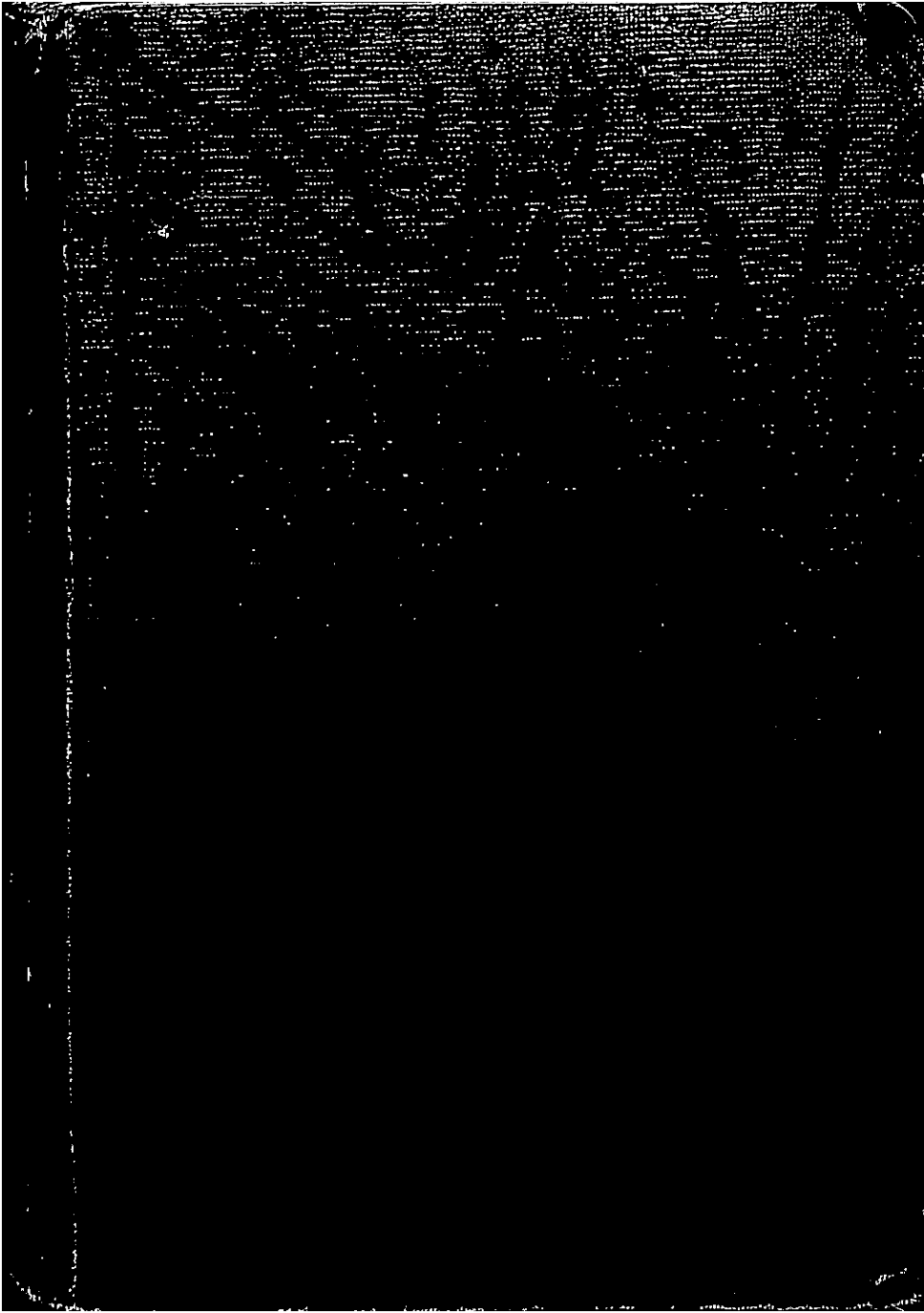




Roundel for Pease 88

Faithless Middleclass 130

Cry into a hell 135

Lais is dead 177

Another bunch of little songs
Plucked with no one about,
From all the gaily colored throngs
That put Spring past a doubt.

'Tis no bouquet or basket, rich
With rifled Paradise,
But blooms that grow in hedge or ditch,
Unlovely to most eyes.

POEMS

by
J. H. Hewitt

1927-28 (march 19th)

Sonnets .

from a Sequence.

originally consisting of eighty
and three sonnets:

Together with three sonnets in
reply to criticisms.

The former were writ during the months
of September, October, December, 1926
January, February and March 1927
The latter on the 14th August of the same
year.

The Meeting Season.

3

'Twas in the summer season that we met.
O Blessed hour supremely of all hours;
The blue field session of sunshine & flow'rs:
The fairest stone in Time's ^{coronal} (diadem) set.
For Autumn weather brings the weary fret
At languishing of Nature's fertile powers:
And in the Spring chill winds & biting showers
Harsh Winter's woes vainly bid us forget.

Tho' we are in the Springtime of our days,
Fresh as the new unfolding bright green leaf
We shall pass thro' the Autumntide of grief
As all must do, & thro' Eld's misty haze.
This present is most sweet: God we shall praise
If it be not as they, shortstaid & brief.

Springing Fancies.

In dull drab days descendeth heavy plougt
And some grow sad at heart with thinking so.
Our fields are mire or blanketed with snow
That holdeth fast the crocus' breaking out
Into that tiny purple streaked shout
Play'd shrilly on the trumpet of the slow
And beautiful battalion which, we know
Will drive forth weary winter in wild rout.

Still tho' no flower for me is yet a bloom
And skies are grey and cold with gloomy frown
My darkened heart doth quickly re-illumine.
Cheerful I catch in days unpromising
The lovely near approachment of the Spring
Because my lady casts all sorrow down.

City Frost.

5

The town hath don'd her diadem of frost
And in the sun pink shine the hills with snow.
A gentle surf hath rim'd the grass below
Save here and there green footsteps where have crost
The wandering ways of aimless sheep and lost.
Two lonely chimneys in the morning throw
Soft jets of frail smoke curling wreath and slow
No longer by the tumbling breezes tost.

I think th' abode of spirits is as this
So rarefied the atmosphere and sweet,
And how always the heavenly hosts of bliss
Do raptur'd run on noiseless winged feet
Along the jasper road, the jacinth street,
And how a holy angel my love is.

An Autumn Day.

'Twas as a mad tumultuous march day
Tho' brown dry crisp leaves bristled my glowing cheek
The only words I had the heart to speak
Were mournful for fair Summer's swift decay.
The clouds were rolling in a chain of gray
Like to some giant chimney's puffed reek:
With shrouded beam the sun sprang forth to seek
Puddles as sparkling pools where he might play.

On a like day my soul might flutter free
And as a crisp brown leaf thy soft cheek touch
While on bare bough a bird sing heartily
So that you may not sorrow overmuch
But say "altho' my lover now is dead
I shall not mourn since Autumn's gold and red"

A Rainy Day.

7

The landscape was one with the heavy sky
Save that black trees stood out bare branch and clear
A hollow wailing wind that whistled drear
Was broken only by a curlew's cry.
The rain was falling falling endlessly
And dripping dismal from the last leaves sere:
Yet on each Autumn petal gem'd a tear
Unravish'd if the rough wind passing by.

Thus then in Life, if sorrow to her come
And she grow old and gray and very weak
Altho' her anguish bids her voice be dumb
If one pearl tear but glisten down her cheek
She'll be as fair to me as now she is
For each tearstain was once a burning kiss.

Autumn's Boon

It was a day only known to Autumn
When with repentance in her eyes and hair
The aging year looks back mid heavy care
At the bright passing of her summer pride
Haking the boughs from whence the sap has died
Sighful she moans recalling she was fair:
Yet to her eyes the joy of woods aflame
Speaks new loveliness on every side.

For Summer's crude in odor and in hue,
And Spring is rash with youthful lustiness:
A mellow beauty in sweet things grown old
Is God's own mercy, shews how He doth bless.
O Love what splendor is now about you do
Your soul such justice as will Autumn's gold.

Memories

9

Three broad white moons have turn'd to sickle edge
Since we first walkt upon a distant shore
And stopt to catch the low sea's grumbling roar
Or pluckt the twining wildrose from the hedge:
Since we capturd sat on high rock ledge
With warm cheeks fann'd by the cool breeze that bore
The curlews' mournful crying passing o'er.
But recollection often seems a dredge

Cast down into the deeps of memory,
And with the gems and pearls to surface brought
A tangle of green slimy weeds is caught
And goggle eyed strange creatures of the sea.
Thank God that when our net is so drawn up
All's clear and fresh as in a crystal cup.

Penelope

O sweetly nimble finger'd is my love
Like to the Grecian queen Penelope
Who waited her lord's coming from the sea
Her rare unmatched faithfulness to prove.
Between her fingers did not lighter move
Weaving or ravling out that tapestry
Than do my lady when unendingly
Her colors in the fabric like some grove

Of Fairy land so softly green and red
She worketh in her own unequal'd style.
Lo! fairest yet when gently turns her head
From her rich work to give a timid smile
Like one who had forgot a little while
Her dreams in toil but soon remembered.

