the world grows faint and dim.

A silvern sound of far-off bells !  
     Ringing, ringing miles away,  
 Over river, fields and fells,  
     Round the crimson and the grey :  
 Pealing softly evening out  
     As the dewy dusk comes down,  
 And the great night folds about  
     River, woodlands, hills, and town.

O glory of the fading hills !  
     Splendour of the river's breast !  
 O silence that the whole world fills,  
     Sanctity of peaceful rest !  
 Alien from the care of day,  
     Now a petalled star peeps in,  
     Now night's choruses begin,  
 Musical and far away.

O glory of the dying day!  
 When my life's evening fades away,  
 May it in splendid peace go down  
 Like yours o'er river-bend and town;  
 Not into silence blind and stark,  
 Not into wintry muffled dark,  
     But heralded by stars divine,  
 May my life's latest evening ray  
     Melt into such a night as thine.

### SEPTEMBER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS

ALREADY Winter in his sombre round,  
 Before his time, hath touched these hills austere  
 With lonely flame. Last night, without a sound,  
 The ghostly frost walked out by wood and mere.  
 And now the sumach curls his frond of fire,  
 The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold,  
 And down the gullies the North's wild vibrant lyre  
     Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.

O'er this short afternoon the night draws down,  
 With ominous chill, across these regions bleak;  
 Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around  
 The purple loneliness of crag and peak,  
 Leaving the world an iron house wherein  
 Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been.

### THE LAST PRAYER

MASTER of life, the day is done;  
 My sun of life is sinking low;  
 I watch the hours slip one by one  
     And hark the night-wind and the snow.

And must thou shut the morning out,  
 And dim the eye that loved to see;  
 Silence the melody and rout,  
     And seal the joys of earth for me?

And must thou banish all the hope,  
     The large horizon's eagle-swim,

The splendour<sup>m</sup> of the far-off slope  
 That ran about the world's great rim,

That rose with morning's crimson rays  
 And grew to noonday's gloried dome,  
 Melting to even's purple haze  
 When all the hopes of earth went home ?

Yea, master of this ruined house,  
 The mortgage closed, outruns the lease ;  
 Long since is hushed the gay carouse,  
 And now the windowed lights must cease.

The doors all barred, the shutters up,  
 Dismantled, empty, wall and floor,  
 And now for one grim eve to sup  
 With death, the bailiff, at the door.

Yea, I will take the gloomward road  
 Where fast the arctic night sets in,  
 To reach the bourne of that abode  
 Which thou hast kept for all my kin,

And all life's splendid joys forgo,  
 Walled in with night and senseless stone,  
 If at the last my heart might know  
 Through all the dark one joy alone.

Yea, thou mayst quench the latest spark  
 Of life's weird day's expectancy,  
 Roll down the thunders of the dark  
 And close the light of life for me,

Melt all the splendid blue above  
 And let these magic wonders die,  
 If thou wilt only leave me Love,  
 And Love's heart-brother, Memory.

Though all the hopes of every race  
 Crumbled in one red crucible,  
 And melted mingled into space,  
 Yet, Master, thou wert merciful.

## THE VENGEANCE OF SAKI

WHEN the moon is red in the heaven, and under the night  
 Is heard on the winds the thunder of shadowy horses,  
 Then out of the night I arise, and again am a woman ;  
 And leap to the back of an ebon steed that knows me,  
 And hound him on in the wake of hoofs that thunder,  
 Of smoking nostrils, and gleaming eyes, and foam-flecked  
 Flanks that glow and flash in the flow of the moonlight ;  
 While under the mirk and the moon, out into the blackness,  
 Round the world's edge with an eerie, mad, echoing laughter,  
 Leaps the long cry of the hate of the wild snake-woman.

Ha ! Ha ! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder !  
 Ho ! Ho ! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter !  
 Ha ! Ha ! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence !  
 As under the night, out into the blackness forever,  
 Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman !

I was a girl of the South, with eyes as tender  
 And dreamy and soft and true as the skies of my people ;  
 But I was a slave and an alien captured in battle,  
 And brought to the North by a people ruder and stronger,  
 Who held me as naught but a toy, to be played with and broken,  
 Then thrown aside like a bow that is snapped asunder.  
 Lithe and supple my limbs as the sinuous serpent,  
 And quick as the eye and the tongue of the serpent mine anger  
 That flashed out the fire of my hate on the scorn of my scorners.  
 But hate soon softened to love, as fire into sunlight,  
 When my eyes met the eyes of the chieftain, my lord, and my  
 master.

Sweet as the flowers that bloom on the blossoming prairie,  
 Gladder than voices of fountains that dance in the sunlight,  
 Were the new and tremulous fancies that dwelt in my bosom ;  
 For he was my king and my sun, and the power of his glance  
 To me as at springtime the returning sun to the landscape,  
 And his touch and the sound of his voice that set my heart throbbing.

Sweet were the days of the summer I dwelt in his tent,  
 And glad and loving the nights that I lay on his bosom.  
 But woe, woe, woe, to the summer that fades into autumn,  
 And woe upon woe is the love that dwindles and dies ;

And ere my hot heart was abrim with its summer of loving  
 I knew that its autumn had come, that his love was another's—  
 A blue-eyed haughty captive they brought from the East,  
 Her hair like moving sunlight that rippled and ran  
 With the golden flow of a brook from her brow to her girdle.  
 He saw her, he looked on her face, and I was forgotten—  
 Yea, I and the love that fed on my soul in its anguish.

Ha! Ha! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder!  
 Ho! Ho! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter!  
 Ha! Ha! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence!  
 As under the night, out into the darkness forever,  
 Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman!

I bowed my head with its woe to him in my anguish;  
 I veiled my face in my hair like the night of my sorrow;  
 And I pled with him there by the love that was true and forgiving:  
 Oh! my lord and my love, by the days that are past of our loving,  
 Oh! slay thy poor Saki, but send her not forth in her anguish!  
 And I fell to the earth with my face, like the moon hid in heaven,  
 In the folds of my hair. But he sate there and uttered no answer;  
 And the white woman sate there, and scorned at the woe of my  
 sorrow.

Then I bit my tongue through that pled for the pity ungiven,  
 And I rose with my hate in my eyes, like the lightning in heaven  
 That leaps red to kill, with a hiss like the snake that they called  
 me;  
 And I looked on them there, and I cursed them, the man and the  
 woman—

The man whose lips had kissed my love into being,  
 And the woman whose beauty had withered that love into ashes—  
 With curses so dread and so deep that he rose up and smote me,  
 And hounded me forth like a dog to die in the desert.

Ha! Ha! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder!  
 Ho! Ho! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter!  
 Ha! Ha! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence!  
 As under the night, out into the blackness forever,  
 Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman!

Then wandered I forth an outcast hounded and beaten;  
 Careless whither I went or living or dying,

With that load of despair at my heartstrings wearing to madness.  
 Long and loud I laughed at the heaven that mocked me  
 With its beautiful sounds and its sights and the joy of its being,  
 For I longed but to die and to go to that region of darkness  
 Where I might shroud me and curse in my madness forever.  
 Far, oh far, I fled till my feet were wounded  
 And bruised and cut by the ways unkindly and cruel.  
 Then all the world grew red and the sun as a furnace,  
 And I raved till I knew no more for a horrible season.  
 Then I arose, and stood like one in a dream  
 Who, after long years of forgetting, sudden remembers  
 The dread wild cry of a wrong that clamours for righting.  
 Then sending a curse to the heart of the night sky, I turned me  
 And fled like the wind of the winter, the sound of whose footstep  
 is vengeance.

Late, when the moon had lowered, I entered his village,  
 And threading the silent streets came to the well-known tent-door.  
 And dragging aside the skins with serpentine motion  
 Entered now as a thief where once I had entered as mistress.  
 And there in the gleam of the moon, with the flame of her hair on  
 his bosom,  
 Lay the woman I hated as hell hates, the man I loved clasped to  
 her heart.

Ha! Ha! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder!  
 Ho! Ho! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter!  
 Ha! Ha! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence!  
 As under the night, out into the blackness forever,  
 Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman!

If hate could have slain they'd have shrivelled up there in the  
 moonlight;  
 But theirs was a sin too deep for the kiss of a knife-blade.  
 Long did I stand like a poisoned wind in a desert,  
 Grey and sad and despairing, and nursing my hate;  
 When out of the night, like one voice that calls to another,  
 Came the far-off neigh of a horse, and a mad joy leaped to my  
 veins,  
 And a thought curled into my heart as a serpent coils into a flower;  
 And I turned me, and left them there in their foolish love and their  
 slumber  
 That my hot heart hissed was their last.

Then hurrying out of the door that flapped in the night wind I fled,  
 With a pent-up hunger of hate that maddened to burst from its  
 sluices,  
 And came to a place on the plain far up and out from the village,  
 Where tethered in rows of hurdles, champing and restless and  
 neighing,  
 Half a thousand horses were herded under the night.

Ha ! Ha ! I live it anew, I dream it again in my madness.  
 I see that moving ocean of shimmering flanks in the moonlight.  
 I snatch a brand from a watchfire that smoulders and dwindles ;  
 I creep around to the side of the herd remote from the village,  
 I cry a low call, that is answered by a neigh and a whinny.  
 Then I leap to the back of an ebon stallion that knows me.  
 'Tis but the cut of a thong, a cry in the night,  
 A fiery waving brand like lightning to thunder,  
 A terrified moaning and neighing, a heaving of necks and of haunches ;  
 A bound, a rush, a crack of a thong, then a whirlwind of hoofs !  
 Like a sweep of a wave on a beach we are thundering onwards,  
 Neck and neck in the wake of my hate, that ever before us  
 Clamours from heaven to hell in its terrible vengeance !  
 With neck outstretched and mad eyes agleam in the gloaming,  
 I see on ahead the sleeping huts in the moonlight.

Ha ! Ha ! they will rest well under the sleep that we bring them !  
 See, see, we are nearing them now ; the first wild thundering hoof-  
 beats  
 Have ridden them down, 'mid the shriekings and groanings of  
 anguish,  
 Blotting them out with their loves and their hates into blackness.  
 Ha ! Ha ! ride, ride, my beauties, my terrible trampers !  
 Pound, pound into dust the mother, the child, and the husband !  
 Pound, pound to the pulse of my hate that exults in your thunders !  
 Ha ! over the little ones nestled to suckle the bosom ;  
 Over the man that I loved, we thunder, we thunder !  
 Over the woman I hate with the flame of her hair on his bosom ;  
 Trampling, treading them down out into silence and blackness.  
 Like the swirl of a merciless storm we sweep on to darkness forever !

And now, when the moon is in heaven, and under the night  
 Is heard on the winds the thunder of shadowy horses,  
 Then out of the dark I arise, and again am a woman ;

And leap to the back of an ebon steed that knows me,  
 And hound him on in the wake of hoofs that thunder ;  
 Whilo under the mirk and the moon, out into the blackness,  
 Round the world's edge with an eerie, mad, echoing laughter,  
 Leaps the long cry of the hate of the wild snake-woman.

Ha ! Ha ! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder !  
 Ho ! Ho ! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter !  
 Ha ! Ha ! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence !  
 As under the night, out into the blackness forever,  
 Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman !

## VICTORIA

(*Jubilee Ode*, A.D. 1897)

WITH thunder of cannon and far-off roll of drum,  
 And martial music blaring forth her glory,  
 'Mid miles of thronging millions down each street  
 Where all the earth is bound in one heart-beat,  
 The world's great Empire's greatest Queen doth come,  
 Borne on one mighty, rocking, earthquake voice  
 Wherein all peoples of wide earth rejoice—  
 She comes, she comes, to beat of martial drums,  
 And pageants blazoning England's ancient story :  
 The good, grey Queen whose majesty and worth  
 Have lent their radiance to remotest earth ;  
 While the splendour and might and power of her mighty empire  
     bound her ;

And the serried millions, mad with joy, are near her,  
 All to love her, none to fear her,  
 But nearer far than power, than splendour dearer,  
 The surging love of her loved people round her.

She comes, she comes, encircled by her people,  
 While praise to Heaven peals out from tower and steeple,  
 Into the great cathedral, hushed and dim,  
 With thankful heart and humble, queenly head  
 Over the sleep of England's mighty dead,  
 To render up her heart's best thoughts to Him,  
 The King of kings—'mid hush of priestly tread,  
 And gloried anthem's solemn pealing hymn.  
 The mighty millions, awed, now bow the head,

Thank Heaven for her simple, noble life.  
 Earth's queenliest Empress, mother, daughter, wife !  
 Thank Heaven for all she held her dearest own !  
 Forgiveness for the weakness she hath known !  
 Blessings on her wise, old widowed head,  
 For what her life is now, and what her life hath been,  
 Noble mother, wife and Queen !

Let the mighty organs roll, and the mighty throng disperse !  
 She is ours, and we are hers.  
 And both are Britain's. Both to Britain's God  
 Lift up the heart-felt praise for the might of splendid days,  
 For the glory that hath been.

Let the cannon thunder out, and the miles of voices shout :—  
 Victoria !  
 Let the bells peal out afar, till the rocket tells the star,  
 And the ocean shouts its pæan to the thunder-answering bar :  
 England's glory, Britain's pride,  
 Revered of half a world beside,  
 O good, grey Queen, Victoria !

Daughter of monarchs, mother of kings ;  
 All her sorrows we have shared ;  
 All her triumphs they are ours.  
 Kind Heaven, that virtue still endowers,  
 Be with her, may her path be flowers ;  
 Be with her, may her days be spared !  
 Death aloof, with shadowing wings,  
 Unto nature's latest hours !  
 Daughter of monarchs, mother of kings,  
 O good, grey Queen, Victoria !

Let all feuds of faction die,  
 Let all blaring party bugles cease to blow,  
 Let insincero and base detraction lie,  
 With sore defeat and bitterness, her carping sisters, low,  
 In this one supremest hour,  
 Day of Britain's ancient power,  
 Day of all her golden dower,  
 Of victory-towering centuries, tower on tower !

Let all hatreds be forgot,  
 All bitterness be swept away,  
 Remembering only the glory of our lot  
 In this century-honouring day !  
 Celt and Scot and Saxon, let us only know,  
 A mighty Queen comes to her own at last,  
 Her people's love and reverence—as the glow  
 Of some splendid western heaven,  
 Deepening into richer even,  
 Ere it purples to the vast.

Past the mailèd gates of fears,  
 The hooded menace of the years,  
 Where rang the iron voices rolling on her ears,  
 Of royal dreams the requiem and pall ;  
 And awful fates of thrones foredoomed to fall ;  
 Our agèd Queen, on this glad day she stands,  
 Amid the throbbings of her land's great love,  
 Firm in her rule, her faith in God above,  
 Earth's golden keys of happiness in her hands.  
 O splendid life of Britain's splendid days !  
 O noble soul, above all blame or praise !  
 O fame that will outlast our little fame !  
 O long-enduring honour greater than time or death !  
 O name that will outlive even that immortal name,  
 England's more ancient glory, the great Elizabeth !

And we, thy loyal subjects far away  
 In these new lands that own thy sceptre's sway,  
 Betwixt thy Royal Isle and far Cathay—  
 Across the thunder of the western foam,  
 O good, grey Queen, our hearts go home, go home,  
 To thine and thee !  
 We are thine own while empires rise and wane,  
 We are thine own for blessing or for bane,  
 And, come the shock of thundering war again,  
 For death or victory !

Not that we hate our brothers to the south,  
 They are our fellows in the speech of mouth,  
 They are our wedded kindred, our own blood,  
 The same world-evils we and they withstood,

Our aims are theirs, one common future good—  
 Not that we hate them, but that there doth lie  
 Within our hearts a golden fealty  
 To Britain, Britain, Britain, till the world doth die.

And him we send thee as our greatest son,  
 The people's choice, to whose firm hand is given  
 The welfare of our country under heaven ;  
 No truer son hast thou in all thy coasts,  
 No wiser, kindlier, stronger, Britain boasts,  
 Our knightly leader, Norman in his blood,  
 But truest Briton in heart and speech and mind,  
 Belovèd well of all his fellow-kind,  
 In statesmanship our nation's highest mood,  
 Our silver-tongued and golden-hearted one.  
 In every inch and every thought a man,  
 Our noblest type, ideal Canadian !  
 Receive him, 'mid those, greatest, thou dost own,  
 Thy mighty empire-builders, bastioning round thy throne.

O England's latest, greatest Queen,  
 Greatness more great than all her greatness that hath been,  
 Under thy sceptre the outmost continents hang,  
 And trackless oceans thunder out their surges.  
 These are thy realms. Never in earth's old story  
 Hath Queen of earthly realm owned such resplendent glory,  
 Not golden Homer such wondrous kingdoms sang ;  
 Round earth's wide girdle thy mighty empire verges,  
 Out-splendouring all prophecy of olden days.

Thou latest and greatest on that throne whose base  
 Withstood the shock of centuries, still withstands  
 The lowering hate of Europe's iron bands,  
 In thy true keeping shall that sceptre be  
 A golden wand of happiness to the free  
 Who call thee Queen from outmost sea to sea ;  
 That throne to them a mighty lighthouse tower,  
 A truth-compelling majesty of light  
 Blinding the mists of ignorance and night,  
 Where round its base throughout the centuries' flight  
 Thunder in vain earth's hosts upon its iron power.

## ENGLAND

ENGLAND, England, England,  
 Girdled by ocean and skies,  
 And the power of a world, and the heart of a race,  
 And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,  
 Wherever a true heart beats,  
 Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,  
 Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,  
 Wherever the glories of liberty grow,  
 'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye who dwell in the shadow  
 Of the century's sculptured piles,  
 Where sleep our century-honoured dead  
 While the great world thunders overhead,  
 And far out miles on miles,  
 Beyond the smoke of the mighty town,  
 The blue Thames dimples and smiles ;  
 Not yours alone the glory of old,  
 Of the splendid thousand years,  
 Of Britain's might and Britain's right,  
 And the brunt of British spears.  
 Not yours alone, for the great world round,  
 Ready to dare and do,  
 Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,  
 With the Northman's sinew and heart and brain,  
 And the Northman's courage for blessing or bane,  
 Are England's heroes too.

North and south and east and west,  
 Wherever their triumphs be,  
 Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle,  
 Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,  
 With the green isle under her lee ;  
 And if ever the smoke of an alien gun  
 Should threaten her iron repose,

Shoulder to shoulder against the world,  
 Face to face with her foes,  
 Scot and Celt and Saxon are one  
 Where the glory of England goes.

And we of the newer and vaster West,  
 Where the great war-banners are furled,  
 And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,  
 And the cannon are silent along our coasts,  
 Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim  
 A part in the glory and pride and aim  
 Of the Empire that girdles the world.

England, England, England,  
 Wherever the daring heart,  
 By Arctic floe or torrid strand,  
 Thy heroes play their part ;  
 For as long as conquest holds the earth,  
 Or commerce sweeps the sea,  
 By orient jungle or western plain,  
 Will the Saxon spirit be :  
 And whatever the people that dwell beneath,  
 Or whatever the alien tongue,  
 Over the freedom and peace of the world  
 Is the flag of England flung.  
 Till the last great freedom is found  
 And the last great truth be taught,  
 Till the last great deed be done  
 And the last great battle is fought ;  
 Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great fight  
 And the war-wolf is dead in his den—  
 England, breeder of hope and valour and might,  
 Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,  
 Till honour and valour are dead,  
 Till the world's great cannons rust,  
 Till the world's great hopes are dust,  
 Till faith and freedom be fled,  
 Till wisdom and justice have passed  
 To sleep with those who sleep in the many-chambered vast,  
 Till glory and knowledge are charnelled dust in dust,

To all that is best in the world's unrest,  
 In heart and mind you are wed.  
 While out from the Indian jungle  
 To the far Canadian snows,  
 Over the East and over the West,  
 Over the worst and over the best,  
 The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,  
 The blood-red ensign blows.

## SEBASTIAN CABOT

## I

VENICE and England cradled,  
 Could this seaman be  
 Other than Ocean's child,  
 With heart less restless than that vast and wild  
 Great heart of the thrilling sea ?  
 Wakened to her long thunders,  
 Cradled in her soft voice,  
 Could other voice of all earth's voices sweet  
 Make his stern heart rejoice ?  
 Yea, this was better than all, greater than all to him,  
 Truer than youth's mad whim,  
 The only love of his youth, the only lore of his age,  
 To gaze on her vast tumultuous scroll,  
 To pore on her wrinkled page ;—  
 For he was very soul of her soul,  
 And she meet mother for him.

## II

Over the hazy distance,  
 Beyond the sunset's rim,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Those voices called to him.  
 Westward, westward, westward,  
 The sea sang in his head ;  
 At morn in the busy harbour,  
 At nightfall on his bed ;  
 Westward ! westward ! westward !

Over the line of breakers,  
 Out of the distance dim,  
 For ever the foam-white fingers  
 Beckoning, beckoning him.

## III

This was no common spirit,  
 This sailor of old Bristowe,  
 Not one of the mart-made helots  
 Such as the world doth know ;  
 But a bronzed and rugged veteran  
 Adrift in the vanguard's flow,  
 A son of the world's great highway  
 Where the mighty storm-winds blow.

## IV

All honour to this grand old pilot  
 Whose flag is struck, whose sails are furled,  
 Whose ship is beached, whose voyage ended ;  
 Who sleeps somewhere in sod unknown,  
 Without a slab, without a stone,  
 In that great island sea-impearled ;  
 Yea, reverence with honour blended  
 For this old seaman of the past,  
 Who braved the leagues of ocean hurled,  
 Who out of danger knowledge rended,  
 And built the bastions sure and fast  
 Of that great bridgeway grand and vast  
 Of golden commerce round the world.

All honour ! Yea, a day shall come,  
 If glory lives in human rhyme,  
 When our poor faltering lips are dumb,  
 A greater and more splendid time,  
 When larger men of mightier aim  
 Shall do meet honour to his name.

Yea, honour ! only greatness keeps  
 Its sanctuary where this seaman sleeps ;  
 This old Venetian, Briton-born,  
 Who held of fear a hero's scorn,

Who nailed his colours to the mast,  
 Who sought in reverence for the true,  
 And found it in the rifting blue

Of those broad furrows of the vast :  
 Who knew no honours, held no state,  
 But in his ruggedness was great ;  
 Who, like some sea-shell, in him felt  
 The universe of ocean dwelt,  
 Whose whole true being Nature cast,  
 Like his own ocean spaces, vast.

## V

Yea, he is dead, this mighty seaman !

Four long centuries ago,  
 Beating westward, ever westward,  
 Beating out from old Bristowe,  
 Saw he far, in visions lifted,  
 Down the golden sunset's glow,  
 Through the bars of twilight rifted,  
 All the glories that we know.  
 Beating westward, ever westward,  
 Over heaving leagues of brine ;  
 Buffeted by Arctic scurries,  
 Languid trade-winds from the line,  
 With a courage heaven-gifted  
 And a fortitude divine.

Yea, he is dead, but who shall say

That all the splendid deeds he wrought,  
 That all the lofty truths he taught  
 (If truth be knowledge nobly sought),  
 Are dead and vanished quite away.  
 Nay, nay, he lives, and such as he,  
 In every lofty human dream,  
 In every true sublimity  
 That splendours earth and makes it teem  
 With inward might and majesty,  
 This grand old pilot of Bristowe,  
 Incarnate, comes to earth again,  
 As when, four hundred years ago,  
 He swept, in storm and shine and snow,  
 Athwart the thunders of the main.

## VI

Greater far than shaft or storied fane,  
 Than bronze and marble blent,  
 Greater than all the honours he could gain  
 From a nation's high intent ;  
 He sleeps alone in his great isle, unknown,  
 With the chalk-cliffs all around him for his mighty graveyard stone,  
 And the league-long sounding roar  
 Of old Ocean for evermore  
 Beating, beating, about his rest,  
 For fane and monument.

## THE WORLD-MOTHER

(SCOTLAND)

By crag and lonely moor she stands,  
 This mother of half a world's great men,  
 And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,  
 Or orient jungle or western fen.

And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,  
 Or where the desert-places keep  
 Their lonely hush, her children toil,  
 Or wrapt in wide-world honour sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave,  
 She kens her latest heroes rest,  
 With Scotland's honour o'er each grave,  
 And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home.—Her mother love  
 Keeps crooning windsongs o'er their graves,  
 Where Arthur's castle looms above,  
 Or Strathy storms or Solway raves,

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends  
 In olden love of clouds and dew ;  
 Where Trossach unto Stirling sends  
 Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,  
Her dust of legend in her breast,  
'Neath agèd Dryburgh's aisle and keep,  
Her Wizard Walter takes his rest ;

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,  
More loved than any singer loved  
By heart of man amid those rare,  
High souls the world hath tried and proved,

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,  
Wherever Scotsmen greet together,  
And, far-out alien scenes among,  
Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.

And he, her latest wayward child,  
Her Louis of the magic pen,  
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,  
Far, far, alas, from misted glen ;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,  
Beyond all common poet's whim ;—  
In dreams the whaups are calling low,  
In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none  
E'er drew the blade of daring forth ;  
Her Colin<sup>1</sup> under Indian sun,  
Her Donald<sup>2</sup> of the fighting North,

Or he, her greatest hero, he,  
Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus' sands,  
Grave Gordon, mightiest of those free,  
Great captains of her fighting bands,

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,  
Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,  
To free the wave or win the shore,  
She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

<sup>1</sup> Colin Campbell, hero of Lucknow.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Donald Mackay, 1st Lord Reay, whose Mackay Dutch Regiment was famous in the Thirty Years' War.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide  
 By purpling peak or reeling foam,  
 From western ridge or orient side  
 She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far, from east to western sea,  
 The answering word comes back to her,  
 "Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,  
 We answered to the blood astir ;

"The life by Kelpie loch was dull,  
 The homeward, slothful work was done,  
 We followed where the world was full,  
 To dree the weird our fates had spun.

"We built the brig, we reared the town,  
 We spanned the earth with lightning gleam,  
 We ploughed, we fought, 'mid smile and frown,  
 Where all the world's four corners teem.

"But under all the surge of life,  
 The mad race-fight for mastery,  
 Though foremost in the surgent strife,  
 Our hearts went back, went back, to thee."

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,  
 And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken,  
 But through all the yearnings of men that go,  
 His heart is the heart of the northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,  
 And the humming pipes of the squirling din ;  
 And his love is the love of the shieling door,  
 And the smell of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood  
 Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,  
 'Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,  
 He yearns to the Mother of men at last.

For there's something strong and something true  
 In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown ;

And something great in the blood so blue,  
That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,  
He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,  
For there's never a toil in a far countrie,  
But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,  
He weaves their creeds with an iron twist,  
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,  
He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

. . . . .

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,  
This mother of half a world's great men,  
And out of the heart of her haunted lands  
She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors  
She peers so still as she counts her cost,  
With the whaups low calling over the moors,  
"Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost."

### THE LAZARUS OF EMPIRE <sup>1</sup>

THE Celt, he is proud in his protest,  
The Scot, he is calm in his place,  
For each has a word in the ruling and doom  
Of the empire that honours his race :  
And the Englishman, dogged and grim,  
Looks the world in the face as he goes,  
And he holds a proud lip, for he sails his own ship,  
And he cares not for rivals nor foes ;  
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,  
And horizon so servile and tame,  
Sits the poor beggar Colonial  
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

<sup>1</sup> Written before the Boer War.

He knows no place in her councils,  
 He holds no part in the word  
 That girdles the world with its thunders  
 When the fiat of Britain is heard ;  
 He beats no drums to her battles,  
 He gives no triumphs her name,  
 But lowest and last, with his areas vast,  
 He feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

How long, O how long, the dishonour,  
 The servile and suppliant place ?  
 Are we Britons who batten upon her,  
 Or degenerate sons of the race ?  
 It is souls that make nations, not numbers,  
 As our forefathers proved in the past,  
 Let us take up the burden of empire,  
 Or nail our own flag to the mast.  
 Doth she care for us, value us, want us,  
 Or are we but pawns in the game ;  
 Where lowest and last, with our areas vast,  
 We feed on the crumbs of her fame ?

### HER LOOK

TIME may set his fingers there,  
 Fix the smiles that curve about  
 Her winsome mouth, and touch her hair,  
 Put the curves of youth to rout ;  
 But the "something" God put there,  
 That which drew me to her first,—  
 Not the imps of pain and care,  
 Not all sorrow's fiends accurst,  
 Can kill the look that God put there.

Something beautiful and rare  
 Nothing common can destroy ;  
 Not all the leaden load of care,  
 Not all the dross of earth's alloy ;  
 Better than all fame or gold,  
 True as only God's own truth,  
 It is something all hearts hold  
 Who have loved once in their youth.

That sweet look her face doth hold  
 Thus will ever be to me ;  
 Joy may all her pinions fold.  
 Care may come, and misery ;  
 Through the days of murk and shine,  
 Though the roads be foul or fair,  
 I will see through love's glad eyne  
 That sweet look that God put there.

## THE WAYFARER

HE woke with the dawning,  
 Met eyes with the sun,  
 And drank the wild rapture  
 Of living begun.

But he went with the moment  
 To follow the clue,  
 Ere the first red of dawning  
 Had drunk the blue dew.

Follow him, follow him,  
 Where the world will,  
 Under the sunlight  
 By meadow and hill,

Down the blue distance,  
 Round the world's rim,  
 Where the hosts of the future  
 Are horning for him.

Follow him, call to him,  
 Pray to him, Sweet,  
 Tell him the morning  
 Is fresh for his feet ;

Sing him the rapture,  
 The glamour, the gleam,  
 Of pearly dew-azure  
 That curtains the stream ;

Sing the glad thrush-note  
 That never knew pain,  
 But sing him and call him  
 And pray him in vain.

For ere the red dewdrop  
 In sunlight was pearly,  
 He heard that mad ocean  
 That whelms the world,—

Yea, heard that voice calling  
 Past sunlight and dew,—  
 That rarest, alluringest,  
 Ever heart knew,

That siren of sunrise,  
 That weaver of songs,—  
 Till the heart of man hearkens  
 And gladdens and longs,

Till o'er the blue distance,  
 As opens the rose,  
 The yearning impulsion  
 Of all his life goes,

And many a dragon  
 Chimera so grim,  
 Down the dream of the morning  
 Is vanquished by him.

Yea, sing to him, call him through  
 Heartache in vain;  
 But the gladdest day wakened  
 To glory, must wane.

And the noonday he longed for  
 To fierce light will burn,  
 And the battles he wages  
 Grow bitter and stern,

And the surge of life sink  
 To the moan of a bar,

And the hopes of the morning  
Grow hollow and far ;

And the road that he follows,  
Less luring and true,  
Till he longs for a whiff  
Of the morning he knew.

For he hears thy far singing,  
That lures not in vain,  
Till he comes to thy beauty  
Of morning again.

But the roads of returning  
Are never the same  
As the sweet dewy meadows  
Of morning we came.

But the song of alluring  
Is ever as true,  
To lead the heart back  
To the beauty it knew.

And vain the mad magic  
Where life's glories burn,  
For the heart of the yearner  
Who longs to return.

For he hears that voice calling,  
Voiced never in vain,  
To world-heart weary  
For all dreamings fain.

And he hears the low grasses,  
The green tents of sod,  
From rooftrees of slumber  
As voices of God.

And the spinning and turning,  
Of madness amain,  
Fade out from his dreaming  
As night from the pane ;

When the rosy-red splendour  
 In dew-dreams impearled,  
 From ashes of slumber,  
 Lifts over the world.

Yea, back to those echoes  
 Of bugles that blew,  
 Heart-weary, life-broken,  
 He wanders to you ;

Yea, back to his truest,  
 Those far broken gleams  
 Of that rosy-red, morning-lit  
 House of his dreams,

Where all hours were splendid,  
 And all hearts held true,  
 In those glory-lit visions  
 Of beauty and you.

Yea, call to him, cry to him,  
 Mother of all ;  
 You lit his youth's torches,  
 You saw their flames fall.

You loved him, upheld him,  
 This child of your breast ;  
 And now give him surcease  
 In dreamings and rest.

Your note was the one note  
 He heard in the fray,  
 That bore him far out  
 In the heat of the day ;

Your call is the one call  
 That beckons him home  
 When day-fires darken  
 By forest and foam ;

When o'er all the heartache,  
 The visions untrue,

Love draws her dim curtains  
Of duskfire and dew ;

While the bells ring for slumber  
As out of the deep,  
Come pleading those velvet-winged  
Spirits of sleep.

And there at your doorways  
Of slumber he stands,  
Like him of old Horeb,  
And sees his heart's lands ;

While under the white awe  
Of planets that swim,  
Knows dawning and even  
As one world to him.

### TO THE OTTAWA

Out of the northern wastes, lands of winter and death,  
Regions of ruin and age, spaces of solitude lost,  
You wash and thunder and sweep,  
And dream and sparkle and creep,  
Turbulent, luminous, large,  
Scion of thunder and frost.

Down past woodland and waste, lone as the haunting of even,  
Of shrivelled and wind-moaning night when Winter hath wizened  
the world ;  
Down past hamlet and town,  
By marshes, by forests that frown,  
Brimming their desolate banks,  
Your tides to the ocean are hurled.

### DEPARTURE

OLD house now ruined, wrecked and grey,  
Home once enshrined of love's delight  
And all glad promise of the May,  
Now hushed in shades of wintry night,—

Once garment of a thousand loves,  
 Now but a shroud of glooming stone,—  
 While sad October moans and roves,  
 Old house, old house, we are alone !

We are alone ; yea, you and I,  
 Who dreamed old summers in their prime ;  
 Now sad and late, to see them die  
 Along this ruined verge of time.

Old rooms now empty, once so bright,—  
 Staircases climbed of gladdening feet,  
 Dark windows erstwhile filled with light  
 Where now but rains of autumn beat :—

Where now but lorn months call and call,  
 And sea and gust and night complain,—  
 With ghost-boughs shadowing on the wall,  
 Or dead vines knocking at the pane.

Old place, whose ceilings, walls and floors  
 Still redolent of love and May,  
 Once more, once more, I leave your doors,  
 Into the night I take my way.

Huge yawning hearths, once flaming bright  
 On many a well-loved face and form  
 Long gathered out unto the night  
 To meet the vastness and the storm,—

Into the night ; where I, too, go,  
 Beyond your sheltering walls and doors ;  
 Where death's October drives his woe  
 Over a thousand midnight moors,

Beyond your sheltering, where I beat  
 To sleep with stars of dark o'ergleamed,  
 Or breast the night of moan and sleet  
 To meet that morn a world hath dreamed.

Hath dreamed ? Hope-hungering heart hath read,  
 And carolled morning-lifted lark !

Yea, back of all this muffled dread  
 Perchance some splendour rifts the dark;

Yea, though no magic reach its gleams,  
 Nor heart of doubting prove it true,  
 Old house, beloved, of my dead dreams,  
 While I go forth from love and you.

## PHAETHON

I PHAETHON, dwelling in that golden house,  
 Which Hephaistos did build for my great sire,  
 Old Helios, king of glowing heaven and day;  
 Knowing this life but mortal in its span,  
 Hedged in by puling youth and palsied age,  
 Where poor men crawl like insects, knowing pain  
 And mighty sorrow to the gates of death;  
 Besought the god my father by his love  
 To grant me that which I did long for most  
 Of all things great in earth and heaven and sea,  
 The which he granting in his mighty love,—  
 Of all things splendid under the splendid sky  
 Built of old by toil of ancient gods,  
 To me the dearest; for one round golden day,  
 To stand in his great chariot built of fire,  
 And chase the rosy hours from dawn to dusk,  
 Guiding his fleeting steeds o'er heaven's floors.  
 He gave to me.—No god yet brake his word.  
 Speaking to me in sorrow: "O my son,  
 Know what my foolish pride hath made for thee.  
 That mortal life which is to men a span,  
 From childhood unto youth, and manhood's prime,  
 Reaching on out to happy olden age,  
 For thee must shrink into one woeful day.  
 For, O my son, impetuous in thy pride,  
 Who would be as the gods and ape their ways,  
 And sacrilegious leave thy mortal bounds,—  
 Know thou must die upon that baleful day,  
 That terrible day of days thou mountest up  
 To ride that chariot never mortal rode,  
 And drive those steeds that never man hath driven."

Then I—"My father, know me, thine own son,  
 Better to me to live one day a god,  
 Going out in some great flame of death,  
 Than live this weary life of common men,  
 Misunderstood, misunderstanding still,  
 Half wakeful, moving dimly in a dream,  
 Confused, phantasmic, men call history ;  
 Chasing the circles of the perishing suns,  
 The summers and dim winters, hating all,  
 Heart-eaten for a longing ne'er attained,  
 Despising all things named of earth or heaven,  
 Or mortal birth that they should ever be ;  
 Knowing within this mystery of my being,  
 This curbed heredity, lies a latent dream  
 Of some old vanished, banished, lease of being,  
 When life was life and man's soul lived its hour,  
 Uncurbed, uncabined, like the mighty gods,  
 Vast, splendid, capable and heraclean,  
 To drain the golden beaker of his days."  
 Thus I—"My father, I am over weary,  
 Chained in this summer-plot of circumstance,  
 Beaten by fearful custom, childish, chidden,  
 Hounded of cruel wolves of superstition,  
 And rounded by a petty wall of time,  
 Plodding the dreary years that wend their round,  
 Aping the sleeping, sensual life of beasts,  
 Fearful of all things, dreading mostly death,  
 Past pain and age and all their miseried end,  
 Where all must rot, who smile and weep and sleep,  
 And be a part of all this grim corruption.  
 Nay, better to me than the long-measured draught,  
 Trickling out through many anxious years,  
 Iron-eaten, haggard, to the place of death—  
 To drain my flagon of life in one glad draught,—  
 To live, to love, aspire, and dare all things ;  
 Be all I am and others ought to be,  
 Real man or demi-god, to blossom my rose,  
 To scale my heights, to live my vastest dream,  
 To climb, to be, and then, if chance my fate,  
 To greatly fall."

Then my great father, laden  
 With woe divine, "My son, take thou thy way ;

As thou hast chosen, thus 'twill be to thee ;”  
 And passing, darkened down his godlike face  
 And shadowed splendour thence for evermore.

'Twas night ambrosial down the orient meads,  
 With stars like winking pearls, far-studding heaven,  
 And dews all glorious on the bending stem,  
 Odorous, passionate as the rose of sleep  
 Half-budded on the throbbing heart of night ;  
 And in the east a glowing sapphire gloomed,  
 When I awoke and lifted up mine eyes,  
 And saw through rose and gold and vermeil dyes  
 And splendid mists of azure hung with pearl,  
 Half-hid, half-seen, as life would apprehend,  
 As in a sleep, the presence of dim death  
 And fate and terrible gods, the ear of day.

Like morn within the morning, glad, it hung,  
 Light hid in light, swift blinding all who saw,  
 Dazzled, its presence ; motionless though vibrate,  
 Where it did swing athwart the deep-welled night,  
 The heart of morning in the folds of dark,  
 Pulsating sleep, and conquering death with life ;  
 So glowed its glory, folded, cloud in cloud,  
 Gold within azure, purple shut in gold,  
 The bud of morning pulsing ere it break,  
 And spill its splendours many vermeil-dyed,  
 Reddening Ocean to his utmost rim.

Here charmèd dreams and drowsèd magic hung,  
 And wingèd hopes and rosy joys afloat  
 Filled all the air, and I was short aware  
 That this was life, and this mine hour supreme,  
 To seize and act and be one with the gods.  
 So dreamed I reckless when to think, to act,  
 And moved, elate, with quick life-flaming step  
 Athwart the meadow's budding asphodels,  
 Song on my lip, and life at heart and eye,  
 Exultant, breathing flame of pride and power.

Joy rose and sang, a bird, across the fields,  
 Hope's rosy wings shot trembling to the blue,

And courage with dauntless steps before me went,  
 Brushing the veils of fierce cobwebby fires.  
 And there, before me, sprawled grim ancient Power,  
 A hideous Ethiop, huge in sodden sleep,  
 The golden reins clutched in his titan hands.  
 I snatched, leaped, shouted; morning rose in flame,  
 And ashweed paled to lily, lily blushed  
 To ruddy crocus, crocus flamed to rose,  
 And out of all, borne on the floors of light,  
 I floated, gloried, up the orient walls,  
 And all things woke, and sang of conquering day.

Higher, yet higher, out of fiery mists,  
 Filling those meadows of the dew-built dawn,  
 Gloried and glorying, power clutched in my hand,  
 Wreathed about in terrible splendours, I drave,  
 Glowing, the dawn's gold coursers, champing steam  
 Of snow and pearly foam from golden bridles,  
 Forged in blue eidolon forges of the night,  
 Beaten on steely anvils of the stars.  
 These, champing, reared their fetlocks; breathing flame  
 In red, dew-draining lances, thundered on,  
 'Whelming night, as golden stair by stair  
 They climbed the glimmering bridgeway of the day.

