

Verse

S. de V. Julius

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For Mule

from de Vere

with much love

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Verse

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THE POEM
of a Prisoner of War, 1917.

I have been one of the fortunate ones of the Earth,
Having gazed upon Beauty and Truth all my days,
And I had no need to think or to write concerning them,
But when Beauty and Truth were withdrawn from me
I found I could no longer live without them,
But I was obliged to keep them ever by my side,
I therefore wrote of them, and to write I thought of them,
And by thinking kept them with me and they stayed.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

Grieve not, thine unavailing breath
Is pity for thyself—the dead
Have pity now from Christ who bled
For all, in more availing death.

Words are no comfort—only deeds;
Lay thy despair upon His Breast
And leave unspoken there the rest;
Rise up and fling away thy weeds.

And weep not for the dead,—not yet,
Till the avenging Hand of God
Shall smite the murderer with His rod;
Then for thy dead pay Him the debt.

CHILDREN.
(A birthday Idyll)

How sweet the trustful feeling
Of walking hand in hand,
The sound of laughter pealing
From children on the sand;
How sweet the trill and chatter
Of happiness at play,
The pitter, patter, patter
Of little feet away;
The delicious limpid prattle
Of the children as they paddle,
O, the long and lovely day!

O! the pretty piping voices
That penetrate the hours,
How the sky above rejoices!
What welcome from the flowers!
As the children run and gambol
In the tosses of the hay,
Oh, merry is the scramble!
Oh, jolly is the day!
Oh, the cackle, cackle, smack,
Of the laughter of the pack,
'Tis a sound I cannot say.

There's no moral to this story,
There's no hint to make you sad,—
Why the elderly and hoary
Ought to feel they're hard and bad;
There's no reason to be wishing
To be one of them once more,—
Little boy that went a-fishing,
Little girl in pinafore;
But this secret may be told;—
'Children never need grow old,'
Sure as two and two make four.

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

O bird of day! when children play
Among the woods and clover;
When poppies blush in meadows lush
And hay-time's nearly over.
The Lark he sings what Summer brings,—
So happy is his trilling,
The notes that float from his slim throat
The Earth and Sky are filling;
The Lark, the Lark sings on till dark,—
Then home to bed unwilling!

O bird of night! when Heaven's light
Has sunk beneath the billow,
In woodland deep when children sleep
With dreamy head on pillow,
Sing, Nightingale! 'till stars grow pale
And falls the dew a-weeping,
And rosy-red from his long bed
The Sun comes gaily peeping;
Then at his call the children all
Come hurrying, scurrying, leaping.

FOR MY DAUGHTER.

Come Diana, I will show
To you the place where children grow.
Where the flowers wear children's faces,
Wreaths and garlands, crowns and laces.
There's where children never care
How they scramble up their hair,
Where the hawthorn says, " Good day,
" Have you seen it snow in May?
" Please to tell the wind to blow
" And I'll bury you in snow."

First we mark a magic ring
Safe enough to sit within.
Now we'll make the daisy-field
All its fairy secrets yield.
How to weave a daisy-chain,
How to mow a fairy lane;
How to make the wild dog-rose
Into satin finger-shoes;
How to make a fairy gown
Out of web and thistle-down;
How to pop the purple poppies,
How to count them when they're pied,
How to suck the clover cloppies
So's to get the sweet inside:

Hark to what the sexton tells,
Ringing Canterbury bells;
Hark, Hark, the trumpet comes
Blowing grass between our thumbs;
All the fairy music hear
With a sea-shell to your ear.

Now we'll tell the time of day
By blowing dandy-fluff away;
Oh! how quickly time does pass
Making trees of totter-grass;
How the time has flown away
Till we have to stop our play.
The Bee upon the Buttercup
Has sucked the yellow butter up,
And the Cornflowers dressed in blue
Have come to say goodbye to you;
Come Diana, home again!
Shortest way's the old long lane;
All poor children ought to know
How to play and where to grow.

FAMILY HISTORY.

This is a story, a very simple story
All about nothing just from memory,
If you don't like it I don't care,
I'm writing it to please myself, so there!