Rome

11

I saw a white horse in the street today:
It drew me back over three thousand years
And I caught the gleam of the sloping spear
And the shining legions' steely array.
With the loud trump and brassy bugle's bray
Mingled I caught the clamor and the cheer
That crashed in chorus from the crowded tier
As Caesar with his pomp swept on his way.

So, when I see my love my mind runs free
To the dim days of world renowned queen
All in a trice I view enraptur'dly
The holy mystery that her beauty means:
And each fair face in history's colored scene
Is my lady's and he's alone to me.

13

Three Sonnets in reply to
Critics.

I On a Plea of Insincerity

Am I sincere? Now do you think my words,
Or say the holy truths enshrouded there,
Are rendered thence less beautiful, less fair
Because I choose to dub my Seconds Thirds?
Nay rather: you are surely fond of birds
O how they warble blandly free of care!
Yet who would for a type take them or dare
To sermonise the ethics of the herds?

They slay to live, and rob, and steal, and fight,
And bicker fondly when the toil is done,
But what can rival in the dawning light,
Or when life lingers languid in the sun
Their artistries of music and rare sound
That seem eternal purities song-crown'd?

II To a Plea of Dogmatism

Am I dogmatic? Why should I not be?

The sunshine begs no leave to shine on us
And summer sends its gloried overplus
Of splendid blossom to enrapture me
Without permission pleaded servilely
With whining accents and most piteous
Phrasing as when one stammers thus & thus
"An if you please and may I or you see

"I would be a boon if I were but allowed"

Why then should I who would proclaim such things
As these, which must be either bold or proud -
Bright banner'd summers, autumns or green springs
Fierce sunshine beating on dull frozen seas -
Mutter and mouth obscure apologies?

III To One who Disagrees.

You don't agree with what I say? Well Friend
I ask not that you mumble made-up praise.
The safest weather's not in sunny days
When every adverse breath is close embroiled.
'Tis rather when the Wind gods shower & spend
Largesse and treasures in ample space
Letting no vessel lie in dull dismays
But driving onward to its destined end.

If but by challenging your smug conceit
I bid ye scan your dusty creeds anew;
If I needs must sow wild tares in your wheat
To make ye wonder whence the wheat stems grew,
What shall it matter if you give some name
To all my work according praise or blame?

The New Year 1927

What holds this year for us? We cannot say
And Nature has ordained it wisely so:
Since one will come and one will sadly go,
And one most bitter will reluctant stay.
For some it holds a promise fair as day,
And one will find it vengeful as a foe,
And some will deem it as one in the slow
Procession that in passing turns all gray.

For me no year appeared so brightly hued
Hinting of happiness beyond all hope.
Lo - chances lie on all sides plentiful strewn
Tempting the usance of my fullest scope.
For inspiration's mine bravely to dare -
A lovely maiden fairest of the fair.

17
If I should die.

When I am dead will

If I should die would you shed bitter tears
And force thine grief in one wild frantic day
Or would you ^{will}sorrow ever nigh and stay
And walk with me slow footed, all the years?
Would you for terror of my soul have fears
That I had gone a flintsharper bloody way?
Or would you ^{will}seek forgetfulness in gay
And glad communion with my former peers?

I would that you have hope in both of us;
That I am free from curbing earthly bars,
That you are left albeit tremulous
To watch a little longer lovely life
For you should know beyond this seeming strife
Infinity's blue is studded with stars.

my art.

How merely catalogic is my art!
Imagination's colors not in it.
Yet please to know that every word I've writ
Is copied from the tablets o' my heart.
How each diversified item should outstart
From my dull page had I the requisite
And necessary talent or the wit.
Notwithstanding, I think mine is the better part;

For every poet's not so fortunate
As I who have a fair one to admire
Who symbolises clear my heart's desire,
At whose dear smile my soul grows so elate
That I would fear for her no cruel Fate,
And brave unawed the horrid nether fire.

If Shame Befall

If some sad day I do a deed of shame
Or seeming shame, that men should turn the head
And pass me by, or speak of me as dead,
Or make a byword of my once fair name;
If I inherit with some others fame
That is ignoble, dire and full of dread
And leave all I had thought accomplished
As ashes then, that was so bright of flame;

If such should be the fate time has in store,
I would not bow my head and meekly pass,
Giving my heart unto Remorse a prey:

Tho' I should walk the common ways no more
My soul should hold a title of joy that was
If I still in thee have faith my love did say.

Lord of the Caravanserai

O all ye merchants with rich goods and rare
That come to trade in Menmy's busy mart
Pass on and pass each to his settled part
Nor ring'd around me ever sheepish stare!
No pauper mind is mine, I've stuffs to spare,
And cloth of gold is fabric o' my heart.
Lo! when my caravan doth turn to start
A thousand servants smooth my path with care.

For see, this high embossed palangin
Hung so with gold and purple draperies
Is that which Earth's first princess rides within
And on embroider'd cushions takes her ease
No barterer of spices, pearls or gems
Is worthy now to touch our garments' hems.

Lyrics and Triolets.

Triolet

I've rung the sonnet's little bell,
So now I turn to triolet.

I do not ask how ill or well
I've rung the sonnet's little bell.
Nor is there need for you to tell
I have no force to ease Life's fret-

I've rung the sonnet's little bell
So now I turn to triolet.

Blown Roses.

Blown roses, blown roses,
Hope and Sadness you bring.

Time is a god who throws his
Blown roses, blown roses
Into the mould that grows his
Flowers of the coming Spring.

Blown roses, blown roses,
Hope and Sadness you bring.

O Lilies.

O Lilies lov'd of our Lord Christ,
O Roses he never knew,

For his purity you suffic't,
O Lilies lov'd of our Lord Christ.
But for the pain so dearly print'
Thorns and Roses grew —

O Lilies lov'd of our Lord Christ,
O Roses he never knew.

O grass.....

O grass on the top of the wall
I hold you dear for a season.

When the autumn wrong'd golden leaves fall,
O grass on the top of the wall,
You still show your greenness to all
Despite the cold sunshine's pale treason.

O grass on the top of the wall
I hold you dear for a season.

Chanson for the Times.

Hunger & cold come closer ev'ry day;
And faces wan & nerveless frost blue hands
Fiercely proclaim the bitterest demands
And passionate for rights deprived pray.

I, mid my lucky comforts, dare not say,
Lest each poor victim rightly understands
"Hunger & cold come closer ev'ry day,
Consume the vaunted strongness of our lands"

For doing so my kin I should betray
And give them over to the bick'ring brands
That dark envisag'd Civil Strife commands.
Therefore, at least adown no bloody way
Hunger & cold come closer ev'ry day.

"Rondeau" When the heart's young "

When the heart's young it doth not sigh -
The rose heeds not that it will die,
Nor does the pear dream of its fall
As it overhangs the mossy wall
In the long noonday of July.

The myriad birds' commingled cry
When dawning creepeth o'er the sky
Bespeaks a loving human call
When the heart's young.

No thought the sun hid dust will spy,
Nor into secret corners pry
When it comes streaming thro' the small
Close window to the soul's dark hall
Does kindle sick anxiety
When the heart's young.

Roundel.

You shall not go without one kiss -
Once more your arms around me throw.
Till we recall our olden bliss
You shall not go.

I'll be content when, Love, I live
Thy fair soul's butterfly shall blow
Away from me, its chrysalis.

See! brightly burning my lamp is
Yet must it flicker dim and low -
Till our hearts' love shall come to this
You shall not go.

Song "I love Thee since I must"

I love thee since I must,
Since there's no help for it.
Unworthy such a trust,
O God make me more fit.

'Twas ever thus, alack,
Trail feet climb steepest road:
And weakest, most bent back
Bears up the heaviest load.

So God confounds the wise,
And laugheth at the strong,
And giveth Paradise
To him that makes this song.

A little Boy's Song.

When I see primroses I
think of you: I don't know why;
or crocuses or fresh green grass or
white clouds in the sky.....

When I see stars at night I
think of you: I'll tell you why.
They are very near to God up there
in the lovely sky.....

I have never any doubts
About the Spring
For all the feather'd scouts
Do sweetly sing:

And green leaves peep their tips
Along black boughs,
And the little lambkin skips
Out to browse:

And my love tosses back
Her soft dark hair
And shews a snowwhite neck
I'd kiss if I dare.

O Play at once all thy rare chords
Tremblingly beautiful and sweet
O master Music-maker!
Lay the spoils of a thousand swords
Beneath her gentle golden feet
O Captain Battle-breaker

Seek out the richest diadems,
Fragrances of Eastern spice
O Sailor from dim seas;
O Wiseman, give thy stratagems,
Poet, thy dreams of Paradise,
Since my Lady's queen o' these

Loveliness

My love is young & very fair,
 Beautifully black of hair,
 Smooth & soft of cheek.
 Yet I forget her wonders when,
 In the rarest now & then,
 Sweetly she doth speak.