Far under, wreathed in mists, old ocean swayed;  
 And, cyclops-like, the bearded mountains hung.  
 Vast shining rivers with their brimming floors  
 And broad curved courses gleamed and glanced and shone,  
 And loneliness and gloom and grey despair  
 With sombre hauntings fled to shuddering night,  
 Hidden in caves and coral glooms of seas.  
 Low down the east the morn's ambrosial meads  
 Sank in soft splendours. Sphering out below,  
 Gilded in morning, anchored the patient earth,  
 Mountain and valley, ocean and wide plain,  
 Opening to dawn's young footsteps where we wheeled,  
 And blossomed wide the rosebud of the day.  
 Glory was mine, but greater, sense of power,  
 Nor marred by fear, as loftier we climbed,  
 With glinting hoofs, that clanged the azure bridge  
 That arched from dawning up to flaming noon.

Dauntless my soul, and fiery-glad my heart,  
 And "vastness," "vastness," sang through all my being,  
 As gloved with adamant I guided on  
 The day's red coursers up their flaming hill,  
 To reach the mighty keystone of the day.

All things conspired to build my upward road :  
 The fitful winds of morning, the soft clouds,  
 That fleece-like swept my cheek, the azure glint  
 Of ocean swaying, restless, on his rim,  
 Where slept the continents like a serpent curled  
 In sleep, leviathan, huge, about the world.

Then sudden all my waking turned to dream,  
 A madness wherein, hideous, all things hung,  
 Thought fled confused, and awful apprehension  
 Shadowed my spirit, power and reason fled ;  
 And, maddening, day's red coursers thundered on,  
 Uncurbed, unguided by my palsied hand.  
 Then with loud ruin, blundering from the bridge,  
 Through space went swaying, now high up, now down,  
 Scattering conflagration and fierce death  
 O'er earth's shrunk verges where their scorplings scarred.  
 Time fled in terror, forests shrivelled up,  
 Ocean drew back in shudderings to his caves,  
 Huge mountains shook and rumbled to their base,  
 Great streams dried up, old cities smoked and fell,  
 And all life met confusion and despair,  
 And dread annihilation.

Then the gods,

Pitying wrecked nature, in their sudden vengeance,  
 Me, impious, hurled from out my dizzying height.  
 Time vanished, reason swooned, then left her throne,  
 And darkness wrapt me as I shuddering fell,  
 Oblivion-clouded, to the plunging seas.  
 Ocean received me, folding in his deeps,  
 Cooling and emerald. Here in coral dreams  
 I rest and cure me, never wholly waking,  
 Filled with one splendour, fumbling in a dream,  
 As waves do fumble all about a cave,  
 For one clear memory of that one high day.

I failed, was mortal ; where I climbed I fell.  
 But all else little matters ; life was mine,  
 I dreamed, I dared, I grappled with, I fell ;  
 And here I live it over in my dreams.  
 All things may pass, decline, and come to naught,  
 Death 'whelm life as day engulfed in dark ;  
 But I have greatly lived, have greatly dared,  
 And death will never wholly wrap me round  
 And black me in its terrors. I am made  
 One with the future, dwelling in the dreams  
 And memories dread of envious gods and men.

### THE HUMMING BEE

GLAD music of the summer's heart,  
 Jargoning from flower to flower,  
 A part of each unconscious hour  
 Until the happy days depart !

Thou dream-like toiler of the fields !  
 Each honeyed spot thou knowest well  
 Where Nature's heart her sweetness yields,  
 Some ruined trunk thy citadel ;  
 There buildest a home for Winter's hour  
 In some lone, sunlight-haunted place,  
 When all the year is at its power,  
 And June's high-tide on bank and bower  
 Mirrors in blossoms Nature's face.

At early morn by breathing wood,  
 Or in some dewy clover dell,  
 Tuning the young day's solitude,—  
 Or down the slumbrous afternoon  
 Rich-freighted, wingest thy tuneful way,  
 Self-musing, murmurous, musical,  
 Amid the whole world's dreamy swoon ;  
 Sole voice of all the drowsèd day,  
 Until the gradual shadows fall :—  
 Then, by some lonely pasture-fell  
 At ruddy eve when homeward come  
 Past deepening shade or fading ray

The weary children of the day,  
I hear thy joyous, drowsy hum,  
Till stars peep out and woods breathe low,  
And sounds of human toil grow dumb,  
And Night, the blessed, comes apace,  
Bending to Earth's her cooling face,  
While airs across the dark outblow :  
Then rocked on some glad blossom's breast,  
Thou dreamest to rest.

When Summer wanes to Autumn's age,  
And come the days of fate and rage,  
O happy Humming Bee !  
Then wilt thou sink to wintry sleep,  
When storms are hoarse along the deep,  
In hushed tranquillity.  
No more wilt wind thy subtle horn  
By dreamy eve or misty morn,  
When trees are leafless, pastures shorn.  
Ah me ! ah me !  
Could we, like thee, go down the days  
Of summer hush to autumn haze,  
Housing, with what we built before,  
The gold of all our memory's store  
And garnered thought ;  
So when the bleak December's hate  
Beat round the bastions of our fate,  
We, wrapt in wealth of honeyed dreams  
Of kindlier visions, far-off streams,  
Might heed it not.



COLLECTED POEMS

(1905)



## A DEDICATION

IN the struggling, darkened horde  
Of this world's wide moan,  
Dreamer of the golden reed,  
Thou must thrive alone.

Too busy in its fevered marts,  
Too eager in its strife,  
Where all would teach, and few would learn,  
We lose the larger life.

We pass the fields of magic by  
To reach the favoured place ;  
And sadly find our gods have gone  
With far averted face.

Eager to clutch the golden "then,"  
Or flee from out the fear,  
Too late we learn, too late, alas,  
We missed the gloried "here."

## POETRY

EARTH's godlike dream will never wholly die.  
It lingers while we linger, base or true—  
A part of all this being. Life may change,  
Old customs wither, creeds become as naught,  
Like autumn husks in rainwinds ; men may kill  
All memory of the greatness of the past,  
Kingdoms may melt, republics wane and die,  
New dreams arise and shake this jaded world ;

But that rare spirit of song will breathe and live  
 While beauty, sorrow, greatness hold for men  
 A kinship with the eternal ; until all  
 That earth holds noble wastes and fades away.  
 Wrong cannot kill it. Man's material dream  
 May scorn its uses, worship baser hope  
 Of life's high purpose, build about the world  
 A brazen rampart : through it all will come  
 The iron moan of life's unresting sea ;  
 And through its floors, as filtered blooms of dawn  
 Those flowers of dream will spring, eternal, sweet,  
 Speaking for God and man ; the infinite mystery  
 Will ever fold life round ; the mighty heart  
 Of earth's humanity ceaseless throb and beat  
 As round this globe the vasty deeps of sky,  
 And round earth's shores the wide, encompassing sea.  
 Outside this rind of hardened human strife  
 There lies this mantle of mighty majesty  
 Thought's cunning cannot probe, its science plumb.  
 Earth's schools of wisdom, in their darkness, spell  
 The common runes of knowledge ; but there lies  
 A greatness vast behind this taper gleam,  
 That stands for somewhat lore hath never weighed  
 In all its ponderings of thought-pulsing brain.  
 Shakespeare, the Mighty, touched it as he passed.  
 The Man in Uz did feel it, shook the folds  
 Of some great garment's hem of One who passed  
 The vasty gates of Orion at one stride.  
 All earth's high souls have felt it in their time,  
 Have risen to this mighty deep in thought,  
 Or worshipped in the blackness and the gleam.

Dream not because life's taper flame grows dim,  
 Man's soul grows wasted gazing on dull gold,  
 His spirit shrunk with canker of life's ill,  
 That earth's great nights will darken their splendours down,  
 Her dawns will fail to rise, this mighty world  
 Will cease to roll its vast appointed way ;  
 And beauty and love, and all that man holds sweet  
 For youth and age, the effort glad, the joy,  
 The memory of old greatness gone before,  
 Not hold their magic 'neath the Almighty Will.

Yea, 'tis eternal as the wave, the sky,  
 Changing for ever, never wholly passing,  
 A part of all this dream that will not die ;  
 It lives for ever. Years may fade and pass,  
 Youth's dream decline to age and death's decay,  
 Ills and sharp griefs, despairs and agonies come :  
 While earth remains, her spirit will not fail.  
 That greatness back of all will still console,  
 Man's life will still be sweet, its purpose glad,  
 The morn will still be morning, and the night  
 Star splendours arched above the eternal peace,  
 The eternal yearning, and the eternal dream.

### MY LIBRARY

You ask me where I get these thoughts,  
 These dreams melodious, mystical,  
 I read them in God's book of lore,  
 Wide open, splendid, by my door.

Its pages are the magic sky,  
 The wonder of the iron earth,  
 And all those dreams that time let fly  
 Since being's earliest birth.

I read them in those curious runes,  
 Those tragedies of love and strife,  
 That chart of memory-haunted dunes,  
 That demon angel-book that man calls life.

### LINES ON A SKELETON

THIS was the mightiest house that God e'er made,  
 This roofless mansion of the incorruptible.  
 These joists and bastions once bore walls as fair  
 As Solomon's palace of white ivory.  
 Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt,  
 Shakespeare's wit from these lorn walls looked down.  
 Sadness like the autumn made it bare,  
 Passion like a tempest shook its base,  
 And joy filled all its halls with ecstasy.

This was the home wherein all dreams of earth  
 And air and ocean, all supreme delights,  
 Made mirth and madness : wisdom pored alone,  
 And power dominion held and splendid hope,  
 And fancy like the delicate sunrise woke  
 To burgeoning thought and form and melody.

Beneath its dome the agony of the Jew,  
 The pride of Cæsar, or the hate of Cain,  
 The thought of Plato, or the heart of Burns  
 Once dwelt in some dim form of being's light.

Within these walls of wondrous structure, dread,  
 A magic lute of elfin melody  
 Made music immortal, such as never came  
 From out those ancient halls of Orphean song.

Love dreamed of it, and like a joy it rose.  
 Power shaped its firm foundations like the base  
 Of mountain majesty : and o'er its towers  
 Truth from fair windows made his light look down.

But came a weird and evil demon host,  
 Besieged its walls, destroyed its marvellous front,  
 Shattered its casements, dismantled all its dream,  
 And hurled it down from out its sunward height—  
 And now it lies bereft of all its joy  
 And pride and power and godlike majesty ;  
 The sport of elements and hideous mimes,  
 That blench its corridors, desecrate its rooms,  
 Where once dwelt love and beauty, joy and hope,  
 Now tenantless : save for the incurious wind,  
 And ghostlike rains that beat its bastions bare,  
 And evil things that creep its chambers through.

But whither thence is fled that tenant rare,  
 That weird indweller of this wasted house ?  
 Back from the petalled bloom withdraws the dew,  
 The melody from the shell, the day from heaven,  
 To build afar earth's resurrection morn.

And so, Love trusts, in some diviner air  
 The lord of this lorn mansion dwells in light  
 Of vaster beauty, vaster scope and dream ;  
 Where weariness and gladness satiate not,  
 Where power and splendid being know no ruin,  
 And evil greeds and envyings work no wrong.

### THE SOUL'S BATH

AT even when the roseate deeps  
 Of daylight dim from heaven's bars,  
 The soul her earth-worn garment slips,  
 And naked stands beneath the stars ;

And there unto that river vast,  
 That mighty tide of night, whose girth  
 With splendid planets, brimming past,  
 Doth wash the ancient rim of earth,

She comes and plunges in ; and laves  
 Her weariness in that vast tide,  
 That life-renewing deep, whose waves  
 Are wide as night is wide.

Then from the pure translucent flow  
 Of that unplumbed, invigorate sea,  
 Godlike in truth's white spirit-glow  
 She stands unshamed and free.

### THE DISCOVERERS

This poem is dedicated to the memory of all those great souls who, in days gone by, in the bold spirit of discovery, ventured out on the then trackless seas of the unknown West, in quest of this New World, which their undaunted zeal and enterprise has won for us, as a boon to the race and a blessing to mankind.

THEY feared no unknown, saw no horizon dark,  
 Counted no danger ; dreamed all seas their road  
 To possible futures ; struck no craven sail  
 For sloth or indolent cowardice ; steered their keels

O'er crests of heaving ocean, leagues of brine :  
 While Hope firm kept the tiller, Faith, in dreams,  
 Saw coasts of gleaming continents looming large  
 Beyond the ultimate of the sea's far rim.  
 Thus was it ever. Souls too great for sloth  
 And impotent ease, goaded by inward pain  
 Of some divine, great-yearning restlessness,  
 Who would not sit at home on servile shores  
 And take the good their fathers wrought in days  
 Long-ancient time-ward—reap what others sowed ;  
 But, nobler, sought to win a world their own,  
 Not conquered by others, but a virgin shore  
 Where men might build the future, rear new realms  
 Of human effort, forgetful of the past,  
 And all its ills and failure ; raising anew  
 The godlike dreams of genius ; knowing only  
 Immortal possibility of man  
 To grow to larger vastness, holier dreams,  
 Made certain in straight laws of human life  
 And national vision, lived in lofty lives  
 Of manhood strong and noblest womanhood.

So thus it was, and is, and e'er will be !  
 The ill we do we leave behind us as  
 The phantom cloak of yesterday's sleep, thrown off  
 At newer waking to life's splendid dawn.  
 So dreamed they, eager, in those olden days ;  
 Saw visions in the future, round the west  
 Of Europe's fading sunsets ; held a hope  
 Of some new paradise for poor men's cure  
 From despotisms of old dynasties  
 And cruel iron creeds of warped despairs.  
 Hungering for light and truth and righteousness,  
 So launched they, setting sail toward sunset verge  
 Of lonely, inhospitable Ocean, hurling back  
 From his grey mane sad wrecks of their desires.

We know their story, read the truth where they  
 Knew only in man's hope and loftier soul  
 Which strove and dared and greatly overcame,  
 Conquering scorn of man and veils of doubt,

Wresting from Nature half her secret cruel  
Wherewith she darkens down in glooms apart  
The mystery of this planet, where we sleep  
And wake and toil, redeeming high resolves,  
Chaining the future to the present act.

We ponder on their daring, their vast hope,  
That compassed all a planet in its dream.  
We marvel at that stern defiance, where  
A single man, in a degenerate age,  
Would throw the gauntlet down against a world,  
Defying narrow custom, small beliefs  
Strangled in lies, and staking all on one  
Swift certainty of reason, based on thought,  
Which read from nature, not from childish tomes  
Of baseless superstitions, and dared all—  
Left the kind land behind, and ventured out  
On what men deemed a hideous demon waste,  
An endless vortex, wherein poor souls caught  
Were swept to vastness, gulfed, and swallowed down.

We wonder at this greatness, yet we know  
That thus for ever shall human greatness be,  
Man's only truth in life to stand alone—  
Invincible power the spirit's solitude.

Beneath the sky, that marvel of earth's night,  
That vast reproof of all our littleness,  
That shining rebuke to our unfaithfulness,  
That scorner of our despairs ; 'neath its dim tent  
Of fold on fold of fleecy infinities  
The soul of man is but a puny thing,  
A fork-like snake in its own petty fires,  
Which doth not rise to some high eminence  
Of human thought and vast forgetfulness  
Of all this common ill and common deed,  
And loom to somewhat of that stature great  
That God did dream us ! So those mighty souls,  
Watching his stars, read nightly fixed and sure  
A certainty, while every yeasty wave,  
A monster mountain, roared to gulf them down.

We are a part of that great dream they dreamed.  
 We know wherein they failed, as all life fails.  
 We know the greatness they could never know,  
 The certainty behind that sunset veil  
 Which lured them on beyond its misty verge ;  
 And we are witness that their hope was sure  
 And true and wise, as voice of God to men.  
 We are the witnesses that they were right,  
 And all the small and common minds were wrong,  
 The scorners of their faith, the laughers-down  
 Of their sublime enthusiasms ; like as all  
 Dim ages of this world have heard and seen.

Yea, we are witnesses that they who hoped  
 And greatly planned, and greatly dreamed and dared,  
 Were greater and more godlike, truer souls  
 And wiser in their day than those who sat  
 With shaking head and shallow platitude,  
 Made foolish vulgar prophecy of defeat ;  
 Yea, we are witnesses that one true man  
 With faith in nature, his own heart and brain,  
 And daring, fearless, caring naught for aught,  
 Save his own trust in some high godlike vision,  
 Is greater far than all a world of men  
 Who are but shadows of a worn-out age  
 Which they have long outlived, as rotten trunks  
 Do mark the place where some huge oak went down.

We are the dream which they did dream ; but we,  
 If we are great as they were, likewise know  
 That man is ever onward, outward bound  
 To some far port of his own soul's desire,  
 Knowing the present ever incomplete  
 In love's reflection of the heart's high goal.

And now no more this Western world is deemed  
 A home for liberty and hope's desire.  
 Men learn in wisdom, as the years glide on,  
 And life is ever the same in East or West.  
 And human nature, lost in its own toils  
 Of earthly strivings, loses that gold thread

Of life's sincerity, repeating o'er again  
The grim, despotic tyrannies of old,  
On newer shores to freedom dedicate  
By loftier souls who won this world in vain.

So is it ever, human grief and ill  
And human tyranny know no special strand,  
All lands alike to tyrants are a spoil,  
From ills of race no continent is immune.  
Men cannot flee old evils though they cross  
Whole oceans of surges beating in between.  
We bear with us the despot in our blood :  
It is the race that speaks for ever in  
Our strivings and our weakness : Nero flames  
A newer Rome in each new tyranny  
Which wakens a Western world to deeds of blood.

And we, who have no continents new to find,  
No shadowed planet darkening back our vision,  
Who know the New World but the Old World new—  
The same old evil and the same old gleam  
In other guise ; but 'neath the same snakehead,  
Lifting ill eyes to choke our visions down  
In monster folds of human servitude :—  
We too, as they, are earth's discoverers ;  
We likewise can be fixed in our regard ;  
We likewise can be brave, sincere, and true,  
Dreaming far peaks of greatness on ahead,  
If we but strive and beat our weakness down ;  
Setting our sails, invincible, for those ports  
Beyond the common, sheltered shoals of self ;  
Cleaving with daring keel those open seas  
Of larger life, those heaving floors of hope ;  
Marking our course by those fixed stars alone,  
For ever steadfast, witnesses of God,  
Pointing to continents vast of holier dream.

## THE HILLS AND THE SEA

GIVE me the hills and wide water,  
 Give me the heights and the sea ;  
 And take all else, 'tis living  
 And heaven enough for me.  
 For my fathers of old they were hillsmen,  
 My sires they were sons of the sea.

Give me the uplands of purple,  
 The sweep of the vast world's rim,  
 Where the sun dips down, or the dawns  
 Over the earth's edge swim ;  
 With the days that are dead, and the old earth-tales,  
 Human, and haunting, and grim.

Give me where the great surfs landward  
 Break on the iron-rimmed shore,  
 Where winter and spring are eternal,  
 And the miles of sea-sand their floor ;  
 Where wind and vastness, for ever,  
 Walk by the red dawn's door.

Back from this grime of the present,  
 This slavery worse than all death,  
 Let me stand out alone on the highlands,  
 Where there's life in the brave wind's breath ;  
 Where the one wise word and the strong word  
 Is the word that the great hush saith.

## THE VANGUARD

OUT of the grey light  
 Into the daylight,  
 We are his battlemen  
 Riding along ;  
 Century-laden,  
 To some dim aidenn,  
 Hope in our vanguard,  
 Courage, our song.

“Check up the curb there !”  
“Firm in the stirrup there !”  
“Steady ! men, steady !”  
Riding along !

Out of the grim light  
Into the dim light,  
Under the morning airs,  
Where the pale stars  
Fade with the dying  
Murk of night flying,  
Into the smoke-mists,  
Over earth's bars—  
Where the dim sorrows  
Of long-dead to-morrows  
Sink into ashes,  
Crumble to night—  
Cheerfully, gravely,  
Manfully, bravely,  
Ride we, ride we,  
Into His light.

There was an inn, we  
Rang to begin, we  
Thundered its rafters  
With generous song—  
There a low mound, we  
Left a brave comrade,  
Worn of the journey,  
Riding along.

There was a battle fought,  
Fiercely the blades rang,  
Horseman and charger  
Grappled the foe—  
Hard spent and hard hit,  
Teeth clenched and foaming bit,  
Out of the battle-smoke,  
Forward we go.

Bravely faced, bravely won,  
Nobly died, nobly done,

Lifting the firm face,  
 Riding along :  
 Always to hillward,  
 Truth and God-will-ward,  
 Never toward darkness,  
 Never toward wrong ;  
 Not dumb cattle ! men,  
 We are God's battlemen,  
 Waging His fierce fights  
 Under the night,  
 Under the smoke-mists,  
 Through the dim centuries,  
 Ride we, ride we,  
 Into His light.

Hold up the head there !  
 Quicker the tread there !  
 Eyes on the mountain heights !  
 Lift the old song !  
 " Bravely the right goes,  
 Down with the dread foes,  
 Evil and sorrow,  
 Hate and old wrong !  
 Doubt—but the battle-smoke,  
 Dusk—but the morning's cloak,  
 Care and despairing—but  
 Dreams of the night ;  
 Roll the grey mists up !  
 Drain deep the dawn-cup !  
 Ride we, ride we,  
 Into His light ! "

Old men and young men,  
 Cheering the faint ones,  
 Bearing the weak ones,  
 Chiding the strong ;  
 Over the dead past,  
 Ice-cold, furnace-blast,  
 Riding along ;  
 We are His valiant hearts,  
 Wending His journey dread,  
 Eyes to the hills ahead,  
 Hearken our song :—

" Watch for his dawning ! mark,  
 Sorrow—but the shrivelled bark,  
 Love—the white kernel sap ;  
     Hatred and wrong—  
 But the fierce, sudden hail,  
 Rattling our iron mail,  
     Riding along."

Yea, as we thunder, we  
 Know earth's old wonder, we  
 Feel all about us  
     Her splendour and tears ;  
 Her might and her glory,  
 Her centuried story,  
 Her weird, blind caravan,  
     Down the dead years ;  
 Her grief and her wisdom,  
 Her heart-breaks and yearning,  
 Her legends of iron-eaten,  
     Blood-cruised wars :—  
 Her loves and despairings,  
 Wrecks of old dynasties,  
 Barbarous ; splendid and  
     Old as the stars :—  
 They who look down on us,  
 Cold in their far-light,  
 Orient, mystical,  
     Under the night ;  
 Weird in their silence,  
 Grim, fixed witnesses,  
 Long, of earth's struggles,  
 Her great grim graveyards,  
     Of passion and might.  
 But under we thunder,  
 Charge, battle, and blunder,  
 Out of the night-mists  
     Unto the day,  
 Led by an impulse,  
 A fierce joy and heart-hope,  
 Older and stronger  
     And greater than they.  
 Sound the clear bugle there !

Wide let the summons blare !  
 Challenge the centuries,  
     Fearless of wrong !  
 Bury that dead face !  
 Strong heart, fill his place !  
 Tenderly, manfully,  
     Riding along !  
 Eyes to the right, ahead !  
 Grim be the way we tread,  
 Sound down the silence, murk,  
     Hope's golden horn !  
 Sweet, sweet ! silver clear !  
 Challenging despair and fear,  
 Though life be at its neap,  
 Death is but the morning sleep  
     Ere day be born.

Close up amain there !  
 Curb on that rein there !  
 Eyes hillward and Godward,  
     Forging ahead !  
 Down the dread journey,  
 Flashing the stern eye,  
 Out on dim iron-peaks  
     Lifetimes ahead !  
 Searching the night-line,  
 Murk's fading white line,  
 For the dawn's message,  
     For the day's red ;  
 Sinking old sorrows  
 In nobler to-morrows,  
 Ringing the levin  
     With earth's battle-song ;  
 Hugging the after-  
 Tears of old laughter,  
 Hopeward and Godward,  
     Riding along.

Eyes to the front there !  
 Iron 'gainst the brunt there !  
 Jarring the battle shock,  
     Under the night ;

From earth's weird wonder  
 We thunder, we thunder,  
 Out from the centuries'  
     Battle and blight ;  
 Clear, clear, our bugles, clear,  
 Challenging despair and fear,  
 Ride we, ride we,  
     Into His light.

### COMMEMORATION ODE

(CAMBRIDGE, JUNE, 1905.)

BROTHERS in action, aspiration, aim,  
 Co-heritors of that old breed, old blood,  
 That ancient speech, that ancient faith and song ;—  
 Once more we stand in these memorial halls  
 And meet in kind communion, as of yore,  
 Those sun-filled hours of youth's Hyperion morn,  
 When life's great future blinded eager eyes,  
 And ways of vague achievement lay before,  
 With golden roadways leading on to fame  
 Or other portals of Hope's azure vision  
 Beyond the mists of aspiration's dream.

Once more we meet here with our tithe of lore,  
 Or dearly earned experience of this world,  
 And all its mystery of blinded ways ;—  
 And here we face the future ; nearer now  
 That last dread culmination of our days,  
 That solemn gate of earth's departing scene,  
 Where love and patience lay their burdens down ;  
 Here at life's midday milestone do we stand,  
 Knowing our vision greater than our act,  
 Our possibility vaster than our dream.

Greater than all earth's woven creeds is that  
 Eternal possibility of man  
 To rise to nobler futures, loftier peaks  
 Of golden sunrise visions, climbing on  
 To those vast vistas of the ideal man.

Learning is nature's kindred spirit. She  
 Holds up the torch to reason, seeking ever  
 That holy, immortal, changeless face of Truth.  
 Language may falter, palter, lose her old  
 Plain utterance, simple, pure, and undefiled ;—  
 But upward still is upward, straight is straight,  
 And narrow the way and hard the paths to God.

Not all the weight of vast material power,  
 The brazen frown, the iron hand of wealth,  
 Can make the ill less evil ; or the good  
 A part of evil. Still midway will stand  
 That sword of Eden flaming in between,  
 Whence man came naked, naked will return,  
 Clothed only in the truth of heart and brain.

There is no complex where the spirit rules.  
 The truth is simple as the perfect curve  
 Of elemental beauty ; life no lie,  
 Till man did build a fence to shut out God,  
 And hide with hideous tapestries the stars.  
 Those endless, goblin questionings shut in  
 Man's soul from the eternal. Out beyond,  
 Where night and vasts anticipate the dawn,  
 No muffled doubt goes groping, where those hosts  
 Immortal, radiant, wheel their mystic fires—  
 Orion and the ancient Pleiades.

Think not because we lose the road that we  
 Are lost eternal. Still the road shines on  
 Through murky mists of this grim modern dream,  
 These smokes material shrouding His vast plan.  
 And still a child-face teaches beauty's truth ;  
 A wayside blossom still remains a flower ;  
 And love, and hate of evil rule the world.  
 This shining roadway holds no cul-de-sac,  
 Though close the gorges seem to hem us in,  
 With human finality, reason's narrow bounds,  
 Within these hopeless mountains of the mind.

And often 'mid the anguish and turmoil  
 Of all this fevered being, I have felt  
 A sudden flame of some large knowledge flashed,  
 And then withdrawn from out my spirit's ken ;  
 As though God opened His vast doors of light  
 And outward being. Then my soul hath felt  
 Some mystic glimpse of far infinity,  
 As though there flamed a world outside our world,  
 Beyond this prison-house of all our tears,  
 This finite cell that we inhabit here.

And in that sudden light it seemed as if  
 This house of sadness, these grim narrow streets,  
 This blinded search from shrivelled day to day,  
 And all that past which memory intervenes,  
 This hourly round of earth's experience,  
 This opening up of vistas of life's days  
 And months and years, had all been lived before,  
 And this grim present but old dreams re-dreamed.

So moves life's mystery, as though fold in fold,  
 Of sense 'neath sense, like sleep which mantles dream,  
 Man's gross heredity muffles in his soul  
 From somewhat larger, mightier, some far vast,  
 As mists material curtain out God's stars.

For life is greater than its mightiest deeds,  
 And we, than this environment, wherein we dwell,  
 This mansion vast of failure, where the winds  
 Of youth's far longings haunt these banquet-halls  
 Of deeds unfinished, broken pillars of faith,  
 And ruined stairways leading to the stars.

This, Brothers, is my message : Let us keep  
 The olden faith in glad sincerity,  
 Remembering ever, simplicity is the truth ;  
 Religion, reverence ; wisdom, but to keep  
 Those dread eternal laws which guide the world :

Forgetting not our duty to the race  
 From which our sires and our great-grandsires sprang ;

That mighty stock, that iron heredity,  
 Uncompromising, stern, which planted deep  
 The holy roots of that wide tree which bore  
 This blossom of liberty which we pluck to-day :  
 Which taught us what we all too soon forget,  
 No earthly generation stands alone,  
 But is the link in some vast mystic chain  
 Extending downward from the ancient days ;  
 Remembering that allegiance which we owe  
 The blood we bear, the tongue our fathers forged  
 From out the rude and barbarous dreams of those  
 Who gave us primal being. This our work,  
 To build, to weld, replenish, and subdue ;  
 Not like blind force which treads this earth like iron,  
 And makes the continents tremble ; not by greed  
 Or grim political craft ; but by that power,  
 That sad sincerity of the Perfect Man.

Yea, this my message ! Life is short and stern,  
 And ours at best a feeble, cabined will.  
 Our mind is finite :—but the soul of man,  
 Which hopes and trembles, suffers and aspires,  
 Rebukes his pettier moments ; its vast dreams  
 Proclaim our origin high, our destiny great,  
 And possibilities limitless like the sea.

### THE LYRE DEGENERATE

The literature of the soul of nature as found in the great poets is inspiring ; but the decadent worship of beast, gnat and straddle-bug in the animal story and the artificial nature-verse of to-day is degrading. It is time that men of thought and spirit regenerate the world of America from its present materialistic slough with its consequent superficial cult of neo-paganism.

VANISHED the golden Homer,  
 Vanished the great god Pan,  
 Vanished the mighty mind of Greece,  
 The ancient visions of man.

Gone are the mighty moderns,  
 Hands that swept the keys,  
 That ran the splendid gamut of dream  
 Of life's deep harmonies.

Dead are the lofty dreamers,  
The true and the wise of earth,  
Who stirred the spirits of yearning men  
And gave new impulse birth.

No more those ladders to heaven,  
Golden rung upon rung,  
Of the lofty deed and the splendid dream,  
In the song of singers is sung ;—

For now in the shrunken pages  
Of helot dreamers of song  
The idiot children of primal earth,  
Brute and insect, throng.

And this the end of beauty,  
The ultimate dreaming of man,  
To shrink to this hideous, meaningless cult.  
Alas, for the great God Pan !

Alas, for the lore of sages !  
Alas, for the Parthenon !  
Alas, for the yearning Israelite  
His mountains of woe upon !

After the mind of Shakespeare,  
After the soul of Christ,  
To sink to the level of hoof and paw,  
To keep this hideous tryst ;

Lost to that higher, holier thought  
Under this latter-day gleam,  
Living again in the mind of the beast  
An earlier, dreader dream ;

Sunk to the law of the jungle and fen  
From the dream of the godlike man,  
To learn in the lore of reptile and brute  
The cunning of Caliban !

And this the end of the ages' art  
The world's high yearning pain,

To trace the trail of the serpent and egg  
 On the monster earth again ;

To know eternity howl and yelp,  
 The primal instinct's dream ;  
 To bask in the sun or curl in the dusk  
 Of an arctic moonlight's gleam.

Yea, better than all this age can give,  
 Rather our lowest, our least ;  
 Better to sin as men and women  
 Than sink to the best of the beast.

Better than live in this hideous round  
 Of claw and beak and wing,  
 Better the dread eternal black  
 Of death's eternal ring.

And Thou who art of all things Lord,  
 By whom all perish or dream,  
 Who wakest the flower, the star, the love,  
 The mighty world or the gleam ;

Who after sad winter wakest the rose,  
 After midnight, the dawn,  
 By whose dread word the children of earth  
 Up thy mountains have gone ;

Teach me the lesson that Mother Earth  
 Teacheth her children each hour,  
 When she keeps in her deeps the basic root,  
 And wears on her breast the flower.

And as the brute to the basic root  
 In the infinite cosmic plan,  
 So in the plan of the infinite mind  
 The flower of the brute is man ;—

Man who blossoms in beauty and love  
 And wisdom's wondrous bloom,  
 And climbs by spiral stairways dread  
 To the dawn of the world's great doom.

And when doth come that marvellous change,  
 Thou Master of being and death,  
 O let me die as the great dead died,  
 Not passing of instinct's breath ;—

Let me lie down with a loftier thought  
 Than passing of beast and leaf,  
 That the cry of human soul for soul  
 Is greater than nature's grief ;

That man is nearer the mountains of God  
 Than in those ages when  
 He slept the sleep of the tiger and fox,  
 And woke to the strife of the den.

And when from the winter of thy wild death  
 Thine angels of sunlight call ;  
 Waken me unto my highest, my best,  
 Or waken me not at all.

## WORK

To thy work, heart that aches,  
 To thy soul's best work.  
 Let not the bitter hour  
 Stab with its grim dirk.

Unto thy toil ; and if the world  
 Want not thy voice to-day,  
 Grieve not, thine hour will come,  
 Love is not waste away.

Art that grows from love  
 Of beauty, life's high dream,  
 Will not utterly vanish out,  
 As weed-drift on a stream.

Not one sunbeam is lost,  
 Though it vanish in a cave.  
 And He, great Master of Mystery,  
 Will redeem the gift He gave.

## THE BLIND CARAVAN

I AM a slave, both dumb and blind,  
 Upon a journey dread ;  
 The iron hills lie far behind,  
 The seas of mist ahead.

Amid a mighty caravan  
 I toil a sombre track,  
 The strangest road since time began,  
 Where no foot turneth back.

Here rosy youth at morning's prime  
 And weary man at noon  
 Are crooked shapes at eventime  
 Beneath the haggard moon.

Faint elfin songs from out the past  
 Of some lost sunset land  
 Haunt this grim pageant drifting, vast,  
 Across the trackless sand.

And often for some nightward wind  
 We stay a space and hark,  
 Then leave the sunset lands behind,  
 And plunge into the dark.

Somewhere, somewhere far on in front  
 There strides a lonely man  
 Who is all strength, who bears the brunt,  
 The battle and the ban.

I know not of his face or form,  
 His voice or battle-scars,  
 Or how he fronts the haunted storm  
 Beneath the wintry stars.

I know not of his wisdom great  
 That leads this sightless host  
 Beyond the barren hills of fate  
 Unto some kindlier coast.

But often 'mid the eerie black  
 Through this sad caravan  
 A strange, sweet thrill is whispered back,  
 Borne on from man to man,—

A strange, glad joy that fills the night  
 Like some far marriage horn,  
 Till every heart is filled with light  
 Of some belated morn.

The way is long, and rough the road,  
 And bitter the night, and dread,  
 And each poor slave is but a goad  
 To lash the one ahead ;

Evil the foes that lie in wait  
 To slay us in the pass,  
 Bloody the slaughter at the gate,  
 And bleak the wild morass ;

And I am but a shrivelled thing  
 Beneath the midnight sky ;  
 A wasted, wan remembering  
 Of days long wandered by.

And yet I lift my sightless face  
 Toward the eerie light,  
 And tread the lonely way we trace  
 Across the haunted night.

## ODE TO THE LAURENTIAN HILLS

BLUE hills, elusive, far, and dim,  
 You lift so high beyond our care ;  
 Where earth's horizon seems to swim,  
 You dream in loftier air.

Here where our world wends day by day  
 Its sad, material round,  
 We know not of that purer ray  
 By which your heights are bound.

Ignoble thoughts, ignoble aims  
 Shut us from that high heaven ;—  
 Those dawning dreams, those sunset flames,  
 With which your peaks are riven.

You seem so lone and bleak, so vast  
 Beneath your dome of sky,  
 So patient to the heat or blast  
 That smites or hurtles by ;

So vague, withdrawn in mists remote,  
 Shut out in glories wide ;  
 The very fleecy clouds that float,  
 Your dreamings seem to hide.

We in our plots of circumstance  
 Are prisoners of a grim despair,  
 While your far shining shoulders glance  
 From heights where all things dare.

Could we from out this cloak of glooms  
 That prisons and oppresses,  
 But reach those large, sky-bounded rooms  
 Of your divine recesses ;

Then might we find that godlike calm,  
 That peace that holdeth you,  
 That soars like wordless prayer or psalm  
 To heaven with your blue.

Then might we know that silent power,  
 That patience, that supreme  
 Indifference to day and hour  
 Of your eternal dream.

Then might we lose, in fire and dew  
 Of your pellucid airs,  
 This diffidence to dare and do,  
 That grovels and despairs,

And dream once more that high desire,  
 That greatness dead and gone,

When earth's winged eagles eyed the fire  
 Your sunrise peaks upon,—

That power serene, life's vasts to scan,  
 Beyond earth's futile tears,  
 Her hopes, her curse, the bliss, the ban  
 Of all her anguished years.

### THE ART DIVINE

THAT Artist of the Universe  
 Behind the wind and rain  
 Hath drawn a dream of splendid death  
 Across my window pane.

And in the lonely, haunted day,  
 My luminous maple tree  
 Hath now assumed the magic pomp  
 Of some weird pageantry.

And 'mid the common day and thought,  
 My casement to me brings  
 A picture rarer than all art  
 Of man's imaginings.

Not all the wondrous hues of Watts,  
 Not Turner's wizard scheme,  
 With all its mastery, haunts my heart  
 Like this autumnal dream ;

For o'er my sill, all life, all death,  
 All moods life, death can name,  
 Press on me from that magic frieze  
 Of earth's funereal flame.

### DAY AND NIGHT

Two dreams forever pass my door,  
 One gaudy, one in sombre dress :  
 The Day, one weird and endless roar ;  
 The Night, a million silences.

To one I give, the slave I am,  
 My curse of being, fevered breath;  
 The other, 'mid her godlike calm,  
 Lifts me to dwell with Death.

### MY CREED

THIS is my creed in face of cynic sneer,  
 The cavilling doubt, the pessimistic fear;—  
 We come from some far greatness, and we go  
 Back to a greatness, spite of all our woe.

### RESPONSIBILITY

MAN is not evil when he stands alone,  
 'Tis in the aggregate he loses truth,  
 And builds him up life's weakness by his ruth.  
 No single conscience makes its brother moan.  
 The slaving toiler withered to the bone,  
 The wasting age ere life hath garnered youth;—  
 No single soul hath done this; each and all,  
 We add a pebble to a mighty wall  
 That shuts this world from freedom and God's truth.

### SLEEP

SLEEP, brief condition of oblivion,  
 Easer of care-worn mind and sorrowed soul;  
 Yea, next to death, God's most compassionate gift.

Thou art that short mortality wherein men  
 Give over their spirits to omnipotence,  
 That sea of faith whereon men launch their barks,  
 Undoubting of the hope of their return,  
 And float on opiate airs and favouring gales  
 Out to some land beyond these realms of earth,  
 And all its sad dominion, aching chain,  
 That gnaws men's vitals festering day by day.

The king, the galley-slave are equal here,  
 The sinner and the saint alike have peace,  
 A short forgetting of the angered hour,  
 The poisoned memory, or the woe to be.

Within thy mighty halls of phantasy  
 Thine opiate silence hangs its curtain black,  
 And ever the hideous dream is but a dream.

'Tis sweet to rise to greet the kindling morn,  
 When all is happiness, holy, glad and well :—  
 But to the agonized spirit, life's remorse,  
 Time's prisoners of failure, earth's defeat,  
 'Tis agony to wake, to meet the sun.  
 For these, O kind Magician, thou most true,  
 Give these, life's weary, woe's poor suffering ones,  
 Earth's mightiest blessing, dream-compelling sleep.

## SLEEP

DIM Sleep, that keep'st the soul in awe,  
 By gates that lead to the unknown :—  
 All life sways to thy magic law,  
 All portals open toward thy throne ;—  
 Thou arbiter in ebon stone,  
 A mist about thee ever thrown.

Thou peoplest the dark with visions filled,  
 Thou breathest with thy poppied breath,  
 And all the loves of life are stilled  
 Unto similitude of death.

## THE QUESTION

## I

HAVE we come to the outermost wall  
 Of this terrible temple of time,  
 To find it but iron after all,  
 A horrible gaol of the soul,

A prison whose walls are a shard  
 Of cold, implacable fact ;  
 Where, through the dim centuries gone,  
 The poor, weak cons of men  
 Have circled in bubbles of joy,  
 To find but a shroud of despair,  
 Cabined and crushed at the last ?