There is a garden called Cornwallis Gardens

Where all the people I have met in books,
And all the animals I've read about,
By day aren't visible, by night have secret nooks,
So that when evening comes they all come out,
And it's most dreadful if you get shut in
After the gates are locked up for the night—
I've never yet but very nearly been—
And once my sister nearly died of fright.

That came from playing hide and seek too late,
And all the seekers had to hurry out
Because the gardener came to lock the gate,
And she got left and didn't hear us shout.

But first of all I'll tell you what it's like.

Well first of all the garden's on a slope,
Long at the top and shortest down below,
Down at the bottom where you have to grope
'Cos there the thickest bushes seem to grow.

That's where the bears live, where we play
'Bears in the Wood' as long as it is light,
I have to be Elisha—that's by day,
Of course it isn't safe to stay at night.

In summer we can stay there ever so late,
And after tea at seven, when it's fine,
We can go back and play 'til after eight,
And sometimes, fancy, nearly up to nine!

O! I forgot to tell you there's a lawn
Right in the middle where it's built up level
Above where, ever since the World was born,
There's been a forest haunted by the Devil!

And there we make up sides for single wicket,
If Butterfingers doesn't stop the ball
It goes right down below into the thicket
Where if it's lost he has to stay and call.

And then there's rounders and Tom Tiddler's ground,
And best of all's a sloping grassy place
With wooded islands where you hide 'til found,
But first of all the seeker hides his face
And listens hard 'til someone hiding coughs,
Then he can find—once seen, you have to race
Until you're safe in 'Home,' and not far off's
The place where Christian killed the giant Sloth,
I've got its picture in my 'Birds and Beasts,'
The book that Mother gave between us both,
It isn't different from a bear, at least 'ts
Got teeth and claws and covered up with hair
And sitting up on end outside its lair.

But Mother says its not that in the story
And says she'll tell us all about it later,
And says it really means an Ally Gory—
I think she means that thing an Ally Gater.

And then on Sundays we can go there too
And sit while Mother reads from Bunion's Progress,
Or else the Giant Killer by Aloe,
That's how we learnt to play at Og and Ogress.

And once when Robin, who's our cousin, came,
Eliza our great-aunt who wears goloshes
Was reading out aloud to us the same,
When Robin who'd been looking at her said,
"I never knew that ladies wore mustoshes"
And Aunt Eliza got most awfully red
And sent our cousin Robin off to bed.
He used to show his temper under blame
But this time Robin went away quite tame.

I think I'll end this story now and stop
As Muriel wants to play at Butcher's shop.
The spelling's been corrected by our nurse.
I know of things that Robin's said much worse.

CUPID ON HORSEBACK.

I have nothing better to give you than love:
Come with me, come away!—or stay

Trot.

Choosing: no word or a sign of the heavens above
Asking,—nor jargon of wisdom nor clay
That whispers beneath it, but choosing to be
Yourself your own jockey for life—to decide,
As the way to the horse and his rider is free
When the World is to ride,
And the rabble turns back and goes wide.
When the rabble rides wide
And the ruck to the gate and the lane,
'Tis for you to decide:
Come away! come away! and again:—

Canter.

I have nothing to give you but love—
Say it over again; come!—or stay:
Choosing? The World is a race, there are plenty who rove:
Waiting? The chances are even to-day:
To-morrow will show who the lovers are now
That pull out at the start: far away and behind,
—As the odds have a habit to lengthen and grow,
As the fences grow bigger as each is declined
Comes the rabble outside,—Will you start, or
turn back and go wide?

Gallop.

The race of to-day's to the fleet and the strong:
Who knows what it may be to-morrow?
Take hold of the lover whose gallop is long,
For regret is the worst of all sorrow.
There's a day and an hour that are passion and power,
There's a mile between choosing and losing:
Give the rein to the head that won't stay to be led
There's no space between hauling and falling:
For blood will return to the bridle's control,
That's the true way to ride if you stick it:
And be in at the death, or the post, or the goal,
Whether love, hunting, polo or cricket.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Leadsman heave the lead,
'By the deep nine,' sang he,
'Tis but the shoal' the skipper said,
'Of care, and I am free.'