For she hath a gentle voice
 Like a lute's soft string'd noise
 Delicately play'd.
 Lo! when move mild lips of her
 Deeply doth my heart 'gin stir,
 Sadly grows afraid -

Lest my ear be far too dull
 To catch the accents beautiful
 And the lovely words,
 As when at dawn we hear the small
 Faint-wing'd joy most musical
 Of heavenly sweet birds

Loveliness O loveliness
 Such as men might never guess
 Did not some musicianer
 Give Life's ample strings a stir,
 While by a strange miracle
 Throbbeth beauty from a bell,
 Swinging upward to its close
 Sweeter than a dewy'd rose.

A Sojourner in Persia to his Love
beyond the Sea.

O Wilt thou listen while I sing
Browneyes, Browneyes?
For cometh now the Persian spring
And Winter dies.

The far off hills are white with snow:
Deep snow still lies
In valleys lone where time treads slow
And no suns rise.

Red and white clover scents the air,
And blackbirds' cries,
— all splendour of the Spring is here
And droning flies.

Daisy, dock, and cornflower blue,
Beneath these skies
To me recall each native hue
With glad surprise.

As I think of my own land, of thee,
Come heavy sighs
Unbidden, and across the sea
my spirit flies.

So now, O Love, I pray that thou
Wilt not despise
This little vine-crown for thy brow,
Browneyes, Browneyes.

Fireside Days.

The old folk sit around the fire
And tell the passing o' their years:
How each one got his heart's desire,
And paid for it with blood & tears.

When I am old I trust that I
Shall sit alone by no dim fire,
And sadly muse or sadder sigh
Because I misst my heart's desire.

My hope in God, is that we two
Shall sit together hand in hand
And watch the pleasant years we knew
Like pictures in bright colors stand-

Then slowly up the chimney melt,
With odor of burnt wood's brave scent
While in our hearts is deeply felt
The restful spirit of Content.

Dramatic Lyrics.

41

The Last Words of Laurence
Minot, monk, sometime poet and
soldier.

In younger days I had good fame:
Bola Laurence Minot was my name,
Medeems ye heard it long ere this; -
The singer of the battles ten,
And of the bravest of brave men
In fairer times than these Lewis.

Goodhap I am gone from the fight
And left the clanging lists so bright
To tread the cloister'd silences
Of holy peace & vanquish'd sin:
And yet I yearn me for the din,
The clapping hands & all the praise,

So in high Heaven on my lance
I'd carry as I did thro' France
Boed Edward's pennon unasham'd.
And should God eer this dear thing grant
Glad I'd sing out as in Brabant
What time our English bows grew fam'd.

"O Glory to the King of Kings"
Hark! Blithely now the angel sings
Nay! my mind groweth wan and dim
I nothing see save golden light.
Christ, is this ending o' my fight?
And do I hear the vict'ry hymn?

Vendetta.

47
I went to see the man now dead
Lie shallow in his broad white bed
For in our sunny days of youth
Before long living poison'd truth
He had been mate of mine at play,
Companion of holiday.
But later he had done me wrong
Foreign the purport of my song.
I went to dream and to forgive
The man I hated when alive;
But when I saw him lying dead
So narrow, frail, in broad white bed
I felt a joy rise in my heart
That mine had been the better part -
my triumph now and his defeat -
The chieftain come his thrall to meet
For all his fame lay at my hand
To blast or bless at my command.

Marie, courtesan of Paris, to Sir Guy
du Cri Bruyant, in prison.

Say, art thou sad come now so soon to die?
And dost thou deem thy days of any worth
Since all is done and all are gone save I?

Goodhap, I always lov'd the pleasant earth,
The fields fresh full o' Maymorn to the brim,
White clouds and sunshine at the spring tides birth
When all the little birds do loudly hymn
The gentleness of Christ at Easter time,
And winter days are nigh forgot and dim
Behind the dream wove by the holy chime
Of Pascal bells from windy tower or spire
With ether blithe beating and recurrent rime.

Love me now well Sir Guy, since in the mire
Lie all thy hopes and dreams in deep disgrace
Yet what lackt ye that any could desire

It pass'd this joy, and I felt go
The bitter fire that burning slow
Had kept my heart a red hot coal
In vengeance 'gainst my wronger's soul:
For he lay now in narrow space
With wry pallor o'er his face,
And leaden lips and fingers long,
Who had wrought me most grievous wrong.

I could not make a hard word come
So I was dumb, since he was dumb.

I bow'd me down and kist his head,
And left the wrong and wronger dead.

I lov'd the seasons' coming-on apace
And one month merging slowly in the next
As childish cheeks grow like a man's face.
Albeit my mind is bitterly perplexed
That nothing better is for men to do
Than kill each other being a little vexed:
When mother earth is kind the whole year thro'
Altho' we oft do foolish tricks and back
And lie and live a host of things untrue.

Met thinks thy life was rough, yet fair and glad
With storm and sun much mixt like a March day -
now summery and soft now rude and mad.

Curst be Sir John and Rupert too, I pray.

O Heaven give us more than one small drink
Where 'tis to see the green approach of May.

What would ye now Sir Guy? Another drink
From this cool flagon of good wine and sweet?

O God, my heart grows heavy when I think
Ye never will ride up the roaring street
In answer to one challenging God's knight -
And I shall never hear thy mailed feet
{^{Ring?} Come} up that stairway close upon midnight,
And hurried set a red rose in my hair
And trim the gutter'd lamp and set it right
That thou might'st see me as I was then, fair
For all my lovers' bruising o' the bloom
Tho' then wert one of those I did not dare
To dream I might be more than those dames whom
Ye make the plaything of a little hour
Ere taking such another in its room.

O God, that men should have such hellish power
Of making maiden hearts to love and break,
And lavish all their bright angelic power
For some vain bombast fellow's small smug sake

I know I speak much louder than I should.
Yet 'tis because my heart doth deeply ache:

And I will shout, a trumpet in the wood,
 To gainsay God and call him cruel, cold -
 A nothing-knower of warm human blood -
 An unclean imaging from days of old
 When Gods were bloody Moloch, Mahound, Bel
 Not truly he who was for silver soled,
 That wrought each lovely healing miracle
 To ailing folk in body or in soul -
 And now lies hid in some far citadel
 Among black Satan's prisoners in some hole
 - Yea such as this, since evil triumphs yet
 And helpless flaps the banner on the pole
 While jousting men do cravenly forget
 That battle lies between his kin and us.

I deem Christ Jesus eyes are sadly wet
 With thinking on our plight so piteous
 Enow.

I blame thee not Sir Guy my dear.
 Stir once and I will call the guards to us
 They well might curb the bitter curl and sneer

That wrinkles quickly round thy pinched lips.

Come I will kiss'em now without a fear
 That thou wilt turn away at such eclipse
 Of all thy scorn and fane when I was but
 A wanton who for gold would touch those lips.

Yea Guy my love, thine eyes keep tightly shut
 Lest thou should see my face after such years

Recall ye call'd me, one sad day 'a slut
 Fearful and only good for shedding tears'

Nay now I do not speak reproach at all:
 God knows this hardship only more endears
 Sir Guy Knight errant of The Clamant Call
 To Marie courtesan of Paris town,
 The fairest wench within the city wall -

O Guy I surely do not see you frown?

An English Galley passes the Siren's Isle -

The Helmsman speaks -

All was silent save for a sigh
From someone dreaming languidly:
Tho' in their hearts they heard the croon
From muffled breakers on the shore
Of some small secret still lagoon
Where helplessly the day dawn wore
Full slowly into afternoon.

The galley drifted on its way
All satiate with the slambrous day.
Here only flapt the silken sail
With a soft incessant swing;
There only shone the dented mail,
As gently did the harness ring
Of some sad knight bespent and pale.

25
The sun, no eye could gaze upon
Save snaid in that blue mesh'd lawn
Of tangled waves and timid spray
That broke in beauty from our bow,
Ruled all serene as lord of day,
A burning jewel on his brow
To mark his soveran scorching sway.

Some cordage crackt and I saw stir
The battle drows'd musicianer
Who lay along the bleacht pine boards
Of that ship's length and stately girth:
Then all at once awoke the lords
Deeming one had caught sight of earth
And grasp't they firm dewrusted swords.

And Ran the battle breaker bold
Forgot that he and they were old
And blithely sang a lilting stave
Of deeds done now an hundred years
When all names known of men were brave,

And I lord o' a thousand spears,
Before our youthful strength outgave.

Then many strove to rise and see
Where these wan waters endlessly
Beat out their mystical refrain
And palmtops tilted like green plumes
Seem'd but to breath a subtle rain
Of spiced odors and perfumes
Rare as the may in English lane.

Sudden there rose a tremulous
mild melody affrighting us,
Like to our burning nightingales
That loudly long in turbit woods
Squander, as the white moon fails
Harmonious wealth in solitudes,
Till we recal'd the warning tales
Of siren maids and subtle song
That worketh deep and deadly wrong.