And this : Is this but the end ?  
 Have we fathomed the secret in vain ?  
 Was man but a last blind coil  
 Of the brute evolution of time,  
 Unwinding itself in the dark ?  
 Or the full-blown rose of a race  
 Whose scent and whose petals are gone ?  
 Was the law : Aspire till ye die,  
 For ye die when ye cease to aspire ?  
 Is it true we have fathomed the dark,  
 Probed the deeps to the edge of the black  
 Till the fiat goes forth, Ye are done ?  
 Is it all ? And beyond it, what next ?  
 Doth there glimmer the thread of a dawn ?

## II

God !  
 We utter the sound of a word,  
 And power dissolves into naught,  
 And vanity crumbles in dust ;  
 We, who have reached the bare wall,  
 Have fathomed this prison of dark,  
 Stand naked in awe of a name.  
 We, who have balanced the "all,"  
 Weighed the dreams of the past in a scale  
 And found them but vanishing dust,  
 Here, in the end of the days,  
 In this last high poise of a stair  
 Built out of the quarries of Thought,  
 Wrought slow in the workhouse of Truth,  
 Our knowledge and wisdom all gone,  
 Like children all frightened and shamed,  
 Stand in awe at the sound of a name ;

As hosts that, huddled at night  
From the rude cruel riot of rout,  
Stay, fearful and doubting, dismayed,  
'Mid the grim, unknowable dark,  
For the glad, kind trumpet that calls  
From the far, white comfort of dawn.

So we, who dreamed that we scaled  
The high white mountains of Thought,  
From our ruined Babel of pride  
In the knowledge of self and of God,  
Turn back from the jargon of tongues,  
That scoff and clamour and cry,  
To the wonder and awe of the child ;  
And plead in our weakness and doubt  
At the barriers, muffled, of dark  
That reach through the spaces of Thought  
To the far-off vastness of God.

## III

To the end ? Have we really begun ?  
Have we yet even entered that gate,  
That one wicket-gate of the soul,  
Which leads to the city of life ?

That we say we have come to the wall ;  
That we grope, like the blind, in the dark  
For the slow closing in of the walls  
Of this grim torture-prison of life,  
Where casement on casement fades out,  
Till the last narrow pane disappears  
On the coffined despair of the soul,  
And the narrow iron shard echoes back  
The unseen executioner's stroke ;  
Is this but the end and the all,  
The blind, grim climax of time ?  
Is God but necessity's will,  
Where chance for an eon pursues  
The rhythmic returns of a force ?  
Or a flame that flickers one way ?

Or a huge grim hammer that beats  
 All out on the anvil of time ;  
 All out, till the echoes repeat  
 Each caverned black edge of the void ?

And this trembling flame of the soul,  
 In its hollow-built shard of the skull,  
 That flashes, then flickers and dies—  
 What of it ? So fickle, so dim,  
 A candle-dip spark in the space ;  
 That it measures the infinite void,  
 That it yearns to fill all with its hope,  
 Its love, its desire, and its dream,  
 That would grow to the stature of God ?

What is it ? So mystically small ;  
 So infinite, vast in its aim ;  
 So great in its yearning and growth  
 It would leap to the light of the stars,  
 Would sound the abysses of space,  
 And measure the span of the worlds ?

Those magical windows it throws  
 Open wide to the wonders of life,  
 That sympathy subtler than thought,  
 This subconscious dreaming that doubts  
 If waking be nightmare to sleep,  
 That leads to the real hidden world,  
 That world whose wonder pursues  
 Even here in this prison of time,  
 When the walls of this earth crumble down,  
 And the veils of the senses grow thin,  
 That shut from the realms beyond.

This hearing so delicate, fine,  
 This exquisite sense of the chords  
 Beaten out from the fibres of sound.  
 The magical world of the eye,  
 That catches all colours, all blends  
 Of mystical morning and night.  
 Weird memory, wove of all hints  
 Of the marvellous dreams of the past.

Strange thought, that probes ocean and land,  
 Man's soul, and the infinite void,  
 Builds the future, illumines the past,  
 Measures, weighs, judges, pardons, and damns.  
 Governs hearing, sight, memory, all ;  
 Lord-Seer of all gates of delight ;  
 Standing out on the mountains of dream.

Then, greater than all, even love,  
 That yearns through the eons of time,  
 That throbs through the hates and despairs,  
 Built out of the passions of men ;  
 Yea, this above all leavens all,  
 Filters down through the roots of the world  
 To the dry, hidden heart of all things,  
 Waters all deserts of drought,  
 Spears million meadows with green,  
 Up-burgeons all blossom and fruit.

### THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

'MID all earth's mighty builders,  
 That ancient builder, Time,  
 Laughs at the art that crumbles  
 And the airy arts of rhyme.

But the story of godlike passion,  
 The mighty hate or desire,  
 Lives, when the hand that penned it  
 Is ruin with Sidon and Tyre.

Greater than all earth's temples,  
 Glories of art's high goal,  
 Is the mystical, magical temple  
 That God built for the soul.

Not in a day or hour,  
 Not in a thousand years,  
 He hath fashioned, for love to dwell in,  
 A temple of prayers and tears.

'Tis the dream and not the deed  
 That doth, eternal, endure ;  
 The spirit, and not the form,  
 That makes earth's literature.

## SOUL

WIND of the wide world's mantled thought,  
 About the vague vast blowing ;  
 This truth my wayward heart hath caught,  
 That being hath more doors than thought,  
 And life is more than knowing :

That creeds of darkness or of mind  
 Are but the scaly bark  
 That slips from off the centuried rind,  
 While inward works the impulse blind,  
 Amid the crannied dark.

And deeper than the builded theme  
 Of priest or book or seer,  
 There lies that life, that subtle dream  
 That rules the sunny warmth and gleam  
 That wakes the upward year.

And greater than all thoughts that fall  
 From wisdom's page or poet's song,  
 That dim impulse behind it all,  
 Flame from the ages' granite wall,  
 That finds no written tongue ;

But speaks alike to mighty throngs  
 Or alien life apart ;  
 That lifts whole races from their wrongs,  
 Or gives to one poor ploughman songs  
 That sing the whole world's heart.

This impulse in each being rife,  
 Deep hidden in each man ;  
 This inward, mystic flame of life  
 Behind the passion or the strife,  
 The blessing or the ban,

Behind that fierceness none can tame,  
    Behind the ego dense,  
It stands in some dim cell aflame,  
Beyond all human thought or name,  
    A part of the immense.

Though science reads the cabined mind,  
    The wheeling stars and sun,  
This mystic, veiled flame behind  
Its barriers dread, shows her more blind  
    Than winds of night that run,

And search the hollow hills of sleep,  
    And beat with phantom hands ;  
But know not of the dreams that creep,  
Or of the haunting ghosts that sweep  
    Athwart the haggard lands.

It is the master of all thought,  
    All impulse and all dream,  
And builds or ruins, base or not,  
The fabric of the common lot,  
    The blackness or the gleam.

It gives through some weird inward need  
    The centuries' impulse birth ;  
And weaves in subtle dream or deed,  
Of those who burn or those who bleed,  
    All tragedies of earth.

Behind the mighty mind of Greece,  
    The Titan force of Rome,  
It bade earth's battles rage or cease,  
And reared those splendid dreams of peace,  
    In column, plinth and dome ;

Behind the artist when he wrought  
    Earth's beauty's rarest dream,  
Or nature's poet when he caught  
The melodies of morning fraught  
    With summer's azure gleam.

It kindled Homer's golden song  
 Of elemental man,  
 And lurks behind the fateful throng,  
 That stairway dread, of earth's weird wrong  
 From Christ to Caliban.

It is that greater self behind  
 All earth's confused gleam,  
 That leads men up by stairways blind  
 Of blackness, where they grope to find  
 The heaven of their dream.

At all earth's altars it hath knelt,  
 Sought God 'mid stars and dew,  
 Wherever life by plain or veldt  
 Hath down the eraving ages felt  
 The agony of the few.

All sorrows, passions, all delights,  
 All hopings, all despairs,  
 All earth's old splendours, all her blights,  
 Her agony of wrongs and rights,  
 Her ruined starward stairs ;

Her songs, her battles, her grim blades  
 Forged in her caves of dream,  
 Her woe that cowers or upbraids ;  
 Yea, all that glories, all that fades,  
 Was cradled in its gleam.

And every hero-heart who stood  
 Alone in some dread hour  
 (When man faced man for ill or good,  
 And history wrote her page in blood)  
 Was governed by its power.

Greater than mightiest thought of mind,  
 That measures life by rule,  
 It soars by stars or crannies blind,  
 In those dread dreams of God, behind  
 The Plato or the fool.

. . . . .

Wind of the wide world's mantled thought  
 About the vague vast blowing ;  
 Beyond our little "is" and "not,"  
 Beyond the curtains of our thought,  
 Life's mighty tides are flowing.

In every common hour of life,  
 In every flame that glows,  
 In every breath of being rife  
 With aspiration or of strife  
 Man feels more than he knows.

Earth's child of science counts the stars  
 Upon God's garment's hem,  
 He plumbs the seas, the heavens' bars,  
 Chains Jove's fierce thunders to her ears,  
 Rebuilds her rarest gem ;

But blind as night to that within,  
 That demon, god, or elf,  
 That weird impulse to soar or sin,  
 That universe of dreams that spin,  
 That heaven or hell in "self,"

That something subtle that outweighs  
 The mightiest lore of man ;  
 That master of his dreams and days,  
 Invisible in some weird haze  
 Behind his bliss or ban,

Which lifted Shakespearo from the clod,  
 Yet spake in Caliban ;  
 That god in man, or man in god,  
 That dreamed all music from the sod  
 Since melody began ;

That outsoared Shelley's lark in flight,  
 Beyond all dreams we know ;  
 That knew with Milton music's might,  
 Or that exquisite dream delight  
 Of Paganini's bow ;

That same dim impulse Saxon, Celt,  
 Mohawk or Tartar knew ;  
 Earth's mightiest power to move or melt,  
 That in old Shylock's agony felt  
 The tragedy of the Jew.

This demon force that moves a world,  
 Hath breathed a simple flower,  
 With tendrils milky-white upcurled,  
 And with demoniac power hath hurled,  
 Earth's might in one short hour ;

Hath burgeoned beauty from the blind,  
 Deep earthy woodland's heart ;  
 This inward flame that wings the wind,  
 Great in comparison to mind  
 As nature unto art.

. . . . .

Wind of the wide world's winnowed dream,  
 About the vague vast blowing ;  
 Beyond our futile taper-gleam  
 Of priestly creed and poet's theme,  
 God's tides of might are flowing.

Man feels the present, feels the past,  
 As one born blind may know  
 The sun, the earth, the rain or blast,  
 Or those dread phantom shadows cast,  
 His brother men who go.

But round about the dreams we are,  
 In caves of wind and fire,  
 Where mind is cabined, soul afar,  
 Doth rise eternal, star to star,  
 To heights of God's desire.

### LIFE-SPENT

OUT of the strife of conflict,  
 Out of the nightmare wild,  
 Thou bringest me, spent and broken,  
 Like the life of a little child.

Like the spume of a far-spent wave,  
 Or a wreck cast up from the sea,  
 Out from the pride of being  
 My soul returns to Thee.

Thou, who only art Master,  
 Lord of the weak and the strong,  
 Who makest the kings of earth's struggles  
 As the far refrain of a song.

And Thou teachest me all is as nothing  
 Save to follow the fate love willed,  
 And dree life's weird to the final port,  
 Where the tumult of being is stilled :

Where the woe that wrecked me is vanished,  
 And the pride that stayed me is gone :  
 And only the feeling of eventime,  
 When the toil of the world is done.

O, Master of being and slumber,  
 When the pageant and pæan have passed,  
 Take me where Thy great silence  
 Is vaster than all that is vast.

### A PRESENT-DAY CREED

WHAT matters down here in the darkness ?  
 'Tis only the rat that squeals,  
 Crushed down under the iron hoof.  
 'Tis only the fool that feels.

'Tis only the child that weeps and sorrows  
 For the death of a love or a rose ;  
 While grim in its grinding, soulless mask,  
 Iron, the iron world goes.

God is an artist, mind is the all,  
 Only the art survives.  
 Just for a curve, a tint, a fancy,  
 Millions on millions of lives !

If this be your creed, O late-world poet,  
 Pass, with your puerile pose ;  
 For I am the fool, the child that suffers,  
 That weeps and sleeps with the rose.

## TRUTH

WHEN first I trod in wistful gropings lonely,  
 And felt for God, in crude impassioned youth ;  
 I longed to know Thee and Thy spirit only,  
 Thou great, clear-orbèd Truth !

For Thee alone I sought 'mid earth's confusions,  
 By Thee, and Thee alone, I measured life,  
 Mighty or petty ; drew its deep conclusions,  
 Plumbed its abysses, felt its ebb or strife.

I sorrow o'er myself, for I have wronged  
 The greatness that He made me, and have turned  
 Aside in dreams, where lighter fancies longed,  
 Or deeper channels where earth's passions burned.

But Thou, still onward in Thy fixed unturning  
 Betwixt the olden ill and bitter moan,  
 Dost tread the true old way, Thy lamp still burning,  
 Led by Thy light alone.

And round and round in Thy great orbit flaming,  
 Like the fixed planets, Thou dost circle still,  
 'Mid new confusions, olden loves defaming,  
 And murky mists of those who work Thee ill.

## THE SINGER

LIFE is too bitter,  
 Strife too strong ;  
 Lackaday ! lackaday !  
 Dead is poor Song.

There in the mart  
 Of the thronging, teeming ;  
 Dead in the dust,  
 His goldlocks gleaming.

Killed in the fray,  
 With his glad heart broken ;  
 Never a sigh for him,  
 Never a token

That the ill world cared ;  
 While with clamour and wrong  
 She lifts the brute victors  
 Of Mammon along.

Dead in the dust,  
 With never a care for him ;  
 Save some day the green wreath  
 That the world's heart will wear for him,

When there 'mid her hours  
 That are truest and latest,  
 She recalls, with dumb grieving,  
 The voice of her greatest.

### THE HEART OF SONG

Too much of sameness dulls our sense,  
 Which, like a bowstring, should be tense,  
 To send those arrows swift and clear,  
 To cleave the ether of the sphere,  
 And strike the living heart of song,  
 And from the electric centre thrill the listening throng.

Too little of the love we feel,  
 Too little of the hate we know ;  
 Where we should pray, we only kneel,  
 And all the real life forgo.

How can our song be true and loud,  
 And lifted to the morning cloud,  
 Across the fields of sunlit dew ?

How can we strike the lyre of life,  
 And sound the future's battle-strife,  
 Unless our hearts be vibrant, too ?

O, would that poets' songs might fling,  
 Like dew from off the rosebud's wing,  
 Odours of life's awakening :  
 And never on the heart's best harpstrings cloy  
 The splendour of the world's great lyric joy !

### GENIUS

I BUILT a house one wondrous night,  
 From splendid ruins of my soul,  
 And filled it with the sound and light  
 That girdles earth from pole to pole.

Its walls of whitest marble there,  
 A frozen, clustered splendour grew,  
 And all things beauteous and rare  
 Gladdened its perfect chambers through.

Strange relics of gone olden days,  
 Of ancient peoples, times and kings,  
 In those rare chambers met my gaze,  
 And gave me vast imaginings.

All glories of earth's richest art,  
 The painter's thought, the sculptor's dream,  
 Relic of all the wide world's mart  
 Blazoned beneath the moonlight's gleam.

The sweetest songs old poets sung,  
 And life's dread, grimmest tragedies  
 About these haunted galleries hung,  
 Enriched with elfin melodies.

For by some magic to me known  
 I stole of music's saddest art,  
 From Pan's wild note, Boetian blown,  
 To Paganini's haunted heart.

Yea, mine alone, all this was mine,  
To dwell with splendid dreams alone,  
And own a majesty divine,  
Amid a marvellous world of stone.

When one strange night I entered in  
And found a wondrous spirit there,  
That smote the moonlight pale and thin,  
With silvern magic sad and rare,—

So radiantly beautiful,  
It filled my mansion with new light,  
And bloomed a warmth across the cool,  
Pale, lonely hauntings of the night,—

So mystical, it stayed unstirred,  
And gazed with awful eyes divine,  
Across the human dreams that blurred,  
Into this trancèd soul of mine.

And ever since with inborn sight,  
Like opening of love's inward rose,  
Or vast uncurtaining of night,  
My heart a mighty sorrow knows :

A Titan sadness, like the sea,  
That moans and beats for evermore  
To break its manacles, and free  
Its spirit from the iron shore.

From night to night the years go on,  
The ruined seasons sink and rise ;  
And still that spirit, never flown,  
Looks at me from its wondrous eyes.

And I must drink undying pain,  
The love, the hate, the joy, the smart ;  
And feel forever, like a chain,  
Earth's agony in my haunted heart.

## RETURN NO MORE

RETURN no more, O splendid sun,  
 Sweet days come back no more :  
 Bring back no more the budding hours,  
 The springtime to my door.

The calling bird, the wakening brook  
 Make mock upon mine ear :  
 For she who loved them with me then  
 Went out with yesteryear.

Fold, fold the year for aye in snows,  
 Howl, Winter, by my door :  
 For she, my rose, my bloom of life,  
 Is snow for evermore.

## THE LYRE OF THE GODS

HAUNTED, alone, withdrawn, in some dread spot,  
 Remote from men and all their burdened way,  
 There is a lyre whereon the mad winds play  
 The sad old songs of dead gone yesterday ;  
 Those splendid dreams of olden eld forgot,  
 'Mid all the world's loud fray.

It holds all chords of those forgotten tunes,  
 Those great weird dreams of peoples lost and gone,  
 Their pride and passion, all their olden woe,  
 Long past and vanished. Now these strings upon  
 Only the winds of unremembering blow,  
 Where erstwhile sang the gold of Attic dawn,  
 Sad tragedy, or splendid epic glow.

Ages ago great Homer sought this place,  
 And thundered on its strings the world's old woes  
 Of gods and men, and smote in golden hours  
 Of mighty song those rich eternal throes  
 Of Helen and of fallen Ilium's towers.  
 Euripides in dreams here sought the base,  
 Sombre and great, of Greek dramatic song,  
 In saddest notes of ancient woe and wrong.

Mantuan Virgil, honey in his mouth,  
 Sang to its chords in eclogues languorous,  
 Of Tityrus' beeches, and the wet warm south ;  
 Or with Æneas wrecked the world again,  
 Dying anew in dart of Dido's pain.

Stern Dante came and smote its chords in woe,  
 So deep and dark, high heaven and hell between,  
 That nature shuddered, hell from deeps below  
 Leaped up in anguish of her lurid sheen.  
 Here rang his song immortal, to the air,  
 Bemoaned dead Beatrice on its silvern strings,  
 That splendid woe beyond all woe's compare,  
 In sonorous dirge of death's imaginings.

Shakespeare the mighty, loftiest of our days,  
 Here ran the subtle gamut of all things,  
 Uttering the human heart and its weird maze  
 Of love and hate and hope and dread despair,  
 Those woes all hearts have sighed unto the air,  
 Until from out its molten notes there ran  
 The godlike, golden melody of man,  
 And Song, enfranchised, from her wintry ban,  
 Rose larklike, heavenward on ethereal wings.

Milton, epic splendour of our tongue,  
 The dew of poesy on great heart and lips,  
 Smote here his lofty notes in Titan song  
 Of mighty Lucifer in dark eclipse  
 Of high ambition's failure headlong flung.

And he of Ayr, old earth's immortal child,  
 Found its rare chords attuned to his hot heart,  
 And smote a note across the world's bleak wild,  
 Ennobling amid its frenzied smart.

Here later came in mad or holy mirth,  
 A motley crew attuned to earth's old song ;  
 High Coleridge, subtlest spirit of his kind,  
 Shelley, child of heaven, like the wind,  
 In joy or passion, kissing, spurning earth ;  
 Keats, sad Greek of fated alien birth ;  
 Wordsworth, gentle shepherd of the mind ;

And rarest of all this rare belated throng,  
Sad Byron, mighty child of music's saddest wrong.

Now its great chords are silent ; seldom now  
The lonely wanderer touches its dead strings,  
He of the honeyed mouth and fated brow,  
Waking anew the world's imaginings ;  
For gold and grim ambition hold men's hearts,  
All life is sordid, and a maddened cry  
Goes up like smoke from its great throngèd marts,  
Where Truth lies slain of Mammon's deadly darts,  
And Love and Beauty, clipt of their rare wings.

Only the winds of Autumn, sonorous, sad,  
Thunder in discords strange its strings among,  
Ringing the vibrant note of some old mad  
Forgotten chord or surgent battle song :  
Some weird lost passion, hatred, love or woe,  
Wherewith the dead world loved, or slew its foe,  
Or thrilled to splendour when its heart was young.

### THE SOUL'S HOUSE

LIFE, one by one, you sealed to me  
Each room in this weird house of mine,  
Sacred to love's glad sanctity,  
Filled with youth's memories divine.

First you did seal those chambers glad  
That opened on a garden wild,  
When all the winds of heaven were mad  
About the vague mind of the child.

Yea, ages now it seems ago,  
I left the magic of those rooms,  
Turning those ponderous hinges slow  
To deeper mysteries, stranger dooms.

Till time's grey corridors outgrew,  
To marble sculpture, mighty glow  
Of all earth's genius fretted through,  
With earth's old tragedy of woe.

Then I traversed dim, ancient halls,  
Ruins of time's remembering,  
That rusted on their mighty walls  
The memories of a thousand kings.

Chaldea, Egypt, here looked down  
From hideous heads and shadowed wings,  
Till all the drowsed air seemed to drown  
In sense of awful whisperings.

Athens, austere, of snowy dome  
And frieze of marble, seemed to wait ;  
And all the eagled spears of Rome  
Did clang their bronzed arms at the gate.

And then I went and left that past,  
Dread vision of heads and columns and spears,  
And awful hush and tumult vast  
That haunt me down the haunting years.

## ORPHEUS

LONG ago a sweet musician,  
On a Thracian plain at noon,  
In the golden drowse of summer  
Played so heavenly a tune

That the very hills and forests  
To its chords their audience lent,  
And the streams were hushed to listen  
To this wondrous instrument.

And stilled was all the murmur  
Of sweetest winds at noon,  
And babbling brooks along their beds  
Hushed their melodious tune.

The gales that from the ocean came  
To kiss the summer lands,  
Fell dying at the harmony  
That floated from his hands.

And youth forgot its passion,  
 And age forgot its woe,  
 And life forgot that there was death  
 Before such music's flow.

And there was hush of laughter,  
 Where sported youth and maid,  
 And those who wept forgot their tears  
 While such sweet notes were played.

Yea, life was stayed a season,  
 Ambition, Greed and Crime,  
 And Hate and Lust crept shuddering, 'neath  
 The curtain folds of time.

And war in its 'mid battle hushed  
 Upon the 'sanguined plain,  
 The sword and spear uplifted 'mid  
 The slayer and the slain.

While even the gods of heaven sank  
 From their divine abode,  
 Drawn downward by the magic dreams  
 That from his fingers flowed.

## GLEN EILA

*(A Highland Ballad)*

CRADLED in loneliness, splendour and clouds,  
 Where the grim mountains lift up their headlands,  
 Hushed in its rain-mists, walled from the world,  
 Dreams the glad vale of Glen Eila.

Lone are its hills to the edge of the world,  
 With their brows flame-tipped with the heather,  
 Till down the hushed noonday are heard the dead feet  
 Of the clansmen who once trod the heather.

But it's far, far the day, and it's long the long weeks,  
 Looking back down the years with their sorrow,

Since love lingered here and gleamed on the cheeks  
Of Mahri, the dream of Glen Eila.

The touch of the morning, the sound of the brook,  
In her face and her voice set me dreaming ;  
Till it seemed the wild grandeur of glenside and peak  
But existed to frame her eyes' gleaming.

She comes once again when the night winds sob in  
Round the sad, wintry curve of the mountains.  
And I know her sweet ghost like a dream from the past,  
Welling up from out the heart's fountains.

Two little clasped hands, two pleading soft eyes  
Looking up to me, true, in the twilight,  
And the stir of a leaf, where the shy, watchful wind  
Went past—God help and forgive me.

O the evil of youth and the madness of youth,  
And the curse of this world with its dragon  
Of callous grim form and its mock of a heart,  
That crushed my sweet flower of Glen Eila !

I saw my proud mother, my father so grim,  
With his twenty grim lord-lines behind him :—  
And I put by her hand, and lost what this world  
Hath sweetest of gift in its giving.

I could not tell all, how could I explain  
To so pure and so trusting a spirit ?  
But I put her love by with a poor shifty lie,  
And fled from my heart and Glen Eila.

O she dreamed on the slopes, and she gazed far to sea,  
And she looked long to mountainward waiting,  
Till the wistful eyes dimmed, and the trusting heart broke  
In the tryst of the years in Glen Eila !

Till a slumber more kind than the heart of a man  
Took her peaceful at last to its keeping :  
And the stars peep at night, and the mountains look down  
On the grave where my dead love is sleeping.

My henchmen are many, my castle walls old,  
 And my station the pride of my people ;—  
 But I put it all by, with this world and its lie,  
 And I long for the slopes of Glen Eila.

I long for the bracken, the blue slopes of heather,  
 The purpling peaks in the twilight ;  
 And a far away voice, and a long vanished face,  
 That gleams from the slopes of Glen Eila.

And oft when I weary of statecraft and rout,  
 And the simper of dame and court-lady ;  
 I wander, in dreams, to the heatherhill gleams,  
 And the glen that I trod with my Mahri.

And I see her sweet face, and I touch her soft hand,  
 And the years roll back with their shadow  
 Of dim dreary days to those God-given hours  
 When I wandered the slopes of Glen Eila.

O the grim, heavy years, O the sad, thievish years,  
 That steal all our youth and our gladness !  
 Would they but bring to me, through their dream and their dree  
 Nepenthe to life and its madness,—

Till I stand once again, 'mid the sun and the rain,  
 Where the mountains slope down with their heather,—  
 While the long years they pass, like the wind in the grass,  
 With Mahri and love in Glen Eila.

### THE BETRAYED SINGER

THERE came a singer through the world,  
 The world of grim to-day ;  
 The fire of life was on his lips,  
 And in his heart the May.

He sang a golden song of love,  
 Of truth and truth's desire,  
 And flung a majesty of might  
 From his alluring lyre.

He came to where the cliques of song,  
Life's grim Sanhedrim dwelt ;  
They hated him because of all  
The truth he sang and felt.

They hated him and cried him down,  
Because they saw in him  
The lark in heaven, sweet and clear,  
That made their singing dim.

They slew him with their evil tongues,  
Their artful, false disdain,  
And life lost all that joy and hope  
That should have been its gain.

They drove him from the doors of hope,  
The gates of human faith,  
Until in dusk of evil spite  
He died without a name.

His melody went fading out,  
Till under heaven's bars  
His mighty music sobbed and sank,  
And melted to the stars.

Then in his place they set them up  
False gods of tinsel show,  
Poor helot, soulless, mumming mock  
Of mighty long ago.

And built them temples born of art  
Upon an evil time,  
When gold and power and pelf were prized,  
And rhyme was only rhyme.

And starved the yearning sons of God  
Of beauty, love and truth,  
And gave them stones who asked for bread,  
In dread and shameless ruth.

How long, O life, this mighty ill,  
This reign of hate ? How long  
Permit to dree their evil weird,  
Earth's murderers of song ?

## NATURE

NATURE, the dream that wraps us round,  
 One comforting and saving whole ;  
 And as the clothes to the body of man,  
 The mantle of the soul.

Nature, the door that opens wide  
 From this close, fetid house of ill ;  
 That lifts from curse of street to vast  
 Receding hill on hill.

Nature, the mood, now sweet of night,  
 Now grand and splendid, large of day ;  
 From vast skyline and cloudy towers,  
 To stars in heaven that stray.

Nature, the hope, the truth, the gleam,  
 Beyond this bitter cark and dole ;  
 Whose walls the infinite weft of dream,  
 Whose gift is to console.

## THE HOME OF SONG

HERE in northern solitudes,  
 Sounding shorelands, glooming woods,

Where the pines their dreams rehearse,  
 Is the home of haunting verse.

Dreams of beauty here inspire  
 All the summer's radiant fire,

In the gleam of leaf and bird,  
 Ere the Autumn's voice is heard

Fluting, soft, her woodland tune  
 Down the golden afternoon.

Where the seaward ships go down,  
 By some ancient Norman town ;

Where the northern marshes lie,  
Golden under azure sky ;

Where the northern woodland glooms,  
Luminous in leafy rooms,

With its ancient, sunlit wine,  
Under smoke of dusky pine :

Here the soul of silence broods  
Under haunted solitudes ;

Here that spirit rare and pure,  
Of the muses who endure,

Dreams with Wisdom's quiet eye,  
While the phantom years go by.

Where far sunlands shine and drowse,  
And great leafy, golden boughs,

Swaying, pendulous, within  
A sleep, diaphanous and thin,

Answer to the drowsy mind  
And loiterings of the thoughtful wind ;

Here in seasons lone and long  
The spirit rare of northern song

Keeps in dreams, remote, apart,  
The cadences of her own heart.

### HIGHER KINSHIP

THERE is a time at middle summer, when,  
In weariness of all this saddening world,  
The simple nature aspects seem to me  
As a close kindred, sweet and kind and true,  
Giving me peace and comfort, and a joy  
Not of the senses, but of the inward soul.

The restful day, the sunny leaf and wind,  
 The patch of blue like windows shining down,  
 Do give to life a beauty and a calm  
 And a sweet sadness, that this mighty world  
 And all its myriad triumphs cannot give.

O let me live with Nature at her door,  
 And taste her home-brewed pleasures, simple, glad,—  
 The beauty of day, the splendour of the night,—  
 Not in great palace halls, great cloister domes,  
 The smoke of cities and the thronging din,  
 But out with air and woodlands, shining sun ;  
 These my companions, this my roof, my home !

### WIND

I AM Wind, the deathless dreamer  
 Of the summer world ;  
 Tranced in snows of shade and shimmer,  
 On a cloud-scarp curled :

Fluting through the argent shadow  
 And the molten shine  
 Of the golden, lonesome summer  
 And its dreams divine.

All unseen I walk the meadows,  
 Or I wake the wheat,  
 Speeding o'er the tawny billows  
 With my phantom feet.

All the world's face, hushed and sober,  
 Wrinkles where I run ;  
 Turning sunshine into shadow,  
 Shadow into sun ;

Stirring soft the breast of waters  
 With my winnowing wings ;  
 Waking the grey ancient wood  
 From hushed imaginings ;

Where the blossoms drowse in languors,  
Or a vagrant sips,  
Lifting nodding blade or petal  
To my cooling lips.

Far from gloom of shadowed mountain,  
Surge of sounding sea,  
Bud and blossom, leaf and tendril,  
All are glad of me.

Loosed in sunny deeps of heaven,  
Like a dream I go,  
Guiding light my genie-driven  
Flocks, in herds of snow;—

Ere I moor them o'er the thirsting  
Woods and fields beneath,  
Dumbly yearning, from their burning  
Dream of parchèd death.

Not a sorrow do I borrow  
From the golden day;  
Not a shadow holds the meadow  
Where my footsteps stray.

Light and cool, my kiss is welcome  
Under sun and moon,  
To the weary vagrant wending  
Under parchèd noon,

To the languid, nodding blossom  
In its moonlit dell,—  
All earth's children, sad and yearning,  
Know and love me well.

Without passion, without sorrow,  
Driven in my dream  
Through the season's trance of sleeping  
Cloud and field and stream,

Haunting woodlands, lakes, and forests,  
Seas and clouds impearled,  
I am Wind, the deathless dreamer  
Of the summer world.

## EARTH

MYSTICAL ash of all being,  
 Tomb and womb of all time,  
 Healing, destroying, upbuilding,  
 Receiving, riving apart ;  
 Cool and warm for rest,  
 Or hot for burgeoning life ;  
 Clod ; yet pulsate with being ;  
 Infinite, ever-recurring,  
 Dark, sad house of all joy.

Night that dawns in the bud  
 Whose perfect day is the flower ;  
 Earth, red mantle of ruin,  
 Beautiful shroud of decay,  
 Marriage-bed of the cosmos,  
 Love that gives and receives,  
 Nubian nurse of all beauty,  
 Swart, ultimate fondler of joy ;  
 Out of thy bosom all come,  
 Back to thy bosom return,  
 Where, in thy mystical chambers,  
 Purified, sifted, restored,  
 All life, dismantled, outworn,  
 Obeys the inevitable law.

Red Egypt rose from thy dust ;  
 Greece, thine ineffable bloom,  
 Child of thy magical beauty,  
 Woke like a lotus at dawn.  
 All the mad might of the ages,  
 Their sad fated beauty, their joy,  
 Their passionate hopes and despairs,  
 Arose from thy bosom, and back  
 To thy yearning bosom return.

And thou, Swart Mother, O Wise !  
 Thou to thy children wert kind.  
 Thou smoothedst the saddest of brows,

Held to thy breast all lovers,  
 Folded their beauty of limb,  
 As thou dost fold to thy rest  
 Thy rarest and fairest of bloom.

And never undaunted spirit  
 Trod like a god thy rime,  
 But thou gavest him splendid rest,  
 Where in thy sepulchred chambers,  
 Thy great imperishable sleep,  
 Those kings of thy heart's best joy.

## SNOWFALL

Down drops the snow, the fleecy, hooding snow,  
 On town and wood and haggard, wind-blown space,  
 And hushes the storms, and all weird winds that blow  
 Upon the world's dead face.

Like the great rest that cometh after pain,  
 The calm that follows storm, the great surcease,  
 This folding slumber comforts wood and plain  
 In one white mantling peace.

So when His winter comes, His folding dream,  
 His calm for tempest-tost and autumn-lorn ;  
 'Twill gently fall, as falls by wood and stream  
 His snows this winter morn.

## THE DRYAD'S HOUSE

THIS cool and glooming summer wood  
 Is wise and silent in its mood,

For ever moving in its dream  
 Of breathing leaf and sunny gleam.

Whatever voice within is heard  
 Of stir of leaf or whir of bird,

Without, its trance is ever one  
 Of breathing, sleeping shade and sun.

The gleaming gold of summer fields  
 Dreams through its green of leafy shields,

And windows of the shining wind,  
 With grey trunks looming dim behind,

Grotesque and ancient ; all their peace  
 The dreams of gods of olden Greece ;—

As though in ages long ago,  
 Before their dreams began to grow,

Some startled, fleeing dryad hid  
 Within this leafy coverlid,

Enmeshed her silvern reveries here,  
 And filled its shadows with her fear,

And all the woodland mind inwrought  
 With golden filigree of thought

And maiden fancies, pensive spun,  
 From purpled skeinings of the sun,

Woven on sunbeam-shuttled looms,  
 Dim, luminous, of these leafy rooms.

## AUGUST

A SPIRIT of one rare mood, of one high dream,  
 She stands with finger on lip in this great hush  
 Of distant hill and wood and field and stream,  
 As one who hearkens to the hermit thrush  
 By some grave gateway, large, of evening dream ;

And hearkening, lingers, hearing in the sound  
 The beauty and grief of all the great dead years ;  
 So hushed and rapt is all the world around  
 In that sweet sadness too remote for tears,  
 But felt in all this beauty of summer swound.

Far out, earth's mighty waters, down the day  
 Are strung to mystic cadence ; dim, removed  
 The wind's low litanies ; and far away  
 The softest sounds of summer, mute, reproved  
 By this rare silence of the enraptured day.

Only the inward breathings of the leaves  
 In woodlands ; sigh of subtlest summer sleep ;  
 That magic charm which earth's high dream achieves,  
 As those great eyes in mystic trance drink deep,  
 And that great breast alternate joys and grieves.

### THE MYSTERY

WHAT is this glory nature makes us feel,  
 And riots so sweet within us ? Can it be  
 That there with man is kindred mystery  
 Of being, old heredity  
 Of bud and leaf, of pulsing plant and tree,  
 And earth and air ; that in some olden speech—  
 Ere words had being—doth our spirits reach :  
 Some essence akin to music, subtle, deep,  
 That plumbs our souls as dreams melt through our sleep ?

Yea, it must be : for often unto me  
 A fallen leaf hath greater power to stir  
 Than mighty volumes of earth's history,  
 Or all the tragedy of life's great blur.  
 What is it ? that so little ; plant or flower,  
 A sunset or a sunrise, gives us wings,  
 Or opens doors of glory every hour  
 To godlike thoughts—and life's imaginings.

Yea, 'tis a greatness that about us lies ;  
 Within our touch—pervading air and sod—  
 That bounds our being—hidden from our eyes—  
 But inward, subtle—guiding men to God.

## SPRING

SEASON of life's renewal, love's rebirth,  
 And all hope's young espousals, in your dream  
 I feel once more the ancient stirrings of earth !

Now in your moods benign of sun and wind,  
 The worn and aged, winter-wrinkled earth,  
 Forgetting sorrow, sleep and icèd snows,  
 Turns joyful to the glad sun bland and kind,  
 And in his kiss forgets her ancient woes.

Men scorn thy name in song in these late days,  
 When life is sordid, crude, material, grim,  
 And love a laughter unto brutish minds,  
 Song a weariness or an idle whim,  
 The scoff of herds of this world's soulless hinds,  
 Deaf to the melody of your brooks and winds,  
 Blind to the beauty of your splendid dream.

Because earth's hounds and jackals bay the moon,  
 Must then poor Philomel forbear to sing,  
 Or that life's barnfowl croak in dismal tune,  
 Love's lark in heaven fail to lift her wing ?

And even I, who feel thine ancient dreams,  
 Do hail thee, wondrous Spring ;  
 Love's rare magician of this waking world,  
 Who turnest to melody all earth's harshest themes,  
 And buildest beauty out of each bleak thing  
 In being, where thy roseate dreams are furled.

In the old age onco more renews his youth,  
 And turns him kindling to his memoried past,  
 Reviving golden moments now no more,  
 By blossoming wood and wide sun-winnowed shore ;  
 While youth by some supreme, divine intent,  
 Some spirit beneath all moods that breathe and move,  
 Builds o'er all earth a luminous, tremulous tent  
 In which to dream and love.

All elements and spirits stir and wake  
From haunts of dream and death.  
Loosened, the waters from their icèd chains  
Go roaring by loud ways, from fen and lake ;  
While all the world is filled with voice of rains,  
And tender droppings toward the unborn flowers,  
And rosy shoots in sunward blossoming bowers.

Loosened, the snows of winter, cerements  
From off the corpse of Autumn, waste and flee ;  
Loosened the gyves of slumber ; plain and stream,  
And all the spirits of life who build and dream,  
Enfranchised, glad and free !

Far out around the world by woods and meres,  
Rises, like morn from night, a magic haze,  
Filled with dim pearly hints of unborn days,  
Of April's smiles and tears.

Far in the misty woodlands, myriad buds,  
Shut leaves and petals, peeping one by one,  
As in a night, leafy infinitudes,  
By some kind inward magic of the sun ;  
Where yestereve the sad-voiced, lonesome wind  
Wailed a wild melody of mad winter's mind,  
Now clothed with tremulous glories of the spring.

Or in low meadows where some chattering brook  
But last eve silent, or in slumbrous tune  
Whispering sad melodies to the wan-faced moon,  
Like life slow ebbing ; now with all life's dowers,  
Goes loudly shouting down the joyous hours.

Wan weeds and clovers, tiny spires of green,  
Rising from myriad meadows and far fields,  
Drinking within the warm rains sweet and clear,  
Put on the infinite glory of the year.

After long months of waiting, months of woe,  
Months of withered age and sleep and death,  
Months of bleak cerements of icèd snow,  
After dim shrunken days and long-drawn nights  
Of pallid storm and haunted northern lights ;

Wakens the song, the bud, the brook, the thrill,  
 The glory of being and the petalled breath,  
 The newer wakening of a magic will,  
 Of life restirring to its infinite deeps,  
 By wave and shore and hooded mere and hill ;—  
 And I, too, blind and dumb, and filled with fear,  
 Life-gyved and frozen, like a prisoned thing,  
 Feel all this glory of the waking year,  
 And my heart, fluttering like a young bird's wing,  
 Doth tune itself in joyful guise to sing  
 The splendour and hope of all the splendid year,  
 The magic dream of spring.

### RENEWAL

ONCE more the sweet glad springtime  
 Comes over the lonely land,  
 And hearts long worn and sorrow-frayed  
 Are glad for the breezes bland.

Once more the warm sun smites the earth  
 With kindly touch and smile,  
 And the budding loves are filling the woods  
 For many a gladdening mile.

Age and death and sorrow  
 Go when the torch warms in,  
 And youth and joy and love and hope  
 The lone worn spaces win.

