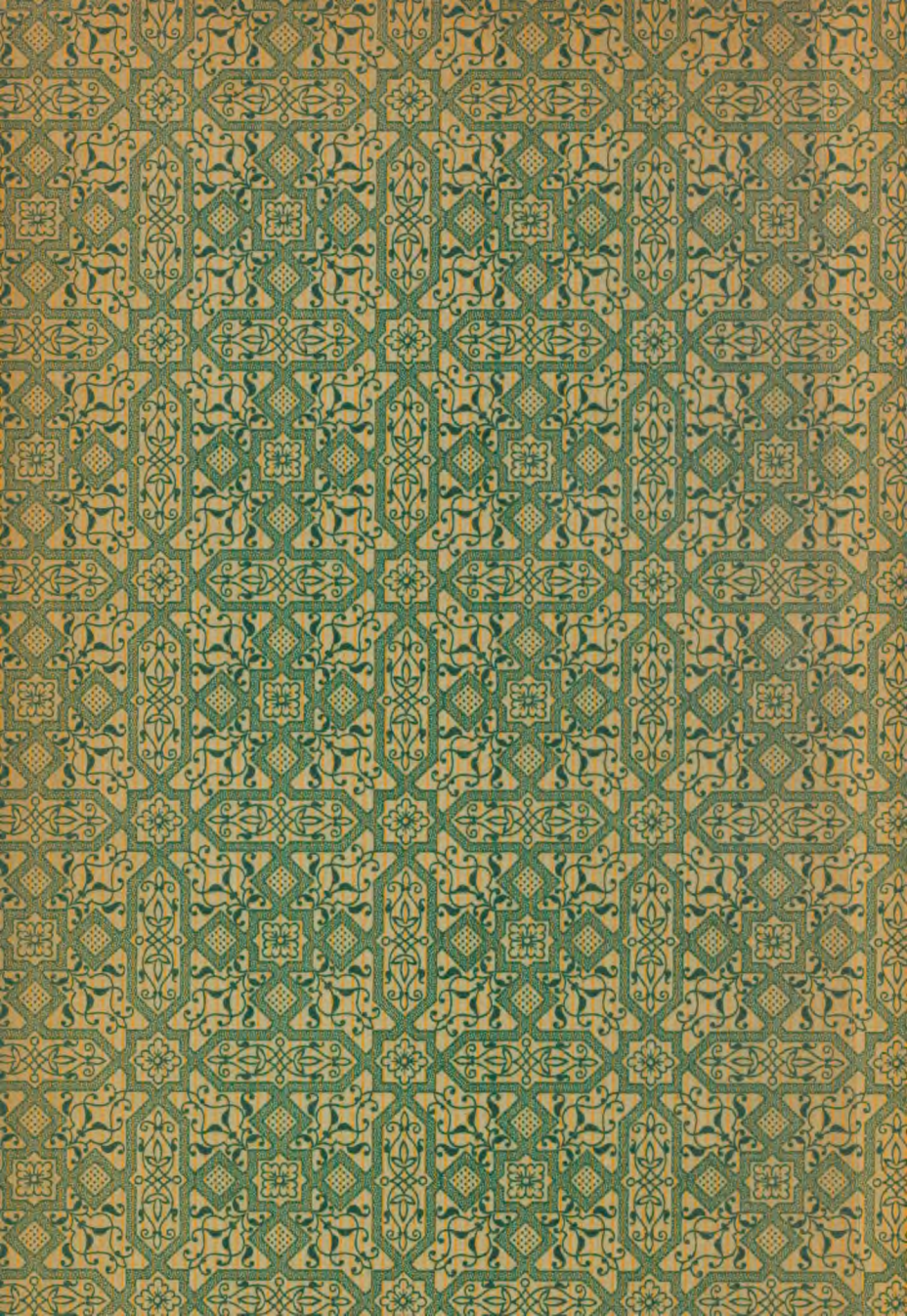
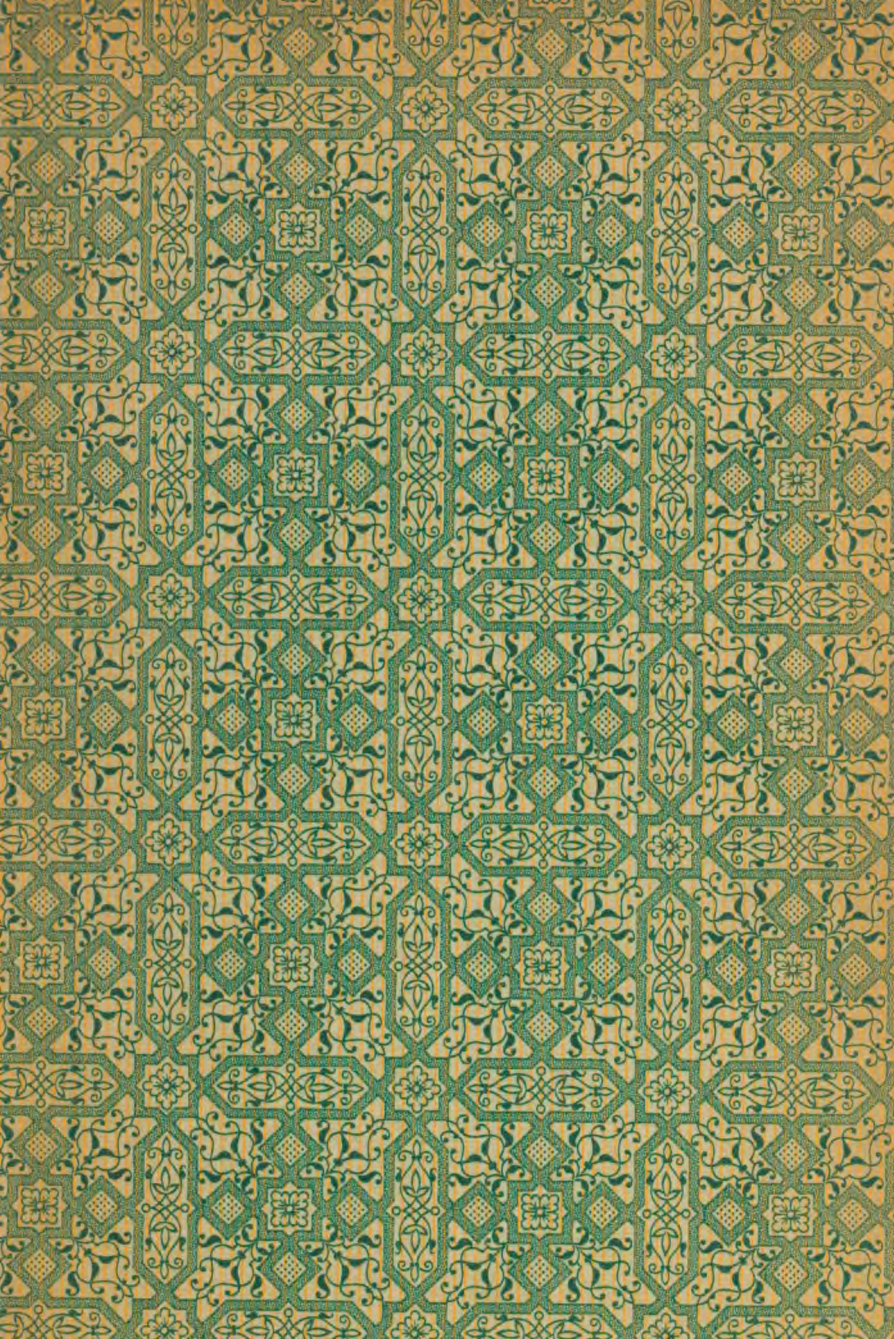


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THE
SECRETS OF THE SOUTH:
AUSTRALIAN POEMS.

BY
SYDNEY JEPHCOTT.

LONDON:
WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET, E.C.



"The Secrets of the South and of the Snow."—

ERIC MACKAY.

" our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."—

WORDSWORTH.

"I bring this deathless Soul a Sacrifice
To the dim Moloch of the Infinite."—

FRANCIS ADAMS.



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THE SECRETS OF THE SOUTH.

To Olive Schreiner.

(A DEDICATION.)



*My winged soul flies to kiss thy mouth,
O first-born Daughter of the South !*

Like some maimed slave arrived by chance
From barbarous wilds unknown escaping,
From worthless toil and lonely ignorance
I come out ; childlike shaping
With murmurous lips, from flower of thorn and weed,
This token for my help in trembling need,
Amidst the throng with alien mouth—
Meet me, O Sister of the South !

O Southern sister, born with me
Beneath this Cross that turns far off unsettling,
Imaging God's anguish in Infinity,
Upon thy bosom, wetting

Its tender warmth, I lay these unknown flowers,
 Far-sought beneath those lonely austral hours
 That passed on o'er thee all a-drouth—
 Saltly their dewes will touch thy mouth.

li| Scentless and scant and desert-grown,
 Yet for the sake of loneliness accept them;
Thou knowest with what void mysterious moan
 These South winds have o'er-swept them,
 In their deep-desolate alien ancieny
 Deploring all the dolorous things to be,
 And all the present's prison-drouth—
 One star lit our souls in this South!

In dream-depths of our souls strove stark,
 Like monsters of a moon-lit storm, those foemen
 Of God-like light and demon vastness dark;
 What was Earth but some omen
 Of universal Love, and Want, and Woe,
 Down in the utter dumb Abyss below?
 Toward us turned its shadowed South—
 Its still, sea-solitary South.

But thou hast left these under-skies,
 Drawn up, and Hamlet's Hemisphere have entered.
 Murmuring immemorial mysteries
 The Old World: Hollow-centered
 To make Antigone's deep dungeon-tomb;
 Where Dante traversed all the realms of doom,
 Till he trode up the mountained South—
 Crown'd with Paradise the South!

We wander in its lone moonlight,
Through silence of Eternity unbroken ;
And, towards the North that all moves bright,
 Its echoes all the past has spoken,
Where flesh⁷ formed Cæsar's and Napoleon's mind
Homer's and Milton's, prophesying blind,
 And Shakespere's was the world's one mouth—
We gaze up from the silent South.

The marshalled fall of myriad feet,
The gathering cries in tongues unknown resounding,
And meteor lights from northern thrones shot fleet,
 Come down on us confounding ;
We gaze unseeing, and unheeded say :
Where points the dial in the northern day ?
 Or silence holds the straining mouth ;
 O Under-World ! O Subject South !

Devouring all futurity,
That monstrous present o'er us rages,
Deaf in its clang'rous iron panoply,
 Voices of vatic sages
Touch not the molten pulses of its brain,
Quickening onward, blind in ravenous pain—
 Surely thy white soul dies a-drouth
For lonesness calm that drowns the South !

But, stung by the desert snake, I yearn,
Athirst for old-starred realms above this orbing ocean,
All city-caverned where the crystal spirits burn
 For e'er in myriad motion,

'Neath the'stilled waters of the world aglow ;
 For spirit-sparkle of the maiden snow,
 Seen in the visions of my drouth,
 Lost in the distance of the South (1).

England Imperatrix.

*"I send my heart up to thee, all my heart,
 In this my singing,
 For the stars help me, and the sea bears part."*

ROBERT BROWNING.

As for ever thy true waves bring thee
 The tropics' free tribute of golden heat—
 As a soft cloud comes in thy skies with rain—
 Doth the soul of the South by my lips sing thee
 A song—bedewing like tears thy feet,
 Consumed by love that is keener than pain.

Love! Love seems foolish and vain as pity,
 How canst thou heed it? so little worth!
 My breath and blood in this solitude
 Stay, feeling the throb of thy cosmal city
 Thrilling the heavy heart of the earth,
 Thy breath o'er its face as a mist abroad!

England, England! O Eve of nations
 By Liberty chosen, his bride, his Queen,
 A New World teems from thy fair brave breast!—
 O Planet too small for our aspirations
 When East meets West and the South is seen,
 How shall we return, how ever take rest?

And am I alien ? O Island-Mother
Lily-litten with faces rare,
Daisied over with children fair,
Lion-hearts beating so near each other,
That one pulse thrills through, and as one they dare—
Ay ! seize a World as it speeds in air !

England ! England ! Thy name comes ringing
Till my lonely spirit with longing fails ;
O never to touch thy flowers, thy snow !
Never to hear thy skylarks singing,
Never, never, thy nightingales,
Nor see the skies that above thee go !

I kiss my hand to the sun that lights thee,
Is there more happy of stars, O Sun ?
I bow to the moon of thy night my head.
O sweet embrace of the Sea that dights thee !—
Call its wavelets my kisses each one,
Caressing thee still when myself is dead.

Ocean, Ocean ! the azure Ocean,
Seen like a sky round the swift great Globe,
England hath girdled it on for robe !
Sea-sovereign Mother ! Be gracious to us !
Smile to us, taking thy world-wide way,
Too great for night's limits, too great for day,
To us, New Worlds born of thine overplus !

Auroral promise before thee bright ;
The Past full-starred with thy deeds of might.

And what of thy sin? Shall not God remember
When His Christmas noon broods over thee,
One still white cloud in the deep blue sea,
Appearing so little of earth! So small,
Thou seemst but a dove, frost-bound for the feast
Of the shadowy wolves of the North and East—
Remember thy service above them all—

Remember thy face in the battle set,
When the world alone, as so oft, thou met.

For Him, for His Son grown human,
Whom His people had sold and slain,
Who sold by His Church to the stake again,
Fugitive turned on thy shores at bay;
And the powers of Hell on thy white cliffs broke,
In the winds that rose maddened with martyr-smoke;
Thou, thou at His right hand winning the day.

Let the brave world match thy deed if it can,
For the glory of God, the Service of Man.

Ay! Ocean-Empress, I ween full fearless
When thy blue robes sweep in the Judgment hall,
We, thy children, shall this recall;
Following thee through mankind's cleft throng;
Too proud to turn e'er aside the face;
Alfred, Cromwell setting our pace,
Setting our pace unto Shakespere's song.

August '91.

A Southern Swan-Song.

Overhead all the stars are shaken,
 Though so far,
 Every star,
By the beat of our mighty wings ;
Under us do the winds awaken,
 Though so still,
 Silent and chill,
Beneath the beat of our mighty wings !

Follow comrades and join our flying,
 Break your dream,
 Beat the stream,
And scale the hollow vast winter sky ;
Above all danger above all dying
 Far we fly,
 The very sky,
Streams in iciest torrent by.

Through the stars it is brightening bluely,
 We shall soon,
 See the moon !
Soon !
 Soon !

When it conquers those darksome hills—
All those cloudlets have whitened newly—
 Lo the light !
 Wide and white !
 Wide and white !
 Lo the light !
Like an echo it swims and stills.