Remember'd then our galley too,
And swung a fathom to the wind,
And brake in white a heaving blue
Round wave that soon was east behind -
How strong that spell full well we knew.

Expectant each bent down his ear
To catch the sweetness coming near.
The vessel checkt and shiver'd deep
Then stood like charger good in stall
Whateine his master taketh sleep,
Right ready for a sudden call
To urge the quicken'd stride and leap.

I saw them or I saw them not
Since all is one now and forgot;
For round about a misty haze
Had hid their faces from my view,
And like a dream of former days
That cometh in kind whiles to you
Was that whereon we bent our gaze.

I saw in dream a woven cloth
Of happy days and bitter both:

Bright nights of silence and cold peace
And frosty twinkling stars above,
And fever'd tumults void of ease,
And frantic summers brimmed with love,
And restfulness of shady trees.

Great Ban beheld mild moons of bliss
With mellow gentleness, I wis.

My warriors' cheeks glow'd with hid fire
As tho' they call to mind some sweet
And sadly savour'd done desire
Long trodden under dusty feet
Of restless years that never tire.

I saw dim pity in their eyes,
And yet content of Paradise

Did seem to fill each tann'd face
Such as we see on olden Loves
Who by the glowing ingle place

The last and highest pleasure proves
Which time in wrinkles fine doth trace.

Albeit the spell so darkly wrought
Was no avail and came to naught,
For all were stiff and weak of will,
Too badly bruised in old wars
To feel the raptur'd magic thrill
Of sirensong or charmed stars
That bids old yearning cries be still.

A gentle breath now waxen strong
Bore us by that enchanted song:
And Ban lay down and turn'd to rest
And each one else his sword laid by
And soon the steady heaving breast
Respoke the sleepers - all save I
Who turn'd us boward to the west.

The Doggie Man.

I know a man who loves his dogs
As one might love his son:
He takes them every Sunday
Beyond the hills, to run.

He goes out there, just past our house
When folk are still abed -
You'd know him by his quick command
And slouchy crunching tread.

He comes back home just past our house
When folk are all at tea:
But he walks proud and talks as loud
As tho' he'd company.

I've seen a poet's pleasure
When he pens a magic phrase
That skilfully recaptures
The glories of gold days:

I've seen a painter's rapture
As with a loving brush
He pictures God as Moses saw
Within some burning bush:

But never have I seen such
A joy as deep and wide
As when he comes from racing,
His whippets by his side!

The Pedlar.

I would that my father had taught me
the truck of the swinging sledge,
or learn'd me the lore of leather,
or the weaving of the sedge,
instead of the knowledge of horses
and the wild things o' the hedge,

for here in this smoky city,
dark street and dirty mill,
I must beg and lie and bluster
ere I can earn my fill
because no man who lives here
has any need of my skill:

and I who know the wild horses,
and all their ills and cures
cull'd from the herbs o' the hedgerows,
or gather'd on the moors,

must live on the meagre pittance
humility secures.

O God! isn't something astray now
When I with my youth and health
am forbid to do what I dream of,
or love in secret, by stealth
because in the markets of labor
I reckon not as wealth?

For I dream of my wild horses
that run the sombre woods
and crackle the old boughs under
in leafy solitudes

then I slap the door and whimper
"Buy Smithkin's Patent Foods"

Dedicated
In Memory

to

Sacco
and Vanzetti

murdered on the twenty-third
day of August nineteen twenty-
seven by the legal minions of
American capital after seven
years' imprisonment.

The Verdict of the Shades.

I sat by the fireside dreaming, revolving the deeds
of these days

And picturing figures and fancies in the heart
of the red hot blaze.

I dream'd I saw George Washington, and I heard
his bitter cry [die?

"My people, O my people, why must these strangers
Are there not pleasant prairies where men might
toil to eat?

And must ye crush these men's souls beneath
hate shodden feet?

"But they have sinned" I hear one say "and
surely must atone" "a stone?"

America, are we the first to dare to cast
I was a rebel and your sires took up
the rebel's flag.

Are ye the folk to bob and bow and
loyalty to brag?

Yea, and the banner over us, with its

Triumphant stars, bars?
Surely the stripes upon it are not as prison

A shade beside him spake out then and it was
Quaker Paine, [again
"O that I now were living and writing once
So might I pen my pamphlets as in the days of yore
When thou and I, O Washington, drove Britain
from our shore.

In one small town they tried a man for
less than I would write;
And now beneath your statue, who led the
rebel fight,
They torture men who think as we, albeit
strangers they,
Would God, O my America, we had not seen
this day "

69
Execution Eve.

I listend close
to catch a word
of how the murder'd men
had fard

the evning of that
tedious time.
before they laid them
deep in lime.

I caught the tone
announcers use
in broadcasting the
latest news

Mister Baldwin
coming home,
back to his fugs and pipe
and loam

the Queen today
leaves Buckingham
a horse runs off
a capsized tram

no play at Lords
owing to rain
..... the tennis
champion of Spain

golf at Dublin:
clever play
the franc has somewhat
dropt today

Mister Blank will
give a talk
about the properties
of chalk.

71
That was all the
news I heard.
Does it matter
how they faid?

They're not news:
indeed, I fear
they mean the
Revolution's near.

1957.

The news comes over on the singing wires
"New York has fall'n: Chicago is in flames:
Boston is burning too; naught save the names
Are left of Panama and Buenos Ayres!
Amid the Rocky Mountains' snowy spires
The red flag beckons to the bloody games
The lonely hunters petting at the shames
And sins done in the country of their sires.

The barricades are up: and men drop dead
Beneath the whistling hail of endless lead
Triumphant, glad... and blest unendingly
Because a banner waveth overhead
And ever in their ears there rings a cry
'Remember murder'd Sacco, Vanzetti' //

Miscellaneous Verse
From August 1927.

To be Hung in a New Home.

God bless this House and All within.
Let Happiness be Our Latchpin,
And Virtue be the Doorpost strait,
And Charity hold up the gate,
And Honour like a Rose-in-bloom
Fill ev'ry Nook with rare Perfume,
And Temperance and modesty
Grow round it like a sheltring Tree.

Of All the Virtues' Regiment
O Grant us None before Content.
Add then the Others if You will
But let Contentment rule us still.
Since Holiness is not for all
Because we falter so and fall
Enough if Thou our Days wilt bless
With thine own Gift Contentedness.

Lines for a Silhouette
"Endymion in Arcady"

When the lovely, dewy, cool
morning cometh, beautiful
glimring o'er the sloping lawn
homeward scampers this small faun
who all night has papt one tune
to his paramour, the moon;
for this little hornéd faun
is a quaint Endymion,
aping that Latmian prince
dust and dreamery long since.

The Fruit Vendor.

A dusty street, a hawker's cart
Laden with plunder of the mart,
An ass with melancholy ears,
Oblivious to joys or fears;
A name writ large in gaudy wise
Unlovely both to ears and eyes.
But then I saw him standing there,
A secret sunshine in his hair,
A faroff solitary grace
Wistfully moving in his face.
In his right hand I saw the shapes
Of apples, plums, and purple grapes,
Downy plums, grapes dewy and cold,
Ruddy apples and red as gold,
The very scalepan a platter of gold.
So from fact's fetters fairly freed
I let him pass me, Gany-mede!
in his scalepan's platter's gold.

77 The Buddhist Sings —

Thro' cycles and dim periods
I shall become as were the Gods
who took the whirling starry track
that threadeth thro' the Zodiac,
and never once shall I look back.

Things that I love, that cause me wrath,
are obstacles upon my path.
The things that please, or give me pain,
success or momentary gain,
I leave behind — a broken chain.

For I have found my hope in this —
that I shall break life's chrysalis
and then, a winged butterfly
all sorrow shall I sure pass by,
free from the I and the Not-I.

The Ballad of the Tout.

I went to France in late fifteen
Home on leave three times or four,
I had a job behind the line
In the Ordinance Corps.
Got transfer'd to the Rifles
An' never went home more.

In 'seventeen the time we ran
That bloody awful spring,
Amid the whizzbang's serenade,
The brassy bullets' ping,
And far away the dull pom poms
Like music on one string,

We ran, I say, an' I ran too,
A splinter took me in the neck
An' I lay an' watcht the starshells
Stiffly on my back,

When all at once beside my head
A hand grenade went crack.

I dreamt I died an' hurried home
An' stood beside the fire,
An' watcht my dad and mother read
A buff brown tragic wire.
An' heard my father mutter
"What more could man desire

Thai fall asleep before his foe,
Undaunted, unsubdued?
Thank God O Mother that our son
Provid of the loyal blood"
I tried to touch his hand then
As proud an' straight he stood.

My mother cried, God comfort her,
I was her only son.
So many things come back to me
I wish I hadn't done

I almost feel afraid to walk
Abroad beneath God's sun.

She murmured too "My 'ero boy"
An' dried her shinin' tears
Like some old queen ye usta see
In the happy years
When I woin' play'd some stirrin' thing
O' Hamlets or Shakespeares'.