And man, the tired wayfarer,  
 Turns from his grief and toil,  
 To greet the tender buds, and sweet,  
 That peep from the burgeoning soil.

Forgot are the ills that smite us,  
 In hours both lone and lorn,  
 For the joys of earth have seized the world  
 In the moods of love reborn.

How long, O mighty Mother,  
With thy returning power,  
How oft with magic of thy dream  
Wilt thou bring back the hour,

Before the great sleep claims us,  
Surcease from memory's ill,  
When the joy no more with the crocus-bud  
And Spring, flames over the hill ?

### A NORTHERN RIVER

WHERE northern forests, dusk and dim,  
Loom dark the arctic skies along ;  
'Mid well-heads of the world abrim,  
My swift tides sparkle into song.

By craggy waste, by haunted verge,  
With woodland high on woodland piled,  
Wherein rude autumn's iron surge  
Thundered afar, and smote the wild,

By regions where the night-wind grieves,  
Down sunsets red and ruinous,  
'Neath crocus dawns and purpling eves,  
And midnights lorn and luminous,

My winding waters swell their tides,  
Rocked 'mid the forest's rude unrest,  
Where brooks down gleaming mountain sides  
Sing, bird-like, brimming to my breast.

By craggy scarp and sheering rock  
My shining music curves and cools,  
Then leaps with lightning roar and shock  
Into a hundred thunder pools.

By cabins in some wood's recess,  
By farlands where the fields slope down ;  
By busy gleaming villages,  
To far-off breath and smoke of town,

To furnace blast of city's roar,  
 Where life goes madd'ning to and fro  
 In ceaseless murmurs evermore,  
 My swift tides eddy in their flow.

Betwixt the lily and the rose  
 Of dewy night and petalled morn,  
 When life's dim wonder-gates unclose,  
 New glories on my breast are born.

In quiet borders where I sweep,  
 Housed in their roofs of bloom and sod,  
 My music singing round their sleep,  
 The dead lie looking up to God ;

In those low homes of love's release,  
 Where all are foolish, all are wise,  
 The daisies blooming round their peace,  
 The dust of sleep upon their eyes.

By dreaming banks my voice grows dumb  
 In shades of summer sanctity ;  
 And often here glad lovers come  
 On summer nights, and know with me

The under-dreams that throng and bless,  
 The unspoken, swift imaginings ;  
 The sweetness tongue cannot express,  
 The happiness at heart of things.

And often little children race  
 With sunny laughter where I pass,  
 And kneel and mirror in my face  
 Their innocence, as in a glass.

Curved, sunny-breasted, where I dream,  
 Here in and out, then far away,  
 By snowy surge and amber gleam,  
 My waters silver into spray.

By lowlands when the noons are still,  
 And all the world enmeshed in sleep,

Now by a bridge, a ruined mill,  
I wake with murmurs, ere I leap

In thunders o'er a craggy ledge,  
To churn in surge, then sparkle, free,  
In gold, across the world's dim edge,  
With wimpling music to the sea.

## WALLS OF GREEN

WALLS of green where the wind and the sunlight stir,  
Rippling windows of light where the sun looks through,  
And spaces of day that widen and blur beyond,  
Out to the haze-rimmed, purpled edge of the world ;

Aisles whose pavements are etched with ghosts of moving  
Leaves and phantom branches rafted above ;  
Wind-swayed arches rocking under the blue,  
Breathing under the dim, stirred peace of the world ;

Walls of green skirting the high-built heaven,  
Dusky pines, poplars clapping their hands,  
Arching elms holding the spaces aloft,  
Under the wind-swept, argosied dome of sky ;

Walls of green. Under their luminous glooms,  
Dim and sweet, the fancies of summer lie,  
Sylvan murmurs of sun and leafy shadow,  
Music of bird and swaying of tenuous bough.

Under here the haunted heart of summer  
Hides in its pensive veilings of tremulous green,  
Where the sky peers through and the ruddy eye of the sun,  
Letting the world, remote, and its roar go by.

Here is the realm of fancy, the poet's land,  
This house of breathing leaves and summer and sun ;  
Where the eye is keen for beauty, the ear attuned,  
And the hushed heart glad for silence and slumber and dreams.

And here, chance now and anon, when the world is stilled,  
 And life is afar, and earth of her care swept clean,  
 Do the gods come back as of old in the gold of the world,  
 And the elfin creatures dance in their sunbeam dreams :

And the high thoughts wake, and the great ones tread as of yore,  
 In olden majesty under these lofty aisles,  
 Where the woodshade glooms, or the gossamer sunlight smiles,  
 In the strength of the trees or the wide, blue lift of the sky.

Yea, here they come to the children of earth as of yore,  
 Bringing their god-gifts, vision and beauty and lore,  
 Brimming the world with the old-time effort and joy,  
 And Titan moods of the old world's golden desire.

### ODE TO SILENCE

THINE are the inaudible harmonies that keep  
 The brooding breathings of the night's glad lute,  
 When in those pauses 'twixt her sleep and sleep  
 All holy tunes be mute.

All beauteous seasons thou dost guard and bless,  
 The tremulous dawn, hushed noon, and cooling night,  
 Earth, air, and ocean, thy dim palaces,  
 Filled with divine delight.

The fathomless wells of heaven's deeps are thine ;  
 Thou watchest over night's infinitudes ;  
 The starry vast, within whose chant divine  
 No dissonant chord intrudes.

Thine are those oceans dim, untenanted,  
 The unprescient homes of pregnancies to be,  
 Filling the lonely realms of mighty dread  
 With formless majesty.

Thou keepest the dewy caverns of the night  
 About majestic risings of the moon,  
 When over the breathing woods her phosphor light  
 Rises to silvern noon.

Thou lovest those lonely avenues of light  
In the sun-kindled woods at early morn,  
Upon the rosy rim of fading night  
And cloudy meadows shorn ;

Filling the joyous airs with summer fraught,  
And morning's slopes with dewy odours bland ;  
Here with glad Fancy and slow-wingèd Thought  
Thou wanderest hand in hand.

Thou holdest those intervals of peace that dwell  
About the caverned shores of ocean furlèd,  
When the long midnight hush or noonday swell  
Slumbers about the world.

But dearest of all thou lovest that pensive hour,  
That holy hour about the fringe of eve,  
When sunset dreams in lonely woods have power  
Imaginings to weave,

When all the sunset world seems ages old  
In sad romance and achings of dead wrong,  
And all the beauty of life is poignant gold  
In the hermit thrush's song.

Then down the long, dim memories of old woods  
Facing for ever the far-westering sun,  
I'd dream for aye through hallowed solitudes  
Where magic echoes run ;—

Seeking the majesty of peace wherein thou hidest,  
Those golden rivers of being without alloy ;  
Knowing the infinite of dream is where thou bidest,  
Thou and that calm joy.

### THE WIND DANCER

WHEN ripened Summer rests and sleeps,  
And her hushed silence teems  
With golden gleam of mystic drowse  
And silvern trance of dreams ;

And all the woods are held in moods  
 Of slumber sunbeam spun,  
 There is an elfin dancer light,  
 Who dances in the sun,

And stands and claps his shining hands,  
 And bids the mirth move on  
 Of some invisible, mystic rout  
 The slumbrous day upon.

And they, the revellers, dim, unseen,  
 Still chase his phantom mood ;  
 Perchance the naiads of the stream,  
 The dryads of the wood.

For when a wind-breath wakes the world  
 And stirs each drowsèd tree,  
 Like magic silver works his bow  
 In fiddlings merrily ;

And all his elfin revellers dance  
 By glint of wood and stream,  
 Till all the drowsèd day about  
 Goes dancing in his dream.

And when in shrouded moonlight glooms  
 The woodland sighs and frets,  
 Along the snowy dream he shakes  
 His silvern castanets ;

Till phantom creatures of the night,  
 Shy satyrs, gnomes, and fauns,  
 Foot to his music mad and sweet  
 Along the mossy lawns.

He is the master of the mirth  
 Of field and stream and tree ;  
 And of the dreamers of the wood,  
 The lord of revels he.

Till Summer and her dream depart  
And leaf and gleam be done,  
He holds the whole world's laughing heart,  
This dancer in the sun.

## THE SPRING SPIRIT

I, poor Satyr in the glade,  
Saw a wonder, half afraid,  
When the year at leafy time  
Held all essences at prime ;  
Knew a miracle of dream  
By wide sward and azure gleam,  
Soft upon a breathing day,  
When all earth, expectant, lay,  
Worn of Winter, answering  
To the vast awakening,  
Where the woodland yearned afar  
To a dream of drifting star.

When the lonely days were done,  
And those magic ones had spun  
All the woodland in a lace  
Over coy earth's hidden face ;  
Knew a presence like a wind,  
Soft at summer, or a kind  
Dream of dawning round the sky  
Rosy over hillroofs high.

Saw a vision, half a mist,  
Pearl and glowing, cloudland kissed,  
Saw a vision, heard a voice,  
Bidding all earth's kin rejoice,  
Like as leaves are lightly stirred  
By a passing wind or bird.

Held a vision of a face  
Peering out of purple lace,  
Subtle weft of morns and eves,  
Fair as Summer when she grieves

O'er her tender deaths of love,  
 Bending burgeoning earth above ;  
 Lips of beauty, eyes of dream,  
 In whose opalescent gleam  
 All the hopes of earth and sky  
 And visions sweet of life did lie.  
 In this wonder-joy I grew  
 Swift to mood of bird and blue ;  
 Sweet, this dream of life to scan,  
 Love, immortal—baptized, man.

### IN THE STRENGTH OF THE TREES

LORN, hooded woodlands, wintry, bare,  
 Against the wild November sky ;  
 With what hushed patience, in your care,  
 You let the biting blast go by.

It roars like madness round the world,  
 And strikes you like a shoreward sea,  
 Soon far its pinions rude are hurled,  
 And you, erect and free.

Beneath the comfort of your sere,  
 Bleak dream of loud November woe,  
 The frail, fair children of the year  
 Are cradled in your heart's warm glow.

There sheltered 'neath your iron might,  
 That fronts the icy wolfhound's breath,  
 The hopes of all the year lie light,  
 In frosty dream of death.

I, too, have felt the wintry rage  
 And tooth of rude, unkindly fate ;  
 Would that I might its blasts engage,  
 Like you, possess my soul and wait :—

Like you, in patience, meet the storms  
 Of life's November's surge and stress ;  
 Strong 'gainst its ill of iron alarms,  
 Tender toward its helplessness.

So build my life like yours above  
 Earth's dream of frail futurity,  
 In all that godlike strength that love  
 Ordained that it should be.

### THE JOURNEY

THE wind of the day blows downward  
 From the moor and the far lone height ;  
 And sinks to rest on the brooding breast  
 Of the hushed and mothering night.

The river sweeps from the mountain  
 To find its peace in the sea ;  
 But O, my heart, thou must yearn on  
 To all eternity.

Restless, unsatisfied, longing,  
 Evermore doomed to roam ;  
 For thou hast gone on a journey long  
 To those hills of the soul's far home.

### THE MESSAGE OF THE NIGHT

I STAND beneath the night's wide vast,  
 The awful curtains, dim, out-rolled ;  
 And know time but a tempest blast,  
 And life a thing the hand may hold—

A thing the Nubian, Dark, may shut  
 In his closed palm-grasp, black and rude,  
 Like dust in a kernel of a nut  
 'Mid vasts of night's infinitude.

And Reason whispers : " Why debate  
 A moment's thought, why breathe this breath ?  
 For all are gone, the low, the great ;  
 And mighty lord of all is Death.

“Yea, Egypt built her ruined dream,  
 And Greece knew beauty’s perfect bliss,  
 Then Science fanned her taper gleam—  
 And all for this—and all for this :

“That when the fires of time burn out,  
 The earth a barren ball should roll,  
 With wrinkled winter wrapt about,  
 And night eterne from pole to pole,

“And all the dreams of seers and kings,  
 The pomps and pageants of the past,  
 The loves and vain imaginings,  
 Ground into glacial dust at last.”

Ah ! no such creed, my soul, for thee,  
 As, underneath the night’s wide bars,  
 They speak with love’s infinity—  
 God’s wondrous angels of the stars.

And something in my heart—some light,  
 Some splendour, science cannot weigh—  
 Beats round the shores of this dim night  
 The surges of a mightier day.

Though all the loves of those who loved  
 Be vanished into empty air,  
 Though all the dreams of ages proved  
 But wrecks of beautiful despair,

Though all the dust of those who fought  
 Be scattered to the midnight’s main,  
 No noble life was lived for naught ;  
 No martyr death was died in vain.

### THE DREAM DIVINE

WHO hath no moods for beauty doth not know  
 The inward greatness of this moving world.  
 My heart was troubled with the care of life  
 And mine own driven nature, when I came

Out to a place where 'mid the roofs of trees,  
 A single gleam, the evening sky shone through  
 In simple beauty ; and it seemed  
 Once more as in the child-like olden days  
 When earth's folk dreamed God's windows opened wide  
 And let in heaven.

For on my soul a sweetness and a calm  
 Fell like a mantle ; and the joy of one  
 Who hearkens to inward music ; all the world  
 Seemed in an instant changed : the garish streets  
 Were no more common ; even the woes of men  
 Assumed a greatness, and mine own dread care  
 Grew dim, remote, a part of yesterday.  
 It is a marvel how this magic works,  
 That nature hath such influence over men,  
 To raise them from the common, and redeem  
 The soul from sordid evils, lift to beauty,  
 Build o'er our life a splendid weft of dream,  
 By one small rift of dawn or night divine.

### THE EARTH-SPIRIT

Down these golden uplands I  
 Move with sunny winds and sky,  
 Where the ghosts of waters are,  
 To the gates of dusk and star.

And I know that as I go,  
 She whose bosom is the snow  
 Of the birch and aspen tree,  
 Dreams these sunny dreams with me ;

She whose glance and gleam of hair  
 Are the ruddy spinning rare  
 Of the gold glint of the sun  
 In the wood when day is done ;

She whose inner speech is heard  
 In the hush of wind and bird,  
 And whose soul is as a star  
 Cradled where the hill-lakes are.

## THE END OF THE FURROW

WHEN we come to the end of the furrow,  
 When our last day's work is done,  
 We will drink of the long red shaft of light  
 That slants from the westering sun.

We will turn from the field of our labour,  
 From the warm earth glad and brown,  
 And wend our feet up that village street,  
 And with our folk lie down.

Yea, after the long toil, surcease,  
 Rest to the hearts that roam,  
 When we join in the mystic silence of eve,  
 The glad procession home.

## THE PAGEANTRY OF DEATH

ONCE more, once more, with fateful sombre tread,  
 The wheeling year brings splendid Autumn in,  
 Hushed with sad dreams of memory and the dead,  
 And icy touch of Winter sere and thin :  
 Slowly with thoughtful pace the hours go round  
 While, leaf by leaf, the year slips faltering to the ground.

Down past the rich, ripe splendours of the year,  
 The glad days pale and sadden to the Fall,  
 Loosening, as memory lets go tear by tear,  
 The sweet old thoughts, the dreams beyond recall,  
 The splendid hopes, the joys, the golden gleam,  
 That now fade out in mists beyond the hills of dream.

And now when nights grow old and days decline,  
 And veiled September glories all the world  
 With those glad lights of Autumn's hues divine,  
 By hill and stream in azure vapours furled,  
 Over the earth a solemn rapture flows  
 Of death's sad doomful march where all that's mortal goes.

To him who, wandering o'er the upland fields,  
 Or by some noonday shrunken slumbering stream,  
 Where reverie her sweetest visions yields  
 In realms of inward thought and reverent dream,  
 There comes a sense of sadness undefined,  
 That speaks in each dead leaf, or whispers down the wind.

All day far out across the azure hills,  
 The splendid ruined woods all wrecked with rains,  
 Or river reaches, where the distance fills,  
 With wine of softness, all the haze-lit plains,  
 And lonely uplands where some garrulous jay  
 Reverberates his note along the lonesome day,—

Here 'mid these austere glories of the year,  
 The spirit of lofty sadness dwells alone ;  
 Where, hushed, the lorn heart grieves without a tear,  
 In this high house where winds like ocean moan ;  
 Or wild-blown sunsets, where bleak woodlands sway  
 About the dying borders of the splendid desolate day.

So fades September. Down each country lane,  
 Where withered the summer in the August days,  
 And weeds, once radiant, drenched of wind and rain,  
 Now bronzed and ragged, linger along the ways ;  
 Here aster and gentian lift their fringed blue,  
 Like some sweet second summer, the haze-filled sunlight through.

Near and afar by wood and field and stream,  
 There sleeps an eerie mantle of misty light,  
 Transforming all, building this mid-day dream,  
 Like some ghost-phantom of the pale moonlight ;  
 Where all the distance islanded in a breath,  
 Seems some illusion built from out the fogs of death.

Soon, soon, too soon, this pageantry will pass ;  
 And all the gaudy garments the world puts on,  
 Of crimsoning leaf, and mists, and bronzed grass,  
 Like some magician's dream, be vanished and gone ;  
 Leaving the year a hollow iron urn,  
 Wherein no more love's fires do glimmer and leap and burn.

Nor should we sorrow more than sadness ought,  
 Nor grieve to tread this abbey of life's years ;  
 Is there not splendid beauty in the thought  
 That we have such great endings of our tears ;—  
 That very Nature puts her glories on,  
 In these sad haunted days, for all her bright ones gone.

### DAWN IN THE JUNE WOODS

WHEN over the edge of night  
 The stars pale one by one,  
 And out of his streams of light,  
 Rising, the great red sun

Lifteth his splendours up  
 Over the hush of the world,  
 And, draining night's ebon cup,  
 Leaveth some stars imperled

Still on its crystal rim,  
 Fading like bubbles away,  
 As out of their cloud-meadows dim,  
 The dawn winds blow in this way :

Then, bathed in cool dewy wells,  
 Old longings of life renew,  
 Till here in these morning dells  
 The dreamings of earth come true :

As up each sun-jewelled slope,  
 Over the night-hallowed land,  
 Wonder and Beauty and Hope  
 Walk silently hand in hand.

### SONG

WHEN the morning lifts in light  
 Over misty wood and stream,  
 And from heaven's azure height  
 Falls the silence like a dream ;—

Then the joy-bird on his tree  
 Pipes of love and hope to me :  
 (Wake up rose of morning.)

When the noonday lies in light  
 Over woodland hill and deep,  
 Fleecy cloudlands furled in flight,  
 Over fields enmeshed in sleep :—  
 Then the sad-bird pipes to me  
 Songs of days that used to be :  
 (Red my rose of dreaming.)

When the evening dies in light  
 Down the purple miles of dream,  
 Lost in jewelled shoals of night,  
 Where a myriad glories gleam :—  
 Then the death-bird pipes to me  
 From the shadow of his tree :—  
 (Fold my flower for sleeping.)

### AUTUMN LEAVES

BRIGHT gloried children of the year's late splendours,  
 By the wild night-wind strewn ;—  
 Not like mere hues of some poor painter's colours  
 Upon a palette thrown :—

But something fairer, gladder, greater, fashioned  
 By that dread, unseen hand  
 Of Him who loosens His storms, unfolds His blossoms ;—  
 The might of sea and land ;

On this grey autumn morn of haunted sadness,  
 All wrecked of wind and rain,  
 You give to me a glad ecstatic vision,  
 A high exquisite pain.

Glad leaves, all ruddy, russet, green and golden,  
 Across my pathway hurled,  
 You bring a dream of nature's rarest beauty  
 Into this barren world.

And through my heart there glows a sense of greatness,  
 Of visions,—splendid, vast ;  
 Given by you, glad children of the woodland,  
 Upon my spirit cast.

Winnowed by winds of night, far-blown and shaken,  
 Storm-lashed, where great boughs swayed,—  
 As I walk here, you seem a magic pavement  
 By the wild midnight laid.

And with an inward sense of mystic beauty  
 That stirs and thrills my blood,  
 You lift me to a higher, truer kinship,  
 Bright brothers of the wood.

## VICTORIA

ROLL out earth's muffled drums, let sable streamers flow,  
 And all Britannia's might assume her panoply of woe !  
 Love's holiest star is gone ;  
     Wind wide the funeral wreath ;  
 For she, our mightiest, hath put on  
     The majesty of death.  
 Roll forth the notes of woe,  
 Let the baleful trumpets blow  
 A titan nation's titan, heartfelt throe ;  
 'Mid age and storm and night and blinding snow,  
 Death, the pale tyrant, lays our loftiest low.

Like some fair mask of queenly sleep she lies,  
 The mists of centuries in her sightless eyes,  
 This august woman ; greatest of earth's great ;  
 Who ruled this splendour, held this Empire's fate,  
 And built this purity and white of love's supreme estate.

Low like a lily broken on its stem,  
 Passed all her glory, filched her diadem,  
 She sleeps at His weird bidding who saith, Peace !  
 And all the loud world's mighty roar is hushed in love's surcease.  
 Song is an echo ; lore an idle tale ;  
 Love but the yearning of white lips that wail ;

Woe but the weeping of wild autumn rain ;  
 Power but the transient gust of angered main.  
 Thus fades all glory. But her lofty life,  
 That long gold summer as mother, monarch, wife ;  
 These bide and stay, 'mid wrecks that pass away,  
 Beyond the mutability of our poor day,  
 To live when power is swept,

And pomp but clay in clay.

Greater than greatness, stronger than iron power,  
 That makes earth's Neros grim, her Cæsars' dower,  
 Hers was the gift to girdle isles of peace  
 With woman's nobleness and love's increase.

The century rang with might of sword and flame  
 And coarser moods. Amid its blight she came,  
 And love grew purer, life a holier name ;  
 Religion graver, deeper ; happiness,  
 A part of character to aid and bless ;  
 And softer grew life's heart of bitterness.  
 Man's faith grew godlier, chivalry arose,  
 With virtue white as winter's winnowed snows ;  
 And art and song awoke from sorrow's long repose.  
 From heart of suffering, life and conscience went  
 On higher dreams of love and action bent ;  
 Self-sacrifice from her pure convents came,  
 And sweetened life of half its bitter blame ;  
 Till cynic scorn crept out in love's  
     White banishment of shame.

So calm she sleeps in her great southern isle,  
 Wrapt round in silence drear of stormy death,  
 No more for her wide earth or heaven will smile,  
 Or southern ocean breathe his balmy breath ;  
 No more for her the love of child and friend,  
 Memory of old happiness gone before,  
 The calm, serene, of life's long peaceful end ;  
 Sweet day, glad night, for her, no more ! no more !  
 The rose of England, red, will burst in bloom ;  
 The lark in meadows rise as she hath risen ;  
 The heart of springtime break its wintry gloom,  
 And life its iron prison ;

And far in Scotland, loved of her and him,  
 Her nearest, dearest, laverocks will sing,  
 And loch and mountain clothe their glories, dim,  
 With joy of leaf and wing—  
 But she no more will mourn her warriors dead.  
 Roll forth the muffled drum ! The mighty will  
 That worked for others, brain and heart are still ;  
 The august spirit, queenly soul is fled !  
 Death, king of monarchs as of meaner men,  
 Thundered her palace, o'er the drawbridge crept,  
 Filched life's rare coffer, stole earth's pearl ; and then,  
 She gravely smiled and slept.

For us remains the grief, the pain, the woe,  
 The anguish, sorrow and the boding heart ;  
 For her, the mighty peace of those who go  
 Forth from a nobler part.

From all earth's shores one mighty grief is heard ;  
 Each zone remote, in tryst of sorrow wed ;  
 The Briton's love, the alien spirit stirred—  
 Earth's great heart bleeding for earth's mighty dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Above all praise of ours, undying fame,  
 Like sun on mountain, aureoles her white brow.  
 We cry in darkness, creep to whence we came,  
 Our little sorrows and our fleeting show,  
 With all that crumbles whereunto men go ;  
 But hers a splendour will endure when time  
 And age have wrinkled up to shrivelled scroll,  
 The fame of fames above all fame sublime,  
 The fair white memory of a woman's soul.

Great Cæsars, Alexanders, spoil a world,  
 Enslave whole coasts, crush mighty peoples down ;  
 But greater greatness where love's flags are furled,  
 Than wreck of earth's renown :—  
 Her woman's kindness lightened all earth's seas,  
 And drew to her by silken cord of love,  
 What tyrants dread, in grim old centuries,  
 Could not compel by might of iron glove.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yea, she is gone who ruled but yesterday,  
 Her pomp, her power, her glory, but a name !  
 Not for its greatest will this mad world stay.  
 New dreams arise, new gods for love's acclaim,  
 New fanes, new prophets. Kings, as lesser clay,  
 Are but the dead, gone, faded dreams  
                     Of dead, gone yesterday.

Life feeds on life, ear'h's glories wane and die,  
 Her mighty Sidons and her vaunted Tyres !  
 Her far-flamed beacons and her baleful fires ;  
 Only her noble actions never die.  
 These bide and stay when names of seers and kings  
 Are but the ashes of forgotten things,  
 Hid 'mid the moth and rust of earth's imaginings.

But she will live when we and all our time  
 Are gathered to the dread and blinding past,  
 A mighty dream for mighty-built rhyme,  
 The golden age of Britain's splendid prime,  
 Remembered when old glories, long that last,  
 Are blown as shrivelled autumn wreck  
                     Upon the age's blast.

Yea, she will live, and tales of her pure life,  
 Her toil for others, her wise woman's love,  
 Her heart of sorrow 'mid the jar and strife,  
 Her noble wifhood, faith in heaven above,  
 Her simple trust in love from day to day ;  
 Yea, these will bide, while peoples pass away  
 With all that puts its trust  
                     In pomp of human clay.

Soon, with majestic rite, and earth's wide sorrow,  
 (Great lady of the pure and lofty crown !)  
 Will Britain, weeping, lay her sadly down,  
 To wait a brighter dawn, a happier morrow,  
 In that rare tomb with that rare soul to sleep,  
 In God's glad rest for all who wait and weep.

And days will pass, and men will come and go,  
 And love and hate and sorrow dream, alas !  
 And all this world and its wild wraith of woe  
 Unto the wrack of all the ages pass ;

And greatness be forgot and dreams decay,  
 And empires fade, and great souls pass away ;  
 But she will linger in her people's love,  
 As autumn lingers gilding winter's snows,  
 Or sunset, fading purpled peaks above,  
 Leaves golden trails of glory as he goes.

So will she fade not, nor her honour pass,  
 But burgeon on and grow to one white fame,  
 While lark in heaven lifts from England's grass,  
 And heart of England leaps to nobler flame.

### THE DEAD POET

(Lowell)

DEAD he lies at Elmwood,  
 Who sang of human fortitude ;  
 Who voiced the higher, clearer way  
 By which all nobler spirits may  
 Rise to the rims of God's pure light  
 Over the edges of earth's night ;  
 Who sang of manhood's highest, best,  
 Like some sweet Arnold of the West,  
 With more of kinship in his blood  
 With the great struggling human brood ;  
 With more of lyric in his note,  
 More of the clarion in his throat,  
 Tunèd to the brawnier West,  
 He sang the songs our men love best.

He woke new longings in the heart  
 For that love-hungered, better part ;  
 He stripped religion of her creeds,  
 And showed beneath the withered reeds  
 And dead old grass husks, bleached and sere,  
 The streams of God's love running clear.  
 In humour's ink he dipped his pen,  
 And mirth stirred in his fellowmen ;  
 That larger, healthier, kindlier mirth,  
 That kindles in great souls of earth.  
 His was the mind of reverence,  
 Too great to give the soul offence.

This was the poet, simple, true,  
Who all things glad for brothers knew ;  
With clear eyes knew the kings of earth  
Beneath the husks of common worth ;  
Who never grew too learned to know  
The hope of earth in heaven's bow ;  
Who never grew too old to feel  
The sap of springtime upward steal ;  
Who never grew too worldly wise  
To see with purer, childward eyes ;  
Too human to be merely good,  
This great soul dead at Elmwood.  
The song of life was on his lips,  
True human to the finger tips,  
With heart that pulsed and pulsed again,  
A man, he loved his fellowmen,  
This singer of all singers, who  
To the young, strong republic true,  
Voicing earth's people in the van,  
Most manly, strong, American !

Yes, he is dead, as men know death,  
Who count our living by the breath  
That ebbs or flows. Yes, he is dead.  
With morning's blush, or evening's red,  
No more upon this earth will walk ;  
No more in human page, or talk,  
Will he delight, or teach his kind,  
Who love the glad lore of the mind.  
But till the last despair is fled,  
The last weird cell untenanted,  
The last sweet hope athwart the dark  
Vanishes in meteor spark ;  
While love of earth and man lives on,  
And God and hope ahead are gone  
To lead the way to loftier truth,  
And earth rejuvenates her youth ;  
Till earth her latest blossom gives,  
The heart of Lowell breathes and lives ;  
His Launfal learns the godlier way,  
His dandelion casts its dusty ray,  
His " Zekle " knows eternal youth ;

As long as love, and hope, and truth,  
 As long as bloom, and pulse of blood,  
 He lives in earth's eternal good  
 Who now lies dead at Elmwood.

OTTAWA, August, 1891.

## SUMMER DEATH

(*A Nature Monody—in Memory of the Hon. Arthur Rupert Dickey*)

### I

SPLENDOUR on splendour moves the summer world,  
 Its days of beauty and its hours of thought  
 And lofty vision. Over fields unfurled  
 And these hushed woods with sunlit dreams inwrought  
 Comes life's far promise. He alone is not.  
 No more he comes, the grave, the wise, the kind,  
 To share as once of yore love's treasures of the mind.

How fills the silence with the year's great love,  
 This golden precinct of her liberties ;  
 There is no breath in earth or heaven above,  
 Save stir of winds or whispering lisp of trees,  
 Or chirp of bird or murmurous drone of bees :—  
 In spirit might he stands alone with us,  
 To hark her under-song, so hushed, so tremulous !

This is the world he loved, this home of tree  
 And grass and flower and far unsounded sky :  
 His joy and quiet passion alone to be  
 Abroad with nature in her tranquillity,  
 When she nor all her train gave care a sigh :—  
 Far, far from life's loud thunder or its grief,  
 To stray in thought, alone, with flower and bud and leaf.

This was his world, his leafy summer home,  
 The woods he prized with quiet student eye.  
 But where is he who gazed upon the dome

Of unflecked heaven and let man's world go by ;  
 Its strident note tumultuous, shrill and high,  
 And left the dreams of ermined Senate hall,  
 To note her sunbeams dance, her silvern waters fall ?

Where hath he soared, to what far heights of dream ?  
 Grave Summer sobs his name among her boughs ;  
 And grieves him far by ocean loud, or stream,  
 Quiet of woodlands ; where the shimmering brows  
 Of aspens fleck the waters with their snows,  
 Happy and laughing ; or the vagrant wind  
 Haunts the high darkling wood like some unquiet mind.

So grieves or laughs the Summer ; me alone,  
 Sadness unending and misty grief attends,  
 By sunny field and where his pine-trees moan,  
 Or soft conferring of his woodland friends :—  
 For me alone grey Sorrow her brow unbends,  
 And shows her eyes, those orbs whose haunted glooms  
 Hold ever in their depths the year's eternal dooms.

## II

O day of thought ! O day of splendid dreams !  
 Where through these sunny glades the ghost winds walk,  
 Making a melody of the leafy gleams :  
 And overhead the ravens call and flock  
 To incantations, where the pine-trees rock ;—  
 While far above from golden moorings high,  
 The sun's white ancient barges drift down the azure sky.

But he is gone. No more, no more, alas !  
 Will he revisit these familiar scenes  
 By peaceful haunts of waters or of grass ;  
 No more amid the summer's gold and greens,  
 A shadow with the silent shadows pass,  
 Revolving inward thoughts of days to be,  
 As one who reads life's book of God's futurity.

## III

Wide walls of elm trees, etched against the skies !  
 Far lofty aisles of summer majesty !  
 Where cool at morn the wandering winds arise ;—

Lean low your sighings to moan his death with me,  
 Whose life, high-reaching like a skyward tree,  
 Cut in the forenoon of its splendid prime,  
 Fell thundering on the slopes of shuddering time ;—

Lean low and teach me of your summer peace,  
 A peace of heart that nature alone receives  
 From out the treasures of her love's increase :  
 Give me your balm of dreams and whispering leaves,  
 And all that magic mighty summer weaves  
 From out her shimmer and shade and inward dreams  
 Of deep embosomed woods and sunward glinting streams !

\* \* \* \* \*

Here in your glades where sunbeams interlace,  
 My dreams are all for him who dreameth not,  
 Whose sleep is hidden in some sacred place,  
 Some solemn, lonely, love-devoted spot,  
 Dedicate to tears and saddened thought,  
 Where sleep the dead who rest remote alone,  
 Where Fundy's thundering surges beat their mighty monotone.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IV

This cool, sweet, summer-breathing Sabbath morn,  
 The very winds of heaven are filled with peace ;  
 Such restfulness upon their wings is borne  
 Of motion wherein action seems to cease ;—  
 And life breathes on its slow-drawn measured lease ;—  
 Low sighing airs, cool skies, and lispings leaves,  
 A summer lute whereon the stately season grieves.

On such a morn, enisled in summer dreams,  
 All sadness sinks to peace ; a peace that holds  
 The spirit in a trance as fields and streams  
 Are held within the day's dim shining folds ;  
 And as these woodlands in their greens and golds  
 Stand hushed in trance of wind and leaf and bird :  
 So we, too, stand and hark for nature's larger word.

And it is meet that here in such an hour,  
 When all the world is tuned to love's low psalm,  
 The heart should dream of him whose spirit's power,  
 Whose whole true strength was islanded in calm,  
 Like some reef-island of far summered palm,  
 Hidden in peace from out those ruder seas  
 Where rage the baser hates of life's mad destinies.

So wrapt in strength he garnered from within,  
 So isolate in peace he stood apart,  
 A solitary headland in the din  
 And maddened roar of all our angered mart,  
 Alien from the mob and mad upstart,  
 Serene and reticent, from all the world  
 Of party-strife and its loud passions hurled :—

So like this limpid morning grew his life,  
 So calm and temperate, kindly, grave, contained,  
 It cannot be that all this peace is rife,  
 And he alone in wintry silence chained ;  
 Who ne'er perforce a single spirit pained,  
 Whose quaint grave wisdom gladdened in his look,  
 Should now be blind and dumb like wintry, prisoned brook !

Peace ! peace ! my spirit ! let not misery rave,  
 That he who left us holds untimely tryst  
 With shrouded death in June's untimely grave ;  
 Though Love her bright wings darkens into mist,  
 With hope's eternal radiance death is kissed :—  
 Peace ! peace ! he lives yet in our highest dreams,  
 In every leafy, upward life, in every bud that gleams !

## V

He sleeps alone by Fundy's thundering shore,  
 He sleeps, though heedless, unforgotten he,  
 Who loved earth's mystery ever more and more,  
 And yearned to pierce her veiled infinity ;  
 He sleeps to-day unshackled, franchised, free,  
 To wander where she wills him, she who gave  
 And took to her again by sedge and sounding wave.

He sleeps, and dreaming, chance in dreams he may,—  
 If nature builds anew or holds unchanged  
 That fragilo mystery clothed erstwhile in clay,  
 The human mind, whose wondrous vision ranged  
 The universe of life and thought unchanged,—  
 Soar to some morn, beyond these veiled skies,  
 And dusks of our poor night, and all its vague surmise.

I grieve, but not alone, the whole earth grieves  
 For him and all hushed souls who fare alone,  
 Reaped and bound as autumn-garnered sheaves,  
 Unto that harvest of the dim unknown :—  
 I grieve, but not in vain, as clouds are blown,  
 By sun and wind aside till heaven looks through ;—  
 So some far shining hope illumines grief's dim dew.

From here by lone Ottàwa's dreaming bank,  
 To where he sleeps by his loved Fundy's tide,  
 Unheeding, where the seabirds, rank on rank,  
 Circle forever where the sea-winds ride :—  
 A thread of memory doth forever bide  
 Of those who knew and loved him in his prime,  
 Till memory fades and fails in some dim after-time ;—

Then men may question, gazing on his tomb,  
 Who was this spirit of an earlier day ?  
 And chance, still lingering in the aftergloom,  
 This sombre verse revivify his clay :  
 And teach men of his worthiness to stay  
 In memory and honour as of one  
 Who passed, untimely, ere his weird was spun.

This lover of earth's grave wisdom ; in the man  
 He prized it dearer than in lore of page ;  
 And dwelt in spirit with that rarer clan,  
 The seer, the bard, the prophet and the sage,  
 Who dream the purer dreams of each new age,  
 And build anew hope's citadels of time,  
 In granite of grim thought, or mists of airy rhyme.

I grieve, but sorrow lightens ; Love, all-wise,  
Hath ne'er made earth a charnel-house for tears ;—  
Even as I dream, the morning drapes his skies  
In glories far by golden woods and meres,  
And builds a wondrous bastion round my fears ;  
While loosen the winds, their shining wings unfurled,  
And God's great purpose compasses the world.

## NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN

NATURE, the mother, hath her seas,  
Her lakes, her vales, her mountain rifts,  
And to her various sons she gives  
Her various gifts.

To one the power of mighty mind,  
To sway, to forge a people's chain,  
And to another but to bear  
A life-long pain.

To one rare soul her magic lore  
Of will, keen insight, prophecy ;  
To do, to dare, and change all things  
Beneath the sky.

Unto another to console,  
To raise and succour, aid and heal  
Those wounded ones who blindly drive  
Fate's grinding wheel.

Not singly gifted was this man,  
No simple furrow his to plow ;  
But with a burden of gifts the Mother kind  
Did him endow.

The piercing wit, the splendid form,  
The poet lip, the flashing eye,  
And all that magic power of soul  
That will not die.

Not his to rule with subtle skill,  
 To plot, to plan with fertile brain ;  
 But with rare charm of mind and voice  
 To hold and chain.

Here where he sleeps we rear this stone,  
 Memorial of his spirit's force ;  
 This valiant knight whom death alone  
 Might dare unhorse.

Alone he moved amid our clan,  
 A genial alien in our waste,  
 The courtly relic of an age  
 Of finer taste ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Not his to raise prophetic voice,  
 To sear the soul with flaming brand :  
 He stood for culture, genial, kind,  
 In our new land :

Where Force, oft naked, often clothed  
 In ruder garments than is meet,  
 Doth in grave senate halls parade,  
 As in the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

And o'er his grave Canadian love  
 Canadian grief a garland throws :  
 And our young muse a chaplet binds  
 About his brows.

### HENRY A. HARPER

*(Drowned in the Ottawa River while trying to save Miss Blair)*

WE crown the splendours of immortal peace,  
 And laud the heroes of ensanguined war,  
 Rearing in granite memory of men  
 Who build the future, recreate the past,  
 Or animate the present dull world's pulse  
 With loftier riches of the human mind.

But his was greatness not of common mould,  
And yet so human in its simple worth,  
That any spirit plodding its slow round  
Of social commonplace and daily toil,  
Might blunder on such greatness, did he hold  
In him the kernel sap from which it sprung.

Men in rare hours great actions may perform,  
Heroic, lofty, whereof earth will ring,  
A world onlooking, and the spirit strung  
To high achievement, at the cannon's mouth,  
Or where fierce ranks of maddened men go down.

But this was godlier. In the common round  
Of life's slow action, stumbling on the brink  
Of sudden opportunity, he chose  
The only noble, godlike, splendid way,  
And made his exit, as earth's great have gone,  
By that vast doorway looking out on death.

No poet this of winged, immortal pen ;  
No hero of an hundred victories ;  
Nor iron moulder of unwieldy states,  
Grave counsellor of parliaments, gold-tongued,  
Standing in shadow of a centuried fame,  
Drinking the splendid plaudits of a world.

But simple, unrecorded in his days,  
Unostentatious, like the average man  
Of average duty, walked the common earth,  
And when fate flung her challenge in his face,  
Took all his spirit in his blinded eyes,  
And showed in action why God made the world.

He passes as all pass, both small and great,  
Oblivion-clouded, to the common goal ;—  
And all unmindful moves the dull world round,  
With baser dreams of this material day,  
And all that makes man petty, the slow pace  
Of small accomplishment that mocks the soul.

But he hath taught us by this splendid deed,  
 That under all the brutish mask of life  
 And dulled intention of ignoble ends,  
 Man's soul is not all sordid ; that behind  
 This tragedy of ills and hates that seem,  
 There lurks a godlike impulse in the world,  
 And men are greater than they idly dream.

### CAIN

My hand is red with brother blood,  
 My heart is bleak with woe,  
 'Mid dark despairs, a bitter brood,  
 Forth, forth alone I go.

By mists of dread fierce hate I grope  
 Forth over a wide, wide sea ;  
 For out from love and light and hope  
 My sin hath driven me.

Dread, dread the portals that I face,  
 The foes that front me there,  
 And evermore back, back I trace  
 Old roads of death's despair.