Leadsman heave the lead,
'By the deep eight,' sang he,
'Tis by the tide a fathom sped
'And what is the tide to me'?

Leadsman heave the lead,
'By the mark seven,' sang he,
'Seven is naught that a shark would dread
'Nor I with an open sea.'

Leadsman heave the lead,
'By the deep six,' sang he,
'What if it be? there's naught ahead
'Nor land upon the lee'!

Leadsman heave the lead,
'By the mark five,' sang he,
But still before the gale he fled
As men from conscience flee.

Leadsman heave the lead,
'And a half four,' sang he,
'Tis but the shoal that piles the dead'
And the skipper laughed with glee.

Leadsman heave the lead,
'Breakers ahead!' sang he,
'The Devil take me then,' he said,
'For he has scupper'd me.'

A LAMENT.

The Broussa evening fades in night;
The stars appear serene and bright;
Ah! would that they might shed their light
On you and me together.

Four years have come, four years have gone,
And still I linger here alone
And count the stars that might have shone
On you and me together.

The evenings fade, the nights go by;
The stars move on across the sky,—
What nights and days between us lie
We might have spent together!

The grooves of life that lovers wear
Deeper and deeper every year
And tread together are, my dear,
Untrod by us together.

SLEEP.

How soon, how very soon the day sinks down;
Night cometh with her garland and her Moon,
Her veil of stars—her ornaments, her gown
Of sable cloud, her silver sandalled shoon,
Her hair unwoven with a lustre deep,
Her eyes down-lidded, longing unto sleep.

How quietly, very quietly she comes:
The garden where the sunflower bowed his head
Breathes yet the sounds of noon, the beetle hums
Where moveless flowers look upward from their bed,
And voices of the day silently fled,
A song, a laugh, an echo and a tread.

A song of happiness, a laugh of love,
An echo of the joy of other days,
Beloved steps that dedicate a grove
For ever in life's after-darken'd ways:
The twilight deepens and the light is fled
Out of the garden when the day is dead.

And I who am alone do think of sleep
As of a garden where Night's very eyes
Look into mine, uplifted from the deep,
The twilight dim, the grave where memory lies,
Look into mine, where long ago did cease
Those voices of the day, and grant me peace.

THE DECAY OF BUDDHISM IN BURMA.

The Lotus has closed on the shores of the waters of peace;
My love is asleep by the water, my love is asleep.
My love was a law unto me and a guide to my feet
Where the Lotus was bound on her hair and the Moon on her cheek.

She has bound in her hair the datura, the white flower death;
She has woven her brows with the poppy, her features are set;
And the Lotus has closed in the night where she silently sleeps,—
Where my love lies so fair in her slumber the Lotus has wept.

Where her steps were a message of light to the shores of the sea,
And her forehead a law unto life and a shade as of trees,
And her breath as the coolness of night that has sunk into peace,
The Lotus has closed o'er her head, and its breathing has ceased.

Where the lips of her wisdom are dumb and her vision has fled,
Her walls and her palaces crumbled, the cactus and fig
And the vines of the forest have lifted the steps of her throne,—
Have uplifted their stones, and the light of the Lotus has set.

My love is asleep by the water, my love is asleep;
But the beauty of love in remembrance concealeth her yet:
And the Children have lingered, as happiness smiles after death;
But the Lotus has closed, and the life that once lived at her breast.

THE PRISONERS' ROAD.

Foreword.

Twenty-six hundred Englishmen
Who started out from Shamran bend
To march five hundred miles.
All starving, then, after the siege of KUT.
That was the end.
Two thousand fell and died, of thirst,
Starvation, disease, lingering many days.
Untended, without food or water; flogged
Along the road by Kurdish horsemen;
Feet bare, monstrously blistered, in rags.—
The chill of dawn and awful scorch of day!
A score lay down at every march and died;
Side by side the living and the dead, for days,
Till all was ended.
So Melliss found them.
The survivors reached the Amanus range,
And their appearance drew from an Austrian officer,
That, "Dante's Inferno had come to Earth."

THE PRISONER'S ROAD.