I woke an' felt I daint go home.
The number reset to me
Was finisht off that very day -
Not once before did we
In all our deeds or arguments
So nearly quite agree -

He had no friends at home, poor Blake
So I was posted dead.
An' for six months O six long months
I never left my bed;

And when I woke an' saw an' spoke
They cald me him instead.

You were at Menin Gate? It was
The finest o' parades
But I couant help seein' beyond the crowds
The must'in' o' the shades.
Bloody little ban' playin' among 'em
Bloody little gold braids.

Nothin' for 'em got up an' spoke -
Most workin' men like me,
An' German lads and sons an' dads
In that great company,
An' none o' them was fightin' then
But mixin' fine an' free!

O Englan's as bad as ever
An' all us died in vain,
For poverty still stalks yer streets
Or sneaks off down a lane:

Inspite o' blood an' promises,
An' never equal'd pain.

No sir, I ain't a Bolshevik.
So easy wi' yer sneers.
God help us all, we little see
Beyond the Things o' Tears
I'm only just a shell shockt man
A-sellin' souvenirs.

The Joker

Of all my town's
contrary folk
I know one man
who tells one joke.

If you meet him in the morning
when the town's dawn diafer'd,
hell butt-hole and tell you
and never miss a word.

A humorist by nature,
a lamplighter by trade,
he ust to call in evenings
when his rounds were made,

and tell me this one story —
details all complete
as tho' the thought had struck him
passing down the street.

About that time
when fate was rife
and creed fact creed
in bitter strife,

the lamplighter I
haunt to meet
in a half lit sleepy
street.

He told me how his
son was gone
ta'en out and shot
"one misty dawn -

the strain had made
his wife's weak mind
leave sense and sanity
behind.

His very hair
was white as snow -
his accents faltering
and low.

"I'd better stop or I'd
say things
full of bitter
imaginings "

So he blew sorrow from
him like smoke
and said "Have you
heard this little joke?"

The Flower Girl.

She caught my eye in the crowded street:
And I followed my fancy on flying feet,
And in a trice I found me set
In a flowerful close of violet.

Banks of blossom and walls of tree
Surrounded the splendid secrecy.

She raised her basket - I caught her eye
Snared and enthralled I fled thereby
And found me alone on a windy hill,
Green and gold as the daffodil.

I found me dreaming across a down
Golden with furze, with heather brown.

And I saw a gypsy fire with its smoke
That drifted blue and lightly broke:
And a Romany lass with subtle face,
And the flashing eyes of the rebel race.
Her red scarf flowing and turning again
And flying from her like golden rain.
Sudden I stopt - my feet found earth

87
my fancy died on the spot of its birth;
And she thrust forward with eager eye
"Here are some flowers, sir, yed mebbe buy"

A Roundel for Peace.

O Lord for peace on earth we pray:
May our strong armed folly cease,
And all our strength be spent this day,
O Lord, for peace.

Princes and powers will go their way
Pass as the ^{honor} pride of golden Greece
Its image's brightness turned to clay.
^{their battles?}

Therewith life's ^{valors} wonders vanish? Nay
But rather thence will they increase,
For our best dreaming waits, I say,
O Lord, for peace.

Ballade of Joachim de Flores, on the
eve of his martyrdom to Jean de Parme.

O Parmese John, thy ear I pray!
Tomorrow sees the end of me.
And when again comes bloom o' May
In fairer courts I then will be.
Wherefore read this not gloomily,
But every good deed do recall
Done in the faith of Trinity
For time and chance do happen all.

They can but screw, or wrack, or flay
Or burn with all the town to see.
Lord, I've a soul they cannot slay,
A soul that neer will bend the knee
Nor to their slender faith agree
Altho' they wrestle me a fall,
Altho' they rear a gallows tree
For time and chance do happen all.

I've writ, O John, how we are clay
Fashion'd right fair and skilfully -
And somewhat more - do ye but weigh
My ashes by known alchemie
And they shall seem the same to thee
As snake's or worms' that once did crawl
About the bottom of the sea,
Thus time and chance do happen all.

L'Envoi.

Lord! Give me strength that I may stay
As stubborn as an ox in stall.
And may they bear worse fangs the day
That time and chance do happen all.

The Heretic

Apollodorus, glad am I this day
Thy countenance was the first that I beheld
For I bear tidings of momentous woe!
'Tis this Endoxus, brother to my wife,
Has found a flaw within the master's work
And shews how all must fail and fall thereby.

Last even as I linger'd o'er the grand
And beautifully lucid theorem -
How those two squares are equal to that third
Because the angle 'twixt them is a right,
He leand above my shoulder and he smild,
Touching my tablet with a little stick,
And said "O Friend, 'tis time ye made an end
Deeming he jested at my skill I turn'd
And chid him strait by proving carefully
The figure's sequences, and joining lines.
He smild again, but in a tone more kind,
He murrin'd "Brother, time to make an end

Vexed somewhat then I ^{rust} ~~burst~~ his little stick
 Away from my mid tablet and I cried
 "Eudoxus, do not jest at me, my friend,
 For is this study not as the ~~himself~~ hath sed
 The only road to salvation from Self?
 He took his stick and tract a perfect square
 Upon a tablet lying at my hand,
 And join'd the corners skilfully across;
 Speaking the while of true proportionals,
 And how Alph was to Beth as Nun to Van.
 We ponder'd o'er it, weighing every step
 Until the lamp went out in smell and smoke
 A slave brought oil, and fill'd it up afresh
 And we proceeded till the walls grew gray
 And then I saw the thing he meant and wept
 Since He Himself had never grasp'd this turn.
 We left the room but not to bed for I
 Had too much on my mind to rest or sleep
 Because ^{of} this accursed diagonal
 Running across the basis of the wall
 And cutting all asunder like a knife.

I set it down again and wrought at it
 Until the servants with the litter, came
 To bear me to the baths before high noon.

This thing is true Eudoxus says, and I,
 Tho' pain would doubt, must bide by evidence.

Now who will go and tell Pythagoras?

Vest somewhat then I ~~burst~~^{rushed} his little stick
Away from my mild tablet and I cried
"Eudoxus, do not jest at me, my friend,
For is this study not as the ~~himself~~ hath said
The only road to salvation from Self?"
He took his stick and trait a perfect square
Upon a tablet lying at my hand,
And joined the corners skilfully across;
Speaking the while of true proportionals,
And how Alph was to Beth as Num to Van.
We ponder'd o'er it, weighing every step
Until the lamp went out in smell and smoke
A slave brought oil, and fill'd it up afresh
And we proceeded till the walls grew gray
And then I saw the thing he meant and wept
Since He Himself had never grasp'd this turn.
We left the room but not to bed for I
Had too much on my mind to rest or sleep
Because ^{of} this accursed diagonal
Running across the basis of the Wall
And cutting all asunder like a knife.

I set it down again and wrought at it
Until the servants with the litter, came
To bear me to the baths before high noon.

This thing is true, Eudoxus says, and I,
Tho' pain would doubt, must bide by evidence.

Now who will go and tell Pythagoras?

Sonnets on the Outlawing of War,
League of Nations, Geneva 26 Sept. '27

I

O Nations now assembled in accord
After the bloody days of brutal war,
With all due form and motion regular
Have ye declar'd on strife the final word.
Henceforth ye must not draw the shining sword
When you and neighbors near divergent are
But ye must humbly seek the Nation's Bar
Where justice shall the judging World afford.

O God they mock, who make this futile play
For in th' Orient are their tusks bare,
And well they know for all their puppets say
The warbeasts linger sullen in the lair
And shall until, with passing of our day
Will dawn the People's Peace sublime affair.

II

Where is that Peace, O God, they prate about,
These brilliant talkers of the mirror'd halls?
For lo across deep waters come sad calls
That sound a challenge and a note of doubt.
Proud Rome, that once was freedom's best redoubt,
Is bully'd by a braggart in her brawls.
America that had bright intervals
Of light and progress darkly stands without,

The blood of martyr'd men marring her face.
While we ourselves, the Master & the Man,
Grow acrimonious with bitter words.

In old Cathay the puny soldier-lords
Parade and plot and pass in deep disgrace
According to the moneymasters' plan.

A Lover says farewell.

I once needed you
as you needed me.
That bond I undo
and render you free.

~~Just two little children
seeking support
and holding each other,
a trembling resort.~~

I stand on my feet
that were feeble before.
I needed you, sweet
now I need you no more.

97
Stars

The brighter stars are paladins,
the lesser their esquires;
yet in their tourney he who wins
must fade before dawn's fires;

smitten, defeated all go down,
at eve to rise again,
each with his sevenpointed crown
upon night's purple plain.

O might I join the shining throng
that pace the heaven's floor,
and blithely raise my lilting song,
a starry troubador.

X
The Revolutionary mindful of
his limitations

I do not know your poet's way
of making words to leap and run
and laugh and sport them in the sun
as children on a holiday.

I never learnt your subtle speech
that bids tears come into the eyes,
or fills the spirit with surprise
at some new truthfulness they teach.