And by the crowded demon mart,  
 Or by the haunted sea,  
 Manacled, close heart to heart,  
 My brute sin stalks with me.

And often in my middle sleep  
 I dream I see its face,  
 As one looks down into a deep  
 And sees an evil place

Of hideous holes, where slimy things  
 Of horror and strange woe  
 Round, round forever in weird rings  
 Of endless motion go.

And ever round me closes in  
 A wall both black and dread.  
 It is my sin, mine evil sin  
 That binds me to the dead.

Nor am I desolate where I track  
 The deserts bleak and wide ;  
 For the great God, a shadow black,  
 Moves ever by my side.

I feel Him 'mid the morning dews,  
 And at the dread midnight ;  
 For He alone will never lose  
 The murderer from His sight.

Nor brings He peace. I could not steal  
 A sense of happiness ;  
 But some grim law that makes me feel  
 The manacles' caress.

A sense of One who ever goes  
 And bears my load with me,  
 Down roads of grim and hideous woes  
 And horrid agony.

Down, down, where things of doom and dree  
 And demon fancies ride ;  
 And ever, ever as I flee,  
 That shadow by my side.

And dread, more dread than all, hath been  
 That sense of woe in me,  
 To know His greatness, and my sin  
 That parts us like a sea ;

As down weird worlds of bale and blight  
 My tortured way I trace,  
 And ever before me blinded night  
 That smites the murderer's face.

## AHMET

This poem is founded on an old legend of North Africa, related by the late R. G. Haliburton, the noted ethnologist. According to tradition the ancient races of North Africa believed the constellation of the Pleiades to be the souls of a chieftain and six warriors slain in battle, who are shut out from heaven and doomed to wander for ever through space in search of the soul of the eighth warrior, which is identified with the lost Pleiad.

BEYOND the moving mists and shadowed night,  
 Towered the iron mountains dark and stern,  
 And out of the far horizon's sullen edge,  
 Over the river's pallid, shimmering flow,  
 The night-winds stirred amid the lonely dead,  
 Grim, white, fixed faces toward the inscrutable skies,  
 Where, silent and cold, the unanswering stars looked down.

And Ahmet raised him from the battle-field,  
 Where stunned he lay, beneath a Tartar horse  
 Huge, stiff and dead, transfixèd by a spear ;  
 And left the awful plateau of the dead,  
 And stood upon the high-raised river bank,  
 Beneath the white stars of the wintry heaven,  
 And moved himself, and beat the life-blood back  
 Into the death-like torpor of his veins,  
 And looked abroad, where all the night lay still  
 And dim with murk far over that lone waste.  
 Leagues to the north, under the mighty Bear,  
 Folded in fog, a fleeting silver dream,  
 The river moved and sang into the dark,  
 Under the frosty splendour of the stars.  
 And Ahmet stood and gazed into the night,  
 And lifted his face up to those watchful lights  
 That looked from out their lonely homes on him ;  
 And saw the Pleiades, a tangled mist  
 Of moveless jewels in the sky's blue deep,  
 Or pale grape-cluster in some great god's hand.

And felt the old religion of his race—  
 A nomad people on the northern steppes,  
 Who wandered from place to place tracking their gods—  
 The stern, white wanderers of the trackless heaven—  
 Beat in the stirring pulses of his blood.  
 And Ahmet prayed in his heart's agony

Unto the fathers of his race, the gods,  
For his own people in their distant home,  
And for himself on this lone, desolate waste,  
And the great dead who, battling through that day,  
Went to the gods from off their foemen's spears.  
Then rang his song of triumph to the night,  
Of those his blade loosed to the land of death,  
Treading the carnage on that awful field ;  
Then ceased, nor ever echo answered there,  
Save the far moaning of some mountain beast  
Haunting the jungle by some night-ward shore.  
And never a sound came over that lone waste,  
Where the far mountains raised their iron heads,  
And the great river sang its sleep below.  
Then strode he past the pallor of the night,  
Like some huge shadow 'mid the shadows there,  
Unto the unwaked slumber of that plain ;  
And moved amid the hushed and sombre dead,  
Awful and stern in their last silent sleep,  
With clotted blood congealed on shield and helm,  
And stony faces staring at the stars,  
Great blade or spear still clasped in each dead hand ;  
And came to where the young boy-chieftain lay,  
The last grim prince of his rude southern race,  
With whom he rode to battle yester morn,  
Now stark and motionless beneath the stars,  
With his life's foeman, silent, face to face !

And Ahmet lifted up his sombre face  
To the white heaven and the stars, his gods,  
And moaned, " O awful rulers of my race,  
Looking from out the mighty deeps on me,  
Ye who on radiant thrones of splendid light,  
From out your far halls gaze upon this earth ;  
And know, perchance, her motions through the deep,  
Her changes and her seasons, and perchance  
The strange, weird agony and joy of man,  
Who rises from her breast as some dim mist,  
Then sinks for ever on her meres again :  
Know ye that unto me this night is given  
The woeful part to answer for the dead  
Unto you gods, who rule the afterworld.

My part it is to bury this great king,  
 The mighty son of a once mighty race.  
 Now 'tis for me to hollow his last bed,  
 And lay the holy earth upon his face,  
 His breast, and limbs, and shut him from the light,  
 So that ye gods, in looking from your thrones,  
 May see no part of what is shape of him,  
 And curse him, banished from your halls for ever.

“Yea, more ; in keeping with that ancient law,  
 Stern and relentless, given to my race,  
 And handed down the generations long,  
 And kept by us with solemn reverence,  
 I must this night find seven of our kin,  
 Who went out here upon this battle-field,  
 And lay their shapes of them with decent care,  
 Stark, side by side, in this young prince's grave,  
 Ere the white god of dawning pales yon east ;  
 Or else this prince, beloved, noble, brave,  
 Who hath gone out in his old foe's embrace,  
 Must ever, doomèd, wander the trackless way,  
 Shut out from all the homes of your white splendour  
 And searching for ever,—like some lonesome wind  
 Beating about the hollow halls of night.”

Then, wresting a blade from some grim foeman's hand,  
 Strode once more outward to the river's bank,  
 Where the great waters moved beneath the mist,  
 And never a night-bird called from bank to bank  
 But the cold-river mists encircled him.  
 And there he toiled with quick, despairing will,  
 And made an opening in the wind-swept sands,  
 Red, desert-blown, adown the centuries.  
 The solemn night-winds crept about his toil,  
 Loosening the mists along the lonesome shores.  
 And now a slinking jackal wandered past,  
 Then stole to some far shadow of the field  
 To his weird feast upon the unburied dead.

Then with stern face, across the lonely field,  
 Like some great hero of the olden days  
 Working by night some splendid titan deed,

Or, as the shadow of some olden god  
Paying by night the last sad hallowed rites  
Over the form of some great chieftain slain ;  
With reverent duty to the spirit fled,  
Bare he the dead young king with awful toil  
Unto the grave that he had hollowed there,  
With six men more, and laid them in that grave,  
With faces fixed, limbs rigidly composed,  
And mute, dull eyes, dumb, staring at the stars.  
Then went again with agonizing tread,  
As a young lioness might hunt her cub  
In some great slaughter of huge jungle beasts,  
And circle dumb, yet never find him there ;  
So he in vain, amid the silent dead,  
Searching the heaps, went through the haunted dark,  
Praying the gods in his great, dread despair.  
Then, sorrowing back, came to the high-raised bank,  
And saw the lonely river and the night,  
The iron mountains, and those dead men there !

And now it seemed to Ahmet, standing by,  
That out of the sombre shadow of that pit  
Those silent faces pleaded with him there.  
And well he knew that somewhere off afar  
In outer space, this side Valhalla's gates,  
These seven souls awaited heaven's doom.  
With that a bitter sorrow filled his soul  
For those his warrior-comrades lying dead,  
And that young prince whom he had loved so well :  
That they should never see Valhalla's doors  
Wide-open to the welcome din within,  
Of mighty warriors at eternal feasts,  
And glorious songs of titan battle-joy  
Of lofty heroes told unto the gods.  
"Nor could I enter there myself," he dreamed,  
"And know their joy, if that I die not here.  
And did I now wend backward to my home,  
And live mine after-days in earthly peace,  
And turn mine aged face upward by my hearth,  
Surrounded by my loved, in days to come,  
Could I, a warrior, to the Warrior-gods  
Go in, nor answer for those dead ones there,

And meet their hero faces without shame,  
 And know these poor ones wandering in the dark,  
 Despairing ever through the endless years ?”

Whereat he rose and looked up to the stars,  
 And spake : “ O Mighty Ones, it is well seen  
 That I must know mine olden home no more,  
 But I must end me here on this dread plain,  
 Loosening my soul, even that these poor men  
 May know the golden glory of the gods ;  
 Returning never to the ones I love.”

Whereat a great sob rent his anguished frame,  
 And all his face, across the shadowed light,  
 Showed with a bitter woe, for he was young,  
 Scarce yet a man, and this his first of battles,  
 Where he had come in his fierce warrior-joy,  
 For that glad love wherewith he loved the king.  
 And far at home his aged father sat,  
 And his old mother, mourning for their son ;  
 And in the dark he saw his betrothèd's eyes  
 Soften to tears at memory of his name.

Whereat deep anguish smote his strong young breast,  
 And looking to the sky, cried out : “ O Gods !  
 Is there no way ? A sign ! great Gods, a sign !”

Whereat a splendid meteor blazed and fell  
 Across the silent wonder of the night,  
 Girding the horizon to the iron hills.  
 And then a thrill of greatness shook him there,  
 For now he knew for certain he must die.  
 And looking on the dead face of the prince,  
 He spake : “ O noble soul and brave and true !  
 Great heart that never fled from human face,  
 Nor yet would go back from some wondrous doom,  
 Such as is laid on thy loved comrade here !  
 That such dread woes are fallen from the gods,  
 'Tis not for souls like mine to question why.  
 But I will follow whitherso'er thou goest,  
 Thunder thy shadow-steed o'er trackless heaven,  
 Or to the brink of floorless night and hell.  
 Yet, comrade, friend, forgive thine Ahmet here,  
 If he finds woman's grief for what he leaves.  
 Like thee, I never more will see my home,

My boyhood's country in its golden prime,  
The happy hearths and plains we loved of yore.  
No more must see the parents of my youth,  
Nor guard their age, nor close their sightless eyes,  
Nor know the joys of husband or of sire,  
Of children's prattle, glad about the knees,  
The loved home comforts, and the wintry fire,  
And all the glories of this splendid world.  
All these must I forego, nor know old age,  
And the last peace at golden life's decline,  
Because of some weird doom that hath been mine,  
Given of old, from out the mighty gods."'  
Then ceased, and, with soft hands of loving care,  
Took earth and laid it on the dead young king,—  
Upon his face and his still, rigid limbs ;  
And said : " I now commend thee to the gods."'  
Likewise, in turn, he did unto the others,  
As was the ancient custom of his race.  
Then Ahmet rose and stood in his own grave,  
And bearing in his hand the naked blade,  
Spake : " Now am I resolved with conquering hand  
To cleave this murky curtain of my flesh,  
And hew a doorway past these walls of life  
Unto the outer splendour of the gods.  
And ye, white watchers of the wheeling world,  
O ancient makers of my doom, behold !  
O lonesome desert, wintry to the south,  
O luminous stream and desolate iron hills,  
Your glory will fall on Ahmet's eye no more !  
And thou, my love, whose holy love was mine,  
Snatched by the fates from my too passionate grasp,  
Thou wilt know sorrow when thine Ahmet's gone.  
Yea, thou wilt sit across the wintry years,  
Turning thy wheel by morn or sunset door,  
Brooding upon a face that comes no more !  
And ye, my parents ! One will hobbling go  
Past the familiar haunts and quarrel with Death  
Who claimed the wrong one first. The other, she,  
Will croon, with grief-filled face, the fire beside,  
Peopling in vain the home with olden dreams,  
And all the joyous sounds that should have been.  
Farewell, O glorious stars, and sun and moon,

Now I go out upon this journey dread,  
 I hear my charger, slain this early morn,  
 Neighing beyond the gates of outer dark,  
 Watching for the master who should come." -  
 Then lifting up his strong face to the skies,  
 Took one last look on all the wheeling worlds,  
 And, with glad challenge to the foeman dark,  
 Struck home the thirsting blade to his proud heart,  
 And with one mighty shout there backward fell !

Then there was heard a thunder of shadowy hoofs  
 That out of the deep wells of the night swept past ;  
 And as they went a riderless steed there neighed  
 Joyously, to him who leaped to saddle,  
 With splendid mien of conqueror just returned  
 From some far titan battle of the gods ;  
 Then all swept up the steep, sheer depths of heaven,  
 Thundering up the glorious slopes of blue,  
 Striking fire-hoofs upon the flinty air,  
 Onward to the ramparts of the skies,  
 Where some day through long ages they will scale,  
 And clang the golden gates and enter in.

But still that ancient night went wheeling round,  
 Beyond the murk to meet the coming day ;  
 And over the iron mountains and the dark,  
 Out of the wintry radiance of the stars,  
 There grew a beauty of that lonely place,  
 That clothed those mighty dead, and came and fell,  
 Like on some peak that fronts the far-off dawn,  
 On Ahmet's face, a silent majesty.

### THE ELF-LOVER

IT was a haunted youth ; he spake  
 Beneath the beechen shade :  
 " An' hast thou seen my love go past,  
 A sunny, winsome maid ?

“An’ hast thou seen my love fare past,  
Her face with life aflame ?  
The leaves astir her footsteps tell,  
The soft winds blow her name.

“’Twas when the autumn days were still—  
It seemeth but an hour—  
I met her on the gold hillside  
When elfin loves had power.

“Her voice was like the sound of brooks,  
Her face like some wild bloom ;  
And in the beauty of her look  
I read mine ancient doom.

“And when the world in mist died out  
Down toward some evening land,  
Betwixt the glinting golden rod  
We two went hand in hand.

“And when the moon, a golden disk,  
Above the night hills came,  
Down in a world of midnight haze  
I kissed her lips aflame.

“But when the moon was hidden low  
Behind each spectre tree,  
She loosed from my sad arms and bent  
A startled look on me.

“(While wound from out some haunted dusk  
A far-off elfin horn),  
Like one on sudden woke from sleep,  
And fled into the morn.

“I follow her, I follow her,  
But nevermore may see—  
The crimson dawn, the stars of night  
Know what she is to me.

“ I ne’er can rest, I ne’er can stay,  
 But speed from place to place ;  
 For all my heart is flamed with that  
 Wild glamour of her face.

“ I know her soft arms in my dreams,  
 All wound about my sleep ;  
 I seem to hear her silvern voice  
 In all the winds that creep.

“ O saw you not her come this way,  
 By boughs in waters glassed ?  
 So slight her form, so soft her step  
 You’d think a moon-ray passed.

“ O tell me, did you see her wend ?  
 And whence, to hill or sea ?  
 The ruddy dawn, the stars of night  
 Know what she is to me.”

### THE VIOLIN

YEA, take all else, my life, or what you will,  
 But leave me this. What is it unto you ?  
 A few thin shrivelled bits of carven wood,  
 Time-stained and polished, curved to curious form,  
 With strings to scrape on that a man might buy  
 For a few farthings. You say ’tis a Cremona ?  
 ’Tis naught to you or others, but to me  
 My joy, my life ! Once more my hand grows strong  
 To clasp its curves and feel its soul vibrate  
 Throughout my being ; for, believe me true,  
 It is mine other self. Yea, sit and hearken,  
 And I will make it speak, yea, sing and sob,  
 And weep and laugh and throb its strings along  
 The gamut of the passions of this life.  
 For here dwell melodies that Mozart played,  
 When he would call the angels of heaven down  
 Along the golden ladders of his dreams.  
 Here sleep those notes vibrant, wherewith Beethoven  
 Did open up those tragic wells of music,  
 And loose the prisoned ministers of sound ;

Wedding them to harmonies such as never  
Before or after, save God or angel, heard.  
Here pulse those magic dances that throb through  
The sensate universe, keeping it in tune,  
Warming the sunlight, blueing the azure of heaven.  
Swaying the tides to harmonies of the moon :—  
That stir those demon revellers of the deep,  
And charm the rages of those ruined souls  
'Mid horrified wakings of their eternal sleep.  
Hark now the tender melodies of this song.  
It is a charm-song stolen from fairyland,  
Filled brim with spicèd melodies of sleep.

Now 'tis the rest of night, the breathing woods,  
The dewy hush of dawn, the peace of even,  
Or slumber of noonday, 'tis an infant's breath ;  
Till higher, shriller, it strikes the notes of woe,  
The harsh, discordant clangour of human strife :—  
Then louder, stronger, to the strident note,  
The echoing, vibrant clarion horn,  
Or brazen trumpets, with their blatant throats,  
Bugling along the battlements of the world.—  
Ah, God ! it breaks in discord,—I have done.

I am degraded, old, I go in rags ;—  
The children cry at me along the streets ;  
Your lords and ladies shudder and scorn me by ;  
Your glittering palaces are barred against me ;  
Your power and splendour alien to my life :—  
But what is wealth to him who holds my riches,  
What splendour to the splendours that I draw  
From out this shrivelled universe of sound ?

'Tis nothing but a bit of withered wood,  
Cunningly built, and welded into shape,  
With some few strings a groat or so might buy.—  
But when I die I will beg them place it near me,  
Within my coffin, close here to my heart ;  
That through the long, lone autumn night of death,  
My spirit may vibrate to its living strings,  
Immortal with the chords that Mozart struck,  
That Paganini played, Beethoven rang.

And when I wake, if ever there be waking,  
 Beyond that awful sleep that follows life,  
 My soul will wing to heaven on its strings,—  
 For did I know, how could I plead with God  
 Without its melodies to voice my love,  
 And heaven no heaven without my violin.

### OUR HERITAGE

NOR all the fire of Burns, the mind of Scott,  
 The stern and holy human zeal of Knox,  
 Nor that wise lore which human life unlocks  
 Of magic Shakespeare, Bacon's subtlest thought,  
 Nor Milton's lofty line sublimely wrought,  
 Not gentle Wordsworth 'mid his fields and flocks,  
 Nor mystic Coleridge of the wizard locks,  
 Hath power to raise us to our loftiest lot :

But that rare quality, that national dream,  
 That lies behind this genius at its core,  
 Which gave it vision, utterance ; evermore,  
 It will be with us, as those stars that gleam,  
 Eternal, hid behind the lights of day,  
 A people's best, that may not pass away.

### THE BUILDERS

EACH fane we build is part of God's great thought,  
 One stone in His rare temple thundered down  
 In some old wreck of wisdom's past renown.  
 So we rebuild, in each gold hour rebought  
 From life's dread waste of folly foiled and fraught  
 With falsity, where in her tinsel crown  
 Philistia's Queen doth laugh all effort down,  
 While Nature's eremites toil and heed her not.

So we rebuild, till, in some afterday,  
 'Mid dreams confused this temple rears its dome,  
 To point to men a fairer, gladder way,  
 To ease earth's being down to its long home,  
 And make life greater for those weary men  
 Who toil in trade's mad mart or care's grim fen.

## THE HIGHER KINSHIP

LIFE is too grim with anxious, eating care  
 To cherish what is best. Our souls are scarred  
 By daily agonies, and our conscience marred  
 By petty tyrannies that waste and wear.  
 Why is this human fate so hard to bear ?  
 Could we but live with hill-lakes silver-starred,  
 Or where the eternal silence leaneth toward  
 The awful front of nature, waste and bare,

Then might we, brothers to the lofty thought  
 And inward self-communion of her dream,  
 Into that closer kin with love be brought,  
 Where mighty hills and woods and waters, wan,  
 Moon-paved at midnight, or godlike at dawn,  
 Hold all earth's aspirations in their gleam.

## NATURE THE BENIGN

NATURE, the terrible, cruel, deaf, malign !  
 So men have named her in their vague alarm,  
 Who know her outward only. Never harm  
 Came to the soul that read her secret sign,  
 Lived her pure laws, and dreamed her dream benign,  
 That broodeth eternal ever kind and warm,  
 With rare imagination's ancient charm,  
 Where all her lores and kindred loves entwine.

Not hers the working of blind woes and ills,  
 Unanswered hunger, and the futile breath  
 Of wasted suffering, and unneeded death ;—  
 Behind the formless mask, the seeming strife,  
 Bound by a law as old as her own hills,  
 She is a spirit, and her joy is life.

## THE SOUL

WHAT bears me up ? 'Tis not this earthly frame,  
 These vigorous limbs, this solid teeming earth,  
 That bore me patient ever since my birth ;

But something inward, some fierce mystic flame,  
 For which our language hath no subtler name  
 Than spirit : some dread hidden lamp of life,  
 Behind the ego dense, the passions rife,  
 That looks far out and dreams from whence it came.

Those others weaken. Fever, sin, disease,  
 The shock of mountains and great toppling seas  
 Shatter their being : this that dwells within  
 Knows other base of power more secret, dread,  
 Drawn forth, eternal, from some fountain-head  
 Of power and life, where sense hath never been.

### MY RELIGION

LET other men to other faiths defer,  
 This is my creed, I live by it alone :  
 Not unto gods of self or carven stone  
 Do I bow down 'mid mists of mind that blur ;  
 Let myriad schools their myriad truths aver,  
 Place Superstition on her ancient throne,  
 Or callous Reason to reign in ice alone ;  
 Earth's truth was never taught by *her*, or *her* ;

This is my creed, where each man hath his own :  
 God is a spirit ; love with insight blends ;  
 Make to thyself earth's rarest, highest friends,  
 Truth, wisdom, beauty : let all else alone ;—  
 Beyond all doubts and dread dogmatic fears,  
 These speak for God along His ancient years.

### TOLERATION

TOLERATION for the alien soul,  
 Who thinketh different from thy special dream  
 Of how earth's freedom widens its pure stream  
 To this world's splendid, ultimate, mighty whole ;  
 Yea, toleration for the one whose goal  
 Is equal, though 'tis reached by other ways :  
 For other dreams of other hopes and days ;  
 While over all the same wide heavens roll.—

But for the tyrant, he who would enslave :  
 Wouldst tolerate the wolf thy child would clutch,  
 The eating flame, the rude engulfing wave  
 That would destroy thee ? Nay, nay, unto such  
 The barrier walls, the iron gates that gird,  
 The dread denial, the hate, the sanguine sword.

## SEPTEMBER

As one who lieth on a bed of death,  
 And knowing in truth that he hath soon to die,  
 For months and months in silent dream doth lie,  
 And mind grown clear, his whole life pondereth,  
 And sees it fade before him like a breath  
 That smokes a glass ; so thou, hushed month, dost dream  
 The whole year's memories in thy quiet gleam  
 Of inward thought that no speech uttereth.

Here, haply, musing by thy silent fields,  
 Thy ripened woods, thy brown, shorn harvest floors,  
 And hazy hill-sides, he who seeks may find  
 The sort of soul he is, and at thy doors  
 Of inward contemplation lend his mind  
 To those high reveries nature's heart reveals.

## NATURE'S TRUTH

NATURE, give me thy truth, for I am worn  
 With outward knowledge of this surface world.  
 Men know thy trees, thy hills, thy clouds upheulod,  
 Thy dreams at even and thy dews at morn,  
 Thy great sky-temples, domed or thunder-torn ;  
 Thy lakes, thy rivers hushed or seaward hurled,  
 Thy limpid brooks, thy grasses dew impearled,  
 And all thy beauty, love or wonder born.

But that rare glory, that invisible,  
 Undreamed-of vision of thine under deeps,  
 That face behind earth's face that never sleeps,  
 That mystic word our wisdom fails to spell,  
 Which man calls genius, that sincerity,  
 That magic seeing heart, give, give to me.

## LIFE'S INFERNO

I stood last night on Dante's bridge of woe,  
 And saw that awful host of those who pass,  
 Like phantom shadows on a wizard's glass,  
 In all dread miseries of the Stygian throe.  
 I saw the fated lovers come and go  
 In agony of love's despair, alas !  
 Ixion's wheel, and Tantalus' taunting glass  
 Escape his lips amid the hellish glow.

But nowhere saw I ill so great as here  
 Goes grinding sadly, patient day by day,—  
 Jealousy, hate, yon miser aged and grey  
 Gripping his gold with mocking death anear ;  
 Or that dread dart of all dread woes above,  
 Earth's agony of unrequited love.

## DEATH

WHEN He who built this magic wizardry  
 Of sky and earth and sea and human heart  
 And planning brain and all that holdeth part  
 In fleeting joy and quick mortality  
 From azure peak to purpled rim of sea,  
 Shall come again, and by His wizard art  
 Dissolve the pearl, and bid the guest depart  
 From this high house of being's majesty ;

May He not come as summons shrill at morn,  
 Or sudden tempest shaking life's frail tower,  
 Or angry black when storms and tempests lower ;  
 But soft at even ere the stars be born,  
 And love lets down her gradual veils of sleep,  
 So my soul pass from splendid deep to deep.

## THE CONSOLATION OF THE STARS

WHERE white Orion rules the hosts of night,  
 And grim Arcturus wheels his ancient round,  
 If there be any soul by earth-weight bound,  
 Let him here come, and if he hath a blight  
 Of poisoned spirit, let him note the flight  
 Of those great seers of centuries, without sound,  
 Patient, orderly, in their mystic swound,  
 Wheeling forever eternal hills of light.

Let him here pause ; and if he hath a care,  
 A poisoned arrow rankling in his heart  
 Of human sorrow, or ill too great to bear,  
 From off his spirit like mists it will depart,  
 And in these dreams 'twixt golden dusk and day  
 Rebuild his soul for its appointed way.

### “ NOT UNTO ENDLESS DARK ”

Not unto endless dark do we go down,  
 Though all the wisdom of wide earth said yea,  
 Yet my fond heart would throb eternal nay.  
 Night, prophet of morning, wears her starry crown,  
 And jewels with hope her murkiest shades that frown.  
 Death's doubt is kernelled in each prayer we pray.  
 Eternity but night in some vast day  
 Of God's far-off red flame of love's renown.

Not unto endless dark. We may not know  
 The distant deeps to which our hopings go,  
 The tidal shores where ebbs our fleeting breath :  
 But over ill and dread and doubt's fell dart,  
 Sweet hope, eternal, holds the human heart,  
 And love laughs down the desolate dusks of death.

## THE WIND'S ROYALTY

THIS summer day is all one palace rare,  
 Buildd by architects of life unseen,  
 In elfin hours the sun and moon between,

Up out of quarries of the sea and air,  
 And earth's fine essences. Aladdin's were  
     But tinsel sheen beside this gloried dream,  
     High, sunny-windowed, walled by wood and stream,  
 And high, dome-roofed, blue burnished, beyond compare.

Here reigns a king, the happiest known on earth,  
     That blithesome monarch mortals call the wind,  
 Who roves his galleries wide in vagrant mirth,  
     His courtier clouds obedient to his mind ;  
 Or when he sleeps his sentinel stars are still,  
 With Ethiop guards o'ertopping some grave hill.

### NATURE'S SINCERITY

Not by fine straining above our natural powers,  
     Or standing tiptoe over greater heads,  
     Do we beget that greatness nature weds  
 To her sure actions and her patient hours.  
 Nor yet by building arrogant Babel towers,  
     And aping genius, do we spin those threads  
     Of grave existence, which the world besteads  
 When fortune fails and life's horizon lowers.

Not thus doth Nature tread her patient rounds  
     In gloom of darkness or in wine of light,  
 Flaming the wheel of her slow fixèd bounds,  
     Revivifying day in womb of night :  
 Plodding her dream in mists of mightiest powers,  
 Working her miracles in her natural hours.

### THE SOUL'S CLOISTER

AMID the mighty struggles of the day,  
     The burdened armies of huge toil enlocked,  
     In trade's grim battle-grounds ambition-rocked,  
 And busy marts of all the world's loud fray,  
 The truer moods of being flee away,  
     With all the gentler dreams of life that flocked  
     From love's hyperion fields, now cursed and mocked  
 By iron mouths and brazen throats that bray.

But in the hush of those diviner hours,  
 The meditative silences of night,  
 When Nature reasserts her holier powers,  
 And all false dreams and garish take their flight,  
 Those rarer moods of dream return to dwell  
 'Mid these white towers of truth invisible.

## EARTH'S INNOCENCE

WRAP me, kind Nature, in thy fold of dreams,  
 Out from this life and its brute-selfishness,  
 Its anguished strivings for the boons that bless,  
 Its base ambitions and its bauble gleams  
 That lure poor souls, like foolish fish in streams,  
 From sunbeam into sunbeam, profitless.  
 Make me a part of thine own happiness,  
 With which thy realm, honey-nurtured, teems.

Give me once more thine olden innocence  
 Of bird and bee ; the sunshine-built romance  
 Of hour to hour, by wood and field and deep ;  
 Co-heir with those blithe wanderers of thy fields,  
 To whom alone life's open-sesame yields,  
 Like little children, morning, flowers, and sleep.

## LOVE

THE truest is the simplest. Why entail  
 Whole days of years to some complex pursuit,  
 To probe life's flower and analyse its fruit ?  
 O weary student, perplexed, spectre-pale,  
 Why beat against the granite of thy gaol,  
 Self-built ; or kill the flower to search the root ?  
 Doth lore make mankind any less the brute ?  
 Or knowledge alone for godlike flight avail ?

'Tis love draws all from earth to heaven's heights,—  
 Not all thy weary lore of sleepless nights  
 Hath power to touch like one low daisied sod,—  
 'Tis love, not lore. Whatever come to pass,  
 We are but child-kin to the birds and grass,  
 And he who yearns, life's heir, and kin to God.

## THE POET

HE sings and sings ; ye cannot stop his lute ;  
 Hunger and misery, death and man's disdain,  
 And all that grieves and gives poor mortals pain,  
 Sorrow and shame—these cannot make him mute.  
 Brother to days that gather little fruit,  
 Shunned by the mob, and scorned of sordid gain,  
 He walks his way, for love and music fain,  
 Loving poor life that song be at its root.

And when spring eves are red or ozier-pale,  
 He wanders where earth's children lisp their tale  
 To tender skies whose misty stars look down ;  
 And all love's realms are his, the budding hours  
 Of children, brooks and winds and grass and flowers,—  
 A king whom death alone may dare uncrown.

## THE POLITICIAN

CARVEN in leathern mask or brazen face,  
 Were I time's sculptor, I would set this man.  
 Retreating from the truth, his hawk-eyes scan  
 The platforms of all public thought for place.  
 There wriggling with insinuating grace,  
 He takes poor hope and effort by the hand,  
 And flatters with half-truths and accents bland,  
 Till even zeal and earnest love grow base.

Knowing no right, save power's grim right-of-way ;  
 No nobleness, save life's ignoble praise ;  
 No future, save this sordid day to day ;  
 He is the curse of these material days :  
 Juggling with mighty wrongs and mightier lies,  
 This worshipper of Dagon and his flies !

## THE PATRIOT

BORN with a love for truth and liberty,  
 And earnest for the public right, he stands  
 Like solitary pine in wasted lands,—  
 Or some paladin of old legends, he

Would live that other souls like his be free,  
 Not caring for self or pelf or pandering power,  
 He thunders incessant, earnest, hour by hour,  
 Till some old despot shackle cease to be.

Not his the gaudy title, nor the place  
 Where hungry fingers clutch his country's gold :  
 But where the trodden crouch in evil case,  
 His cause is theirs, to lighten or to hold ;  
 His monument, the people's glad acclaim ;  
 His title high, a love more great than fame.

## NIGHT

HOME of the pure in heart and tranquil mind,  
 Temple of love's white silence, holy Night ;  
 Greater than splendid thought or iron might,  
 Thy lofty peace unswept by any wind  
 Of human sorrow, leaves all care behind.  
 Uplifted to the zenith of thy height,  
 My world-worn spirit drinks thy calm delight,  
 And, chrysalis-like, lets slip its earthly rind.

The blinded feuds, base passions and fierce guilt,  
 Vain pride and falseness that enslaved the day,  
 Here dwindle and fade with all that mocks and mars ;  
 Where wisdom, awed, walks hushed with lips that pray,  
 'Neath this high minster, dim, invisible, built  
 Vast, walled with deeps of space and roofed with stars.

## ON A PICTURE OF COLUMBUS

NOR for one age was it given thee to be ;  
 Out-living all in thine immortal span,  
 Thou wondrous, titan, godlike-minded man ;  
 Earth's little lives comparable to thee  
 As meadow tarns unto the mighty sea ;  
 'Mid few great souls, create since time began,  
 Thy spirit ever seems to brood and scan,  
 Strong, self-contained, time's lone immensity.

Nor dread Atlantic did thy purpose daunt :  
 Scorning the trackless paths toward ocean's verge,  
 Thine eyes sought ever where Hesperides haunt ;  
 Thy spirit rode above all weak despair,  
 Seeing in visions gleaming coasts emerge  
 Out of the Wild and Limitless, waste and bare.

### SHELLEY

SPIRIT of fire and snow, and heart all dew,  
 Child of the midnight's glory and the stars,  
 Whose mad, sweet chanting smote to heaven's bars ;  
 Brother, ethereal, to that glorious few  
 Who from earth's beauty song's high triumphs drew ;  
 Beyond the earthy, like some paler Mars,  
 Winging above thine age's petty jars,  
 Thy song to heaven meteor-like out-flew.

First came one great in love's majestic calm,  
 The wizard singer of all singing men ;  
 Then he who sang in high immortal psalm  
 That greatest of all love's great, sad rebels. Then  
 Thou camest, angel of the starry lyre !  
 Raining the dusk with melody of fire.

### BRITAIN

GREAT patient Titan, 'neath thy wearying load  
 Of modern statecraft, human helpfulness ;  
 To whom do come earth's weak in their distress  
 To crave thine arm to avert the oppressor's goad :  
 Thou sovereignty within thine isled abode,  
 Hated and feared, where thou wouldst only bless,  
 By fools who dream thine iron mightiness  
 Will crumble in ruin across the world's wide road,—

Though scattered thy sons o'er leagues of empire's rim,  
 Alien, remote, by severing wind and tide,  
 Yet every Briton who knows thy blood in him  
 In that dread hour will marshal to thy side ;  
 And if thou crumblest earth's whole frame will groan.  
 God help this world, thou wilt not sink alone !

## CANADA

THOU land for gods, or those of old  
Whom men deemed gods, of loftier mould ;

Sons of the vast, the hills, the sea,  
Masters of earth's humanity ;

I stand here where this autumn morn  
Autumnal garbs thy hills adorn,

And all thy woodlands flame with fire,  
And glory of the world's desire.

Far northward lie thy purple hills,  
Far vasts between, thy great stream fills,

Ottàwa, his fleet tides impearled,  
From deep to deep, adown the world.

O land, by every gift of God  
Brave home of freemen, let thy sod,

Sacred with blood of hero sires,  
Spurn from its breast ignobler fires.

Keep on these shores where beauty reigns,  
And vastness folds from peak to plains,

With room for all from hills to sea,  
No shackled, helot tyranny.

Spurn from thy breast the bigot lie,  
The smallness not of earth or sky,

Breed all thy sons brave stalwart men,  
To meet the world as one to ten.

Breed all thy daughters mothers true,  
Magic of that glad joy of you,

Till liberties thy hills adorn  
As wide as thy wide fields of corn.

Let that brave soul of Britain's race  
That peopled all this vastness, trace

Its freedoms fought, ideals won,  
Strength built on strength from sire to son.

Till from thy earth-wide hills and seas,  
Thy manhood as thy strength of trees,

Thy liberty alone compare  
With thy wide winnowed mountain air,

And round earth's rim thine honour glows,  
Unsullied as thy drifted snows.

### TO THE CANADIAN PATRIOT

THIS is the land of the rugged North ; these wide,  
Life-yielding fields, these inland oceans ; these  
Vast rivers moving seaward their wide floods,  
Majestic music : these sky-bounded plains  
And heaven-topping mountains ; these iron shores,  
Facing toward either ocean ; fit home, alone,  
For the indomitable and nobly strong.

In that dread hour of evil when thy land  
Is rent with strifes and ground with bigotry,  
And all looks dark for honour, and poor Truth  
Walks cloaked in shadow, alien from her marts ;  
Go forth alone and view the earth and sky,  
And those eternal waters, moving, vast,  
In endless duty, ever rendering pure  
Those mild or angry airs ; the gladdening sun,  
Reviving, changing, weaving life from death ;  
Those elemental uses nature puts  
Her patient hours to ; and then thou shalt know  
A larger vista, glean a greater truth  
Than man has put into his partial creeds

Of blinded feud and custom. Thou shalt know  
 That nature's laws are greater and more sure,  
 More calm, more patient, wise and tolerant,  
 Than these poor futile efforts of our dream ;  
 That human life is stronger in its yearning  
 Than those blind walls our impotence builds between ;  
 And underneath this calloused rind we see,—  
 As the obedient tides the swaying moon,—  
 A mightier law the whole wide world obeys ;  
 And far beyond these mists of human vision  
 God's great horizon stands out fixed and sure.

## TO THE UNITED STATES

O THOUSAND years of Britain's pride,  
 One hundred of your own,  
 Of throbbing fires of liberty  
 Bred in your blood and bone ;  
 O stalwart 'mid the nations  
 To-day alone you stand,  
 The fate and being of a world  
 In your puissant hand.

And shall the scale say bloodshed,  
 Or shall the word be peace ?  
 Shall brute and blind and cruel Force  
 Rule, or his thunders cease ?  
 Shall man go back a century,  
 And dream an alien dream,  
 Of clashing arms, of sabre stroke,  
 Of leaguered shore agleam ?  
 Or shall the world go forward  
 To wisdom and surcease  
 Of brutal strife, to the higher life  
 Of brotherhood and peace ?

O thousand years of Britain's pride,  
 One hundred of your own,  
 Child of the greatest mother-stock  
 The world hath ever known ;  
 Who hold within your honour,

Who keep athwart your pride,  
 The hope or wrecking of a world ;  
 Hold back the bloody tide !  
 Show men that justice, patience,  
 Are nobler far than hate,  
 You with your million valiant hearts  
 Entrenched by each sea-gate.  
 You who could hurl the eastern world  
 Back into either sea,  
 Show, greater far than iron force,  
 'Tis peace that rules the free,  
 That far from western granite gates  
 Old battles' smoke hath blown ;  
 Thou thousand years of Britain's pride,  
 One hundred of your own.

### THE RACE

THIS mighty dream of the race !  
 When, O when will it die ?  
 When the magic of being burns from the blood,  
 When the violet fades from the sky,  
 When the mother turns from her child,  
 When the son his father spurns,  
 And the blood of the mightiest race on earth  
 To bloodless water turns.

### THE ANSWER

THEY whisper that you are dying,  
 Mother of mine and me,  
 Like a sick old eagle crying  
 Out of the northern sea.

But we answer, mother, O mother,  
 Back to thy breast we come,—  
 We of thy breed and seed and none other,—  
 From the beat of the alien drum.

Loud was the new world song  
 That wooed and beckoned and won ;  
 Long was the day, and long  
 The roads of water and sun ;

But after the alien dream,  
 After the alien tongue,  
 Sweet to creep to the true, to the old,  
 To the love that ever is young.

SHOW THE WAY, ENGLAND <sup>1</sup>

SHOW the way, England !  
 We are your children,  
 Pass us not by,—  
 Full five million  
 Children of Canada  
 True as of yore,  
 Blood of your blood and  
 Core of your core,—  
 Speak not the treason,  
 Write not the lie ;  
 Bred of the blood of you,  
 We are not alien,  
 Pass us not by.

Show the way, England !  
 Not in your ignorance,  
 Passing your children  
 Over in silence,  
 Oblivion hurled,  
 Buying the traitor,  
 Lauding the alien,  
 Will you build Empire,  
 Wide as the world ;  
 But by showing your  
 Children you love them,  
 Know them as kindred,  
 Blood of the one blood,  
 Where the wide wheelings  
 Of Empire are whirled.

<sup>1</sup> Written in answer to a poem, "Show the Way, Canada," printed in the *London Spectator*.

Show the way, England !  
 We will follow you,  
 We, whose fathers were  
 Victors with Wellington,  
 Masters with Nelson,  
 Under the old flag  
 They flapped at the Nile ;  
 We, late children  
 Of those intrepid,  
 Who, scaling the vast-heights,  
 Won you, with Wolfe,  
 Canada's glorious  
 Mile upon mile.

They, too, our brothers,  
 Loyal Canadian,  
 Valorous, chivalrous,  
 Sons of Montcalm,—  
 They are not alien,  
 Speak not the lie,  
 They, too, for Britain  
 Have died and will die ;  
 They are not alien,  
 Helot, out-cast,  
 But blood of the old blood,  
 Norman of William,  
 Victors at Hastings,  
 Builders of England,  
 Heirs of your wonderful,  
 Glorious past.  
 Ocean or land, for you  
 They, too, will stand for you—  
 Show the way, England !