Deep the valley, and now it narrows ;
On either side
Black ranges ride,
Undulating along the sky ;
A crest comes under, we hiss like arrows
O'er the spur ;
Hear the stir
In the branches as we rush by !
Mistlike mounteth the river's roaring,
Loud and slow,
Far below ;
Convolving mistlike it dies away.
'Mongst the mountains the night-winds soaring
Murmur wide,
Like the tide
That lifted our breasts in the dawnlit bay.
Passionate, plaintive, awful ! hearken !
The curlew's scream
Springs supreme
From the heart of the cowering night ;
We heard it first as the day did darken,
Ere we sprang
With wings that rang
From far waters for realm-wide flight.
Toward us trumpeting nobly journey
Other Swans,
Their response
Sounds like the song of a falling star—
Stay your speeding ! O, to us turn ye !

They are gone !

On and on ;

On and on !

Swan and Swan !

Faint their voices and very far.

See that reach in the moonlight flaming

Far ahead,

Now tis sped,

Farther upward it dully glows

Again, the tangle of tree-tops taming

All the sheen—

Now 'tis seen

Farther forward, and farther goes.

Follow, follow the chiefer river ;

We will fare,

Unto where

The green bank slopes to the water's edge,

'Neath the point, where the reeds e'er quiver,

That doth keep

Away the sweep ;

And landward rises the screening sedge.

Follow comrades, and join our flying ;

Break your dream,

Beat the stream,

And scale the hollow vast moonlit sky ;

Above all danger, above all dying,

Far we fly,

The very sky

Streams in iciest torrent by.

*Overhead all the stars are shaken,
Tho' so far,
 Every star,
By the beat of our mighty wings ;
Under us do the winds awaken,
Tho' so still
 Silent and chill,
Beneath the beat of our mighty wings.*

A Phasma.

One ev'ning through the hasteful crowd
I walked o'er Eastern Hill,
When music welling low yet loud
Did deeply throb and thrill ;

Faint fumes of holy incense came
Into the sultry street,
An occult odour, dry as flame,
As Syrian cedars sweet ;

In in-lit windows I could see,
With fadeless dyes deviced,
Saints' faces gloried goldenly,
The anguished calm of Christ.

Methought a wide-lit moment's while
I glimpsed the faith men feel ;
Though thrall'd I was 'in errors vile,'
It did all things reveal.

With such a flash as fills a night
Of blackest brooding storm,
There leapt afar a snowy light,
Illumining a Form.

On earth's last culmen crucified ;
Faint-faced pain-wrung and pale ;
The red rift bleeding in His side.
The women making wail.

And on the Cross a dove of snow
Unto His cheek close pressed,
Eternal type of love and woe,
His blood was on its breast.

And far beyond, past stars and space,
Was utmost Heaven shown—
Almost the awful veiled Face—
The Elders round the Throne.

And all along that lucent road
Unto the Mercy-seat,
Anthems and incense upward flowed
In mystic union sweet.

'Twas quiring priests in stately course
White-robed did censers bear,
To hitherward, but past the Cross
I ween they angels were.

A House on the Upper Murray.

(LATER SUMMER.)

It looks along the river,
Fronting its gardened hill,
Where walling willows shiver
In eddies never still.

Down from the isles dividing
The weaving waters move ;
The island thicket hiding
The tranquil reach above.

Before the garden swerving,
With heavy sweep toward,
And back round the beach-point curving
To hurry past the ford.

The rapid shallows crooning,
By snags and pebbles ploughed ;
Beneath the noon-day swooning,
At even rising loud.

The broad moonrise comes glowing
Down the swift smoothness roiled
Its molten gold onflowing,
In a million mazes coiled.

Sunrise sees mist up-curling,
Low in long-slanted light ;
Its iris hues impearling
The reaming web of white.

Beyond in masses grouping
The lowland forest throngs ;
Its summer splendour drooping
Like caverned seaweed's thongs.

The rugged forest-ranges
Along the valley loom,
Whose solemn colour changes
From gloom to deeper gloom.

On summer slopes that harden
'Neath brittle sward of brass,
The house sits in its garden—
(And above the road doth pass).

In the soft acacia's shading,
And thronged light perfumes ;
With the ivy withes invading
The half unused rooms.

with h

With glossy creepers twining
About the ends and eaves ;
Around, flowers scarlet shining,
Vines gathered in green sheaves.

With ripening fruits that dapple
The great wild garden through,
With peach and fig and apple,
Drinking dayshine and dew.

Cypress and oak and cedar
Force orange, elm and pine,
And the swift pine is the leaper
In their still strife divine.

d1

And lonely the valley ponders
Its towering heavens beneath ;
And the river-murmur wanders,
The river-breezes breathe.

Where have they gone who have gone away
In what woes tossed,
In what wastes lost,
Who drowns in darkness, who reaches day ?

Lost.

Lost in Life's deep-mazed mine, that never
Doth open to a Heaven clear,
We wade above the floods of fear,
Towards the lamp of Love forever
Seeming to shine so near, so near.

Who heeds these endless excavations,
Hard-won by our laborious breath,
Hewed in the Universe of death ;
Arched in whose adamant the constellations
Shine, gems no steel-stroke looseneth.

u/ But at the central splendour stricken
Still by the misse blaze of Love,
O angels throng Death's sphere above ;
The dense walls 'neath their far dance quicken,
And all with cosmal buoyance move.

But O to find but lampless mazes !
 To madden at dark horrors nigh,
 To sink against the walls, and lie
 With dead face whereon nearing gazes
 The light hid at our coming by !

With the West Wind.

Pouring down the sombre-sounding steep,
 A crystalline flood from the wide-lipped fountain,
 That replenishes our world-wasted air
 From some inviolate, fair
 Sea on the sky ;
 Soaring flurrying along the flanks of the deep-ribbed
 mountain
 Whereon am I,
 With varying vollies that lull and leap,
 Loiter, divide and die.
 O Mountain Wind
 He must have sinned
 Beyond repentance, beyond redemption, whom thou
 dost not deify !
 I, even I
 Loose my soul in thy soul which makes it to strain and
 tremble,
 Upsurge hasten and thrill,
 As the myriad branches dark-sparkling hasten upsurge
 and thrill,
 Flutter struggle and spill
 The rustled roaring, the faint-flitting flashes,
 Over every visible hill—

Yea, my spirit doth spring from its flameless ashes,
And firelike fiercen o'er summit and valley—

Do not outstrip me, O mountain blast !
I am speeding fast,

As ever, as ever my spirit can
O sluggish, feeble spirit of man !

Do not outstrip me, O mountain blast,
Body I have behind me cast ;
Let it lie as the wild things lie
That thicket-hidden bleed and die.

Over the treetops that lean and rally,
Over summit upland forest and valley,
Let us go Let us fly! Let us flow, together !

O'er that long and wide high cloud of mountains
wrought of snow,
Flanked with pearly fringes, roofed with steely wilder-
ness of snow,

First let us go.

Under all these cloudlets fleecily out-fainting,
Like plumes outshed, outshaken in earth's strenuous
flight—

O World ! far off thy blood is faintly painting
The snowy flight of bruised plumes !
But Lo !

Immense and imminent the snow !

That soars and swoops in aery billows,
Like some space-centering spiritual sea,
Past sight of worlds and thoughts of all humanity :
Surely the virgin spirits of rivers and lakes assemble

Here, and each her silvern treasure assumes,
To guard it 'gainst the summer-smoking drouth—
Close careering
I feel their tenuous star-light locks wind-widened veering,
Collapsing and careering,
As over their wildering realms I go,
As giddily, giddily thro' a dazzling dream—
But look at the day's death-flow !
Warm, wide and rare the gory stream
Soaks all the westering snow.
We are journeying fast,
O mountain blast !
The mountains are past,
And twilight shines sleepily,
Sleepily shines from the dim-lit sea,
The dim-lit, dark outcircling sea.
Thou wilt not release me lofty spirit,
As the moon-born spirits abandon their mortal lovers
To die,
Having sucked their sweet souls dry ?
Remember my body that pants in the lowering night,
Where the last far twilight drains away ;
Gazing up the galloping rack,
Foam-fringed with bodies of black,
Up at the pinkly paling sky,
Sweet, serene, and high ;
And still doth shrink and shiver
As thine eager deluge chills to the bone—
(Is't the mountain-sides, or is't the mountain-river,
Or ocean under, that makes this wide moan ?)

O Mountain Wind, now wind of ocean,
But one for ever all o'er the world !

I am thine echo ! As an echo then me carry
Till I die away in thy poignant silent motion

Between the stars and sea

Only thine echo ! for in my far body furled,
Lie love of living, fear, and hope, and hate,
As hail and lightning in a summer-sleeping cloud, (2)

As features 'neath a shroud,

And I am eager pride alone,

And pleasure of thy power,

Between the stars and sea.

Carry me then higher ! Carry, carry !

Carry as an eagle rises with her quivering quarry,

To thy lone hopeless eyrie ;

To die breast-broken on its cold cloud-beetling brim,

Between the stars and sea.

Lift me until I see the white crown of the South,
Far down and fromward lying in deep failing shadowy
stillness weird and dim.

Carry me under the lofty midnight hour.

Nay ! Up, up, into the days of dominions,

Beyond the black hair of the earth,

Streaming subtly soft behind her in dewy hyacinthine
fullness starry-pearled.

Thou cannot and thou cannot ! and behold the moon
has birth,

Far down and forward like a winter lily newly grown,
Up through the darkness, already over-blown ;
O Earth's good Angel ! faithfully following still

Her dizzy course through good and ill,
 Well mayst thou seem so sorrowful and weary,
 Between the stars and sea!
 Bear me only, bear me down upon her breast!
 I am fain, awhile to rest
 On her dream-distant, shadow-shapen breast—
 Vain wish that vanishes onward
 Swifter than I and leaves no wake!
 As wanly she climbs with the dim-curved snake
 Of darkness o'er her whiteness, while the wind wings
 down,
 Between the stars and sea.

And still the world spins sunward,
 For the fates' unresting spindle;
 And Time, with the viewless souls that it doth bear,
 Are the swift soft flax it spins,
 Between the stars and sea!

Carry me, ocean wind, anywhere!
 Anywhere,
 Save back to the helpless heavy body that lies,
 Chilling under the cleansing skies,
 And listens to the leaves;
 Carry me forward, forward thro' the rapt wind-~~muff~~ *wuther*
 ing night,
 Between the stars and sea!
 Round, round into the first-fancied long
 Up-foaming of the deephid morning's light,
 Between the stars and sea!

July '88.

Night's Song.

She walks with heaven of stars above her,
Singing : " Now sleep ;
You know not life, you are no lover,
Why should you weep ?

Sleep flows on in such wide inundance,
So very deep,
All drink and die of its abundance,
And make no neap.

Then sleep—no powers of air may jeopard,
What souls in sleep,
Go forth, as leads the mighty Shepherd
His starry sheep.

In sleep unfelt and voiceless viewless
Nought can irk deep ;
Nor morn can soothe her eyelids dewless
With man's lost sleep.

It fans away all fev'rous paining,
My soft bat sleep ;
From weary lives the life-time draining,
With kisses deep.

Then sleep.—And let your sleep assure you
That death is sleep ;
The one pure potion that can cure you,
And yet is cheap.

But 'neath my robe my heart is burning,
Like dreams in sleep,
Till all melts into fiery morning
My path I keep.

Before, behind the cruel morrow,
I healing creep;
I hear the world's one wail of sorrow,
I can not sleep."

July 26th, '88.

Memory or Intuition?

In winter-time, when the hoary embers
Of life first brighten at breath of Spring,
Suddenly subtly the soul remembers
Summer's suspense and suffering.

So when hopes, golden vista-ing, daze my vision,
My heart sinks faint with a formless dread
Retasting the poisonous ashes of past fruition,
Or pain that came in the pleasure's stead.

The Modern Muses.

Have done, have done with your careless chanting;
Have done with your fancies and frenzies fine;
For shame have done with your harlot haunting
Of church and palace, O god-great Nine!

You, **you** who sang with the Greeks below you,
 To the Gods all gathered in sunlit feasts,
 Will **you** fight for the roses our princelings throw you ?
 Kneel at the feet of our eyeless priests ?

You who are pagans ? Pagans ! we claim your chorus,
 We who while the ship round the dark world sped,
 Were asleep, and wakening lo before us
 Is Greece again, though her Gods lie dead.

lift We will ~~light~~ ^{lift} them back to their vatic places ;
 Christ and His Mother shall make two more ;
 Shed a libation before their faces,
 A fat libation of lordly gore.

As Maenads lead us with hair out-streaming,
 With pealing trumpet and thrilling Lyre,
 Till our souls thro' our swords stream gleaming,
 Our hearts are fountains of ruby fire !

In us immortal no arm can slay you ;
 We guard you on through the host of man,
 We, Time's inheritors, who obey you ;
 Winning still the exultant van !

Mountain Minds.

K The mountain minds that made our desert life
 Endurable with dews and temperate air,
 With glorious shadows, contours far and fair,
 From storms brand-burthened, in dread sunless strife

Received their sun-white robes imperishable ;
That shine upon us from the heights of day ;
And whence like streams that thence melt e'er away,
Flows re-creative might incalculable.

But highest o'er the highest mountain's brow,
From all life's lands and the immortal sea
Drawn, but drawn with not perfect potency,
Sky-sovereign cloud-realms gather gloom and glow ;
Full-fraught with yet unfallen snow,
And but to fall on heights in worlds to be.

A Canticle.

O sweetly shapen human form !
That travels, toils and repose,
While the Universe uncloses,
Round him in Love's arms warm.

She completing with her kiss
Life's long laborious forging,
From the fierce chaos surging,
Of Man the instrument of bliss.

The perfect instrument of bliss !
Up his wide-rooted senses flowing,
As in trees their sap of growing,
Joy's rare ether flooding the abyss.

O dainty shape of man !
In thy small body blending
The ecstasy unending
Of all Infinity we scan—
(And yet more and more we can)

That else were ever waste, and waste,
For space cannot contain it,
Nor time eternal drain it,
Nor the thirsty stars it taste !

Dream-Death.

Afloat down the midnight river

My bodiless figure did sway and swerve,
In the windless wavelets a-quiver—
The river returned in a dreamy curve.

I floated inert in its flowing,

T'wards the blind sky was my breathless face ;
Maidens six followed, none rowing ;
Each was as each in her figure and face.

Their boat, like the moon Earth-litten

That shade-like shines in the darkening west,
Breathlessly thro' my breast was smitten,
Neither rent either nor boat nor breast.