I cannot catch your careless skill
that flings fierce words upon a page
yet fires the human heart with rage
to urge wrong'd men rise up and kill.

Not much I care: because I know
a few short words that will suffice
like tiny crackling in the ice
to shew spring links beneath the snow.

99
Oriental Night:
An Arab speaks —

The night was warm, and from the roof
the silver stars hung high, aloof.
Below, the moonbright, rutted street
felt now no fret of following feet.
A cur, low shadow, wall to wall,
slunk for a whining interval.
From the croucht hills came distant cries
of watchdogs' sentined surprise.
Sudden I caught a snatch of song,
drunkenly uttered, rolled along —
a peasant lilt of Galilee
sung by some passers two or three.
They came in sight, a swaying band,
one with a wine cup in his hand,
arm in arm with Peter and John,
staggering home before the dawn.
And as day glimmered down the east
my heart remembered Cana's feast.

Written on hearing of Galway Fishermen's
Tragedy - Oct 1927

I make a song for sake of you
Concadden, Feeney, Burke,
and all the noble deeds ye do
In your dread daily work.

I make a song because I must.
'Why' is not in my plan:
for surely have I lost my trust
in any god of man.

There's weeping in the islands dear
and keening by the shore
where shawled women mourn their dear
that will come home no more;

101
and little ones are desolate,
and aged folk forlorn,
because a winged and cruel fate
swept past this autumn morn.

I sing because the trembling lips,
the bleared eyes and wet,
plead for some human fellowship
to voice their tragic fret:

and huddled figures on the sands
to work no more will rise
that none shall stretch out empty lands
to sullen winter skies.

Therefore I sing O fisher folk
if you and your defeat,
tho' knowing man is only smoke
blown roughly off the street.

What comfort is there to be found?

What comfort can I give,
since we are in one shuttle bound
and hopelessly we live?

O rebel airs arise in me,
and break into a shout,
and curse aloud most bitterly
Life's cold despair and doubt.

Ineffectual: a Teashop Talk.

I met a man with a look in his eyes
like a straying gazelle from Paradise.
His overcoat, of common stuff indeed,
hung round him like a high old Grecian weed,
and he tread slow as dreamers did of old,
when Patric's passion flam'd our age of gold.
A hectic flush, as of some subtle wine
overspread his cheeks and gave a touch divine
To the crude modelling of his massive face,
and lent to it an Atlantean grace.
The crashing traffic isolated us
as I stood waiting for my proper bus
near Nelson's Pillar when my day was done,
and all my ledgers added, and the sun
beckon'd to tented fields where men in white
should sweat and swing at practice till the light
fade o'er the green and grass begins to smell
like childhood's romps in days when all was well.
"A stranger here?" I ask'd. He shook his head.

"nigh twenty years I've lived here, sir" he said.
We fell to talk of weather, politics,
pictures, books, and plays, and walking sticks,
cigars, and pipes, tobacco brands, and such,
and how the price of so and so was much
too high for its poor quality and style.....
We stood forgetful for a pleasant while;
then I looked at my watch - suggested tea
in some adjacent Lyons - A. B. C.

50 Tea, and pears that swim in tinny juice,
and eggs on toast, wrought then a lengthy truce
to our bright talk and chatter, and we sat
watching the busy rush for this and that
flowing so steadily the window past....
My friend then clinked his spoon and spoke at last
"You've talked to me as none has ever done;
at least since Harry went with all his fun
to die in France I never listened to
such lively conversation as from you"
He pressed his left hand ^{my heart & secret, now} lightly on his brow,
caught gently, and his right hand played about

105
with sugar tongs, delft lid and teapot spout.

"I am a painter with titanic dreams
and visions of the Lord's celestial schemes,
that none have had I know of, or have writ.
And I would image clear God's infinite
purposefulness, and that bright aureole
that glitters round each shining angel soul
straid from the splendid palaces of love,
'stablished around, within us, and above,
into the netted weltering of flesh
that is the immortal spirit's mortal mesh.
But" here he stopt laying the bright spoon down
and looking glumly with a heavy frown
at two small boys who squashed their noses tight
against the foggy glass and made them white.
"But" he resumed "The best of what I do
one dirty smears of red or green or blue."

My bus was number nineteen, his was "ten"
We parted and we never met again.

X Intentions

Regarding not the critic frown
oft link I subtilties of sound,
and one bright music seeks to make.
It is my hope that they seem like
forgotten scents of spikenard
that creep back slowly o'er the heart,
or sometimes seem as if dull sleep
hung heavy on the singer's lip,
when drowsy slumber kindly clothes
sad memories with perfumed rose.

I seek to catch the nimble tune
upon the spirit's trumpet blown;
but all I find within my reach
is commonality of speech.

The Ballad of Judas

"O who will get us meat and drink,
and who will get us bread?
O who will seek us a house to bide?"

The gentle Jesus said

Peter rose up and straightway spake
"O Judas with the gold

Go thou good sir, as our master
The gentle Christ has told "

Judas rose up and went his way
With the little bag of gold.

When counted out in little piles
'Twas thirty pence all told.

Out in the dark there shew'd a light -
A lantern brightly burning
And on their knees kneel'd players three
Most carefully gaming

Judas came up to them and stood
One said "O join our game"
But Judas lookt at the bag of gold
And bit his lip for shame.

He kneeld him down and cast the dice
and spread his little gold
And soon he gain'd him skillfully
Three more bright piles of gold.

He kneeld him down and cast the dice
and counted to his mates
His thirty pence and the piles of gold
Being infortunate.

He rose to go wi' tears in's eyes
Sorrowful to his prince
To tell how thieves upon the road
Had took his thirty pence.

109
One man that plaid wi' the gaming crew
Cried "Judas, brother, stay
O sell thy Christ to my master
And red gold he will pay."

"Brother" sed Judas, pitiful
"For the price of this small dole
I sell my master and myself,
I sell my bodye and soul"

They led him to the priestes place
Where rang'd in arguments
The plotting priestes in debate
Agreed on thirty pence

The thirty prices were counted out
In silver not red gold
And Judas went, the money spent
As Jesu had him told.

Strait went he back to the waiting twelve
And stammering sed
"O master Christ and friends alle
Come tak your wine and bread"

They went to an upper room to eat
To feast them deep and well
And they sat down and gathered round
An high piled table.

But meat they toucht not til the Christ
Shen'd say for to begin
So Jesus sed "Take ye this bread
And tak this gude red wine -

For this were my bodege and my blade
Sellen that ye might eat
O tary not but wine and dine
And fill yersels wi' meat"

111
Judas rose up and silently
Left the low upper room
And ran toward the high priest's house
misty in the gloom.

The High Priest sat in deep debate
For now the Governour,
Pilatus hight, had come that night
about the mirkest hour

To say "this strife in the citeye
must end twixt Herod and I"
And even for that had cruel Pilat
Agreed that Jesus shoud die

Judas cam in and drawing forth
The littel bag of moneye
Shook out the pieces that were left
And cast them hastily
Upon the colord cloth o' gold
That drapt the High Priest's knee

"Ye wud hae bought my master dear
For shining bits of coin.
The price was not for Jesus sirs,
The soul ye've bought is mine"

"Yet ye must do the thing forsworn
The thing we hae agreed"
Sadly went he to Gethsemane
And did the horrid deed....

Then slowly went he from the stir
Clim'd up a littel hill
The moon hung low, no winds did blow
The very air was still

Save in the distant blackness he
Saw soldiers at their work
And torches and the shining spears
In the slow breaking mirk.

113
He rais'd his eyes to heaven but
The moon hung white and round
Like to the horrid silver coins
That had the fateful sound.

A rope, a tree, and straightway he
A ragged scarecrow hung
God rest you all kind gentlemen
For my quaint song is sung

But no: he climb'd to Paradise
Smote on the door well bair'd
An angel came wi' wings o' flame
Said "Wait ye for the Lord"

A few hours more, swung wide the door
Came then the shining Lord
Not alone was he and straightway three
Cross't the ~~gem-stung~~ ^{shining} sword.

Invictus

I might have writ of { Grammar }
 { Belmarie }
 and shining men in mail,
 and frosty starshine on the sea,
 and all the joys { of Innisfail }
 { of Gall and Gael }

I might have made my melodies
 of faery love and spell
 and lived thro lovely lethargies
 of amaranth and asphodel.

I might have sung of spring and fall,
 of summer's ripend fruit,
~~but time and all directing~~

I might have made my madrigal
 Upon an oldtime borrow'd lute.

But time and all-directing fate
 have caught me in their net,
 and days and deeds confederate
 have laid on me a heavy debt.

I weave the sum of homely things
 into a homely song
 (a dusty sparrow still that sings
 in winter) 'spite his toothsome wrong
 the seasons)

An angry shouting man that clings
 To Beauty 'spite this age's wrong.

Is a Modern Poet from a Jacobin

You drow'd my senses by your misty kings, dream-
drunken ladies languid as the noon, until I
deem'd no songbird ever sings but nightingale
in twilight to the moon.