Show the way, England !  
 Forward to justice,  
 Freedom and right,  
 Onward to glory and  
 Wisdom's increase,  
 We will follow you,  
 Sons of the might of you,  
 Smokeward to battle  
 Or sunward to peace.

Show the way, England !  
Not in the bright hour,  
But in the dark hour,  
When the world threatens,  
We are your sons ;  
Not for the might of you,  
Shelter and right of you,  
Not for the paid-coin,  
Not for your guns ;  
But that we love you,  
Suckled at breast of you,  
You are our Mother !  
    We are your sons !

Show the way, England !  
And in the fated  
Din of the battle,  
Stand you alone ;  
Loyal Canadian,  
Sons of the sons of you,  
Back of the guns of you,  
Bone of your bone,  
We will stand four-square,—  
Rock of the rock of you,  
Ribs of the steel of you ;  
Darkness or light,  
Let the world thunder ;  
Ere you go under,  
We will follow you,  
    Might of your might !

Not of the alien,  
We of old Scotland,  
We of old England,  
We of old Ireland,  
We of old Normandy,  
We are your sons ;  
We are Canadian,  
Helot to no one,  
Heirs of this strand ;—  
Britons, the sons of you,  
Brand of your brand.

Show the way, England !  
 We are your children,  
 In peace or in battle  
 To conquer or die ;  
 We are not alien,  
 Speak not the insult,  
 Write not the lie,—  
 We whose fathers were  
 Thanes with Great Alfred,  
 Loyal at Runnymede,  
 Norman at Hastings,  
 Or Scotch at Lucknow,—  
 Speak not the treason,  
 Write not the lie ;  
 Blood of the blood of you  
 Leaps in reply.  
 Only be true to us,  
 Open your heart to us,  
 Lead you to danger,  
 To glory or night ;  
 We will follow you,  
 Blood of the blood of you,  
 Might of your might !  
     Show the way, England !

Show the way, England !  
 Let that grim master  
 Of earth's dread disaster,  
 Let the war shadow  
 But darken your sun ;  
 Trust your child, Canada,  
 She will be with you,  
 Shoulder to shoulder,  
 Gun to your gun ;  
 She will reply with you,  
 Fight for you,  
 Die with you.  
 So wide to the world,  
 Be the old flag unfurled !  
     Show the way, England !

## THE CHILDREN

OUT of the vasts of the world,  
 From the beat of the alien drum,  
 Back from the wanderings far  
 Do the ancient children come.

Back from the isles of the east,  
 Back from the sunset wall:  
 Calling, Mother, soul of our soul,—  
 Do the ancient children call.

Back from the visions of toiling,  
 Out from the dreams of gold,  
 From the endless striving and yearning  
 The children return to the fold.

Back from the alien roads  
 Of ignis fatuus gleam,  
 Back to the mother, back to the home,  
 Do the hearts of the children dream.

There's a cry that the race is sinking,  
 Breed of the Albion isle,  
 That the strong arm sinks, that the sinew shrinks,  
 And the lie and the cheat beguile;

But we are your children, Mother,  
 We at your breasts have fed,  
 We will not leave you, life of our life,  
 Dead of our olden dead.

Reckon on us, O Albion,  
 Let the world's jackals but spring,  
 We will be yours while earth endures,  
 While earth and the earth-roots cling.

Strong is the flag, O Children,  
 Whereunder your breed are born,  
 Strong is the love of the dwelling-place,  
 And sweet is the homelight's morn :

But stronger far yet is the race-tie,  
 The kinships that kindle and bind,  
 And evermore true to the breed and the thew  
 Are the sons of the world-old kind.

Yea, back to the ancient mother  
 The earth-wide children yearn,  
 Who fared to achieve, to dream, to glean,  
 To wrestle, to build, to learn.

But as ashes the vast achievement,  
 And weary the hearts that pray,  
 When the old blood dreams and the old love gleams  
 In the hearts of the Far-away.

Back 'mid the world's wide seething,  
 Its witch-pot brew that boils ;  
 Back from the buying and selling of earth  
 From the chaos of battles and toils ;

The hearts of the far-swept children  
 To the ancient mother turn.  
 When the day breaks, when the hour comes,  
 The world will waken and learn.

Not the one flag, not the two flags,  
 But the blood that wakens and stirs :  
 The world may claim them, the world may name them,  
 But the hearts of the race are Hers.

## THE LAMENT FOR THE CHIEF

*(On the late Duke of Argyll)*

O HONE a rie ! O hone a rie !  
 Alas, great Cailen lieth now  
 Like stricken pine in Inverie !  
 The galley waits by lone Lochow  
 To bear where Kilmun's sleep beguiles  
 The mighty chieftain of the isles.

And o'er the doorways of his rest  
 The sign of lineal glory stands,  
 The galley of his ancient West,  
 To bear his soul to loftier lands,  
 Those isles of Scotland's mighty soul  
 And splendours of her spirit's goal.

There he will sleep in lordly dream  
 Until the last dread pibroch wakes  
 The centuried hush of glen and stream,  
 And far by misted hills and lakes,  
 Each plaided warrior grimly stands  
 At God's dread gathering of the clans.

There let him dream, as through his sleep,  
 Like mists that sweep by Ben Lui,  
 Or surge of Jura's mighty deep,  
 The armies of the years go by,  
 In myriad visions of that vast  
 Of Scotland's splendour, Scotland's past.

Old sounds of far-heard battle call,  
 Or mountain-misted shieling song,  
 Or warder's call from castle wall  
 Of right's high challenge unto wrong ;  
 Or that old fealty, man to man,  
 Of feudal chief and faithful clan.

O hone a rie ! O hone a rie !  
 No more the chieftain's eye shall glow,  
 Hushed is his spirit's minstrelsy ;  
 The mighty fighter lieth low,  
 Who served his country, served his clan,  
 And fought to free his brother man.

Aye, stilled for aye the mighty brain,  
 And hushed for aye the magic tongue,  
 Whose lofty accents ne'er again  
 Will thrill Westminster's Halls among ;  
 When, first of Britain's barons, he  
 Spoke brave for truth and liberty.

And we his kinsmen severed wide,  
 Proud heirs of mighty O'Duin's fame,  
 By every zone and wind and tide,  
 Who bear the ancient, storied name ;  
 In heart respond to Argyll's woe  
 For lofty Cailen lying low.

### MAFEKING

MAFEKING, little Mafeking, the pride of the world goes down,  
 But thine the splendour of days to come, and honour of great renown :  
 Little city of Afric wilds, bleak by thine Afric streams,  
 Unknown yesterday, to-day thou art great 'mid the world's great  
 dreams.

Many a mighty onslaught, many a victor's sweep  
 Of serried charge on chivalrous charge up some world-storied steep—  
 Many a splendid victory, great in the world's renown ;  
 But never a nobler, truer courage than held thee, little town !

Not thine the splendid onslaught, the victory sudden won ;  
 The deed of valour done in a night, or under one glorious sun ;  
 But thine the long, long waiting, the dying by slow degrees,  
 The sad, slow-eating horror of hunger and dread disease ;  
 Many a deed of heroes, high in the world may shine,  
 But never a deed, O Mafeking, truer and greater than thine !

Weeks, long weeks of waiting, watching for succour to come ;  
To burrow in earth like rabbits, to wake to the thunder of drum ;  
Through months, long months, life-eating nights of fever and pain,  
Days of watching and hunger borne with a brave disdain ;  
Bodies disease-racked, deathward, lips firm, fixed to the foe,  
To send to the Boer's " Surrender " the Briton's thundering " No ! "  
To answer them back with their cannon to the last gun's last grim  
round,

As Britain has answered ever, afloat or greatly aground.  
These be thy soldiers, O England ! Care for them, honour them,  
thine !  
Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron, thy bulwarks from brine  
to brine !

Months that eked out slowly, as long-drawn miseries go ;  
Inside hunger and care and pain, outside the angering foe ;  
With grim death treading daily the streets of the little town,  
Where gaunt-eyed sorrow in woman's guise went patiently up and  
down,

While near in the woman's laager the children's graveyard grew,  
Headstone after headstone, till the toddling feet were few ;  
And hope deferred grew paler, as under the Afric sky,  
Moment by moment, as drowning men sink, they watched their  
loved ones die.

This for thine honour, O England ; and may thy heroes be few  
To suffer the sorrows for thy great sake thy heroes of Mafeking  
knew !

Bravely, as brave men ever, they bore up day by day,  
Toiling to hold the encircling lines of the watchful foe at bay,  
With the minute gun at morning their sole, dread matin bell,  
And the hideous hum of the maiming shot their only funeral knell ;  
Till after months of slaughter and famine, hunger and pain,  
There broke on their ears the ringing shout of British cheers again ;  
When bursting through the circling lines in the early morning's  
glow,

They beat the grim leaguerer back in defeat and conquered the  
conquering foe.

Never such mad, wild cheering had the leaguered city known ;  
Never such laughing and shaking of hands in the streets of the  
little town ;

Never such solemn prayers to God as rose to Heaven that day  
 From lips of men who pray and fight as Britons fight and pray.  
 These be thy heroes, O England, these be thy brave sons, these,  
 Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron, thou mistress of world-  
 wide seas ;

These be thy sons who come at thy call where the ends of the wide  
 earth meet ;

These be thy sons to conquer and save, but never to know defeat.

Town of thy towns, O Britain, which is thy greatest ? Say !  
 Is it thy great, grim London, gloried and storied and grey ?  
 Is it thy mighty seaport, crown of thy wealth's great crown,  
 Whence unto the many ports of the world thy myriad ships go down ?  
 Is it thy northern Athens, city of chivalrous fame,  
 With her great learned dead, her sainted tombs, her monarchs of  
 deathless name ?

Are these thy glory, O Britain ? Thy splendours of peace are  
 these—

Marts of thy wonderful wealth of the world, thou mistress of wide-  
 spread seas !

But nearer than these and dearer to the heart of the Empire's pride  
 Is the little town of the splendid few where Britons for Britain  
 died—

Yea, greater by far and higher, for story and glory to come,  
 When the mighty names of the world are writ in the books of the  
 thunder of drum.

Dust, in thy great world city, the dead of thy great past sleep :  
 Storied and gloried in marble column, and honoured of those who  
 weep,

Names of a centuried honour, lives of a world's renown,  
 But none of them greater or truer than those who sleep in thy  
 little town !

Men and women and children, England, these were thine ;  
 Hearts that knew one duty, to die but never repine !

To fight and to suffer for England, for the glory of England's name !  
 To fight and suffer and struggle, but never that one great shame,  
 To yield old England's honour unto the world's wide blame !

## RETURN OF THE TROOPS

*(Ottawa, November, 1900)*

CANADIAN heroes hailing home,  
 War-worn and tempest smitten,  
 Who circled leagues of rolling foam  
 To hold the earth for Britain ;

When rose War's red and angry wraith,  
 Duty and death before you,  
 Our pledge to Empire of our faith,  
 You went and boldly bore you.

When late October, loath to die,  
 His wintry strain had sung us,  
 You kissed fond lips, and dauntlessly  
 Went marching from among us.

Your moment came ; in letters large  
 You retold Britain's story ;  
 At Paardeberg's immortal charge  
 You wrote our name in glory.

When sad November's grief doth throw  
 His autumn weird upon us,  
 You come returning with the glow  
 Of all the fame you've won us.

WE hear old Britain praise your name,  
 The voice of Empire calling,  
 And glory leaps up as the flame  
 Of red leaves lately falling.

But O ! the ones whose breasts are stilled,  
 Past all our strife and yearning,  
 Whose hero hearts in earth are hilled,  
 For whom is no returning,

For whom no morrow hath its birth,  
 Or chapter of life's story,  
 Who sleep far off in alien earth,  
 Who died for Britain's glory,

Who heard the call and bravely rushed  
 Where shot and shell were flaming,—  
 We think of them, and hearts are hushed,  
 Amid the wild acclaiming ;

We think of them, those voiceless ones,  
 Whose absence speaks more loudly  
 Than all these gleaming ranks of guns  
 Of victors marching proudly ;

We think of them, and up along  
 The miles of shouting madness,  
 The wild, glad, surging, jubilant throng,  
 A silence goes of sadness.

Yea, sadness, but exultantly ;  
 For though in earth beneath us,  
 In far-off, alien graves they lie,  
 Our dead go marching with us.

Far, far in London's mighty heart,  
 Where life goes blindly thronging,  
 Leagues from the homes they loved, apart  
 The land of all their longing,

In marbled columns, side by side,  
 Britain—the glory-giver—  
 With all her mighty dead who died,  
 Will write their names forever ;

Great, with the great of victories won  
 From Waterloo's red lava,  
 To that famed line that thundered on  
 To death at Balaclava.

But here in their own loving north  
 Where maple leaves are falling,  
 And all the nation's heart goes forth  
 Unto her great dead calling ;

Her noble and her gallant sons,  
 Beyond our mad to-morrow,  
 Will wait the last great matin guns,  
 Enshrined in our high sorrow,—

Higher than storied shaft above,  
 Than gilded pomp's acclaiming,  
 Ennobled in a people's love,  
 Past all heroic naming.

## CROWNING OF EMPIRE

*(Ode written for the Coronation, in June, 1901)*

THOU latest bloom of liberty-loving states,  
 Peerless, new-found, thou vast imperial flower,  
 Thou dream of patriots, golden possibility,  
 As yet untried, unweighed in fortune's balance,  
 The hope of few, the wonder of the many,  
 Thou splendid pinnacle of human days,  
 Whereby earth's aliens linked in speech and blood  
 And heart allegiance to one flag, one throne,  
 One common dream of liberty and rule,  
 Do come together, one imperial whole,  
 In world-wide common amity of blood,  
 And equal vision, nursing one high resolve  
 Not to be crushed by this ignoble day,  
 When many voices jargon many tongues,  
 And hatreds foiled, and superstitions dire,  
 Cloaked in poor freedom's many-chequered garb,  
 Do crouch and snarl and wait to strike thee down.

In this auspicious, high, imperial June,  
 This month of summer yearning to his tide,  
 And all divine emotions of the year,  
 'Tis meet that in that centre of world-force,  
 That arbiter of destinies obscure,  
 Where all the glowing, blossoming Junes do meet,  
 Of world-ambitions, on whose golden reefs  
 Do break the mighty beatings of the world,  
 That there from whence her myriad sons went out,  
 To build, to fight, to conquer or repel,  
 Back to her strength her conquering sons return.

From all those lands of alien summers and suns,  
 Of winters and despairings nobly met,  
 Her hosts of children now return once more,  
 Her wide imperial hosts, with symbols dear,  
 Of silvern links of blood and golden speech,  
 To crown her empire when she crowns her king.  
 Not mine to praise where many falsely laud,  
 And in high-sounding numbers ape the strain  
 Of some divine Apollo ; rather my task  
 Of admonition to those, loyal, who read  
 Impending danger yet are wisely strong ;  
 Who in the sunlight know the black'ning storm,  
 And build the safety 'gainst the coming ill.

Yea, would I rather raise prophetic voice,  
 Amid this majesty and high acclaim,  
 This vast supreme laudation of a world,  
 To warn this greatness 'gainst her possible doom ;  
 Lest tranced in dreams of far, earth-circling rule,  
 Her very vastness, wide, imperial power,  
 Do house a frailty that may thrust her down,  
 Crushed in ruin wide by her immense  
 Titan-like shoulders, whereon heavy, outspread,  
 God-like Responsibility ever broods,  
 Pondering on the miseries of this world.

Iron-welded, O my people, Saxon, Celt,  
 Victorious Northmen, strenuous, masterful,  
 Not to be strangled in time's ocean flood,  
 Sucked down in vortex of old ruin dire,  
 But to remain, contend, depose and rule,  
 Till earth's white morn outflames her latest night,  
 And freedom breaks in gold about the world !

This thine old spirit, mighty, undismayed,  
 High, self-sustaining, individual, free,  
 Protesting ever, fronting creeds of dark,  
 Denouncing ever the old despotic lie,  
 Rending the veils of doubt 'twixt God and man,  
 Reading the morning in the ancient stars,  
 And the mind's vastness in the spirit's wars.

From London's smoke of commerce blackening down,  
 Her mighty abbeys and her centuried town,  
 Her million toilers and her master minds,  
 Her fleets of commerce swept to every wind,  
 Out went her myriads who in shores remote  
 Rebuilt her greatness, echoed her vast heart,  
 World-throbbing in its grim immensity,  
 To mighty vasts of lone Australian wilds  
 And bleak Canadian woods, the cradles grim  
 Of Saxon iron and of Celtic gold ;  
 Out round the world where'er blue ocean breaks,  
 'Mid temperate climes, or fevered tropic lands,  
 Or Arctic wastes, her strong, indomitable sons  
 Do crush defeat and make this earth their own,  
 Determining all, moulding the world's best dream  
 Of strife and life and liberty of man.

From where soft-lipped, blue Mediterranean laves  
 In summer ripples Mediterranean strands,  
 To where iron-bound, fog-mantled Labrador  
 Juts out to lonely, lost Atlantean glooms,  
 The iron glove of empire, tempered, firm,  
 Doth hold in grasp the welfare of the world ;  
 Quebec, Gibraltar, herculean gates,  
 Grim portals each of old and new world power,  
 Anchors of that vastness of her dream,  
 Reaching round the wide-ribbed, shouldered earth,  
 The shining ocean and the desert's span,  
 A power peace-yearning, glad, beneficent,  
 This younger Rome of this imperial day,  
 Beaconing liberty, conquering to redeem.

This her sole dream,—look that she lose it not,  
 As tranced in toil, heavily-wheeled, she turns  
 Like some vast planet on its cloudward wing,  
 Callous of danger, strong in high resolve,  
 Half conscious of her might, fulfilling good,  
 Unto the conquering ultimate of her end.  
 Yea, not to praise, but rather to arraign,  
 Lest she in folly let her dream lie down,  
 And all her ancient, mighty power depart,  
 And all her majesty of light become

A ruined furnace from whose smouldering gleam  
 The younger nations haply steal a spark  
 To light their lesser, late, decadent fires  
 Of national ardours : lest in her too credulous,  
 O'er-mastering love of human liberty,  
 She let the evil in in guise of good,  
 The tyrant 'neath her freedom nurse his power,  
 And suckle the serpent at her loyalty's breasts ;

Lest she in all this greatness on her laid,  
 This earth-wide, vast, imperial mantle, stained  
 With blood of those who loved her, gave her all,—  
 Lest she 'mid all this pageant, glad, forget  
 Her one high dream ; her steadfast sons forget,  
 On whom alone, in that inevitable hour,  
 Which comes alike to nations and to men,  
 True Britons, loyal, she may place her trust.

This my note in this imperial hour,  
 This high, auspicious, world-compelling day,  
 When cohorts from earth's alien peoples meet,  
 And East greets West in challenge, high, of power,  
 And all the world-wide splendour gathered far,  
 In tribute meet to earth's imperial king,—  
 Yea, this my note, remembering empire's bounds  
 Not larger than the loyalty that upholds,  
 Not wider than the speech that makes us one,  
 Not greater than the pride of olden dreams,  
 Of common blood, of common faith and song.

For vain the splendour and the freedom vast,  
 And vain the iron power that makes it sure,  
 And vain the mighty toil that would endure  
 If love be not the anchor that withstands.

For earth is worn of conquest-sanguined states,  
 And bloody wars for base, material ends,  
 Of blatant voices calling unto strife :  
 Only the calm and patient will remain,  
 Only the noble effort will endure.

And he, Imperial Edward, august son  
Of her who, gracious, noble, held so long  
Her people's fealty, he who stands for all  
This vast, earth-circling rule, beneficent,  
This power that makes for freedom round the world,  
Whose rule is one with those wise, ancient laws  
Of mighty Alfred, that rare golden speech  
Which Shakespeare made immortal, liberty  
Loved of Scot and Saxon where'er wide  
Love's golden bonds of kinship gird the world,—  
Yea, he, our august monarch, may his rule  
Be splendid, fruitful, may his days be spared  
To golden out to mellowed olden age  
To rule us happy, with his noble Queen.

And we, true steadfast Britons, severed wide,  
Wherever Orient skies, hyperion star  
Shine on the mighty pulsings of the world,  
Keep we the loyalty to our speech and blood,  
Brother with brother, kindred peoples set  
About the base of one imperial throne.



SAGAS OF VASTER BRITAIN  
(1914)



## THE ELUDING ANGEL

SWEETER than music,  
Stronger than joy,  
Rarer than knowledge  
    For all worlds fain ;  
Ever recurring,  
Clings to the heart  
That high and poignant  
    Poetical pain,—

Heard in the under-  
Tones of the springtime,  
Under the sigh of  
    The leaves and the grass,  
Under the reflux  
    Winds as they pass.

Something akin to  
The whisper of silence,  
The magic of moonlight,  
    The sadness of art ;  
The anguish of battle ;  
The triumph of heroes  
Lying so cold in  
    The dead tomb's heart ;

So it lies under  
All of our yearning,  
Deepest, remotest,  
    And subtlest of all ;  
Like to the pinions  
Of some dim angel,  
Ever eluding  
Our wild pursuing,  
Eternally echoing  
    Our vain call.

## IMMORTALITY

HERE in this age of a grim  
 Material haze of the present,  
 This hour of a people self-willed,  
 Self-worshipping, self-deceived,  
 Of a cold and hard and denying  
 Spirit of crude unrest ;  
 When God from man seems withdrawn,  
 And heaven from earth estranged,  
 And only the things of this life  
 Do greatly matter ; that flower  
 Of the spirit of beauty and truth  
 All withered and banished and gone ;  
 Here in this hour of brute Mammon,  
 Unheeding, uncaring, unthrilled  
 By the greatness of life and its meaning ;—  
 I voice again the immortal,  
 I sing anew the divine.

O you of the hungry heart,  
 That spirit of love's unrest,  
 That deep, unsatisfied longing,  
 That divine discontent with all life's  
 Half-truths, her compromise grim,  
 That seething nest of despairs  
 Eternally writhing and gnawing  
 At the shuddering walls of the heart,—  
 Go forth with your soul at sunrise  
 Or sunset, or wander alone  
 'Mid earth's vast lonely places,  
 And doubt not, but hold in your heart  
 A great and invincible hope,  
 A lofty, indomitable courage  
 That you and your soul are sustained ;  
 That despite all the evil and sorrow,  
 The weakness and sin and decay,  
 This vesture, sombre, of death,  
 Which folds your mortality round,—  
 That the earth is God's, and the morning  
 The road you must take in the end.

## THE MONTH OF RIPENESS

THOU languid August noon,  
 When all the slopes are sunny ;  
 When with jocund dreamy tune,  
 The bees are in the honey ;  
 When with purple flowers  
 Aflaming in the sun,  
 The drowsy hours  
 Thread one by one  
 The golden pleasaunces.

Then is heart's musing time ;  
 Then, of all the seasons  
 Old Earth, for inward rhyme,  
 Is full of golden reasons ;  
 Then, the ripening gourd,  
 The sun-kissed garden wall,  
 The purpling hoard,  
 The flocks that call  
 Adown the distances.

Forego the saddening tear,  
 Thou month without alloy ;  
 To younger seasons of the year  
 Resign the flag of joy.  
 But thou, be what thou art,  
 Full brooding to the brim  
 Of dreams apart  
 And purlieus dim  
 Of leafy silences.

## ODE

### TO A ROMAN ALTAR IN THE GROUNDS AT ALDBOROUGH MANOR, BOROUGHBIDGE, YORKSHIRE

To what strange sylvan god wast thou set up ?  
 What ancient piety evolved thy form  
 And gave thee being ? What influence, divine,  
 Taught heavenward uses symbolized in stone,  
 And made thee Fear's first shrine ?

By what far shore  
 Of dream, Atlantean, Noachan remorse,  
 Didst thou become a part of man's first worship,  
 In sad, dim gropings toward the dread unknown ?

Thou, older far than oldest, earliest Rome,  
 Spartan glory, exquisite Attic taste ;  
 Ere Nineveh and Edom thou wert dreamed !  
 On such as thee were olden gods invoked,  
 And loves and hatreds, hopes and longings blessed,  
 By those lorn children, half divine, half earth,  
 Remote, Erythean, of the early world.

And thou, so old, yet ever eternally young,  
 In Art's pure dream austere, Corinthian ;—  
 What centuried memories cling about thee yet ?  
 What rites Eleusian, orgies Bacchanal ?  
 What sacrificial pomps and adorations ?  
 What longings, sorrows, what dim old-world woes,  
 Human despairs and miseries, dread and gone,  
 Have beat against thy dumb, unanswering heart ?

On thy smooth scrolls did some shy Roman maid  
 Place her heart's vows, her secret offerings ?  
 Did Intrigue, hideous, desecrate thy beauty ?  
 And was mailed War at thy side consecrate ?  
 Did reeking Victory, in bronzed helm,  
 And boastful Triumph before thee chant rude pæans  
 To some grim god ? or Roman matron fair  
 Thy slim zone bind with garlands to some dim,  
 Benign, shy goddess of old woods and streams ?

Now, late, thou lingerest in this English garden,  
 Lorn, forsaken, centuries since that age,  
 Ancient and gone, which gave thee being, passed ;  
 A dream in stone of some bygone belief,  
 Some olden, dead, exquisite superstition,  
 Some primal effort to appease the dark,  
 And lay that ghost of fear which haunts us yet  
 In this late twilight of a jaded world.

Mute, holy symbol of earth's greatness gone !  
 All Art's divine, austere simplicity !  
 Thou monument of mystery and power,  
 Dead beauty, and imagination rare  
 Of classic Greece and mighty martial Rome !  
 Here in thy precincts drenched with honey dew  
 Of ancientness and poesy's elfin dream,  
 Once more from out thy shady coverts creep  
 Shy sylphs and fauns ; creatures secret, strange,  
 Cruel and lewd, or gentle ; rude, refined,  
 Lorn, furtive deities of the early world.  
 Here Bacchus and his pards ; pale river nymphs ;  
 Satyrs and shy dryads ; children, wild,  
 Of stream and mountain : last of all, great Pan,  
 Long banished, myrtle-crowned, to view once more,  
 As in those pristine ages, dim, remote,  
 Ere Greece knew Homer or the Tiber Rome,  
 His ancient island's haunted woods and fields.

### THE POET

THE poet is slave to none  
 But his own restless heart ;  
 There streams of passion run,  
 And springs of music start.

### LIFE'S HARP

I AM a sad æolian lyre  
 On which the wind of destiny sings  
 Earth's discords, or her glad desire,  
 Until some dread hand breaks my strings,—

Until some dread hand makes me mute,  
 And earth's great organ tones,—her roar  
 Of autumn on his wintry shore,  
 Old Ocean's voice  
 Bidding his mighty hosts rejoice,  
 Spring's melodies that thrill and soar,  
 Her viol, oboe, lute, and flute,—  
 Reverberate round my heart no more.

## HOW LONESOME THE SOUND OF THE WIND IN THE EAR OF THE DAY

How lonesome the sound of the wind  
 In the ear of the day,  
 As it beats in the heart's troubled chambers,  
 Repeating for aye  
 The sad low dreams of the past  
 And its memories grey :—  
 How lonesome the sound of the wind  
 In the ear of the day.

How lonesome the voice of the wind  
 In the ear of the night,  
 Under the eaves of the casement,  
 Sobbing so light,  
 With the ghosts of the years that are dead,  
 In the pale moonlight :  
 Those memories ghostly and grey,  
 O they tap at the windows of Thought,  
 And they stay, and they stay :  
 And they whisper, and linger, and stay !

## THE MYSTERY

WHEN autumn's silence tranced the skies,  
 And all life held its breath,  
 Unto Rosanna's lips and eyes  
 Came the white moth of death,—

That moth whose wings are feathered light,  
 From out oblivion's deep,  
 With magic pinions, petalled white,  
 Of folded sleep on sleep,—

And fluttered dim and vague and grey,  
 Above her lips and brow :  
 And other beauties gild life's day  
 With other glories now.

For earth's hushed pallor of the morn,  
 And love's dim trance of night,  
 From out the realms of sleep, reborn,  
 Fell on her soft and white,

With those pale dreams of eld which tame  
 The tide of the heart's wild will :  
 And all that mask of love became  
 A mystery white and still.

## THE CALL OF THE OPEN

THE care  
 And the wear  
 Of the world may grind,  
 And the toil  
 And the moil  
 Of life may dree :  
 But the indolent mind  
 Of the vagabond wind  
 And its far-off shine  
 Of the world for me !

They may chain  
 Me in vain  
 To an irksome book,  
 In the dingy din  
 Of a toil-worn room :  
 But the sunbeam genie  
 Of meadow and brook,  
 Sings in my heart  
 Through the glimmer and gloom.

My body is here,  
 But my soul is there ;  
 Ye may not keep me  
 On such a day :  
 When over  
 The clover,  
 That mad wind-rover  
 Is chasing the shadow  
 And shine away.

They are my brothers  
 Who call  
 And call ;  
 And lilt  
 In the song  
 Of the wind  
 Till I go ;  
 With the gleam  
 And dream  
 Of the sunfleece wall,  
 Out to the sleeps  
 Of the deeps  
 That flow.

What care  
 To fare  
 'Mid the haunts of men !  
 Wild are the thoughts  
 Of the wind-blown day ;  
 What recks life then  
 Of the street-strife,  
 When  
 Fleet are the fancies  
 Of far away ?

Out in the woodlands,  
 Leaping, ashine,  
 The brooks are brimming  
 Their glad glens through :  
 And dim in a mist,  
 To the far skyline,  
 The hills,  
 To the verge  
 Of the world,  
 Are blue.

Fevered the voice  
 Of the street that calls,  
 With its care  
 And its wear,  
 And its old-world fret :

But out  
 In the house  
 Of the wind's  
     Wide walls,  
 No tears  
 In the eyes  
 Of the years  
     Are wet.

But the tune-  
     Less swoon  
 Of the day,  
     And a bird  
 That pipes  
 From a sunlit,  
 Dream-swayed  
     Tree :—  
 While the breast,  
     Dim-stirred,  
 Of a stream  
     Is heard,  
 Far,  
 From the jar  
     Of the world  
     Set free.

### TO THE OCTOBER MORNING

BRIGHT, pallid, changing, chill October morn ;  
 Across your windy, keen, exhilarant air  
 You loom, a cameo dream, a vision fair ;  
 Where through your purples and mauves of skeleton trees—  
 Friezes of lingering foliage, russet browns,  
 And wine-like crimsons, flaming torches, gold,  
 Of maples, beeches, sumacs, poplars—shine  
 The horn-like, cloudy windows of the sky.

Nothing on earth more beautiful than this ;  
 To feel your glow, austere, of wintry flame,  
 Your exquisite Greek infinities of colour ;  
 And know that inward thrill, that titan vision

Once more Atlantean—the marbled bay,  
 Th' Olympian Mountain, Saturn's mighty crown ;  
 And hear once more the Tritons sing, and know  
 Once more immortal Earth's old god-like dream.

### LIFE'S OCEAN

LIFE is a continent huge, and love its ocean  
 That folds it round with gleams of joy and sorrow ;  
 Peopling its arid wastes with splendid moods  
 Of sun and dew, and mantle soft of night,  
 And large-mooned waters ; giving beauty to sight,  
 And music to hearing, wealth to poverty,  
 And splendid memory unto age and death.  
 Without the one the other shrivels up  
 Like some dead planet, through eternal wastes,  
 Sunless, joyless, alienate from God.

### THE FLIGHT

HE came riding up to the gates by night,  
*Ride swift !*  
 An hundred horsemen to left and to right ;  
*Ride swift !*  
 An hundred torches did glimmer and quiver,  
 And she leaped to his arms as the brook to the river ;  
*Ride swift !*

He hath borne her away from castle and bower,  
*Ride long !*  
 Thunder they under the dark night hour ;  
*Ride long !*  
 Thunder they on her kinsmen to meet,  
 And horror and death in the blackness and sleet ;  
*Ride long !*

Two phantom riders have hurled to the sea,  
*Ride still !*  
 Who cast no shade to the moon as they flee ;  
*Ride still !*

And they ride for ever by glimmer and foam,  
 With the moon and the blackness guiding them home ;

*Ride still !*

A man and a maiden lie under the night,

*Ride slow !*

And the moon on their faces is chilled and white ;

*Ride slow !*

For love hath stolen from turrent and tower,

And woe is the dreaming and woe is the hour !

*Ride slow !*

TO THE SPIRIT OF HENDRICK HUDSON  
 CONCERNING THE JOURNEY OF EARL GREY THROUGH  
 HUDSON BAY, A.D. 1910

COLDLY in splendour descends  
 The Arctic evening. The waste  
 Of desolate waters, thy sea  
 Washes its isolate shores ;  
 And on its far reaches a sail,  
 Lonely, outeast, and forlorn—  
 Like solitary bird, with wing  
 Wounded and broken and spent,  
 Seeking in vain its nest  
 On some dim, oceanward crag—  
 Glimmers a space, and is gone.

But thou wert not outeast,  
 Great soul of the seafaring blood,  
 Thou pioneer pilot of dreams,  
 Thou finder of oceans remote  
 In the ultimate Empires of man.  
 Hendrick Hudson, 'tis here  
 That thou hast graven thy name,  
 To be a word of great need  
 In the thoughts of men for all time ;  
 Not in thy mighty stream,  
 Splendid and vast, of the south,  
 Where, 'twixt its mountainward walls,  
 It surges beneficent tides,  
 Triumphant and glad, to the main :

But here, in thy northern wastes  
 Of the short red summers of joy  
 And the long dark winters of dream,  
 Is the gulf of thy world-fame to be,  
 Great Englishman! outfaring soul,  
 Immortal! with that high band,  
 Bold Raleigh and Franklin and Drake,  
 Thy brother pilots, where surge  
 Heaves on the crimson edge  
 Of Ocean's ultimate rim,  
 O'er horizons of vastness and morn.  
 Here, where thou criedst Sail on!  
 Sail on! sail on! till we come  
 To the long-lost passage; that path  
 From Europe to furthestmost Ind,—  
 That road once open, when man,  
 In that rare golden age of the past,  
 Did compass all earth in a span  
 Of god-like effort and dream.

This road which thine innermost soul  
 Knew well earth's seeker must find—  
 As find it he shall some day;  
 And prove that high courage, that faith  
 Which led thee onward, great soul!  
 Out on thy last dread voyage;—  
 But left thee forsaken, forlorn,  
 Betrayed and lost, but not quelled,  
 Only thy trust in God left,  
 On those drifts of thy desolate main—  
 This unknown gulf of thy North,  
 Where in days of a future unborn,  
 In splendid results of thy deed,  
 Thou wilt find thee, and triumph again.

For in this dim, distant day  
 Of a duller, less venturesome age,  
 In this dawn of the century to come,  
 Another great Englishman, strong,  
 Like thee, in courage and faith  
 And effort, god-like, to achieve  
 Some good for the weal of the race,

Hath dared thy grim, desolate sea,  
 And found it a highway benign,  
 A gateway of commerce to bind  
 Imperial ties in its gleam.

Here in this song rude-forged,  
 But sincere in its burden and theme,  
 I couple his name with thine,  
 Thou famed seafarer ! he, first  
 Great viceroy of Britain to reap  
 Splendid achievement from that  
 Sad, tragic end of thy dream.  
 Thou, going out in defeat,  
 Seeming, not real ; marooned,  
 Adrift in a shallop, to find  
 Those far-sought coasts of thy vision  
 But fabled mirage of the mind ;—  
 He, in a spirit like thine,  
 Venturing perilous seas,  
 Voyaging desolate vasts,  
 Scorning all danger and dread,  
 Daring thy treacherous shoals  
 And lonely ice mountains, to prove  
 A North-east Passage-way home.

He, like thee intrepid,  
 Dauntless, guided by one  
 Great thought, great hope, and desire  
 To serve his Empire and race ;—  
 Strong in one high resolve  
 To conquer, to prove, to achieve,  
 And throttle all failure and doubt ;  
 Counting all else but as naught,  
 Save that the truth should prevail  
 In the destiny great of his race,  
 And the making of God's way man's.

#### DAWN

THOU god of all the golden-footed hours !  
 Dwelling 'twixt the dewy night and day :  
 Hidden deep in rosy budding bowers,

Where the young winds from yesternight astray  
Wander, and faint and waver, and sweetly lose their way.

O happy ! happy ! never to know the heat,  
The toil and sweat and groan of burning noon ;  
The fever and the ache ; the wearied feet  
Of those who moan beneath the sun and moon,  
Sad children of this earth and all its bitter boon.

O happy ! happy ! never canst thou know  
The sorrow and the sad despairs of age,  
The cares of life, the madness, and the slow,  
Iron-eating thoughts, the bitter wars that wage,  
The storm and stress and woe of all who faint and rage.

O happy ! happy ! hid from all that pains,—  
For thee this earth is ever one glad hour  
Of loveliness, where Youth for ever reigns,  
Where Beauty, for ever waking from her bower,  
Blossoms her azure hopes in flood and sky and flower.

Never to know the weariness of night,  
The loneliness of eve and all its woes,  
The shrouding dark, the pallor, the fading light,—  
About thy realm a golden glory glows,  
Hedging for ever thy halls with heaven's rosy snows.

### THE TRAGEDY OF MAN

LONG, long ago,  
Ere these material days,  
Ere man learned o'er much for the golden glow  
Of Love's divine amaze,  
Ere faith was slain, there came to this sad earth  
A high, immortal being of source divine ;  
And, mingling with the upward climbing life,  
Like crystal water in some fevered wine,  
Wakened in one red blood mysterious strife,  
Knowledge of good and ill, and that sad birth  
Of splendour and woe for all who yearn and pine.

And this is why,

Down in the craving, remorseful human heart  
 There doth remain a dream that will not die,  
 An unassuagèd hunger, that o'er the smart  
 Of sorrow and shame and travail clamours eterne  
 For some high goal, some vision of being superne,  
 Life doth not grant, earth doth not satisfy.

This is the secret of the heart of man

And his sad tragedy, his god-like powers,  
 His summer of vastness, and the wintry ban  
 Of all his greatness high which deity dowers,  
 Sunk to the yearnings of goat-footed Pan ;  
 Hinted of Shakespeare and that mighty clan  
 Of earth's high prophets, who in their brief day,  
 Holding the glory of the god in them,  
 Though chained to cravings of the lesser clay,  
 Dreamed earth's high dreams and wore love's diadem.

Yea, this is why,

Through all earth's travail and joy, her seasons brief,  
 Through all her beauty and genius that will not die,  
 Surges a mighty grief,  
 Mingling with our heart's best piety ;  
 A sadness dread, divine,  
 Lifting us beyond the pagan wine .  
 And dance of life,  
 The satyr clamour and strife,  
 Unto a dream of being, a yearning flame  
 Of that heredity whence our sorrowings came.

## SANCTUARY

ALL the long years I have wandered wide,  
 But now I am going home ;  
 Far from the restless, seething tide,  
 From the fever of hearts that roam ;  
 Far from the streets of oppression and pride,  
 From the helot hate, and hire,  
 To the sunset lands of eventide,  
 The home of the heart's desire.

There in the great lake country,  
 Walled in from the world's mad dreams ;  
 Its envies, its joy that seems ;  
     Its loves, its hates, and its tears ;  
 To lie and sleep where the sun drinks deep,  
     Through the golden slumber of years.

You had my heart from the first ;  
 And there would I lie at the last,  
 When the fever and fret that cursed,  
     And the long heartache had passed ;  
 To sleep through the long, long sleep,  
     When the eye may see no more ;  
 At home and one with wind and sun,  
     In your glory of haze and shore.

### THE WIND OF SLEEP

Out of the dusk it blows—  
     The soft, soft wind of sleep :  
 Out of those lands of rose,  
     From the ocean's petalled deep :  
 From the verges of old repose ;—  
     The soft, soft wind of sleep.

Out of the portals of dusk  
     Its wings of slumber have flown,  
 Subtle, of amber and musk,  
     Its breathings are Tyrian blown.

And the heart of the world's great deeds,  
     The passion, the love's glad chime,  
 Are washed as blossoms and weeds  
     On the Lethean stream of time.

And the red desire of the dawn,  
     The poignant heartache of care,  
 Like the daylight, are vanished and gone  
     Where the weary and sorrowful fare ;

Out through those portals of horn,  
 Out through the ivory gate,  
 Where the dream and desire are re-born,  
 And the dead of the old world wait.

## THE POET'S PART

IN the world's great round of sorrow  
 Deeper is the poet's part  
 Than the petty day or morrow  
 In the mighty throbbing heart.  
 Let them struggle, let them rave,  
 His is more than foam of wave,  
 Be it life, or be it death,  
 Flame of sun or wintry breath.