As flame through flame passes unrifted,

Body and boat of one substance were ;
My hand from the waters I lifted,
The clasp was as soft as the odorous air.

Their bosoms leaned over me, singing,

Their singing perplexed in my mazy brain,
In magical refluece ringing,
Till inscrutable pleasure was vaguely pain.

I floated beside the boat's gliding,
The wavelets were lulling against my lips
Why need I heed my betiding,
Soft-centering earth's and heaven's eclipse?
Their bosoms leaned over me singing,
Each was as each in her figure and face;
Wreaths round their lit bosoms were clinging
Dense darkness giving their lit forms place:
"Asleep in the Universe streaming
White-molten through space ere the stars took shape
Thou hast wakened at last—in this dreaming—
And again in the infinite sleep shall escape."
And: "Rejoice in the richness of roses!
Violets are flowers for constancy;
In an Eden of odour reposes
Thy worn soul wafting unto the sea." (3)

Under Grey Skies.

Far, far below a smoke-film softly stealing
Along the mountain-valleys forest-foam,
Whispers to me from the depths, revealing
Poignant tidings of a new-made home.
The bare slab-walls, and roof and chimney barken,
The door-path that begins to print the ground,
(And winter's storms that brood and darken
Above the funeral forest prisoning round.)

It tells me of, and all the struggle endless—

04/ Hunger that comes aweary to dry dread ;
The heavy 'scapeless need that finds them friendless,
The helpless ones that must each day be fed.

' Alas the angel-thoughts of man expiring,
At last, in our lives' vulgar cruelty !'
Skyward the pillared smoke lifts, softly spiring—
A new song-suspiration breathes thro' me !

' Labour, labour in the various world-weather,
All its achievements since first toil began !
Deep needs that knit our common lives together,
The surest springs that feed the soul of man.

The loveliness of loving lives united,
Home's murmurous music manifold,
Happy, happy evens lapped and lighted
Against the outer lonesness cold !

We have no time to search out stylish vices,
Whom labour grinds down year by year,
A common lot, a little common love suffices,
A little household happiness is dear !'

' We will reck not the woe life is moulding,
But draw as the bees in the fields,
From Fate, as a flower unfolding,
The toxic honey it yields.'

' You will perish of poisonous sorrow,
If with poisonous pleasures you play !'
' Ah, when you can say : 'Tis to-morrow,
We will fly from the flower of to-day.'

In the Morning.

What? Heart-hawk, foiled in your first fierce plunge,
By this ground-bird's spasm of flight intense,

And short-winged lunge

Into the cover so near and dense?

What? your breast is bloody and torn,

Stabbed and rent by the baffling thorn?

Hawk higher! Far up where the azure air

Lies sheer and clear in the dazzle of day;

Where your comrades exult in the heights they dare,

And the skies are apulse with their wings' swift sway;

There proud wings travel, there many a dove

Divine, flies from afar with her message of love.

Poise there, a-quiver with passion serene,

Till one flies worthy your ravin to feed—

Swooping with still wings drawn to an arrow keen,

Sight and spirit as one with your speed;

Till in your talons her heart throb loud,

Or she escape in a whelming cloud!

In Melbourne Cemetery :

(THE BIRD'S BURIAL SONG.)

A little time

To rove and rhyme,

For joyance and eke dismay,

To love and quest,

To mate and fest,

And the laws of love obey;

h/

And our lives end,
And our bodies blend
With the earth so great and gay,
Ere the year doth pass,
In blossom or grass,
Renewed is our array ;
O noonings sunny
New birds sip honey
From our odourous new display.

Your Death you limn
A phantom grim,
Whose spectral pinions sway,
Is broadly borne
Up the beamy morn
Till it darkens all the day.

You are so afraid
Of a dovelike maid
Who doth suffering only slay,
When the fields are reaped
And the harvest heaped,
'Mid the stubble she doth stray ;
Gently gleaning
The last ears sheening,
In the last light of the day ;
As she up-paces
From fevered faces
The anguish fails away ;
From her unseen,
As she doth lean

Their torture to allay,
 A shadow white
 Falls e'en as light
Upon the chilling clay;
 And breaking its withe,
 The spirit blithe
Treads up the stars that shine and sway,
 And brightly beat
 Beneath the feet
That hasten on alway.

Nov. 1885.

Splitting.

MORNING.

Out from the hut at break of day,
And up the hills in the dawning grey;
With the young wind flowing
From the blue east growing
Red with the white sun's ray !
Lone and clear as a deep-lit dream
Under mid-night's and mid-slumber's stream,
Uprises the mount 'gainst the sunrise shower,
Vast as a kingdom, fair as a flower;
O'er it doth the foam of foliage ream.
In vivid softness serene,
Pearly-purple and marble-green,
Clear in their mingling tinges,
Up away to the crest that fringes
Skies studded with cloud-crag's sheen.

DAY.

Like beasts frayed from their lurking shaw,
As ripples fleet 'neath a furious flaw,
The echoes re-echo, flying
Down from the mauls hot-plying;
Clatter the axes, grides the saw.

Ruddy and white the chips out-spring,
Like money sown by a pageant king ;
Yields the free wood from the driven wedges,
With its white sap-edges,
And heart in the sunshine glistening.

Broadly the ice-clear azure floods down,
Where the great tree-tops are overthrown ;
As on through the endless day we labour ;
The sun for our nearest neighbour,
Up o'er the mountains lone.

And so intensely it doth illume,
That it shuts by times to gloom ;
In the stony opens thrilling ;
From the dead leaves distilling
A hot and ~~h~~ harsh perfume.

EVENING.

Give over ! all the vallies in sight
Fill, fill with the rising tide of night ;
While the sunset with gold-dust bridges
The black-ravined ridges,
Whose mighty muscles curve in its light.

In our weary climb, while night dyes deep,
Down the broken and stony steep,
How our jaded bodies are shaken
By each step in half-blindness taken—
The depths of one's soul lie all asleep.

Open the door of the dismal hut,
Loneness, silence and darkness were shut
In it, as a tidal pool, until returning
Night drowns the land—No ember's burning—
One is too weary the food to cut.

Body and soul with every blow,
Wasted for ever, and who will know,
Where past this mountained night of toiling,
Red life in its thousand veins is boiling,
Chips scattered about the mountain's brow ?

This is the joy of being a man :
To woo whom you please, and win whom you can;
While woman still her desire must disguise
And never look love in his absolute eyes,
But intangibly weave, and famish, and wait ;
The idiot Chance her imperial Fate.

White Paper.

Smooth white paper 'neath the pen ;
Richest field that iron ploughs,
Germinating thoughts of men,
Though no heaven its rain allows ;

Till they ripen, thousand-fold,
And our spirits reap the corn,
In a day-long dream of gold ;
Food for all the souls unborn.

I caress its surface sheer,
Holding it the Absolute,
Where the things to be inhere,
Waiting their material bruit.

2.

Like the murmur of the earth,
When we listen stooping low ;
Like the sap sings in its mirth,
Hastening up the trees that grow.

Evermore a tiny song,
Sings the pen unto it, while
Thought's elixir flows along,
Diviner than the holy Nile.

Greater than the sphering sea,
For it holds the sea and land ;
Seed of all ideas to be
Down its current borne like sand.

3.

How our fathers in the dark
Pored on it the plans obscure,
By star-light or stake-fires stark
Tracing there the path secure.

The poor paper drawn askance
 With the spell of Truth half-known,
 Holds back Hell of ignorance,
 Roaring round us thronged alone.

O white list of champions,
 Spirit born, and schooled for fight,
 Mailed in armour of the sun's,
 Who shall win our utmost right !

4.

Think of paper careless sold,
 Which few pence had made too dear
 On its blank to have enscrolled
 Beatrice, Lucifer, or Lear !

Think of paper Milton took,
 Written, in his hands to feel,
 Musing of what things a look
 Down its pages would reveal.

O the glorious Heaven wrought
 By the Cadmean souls of yore,
 From pure element of thought !
 And thy leaves they are its door !

Light they open and we stand
 Past the sovereignty of Fate,
 Glad amongst them calm and grand,
 The Creators and Create !

5.

Dear white paper! all to-day
 Palpitates with spirit-heat—

Only on thy whiteness may
Seers translate its secrets sweet.
Many a sacred-sculptured brow,
Heavy with its burning crown,
O'er thy 'suaging snow shall bow ;
The gold light along it thrown.

6.

How I love thee ! My heart's blood
Were too dull to touch thy white ;
Let me own : no lily's bud
Bears such unction for my sight ;
Gloss of maiden's throat or arm,
Which it is a bliss to touch,
Has not such ambrosial charm,
Not a marble Goddess such.

7.

Wing of Hermes ! Each alone
Sits in barren silence drear,
Till he sees thee, having flown
Round the World with news and cheer ;
Till he rises flushed and fain,
Opes thy folds so chastely bright ;
Shapes his passion hope and pain,
Turning far again thy flight !
O that thou could'st bring and bear,
Through the drowning depths of air,
Messages from worlds that moan,
Round eternal orbits lone !

The Phoenix Death.

Love blazed not out in by-gone story
To hide its ashes in an urn,
Filling our noon its flames up-burn ;
No eyeless skeleton is death and hoary,
Each day new-born he doth return.

From deserts unbeheld and nameless,
Beyond our prisoning orb of skies,
He comes with awful wings and eyes ;
Down crouch our eagle spirits tameless.
While o'er his fatal shadow flies ;

Then rise, each other reassuring,
And gaze across the glowing skies,
Seeing love's flames from earth arise ;
And at the depths again obscuring
Him passing to his sacrifice.

And waked with myrrh our slumbrous senses
Half-ask and dreamily desire :
' These are fanned fumes of love's wide fire ?
Or if his wings own influences,
Doth not Love make his nesting pyre ? '

"Love him or Leave him Alone."

Far in the centre of space,
Alone ;
Standing with sorrowful face,
Makes moan,

Man on his planet of dirt
That turns :
“ Everything turns to my hurt,
And burns.”
Liberty, king of the Light,
Runs mad ;
Souls of the shadow of night
Are glad.
Justice, unblinded, stands meek
And tame.
Wisdom is powerless to speak
For shame.
Knowledge, too, cloys with self-scorn
Aware
Ignorance only is born
His heir.
Lost in its boundlessness power
Benumbs.
Beauty a poisonous flower
Becomes.
Effort for ever and pain
And strife ;
Labour and sorrow in vain,
My life.
Only as out of the day
I lean ;
Out of earth's vapours that sway
Obscene,
Blown from star-altars above
Breathe by,

Fugitive odours of love,
 That die—
 Blind with the ecstasy flown,
 I cry:
 Love me, or leave me alone
 To die!"

Alas, alas for Yesterday.

In the wasted hours of yesterday,
 Had you leaned and called me '*Darling!*'
 You might have ruled my life for aye,
 For the fates were then imparling:
 Would they spin our threads of life in
 one?
 But yesterday is gone!
 Doomsday is not so far away;
 Alas, alas for yesterday!

Body and Soul.

'Soul drop not sated and forlorn,
 Thy passion-children gather,
 Round thee their wondering father,
 And thou hast greater babes unborn.

What though thy mingling grief and joy
 Cloud-like pass and vary,
 Arched above them aery,
 Thyself they never can destroy.

ok P/

Naught can thee soil nor smite ;
 The stars within thee tremble,
 The clouds beneath assemble ;
 Gaze and be glad in all thy might !

‘ Far down my body, like a beast,
 Doth grovel glut and wallow ;
 Thousand diseases follow,
 Like endless vultures, to their feast.

See ! torn upon the filthy sod,
 Its blood, its blood, they’re drinking—
 I am sinking, sinking !
 Helpless, helpless ! Help O, God !

The Ride of Life.

*“ My spirit flew,
 Saw other regions, cities new,
 As the world rushed by on either side.”*

BROWNING.

“ Good morning ! ” they cry, and I nod, ‘ Good morning, ’

For my lips still fashion a fanciful song ;
 All the travellers ride athrongs.
 But I alone, all company scorning,
 For the day is short and the journey long.

Gallants and damsels, riding together,
 Chatter and carol, laughing along ;
 Sweeps the habit and dallies the plume ;
 The whole earth’s heaped over midnight’s gloom

As they go elate through the noontide weather ;
Yet the day is short and the journey long.

See, some forsaking the highway level,
Ride down the plain or over yon hill ;
But others down byways join us still,
Or from the wayside enter our revel ;
That sparkles along like a warbling rill.

Over the bridges into the city,
The road roars under the hurrying feet ;
I quicken my vision and cease my song,
Watching the faces thronging the street ;
But passing the precincts take up my ditty,
For the day is short and the journey long.

The cavalcades distanced, the pure wind's streaming
Out of the future, laving my face ;
But my soul swims seeing one still before,
Holding her steed to a buoyant pace—
The unknown heart of my ardent yore !
With the reckless rapture of dreaming,
I cry, as o'ertaken her eyes meet mine,
And I see her face through the lovestime shine :

“ To others I laugh when their merry laughter
O'erbrimming its fountains doth quench my song—
But you my darling, but you my love,
With your reins held low, and your body set
As dainty and lithe as a dove—
Let us ride ahead, and the world fare after,
All day together, and both forget
That the day is short and the journey long.”

The Rising Tide. (4)

Matthew Arnold, I asleep at noon,
Midsummer noon whose very air
Was very sunshine pure and boon,
Read in a marvellous volume where

All poems that thy soul possessed,
Indued with mountain speech profound,
Or consummating in thy breast
Untold, in golden type I found.

Haply thy sunwrought spirit chose
That summer slumber, mountain-lone
And forest-warded, to disclose
What thou would'st not have e'er unknown;

Or whether thro' the ivory gates,
Having thine image for disguise,
A mocking messenger of fates
Spake darkly, I will not surmise.

But as I read, before I *knew*,
From book and brain the quick words died
The noble words intense and few
That quickened forth this vision wide.

I saw upon a morning strand,
A mightier man than womb can mould,
In stark and breathless effort stand
Within a mesh of iron old.

And underneath those woven chains
In rigid heaps his flesh convulsed,
Seen like the vastest giant's veins
Wherethrough a mortal fever pulsed.

As with strong anguish evermore
Against those links his limbs were bent;
That nothing broke and little wore,
While down his sides the red sweat went.

The low sun coming me behind
Shot on its endless arrows clear,
Smiting the sheer bright eyeballs blind,
Of that great face it ~~th~~ought so near.

How shall words shape that young man's face,
Old when our tale of days began?—
The countenance of all our race,
Of every woman, every man.