There is a road where silence stalks,
Where man, since his first dawn arose,
Out as upon an ocean walks
Into the desert, where who goes
As one of a long captive train,
May share the thoughts of them that wept
By Babylonian waters, and again
Bow down in sorrow where they slept.

The bitter waters of the Assyrian waste
Still mock the prisoners' raging thirst,
After three thousand years their taste
Is not less bitter and accurst.
All is as yesterday where time
Makes no account of years, and change
Is only marked where bricks and lime
Record long gaps in history's range.

Only the road remains, as where
The corpse is dragged aside and lies
Unburied to pollute the air,
Luring no vulture with its eyes.
Woe to the sick or weakling then
Who falls away in grim despair
Behind the moving line of men!
For none rejoins who lingers there.

SHERGAT.

A blazing noon-day Sun in May
Beats with his fierce intensive beams
Upon the column on its way
Northward to where the Tigris gleams
Five miles away; and from the crest
Of the last barren ridge the column
Looks down where Asshur's shamed breast
Gapes from her trailing carrion.

No crumbling ruin calls for pity;
Dispersed in one vast earthen heap
Lies what was once the oppressor's city,—
So may all other tyrants sleep.
The ramparts of her citadel
Alone of all her bones protrude,
Like despot's hands still visible
Whose power shall never be renewed.

Day follows day, and every day
Sees the drab column on its way,
Which now lies where the Tigris flows,
A foreground to the distant snows,
Where still the Assyrian remnant breed,—
Unchanged in type though changed in creed,
Lives on; an Assyrian bas-relief
Envisages a Kurdish chief.

Regard him when in silhouette,
The sloping forehead, lips full-set,
Implacable, stern, with flowing locks,
Featured as hewn upon the rocks;
Dull brooding eye, revengeful, cold,
Whose sudden fury as of old
Lies hidden like a sheathed knife
Till the Assyrian leaps to life.

See where the far horizon springs,
The low black line of Arab tents
Shows like the night-bat's spreaded wings
Where it nocturnal shade frequents;
So does the Arab stay his flight
Beneath his camel cloak by day,
Then moving onward through the night
The morning finds him far away.

Arabia's highland desert screen,
Ten thousand leagues unknown, unseen,
Stands now as it has ever been
The kingdom of the Bedouin.
Seek not his nomad life to share
Beneath his tent of camel's hair,
But when he greets, beware! beware!
The son of Esau standeth there.

One morning as the Sun arose,
Within a vast and splendid bay
Of royal mountains crowned by snows,
I saw where ancient Nineveh
Had worn that cirlet as its Queen
Upon her clear and azure brow,
And, girdle for her robe of green,
The glittering Tigris wound below.

Lo! what a throne of empire here,
On jasper-footed pedestal,
Now serves the harlot for a bier,
And what a purple-shadowed pall
Lies heavy on her fallen pride,—
Most beautiful, and hanging low
Beneath the emblem of a bride,—
The distant canopy of snow.

An empty flagon richly wrought
Here shattered by the wayside lies.
The past is dead, the present naught
Where dusty Mosul feeds the flies.
A vision of the future caught
Tells freedom's herald here shall rise
Unfurling to the breeze and skies
The banner of Saint George.

From Mosul at the hour of shade
Forth to Aleppo travelling on,
Where Eastward angry Jonah laid
His head beneath the gourd Kikayon,
The prisoners turn the massive walls
And to the Westward pass away
Into the night,—behind them falls
The silence of the ended day.

On through the night—the well-worn line,
Beneath the Armenian table-land,
Crosses the streams of watery brine
That sink upon Euphrates' sand:
On by the highway from the West,
By which the tides of conquest poured,—
The arms of Greece, the Roman crest,
Alexander's spear, and Trajan's sword.

Here rode the Mongol from the East;
Here Darius' flood of conquest flowed;
Through history's march, war never ceased
To tread this immemorial road:
Here, boastful, came Sennacherib,
Assyria's great king, and last,
Train upon train of prisoners,
Before we came, have passed.