In his course of doing, dreaming,  
 Holds his vision all alone,  
 'Mid the real and the seeming,  
 Of the laughter and the moan.  
 And for comfort, in his round,  
 He hath secret kinship found,  
 Sad to lose, but sweet to find,  
 In bud and leaf, in wave and wind.

See, the fevered world, rude-hearted,  
 Eager in the envious chase :  
 Soul that hoped, or soul that smarted,  
 Helot-driven in the race.  
 And that spectre they pursue,  
 Demon swifter than all hue,  
 Cry they loud by hill and lake,  
 Love nor hate can overtake.

Horse and hound of good or evil,  
 Beaten, leashed, by furious hand,  
 Driven by some urgent devil,  
 Leagues they sweep, by sea and land.  
 Ever alluring, ever lost,  
 Sweeps that evanescent ghost  
 Of their longing round the rim  
 Of the ages cursed of him.

Better fate the poet's gladness  
 Than to join that wild halloo,  
 In that hunt of demon madness  
 Where the hounds of life pursue.  
 Rather his to dwell apart  
 In the calm of mind and heart,  
 Where sad music hath no longing  
 For life's surge of wrath and wronging.

In that vortex where all wallow,  
 Hall and hovel, hut or court,  
 Beauty hath no heart to follow  
 Where the brute world maketh sport.  
 He of simpler heart and mind,  
 Rather dreams adown the wind,  
 Sun in eye and wind on lip,  
 Give him heart's companionship.

From this place of inward vision,  
 Keeps his spirit true and whole :  
 Through the mists of indecision,  
 Firm commander of his soul :  
 'Mid life's wrecks of hopes and fears,  
 Master of his days and years.

## LINES ON A RE-READING OF PARTS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

(DEDICATED TO THE RT. REV. W. BOYD-CARPENTER)

SUBLIMITY ! Sublimity ! I lay thee down ;  
 Great Volume of the ages ! older far  
 Than Cheops' Pyramid or the Parthenon ;  
 And yet as new as yester-even's star,

That came and burned so bright and pure across  
 The world's great weariness and day's decline.  
 What are all earth's ambitions, gain and loss,  
 Her hopes ephemeral, when thou art mine ?

Thou stand'st, a crystal well of water pure,  
 Amid those fevered fonts of heathen wine,  
 Graven in truth's deep rock that shall endure,  
 So greatly human, yet so all divine !

This age doth press upon me like a vast,  
 Grim adamantine wall of evil doom ;  
 But when I drink thy living draught, I cast  
 Aside this vesture of material gloom ;

These curtains of mortality fall apart ;  
 And out, and up, beyond, eternally,  
 Those stairways of God's ages ; and man's part  
 In all that greatness, gone, and yet to be !

## STELLA FLAMMARUM

### AN ODE TO HALLEY'S COMET

STRANGE wanderer out of the deeps,  
 Whence, journeying, come you ?  
 From what far, unsunned sleeps  
 Did fate foredoom you,  
 Returning for ever again,  
 Through the surgings of man,  
 A flaming, awesome portent of dread  
 Down the centuries' span ?

Riddle ! from the dark unwrung  
 By all earth's sages ;—  
 God's fiery torch from His hand outflung,  
 To flame through the ages ;  
 Thou Satan of planets eterne,  
 'Mid angry path,  
 Chained, in circlings vast, to burn  
 Out ancient wrath.

By what dread hand first loosed  
 From fires eternal ?  
 With majesties dire infused  
 Of force supernal,

Takest thy headlong way  
 O'er the highways of space ?  
 O wonderful, blossoming flower of fear  
 On the sky's far face !

What secret of destiny's will  
 In thy wild burning ?  
 What portent dire of humanity's ill  
 In thy returning ?  
 Or art thou brand of love  
 In masking of bale ?  
 And bringest thou ever some mystical surcease  
 For all who wail ?

Perchance, O Visitor dread,  
 Thou hast thine appointed  
 Task, thou bolt of the vast outsped !  
 With God's anointed,  
 Performest some endless toil  
 In the universe wide,  
 Feeding or curing some infinite need  
 Where the vast worlds ride.

Once, only once, thy face  
 Will I view in this breathing ;  
 Just for a space thy majesty trace  
 'Mid earth's mad seething ;  
 Ere I go hence to my place,  
 As thou to thy deeps,  
 Thou flambent core of a universe dread,  
 Where all else sleeps.

But thou and man's spirit are one,  
 Thou poet ! thou flaming  
 Soul of the dauntless sun,  
 Past all reclaiming !  
 One in that red unrest,  
 That yearning, that surge,  
 That mounting surf of the infinite dream,  
 O'er eternity's verge.

## SUNSET

THE far, wild splendours of the west  
 In purple currents run,  
 Where all the day-winds beat against  
 The bastions of the sun.

Till rising, sinking, on the rim  
 Of night that looms afar,  
 The day-wall fades and crumbles down  
 Across the sunset's bar.

And up above the cooling verge  
 The night comes like a boon,  
 Where all the sky and waters meet  
 At rising of the moon.

The rising moon and one pale star  
 Lift o'er the water's edge;—  
 And all the ancient woes of earth  
 Are moaning in the sedge.

## THE FIRST SNOW

OVER the querulous age of the grey old year  
 Heaven its mantle of white sends softly down ;  
 And far over mountain and fell and woodland sere  
 Its folds are thrown.

Hushed are the clamours of autumn ; old ocean's moan  
 Less loud in his desolate caverns ; the lonely hills  
 Are capped with its silence ; and all earth's ruin o'erthrown  
 Its great dream fills.

Under the high-arched aisles of the ancient woods,  
 In those corridors solemn and dim where the sky-patches peer,  
 A mystical spirit of joy and solitude broods  
 O'er the tomb of the year.

And here I have loved, in those hours of the heart's high dream,  
 To walk with the silence, and hark to that spirit aglow  
 Of the trance of forest and sky and mountain and stream,  
 In the pause of the snow.

## QUEBEC

(TERCENTENARY)

At last 'tis gone, that fever of fair days,  
 And silence broods o'er that late Babylon.  
 The mighty fleet, the marching hosts have gone,  
 The radiant week becomes a memory.  
 The tired city, returning to its tasks,  
 Takes up once more its daily duty's round,  
 Fulfilling, god-like, ancient destiny.

But is the vanished pageant all a dream  
 At morning shattered by the cruel return  
 To grim, material round of serf-like tasks  
 Of mimes, who, mirthless, weave some hideous web,  
 And, ever weaving, never know the end ?

Hearken ! thou ancient storied River Crag !  
 Give answer from the mists of thy great hill !  
 Lifting thy titan shoulders, mantled green,  
 And teach the world—yea, thy poor children blind.  
 Rend wide this veil of gross, material sleep !  
 Wake Neptune from his foamy, spermy tent,  
 And Pan, to sing, from out his forests green !

What is that lesson thou wouldst have us learn ?  
 What is that dream which lurketh in thy sleep ?  
 What visions 'neath thine eyelids ere the dawn ?  
 Wouldst thou, old Crag, worn of earth's aged despairs,  
 Weary of dark dominion, like that fiend,  
 Planet o'ershadowing, bereaved of light,  
 Upon thy shoulders huge uplift the morn ?

Meanwhile thou broodest where vast mountains frown,  
 And thy great river seaward ever melts  
 Beyond Orleans for many a weary mile  
 Into the lonely evening, purpling bleak ;  
 As when, in ages gone, Atlantean gods,  
 Grave titan children of the early world,  
 Pushed here their wandering prows, and gazed in awe :  
 Or 'chance famed Jason, with immortal crew,  
 Moored here the Grecian ship, fearing thy grim  
 Gates heraclean, to the Hesperides.

## CAPTIVITY

THOU, O my soul,  
 Thou art as an eagle  
 Caged in this agonized  
     Iron of earth's gloom ;  
 Evermore beating  
 At these confining,  
 Effort-confounding,  
     Bars of thy doom.

Evermore chafing,  
 Restless and longing,  
 For those far rose-peaks,  
     Splendid, of light ;—  
 That large sky-vista,  
 That unfettered freedom,  
     Wide for thy flight.

Here thou art caged,  
 Thy hooded eye darkened,  
 Thy soaring wings wounded,  
     Thy splendour curbed fast ;  
 That somewhere and sometime,  
 Erstwhile enfranchised,  
 Met the red sunlance,  
     Measured the vast.

Here in thy prison  
 Of fettered contumely,  
 Environ ignoble,  
     All high effort wronging ;  
 Thou never canst soar to  
 Those vasts of the sunlit,  
     Far heights of thy longing.

But thou, O my soul,  
 Out of these cage-bars,  
 Forth to thy freedom,  
     Unshackled, alone,  
 Thou wilt go outward,  
 Skyward and sunward,  
 Vastward and strengthward,  
     Back to thine own.

Where on those far-peaks,  
 Thou with thy kindred,  
 King-like and soaring,  
 Eyeing the sun ;  
 Thou wilt drink deep of that  
 Vastness and glory,  
 Where sky-winds run.

Forgetting this life-curbed,  
 Prisoned, flesh-shackled,  
 Earth-enmanacled  
 Thing that thou wast ;—  
 There in thine eyrie,  
 Thou wilt regain thee  
 All thou hast longed for,  
 All thou hast lost.

### INVOCATION

AND Thou, who art of all things Lord,  
 By whom all perish or dream,  
 Who wakest the flower, the star, the love,  
 The mighty world or the gleam ;

Who after sad winter wakest the rose,  
 After midnight the dawn,  
 By whose dread word the children of earth  
 Up thy mountains have gone ;

Teach me the lesson that Mother Earth  
 Teacheth her children each hour,  
 When she keeps in her deeps the basic root,  
 And wears on her breast the flower.

And as the brute to the basic root  
 In the infinite cosmic plan,  
 So in the plan of the infinite mind  
 The flower of the brute is man ;—

Man, who blossoms in beauty and love  
And wisdom's wondrous bloom,  
And climbs by spiral stairways dread,  
To the dawn of the world's great doom.

And when doth come that marvellous change,  
Thou master of being and death,  
O let me die as the great dead died,  
Not passing of instinct's breath;—

Let me lie down with a loftier thought  
Than passing of beast and leaf;  
That the cry of human soul for soul  
Is greater than nature's grief;

That man is nearer the mountains of God  
Than in those ages when  
He slept the sleep of the tiger and fox,  
And woke to the strife of the den.

And when from the winter of Thy wild death  
Thine angels of sunlight call,  
Waken me unto my highest, my best,  
Or waken me not at all.



POSTHUMOUS POEMS

At the time of his death Campbell was preparing for the Press a volume of poems which he intended to dedicate to his friend, Dr. Thomas Gibson, of Ottawa. The following poems represent to a large extent this projected volume.

*(Printed by special request.)*

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON

UPON HIS BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1914.

Two deities presided at his birth,  
Apollo and that healing one, divine ;  
Who with their spirits mixed his Scottish earth,  
Melting all to generous human wine.

The surgeon's skill and music's magic gift,  
Upon his hands were laid that natal morn,  
When those rare powers to heal or to uplift,  
Twin geniuses were in one being born.

To-night, we meet to keep that rare event,  
To celebrate that glad, auspicious day,  
When strength and skill and tenderness were blent,  
With godlike music, crystallized in clay.

## PEACE CHORUS

*(To Britain and Germany ; written some time before war was declared.)*

O MIGHTY Nations, twain,  
Trustees of God, ye stand ;  
To keep the world's great dream of peace,  
By ocean and by land.  
Proud, rival kinsmen from of old,  
Wide warden of the wave ;  
Let not that love betwixt ye twain,  
Be crushed by iron glaive.

Let not old dreams of war,  
Or victory's cruel crown,  
Lead either, in oppression's guise,  
To fling hate's gauntlet down ;  
Let not old mailed Force  
Lift up earth's ancient bane ;  
Thrice cursèd be the hand that breaks  
The truce betwixt ye, twain.

Let Odin and his car,  
Of your great common past,  
Sink under Ocean's crimson caves ;  
And fling ye to the blast  
That holy flag of peace which binds  
All nations 'neath the sun ;  
'Till dies out in love's laughter, glad,  
The world's last battle gun.

O mighty Nations, twain,  
Let not this hour go by,  
To build in love the world's great hope,  
And let old hatreds die ;—

Let crimson eras fade,  
 Earth's war-dreams die away ;  
 As sinks the angry, sullen night  
 Before the dawn's pure ray.

### THE SEA QUEEN

*(Written at the time of the first rumours of trouble with Germany.)*

SHALL her great power go under,  
 Her ancient might decline ?  
 This centuried Queen of the thunder  
 And surge of the billowy brine !  
 No ! Back from the storms that rocked her,  
 From the line to the frozen floe,  
 Out of his great grey vastness,  
 Old Ocean thunders, No !  
 No ! no ! no ! no !  
 Old Ocean thunders, No !  
 By her keels that lift  
 On his far-flung drift,  
 Old Ocean thunders, No !

Shall she who bred great Alfred,  
 Whose navies smote the Dane,  
 Whose valiant, bold sea-captains  
 Made mock of haughty Spain ;  
 Shall she of Nelson, Rodney,  
 Strike sail to any foe ?  
 And out of its hero-splendours,  
 Her great past answers, No !  
 No ! no ! no ! no !  
 Her great past answers, No !  
 By her valiant dead,  
 Her sons who bled,  
 Her great past answers, No !

Shall she, whose might is world-wide,  
 Whose children dwell afar ;  
 One with the wise old mother,  
 By western, orient star ;

Whose fleets are freedom's bulwarks,  
 To sloth and cowardice grow ?  
 Ring out from its utmost confines,  
 The Empire's answer, No !  
 No ! no ! no ! no !  
 The Empire answers, No !  
 O'er ocean's sweep,  
 Her vast and deep  
 World-fealty thunders, No !

## WAR

OMINOUS, terrible,  
 Grim and foreboding,  
 Sombre and awful,  
 Looming afar ;  
 A vast black shadow,  
 O'er the world's sunlight,  
 I startle and threaten,  
 I, Ancient War.

Like as a still mere,  
 Calm in the dim air,  
 Poised the whole world's thought,—  
 Never a fear ;—  
 When, sudden like lightning  
 Out of a clear sky,  
 Thunders a cannon ;—  
 And lo ! I am here.

I, with my sere gifts,  
 Woe and Oppression,  
 Death and Destruction, and  
 Scythe-blade keen ;—  
 Rapine and Famine,  
 My daughters appalling,  
 I, gaunt, ancient War,  
 Grizzled and lean.

Fools were ye world-folk,  
 Wrapt in your peace dreams,  
 Lost in your bestial  
 Barter and hire ;—

Deeming me long dead,  
 Part of the gone past,  
 When on your impotence,  
 Flashed out mine ire.

## THE SUMMONS

BRITONS, along the mighty world's highway,  
 Waken and throng, from mart and field and glen ;—  
 Now looms that day of wrath, the world's dread day,  
 Prophesied of old by ancient men ;—  
 Arise ! Arise !

From every corner of the teeming earth,  
 Answer and gather ;—to her banners come ;  
 Throw down the duty, or the dice of mirth,  
 Responsive to the ominous battle drum ;—  
 Prepare ! Prepare !

This is no hour for hesitating doubt,  
 Self-interest's greed, or base ambition's dream :—  
 The grim red wolves of earth's worst war are out,  
 The iron menace and the balefire's gleam.  
 Enlist ! Enlist !

The arrogant Hun against our ancient coasts  
 Would hurl his serried panoply of steel ;  
 Across the world are heard the despot's boasts,  
 O'er Europe's lands his awful cohorts reel.  
 Arise ! Arise !

Waken, if e'er you woke to any cause :  
 Now strikes your hour to conquer or go down ;  
 To win for freedom, justice and God's laws,  
 Or sink before the cruel despot's crown.  
 Arise ! Arise !

Go forth and fight ; nor will you strive alone ;  
 Earth's valiant ones will battle by your side :—  
 And strength of all that strength your cause shall own,  
 The Lord of Hosts will in your vanguard ride ;  
 Toward earth's high doom.

“ WE ARE COMING, MOTHER BRITAIN ”

WE have heard the summons, Mother Land,  
 Your sudden call for aid ;  
 From Atlantic to Pacific we are one ;—  
 We have dropped the hoe and hammer,  
 We have left the desk and spade,  
 At the thunder of the foeman's battle gun.  
 There's no Canadian heart that beats  
 From east to western shore,  
 But is longing for a place beside your men ;  
 We have sent our troops to aid you  
 In the glorious wars before,  
 And our souls are keen to join with you again.

*Refrain.*

We are coming, Mother Britain,  
 Full five hundred thousand strong,  
 We are coming, loyal, sturdy, heart and hand,  
 We have sent two hundred thousand  
 And we're sending more along  
 To rally round the loved old land.

From prairie fields to oceans twain,  
 Where'er the old flag flies,  
 And western hearts with British valour thrill ;  
 There are twice two hundred thousand  
 Who would almost give their eyes  
 To join the ranks and work the Empire's will.  
 From sixteen up to sixty years  
 Who e'er can hold a gun,  
 We all are fain to fire a shot for you :—  
 For we've learned the lesson, Mother,  
 That wherever oceans run,  
 Britons unto Britons must be true.

*Refrain.*

For we're proud of you, old Mother,  
 The way you rule the world,

The way you stand for truth and honest right ;  
 And we're with you, men and dollars,  
 Till the battle flags are furled,  
 And the Allies show that Right alone is Might.  
 We are with you, ancient Mother,  
 For the flag and throne and blood,  
 We are with you for the pride that cannot fail :—  
 But we're with you even more,  
 For the wrongs you have withstood,  
 So go ahead, and tell the world the tale.

*Refrain.*

### THE MIRACLE OF WAR

I LOVE not war ; who does, doth house a demon,—  
 War, with its ghoulish gifts of death and dearth.  
 But yesterday, our life was like a leman,  
 In dalliance lewd with hideous gain and mirth ;

And lo, to-day a gunshot round the world,  
 Brings menace, dread, within the common ken,  
 And all the tents of cant and gain are furled,  
 And even the apes of yesterday are men.

The politician to a patriot turns ;  
 The financier would sacrifice his all ;  
 The blind, base feud, that ever in peace upburns,  
 By loyalty is crowded to the wall.

No more is heard the separatist's boast,  
 All faction, party, vanish out of sight ;  
 The people one from loyal coast to coast ;  
 One flag, that banner of old Britain's might.

I praise not war ; who does, doth house a demon,—  
 War, with its ghoulish gifts of death and dearth.  
 But, who can say what changeth Peace's leman  
 To earnest action, hath not gifts of worth ?

## NELSON'S CALL

HARK ! Nelson calls,  
From old St. Paul's—

“Britons, do your duty !”  
Once again round Britain's shores,  
The storm of War in fury roars,  
Death flashes from the clouds of night,  
Death lurks beneath the waves so bright,  
Europe in anguish hears again  
The clanking of a conqueror's chain,  
Shall freedom bleed and die in vain ?

“Britons, do your duty.”

Up and down the cold North Sea,  
Where night comes down so drearily,  
The fleet keeps watch, the fleet keeps guard,  
And the path to the foe is iron-barred,  
For the sailors have heard the mighty call  
Which Nelson sounded once for all—  
Scorn it and soon shall the Empire fall—

“Britons, do your duty.”

In shot-swept trench, on burning plain,  
The British soldiers fight again,  
No danger daunts them while they hear  
The shriek of victims far and near.  
Famine and fire and plague and lust  
Have turned the joy of earth to dust ;  
Strike in the name of all that's just,

“Britons, do your duty.”

Hark ! Hark ! again 'tis Nelson calls,  
Out of the gloom of old St. Paul's—

“Britons, do your duty.”

## LANGEMARCK

(April 26-29, 1915)

THIS is the ballad of Langemarck,  
A story of glory and might ;  
Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part  
In the great, grim fight.

It was April fair on the Flanders fields,  
 But the dreadest April then,  
 That ever the years, in their fateful flight,  
 Had brought to this world of men.

North and east, a monster wall,  
 The mighty Hun ranks lay,  
 With fort on fort, and iron-ringed trench,  
 Menacing, grim and grey.

And south and west, like a serpent of fire,  
 Serried the British lines,  
 And in between, the dying and dead,  
 And the stench of blood, and the trampled mud,  
 On the fair, sweet Belgian vines.

And far to the eastward, harnessed and taut,  
 Like a scimitar, shining and keen,  
 Gleaming out of that ominous gloom,  
 Old France's hosts were seen.

When out of the grim Hun lines one night,  
 There rolled a sinister smoke ;—  
 A strange, weird cloud, like a pale, green shroud,  
 And death lurked in its cloak.

On a fiend-like wind it curled along  
 Over the brave French ranks,  
 Like a monster tree its vapours spread,  
 In hideous, burning banks  
 Of poisonous fumes that scorched the night  
 With their sulphurous demon danks.

And men went mad with horror, and fled  
 From that terrible strangling death,  
 That seemed to sear both body and soul  
 With its baleful, flaming breath.

Till even the little dark men of the south,  
 Who feared neither God nor man,  
 Those fierce, wild fighters of Afric's steppes,  
 Broke their battalions and ran—

Ran as they never had run before,  
Gasping, and fainting for breath ;  
For they knew 'twas no human foe that slew ;  
And that hideous smoke meant death.

Then red in the reek of that evil cloud,  
The Hun swept over the plain ;  
And the murderer's dirk did its monster work,  
Mid the scythe-like shrapnel rain.

Till it seemed that at last, the brute Hun hordes,  
Had broken that wall of steel ;  
And that soon, through this breach in the freeman's dyke,  
Their trampling hosts would wheel ;—

And sweep to the south in ravaging might,  
And Europe's peoples again  
Be trodden under the tyrant's heel,  
Like herds, in the Teuton pen.

But in that line on the British right  
There massed a corps amain  
Of men who hailed from a far west land  
Of mountain and forest and plain ;

Men new to war and its dreadest deeds,  
But noble and staunch and true ;  
Men of the open, East and West,  
Brew of old Britain's brew.

These were the men out there that night,  
When Hell loomed close ahead,  
Who saw that pitiful, hideous rout,  
And breathed those gases dread ;  
While some went under and some went mad,  
But never a man there fled.

For the word was "Canada," theirs to fight,  
And keep on fighting still—  
Britain said "Fight," and fight they would,  
Though the Devil himself in sulphurous mood  
Came over that hideous hill.

Yea, stubborn, they stood, that hero band,  
 Where no soul hoped to live ;  
 For five 'gainst eighty thousand men,  
 Were hopeless odds to give.

Yea, fought they on ! 'Twas Friday eve,  
 When that demon gas drove down ;  
 'Twas Saturday eve that saw them still  
 Grimly holding their own ;

Sunday, Monday, saw them yet,  
 A steadily lessening band,  
 With " no surrender " in their hearts,  
 But the dream of a far-off land,

Where mother and sister and love would weep  
 For the hushed heart lying still ;—  
 But never a thought but to do their part,  
 And work the Empire's will.

Ringed round, hemmed in, and back to back,  
 They fought there under the dark,  
 And won for Empire, God and Right,  
 At grim, red Langemarck.

Wonderful battles have shaken this world,  
 Since the Dawn-God overthrew Dis ;  
 Wonderful struggles of right against wrong,  
 Sung in the rhymes of the world's great song,  
 But never a greater than this.

Bannockburn, Inkerman, Balaclava,  
 Marathon's god-like stand ;  
 But never a more heroic deed,  
 And never a greater warrior breed,  
 In any warman's land.

This is the ballad of Langemarck,  
 A story of glory and might,  
 Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part  
 In the great, grim fight.

## THE FIGHT GOES ON

THE fight goes on ; though slower than men thought ;  
 But still it goes ; and Britain works her way,  
 With her great-hearted allies, unsullied, unbought,  
 Toward that true dawn which ushers freedom's day.

The fight goes on ; but God demands of all  
 Heroic patience and heroic trust,  
 Never to swerve from that first bugle call,  
 Which woke the hero in our patriot dust.

The fight goes on ; though oft in darker hours,  
 Faint hearts would compromise with freedom's foe ;  
 But unto such, though traitor cowardice cowers,  
 Each blooddrop of our slain ones answers, No !

In this grim strife, where Crime and Judgment meet,  
 And earth's great flags for freedom's cause unfurled ;  
 Better go under in some dread defeat,  
 Than compromise with what would crush this world.

## THE AVENGING ANGEL

*(To Flight-Lieutenant Robinson and all the heroic aviators of  
 the Royal Flying Corps.)*

WHEN the last faint red of the day is dead,  
 And the dim, far heaven is lit  
 With the silvern cars  
 Of the orient stars,  
 And the winged winds whimper and flit ;

Then I rise through the dome of my aerodrome,  
 Like a giant eagle in flight ;  
 And I take my place  
 In the vengeful race  
 With the sinister fleets of night.

As I rise and rise in the cloudy skies,  
 No sound in the silence is heard,  
 Save the lonesome whirr  
 Of my engine's purr,  
 Like the wings of a monster bird.

And naught is seen save the vault, serene,  
 Of the vasty realms of night,  
     That vanish, aloof,  
     To eternity's roof,  
 As I mount in my ominous flight.

And I float and pause in the fleecy gauze,  
 Like a bird in a nest of down ;  
     While 'neath me in deeps  
     Of blackness, sleeps  
 The far, vast London town.

But I am not here, like a silvern sphere,  
 To glory the deeps of space,  
     But a sentinel, I,  
     In this tower of the sky,  
 Scanning the dim deep's face.

For, sudden, afar, like a luminous star,  
 Or a golden horn of the moon,  
     Or a yellow leaf  
     Of the forest's grief,  
 When the autumn winds are atune ;

There is borne on my sight, down the spaces of night,  
 By the engines of evilment sped,  
     That wonderful, rare,  
     Vast ship of the air,  
 Beautiful, ominous, dread.

One instant she floats, most magic of boats,  
 Illusive, implacable, there ;  
     Throned angel of ill,  
     On her crystal-built hill,  
 O'er a people's defenceless despair.

Then sudden, I rise, like a bolt through the skies,  
 To the very dim roofs of the world ;  
     Till down in the grey,  
     I see my grim prey,  
 Like a pallid gold leaf, upcurled.

And I hover and swing, until swiftly I spring,  
And drop like a falling star ;  
And again and again,  
My death-dealing rain,  
Hurl to the deeps afar.

Then I hover and listen, till I see the far glisten  
Of a flame-flash blanching the night ;  
And I know that my hate,  
That has lain in wait,  
Has won in the grim air-fight.

Then I curve and slant, while my engines pant,  
And the wings of my great bird tame ;  
While the sinister Hun,  
In his ill, undone,  
Goes out in a blinding flame.

## THE WOODS AT KILMORIE

WHEN the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,  
And the vines are like blood on the wall,  
I dream of the faces all pallid and cold,  
Of our brave ones who answered the call :  
Like the bright autumn leaves,  
Or the rich, garnered sheaves,  
Our truest, our greatest, our all ;  
For my heart beats in Belgium, or far France's wold,  
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,  
I see but the beauty of God,  
Not the small ways of men, and the mean faiths they hold,  
Like the blind worm under the clod ;  
But the brave and the true,  
Who knew but to do,  
Like those glorious banners of God,  
Arrayed on His hills, or at rest on His mold,  
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,  
 There's another dread harvest afar ;  
 Where our greatest, our truest ones struggle to hold  
 Back the modern world's Juggernaut car ;  
 And my heart only sees  
 In the pageant of trees  
 That horrible pageant of war,  
 Where God's men, for righteousness, strive, as of old—  
 When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,  
 And the vines are like blood on the wall ;  
 I hear on the winds o'er the wood and the wold,  
 A bitter, insistent call.  
 'Tis the cry of our slain,  
 Appealing in vain,  
 For help where the brave hearts fall ;  
 And its tragic demand doth the whole world hold,  
 When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

## OUR DEAD

OUR dead, they are ours and the Empire's  
 Till the last red sun doth set—  
 And may God, in His terrible justice, deal with us,  
 If we forget.

Till that which we sent them to die for,  
 Till that dread struggle be won ;  
 Though the traitor and idiot cry out for peace,  
 There can be none.

We are either on God's side or evil's,  
 We are either perjured or true—  
 And that, which we set out to do in the first place,  
 That must we do.

If we lie now unto our highest,  
 Prove traitorous unto our best,  
 And soften the hand, which set out to conquer  
 At God's behest ;

If we fail in our vows in the slightest,  
Our pride to dishonour is thrall—  
For we stand to win all in this conflict—  
Or else lose all.

There are many side-roads to oblivion,  
But only one straight to the dawn—  
And thrusting aside all paltering, faltering thought,  
We must push on,

Not fearing, nor doubting, nor halting,  
But iron-souled, centred as one  
On the one grim work in this war-gripped world,  
Which must be done.

For our dead are ours and the Empire's,  
Till the last red sun doth set—  
And may God, in His terrible justice, deal with us,  
If we forget.

### THE RIDGE OF FLAME

THERE is a ridge in northern France,—  
I know not what its name,—  
But which for months, through hideous nights,  
Was called the Ridge of Flame.

Day after day, night after night,  
Upon its tragic crest,—  
Earth's grimmest strife, in grimmest guise,  
Bestrode its sanguined breast.

So many men had gone that way,  
Who never more came back,  
That the boldest heart was little fain  
To climb its woeful track.

I met a young French soldier lad,  
His face was all aglow ;  
"I've got my leave, I'm going home,  
To see my mother now.

“What joy ’twill be once more,” he cried,  
 “To see the dear home lands,  
 To kiss my mother’s wrinkled cheeks,  
 And press her loved old hands !

“To know once more the fond old scenes,  
 And feel the old glad joy ;  
 Happy and warfree, light of heart,  
 Once more a laughing boy !

“But see that ridge,” he pointed up,  
 “Men call it Mount Despair,  
 This one last night, I must climb yon height,  
 And do my duty there.”

His face was shining like a flower,  
 As in the fading day,  
 With life and hope and joy he went  
 Awhistling down the way.

That night grim War bestrode the ridge,  
 With hideous din and rout ;  
 And many a soul in that living hell,  
 In the grip of death went out.

And late in the twilight, close to the dawn,  
 When the shock of the strife was still,  
 And over the grievous dying and dead,  
 The nightwind had its will,

Out in the moonlight under the stars,  
 With only the night to grieve,  
 The soldier lad with the joy-filled face  
 Had won his eternal leave.

While far in a quaint south village of France,  
 A fond old mother yearns  
 For a glad young step, and a well-loved voice,  
 And a joy that never returns.

## THE MORNING ROAD

As I went down the morning road,  
 The morning road, the morning road ;  
 As I went down the morning road,  
 I heard a maiden weeping.  
 "My lad has hied him to the war,  
 The Kaiser's war, the cruel war,  
 And I alone am keeping."

As I went down the morning road,  
 The morning road, the morning road,  
 As I went down the morning road,  
 I heard a mother weeping.  
 "My son has gone unto the war,  
 The world-wide war, the hungry war,  
 Where Death's red hosts are reaping."

As I came up the evening road,  
 The happy road, the glowing road,  
 As I came up the evening road,  
 I heard a maiden singing.  
 Her lad was back home from the war,  
 The strong man's war, the hero's war,  
 And all heart's joys were winging.

As I came up the evening road,  
 The sunset road, the lonesome road,  
 As I came up the evening road,  
 I heard a mother weeping.  
 The Empire's woe was in her eyes,  
 For far 'neath Europe's reddened skies,  
 Her heart's best hope was sleeping.

## SHAKESPEARE

IMMORTAL searcher of the hearts of men,  
 Who knewest, as none else, this human life,  
 Its dread ambitions and its passions rife,  
 And limned it, godlike, with thy wizard pen,  
 In mighty numbers and divinest ken :

Here in this anguished, war-embattled world,  
 Where Right 'gainst Wrong's rude panoply is hurled  
 In titan strife ; we turn to thee again.

For thine unfading genius stands for all  
 Our ancient Britain's greatness and her woe !  
 Yon old king's babblings o'er Cordelia's corse,  
 The Dane's despairings, and the queen's remorse,  
 One pageantry sublime, through which do call  
 God's trumpets from His triumphs long ago.

### THE PASSING OF THE "GOOD HOPE"

Not unto useless death did Craddock bold go down—  
 Craddock and his brave nine hundred men—  
 They died as died the heroes of Nile and Camperdown,  
 As Britain's tars will go to death again.

Not always in the victory, rings the greatness of earth's men ;  
 To some, the iron guerdon of defeat,  
 Like this man, who gave battle to the foemen, one to ten,  
 Closing with his small heroic fleet.

Not without meed of praise from men, or voice of bard,  
 Will they slumber where Pacific's combers roll,  
 Who all unflinching met the wrecking shell and shard—  
 Reaching out unto the deathless goal.

To others be it fated to win in death's grim hour,  
 As Nelson, Wolfe, achieved immortal fame ;  
 But Craddock, dauntless captain, showed Britain's olden power  
 'Gainst mighty odds, to pass in martial flame.

To sink to hero death, as sank her great of old,  
 Strong sons of Neptune, war-dogs of the deep,  
 When singeth mournful Triton on his dawn-lit conch of gold,  
 O'er greening billows where her brave ones sleep.

## ROBERTS

FURL his banner, stall his charger,  
 He hath fought the fight.  
 Past the thunder of world armies  
 Struggling in the night ;  
 Past the trenches, past the bugles,  
 Past the loud drum-beat ;  
 He hath met that last dread foeman,  
 All earth's souls must meet.

Son of Britain's mightiest battles,  
 Man of all her best,  
 Iron brain of serried armies  
 Conquering east and west,  
 All of England's cold, undaunted,  
 Calm of fiery breast,—  
 Mourn your bugles, drape your banners,  
 He hath won his rest.

Not in puerile days of peace, when  
 Life was half a lie,  
 With childish dreams that wars would cease,  
 Did this old hero die ;  
 But lingered on, and raised his voice  
 In warnings, vain but bold ;  
 And lived to meet this dread event  
 His prophecies foretold.

Mourned by all an Empire's sorrow,  
 Honoured by the foe ;  
 In this pause of world-wide carnage,  
 Late, we lay him low.  
 Lose no time in empty grieving,—  
 Act, as he'd have done :  
 Seize the hour, and strike for Britain !  
 Win ! as he'd have won !

And, if chance, from that valhalla  
 Of the warrior soul,  
 He may sense this dread world-struggle  
 Toward its final goal ;—

And across this Armageddon,  
 Sweep your conquering tide :—  
 Britain's latest, great field-marshal  
 Thunders at your side.

### WHERE KITCHENER SLEEPS

O GRIM and iron-bastioned,  
 Tumultuous Orcades ;  
 Of vast and awful maelstroms,  
 And eagle-taloned seas ;—  
 Great is your cruel sovereignty,  
 But greater than all your might,  
 Was he, this strong world-captain,  
 Who entered your halls to-night.

Wild were the headland skerries,  
 And wilder the sunset's frown,  
 And the kelpie lords were abroad in the dark,  
 When Kitchener went down ;  
 Down in the hour of duty,  
 His world-wide task scarce done,  
 'Mid the thunder of cannonading surfs,  
 And the searchlight gleam of the sun.

What fitter and truer ending,  
 Than greatly, thus to die,  
 Called to his sleep in the kingly deep,  
 'Mid the pageant of water and sky ;  
 To sink to his long, last slumber,  
 With Ocean to cradle his form ;  
 And draw round the sweep of his lordly sleep  
 The mighty curtains of storm ?

Yea, famed is the storied abbey  
 Where slumber our kingly dead ;  
 And solemn the lofty domed St. Paul's  
 Where the last sad rites are said ;  
 But where, in all earth sepulture  
 For this iron soul more meet,  
 Than to keep his rest where the titan surfs  
 Thunder at Bursay's feet ?

## THE ANGEL OF PEACE

MAKE way ; make way ; ye tyrants of the earth !  
 Ye iron ones, ye deities of war !  
 Grim cruel scourgers of old battle scar ;  
 And pallid desolation's dreadful sway ;  
 For, lo,—One comes in melody and mirth,  
 To bring new joys and give new being birth ;—  
 Make way ; make way.

O, ancient Thor and Odin, and rude Mars,  
 You warrior gods of old, invincible,  
 Breeders of bloody feud and carnage, fell,  
 And iron phalanx and rout and hideous fray ;  
 Your night of death is past ; your ominous stars  
 Fade out before a holier dawning's bars ;—  
 Make way ; make way.

Make way ; make way ; in triumph now She comes,  
 This bright young spirit of a holier world ;  
 Old victory's flags, incarnadined, are furled,  
 With ominous portents of an angrier day ;  
 Hushed are earth's sobs, its loud alarum drums ;  
 Like dawn from sullen night, she comes, she comes ;  
 Make way ; make way.

Make way ; make way ; old kings of dark and dread,  
 And you, old tyranny, doff your iron crown ;—  
 Earth's lion with her lamb will lay him down,  
 The infant and the aspic sportive play.  
 Withdraw, pale ones, your awful cohorts, dread ;  
 She comes, all joy ; earth's rosy dawn flames red ;  
 Make way ; make way.

## THE PEACE OF GOD

THAT Peace of God which passeth understanding,  
 Which stills the wave, and holds the lightnings hurled,  
 Control the hearts of those high ones commanding  
 The armaments of this imperial world.

That Peace of God, that mighty love, compelling,  
 Fill all the lives of peoples far and wide ;  
 Drive out old strifes and evil battles, swelling  
 Earth's songs of joy in one tumultuous tide ;

Till nations, held by olden hates asunder,  
 By mutual deeds bring holier days to birth ;  
 And war drums dread, and cannons' ominous thunder  
 Are heard no more around the coasts of earth ;

And that great dream of Love, glad Peace, victorious,  
 Doth banish hate from laughing sky to sky ;  
 And earth's one voice, in diapasons glorious,  
 Fills all the world with heavenly harmony.

### THE SKY WATCHER

BLACK rolls the phantom chimney smoke  
 Beneath the wintry moon ;  
 For miles on miles, by sound unbroke,  
 The world lies wrapt in its ermine cloak,  
 And the night's icy swoon  
 Sways earthward in great brimming wells  
 Of luminous, frosty particles.

Far up the roadway, drifted deep,  
 Where frost-etched fences gleam ;  
 Beneath the sky's wan, shimmering sleep  
 My solitary way I keep  
 Across the world's white dream ;  
 The only living moving thing  
 In all this mighty slumbering.

Up in the eastern range of hill,  
 The thin wood spectrally  
 Stirs in its sleep and then is still  
 (Like querulous age) at the wind's will.

My shadow doggedly  
Follows my footsteps where I go,  
A grotesque giant on the snow.

Out where the river's arms are wound,  
And icy sedges cling,  
There comes to me as in a swoond  
A far-off clear, thin, vibrant sound,—  
The distant hammering  
Of frost-elves as they come and go,  
Forging, in silver chains, his woe.

I stand upon the hill's bleak crest  
And note the far night world :  
The mighty lake whose passionate breast,  
Manacled into arctic rest,  
In shrouded sleep is furled :  
The steely heavens whose wondrous host  
Wheel white from flaming coast to coast.

Then down the night's dim, luminous ways,  
Meseems they come once more,  
Those great star-watchers of old days  
The lonely, calm-ones, whose still gaze,  
On old-time, orient shore,  
Dreamed in the wheeling sons of light,  
The awful secrets of earth's night.

They come, those lofty ones of old,  
And take me by the hand,  
And call me brother ; ages rolled  
Are but a smoke-mist ; kindred-souled,  
They lift me to their band ;  
Like lights that from pale starbeams shine,  
Their clear eyes look with peace on mine.

In language of no common kind  
These watchers speak to me ;  
Their thoughts the depths of heaven find  
With plummets true. It were a kind

Of immortality  
 To spend with them one holy hour,  
 And know their love and grasp their power.

And wrapt around with glad content,  
 I learn with soul serene,  
 Caught from the beauty that is blent  
 In earth, the heaven's luminous tent,  
 The frost-lit dreams between,  
 And something holier out of sight,  
 Glad visions of the infinite.

Then backward past the sere hill's breast,  
 The spectral moaning wood,  
 With great peace brooding in my breast,  
 I turn me toward the common rest  
 Of earth's worn brotherhood ;  
 But as I pass, a sacred sign,  
 Each lays his holy lips on mine :—

Gives me the golden chrism of song,  
 Tips my hushed heart with fire ;  
 Till high in heaven I hear that throng  
 Who march in mystic paths along,  
 Great Pleiades, The Lyre,  
 The Te-Deum of the ages swell,  
 To earth-tuned ear inaudible.

### THE BAY OF CRAGS

BLOWN by the pulses of the morning wind,  
 We sailed in past the guarding island gates,  
 The white sand shores, the curved low shelving straits,  
 Leaving the open waters far behind,  
 And agèd night, whose airs were faint and kind ;  
 Where the grey dawn, like some ghost-giant, waits  
 For rosy auguries from the muffled fates,  
 Who guard the doors of morning, dumb and blind.