The swelling ocean, sinking shore
Met by his feet in soddening sand—
Effort a moment he gave o'er,
And looked unto the litten land—

Morn-lit the cha~~f~~med land lay stern
As builded of the mass of night,
Yet distanter than sight could yearn
Methought it towered to deathless whi e

But o'er this all the tragic skies
Domed darker than the midnight main,
Quenching all question of the eyes
With their blindness above the brain.

There dreadful as the Home of Fate
The moon sank formless and forlorn ;
While round its ruin few and great
Stars through the blackness glared ray-shorn.

Unpeopled as the future lay,
That land seen low or wildering wide,
And, still implacable of day,
Those olden heavens drew up the tide.

Drew up the tide whose frothy crests
Were foul from throats unspeakable
Of demon reptiles, born of breasts
Pressed by the amorous tribes of Hell.

The shapes of us recall their shapes,
Bred into bestial dreams unknown,
Squamous horrors that thought escapes,
Since Man, God-shaped, gives vice his own.

its/ The whole sea heaved with hideous life,
Whose ravenousness was all ~~the~~ soul,
And all that wallowing waste of strife
An only object did control—

The tide came up, the blood it met,
Man in his shackles strove so grim—
Now with the spray his feet were wet,
The crowding creatures looked at him ;

And slimy beasts crept almost out,
To slaver up the gory sand ;
Shrinking again in eyeless doubt,
As broke at length one strangling band.

Only one fetter of them all !
 Yet I for joy wellnigh did swoon ;
 Out of my hands the book let fall,
 And woke into the ambient noon !

April.

Austral April ! Autumn April ! Calm,
 Fresh and boon

As the moon,
 As an angel maiden's palm
 On summer's forehead laid like balm.
 " We only live while we are young ;
 There after joys are jewels hung
 Upon the chilling corpses limbs."

O ship-wrecked my lone life swims !
 Swims with no shore in sight,
 Save the rising wall of night ;
 And the wavey hours asway,
 Exhaust me with their tireless play ;
 While the gleams of memory,
 Hope, and fear, and phantasy,
 Weltering from my eyes away,
 Break and baffle like the sea.

December Drowsiness.

How the cicada song weaves !
 Numerous as the leaves ;
 How it shrills, shrills and shakes
 Till the whole sense aches !

Kisses.

What man would with counting cumber
The kisses required of love,
He surely might note and number
Wing-beats of a homing dove ;

Blind cliffs o'er the seas impended
Such reckonings may repeat,
The tale of the wavelets ended
That ever shall kiss their feet.

God giving us life, the tax He
Laid was the woe of man,
Ay, only the great galaxy
Of kisses his doom doth span ;

An infinite history burning
Up through the purple past ;
An infinite promise yearning
Over our darkness vast.

Behold how each star e'er shivers,
Burning with deathless bliss,
Rapture, as deathless quivers
For e'er in man's breathless kiss.

Then kiss me for ever seeing
'Tis the happiest use of breath,
And sightlessly stay our being
While waiting our turn of death—

And—Love for my kisses living
Kiss me once more when dead!—

Ah! Love this is lavish giving
Of sand, not of gems, I said.

There's only one sun in heaven,
Only one earth is ours,
Only one life is given
Us and the birds and flowers ;

There's only one sky to cover
Earth and the whole great sea—
And give me, O God, one lover,
She but one kiss to me.

One! making the two souls lonely,
One, as the day is one,
Star and star shining, only
Lost in Love's sovran sun!

So thought of that one kiss given
Would all existence immerse,
So turning to endless Heaven,
For me, all the Universe.

The New Time.

(LAND NATIONALISATION.)

Ten thousand years and ten thousand years
Have vanished in sunlight and stars away,
While man's battle-cry ran: Enslave and slay!
Glory to God, but enslave and slay;

Is it much better on earth to-day ?

Yes, a little far space in the red sky clears ;
We need not murder each other for aye !

A thousand years and a thousand years
Since the Light of Heaven at last reached earth,
Angels sweet hymning its Saviour's birth—
Is it then savèd and safe to-day ?—
Every organ is pealing : enslave and slay !
Every engine responding : enslave and slay !
Small wonder Christ wept and with bloody tears,
If we must murder each other for aye !

A million years and a million years
The emerald earth in the azure day
Floating and fleeting with snowy spray
Of cloudlands about it, has ever spun,
Only obeying God—or the sun ;
But a cannibal handful own it to-day.

Own it ! a planet among the spheres !
Own it for ever, as well, they say,
And we must murder each other for aye !

If a thousand years, ay a thousand years
Pass in one pitiless war away,
What will they seem but a yesterday,
To him who stands with the victory won,
On a free earth in free light of the sun,

And out of the darkness an echo hears,
That dies with the darkness that dies away :
We must murder each other for aye !

Her Return.

Ah, at last, by her dear window going,
When hope had dwined to a dim desire,
Through the white curtains light was glowing,
As soft as snow and as warm as fire ;
And the chill wind ceased repining,
And o'er the glorious orbing gloom
Like saints' souls the stars were shining,
And my heart's song-roses were all abloom !

The Golden Bee.

Up in the stars' down-dazzling gold I gather honey,
From blood on earth dark-spilt,
From street and seas, from stormy night and summer
sunny,
From grace and guilt ;
From ribs of lions desert-dead in ages olden,
From lips alive,
I strive afar with tiny tribute golden,
To eke our hive.
On snowy bosom lie, and snowy bosom,
Deep listening,
As butterfly upon some waving blossom,
With wary wing ;
In vain thy calm, and smiling silence maiden !
Thine heart I drain ;
Till touched by falling tear I fly forth laden
With sweetest pain.

I linger in the perfumed past afar out-trailing
 Behind earth's flying orb ;
Or down the path its future follows swiftness sailing,
 Pure being to absorb.

O mystic majesty of dying !
 The awful Omnipresence Doom
 Soul-centres in a narrow room ;
Self ceases with a little sighing :
 And death grows white within our gloom.

O love wide-spread to waste as Beauty,
 From God's heart born with thee a twin—
 That wades waist-deep in blood-warm sin—
That turns to gold life's leaden duty—
 Round thee the worlds far-centering spin !

O Life, Death makes thee strange and holy,
 Even as Love makes great and pure ;
 With arms round each man stands secure,
We cannot fail and corrupt wholly
 While Love and Death endure.

The Railway Train.

Panting, plunging, panting, plunging,
 Then breathlessly lunging,
I leap out in the lofty dark,
 Strenuous, stark,
As a dragon 'scaped at night
 Out of Hell's light ;
Cool the steel, an endless bliss
 Under my kiss,

Cool and pure the tireless gale
 That doth me assail ;
Red the city's massed stars glimmer,
 Dimmer and dimmer ;
Lights afar and lights anear
 In vortices veer.
Palpitating palpitating
 With passions full freighting,
Like a heavy iron froth
 Roars out my wrath,
Like a widening wake of foam,
 Darkling to roam ;
On each hand the howling wall,
 Rises to fall ;
Cloudy forests pass along,
 Their litten stems throng ;
Lights afar and lights anear
 Disappear, disappear.
Sleep through all the dark divine
 Mixes like wine ;
Sate the nation sleeps
 Under night's deeps ;
But a fiery flying snake,
 Never I slake ;
And the lives within me rife
 Burn with my life ;
While their hearts exuberant beat
 Thrills thro' me sweet,
Every hope and every longing
 I feel in me thronging,

Eager joy and famished pain
 Make me more fain,
If I seem to waver slow
 Feed me with woe !—
How I love you, how I hate !
 I feel like your fate !
O my fever to refresh
 With a plunge thro' quick flesh !
Drowsing, rousing, drowsing, dulled,
 Fevrously lulled
By my loud reverberant roar
 Out-pulsed evermore,
Evermore, evermore evolving,
 Revolving, dissolving—
Thro' the swimming plains of sleep
 Swiftly I sweep—
O'er the swimming plains of sleep
 Slowly I creep.
Hours, hours starry-eyed
 Over me glide,
With their swift wide wings at rest,
 Set to the West—
O ripe bodies, faces fair,
 And odourous hair !
How I love you, how I hate !
 I feel like your fate !—
Dangers neath their dim red veils
 Crouch by the rails ;
Rattle, rattle, rattleth
 The skeleton death,

Bends abreast in our dark race—
 I puff in his face !
Slackens, slackens, slackens, stops,
 Staggers and drops—
Thro' the swimming plains of sleep
 Swiftly I sweep.
O'er the swimming plain of sleep
 Slowly I creep.
Hours, hours starry-eyed
 Over me glide,
With their swift wide wings at rest,
 Set to the West.



Now the level long sunrise
 Smites on mine eyes ;
Gladly madly whirl the green
 Plains, sinking serene
As I rush on at the sun,
 Who seems me to shun ;
Vapour, vapour, vapour white
 Rolls with delight ;
Forests shining, shadow-massed
 Rotating still past ;
People, people come and go,
 Hasting or slow—
Like a heavy iron froth
 Roars out my wrath,
Like a widening wake of foam,
 Weakening to roam ;
Mountains murmur as they listen ;
 Far waters glisten,

Rumbling bridges roar a-quiver,
Crossing the river.

I breast long heights that hopeless rise
Under huge skies,
Palpitating, palpitating,
Abating, abating—
Palpitating, palpitating,
The world on me weighting,
Labour, labour, labour on—
The summit is gone !
Steep and dark as blue midnight
Sweep out of sight
Endless inward hurrying slopes ;
Like a ladder of ropes,
Downward disappears the line—
Divine, O Divine !
Earth is shrinking from beneath—
Hardly I breathe—
As a falling star I swoop,
With never a loop—
Hover past the precipice,
Giddy with bliss.
Whirled behind in th' upward air
Terror and care,
Torpidselves, and such base things,
Flutter vain wings—
Upward shoots a dazzling curve—
Sweetly I swerve,
And descending like a dream
On the rails stream.

September.

How many springs dost thou remember
Have birth
From thee, O morning-souled September,
Since first the various hours
Crept round the earth,
And earth turned into flowers ?

What Can I Desire ?

What can I desire ?
Life is want and slaughter,
The world is dirt and water,
The stars are only fire.

This flawless sphere supreme
Is only a blue bubble,
Around the spot we trouble
In darkness' shoreless stream.

I'd not lift up my face,
I'd not step forth one pace
To be "God," and guiding
All the orbs for ever gliding
Throughout the depths of space ;

Save to change utterly
The essence of Life's entity ;
And that would mean—our madness,
Not boundless gifts and gladness—

The Universe on-reeling,
Sends up its echo pealing ;
As midway in eternity
So shall the future be.

Death is a ware full cheap,
And all the world to buy in :
What is the use of dying ?
We are not sure of sleep.

Sesame !

Open thine heart young girl !
Pour out its untrafficked treasures—
Passionate ruby/pearl
From sea-depths that no man measures ;
Where all the shadowy yearnings grow
Down in the red tide's return and flow.

Dazzled I turn away—
O affluent poignant splendour !
Turn to the dazzled day—
O wealth of a soul's surrender !
I with so little of worth to give—
Shall I starve honest—or steal and live ?

I cannot ! I must—I can !
I turn for yet more temptation—
She listens unto a beggar-man,
Enrapt in his glib narration—
Breathless she gives him her hearts' whole store
He strikes her face and demands yet more.

The Tree of Love greatly growing,
Heavy with red-petalled kisses
Breathing fragrantly—
After the morn-maddened glowing
Comes day with drooped wings,
And what shall the fruit be?—
Only void satiety?—
Red eyelids from the altar smoke?—
Helpless acceptance of every yoke
That nature can lay on the shoulders of life;
Jealousy, weariness, hatred, and strife—
Jealousy guarding possessions despised,
Weariness wasting the treasure it prized,
Hatred hotfed from the death of desire,
Strife fighting naked amidst of the fire.
Poverty, servitude, duty, despair—
Poverty stripping its starved bosom bare,
Servitude fawning with eyes on the bread
Wherewith its children may chance to be fed,
Duty dull-eyed that must lead on the soul,
Wingless and blind, to its pitiful goal,
Despair never knowing that it is despair,
Seeking and striving with vitals torn bare.

Our World—and Our Word.

Robbery, Slavery, Fratricide,
Hypocrisy, Lust and Pride,
Ignorance, Hunger, Hate—
Have you no word for it all but Fate?

A little bird screamed in the night ;
Faintlier thrice I heard it cry—
What are those feathers, all dewy-white,
That scattered and softly lie.

And now, Love, clasped in passion's embrace,
That gains and yields with alternate breath,
Though your eyes with gazing torture my face,
or/ How much more sure than life is ~~is~~ death,
Our souls can meet not, never accost ;
Yours in the pathless future astray,
And mine in labyrinthine memories lost !

A Song of Sleep.

IN AUGUST NOON.

Sovran slumber disencumber
Me from gnawing nets of thought,
That infold me and withhold me
From its source for ever sought ;
Wait not nightfall, let the light fall
Glamour, warmth and sleep in one ;
Sunlight steeping all my sleeping ;
And when day and night are done,
Spare my waking at daybreaking ;
Let me slumber on and on,
In thy golden orb enfolden
Like an amber urn'd bee ;
With bright dreaming thro' it streaming

As the sunshine thro' the sea,
With gold glances 'mongst dream-fancies
 Waving like weed forests shadowy,
Deep below the waves where blow the
 Winds that seek and wail and dree.
While earth ranges through her changes,
 Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Blackening, brightening, greening, whitening
 Round man's wretched turmoiling ;
Round fiercening faces of all races,
 Rapt in battle's ecstasy ;
That intenser grows and denser,
 Quickening forth perpetually.
Heaven o'erbending in unending
 Opulence and majesty ;
Its cloud-legions through all regions
 Spreading life and change and hue :
Rainstorms pelting, snowseas melting,
 Alps upbuilding in the blue ;
The streams flowing, herbage growing,
 Flowers shining fragrantly ;
The birds flying and replying
 Each to each o'er earth and sea ;
Haze atremble, till assemble
 Storms with murmurings deep and slow ;
Onward spreading, heavier treading,
 Till they jar the sleep below ;
Harvests stooping, wavelets scooping
 Neath the soft encircling air ;
Shadows turning, ripeness burning

Down and down with duller glare ;
Hoar frost sifting neath moonlight lifting
Into dawn-light deep and rare ;
Mists upseething, vapours breathing
From the furrows black and bare.

A Heathen Hymn.