Four hundred miles of flowering plain
Roll like dead surges of the deep:
Flowers, not watered by the rain,
But nourished by the dead who sleep,
And dewed with blood,—so thickly strown
Upon that surface of still'd wave,
They shiver in the wind, and moan
The dead, and consecrate their grave.

'Tis writ in blood, in ruin read,
And sealed in empty home and village
Whose villagers are killed or fled,
Whose fields lie waste for lack of tillage:
Fair villages in turn appear
Along that road, sweet pastorals
Of happy peasant life—draw near
And read the dead's memorials!

O mockery of seemly death!
That where their homely fires should burn,
That where they first had drawn their breath
Should be at last their funeral urn!
There in that burial by flowers,
Wept by the night-wind, in the dew,
Their bones cry out upon the hours
For vengeance on the men who slew.

As in the billowy desert ways
The walls and roofs of human rest,
However poor, have power to raise
A pleasure in the traveller's breast:
As when the weary sailor's eye
Catches the waving palm-trees frond,
And the scent air is wafted by
That only beareth from the land.

So on the quivering noontide haze
The shades of Nisibin rose to view,
Like a fair island to the gaze
Of some far-spent lone-voyaged crew,
And spread a welcome to us there,
After the long night marches done,
Through sleepless hours, and dusty glare
Of days beneath the blazing sun.

The day-long rest, the night-long sleep
Thrice welcome; on the ground we lie
And drink the water sweet and deep
Where Habor stream goes rushing by;
Thrice welcome rest to lie again
Beneath the blanket overhead,
And sweet the sleep of tired men
In dreams, from present troubles fled.

Upon a jutting spur of land,
South of the present village site,
Seven grey marble pillars stand
And glisten in the morning light:
Each of a single piece of stone,
Wide at the centre, tapering down,
They stand, among their dead, alone,
Out of a temple overthrown.

These had upheld the portico,
And fragments of the architrave
Upon their capitals still show
The skill that can outlive the grave.
The skill of man outlives his dust,
And his carved stones are memories
Of his strong soul, bequeathed in trust
Across the silent centuries.

Around the ruin, thickly strown,
Are sculptur'd fragments like the seed
Of some lost skill or learning, sown
For other men and times to read:
The seedlings of creative art
Preserved, may be, through long disdain
Of seated tyrants, to impart
The history of a noble reign.

The little people of the frieze
Measured three inches, more or less;
I found a cheerful group of these
Most happy in their stone recess:
I saw far back a picture then,
And watched a Grecian artist draw
The manners, dress and sports of men
At home beyond the Attic shore.

Thus musing ignorantly by
I spent an hour of rambling ease,
As who, without the means, should try
To fit old tales to stones and trees:
A harmless use of the unknown
To weave our fancy as we please
Around an undecipher'd stone,
Or hang it on undated trees.

Farewell to Nisibin, one more stage
'Ere the railhead at Ras el Ain
Ends the long desert pilgrimage:
Thence to Aleppo by the line,—
Amanus, the Silician Gates,
And after that no need to look
Into the future; that awaits
The opening of another book.

AFTER.

In the tunnels of the Taurus,
At the railhead toward Sivas,
In their ragged cotton clothing,
Through the icy winter blast;
There the remnant fought and conquered,
And survived three years of hell,
And we met them at Angora,—
Chiefs of staff directing labour,
Ordering those who once had ordered,
Ruling Turks and ruling well.

A DIRGE—1918.

I.

Wind and a rising sea;
Waves from the seaward flow
Over the sands below:
And the flood of the rising tide
Has not a space so wide
To hide a face from me.

II.

Wild wave, that ever goes
As the chance of the wild wind blows,
Shall carry him to me.
The moonbeam resting on the wave,
The sound of the surf in the rock-bound cave,
Are calling over the sea.

III.

The wild waves breaking on the shore
Answer, never, O never more!
The wild waves moan.
The voice of the tempest on the height,
Lost in the storm-wrack of the night,—
Alone, alone.

IV.

The gently falling tide
Swept in the Moon's embrace
Over a space so wide,—
So wide,—so desolate.

TRUTH IN LOVE.