You came with your strange, wistful trembling
verse, beguiled me for a while in quaint deceit and
I forgot the creaking of the hearse, the muffled
tread of workless in the street.

A silver trumpet, or a singing thong: are these
the harmonies lov'd of thy muse? - 'Tis better
done to beat from ^{hurrying} ~~passion~~ ^{honey} ~~honey~~ a pikehead or
a swordhilt fit for use.

117

The New Psalter (Free Verse)

Beauty hath been my quarry all the days
of my life:
I have follow'd by still waters
Passing I have glimps'd her glittering mid
the trees

O Cedars of Lebanon
and oaks of mamre .

In still gardens .
Olivet .

In very silent places
O Gethsemane

mayhap I shall find her at some
Calvary

But not thy Golgotha
O Israel !

The fool hath said in his heart: There is no
God:

and hath sojourned still in wickedness
Nor turned away from evil for fear of
the Lord that is.

But I will sing: There is no God and
go my way as if there were no God.

For I am I and he is he
And we are strange to one another

Therefore I say rejoice:
There is no God.

119
From the pinnacle of self have I cried
down to thee!

O Lord God hear my cry!

From the loneliness of the cold mountain
have I cried to thee O God of Sabaoth

I will not go down to thee for in the valley
are the multitudes.

I am afraid

And I would be separate

But the lark and the birds of the air have
come to me from their nests on the ground
and say they have been sent

Therefore O Lord Jehovah thou shalt
come only on the wings of music
and to lutes and harp-PLAYINGS
of skill musicianers to me.

I will lift up mine eyes to the everlasting hills
Out of the stir, the trampling roar of cities,
and the turning of chariot wheels.

For in the lonely places
The Lord is Tabernacled
And I would seek the Lord

And after I have seen the Lord facing
the everlasting lonelinesses

Solitary

I will return and say unto my kinsmen

Lift up your eyes to the hills, which are
from everlasting to everlasting

Arise and let us go unto them.

And the Lord of the everlasting hills
shall face the hills
No more alone.

By the waters of Erin
We sit and weep
Remembering Eden.

And they ask of us songs,
Saying: sing us a Song of Eden.

Yet shall we not fail them.
Yea, we will sing a Song of Eden
That the bondmen may hear it,
And the handmaidens,
And the hewers of wood, [waters,
And the men that do business on great
And rise
And come with us unto Zion which is
Eden.

O Sing unto the Lord a New song
For the old are threadbare and dull
And the most High is weary of pleas
And sighings and groanings

A rebel song, a song of hate
Is welcome to the honey stopt ears
And the overthanked heart.

We praise thee O God
That thou art hid from us lest we be
put to shame.

We praise thee for dirt and famine and
hungry children.

We praise thee for war, red war, blood-
fury, and deadmen's dreams
We praise thee for drought, tempest and

123
earthquake lest we vaunt ourselves and
be huft up.

We praise thee for forgetfulness, ingratitude,
dishonor, corruption, vice lest we
deem us more than the beasts that perish.

Praise

Praise

World without End.

Completeness.

When the pleasure is over of passion
And the days are done of desire
and, like folk of an elder fashion
We gather round the fire,

Say, will you remember the roses,
The merry glow of the wine?
This hardly a boy or knows his
Follies as nearly divine.

O life's not a warping, a tearing
Of weed (apart ^{asunder from} the) flour
But a triumphant declaring
Of somewhat won from each hour.

If we are as gods, when, hereafter
We pass to the ultimate end
Our knowledge must mingle mad laughter
With bitter tears, my friend.

The Old Revolutionist on the Coming True of his Vision.

In darker days one of the pioneers,
I sing the triumph now after these years?
How could I now, my comrade, am I not
wheezy, too old, forgot and well forgot?
Besides 'twould be presumption on my side
when I remember how our best men died.
George - brother George we poets used to call -
fact eight sureshots against a prison wall -
and Dick - O God he never came again -
prince of Life's singers ever given to men -
No, comrade, thanks, it was their right not mine
It's mean to take advantage now all's fine
and flourishing and every danger's past.
Well yes, one must suppose I am the last -
Again, my friend how could I celebrate
the coming of this epoch - far too late.
I had my dreams as all must have who live
I wrote them out, gave what I had to give:

then grew despondent, bitter too, I know,
and fretted that the progress was so slow.

Then turn'd to satire, hurling hot abuse
when some of our wise men made a truce.

It grew a habit I'll confess indeed
but there was need O Holy Christ what need?

I saw the cruel things, stupidities,
and pray'd to God upon my bended knees
to come and cleanse our temple once again
from the filth of offal grubbing men...

You know it all... see how my old head goes
repeating such extinguish'd ancient woes -
I could not, if I tried, eke out one song
except to fulminate against some wrong.

Forgive me and go seek a youngster out
who'd write an epic on a rusty spout..
My old conventional and commonplace
grouping and fitting in of word and phrase
suits not this age: some reeler in perversé
or parlor tricks to name it nothing worse
would serve you better with his flashy style

127
So let me linger in the shade and smile
and dream of George - the brother George - you know
and Dick whom I persuaded not to go.....

.....
Yet when the red flag flutters down the street
the very rubbish written will sound sweet.

Sonnet on the Lynching of Leonard Wood
negro, at Whitesburg Kentucky November 1927

They took him out and shot him in the dark
And hanged his body to a withered tree
Then pulled it down ~~with~~ with a petrol'd spark
Burnt the poor thing where all who could might see.

His crime! It is alleged against his name
He struck a foreman down in some dispute
Who after died. They did this deed of shame
That colored folk might know who is the brute.

By God when reckoning will come for them,
As come it must with passing of the years,
Small use their crying for Jerusalem
And Judah's God: small mercy for their fears

He did as Moses in old days gone by
But Egypt was a land of liberty!

112
Cynicism in the City Street

Two strange sights in the city streets today
Were thrust before me with insistancy
And tempted me to laugh in cynic way
making me doubt once more our sanity:

Shuffling along ^{with} his bright sandwich signs
A broken man with age, hunger, disease
Bearing the legend in loud shrieking lines
"Our winter wraps, twelve guineas, sure to please":

A barefoot newsboy held a black typed sheet
Theedless that cold and rain tore thro his rags
Shouting in raucous tones "Labor Defeat".

Then in a dream I saw the bright red flags
The bayonets, pikes, the armed men array'd
And heard the cheering at the bar

Sonnet on the Lynching of Leonard Wood
negro, at Whitesburg Kentucky November 1927

They took him out and shot him in the dark
And hanged his body to a withered tree
Then pulled it down ~~and~~ with a petrold spark
Burnt the poor thing where all who could might see.

His crime! It is alleged against his name
He struck a foreman down in some dispute
Who after died. They did this deed of shame
That color'd folk might know who is the brute.

By God when reckoning will come for them,
As come it must with passing of the years,
Small use their crying for Jerusalem
And Judah's God: small mercy for their tears

He did as Moses in old days gone by
But Egypt was a land of liberty!

Cynicism in the City Street

NEGRO SHOT AND BURNED

Lynching Orgy in
Kentucky

JAIL RAIDED

Mob Riddles Victim
With Volleys

Yet another appalling lynching
orgy is reported from the Southern
United States.

A mob of 225 armed men removed a
negro, Leonard Wood, from the jail at
Whitesburg, Kentucky, says the Ex-
change. They dragged him to the top
of Cumberland Mountain. There they
formed a semi-circle, shot at the vic-
tim, and then saturated his body with
gasoline. They then hung him, and
afterwards fired volleys into his body.

Finally, a wooden platform, recently
used in connection with the dedication
of the Virginia-Kentucky highway, was
converted into the negro's funeral pyre.
The flames were seen over a wide
stretch of country.

The mob had got at its prey by saw-
ing through the bars of a jail window.
They dragged him to the scene of the
lynching by a chain fastened round his
neck.

Wood had been arrested on a charge
of murdering a foreman, named Her-
shel Deaton, of Elkhorn Colliery, near
Fleming

the city streets today
me with insistency
laugh in cynic way
once more our sanity:

right sandwich signs
age, hunger, disease
in loud shrieking lines
twelve guineas, sure to please:

held a black ty'd sheet
and rain tore thro his rage
s tones "Labor Defeat".

I saw the bright red flags
the armed men array'd
ring at the barricade.

Are You Ashamed?

(Irishman Jan 1929)

When I see workless men I hurry by
lest I should seem to mock their wretchedness;
for food and fire and roof and books have I
and comfortable dress.

They stand together in the rain and spit
upon the greasy pavement of the street
and mumble racing gossip and make wit
of dull obscene deceit.

I dare not tell them that I ^{have a plan} hope to see
(the day when ^{when by} comes ^{to make} an end to their distress
when they have ^{food as well as} meat for dinner, ^{every now} eggs at tea)
and comfortable dress.

Memories

Last night there came and sat with me
that idle prattler memory.

Beginning with a bawdy tale
reeking of sawdust, smoke and ale,
he hurried on, grew more intense,
told of one youngling Innocence,
who had been sorely maltreated,
and left by Cynic days as dead.