Christians and Christians! You cumber the width of
life's way ;
Now wearily, under the burden and heat of the day,
Weeping, imploring the skies' consolation and strength ;
Now aghast at our fugitive being—out-worn by its
length ;
Beseeching release from life's sorrows—bemoaning its
loss ;
Now astray and despairing though full in the sight of the
Cross—
If *we* do not fail, we who journey fulfilling no tryst,
Why should you weary who go to the bosom of Christ—
Your brother, the God—with His dear human body
that died
On this earth for your saving? Doth not then His
comfort abide ?
Yes, *He* walked on death's waters, *we* sink in the waters
He trod,
Beholding beyond them no beautiful City of God ;
(Only clouds climbing with vapourous portals of gold,
That open on empty dominions of ether all cold ;)

Still we from the uplands of morning, beguiled with no
hope,
Yet gladly, come down, down the long irretrievable
slope,
Till it sinks in that fathomless ocean whose depths
never moan
Tale of regions beyond—of deaths past and its future
unknown ;
Then facing the darkness with sightless invincible
eyes,
Dumbly breast the great waters of silence that icily
rise.

A Moonlit Gorge.

Down, down its dim immensity, which seems
Unreal as if my soul and it were dreams,
Alike, suspended in far-murmuring swoon
Amidst abysses of that silver-shadowy moon,
The trees all sway in hoary trance together,
Like willowy close weeds that flow and feather,
Under the arrowy light of autumn noon,
Within the occult opal of some deep lagoon.

Dear Maiden.

Dear maiden for your loveliness,
That I shall never see,
In dreams or reality,
With upward yearning face I bless

The ordered maze of Chance and Fate,
 Blind growth of things to be,
 Effort and agony,

your/ That bore ~~thy~~ being in their date.

God-whelming clouds of blood and flame,
 That hovered long, or broke amain

both/ In burning ~~hefts~~ and rain,
 Wherefrom your timid courage came—

The cancer curse of slavery,
 That slave and master slew,

wh/ But only yield ~~/~~ you

Sweet service sweetest mastery—

The burdened lives that dumbly went
 In weary rounds of sordid care,

4/5/ Whose love and service were
 On greed ~~/~~ of grossness vainly spent—

The tortured souls that dared not slake
 Their faint wound-thirst in death,
 Still drawing painful breath,

Still, still for helpless others' sake—

All these, unknown, have you endured
 With tenderness and boundless scope

For meedless love and hope,
 Forgiveness patience fortitude ;

And all the folly rage and crime
 That frenzied mortal blood,
 Staining the whole wide flood,
 Now purged thro' purifying time,

Have tempered your sweet spirit's flow
 With lovesome smatch of vice,
 (That's lacked in Paradise)
The crimson flush that tints the snow.

And so you walk with virgin eyes ;
 And whom you love is unaware
 How much you are more fair
Than aught within earth's splendid skies ;

Yet feels you still ineffably
 The reason of Life's reign,
 All labour and all pain,
The fruitage of infinity.

But I, your love's proud laureate,
 His fervid silence sing ;
 And inlier envisaging,
Reflect his rapture more elate.

Joy, Woe and Worse.

Our joy is like always
Brain-motes in darkness dancing,
Seen in our careless glancing,
 Lost by the purposed gaze.

But we may die of utter woe,
And sorrow slays not sorrow,
To-day returns to-morrow,
 And grief re-lives e'en so.

But all men's trivial thoughts ! like sand ;
 For all time forming and spilling,
 Spilling like sand, and filling
 Life's curst endless desert land,
 Where so few the far palms stand

Una Serranilla.

(MID-SPRING ; AFTER RAINS.)

Olive that alters hue,
 Swept into sombre blue—
 Blue ranges melting away
 Under the falling flanks of day—
with/ Soft roar of wide winds that climb, mixt */* roar of deep
 waters descending—
 Many kneeling mountains made
 As one, ere their bowed backs fade
 Under this Temple of Time
 Whose dome the sweet clouds climb
 From the myriad valley-censers, in fainting beatitude
 blending.

But what lights sky and earth,
 Giving all beauty birth ?
Look/ ~~See~~ up ! Higher yet ! more high !
 Scarcely seen in the mighty sky,
 The sun burns small and white, wandering the empy-
 rean wilderness of noon—
 Ah ! Life has over-grown

Just a savage stone,
By whose vast sombre shade
Midst the day night is made,
Whereunder now the winter nations shrink beneath
their icy moon.

Pure Day Earth fleets through,
Above it flowers the blue,
But beneath it clings the Night,
A great black sprite,
Cast away, despairing, never to see thro' the twilight
to the sun—

Ah ! this day is very bold,
But the night clings close and cold ;
And still the seasons swing
Round in their endless ring—
O Earth entangled in the toils by all the starry shuttles
spun,
Escape there is none !

An Autumn Sight.

All brownly banked with sedge a little swamp
Shines like a wild duck's pinion-plume,
With greenest glistening vivid velvet spume ;
The spoon-bill seems a silver grecian lamp ;
The wavelets round its wading almost gleam,
The heavy heavens, smoky cirrus-barred,
Reflecting where the mantling has been marred,
Like dim remembrance of a mighty dream.

My Awakening.

With heart and brain as one organ beating,
I entered the moonlit mystery of night ;
Looked up, and great cohorts of cloud were fleeting
O'er in mangled masses of black and bright.
Regarding those hosts in their swiftness and silence
stately,
So easily hasting to meet the morn,
Down in that gulf of sheer stillness my soul grieved
greatly
O'er the dumb dark world and its fate forlorn ;
Then cried I : O poets ! O prophets ! O sages
Whose souls cloudblike for ever encompass the earth,
Reflecting on high through the hastening ages,
Death's sunsets and mornings of beautiful birth—
Why am I, why is earth's multitude holden,
With pitiless potency, clods to the clods ;
While ye ! Ye sail through realms sapphire and golden
Swan-like, and toss round the thrones of the gods !
The fume of our blood from the battle ascending—
The breath of the maiden asleep after prayer,
Ye breathe, o'er us in deep-bosomed glamour im-
pending,
Increasing afar in the ambient air.
And the flesh dries away from our broken bones lying—
The maiden awakes with a fever-parched mouth—
We die ! All we die as but brutes in the desert, crying
Unheeded as brutes, to the adamant heavens of drouth !

Is our agony just a long play for these lordly beholders
Philosophers poets—gods—gazing down from above
In a dreamy divineness, while countless our holocaust
 smoulders,
Heaped on earth as an altar to yield them the savour
 they love ? ”

But I ceased, and ceasing, the last cloud flew o'er me,
Dyed as it drove by the magical moon ;
And one vision absorbing my visions all stormy,
My soul to the state of the star-shapen skies did
 attune—

Earth voyaged afar, O ! afar into new constellations,
Turning moonlike and placid her eyeless dead face to
 the sun ;
And in sunlight grown dim, or bright starlight, all
 peoples and nations
Asleep, with their torments iniquities drudgery done.

June 1887. (5)

The Pessimist's Plea.

Even the dying smile,
Even the slave doth sleep,
 And shall not we
Living laugh awhile ?
 And by death set free
Slumber long and deep ?

Fruition.

Where homes beneath our austral azure lying,
In wild or town,
As evening flowers outbloom, our light supplying
When day goes down,

Eve's pleasant meal with laughing gossip eaten,
The life-moil thrust away;
Women and men together seek to sweeten
The dregs of bitter day.

O'er-burdened life once more its strength recovers
To knead the future's clay;
Kinsfolk and friends grow dear to each as lovers
Are in the day;

And love in youths tense soul, as chords fuse thrilling
In quickened lute,
To love responds their subtile union stilling
With mortal rapture mute.

But in such sweet society of kinsfolk and of lovers,
Heart tallying heart,
Wand'ring without the dearest dream of mine discovers
Their sweetest couched apart,

Some swift-pulsed romance of mine reading
With eyes ashine;
While music is for love and joy soft pleading
With song of mine.

Disenchantment.

A moment's speech, a moment's viewing,
 My mirage melted away ;
 Fell my palace in reeling ruin
 Neath an icy column of spray,
 Surging up from that measureless main,
 Where the past of pleasure and pain,
 The future's weight of joy and woe,
 Mazily mingle, fold and flow,
 On but a shoal in their dizzying sheet,
 O'er the pilgrim present's feet.

Life's Lullaby.

Sleep ! Sleep ! Sleep !
 Cool and deep
 Night doth sweep
 Up the orient sky—
 Lullaby ! Lullaby—
 Its iron-amethyst grows high.
 Lullaby ! Lullaby,
 Sleep till you die.

Since the sun
 The clouds have gone ;
 One by one
 Stars tremble through the sky.

Lullaby ! Lullaby !
The last birds darkly fly.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Sleep till you die.

Now dews are sown ;
Now souls are lone ;
The waters moan
Rises like a memory.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Bats float fleetly by.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Sleep till you die.

Deep suspired !
You are tired—
Ah, Life is hired
To wring its own heart dry.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Why this mortal moil ? and why ?
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Sleep till you die.

Nay ! lie still !
It were ill
To stir and spill
Night's wine held tenderly.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Elixir of eternity !
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Sleep till you die.

O wine supreme
Softly stream,
Softly stream,
Drugged with no dream,
Pure as thy fountain ether far on high,
Where the white stars naked lie,
Palpitating in thy purity !
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Sleep till you die.

I lean, and like lost feet
Down a lone street,
Your heart doth beat,
Plodding, plodding, t'wards futurity.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
All the darkness stirs asigh.
Lullaby ! Lullaby !
Sleep till you die.

Truth's Welcoming.

Thus I receive you. You are wise and brave.
My realm lies broad in sunlight warmth and peace ;
Enter, enjoy its lucent air, its healing ease
Awhile. Time is, enough to find a grave
Upon my bloody frontiers. So I gave
Greetings unto who loved me. Buddha, Socrates,
Shakespeare, and unknown ones more true than these,
And men unborn by loving me themselves shall save.

But know. I do not thank nor praise you,
 Yours is the debt. I, throned here supreme,
 See through the darkness weltering wide away,
 Where bred your being ; light may well amaze you.
 Go back and dream this was a dazzling dream,
 Or stand beside me. I do not chide nor pray.

Love and Death, To-day.

O new eternal dawning
 Why do I in kneeling silence pray ?
 I who till now no prayer could say ?
 For all the wooing, all the mourning,
 For all the love and death to-day !

In common lives, in common houses hidden,
 By sea, by field, by mart,
 Where-e'er blood fills the human heart,
 Love wells up like these tears unhidden ;
 And souls, such souls as ours depart.

You see no God in all the heaven,
 No voice comes from our silent sky,
 Earth owns the highest clouds that fly ;
 Yet all life's love, and love bereaven
 Seem to create a Deity !

A wave of worship swelling stormless
 Wets my lit face with its sweet spray—
 Past visions towers our God away ;
 From its emotions, vast and formless,
 Shaped by the soul of man To-day !

O God of love and sorrow human,
 With death for Thy mysterious soul!—
 My lips acknowledge Thy control!
 My God! my God with sight indue man,
 And strength, to reach Thy farthest goal!

My Earth.

I shade my brows to share thy triumph of emerging
 In the sun's level light,
 I bare my breast unto the twilight sprays/upsurging S
 From thy plunge into night.

O glory of thy features from black chaos riven,
 In the far, far old strife!
 O goddess as a mother to me thou hast given
 Of thine inmost dear life!

I am thine aural pride of skies, thy tranquil yearning,
 Thy lonely love;
 That is not love, but woe for all the stars out-burning
 So helplessly, above!

Pandemos Apostrophises.

Philosophers! Pessimists, Agathists, Optimists,
 Hedonists!—brawl!
 Sun haste on thy pathway star-trodden for ever, and
 call
 After thee earth and her night-shining brotherhood all.

On thro' the protean hours, and the azure immutable, on
Through the lovely linked process of being inscrutable, on,
On through ether perpetual, piercing the stars of the
Swan !

And, Air, quench their complainings, let not the miasm
of misery rise
To—the matter and motion and space in the skies !—
Yea, our spirits at school in our wonderful bodies grow
wise !

Yet let watchers still watch all the night-long, the
depths of each day let us heed,
As ever, confinelessly onward for ever we speed,
Lest in an hour when we wist not, lo! Heaven indeed !
But tyrannical thought shan't enslave us, nor answer-
less riddles perplex,
Nor dim death yet dismay us, nor age inexorable vex,
Renovated for ever in youth's golden fountain of sex !
Life, then, is absolute, joy still obtainable, hopelessness
folly forlorn ;
Till the seasons roam orderless over a world that's out-
worn,
We will believe in to-day and the ages unborn.
So cast not the sun in your dungeon, and bind not the
world with your rope ;
But on through the future, the future ! with courage
and hope ;
Our sweet earth will upbear us, and onward, the skies
give us scope.

Noon.

I take refuge in the pure air,
And perfect sunlight everywhere,
From the obscene pressure of common fate ;
 Passions earthy,
 Wishes unworthy,
The bodily burden of despair,
Faint suspicions and brackish hate—
Evaporate, vanish away,
In the vast clear vault of the sunmade day ;
And the sweet world's breath of the soft wide breeze
 My soul caresses,
 Till its dull distresses
Turn into legions of fancies gay,
Sparkling up with the tossing trees,
And best of all that the mortal beast,
Defiling night with its evil feast,
Slinks out of sight in its deepest cave ;
 Life's vexed clue straightens
 Great heaven greatens ;
And over thought's ocean, where shores have ceased,
As by God's breath wafted my spirit's a wave.
Yea, the passionate blood of my morning dies
From the gracious and perpetual skies ;
The sun consuming the stains of night.
 Age steeps me slowly,
 Ageless and holy ;
And self, like a centre of crystal, lies
Unseen in the deluge of sight.

21

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The Son of God.

O God above these hills of night Thy Glory show !

Christ's white moon

Reflects ~~his~~ noon !

The hour is late, and the moon is low !



PERSONÆ.



“There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun.”—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

“This white temple of my heroes.”—*Herrick.*



PERSONÆ.

Alone.

To—

Alone, alone ! for ever alone !
What means this subtle yearning for you ?
Not love, but some emotion unknown,
That chokes with flooding fullness my heart,
And blurs my sight with dazzle of dew.

We are so infinitely apart,
From others all, as each is from each
There is no hope, by uttermost art,
That souls to soul's star-centre may reach
With murm'ring of this animal speech.

As great dreams unremembered at day,
Of men who died in ages long flown ;
Which dimly haunted, fading away,
So must our real selves perish unknown.

A cloudlet in the azure alone,
I follow oft with mystical eyes,
And feel its being image my own,
As it faints in th' unreachable skies.

Lone as the mornward risen old moon,
Your soul yearns low in desolate light—
Sometimes you drown in desperate swoon
Sense of your self in infinite night.

We yield our souls to usage of all,
To mean and brutish making our moan ;
Till mocked and spurned we creep from their thrall,
Defiled, consumed, dishonoured, alone !
Alone ! alone ! for ever alone !