All is not truth that is not hid;
Love that is outwardly displayed,
That stares with fixed unwinking lid
From glittering eyes that need no shade,

Resembles, more than human love,
The fascination of a snake
That on acquaintanceship will prove
Less kind to give than keen to take.

As truth to all is not revealed,
So does true love lie hid to wait,
By every artifice concealed,
Until it find a fitting mate.

SONG.

I saw a table laid for two
And Cupid waited there,
For Oh the little waiter knew
Love's table to prepare!

I saw a table laid for three
And Cupid laid the feast:
The third was laid for jealousy,
Oh Cupid! Little beast!!

SONNET.

O! say not love is least when most professed,
Or that 'tis deepest when it babbles least,
And quote me not, 'thou dost too much protest'
As liars swear the hardest in the East.
Though Earth stand still to-night the Sun will shine,
The Winds will blow though Ocean's waves lie still,
Deflect the Sun himself from his true line
He will return obedient to Love's will;
The pine up-torn leaves roots upon the rock,
Raze from the Earth her covering of green
Their seed remains, and will renew their stock,
So all that is, repeats that it has been;
And why should Love be silent among these
Protestant lovers that do never cease?

SONG.

Love upon a willow lay,
On a branch did swing and sway
Like the motion of the sea
Rising, falling, lazily.

And no farther Love did soar
Than at anchor by the shore
Rides a boat upon the wave
To the Earth a willing slave;

'Till in Spring Love sang his song
To the willows all day long—
To the breezes and the swoon
Of the trees against the Moon.

Then the answering song was heard
Of a stranger, of a bird,
And away to regions new
Love and Love together flew.

AN UNRHYMED SONNET.

Yes, love can keep the petals of the rose
From falling dead among close-bordered flowers,
Can light life's miry crowns with whiter fires
Than the unloving commonwealth of men allows;
Love in rebellion can put out the stars,
Extinguish Moons in desolated hearts,
Can the bare desert prize more than Cathays,
And pour rejection's scorn on paradise.

Ah! shall we keep that rose and wear that crown?
If love be damned, why, we are not of those
Whose wisdom is the gloom of martyred lives!
Come let us reign in splendour and alone,
Our kingdom love! then our delight is time.—
Death not love's end, but love made absolute.

CANINE.

I often think while lying here
And war calls all our soldier men,
How strange that it should be my lot
To sheathe the sword and draw the pen.

And in captivity I think
Of all the men who long ago
A deadlier weapon in the pen
Have found to kill a livelier foe.

Of all the enemies we meet,
The last we wish to meet alone,
And look upon him face to face,
It is ourself, our very own!

To do as some have had to do
And wrestle long through weary days
With the real self we never knew
Is more for pity than for praise.

But taking counsel of such men
As Lovelace, Abelard, and Bruce,
And how each armed him 'gainst himself,
I drew the plumage of a goose.

And after Lovelace followed suit
To practise poesy as an art
And shape idolatry to rhyme
To save myself from losing heart.

So spent, the idle moments change
My Idol's image into verse
Viz:—if her sweet remembrance wound
Her arms were made such wounds to nurse.

BY THE SEA.

Grey sky, grey stones and a cold grey sea,
And rollers breaking mightily:
Where they break and roar on the Sussex shore
I am a boy in their spray once more.
I am running down where they rise and frown
To dive as the wave turns over,
And I rise again on the streaming mane
Of their crest, in the foaming smother.

I lie awake and I hear them break
In a mile-long surge along the beach
—The thunderous crush and the upward rush
And the grinding shingles' screech;
Then the long deep roar of the downward draw
As the surf swirls to and fro
Sucking them back in the ebb and slack
Of the spent returning flow;
And the howl of the wind with a fury blind
As the next wave gathers slow.

Grey sky, grey shore and a cold grey sea,
And the sound of the wind are still with me,
But not with the joy of a thoughtless boy,
For the years of man, like the waves, destroy
The pure delight in the sound, and sight
Of Nature, wild and unreconciled
To man, and his proud opinions,
Which for every boy, is the true birthright
Of a king, in his own dominions.