Gold grew the east ; then the red sun came up  
 In blossoming flames ; and far before us lay,  
 Miles out to morn, a bright blue lapping bay,  
 Ringed in by wood-crowned crags as in a cup ;—  
 Far miles on miles of mist ; no chimney smoke ;  
 No sound, no voice, the wild lone stillness broke.

## RAIN

THE rain is the soul of the earth,  
 The tender, ghostly rain ;  
 Child of the fever and joy and mirth  
 And woe of the primal pain.

It rises from wells of tears  
 In all of those myriad eyes,  
 That Nature throughout her million spheres  
 Opens 'neath all her skies.

Tender and wooing in June,  
 It works that miracle, glad,  
 When the fair young month strips hosen and shoon  
 And all of her garments sad,

And reveals herself in the bloom  
 And beauty and joy of life,  
 Fulfilling that ancient, tragical doom  
 Of the primal strife.

Grey and sad in the Fall,  
 It pours on the lonely earth,  
 Weeping, like age, o'er the funeral pall  
 Of all the year's glory and mirth.

In Winter it comes and goes,  
 As a winding sheet or a ghost,  
 And on the pane in the delicate rose  
 And ivy leaf of the frost.

## LIKE A WATER

LIKE a water in a cave,  
 Is this life of ours ;  
 Feeling round its hidden grave  
 For a door of flowers ;

Where the blossom wind looks in,  
 And the rosy sun  
 Laughing at its strife to win  
 Joy, where glories run.

## THE HAUNTED WOOD

NEVER a dream wakens here  
 Over the stillness of day,  
 To make the drear silence less drear,  
 Or make the grey shadows less grey ;  
 Out of the hot world away  
 Never a dream wakens here.

All is sombrest hush ;  
 Leaf falls silent on leaf ;  
 Grasses are greening and lush ;  
 Sunbeams are fleeting and brief ;  
 Death is vanished, and grief,  
 Here in the murmurless hush.

The winds, they come over the lands ;  
 The sun rises red from the sea,  
 And binds the glad earth with his bands ;  
 The days and the night-shadows flee ;  
 But never a bird or a bee  
 Stays here in the hush-haunted lands.

Pass the dim ages apace,  
 But the years with their loves and their hates  
 Fly wide of this sleep-haunted place.

No spirit here hungers or waits  
 For the strange, chequered gifts of the fates,  
 But slumber it groweth apace.

For ages ago in this wood  
 A bird sang of madness so sweet  
 That the spirit of solitude stood  
 Where the past and the future dreams meet,  
 And never more time's surges beat  
 On the gloom and the grey of this wood.

Still the spirit of solitude stands  
 In the rune of that magical song ;  
 Far out earth's weird-fated bands  
 From sleep unto sleep pass along,  
 But tranced by the ghost of a song  
 This grey wood in slumber-hush stands.

## THE MAPLE

O MAPLE, tall and slender,  
 Filled with the sun's red wine,  
 Whether on open hill-side,  
 Or in the forest line,  
 You fill with your rich splendour  
 The June world's cup divine.

With warm light overflowing,  
 O, strong and stately tree,  
 You spread your bounteous branches  
 To all glad airs that be :  
 O tree of all trees growing,  
 The dearest one to me.

All through the golden summer  
 Your leafy tents you spread,  
 When out by hill and highway,  
 The noon lies parched and red ;  
 And where in fields the cattle  
 Doze by the brook's dried bed.

When late in ripe September,  
 Earth's fruits are gathered in,  
 And wealth of glowing plenty  
 O'erflows each brimming bin,  
 You with your flaming splendours  
 The autumn's triumphs win.

And when in bleak October,  
 The ripe nuts earthward rain,  
 And the year, more grave and sober,  
 Hath wrapt her pall again,  
 Through your great boughs the storm-wind  
 Goes roaring like the main.

O tree of mine own country,  
 I love your stately green :  
 Old memories of my childhood  
 Blow your warm leaves between,  
 And past your leafy radiance,  
 Haunt each familiar scene.

Like you, upon your hill-side,  
 Filled with earth's golden glow,  
 Strong, towering proud to heaven  
 When happy June winds blow ;  
 O Tree, may my young country,  
 In days to come, outgrow !

Like you, amid the forest,  
 May she 'mid nations tower,  
 A Titan proud and mighty,  
 Filled with earth's gladdest dower,  
 While 'neath her widening branches  
 A people's hopes embower.

### DOWN THE MERIVALE ROAD

AT morning down the Merivale road  
 When all the world is June,  
 Of woods and fields the blest abode  
 And meadow larks atune,

Under the maples in the sun  
 The world is fair and sweet ;  
 For miles the fields and meadows run,  
 A paradise complete.

In fields where daisies blink their eyes,  
 And molten sunlight sifts,  
 The buttercup unto the skies  
 Its golden chalice lifts.

And out beyond the valley, where  
 The mighty river lies,  
 Dim, blue and misty, vast and fair,  
 The lone Laurentians rise.

### THUNDERSTORM AT NIGHT

LIKE roll of vast artillery, it runs  
 Outside, along the bastions of the sky,  
 And racks the night ; and every fear that shuns  
 The daylight, wakens ere its echoes die.

Beneath their rooftrees, cowering o'er dim hearths,  
 Weak mortals harken, 'till from 'neath the rind  
 Of modern cults, that ancient Dread, old Earth's  
 Gift to her children, bursts its caverns blind.

### THE AWAKENING

DEEP underneath her mantle bleak,  
 Nature, the Titan, lies ;  
 Her limbs are numb,  
 Her voices dumb,  
 And closed her sleep-filled eyes.

One arctic hush enwraps in gloom  
 The lonely northern land ;  
 And grim  
     And dim,  
 And hushed in death,  
     Her lakes and rivers stand.

But not eternal is Love's death,  
     And not forever blind,  
 And numb,  
     And dumb ;  
 Her streams shall flow,  
     Her cerements unwind.

Down through the desolate forest deeps,  
     The Spring shall flush again ;  
 Earth's bugles blow,  
 Her ice and snow  
     Melt into wind and rain.

And life and youth will once more stir,  
     And soar to azure dream ;  
 And all earth's urn,  
 Of age, outburn  
     In one long red sunbeam.

For Nature knows not death, though bleak,  
     She sleeps in shrouded snows ;—  
 Love wakes and whispers,  
 The dull ear of earth  
 Listens and yearns,  
     And lo, her crocus blows.

## OVER THE WOOD THE SUN BURNS

OVER the wood the sun burns,  
     Over the wood and the snow ;  
 As southward and sunward the year turns,  
     Glad in its azure glow.

Under the winter my heart sings,  
Under the chill and the snow ;  
As forth on my fancy my heart wings  
To the days of laughter and glow.

## MARCH MORNING IN CANADA

THIS limpid, sweet, spring morning, all the air  
Is full of far-off, echoing, long-drawn sound ;  
The very city, like a dream, is fair,  
And, mirage-like, floats upward from the ground.

The fleecy clouds are loose like sails of ships,  
Windless, in harbour safe, of storms undriven ;  
And like a breath exhaled from dying lips,  
The censer-smoke ascends into the heaven.

The warming year flames inward in a breath ;  
And like some Titan rousing to be free,  
The lakes their bonds have burst of icy death,  
And all their streams go roaring to the sea.

Far in the lonely, wintry woods, I know,  
Creatures of earth turn blindly to the sun :  
And o'er the barren lands, the raucous crow  
Prophesies, sole ill, of death undone.

And I, too, child of nature, like those others,  
Linked to the life of earth, throughout her rind,  
Do feel the pagan joy with my glad brothers,  
And live anew with bud and bird and wind.

## BIRD ON THE BOUGH

BIRD on the bough,  
Sing now,  
Bird on the bough :—  
The grieving is over,  
The great dread cover  
Is off from the sky.

The sun is eating  
 The charnelled sheeting  
     Where the wide wastes lie ;  
 So, sing now,  
 Bird on the bough ;  
     And I, too,  
     Will sing with you,  
     Merrily, merrily,  
     Bird on the bough.

Bird on the bough,  
 Sing now,  
     Bird on the bough :—  
 Winter is dead,  
 The osiers are red  
     As the rose in the sky ;  
 The streamlet is freed,  
 And I've plucked me a reed,  
     Where the crocus buds lie.  
 So, sing now,  
 Bird on the bough,  
     And I, too,  
     Will triumph anew,  
     Carolling, carolling,  
     Bird on the bough.

### A SPRING THOUGHT

WHEN northward daily flames and wheels  
 The circuit of the red sun's sphere,  
 Through all its wastes the whole world feels  
 The new beginnings of the year.

Across the glinting winter morn  
 Where icicles do drip and run,  
 A thousand hopings are reborn  
 Under the mantle of the sun.

Out in the ermine-hooded woods,  
 The little twigs are soonest stirred ;  
 The aged branches keep their moods  
 Of winter even when the bird

Of spring is piping sweet and clear,  
And all across the splendid days  
The gladder impulse of the year  
Is stirring under heaven's haze.

Even as these refuse to glow  
Responsive to the northward sun,  
So year by year more faintly grow  
Our youth's glad hopings one by one.

So dries our sap through cark and strife,  
So run our currents chill and thin,  
Till fades the tropic glow of life,  
And age's arctic nights set in.

When comes that time, if be my fate,  
To hover on this being's shore,  
With life's spent springtime, dim and late,  
When love's warm sunshine stirs no more ;

Though all be winter round about,  
And day be prisoned dull in bars,  
Still will mine aged eyes look out  
In wonder on the mighty stars.

So was it when my heart was young,  
So will it be when I am old,  
Though all the songs of life be sung,  
Death's mystery yet remains untold.

### THE SPRING SPIRIT

UNDER the slumber of earth's bleak woe,  
Where the winter sits in his beard of snow,  
Icicled, sombre, nodding alone,  
With the chattering teeth of an ancient crone,  
There dreams a spirit of beauty and love,  
Who flutes in her dreams to her buds above,  
And the music she flutes is the blossom and wing,  
The thrilling, silvern, lyric of spring.  
"Spring ! Spring !" till her flutings clear,  
Thrill to the heart of the listening year.

And the grim old winter who crouches above,  
 In his nodding beard, when the mad months rove,  
 Is only a crazed, old, loving old Lear,  
 And the sweet spring-ghost is his own dead dear :  
 So he moans, as he tenderly mantles her o'er,  
 With his foldings of snows and his frostings hoar,  
 Of his wild loud anguish, his glistening tear,  
 On the iron-edged, wizened up earth, her bier.  
 But under the rime of his grim ice-beard,  
 Where the senile sorrows of winter are heard,  
 Down in earth's bosom, her flute-notes swell  
 To her dim earth children, who know them so well :  
 " Spring ! Spring ! " silverly clear,  
 To the rose-red, blossom-white, heart of the year.

Some day, some day, when the red sun burns  
 From his long south voyage, and love returns  
 To earth, and the warm wet winds walk forth,  
 And the crow's loud clamour is heard in the north ;  
 Will the old man rise in his icicled woe,  
 And forth to his caverns of north dreams go ;  
 And out of the silence, where erst he gloomed,  
 Like a sunbeam red from the night entombed,  
 Will rise in a mist of violet wine,  
 Where the purpling veins of her heart entwine,  
 'Mid visions of roseate blossom and wing,  
 The beautiful, azure-eyed, spirit of spring,  
 Singing, thrilling, silverly clear,  
 " Waken up ! rose-red joy of the year ! "

And wherever she treads, at her feet in showers,  
 Will gather the delicate breathings of flowers,  
 And the world be one magic, the morning one song,  
 And life one melody all day long ;  
 And stars at night grow misty and dim  
 As under the azure-wide curtain they swim :—  
 While down the forest-ways, laughing, she goes,  
 Flaming the world with the heart of the rose,  
 Touching each drowsy earth-soul with her wand,  
 Rousing to dreamings and memories bland,  
 Singing silverly, " Love is here !  
 Waken up ! rose-red joy of the year ! "

## A DAY IN JUNE

COME to this world and let that old world go,  
 The apple bloom is dewy from the rain,  
 The robin's voice is piping in the lane,  
 The heaven is blue and all the world aglow ;  
 Let that world go with all its maddened throe,  
 Its agèd heart and all its carking pain,  
 Its falseness and its fevered, mocking train,  
 Love, let us stand, and I will hold you, so.

Let that world go, it never held us, Sweet,  
 With its grim ways. The years seem new begun  
 While we stand here the blossoming vines among ;  
 A shining wind is in the billowy wheat ;  
 The river, one wide splendour in the sun ;  
 And life is glad, and heaven and earth are young.

## JUNE DAY SO RESTFUL

JUNE day, so restful in thy summer storm,  
 Thy gentle rain and silvery moving leaves ;  
 Where all is gladness and where nothing grieves  
 The heart of earth, reposeful, sober, warm ;  
 And nothing sad or wild or dread enorm  
 The beauty of the summer day bereaves  
 Of its high sense of life, where fancy weaves  
 Her picture out of memory's fairest form.

Could I, so lonely, void of hope and love,  
 But reach thy calmness, be a part of thee,—  
 Thy tenderness of earth and heaven above,  
 Thy lyric happiness of bird and tree,—  
 Perchance, that sorrow of this earth so dread  
 Might blacken off and leave thy love instead.

## SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER, month of all the year,  
 When Summer, dying in the lands,  
 Gives her heaped basket to thy hands,  
 And all her ripened greenery ;—  
 I know thee of the hazel eyes,  
 The sunny face, whose shy surprise  
 Peeps through the smoke-lit scenery.

I walk with you by browning wood,  
 Or morning brook whose misty blue  
 Winds, a glad dream, the meadow through ;  
 Or where some wheatfield shimmering,  
 I see thee with a pensive look  
 Past golden sheaf and ruddy stook,  
 Go through the harvests glimmering.

The hill-sides know thy sunny love,  
 Where flaming slopes of goldenrod  
 Across the morning wave and nod,  
 Through airs eestatic, glamorous :  
 While up from far-off river meads  
 There comes a rustling, from the reeds,  
 Of wild-fowl faintly elamorous.

The splendours of the year are thine,  
 The ripened field, the sunny wood,  
 And noondays rapt and wonderous ;  
 Till when thy nights are at the wane  
 There comes with drenched wind at the pane  
 Loud Equinox, the thunderous.

Then cold and clear the early morn ;  
 The night wind strikes his iey lyre ;  
 The lower lands are tipped with fire ;  
 And hill-side slopes are saddening ;—  
 Till in the midnight, crazed and blind,  
 October's loud, lean wolf, the wind,  
 Goes through the lorn woods maddening.

## AN OCTOBER AFTERNOON

THE grey and silent sky above  
A rain-mist spins and weaves,  
And underneath the sombre earth  
Is carpeted with leaves.

With silken droppings, hour by hour,  
Great, still and ghostly arms  
Point in a huddled, grotesque mood  
Across the eerie farms.

Between the sombre hill-side lands,  
Far out with vapours furled,  
The mighty river like a dream,  
Goes winding down the world.

Above his silent, floating floor,  
That seems like mist to rise,  
Beyond the farmlands, out to north,  
The blue hills meet the skies.

Here all along the bare hill-side  
I hear, in dreams, the call  
Of some lone jay, whose haunting note  
Bemoans him of the fall.

And in the browning woods above  
With slumberous, hollow sound,  
At intervals the beechen nuts  
Go dropping to the ground.

Upon this silent afternoon  
The season seems to stand  
Like one who muses with her book  
Of magic in her hand ;

Nor dreams December's maddened mood,  
Nor winter's icy dart ;  
But simply drinks her elfin spell  
Back into her own heart.

## WHEN THE BIRDS FLY HOME

Of all the beauteous days to me  
     Of all the circling year,  
 The days of youth and hope and love,  
     The days of dread and fear ;  
 The days that reel the warm sun in,  
     The days that wheel him out,  
 Of showery day, of leafy June,  
     Of winter's frosty rout ;  
 The days so plentiful of fate  
     Of life and death to come ;  
 Are the lonely days of autumn  
     When the birds fly home.

Though other buds and flowers are dead,  
     The golden rod is out,  
 Flaming with the aster-bloom  
     On all the hills about.  
 You may meet them on the roadsides,  
     You may pick them in the lane,  
 While barnward from the stubble-fields  
     The heavy-laden wain  
 Goes with far shouts of labour  
     With the arms, and faces brown,  
 While the cattle come home lowing  
     And the sun dips down.

Then a fire is in the sumach  
     And a mist is on the hills,  
 And a gentle, pensive glamour  
     The whole world fills.  
 Then the morns are grey and rainy  
     With a windy, driven rack ;  
 The fields are full of shining pools,  
     The mullein stalks are black.  
 Or the nights are clear and frosty  
     To the world's blue dome,  
 In the lonely days of autumn  
     When the birds fly home.

## DECEMBER LYRIC

WHEN the bogs are filled with water on the moors,  
 And the cattle stand a-shivering out of doors,  
     And the morning light is lonely on the hill ;  
 Then we pile the flaming hearth,  
 And with human joy and mirth,  
     Challenge boisterous Winter, bleak and chill.

When the ragged lands are naked, waste and dun,  
 And, a pallid torch, the shrunken wintry sun  
     Sinks o'er the lonely woodland ere his time ;  
 Then with cattle housed in stall,  
 And firelight on the wall,  
     We turn to happy memories and old rhyme.

## INTO MY HEART THE WIND MOANS

INTO my heart the wind moans,  
     Into my heart to-night.  
 Over the chimney sifts the snow,  
     Over the sky the light.

Into my heart the year moans,  
     Into my heart the dream,  
 Of the shrivelled world, the iron frost,  
     The manacled waste and stream.

Into my heart the past moans,  
     And the dead return to-night ;  
 As over the chimney drifts the snow,  
     Over the sky the light.

## A DECEMBER EVENING

THE grey day fades in orange from the west,  
 Above the black, massed pines' rough, inky edge ;  
 Far voices steal in over yon high ridge,  
 Out of the shadowy world beyond its crest.  
 A chill wind rises out of the bare wood's breast,  
 Stirring the sedges, where a wintry brook  
 Gurgles down in his grasses where I look,  
 Cheerful and blithely, under his icèd vest.

The wind stalks louder and lonelier, as the night  
 Grooms in more shadowy past the inky pines,  
 Rustling the grasses in the shuddering light ;  
 Deeper and duskier, into the west, declines  
 The orange glow ; till trembling, silvery white,  
 In the violet sky the first pale planet shines.

UNDER THE WILD WITCHERY OF THE WINTER  
WOODS

UNDER the pallid woodland light,  
 I met a spirit rare ;  
 Her eyes were of the wilding night,  
 And cloudy dreams her hair ;  
 She knew all woes, and all sad loves  
 Of earth's divine despair.

'Twas in the silvern, phosphor glow,  
 Beneath the wintry moon,  
 'Twixt haunted shade and fleecy snow,  
 And skeleton boughs atune ;  
 Where Winter's crone, in eerie tone,  
 Her wizened dreams did croon.

She led me to her elfin dell,  
 Of ancientness and dream ;  
 Where only music's silence fell  
 On floors of white moonbeam ;  
 And awful gods from their awful thrones,  
 Looked down on the years that teem.

And here she whispered wild, wild lore  
 Unto my wild, wild heart ;  
 Until this world to its false core,  
 Became as a dream apart ;—  
 With only the past and its hauntings vast,  
 And beauty and, wondrous art.

And she gave, to me, of that magical cup,  
 That heavenly hoppocrene,  
 Whereof none save the gods might sup,  
 And walk with the unseen ;  
 And know earth's mighty mystery  
 Heaven and hell between.

And showed me palaces and thrones,  
 And heights of lofty goals ;  
 Until earth's mighty ancient ones,  
 Drew round in flaming shoals,  
 And lighted a yearning in my heart,  
 Like mystic burning coals.

And nevermore that elfin fire  
 Can die out in my heart,  
 As through this world and its sad hire,  
 I walk, a soul apart ;  
 Where love nor hate, nor joy nor woe  
 Can touch me with their smart.

For I am haunted by one dream,  
 One melody of dread ;  
 I seek it by the moonlight beam,  
 And in the morning's red ;  
 And that spirit, wild, she walks with me  
 And all earth's haunting dead.

And I dream the dreams she brings to me  
 From out her eyes of fire ;  
 And the beautiful thoughts she flings to me  
 From off her wild, wild lyre ;  
 'Till dim and dead as the perished past,  
 Are this world, and this world's desire.

## THE POET'S PRAYER

O MASTER of woe and of joy,  
 This gift of my life,  
 You gave: then you take it away, like a toy,  
 'Mid the surge of the strife.  
 You take it away; 'tis my heart,  
 O Lord, my singing let be:  
 Sooner than we twain apart,  
 Rive the shore from the sea.

You gave me nought else. Some had love;  
 Some wisdom; some joy of their might;  
 Some beauty; some greatness of place  
 Mid the jar of the night.  
 But to me but the power of my song,  
 And the beautiful dream  
 Of my life, and my spirit apart,  
 As the warmth to the beam.

With beauty and loving and splendour,  
 Yea, others thou blest.  
 Yet to me, but the thought that was tender,  
 The gleam of the west;  
 The spirit of wind and of blossom,  
 The yearning of spring;  
 These to me thou gavest, O Master,  
 As to woodbird its wing;  
 Or to flower its petal,  
 Its perfume, its joy of the light;  
 Or to mountain, o'ercrowned with the cloud,  
 Its heavenward height.

Yea, to me, all bare, save this dream  
 Of thy greatness, to me,  
 Thou gavest nor beauty nor splendour,  
 Save sound of the sea,  
 Or moaning of forest,  
 Or glimmer of windflowers below  
 Where the long red lances of sunlight  
 Pierce with their glow.

Yea, thou Master of Doom, take this life  
 And its triumphs from me,  
 Melt, glory by glory, the years  
 And their greatness to be :  
 Take splendour, even love, if thou must,  
 But leave at the last  
 My song, as my guide to the dark,  
 As the deathbarge goes past :  
 Till 'mid fading of life, as stars  
 From the morning-lit main,  
 I waken at last in thy house  
 Of song's greatness again.

## THE TWIN WORLDS

IN primal days when earth was young,  
 Before these modern, droning hives,  
 Men dreamed not, thought not, doubted not ;  
 They lived their lives.

They loved and hated, bought and sold,  
 And what they knew, compassed at once ;  
 Not witting of the after ill,  
 But for the nonce.

They builded cities, tore them down,  
 Hoarded or scattered, little caring  
 For dream or dreamer, noting not  
 Save their own faring.

So builded Egypt, Greece, and Rome,  
 And Britain down to modern days ;  
 When men grew listless, smouldering down  
 To cowardlier ways.

So fares this being ; 'tis not thought,  
 But action makes this life go round ;  
 To build, to war, to sow, to reap ;  
 And then sleep sound.

So lived they then ; so live we now ;  
 The actor and the dreamer man ;  
 One seizing all ; one poring o'er  
 The primal plan ;

So we poor dreamers in this world,  
 The drones of action, idly we  
 Sing loud the battles and the weird  
 That others dree.

From Homer to our latest bard,  
 Life, ever conscious at its core,  
 Repeats in dreams its travail mad  
 For evermore.

So moves this world, this double life,  
 Twin moods of action and of dream ;  
 The one to live the life which is  
 The other's theme.

And still they fare close side by side,  
 Nor can the suffering dreamer tell  
 Which of the twain is nearer heaven,  
 Or nearer hell.

## SHELLEY

SUN singer !  
 Loved of gods and of men ;  
 Gift Bringer !  
 Melody flowed from thy pen.  
 As a fountain abrim from its well,  
 Joyous, in some glad dell,  
 Leaps to the sunlight again ;—

So out of thy heart,—  
 As out of the edge of the sea,  
 Northern dawns start,  
 Willing all light to be free,—  
 There burst for the easing of earth,  
 Gold song, which slew, in its mirth,  
 Our sad satiety.

Thou wert that magical fount  
 Of all heart's melody.  
 As the lark's songs mount  
 In a summertide ecstasy,  
 So thy songs sought the blue rift above ;  
 All life all joy and all love  
 Thy music set free.

O Ariel-winged of our choir,  
 Rose-shimmer and glimmer and glee !  
 Sun-drunken ! higher and higher !—  
 Would that we, too, were free  
 From this house of the sunless and sad,  
 To drink of that melody mad,  
 That springtime, morningtide, glad,  
 Wild spirit of Thee.

## NIGHT

*(Two pictures.)*

## I

I HEAR the drip, drip of the rain to-night  
 Outside my window, and the querulous wind,  
 That moans so piteous, like a feeble mind,  
 Crooning its sorrow in the gusty light.  
 I hark to voices of the dark's affright,—  
 A nature-sadness man hath not divined,—  
 And dream strange woes unknown to humankind,—  
 The anguish of the universal blight.

O Night, wild, troubled brother, Thou and I  
 Are one in sympathy of conscious pain.  
 I read life's anguish in thy strife of rain  
 And weird wind-voices. In thine hours that fly,  
 On raven wings, I dream the years that fall,  
 The dull, blind years that surely silence all.

## II

THERE is a brooding beauty in the night,  
 A spirit-beauty of the stars and moon  
 And hushed earth-voices, regions half-atune  
 With music of the slumber world's delight ;

As though the planets murmured in their flight,  
 And earth beneath unto her brood doth croon  
 A dreamland song, till pain and anguish swoon  
 From souls in shadow, under, out of sight.

O Night, thou kindly thief, who stealeth care  
 And weird heart-hauntings from the day-worn breast,  
 And bringeth oblivion, slumber, holy rest  
 To all worn souls who to thy regions fare,  
 Across my brow I feel thine opiate breath.  
 Thou art so like to thy great brother Death.

### DAWN AND DUSK

WAKE up morning thro' the grey,  
 Blossom life's rare flower,  
 Build the splendid house of day,  
 Pearly hour by hour !

Wake up morning, bring to men  
 Love and hope and joy ;  
 Build earth's wondrous dream again,  
 That sleep and death destroy.

Fold your petals soft, O night,  
 Sweetly dying down,  
 Drink the crystal draught of light,  
 Of the day's renown.

Yea, but haply leave for me,  
 Trembling on its brim,  
 Love and love's rare memory,  
 Stars at heaven's rim.

### YOUTH

ROCKED in its cradle of the wind and sun,  
 The indolent lake sways inward to the land.  
 For miles the white sand beach, a bright riband,  
 Far into vapours seems to reel and run,

Past shoaly capes, past horseshoe bays that shun  
 The breakers' spume! The high blue skies, wind-fanned,  
 Die in great marshes far on either hand,  
 Where dreamy mists blend heaven and lake in one.

And on the beach, with willowy, lissome form,  
 One hand on hip and one ashade her eyes,  
 Her hair wind-blown aslant her dreaming face,  
 A young girl stands, and makes the whole world warm  
 With touch of human ecstasy, that lies  
 Like light across the barrens of this place.

### QUEBEC

GREAT centuried Crag, whose fortress steep  
 Our mighty western way doth keep :  
 Grey, ancient gateway, thou, whose memory teems  
 With deathless annals of a nation's dreams :

Thee, faltering lays  
 Of halting, modern singer may not praise,  
 Nor flatteries, dull, of shrill Sicilian reeds :  
 Thou art above our petty dreams and deeds,  
 For thou art linked with glory  
 Such as few  
 Amid those ancient, world-famed cities knew.

Here, Cartier, undaunted, came alone,  
 And dared thy wilds, and ploughed thy mighty stream,  
 Here, by thy throne  
 Of nature's majesty, that soul, supreme,  
 Of Champlain founded sure,  
 In dream indomitable, our young land :  
 Here, in a spirit great, which shall endure,  
 Because of splendid daring largely wrought,  
 He took the future Empire in his hand,  
 And sphered it in his mighty, continent-spanned,  
 World-comprehending thought.

Here, lone La Salle's proud restless spirit came,  
 Whom no ill fate could tame,

And from thy ramparts, with prophetic soul,  
 Saw his vast, southward river, brimming, roll.  
 And 'neath fate's iron caress,  
 Did he, foreboding, dream undying fame,  
 Earth's saddest death, and grave without a name,  
 In the lone wilderness ?

Here, at thy base there floated, one great eve,  
 That rare, immortal man,  
 Whose dream and deed changed a whole continent's fate ;—  
 He fell illustrious, flushed, in victory's van :  
 For him and his great foe will ever grieve  
 Two proud, imperial peoples, whose old hate  
 One common glory hath changed to love more great,  
 In common hope of one wide, continent-bounded State.

Though thou art aged, and century-crumbling time  
 Hath scarred and blurred thy face,  
 Yet, ages hence, thou still wilt hold thy place  
 With those old cities honoured in earth's rhyme,—  
 Dunedin, Carthage, and that home, sublime,  
 Beside the foam of flushed Ionian seas,  
 Of famed Miltiades.

Grey Rock, I hail thee, looming grim, alone,  
 Fronting thy deathless stream.  
 Like holier Sphinx, thou holdest in thy dream  
 The fate of future ages. Round thy walls  
 Still haunt the dim footfalls  
 Of centuried splendours. Every refluent wind  
 That shakes the wild bough clinging to thy stone,  
 Doth wake the mind  
 Of haunted yesterdays. Even thy sleep  
 Doth guard the rest of greatness ; wise old keep,  
 Eternal tomb of heroes, kernelled deep  
 In thine old slumbering :  
 Soldiers and saints, from whose rare dust will spring  
 One spirit divine,  
 To inspire this proud young West,  
 That wide-spread brood from out thy mothering breast ;  
 While round the mighty mantle of their rest,—  
 As to thy crag doth cranny some centuried vine,—  
 Memories, immortal, cling.

## ODE

(TO FRANCE)

HAIL, mighty Normandy,  
 Over the brine,  
 Land of old chivalry,  
 Chanson and wine :  
 When, in the lists did the  
 Boldest advance,  
 'Twas England and Normandy,  
 Britain and France.

Of old we were rivals,  
 Now we are friends ;  
 The peace era opens,  
 The war cycle ends ;  
 Clasp our hands tighter  
 Over the main,  
 Briton and Breton and  
 Norman and Dane.

The war-clouds that darkened  
 Our days are withdrawn,  
 The bitter old feuds and old  
 Rivalries gone :  
 A new morn arises,  
 The world-dawn of peace,  
 When hatred of nation  
 For nation will cease.

Lct Briton and Breton,  
 Renowned in old wars,  
 Heap with peace garlands  
 The old battle cars ;  
 Till Thor, the old war god,  
 His last bolt outhurled,  
 Melts in a rain-mist  
 Round the red world.

So, hail, brother Normans,  
 Over the brine,  
 Kinsmen of chivalry,  
 Chanson and wine.

When, in the lists do the  
 Boldest advance,  
 'Twill be England and Normandy,  
 Britain and France.

### CHANT CORDIALE

Two proud and kindred peoples set  
 Where the rude foam-waves chafe and fret ;  
 One of British, one of Norman tongue,  
 Brothers, rivals since the world was young :  
     One an island famed in story,  
     One a land with splendour crowned ;  
 Equal in their pride and glory,  
     One common, god-like goal have found.

To heal the woes of earth,  
 To set the helot free,  
 To give life truest beauty,  
 To teach men holiest duty,  
     This is greatly great to be.  
     France and Britain,  
     Nobly smitten  
 With a glorious rivalry ;  
     Shall ever, ever,  
     Till earth's great heart-cords sever,  
     While sky with ocean blends ;  
     Each to each,  
     In act and speech,  
     Be friends, eternal friends.

By those mighty Normans,  
     Our own ancient blood,  
 Who set firm foot on British soil ;  
     By that old Saxon brood,  
 Who proudly, strong, withstood them ;  
     By that old hardihood ;  
 We hail you, ancient Brothers,  
     Across the chiding sea,  
 Kinsmen in one common strife  
     For earth's old liberty.

By that later wisdom,  
 By that love of good,  
 By that world-wide yearning  
 Toward earth's brotherhood ;  
 Let us build together  
 O'er the shining sea,  
 One common bridge of kindred dream,  
 Of human amity.

To heal the woes of earth,  
 To set the captive free,  
 To give life truest beauty,  
 To teach men holiest duty,  
 This is greatly great to be.  
 France and Britain,  
 Nobly smitten  
 With a glorious rivalry ;  
 Shall ever, ever,  
 Till earth's great heart-cords sever,  
 While sky with ocean blends ;  
 Each to each,  
 In act and speech,  
 Be friends, eternal friends.

## IN MEMORIAM

J. P. FEATHERSTON

ON Beechwood's kind and mothering breast,  
 He sleeps in his eternal rest,  
 Aloof from all who plot and plan,  
 This true-hearted gentleman.

As some old stately tree, which late,  
 Spread leaf and bough to every fate,  
 He now lies, brother to the clod,  
 In that great mystery, with God.

In quiet hours of being's round,  
 To life's small, common duties bound,  
 He lived his days ; in heart and mind  
 Loyal to all his fellow-kind.

Yet truer servant of the State  
 Ne'er walked these streets, than he, whose fate  
 Forbade to climb by dubious ways,  
 To heights of democratic praise ;

Who with reverie-loving mind,  
 Found in earth and human kind,  
 And wave and air and sky and tree,  
 The heart's best, truest piety ;

And studious, through the love of truth,  
 Kept ever that eternal youth  
 Of those who walk life's simpler ways,  
 With contemplation, all their days ;

Who, in a kind and gracious age,  
 Passed, calm and tranquil, from the stage ;  
 Grieving for that dread woe alone,<sup>1</sup>  
 That shook the world to his doorstep.

O, Mother Nature ! to thy heart,  
 Take this worn spirit ; and impart  
 To him those lessons thou dost teach,  
 In thy vast, universal speech ;

That reverent hush, that solitude,  
 And lofty peace of Summer's mood,  
 That breathes through all its mystery rife,  
 The spirit of eternal life ;—

That somewhere, out beyond these doors  
 Of cabined being, there are shores,  
 Dim continents of love untrod,  
 In that great mystery, with God.

## REQUIEM

### EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER

WITH earth's republics bowed in woe,  
 And Europe's monarchs round his bier,  
 And mighty pageant sad and slow,  
 And solemn note of trumpet blown,

<sup>1</sup> The Great War.

And muttering drum and organ's moan,  
 From duty, honour and renown,  
 We lay our august Edward down.

Miles of millions down each street,  
 Britannia's one huge heart-beat  
 Of human grief; as rank on rank,  
 In mighty marshalled mournful flow,  
 Beside old Thames' storied bank,  
 Where Earth's high kings in sorrow go,  
 Passes the pageant of her woe.

Out round wide leagues of plangent surge,  
 And looming coastlines huge and grey,  
 Where Ocean moans eternal dirge,—  
 The moon and stars his torches dim,—  
 Great Edward's millions grieve and pray,  
 And bow the head in woe for him,  
 In those wide continents of his sway,  
 O'er verges of the world's far rim.

## II

Low lies his head this sad May morn,  
 Low lies his head, who monarch born  
 To eminence he never climbed  
 Through promises he ne'er fulfilled;  
 Nor made him principles that chimed  
 With what he deemed the public willed;  
 Who never flattered men by lie  
 To hold in grasp a people's will;  
 Nor flamed the torch of fancied ill  
 To voice the loud majority.

Who born to what he never sought,  
 Ennobled all his kingly lot,  
 Performed his duty in his place,  
 True scion of his royal race;  
 Took up in later life that crown  
 From his great mother's brow laid down;  
 And strove with patience, leal to all,  
 To be a ruler in a day,  
 Of restless, democratic sway.

## III

His lowly subjects round his throne,  
 Hold sorrow in their hearts and eyes  
 For him the human and the wise,  
 Who made their joys and woes his own;  
 Who with wide sympathy did span  
 All fiercest gulfs of social hate,  
 Till even foes of kingly state  
 Revered the monarch in the man.  
 In majesty we lay him down,  
 With England's banner half-mast furled,  
 'Mid all the sorrow of a world,  
 In that great, ancient Royal town.

'Mid tolling slow of funeral bell,  
 And far-off organ's mournful swell,  
 And minute gun's low muttering;  
 'Mid pageant sad we lay him down,  
 In that dread chamber of the vast,  
 To sleep with all her sceptred past,  
 Those great of Britain's age of gold  
 And all her splendid thrones of old,  
 Who rest in death's felicity;  
 Wise Alfred; Norman William; he,  
 Her Lion-heart of chivalry;  
 And those famed queens, still great in death,  
 Victoria, Elizabeth!

## RHODES

SOUL-BROTHER, he, to earth's imperial few,  
 Who left the lesser strife, the futile gleam,  
 Greatly to learn, then greatly dare and do,  
 And dream earth's vaster dream.

Not his some tyrant Commons to abase;  
 But in these later hours to play the man:  
 What greater than to give unto his race  
 Horizons vast to scan?

Not his in centuried ease to sit at home,  
 As English squire, on his own English ground,  
 To plough with custom's share ancestral loam,  
 By old-world duties bound ;

This man of the wide waste places and earth's towers,  
 The lonely hills, dream-led, indomitable :  
 This silent builder of the lone night hours,  
 Insistent, masterful.

Sick of the moment and the moment's ill,  
 He went out from the narrow local round,  
 This mighty dreamer of the fiery will  
 And visions skyey bound.

Driven by high unrest of earth's great few,  
 Insistent torture of some god-like pain,  
 He found in those vast spaces, solace true  
 For that rare heart and brain.

And had he not, old England, for thy shore  
 Mute patient longing ? O'er earth's blight and bale  
 Heard he, in dreams, with alien ears, once more,  
 The Oriel nightingale ?

No half believer of ephemeral creeds,  
 No empty dreamer, shallow dalliant, he ;  
 Whose days were all too crowded with great deeds  
 And hope's felicity.

Who took the burden of Empire on himself  
 And bore it wisely, bravely, so that few  
 Saw that he bore it ; bound the slaves of wealth  
 To one vast dream which grew,

Not from satiety, life's aftercare,  
 But plotted in the crude brain of a boy  
 Not yet a man, to surely achieve and dare  
 Life's dream without alloy.

Who placed his finger upon the century's ill,  
 Essaying its cure, with soul serene, elate ;  
 Subduing all with iron titan will ;  
 Asking no lesser fate

Than bear Britannia's burdens, her vast ones ;  
 That ancient Mother, from her pelican breast,  
 Feeding, in love, her all-unheeding sons,  
 World-aliened, east and west.

. . . . .

He sleeps alone, this Titan who will endure,  
 When life's large winds blow out the moment's haze ;  
 He sleeps, who lives with all earth's great and sure,—  
 Iron dreamer of iron days !

The ancient continent looms betwixt her deeps,  
 Brooding above her blinded, barbarous night,  
 And Gordon sleeps, and he of Kimberley sleeps,  
 Soul-wearied, in their might.

And round the desolate deserts, hushed, the dawn  
 Rises, rose-piled and gold ; while destiny-hurled,  
 The mighty restless British heart goes on  
 Eternally round the world.

### WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

*(Died April 6th, 1907.)*

MAN ne'er had kindlier comrade,  
 Nor earth more noble son,  
 Earth's peoples truer singer,  
 Than he whose race is run.

He has crossed that last dread portage,  
 This valiant voyageur ;  
 That place of the lonely mountains,  
 That valley where all must fare.

Not in the haunted even,  
 With faltering steps and slow ;—  
 But in the noontide high and bright,  
 When life was all aglow,

With his burden of hope on his shoulders,  
 Wending where all must wend ;—  
 He came to that shoreway, dim, where earth's  
 Longings and sorrowings end.

And " Leetle Lac Grenier " all alono,  
 Out on the mountain brow,  
 You may call in vain to the heart so still ;  
 O, who will love you now ?

And the peasant folk in the evenings glad,  
 Their simple loves may tell ;  
 And all in vain may ring again  
 The bells of San Michél.

For out on the shining water  
 He has launched the shadow canoe,  
 With Love, and the soul of his little dead son,  
 His paddlemen safe and true.

But here on the shores behind him,  
 Where the manly heart is still,  
 He leaves a vacant place in our song  
 No other singer can fill :—

He, who gave us, so joyous,  
 Amid all our doubtings and fears,  
 Those heart-deep songs of a people,  
 Brimming with laughter and tears.

### REQUIEM

ALL now is ended  
 At last, at last,  
 Completed and past,—  
 The iron that bended  
 Welded and wrought  
 To the steel of life,—  
 Its passion and thought,  
 The futile strife,  
 And the surcease it brought.

All now is over,  
The dream is done.  
Fasten the cover,  
Shut out the sun.  
Farewell to lover,  
To rival, to friend,  
To sorrow, to splendour,  
To earth's weird wonder,  
For this is the end.

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