As a blind bird flying over the deep,
And crying low with anguish forlorn,
Ne'er to see its comrades cluster the steep,
With their far bosoms white in the morn—

Our souls in individual night,
Starred but by meteor flashes of pain,
Cry to our comrades lost in the light,
Who never heed or answer again—

No ! Soul follows soul and never o'ertakes,
As cries follow in unechoing gloom,
Always pursued pursuing each makes,
Its lone way through our limitless doom ;

Flying !—crying !—dying ! in abysses unknown—
Alone ! alone ! for ever alone !

T. L. & M. L.

To His—To Her White Hair.

White snow upon the mountains,
White flowers upon the wild,
White foam on the pure fountains,
And oceans undefiled;
White hands of hallowed women
On fevered forehead laid,
White swans smoothly swimming,
White lillies softly swayed :
White clouds dreamy drifting
Far up the sacred sky,
White smoke of incense lifting
Unto our God most high;
White sand around the ocean,
Defending all the land,
White waves in mournful motion,
Passing to the hidden strand;
White wheat aripe for reaping,
Drooping with weight of wealth,
White lids that seal for sleeping,
Worn eyes to wake in health;
White ashes on the Altar,
Cold after sacrifice,
White orbs that never falter,
White stars that silent rise;
White veil that hideth lovers,
For love's sake loth to wed,
White shroud that chastly covers
Dead folk and passions dead.

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Love's Christmas.

Love ! now that we love each other,
And know God's fatherhood's true,
And that Man is our blood-bound brother,
We will alter the world we two !

Surely they'll seek repentance,
Seeing the love between us two ;
And their pardon reward and sentence,
Shall be : Love and for ever be true !

Ah 'twixt Christ and His Maiden Mother
Was love purer than twixt us two ?
As they gazed deep-eyed on each other,
And He life from her bosom drew !

*Love ! now that we love each other,
And know God's fatherhood's true,
And that Man is our blood-bound brother,
We will alter the world we two !*

Matthew Arnold.

Dead, and we have no tears for thee,
No, sorrow, scarcely sighs—
The placid passion of the summer dies
Each eve into the pensive placidness of night,
And asks no lingering lament, no yearnful elegy—
Only keen memories, and ears in perfect plight
To scan those mingling chords of memory.

Alive thou stoodst aloof above us,
 Communing with the unforgotten dead,
 Oft from our strife and toil we lifted head,
 And cursed to see thee in the mountain temple's porch,
 Calm in their calm companionship above us,
 While us all day the desert gale did scorch ;
 Now dead with them we know that for all time ye love
 us.

And lo ! the dead man's life a muse doth grow,
 Crowned with bright bay and attic olive there,
 Where rise the heights to clear-curved ice in sunny
 air,
 Beyond the shadowy forests cloak ;
 While in the high, high ether's fulgence, lo !
 A parting plume of crater-smoke
 Reveals the seething of sulphureous gulfs below !

Keats.

Phaeton ! Phaeton ! Alas that thou out-drove
 Thy sun-God sire, the very lord and light
 Of poesy ; and soared so high and bright
 That jealous Jove didst quench thee in death's wave !
 Almost till now thou might'st have lived grown old !
 Ah e'en in childhood to have heard it said,
 With proud and solemn sorrow ; Keats is dead !—
 O wondrous brain that now is common mould !

Mine eyes are hot with anguish of his doom,
My smothering heart speaks as it blindly beats,
With sick incessant throbs the one word : Keats !
The night in livid living shapes doth loom
Tragic and terrible in my all lonely room,
And quenchlessly that name my heart repeats.

From "Websters Misfeasance."

Dumb Love.

I thought that Love would meet me singing,
Sometimes sad and sometimes gay,
But joyful at the heart alway,
Roses for your bosom bringing,
For my brows the gracious bay,
Making the months an holyday,
In this lonely southern sunlight quiring
To the northern nightingales,
Whose song athwart the distance fails ;
And mine eyes grew dim, desiring,
Sight of him whose song prevails
Thro' all scenes that time unveils.
But on that April eve before you,
In your sacred simpleness,
With no device of mien or dress
To wile my being to adore you
Despairing shame and hot distress—
Shame of mine own unworthiness—

Rose like a scalding cloud to blind me ;
And many a league was overcome,
Ere love, not blind but dumb,
I knew shape in that cloud behind me ;
Thoughts strove but still my lips were numb :
"Love is not blind but dumb."

And so it is that I can show not
My yearnings for you, agonies
For your dear life's uncertainties.—
And love is blind, for still I know not
Whether you love me or despise
Lost in the darkness of your eyes.

But is't not meet, my life's white angel,
This brooding silence at your shrine?
A thousand voices more divine
Chant high great Love's evangel
What worth has any hymn of mine?
'Twere well to listen nor repine—
*And yet my words shall radiant rise,
Making your constellation in the skies !*

Love's Song.

It is well you are not more fair,
For the world is aweary, old,
Only night o'er its face would fold
For dreamless sleep, but if you were

More lovely, stately—sweet,
 All men would come to view,
 As they did the Grail pursue;
 Hasting with fatigueless feet.

And—worthy of e'er other love—
 Would turn in their grand despair,
 Slaying each other there
 To make you quiver, standing above.

But I thro' their throng would press,
 Force you to one full embrace,
 Kissing the glory of your face,
 Then slay us both for your loveliness.

Body, body, beside would fall,
 Red blood gushing with blood as red,
 Mingling in their warmth would wed,
 There in the sunlight before them all.

Sapless Spring.

I find no savour in the spring;
 I cannot sing of joy nor sorrow;
 To-day lags, hindering to-morrow;
 Beyond the deep night's curtaining
 Veiled morrow follows morrows—
 What is the light the last doth borrow?

De Profundis.

O lonely and forlorn !
O famished spirit body-born !
Even thyself is not thine own,
This flesh obscene unknown
Unto the earth
Of weariness and shame and scorn
Brings back thy wings,
And thou must lead its blind desires
Toward the reechy fires
That damn the night ;
Self-hideous amongst the gibbering things
Of bestial birth,
Beneath the hidden heavens around them flown,
In the hot light !

Anastasia.

Anastasia, Anastasia ! before thee dying,
If I find it is true that our spirits live on,
I will search all earth for thy souls true bridegroom, trying
All souls with a test till the destined one
I reach, and rouse with a hope unknown.

Perhaps a lord of men is he in his far land yearning—
A toiler perhaps in some alien street—
Alike, to the farthest star in the south sky turning,

His spirit shall fail with its sorrowing sweet,
Then feel not earth neath his eager feet ;

He will be glad of ocean under, of tempests beating,
Sunlight and midnight shall make his heart proud ;
No custom dumbly shall delay him—declare your
meeting—

Never demur and no intreating !—

Hardly thine heart a moment beat loud,
It shall be meeting of cloud and cloud !

And yet would I that both the body and soul they cover,
Both one as in life, neath the pleasant black mould,
Then, having lived, at last, at last would thy chosen lover,
(After your dreamings of Heaven untold)
Meet thee no more in the earth's dark hold !

These Hours.

These hours are so beautiful,
I yearn for them to stay,
Though but void hours of vernal day,
My past dismantling grows so dull
My future seems so null and grey.

Stay.

No, you'll find than us none fonder,
Wheresoever you may wander,
Ah ! through eternity you may wander,

Not e'er replacing the love you flee!
E'en God above
Has so many to love
He cannot give you such love as we.

Whom you leave to spend in sorrow,
The long night, and dread the morrow—
How shall we find in the mighty morrow
The light that makes in this house a day?—
There's no returning
Whate'er your yearning
Sweet lady, linger while yet you may!

Till we all go forth together
In life's holy autumn weather,
Beautiful bountiful vintage weather,
Into the splendour of termless Spring;
Thro' the night,
All breathing light,
As we soundless sweep as an angel's wing.

Robert Herrick.

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
Herrick, as yet;
*Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
Frown and look sullen everywhere.* (6)

We hear thee still, O King of bees
 Haunting the Hesperides,
 Where death's rapt goddess favours
 Thy flowersong well ;
 Full of fairy flavours,
 May-time and harvest savours
 Thy cunning cell,
 Made an ever-brimming well
 Of chrysomel.

Sipped while the bruised years
 In ashes hid their tears—
 When bloody bloom of poppies
 Hid England's wheat,
 Sucking in croft and coppice
 And where the hedge-may's top is
 All snowy sweet,
 Thy crystal wings did pause and bea`
 So fine and fleet,

That dreams drone our ear—
 Time dying as we hear
 The murmuring on Hymettus ;
 And, sprent in revelries
 Whose vague echoes fret us,
 Hebe's honey-drops wet us
 From the old skies,
 On lips and veiling lids of eyes,
 In sudden-wise.

And anon we please
 At tingling litanies,

Of moonlit elves, enchanting
 Betrothed brides ;
 Till comes sunlight slanting,
 And through the ~~hostage~~ panting *hookage/*
 Fled Rupert rides,
 And harmless thy pettish stinglet glides
 From Ironsides.

Here, alas, no sprites come,
 Our eld is void and dumb,
 Our naked lives unshaded,
 By phantasies
 With Europe's heaven down-faded—
 But our future uninvaded—
 Shall Attic bees
 Hive in our honeyed forest trees,
 From over seas ?

Gordon.

*'Thine is the joy of that rest
 And where to-day is for ever to-morrow.'*

FRANCIS ADAMS.

Gordon ! Gordon ! Wounded eagle
 Flung forth by the disastrous seas,
 Thine eyes burn black with anguish regal
 T'wards the northern Main of Memories ;
 And helpless droops thy broken wing,
 Beneath thy feet the surges spring,
 Far clouds and sails hide o'er the seas.

Ah no more, No more for ever,
 Above their globing shalt thy breast
 Pant onward, and the strong winds sever,
 Deep-eyed seeking for thine island nest ;
 The sea-bird's swoop and swing,
 Stir not thy broken wing,
 The bones grate in thy fevered breast.

Proud ! be proud and make no motion,
 Gaze till thy gazing grows a night,
 Wondrous, weary lies the endless ocean,
 None shall span its width in mortal flight ;
 The Future cries beyond its wall,
 The great sun sinks to meet the call ;
 Turn thou and face the nearing night.

Let Me Love You.

(From "*The Price of Blood.*")

Let me love you, Let me love you !
 I will not ask your love in return—
 Is a leal heart's love so easy to earn,
 That mine you spurn ?
 Let me love you, Let me love you !
 I do not ask your love in return.

Only heaven is above you,
 Throned on the heights of uttermost life ;
 My soul, as vapour rising white-ripe

From gulfs of strife,
And breathing o'er your breast : I love you !
Fades on those heights of uttermost life.

To——

O Day half-infinite
That wastes away
Leaving Thy blind slave Night
To bear the coming Day !

Brother Bob.

(Robert Burns.)

I, your brother, later born,
In a broader brighter day,
In this South-land far away,
Dim with distance dim with tears
See you through the stormy years,
Stooping over the breezy corn ;
Lift your great face wild and worn,
Shout unto me ! I am fain—
Ah your face doth glisten wet !
Wipe away the tears and sweat—
All your glory, all your pain,
Like a sun-filled rapid rain,
Beats on the naked bosom of the world !

O, the deep storm! O the dark storm on you hurl'd!
O'er your home so low and poor,
On the lonely barren moor—
You are smothered from my sight,
Save the flashes of fierce light,
From your godlike grasp ablaze,
As your desperate struggle sways;
Not a fight at worthy odds,
Not with demons, not with gods,
But with beasts that hem you round;
Common curs upon the ground,
All your mortal miseries,
Brutal labour, deep disease,
Poverty with white fangs keen—
While a thousand hell-hounds tear
At you in the writhing air,
Reechy-bodied, all obscene;
Dragon-footed maiden shapes,
Angels bruted into apes;
Passions that more common-tame
Crouch at every household flame;
By your pity love and pride
For their ravenous baiting tied—
Clings with love you cannot hate
Your full-bosomed fleshly Fate,
With vampire voluptuousness,
Holds you helpless, stays your stress—
Brother! Brother! Overthrown,
Neath the rush of shadows prone,
I groan with your dying groan,

4_h

But no comrade caught the cry,—
 Did God's angels hear on high,
 Startling forth to soar the sky ?
But Southward ! Southward ? Beyond the view ?
Did those great babes stir in their cradles then ?
Those great babes ! Sure you begat them men,
For there was not a man in our world but you.

Long we gaze, but soon we see
 From death-dust's ignominy.
 Like a whirl-spout from the sea,
 Your spirit upward backward borne,
 With a face that fronts the morn,
 In your lofty might forlorn ;
 Lo ! we shade our mastered sight
 From the naked glamour bright.
 Of your Titan-towering form,
 'Neath the dais of the storm,
 With your hero-head on high,
 With stooped locks that touched the sky, *51*
 With your ploughman arms athwart
 All that land beneath you brought,
 Which you furrow, scattering seeds
 Of new songs and noble deeds.

Madeline Brown's Death-Dream. (7)

(Bleeding to death.)

“ O red snake of life that creeps—
 Ah no ! Doth flow,
 Coils down liquidly and sleeps—

(In its cave of passion was no peace—)

O! O! the dark swift slim flow
Shall I see it slacken? cease?"

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"Blood burns all through the room—

Does Hell glow somewhat so?

I would rather die in gloom,
Deep gloom, and deepest agony,
They would crush and rend me so
That I could not think or see."

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"Stand out in the nearer light—

Ah, so! Stand so.

I dreamed almost into fright;
But I think I was your bride?—
Ah yes, your face I know,
Years we have lain side by side."

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"Ah you have disabled Fate!—

Slow flow, more slow,
You have baulked for e'er your hate,
Now I shall in joyance play,
With no demon night below,
Sure to rise and murder day."

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"Past this redly fainting night—

Flow slow, flow slow,
Swimming in the living light,

With who loved my life of yore,
I will meet, I surely know,
And to love me many more."

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"Love with pure love one snowy flame;
Flow slow, slow, slow,
With no gross smoke of shame,
No ashes of satiety ;
It is worth this death, I vow,
To love im-mortally ! "

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"You shall see us flow and float,
More slow; Drips now,
You helpless as an airy mote,
We one airy ecstasy ;
Let this poor despoil'd body go—
Wilt have it when I go free ? "

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"Ah now death is come so near,
Drip slow, Drop slow :
It has kill'd all my fear ;
Like the last drops from the eaves,
Clot pain fails, falls, sense also ;
All swims, swings, sinks, and heaves—

Yes—No. Yes—No.

"This is death that comes gently,
Stopped ? No ! Drops slow,
Swooning o'er me like a sea—

THE SECRETS OF THE SOUTH.