Alas, for the wrack of the stormy track
O'er the waves of life's rough weather,
For the hopes upborne on the tide of Morn
That ebbs, and recedes for ever:
For hopes must die, as the years go by,
As the winds die down on the ocean,
And the waves on its breast sink down to rest
In evening's quieter motion.

But the hopes that go as the winds that blow
Leave a calm on the scene behind them,
For they had their birth in the thoughts of Earth.
And the dust on the winds that blind them:
And the Sea of Time is a blue sublime,
And the sky is a golden shore,
When the tide of years, and Earth's hopes and fears
Recede for evermore.

THE WOOING OF THE MOON.

My love arise! O Morning Sun!
Awake the breath of May,
And from the golden founts of light
Pour forth the wine of Day!

I fade,—thy wine of life has drenched
The hawthorn and the briar;
I pale,—'ere yet its flood has quenched
The passion-flower Desire.

I faint, where in the yellow field
Thy glory robes the grass—
O let us prove what life may yield
And all its bloom surpass!

My Love! My Sun! Arise to me!
Arise! and quench my heart,
And I thy Queen of Night will be
As King of Day thou art!

HOW BEAUTIFUL MY LOVER IS.

How beautiful my lover is,
How wonderful, how beautiful!
I see her always as she is,
So lovely and so wonderful.

I saw her as she always is,
—Why write of it, why speak of it?—
For just a sunset and a dawn,
How wonderful, how pitiful!

How beautiful my lover is,
Her lovely limbs how light and free!
No one is like my loved one is,
Or like my love can ever be.

How did I come to leave my love,
So lovely and so wonderful?
The story to the sea I told,
And now I cannot bear to tell.

Her voice how lovely at the dawn,
—Her horse is waiting by the door,—
Her face at sunset how beloved
Only the sea can tell the shore.

The sun has never set again,
—She bid me neither stay nor go—
The morn is never fresh or fine,
How can it be when life is so?

SONNET

Solitude.

There is a grandeur in the wide, immense,
Unpeopled desert, and its realms belong
To the Eternal Spirit. There the strong
Regain dominion o'er the fading sense
Of Divine origin. Renewed, from thence
Return firm-purposed with a triple song,
They to the fractious and unseeing throng,
Fresh gathered from the Spirit's immanence
In universal Nature. Thus have drawn
The Seers and Prophets of humanity,
'Mid devastation and the barren waste,
The Heaven-sustaining Virtue of the Dawn,
The Power that kindles at the burning sky,
And Sweetness from the bitter waters' taste.

SONNET.

Behold the dome, the impenetrable dome
That is the wondrous, clear, uplifted sky!
Then to the Earthward, where the shadows lie,
Cast by the lighted clouds that mass and roam,
So blue upon the hills or on the foam
Of the wild waters, turn the infinite eye
Of faith within, while Heaven and Earth go by,
Deep pondering there on thine appointed home
Here and hereafter; and thou shalt perceive
The littleness of knowledge, wealth and power
And all that man by reason may believe,—
Two dim Eternities he thrust an hour
Between: for 'tis the vision of the soul
Sees in each part God perfect in the whole.

SONNET.

On Imprisonment.

Not in the World of liberty and power,
Where mind and body exercise the day:
Not where the mind at large asserts its sway
And freedom waits upon the body's hour:
But where no power re-acts upon the will,
—The flesh imprisoned and the spirit bound
A slave to every wand'ring thought, is found
The strength in man that bondage cannot kill.
So, even so, may one frail mortal stand
Firm and unshaken as the rock that bends
To no ill tempest, nor itself is riven
But by the 'whelming stroke that Heaven sends,
Or the consuming purpose which is given
The unrelaxing grasp of Time's slow hand.

SONNET.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

And what a noble Paradise 'twill be
When Man, through that glass darkly seeing now,
Shall through the evolution of the ages grow
'Till, in imagined future, he shall see
God face to face, and grasp Eternity.
And in this present, so unlovely, though
Creation travails in a World of woe
As yet all undetermined to agree,
Yet has the plan been drawn, the corner set,
And of the Truth Revealed foundation laid,
The workmen to the toil together met,
The tasks assigned, to each in his own grade
That when Mankind complete what Christ began
Kingdom may come on Earth and Peace on man.