*(The tide drowns the shadowed sand)
Black—deep and cold as snow—
And the dark cliffs hide the land ”*

Yes—No. Yes—No.

O common lives that wing on light
You strike me in your careless flight
And bruise and blind with blood my brain,
O yearning loathing shame and pain !

Neath Snow and Sleep.

(A Maiden Meditation.)

The horrible ordered charges of storm have ceased,
'Tis dear to be no more deafened and crushed by their
pitiless pulsed down-pouring

On the roof close overhead,
And how the wind has waned also from its boundless
mountain roaring,

With those dread deep-bosomed lulls scooped 'neath
its howling ocean that increased,
Always around them—

(On the Mount all yesterday
Like a balloon swollen and still inflating—large as
a world

It roared and rose with one wide awful soaring,

On the Mount all yesterday)
It has wandered and weakened away,

Till now it lingers round the house-sides with ghastly
moaning,

Like hungerless wolf-wraiths weirdly whining

Down the night, for their weird master,

Who has left the world and is lost for ever

Out, out where the sun^{is} starlight

And all the sheer stars watch around a dayless night.

And now they have gone with fainter moaning ;

It is hushed almost as an earthen cave,

But under I fancy the sedge-smothered creeks
intoning,

And lower still the dark,

The terrified murmurs of the dark,

Like children benighted by a lonely grave—

And again a lagging wolf-wraith half turning pauses to
pass on moaning,

His shadowy body shivers after—

That low low idiot warble from the soft swoll'n creek

And under, under, if I intensely hark,

Is the full faint murmur of the dark,

Like uncreated spirits striving to speak,

With unintelligible ardour weak ;

It dies as another wolf-wraith comes

Comes, and half-turning pauses, to pass on moaning,

His shadowy body shivers after—

The ashes crush in the other room,

And a faint glare falters up through the gloom ;

And then the soft-swollenⁱⁿ the mur-
murous dark intoning ;

But it is sinking colder,

Creeping colder still,
Scarce I dare stir in the sheets so chill—

It is snowing surely ?
'Tis the very funeral hush and cold of snow,
Yes ! its snow !—
Ah ! everywhere outside its falling soft and thick and
slow,
Everywhere the tremulous rhythm thrilling
Through its myriad flak'd fall.
Ah I wondered what was stilling
All the mountain's millioned leaf-tongues so,
Another crush, and I see each dim-red rafter
Above the gloom in the other room ;
And it is creeping colder, colder,
I make myself bolder,
And closer to Amy, asleep in her warm child-sleep, I
nestle,
Till the warm dear breath from her parted lips
Stirs and trembles the stray lock on my face—
Around the house again the wolf-wraiths whine
and softly wrestle,
Dying dumbly dragging their wraiths away—

Dear sister asleep, so close and cosy,
How distant your soul in its dreams may be !
Perhaps floating in harvest England amidst the noon ;
While round the broad low heavens that shimmer
aswofn,

-| Softly steep and dreamy—white cloud-mountains lie
Flat over the farthest failing sky—

The sighing stir and the breath deep-drawn—
Sweet sleeping! I place my fingers against your breast
—It dips

Rises and sinks—like the tiny ships
That I watch in my visions, so dreamily
Win o'er the heaving orb of the sea,
Clad round the Globe so sweet and small,
Storm-flanked, but clear, in a far-off moon-lit morning—
So our lives sail over, over the heart-heaved main,
Catching the thwart winds in the soul's white sails
unseen ;

Sister and sister driven asunder,
Brothers afar from brothers,
By the unseen winds in the soul's white sails unseen ;
And we voyage unknowing above those strange lands
submarine,
That shall emerge as the future's fortunate isles
In the years yet, for others.

But the wisest seaman has little warning,
By hue, or tides, of the deep realms under,
Or the nebulous regions half risen wherefor we steer—
O the slow long voyage of the tiny ship,
Round the small orb, shining, shadowed, and swift,
Rolling away into foreign stars!

Shall mine be mournful, lonely
As—so many million voyages before?
Life chained down in the body's barren and perilous
prison ;

Away from the glad, thronging convoy—
Afar from the lost sail seen :

*ling!**a/*

To strike and drown on that mysterious shore
Unmapped, unknown, as a thunder-cloud in the gloam
half-risen ?—

Shall my life be my own life only ?

Silent, sterile, miserable, mean—

Up

Foam luminous faces,
Up from the past buried under the blackness of earth
Up from the future which lies in To-morrow's sunshine;

Vivid images, founting up,
Shining bubbles quick in the star-set cup
Full of midnight's cold and tasteless wine—

Up-foaming faces; floating faces,
Faces that filled my childhood with unremembered
traces,

Noble faces—surely immortal in olden story,
Splendid faces, my fancy dare hardly shape,
From the future's mist suffused with a golden glory—
And none will stay !

Evanescing away !

As my soul leans over to kiss

They fall fading down the utter abyss,
Which my breathless soul can hardly escape ;
But not one for me takes steady form—

Side by side we sisters lie silent and warm,
While the life of the world lies away at a distance in-
finite,

Overwhelmed in the desert nothingness of the night—
Down in the wet vallies so dark and low—
Down in the pitiless cities that slumber self satiate—

(With bleary lamps in the drizzling midnight burning
a-row)

Down on the lonely lengths of the midward plain—
All the people sleeping under the regular rain—
What do they dream of the desolate uplands smothered
in snow?

Of the wet wild things that crouch and shiver,
In the white-floored darkness under the sheltering
branches, murmuring low?

Of all the untameable torrents roaring down to each
river?

Of the many and many a formless mist that clings to
the mountain slopes,

And gropes along as an old ghost gropes,
In its blind dissolving, for some long-forgotten grave—
In its blind dissolving that no heaven can save!
Of the chill inscrutable suspirations of forest air,
Fearfully breathing and dying, as if they did not dare
Live in the darksome loneliness everywhere?—
Of the sleepers alone in their lonely huts in the moun-
tain-forests lonely?

Of such souls as mine is, softly laid on the shores of
sleep,

Just below its inaccessible steep—
Laid and lifted again by thought's warm last wave,
Within the unknown heavens of endless Fate?

July '88.



Forgive, Me Friend.

Forgive me, friend, that I was cold,
And left your sorrows unconsolated,
Your soul and body hid from me,
Near all their mutual misery,
'Ruled voice and did poor limbs infold,
Wrung 'twixt love's and disease's hold,
Rejoining on this midnight sea,
Moonlit our wake of memory.

Black phantoms of our passionate yore
Toss arms upon the merging shore,
As we row onward, friend by friend,
Our wakes of tragic memories blend,
Trembling towards the phantomed shore ;
We cannot face the dark before,
But watch those passionate shadows send
Their darkness down life's trembling trend.

And so e'er onward, unconsolated,
Far o'er earth's ocean lone and cold,
Each body bears each suffering soul,
The dim horizon for our goal.

For May's Birthday.

9th December.

To a little girl who lives among the great wheat-fields of the western plains.

In the breezes born so far away,
 That convey
 Night's cool whispers to the day,
 All the wheat-waves singing sway
 Around my May,
 Like the seraph-hosts that ~~say~~ :
 "Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! And for aye !"
 Listen to the tunes they play—
 The wheat-poets, maiden May—

say/

In their England, England ! merry May,
 Who seems so gay
 While their green ranks take array,
 And the flowers light her
 Dreams of her lone southern sway,
 Autumn grey,
 With no flowers 'neath its clear day—
 Ah ! The Austral and the English day
 Make the two blue eyes of May—
 Your Godmother, maiden May,

way/

When white odour loads the hawthorn spray
 They call it May,
And its drifting breaths delay
Sunny bee and moony fay ;
 Around my May
Loves and joys all jealous play,
And no murmuring shadows yet betray
Any darkening of your day,
My morning blossom, maiden May.

When the noon the wheat doth overweigh,
 It will stay,
In too solemn joy to sway ;
So—o'er earth and far away,
 Beyond our day,
All fathers and all mothers pray,
For all children, and alway ;
All for you, whate'er they say !
So be spotless, maiden May !
 Let love be for aye
 The white blossom of my May.

Frances.

Where did my soul come from I wonder ?
 Down from a star that thrills unseen,
 Above this beautiful day
So softly orbiting round to the sea ?

That I gaze into it so yearningly ;
And my poor soul thrills like a star side-seen,
And falls in an instant away, away
With the unspeakable speed of a star,
 So far ! Fearfully far ;
And my heart fails inward so emptily,
Till the high sky swoops, a close quick screen,
And my brain is beaten as with close thunder—
 Alas ! in the deluge of blue above
 It finds no rest, and like the dove
Presses and pants at my bosom's portal
 Soon again.

But it's alive in the dark earth under
 The grass so rich, the flowers so bright
 And the mosses delicate jewelry ?
My soul is the same as the earth's I ween !
Yes the same soul flickers amongst the glistening green
 Of the wind-stroked grasses over the lea ;
And the flowers purple, yellow and dainty-white
 In their close-seen colours, sunlitten shining
 Seem like my pain ;
And they drink my soul with the same delight
 As I kneeling their soul mists drain ;
Till faint from their greedy and painless draining,
 I sink half swooningly ;
Round about me whispering wave,
Grass and flower ! Grass and flower !
 “ O the purposeless pain and fret !

Folly ! folly ! folly ! You would be
Ubiquitous and immortal ?
You change for ever every hour !
We are ever alike and so immortal ;
Grass and flower ! Grass and flower !
You are lying upon your grave,
And our roots go downward, we'll devour
Your white limbs yet !"

O and O that my self could sunder
Ocean chill and crystalline !
The secret vallies of the sea,
The heavy azure deep and dim,
Where wrecks in tideless gloom are lying,
And carven shadows swim ;
There in the cavy calmness, under
All vision and motion, I might divine
What is Nature's one Purpose, and from it mine ;

o/ Why mates, and worlds, and stars for e'er are flying—
Falling down the cataract of Time,
Falling ! Falling ! Falling !
Past the endless azure walling,
As of a bottomless pit—
O is there an end to it ?
Will the over-set urn of eternity,
Ring empty and void at last ?

Far out and o'er the waves, wide up the sighing lea
There comes the slow, low, mystic murmur of the sea

I will go home, the noon is past,
Of sunshine and of agony.

Chaucer.

O gracious morning eglantine,
Making the far old English ways divine !
Though from thy stock our mateless rose was bred,
 Staining the world's skies with its red,
Our garden gives no scent so fresh as thine,
 Sweet, thorny-seeming eglantine.

Proserpine to Pluto.

Again I lose my life beneath earth's skies so sweet.
The flocks—the kine with steeds amongst them
 strayed.

The harvest's to the threshing-circle laid—
Grape-girls with swift, swift pace of naked feet,
Like cloudlet's shadows o'er the wavering wheat ;
 Until their sunlit bosoms gain the shade—
The peaks—the shores with azure gulfs embayed—
The vivid cities and the sea-ward fleet—

Fade out as Ceres' daughter grows divine ! . . .

With thine immortal nectar O recruit me,
Quenching the savour of Sicilian wine !

No shameful human evils here we pine—

Great ghosts newfall'n round Ilium salute me ;
Thou art more great always, and thou art mine !

“ As I Lie Fevered.”

As I lie fevered and alone
All night I hear far off the church-bells ringing
With dreamy change of time and tone
Not in these depths of island silence they are swinging,
But where the great world's sabbath lies
'Neath summer skies ;
In eve and prime the continents of steeples chime on,
stinging
Softly my soul to far discoveries.

O world of souls that meet and pray !
Unto its central self of pain no longer clinging,
My soul seeks to you in your day,
And wists not of the kingdoms, o'er their altars winging
In an ubiquitous ecstasy,
From sea to glorious sea,
And o'er that west world where, new brought, the
White Christ they are singing,
That is so old in Italy.

Ah! as they break the Bread divine
 I hunger, and I thirst to see them from the far cross
 bringing

God's hearts blood, seen like wine;
 And in the mists of myrrh that rise 'neath faith's deep-
 skied day-springing

My soul swoons sweet;
 While through the ~~hills~~'s world-woven ~~feat~~ *hells/b/*
 The organ-choirs outswell, their fountain floods up-
 flinging

Of music, o'er God's feet.

O God the heavenly human eyes!
 Seeing, I seem to see the heaven of human spirits
 singing

Around Thee in the skies,
 Like a white cloud of gold about a mountain clinging,
 Seen blindly above—
 Heights o'er the reach of all their love!

Fall'n back, all round me, hark, Thy choir

Of starry angels bringing

Onwards the long flight of thy Dove!

Ournie, Monday, June 1, '91.

Byron.

Leader of Liberty, fallen in our onset
 Ere your bosom could press to its true bride the sword,

Lucifer surely leaned forth from his star,
With a cry that his fate such an end would afford.

When you sank, like the sun, in the deadly
Dense vapours that reeked from the marshes, aglare
With the glorious prodigal gold of your setting,
That reddened the face of a world struck aware.

What hero of Hellas is measured above you,
In their Pantheon, where one new statue stands white,
Its countenance splendid with morn as Apollo,
Its eyes as a pathway to uttermost night?

Outcast.

A small fire in its deepest midward burning,
It's dull light trembling up among the trees,
That rustle in the icy gushing breeze—
Grey grass around, pervasive darkness urning
The light, beside whose centre sleeps half-shown,
Amongst the grey grass, in grey blanket wound,
A pariah shape, while babbles dully round
The streamlet's modulated monotone.

To sleep to-night among these shivering trees,
In fullness of all time and travail born,
The man has waded through life's agonies ;
And now alike of hope and use forlorn,
Finds but one faithful in his miseries,
This fire—which will be ashes ere the morn.

Alone! In all the Universe alone!
 In friends, if friends such have, all memories
 Have closed o'er his absence like the seas,
 Or air his form displaced in years bygone;
 O fire be fervent in your services,
 As Love, Light, Hope, and Angel unto one!

You and I.

(To Francis Adams.)

Shall not we, ever sunward striving, sing?
 Tho' not for us the stormbird's strength may be
 On cloud-wide wings to sleep above the sea,
 Perchance to God's poor people perishing
 A little food from heaven we may bring;
 Or, joy! an olive branch of intimation,
 How ebbs oppression's world-wide inundation;
 Or else from fort to fort with missives wing.

Howe'er, at least, from curst blood-rusted cage
 Unthralled, on morn-met cliffs that shape the sea
 We chant our grief, our rapture, and our rage,
 Bemock the smug springe-setter's piety;
 Blazing abroad our holy embassy,
 Untaught, unbought ~~and~~ unblended and most free!

fi

March, 1888.

HUMOURS.



“When all is done human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, to keep it quiet, till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.”

Sir William Temple.

And werena my heart light,
I wad diè

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE.



HUMOURS.

Dirge :

(For a Fairy ; hung in a 'possum-snare.)

(1 From "The Convict Fairies.")

Far away
From the gentle day
That lights our English meadows,
Sleep ! Sleep !

Far away
From the gentle day
That lights our English meadows
Weep ! Weep !

In this south
Of fire and drouth,
Fierce lights and sultry shadows
Sleep ! Sleep !

In this South
Of fire and drouth,
Fierce lights and sultry shadows
Weep ! Weep !

No flowers abloom
To strow thy tomb,
Yet in this forest faint with honey
Sleep! Sleep!

No flowers abloom
To strow his tomb,
O in this forest faint with honey
Weep! Weep!

O may thy form
All safe from harm
Thro' stormy months and sunny
Sleep! Sleep!

O will his form
Lie safe from harm
Thro' stormy months and sunny?
Weep! Weep!

The drear curlew
Thy fate doth rue,
The night-dove's cooing close and eery,
Sleep! Sleep!

His / The drear curlew
~~Thy~~ fate doth rue,
The night-dove's cooing close and eery,
Weep! Weep!

Locusts will sing,
The birds will wing,
All things alive alert and cheery !
Sleep ! Sleep !

Locusts will sing,
The birds will wing,
All things alive alert and cheery
Weep ! Weep !

Snakes will go
Soft smooth and slow
Athwart the mould above thee mounded,
Sleep ! Sleep !

Snakes will go
Soft smooth and slow
Athwart the mould above him mounded !
Weep ! Weep !

And grass will grow,
Tho' sparse and slow,
And the mound at last grow dimly rounded,
Sleep ! Sleep !

And grass will grow,
Tho' sparse and slow,
And the mound at last grow dimly rounded !
Weep ! Weep !

Melbourne Memories.

I. MAUDIE.

Helpless, innocent, undefiled,
As St. Anthony holy hermit unversed
In the secret of love and its Art accursed,
I was in her hand, as a little child.

She marked me, for her peculiar prey,
Unsoftened of pity, unseared of shame ;
(Maudie Smith was her light-lipped name,
was She was ten years old if she ~~was~~ a day.)

Jones introduced me—treacherous Ted !
She had squeezed him dry as the passion :
Fruit that we suck in similar fashion,
Kissing him till his lips were red.

She drew aloof in dear modesty—
You *shall* be conquered, I hotly thought ;
With ardour pursued and with triumph caught—
The captive had the victory.

Her arms soft yoked o'er my yielding neck—
White plump and cool were her arms and bare,
A broad blue ribbon encircled her brow's bright hair ;
One kiss consummated my soul's shipwreck.

One kiss ! And she gave me dozens !
Dozens ?—How many, I wonder did I take ?—
Some for my own, and some for my mother's sake,
And unexistent sisters and aunts and cousins.

But all at once ? Pooh ! She was cunning—
Cunningest of the long-tressed tribe ;
No, one by one, with prayer and bribe ;
As—when she to the door came running,

At a certain knocking, just at the dusk,
And in the dim hall I stooped to greet her,
Her face fresh washed, and her warm breath sweeter
Than a handful of hyacinths, pinks, or musk.

As—when her sisters inside saluted,
For she was jealous, I would have you know ;
As—when my apples were sweet, or so ;
As—when my knee for her throne was suited ;

Then I was happy, for then they teased her,
And I defended her, earning a kiss,
And one to show them the bliss they did miss ;
And—and—after, others—because, it pleased her.

You leaned upon me you sorcer^{er}ess !
Softly I toyed with your affluent hair—
Lion-tawny its masses were ;
I felt your full breathings, each a caress

Darling ! You were the queen of lovers,
Gentle, untameable, bold and coy,

All **your** body was love and joy ;
Knowing more than your coquette discovers,

Though she grow grey in the hunting of man,
Because you were *Love*, you had nothing to do,
Being but happy you must be true ;
You could only deceive as the angels can,

Who love our love and pity our pain,
Visiting us, but far o'er our night,
Are Love and Joy, whatever our plight,
Touched with no shadow of stain.

The Syren's Song.

(Modern Version.)

"The sun is drowned in the sea I doubt,
And I'm certain the moon's gone out ;
O woe for night and alas for day,
For he loved and he rowed away !"


A Young Lady's Letter

(Received and versified by me 9th Sept. 1887.)

Your last received all right, dear friend ;
Perusing it I did intend
To never make the least reply,

But then, I thought, you'd ne'er know why
I had bestowed such snub condign ;
And, poor chap, I knew you'd pine,
As these my letters are, you vow—
Altho' I'm *sure* I can't see how—
“To you e'en as the missive moon,
Which while the sweet sun pours its noon
On summer folk behind the earth,
Who have not wit to know its worth,
Upon your dark and cruel night
Reflects rare rays of icy light.”

You will be dumb with deep delight,
To hear that on last Satur— night,
We folks relaxed from rigid rule,
All congregated at the School,
To crown the task of carting wood,
To thaw the scholars' jellied blood,
With friendly finish of a Ball !
Ah ! the time flew as flies a wall
By o'er land express racing—
(Which means we were so fast it seemed
Twas time that melting backward streamed,
Not we who forward flying dreamed.)
Ay ! awkwardest embracing
Of louts unlearned in etiquette,
Was most delightfully offset
By dreamy trance of rhythmic turning,
Till like veiled lamps our hearts were burning,
With proud desire of conquest fired.



21/ But pausing once, tho' ardent, tired,
As the dance's soul expired,
In such a tender waning wail—
So o'er *some* faces passed a pale
And flitting flush of startled shame,
For from the other room there came,
Lone thro' the instant hush'd air,
The strokes of midnight chiming clear ;
I felt a creeping filmy fear,
It was so like an angel warning ;
Beware the sacred Sabbath morning !
"The Twelve Apostles call
Us from this sacrilegious ball."
"And was that Judas last of all ?"
I queried, sinking to my seat.

2/ A shuffle of quick shifted feet,
And through the darkly opening door
There came the raging river's roar,
And form of our postmaster ;
We gathered round him faster
Than cattle round a straying pup,
And ordered him to "ant~~l~~ up"
To Caesar straight, what things were his ;
And—yes, here's two for you, Miss—
One was from you, and one from home,
I read that till Bill Honeycomb
Come up to claim me for the dance,
Then with a first and final glance—
Said : "From a chap I keep in tow,

Should *all* my other cakes be dough.”
He whispered: “*That I'm sure is false.*”
Into the vortex of the valse
Soft swirling, I ablush and dumb :
“*Encouraged he'd ne'er send but come.*”
A pleasant fellow Honeycomb—
Were not his whiskers so like foam
Of clayland creek in summer spate,
I fancy he might prove our fate.

We danced. The depthy dark was waning.
We danced. The dyes of dawn were staining
The royal roof of holy morn ;
The lights were faded and forlorn ;
The entering air was chill and cheery ;
If I were somewhat cloyed and weary,
I danced again to end the ball ;
Tho' motion mirth and music all
Like to left lees began to pall.

The Sabbath sunbeams level,
The faint dust rousèd by our revel,
Smote through with thin blades sharply shining
On veering vestures, arms intertwining,
On fleeting faces, floating hair,
On glistening jewels, flowers fair ;
And dimly seen and keenly striking,
Like subtile swords of Seraphim
Sent down to smite us breast and limb—

A Has nibbled your own heart hollow,
 Out quite hollow,
 But does it follow
 That it should nibble mine ?
 Tho' it *might* be pleased well
 Hiding in its throbbing cell—
 What shadow's in your eyes ashine?—



O it's frightened! What a pity!
What a pity!
But how very pretty
Is the way in which it goes!
See its red shadow run,
Like a cloudlet o'er the sun,
Like the dawn-rise o'er the snows!

O the mousie's very cunning,
Very cunning,
I could hear it running,
In and out and in again,
When my head was on your breast—
Does it never, ever rest?
May I listen, dear, again?

Melbourne Memories:

II. A BALLADE OF BERTHA'S MOUSTACHE.

I noticed it not when we did meet
In that brat-infested Farraday Street,
Yet something struck me, and when once more
I came to her shrine in that Drapery Store,

(Whose business basis was strictly cash,)
Over me then the knowledge did flash :
Why Bertha has a little moustache !

The downiest, delicate pencilling !
There's no shade on a butterfly's wing
So daintily darkened, so soft and rare
As that shadowing of invisible hair ;
A butterfly hardly would leave so slight
Evanescence of bloom on the fingers white
Of a child that had marred its flight.

You've faintly felt on your twilitten face
The air of a swallow's arrowy pace ?
So faint on her face that little moustache !
To call it one is both cruel and rash,
And the grace of its shape doth eclipse
The swallows grace, as its tiny tips
To the corners curve of her crimson lips.

Bertha ! if you were a boy and I were a girl !—
How my heart beats would hasten, and brain would
 whirl,
To kiss it, *so softly* !—only to try
If it's as lovely to lips as eye ;
Why, you're worth wooing e'en as it is !
Well worth wooing, merely for this ;
Just for the " frill " of your crimson kiss !

A Valentine.

I know that love
A curse would prove
Could e'er its mutual mesh enchain us ;
And " being friends "
Too surely ends
In rancour endless, heinous ;
And earth's so base
A biding-place
That e'en acquaintanceship has dangers ;
But I mistake,
Or we would make,
The very best of strangers !

**Colophon.**

Like a weaving swarm of swallows
O'er a pool i' the setting sun,
Fleeting fancy fancy follows,
What is the worth of the web when done ?



NOTES



(1) *Dedication.* I was unaware, when writing this, that Olive Schreiner had returned to South Africa.

(2) *Page 18.* I must exonerate myself from the suspicion of plagiarising the epithet from Swinburne's "*Ave Atque Vale,*" which was unknown to me when writing "*With the West Wind.*"

(3) *Page 25.* On awakening from the dream described, the last, italicised stanza alone remained with me and was at once written down as given; the apparently incongruous preceding stanza embodying, as tersely as possible, the import of the rest of the song, which I could never verbally recall.

(4) *Page 40.* The irony with which my Dream-self foisted this rather hideous and barbarous theme on Arnold's "Dorian Muse Severe" seemed to me so exquisitely audacious that I felt compelled to abide by it. The dream or vision related occurred on, I think, the 18th of January last year.

(5) *Page 65.* I think it is fitting to say that the title of this

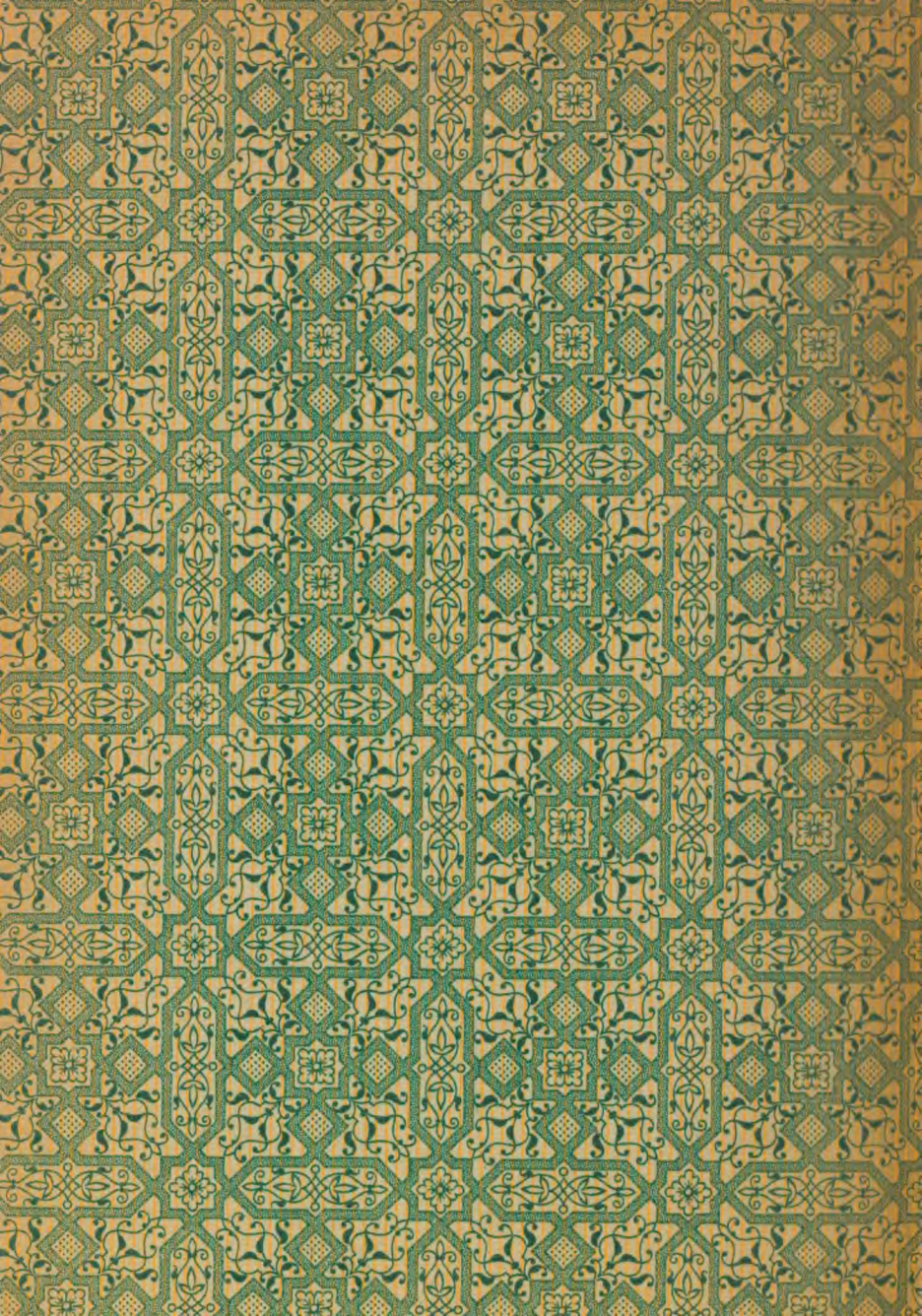
poem is literally true, notwithstanding occasional verses, such as on page 27, to the contrary.

(6) *Page 87.* These lines are from Herrick's "Ode to Master Endymion Porter upon his Brother's Death." The italics are mine.

(7) *Page 93.* See "Madeline Brown," by Francis Adams, particularly the Prologue, and Epilogue. ("Yes—no" is the refrain of a waltz played as she is dying.)



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