He seemed most sad about it all,
and would recall and would recall

I urged him tell of pleasantries,
of sunny days 'neath lathist trees ...
and homely things; - how father looked
upon the pudding mother cooked,
and wistful tunes on low guitars
that sang of loves, lagoons, and stars....
- and urgent hours when men had spoke
that wist to break our ages' yoke
- and happy times spent journeying

133
| from sudden spring to slowcoach spring...
But thro' it all he hearken'd back
Waylay, ambush him, or sidetrack ...
in vain it was to circumvent,
for never seem'd he so content
as talking of this Innocence
and why it was, and where, and whence...
leaving me stupid, sorry, dull;
for I had hopt for beautiful
adventure tales and guips and jokes
of freakish folks and frantic folks.
But he just told me ordinary
stories of lives that never vary
thro' weary weeks and weary days
till life becomes a frozen glaze:
and only by making the ice to crack
can we hark back.... can we hark back.
And all the wisdom he had brought
was that most melancholy thought.....
Last night that prattler memory
came for an hour to sit by me.

A Fable: The Poet (à la Gay)

Phamyrus, once as antients say,
A Grecian swain on holiday,
"Gan seek the Muses out to try
His lyre and song in rivalry.

"O Sisters Nine I challenge all
To match with me in madrigal.
If victor I, a crown is mine.
If fail ye punishment design
And I will bear without a groan
Eternities of chain and stone."

He made his music and was mute:
Then, ravishing, the muse's lute
Brought down the mastery of the spheres,
And subtle wisdom of the seers,
And tore the heart from Jove's own bosom
Spinning these into timeless blossom
To weave a mystic Rose, in hue

Trembling from dawnshine into blue
Such as is seen when Luna slips
From ^{fiery phoebe's} (out the Sunshine's) bright eclipse.

The prize was hers: the loser he.

"Do what thou wilt, I pray, to me.

For I have heard and I have seen

Beyond poor mortal sight's demesne.

Now nothing care I what shall come —

Hades or Pandemonium."

They pierce his eyes and left him blind
Yet for that song's sake deem them kind

Had they but left his lyre to be

A comfort in his tragedy.

But they deprived him of his eyes,
And stole the songbird from his skies.

Thamyris wander'd forth, alone,

Blind, songless for his sin + atone.

Cry upon the mountain

A far off cry upon the hill:

I will

not go to seek the mystery out
for I ^{am} my redoubt
a lazy lout }

lie happy in the heather on the hill.

Daylight dies down and from the plain
again

I see th' upcreeping ghosts of mist
that come to keep their tryst
from every sleeping ^{churchyard?} graveyard of the plain.

The sky bright-banded with gold and blue
is new

with that undying freshness we
know for eternity

where life and light are writ in gold and blue.

Slow climbing up, the copper moon
will soon

turn silver in the liberty
of fetterless free sky.

I wonder are there people on the moon?

Here in the heather on the hill

I still

lie questioning, can any know
whence are we, where we go?

I think life is a cry upon some hill.

On the Refusal of Peace among the Nations. December 1927

Go, Litvinov, to Moscow, say that they
who mouth and mutter peaceful platitudes
are kinsmen of the knaves whose futile play
littered fair earth with battle shattered woods,
burnt villages, and, rotting in the sun
shapeless blood spattered bodies of young men.
Then add, that they when their bright talk is done,
will to their arsenals return again,

and set men sweating at the steady toil
where guvering the shining metal flows
to mould strong armaments of guns and ships.

For even now dark words of foreign oil,
and armies in a wilderness of snows,
are dropping in the slaver from their lips.

Song of the Shipyard men.

O Jews, an' Lords, an' money men
They're vampires one an' all
Have sent us back to work agen
Until the profits fall.

Four trade is bust, an' cash is good
An' fortunes can be made.
So here have toils for daily food
Till dividends is paid.

But come the day when work gits slack
They banks their bloody roll.
Us till the streets just bridges back,
An' lines up for the dole.

Likenesses.

Sometimes a man sings down the road
a tawdry psalm to the Jewish god
whose blessing seems to pass him by.
since he is in sore beggary:
or else the Lord is dead long since,
and down the roadway touting fence
trudges this last of worshippers.

So deem I is my threadbare verse;
the things I sing and dearly laud
are like that hymn upon the road.
my god is dead, my hope is done,
the translunary gleam is gone:
and in the gutter singing shrill
I wander on till evenfall.

The Old Student Mourns

The spring is sure, and if a little late,
she will ^{stride} come vaulting o'er a blossomed gate.
She may come sooner, garmented in grey,
A faint cerise spattered with wet clay
decking her streaming brows with early bloom.

Yea, even where that man with pliant broom
brushes the sere brown leaves from off the lawn
to where his grimed barrow is updrawn,
a tiny spear of color will advance,
follow'd at close by pickhead, sword, and lance
and all the lovely shapes the flowers and leaves
take on in twilight dimness of spring eves.
But they will never come agen to us,
despite the summer's splendor riotous,
who went away to fight for misty things
and countrysides, and Cabinets and kings.

141
Yea even now the lawn is whited hoar
where once they gather'd, who come home no more
Another generation, book in hand,
laughing and joking in their places stand
and talk, and lie, and criticise, discuss,
and never give a thought to any thus.
The trees bereft of greenery are yet
leaning dejected since men so forget.

Tears rise and choking noises in my throat..
I see him there in his grey shabby coat
waving an arm expressing some wide thought.
The wintry sunshine struggles nearly caught
in the close tangles of his curling hair...
I look agen: he is no longer there.

O God do these young students never see
or think they see, the shapes so shadowy
who fought and died beneath a faroff sky
for lies, And things that seem now half a lie.

The spring will come when winter's task is done
 and summer with his squandering of ^{sun}; ~~son~~;
 but these my brothers will not come agen
 as once they came. Pale ghostly shetted men
 patrol these places, known by memory
 as happy youths and boys whose noisy glee
 broke once the cloistered silence of these halls
 where now another generation calls.

Christmas Carol for Children

Christmas day is come agen:
 Jesus help the workless men
 with thy dear kind pitying eyes
 look upon their families;
 stand with thy thorn bloody brows
 'mid the masters in carouse.

Jesus, for one little day
 let us live thy holy way.
 O Christ Jesus, for one week
 let us only kindness speak.
 Mary's Jesus, for a while
 let us free our hearts from guile.

Flickers and Flames.

It is sad to sit till the fire is ashes in the grate,
then shivering sleepily retire because the hour is late.

A sadder fancy came to me. When I rose up to go
the fire was roaring happily: the rain had turned to snow.

The warmth and light about the room high level held, and then
I saw hunched figures in the gloom, of hungry homeless men.

.....

At twelve I saw, in dreaming's core, those shapes of joy beaft
upon the rug curl up before the fire that I had left.

The Revolutionist's Mother's Song.

The winds blow chill. I am alone. Lonely
As God this night. I put more coals upon
The fire, and trim the gutter'd light. And settle
Back to my knitting, spectacles on my nose.
I sit and look at the shadow the lamp
Behind me throws. My only son is far
Away, bound in a prison cell, where he
Will lie till someone rings the execution bell.
I felt like Mary on the day when he
First made a cry and watcht the candle in
In the room, then slumber'd silently
I had such hopes the Lord God had about
A savior's birth, and how my little son
Should be redeemer of the earth
He went and fought in a good cause, to win
The people's right The winds blow chill - I am
Alone. Lonely as God this night

Ballade

On the closing of Ulster Parliament for 1927.
The Duke of Abercorn in "The King's Speech" declared -
"Serious crime is now happily rare".

The snow had come, but thaw set in,
and the streets were gutters aflow,
when I heard the merry merry din
of pipers marching to and fro.
The Duke with pompous tread and slow
clim'd up the Parliamentary stair
and clear'd his throat - and now we know
Serious crime is happily rare.

Last night I heard the throaty thin
singing of beggars in the snow:
how all our joys did sure begin
in a poor manger long ago.
I sat before my fire's red glow
without a worry or a care,
the reason being - now I know
Serious crime is happily rare.

Ladies and lords with leer and grin,
that to the bright receptions go,
display your coronet, gold pin,
securely free from any foe.
Your motorcars in shining row
are safe despite mad men that glare
upon them in the street - you know
Serious crime is happily rare.

L'Envoi

O Duke, who plays in puppet show,
with the well fed and fresh and fair,
doze on unthinking - since - you know -
Serious crime is happily rare.

Traitor Time

I do grow old, morose, cruel of tongue
And cunning in the world and treacherous.
Yea even now my humor oft hath stung
Some friend and bitterly disserved us.
O is it not most piteous?

Dreamless, unaware of spirit desperides
To life's cold glamour am I laid in pawn.
So to my weaken'd eyesight trees are trees
And dryads are forgotten at the dawn.
O Gods of Youth where are ye gone?

In the Bazaar.

199
The tom-toms throbbing, thrilling from afar:
a torch that tore like some swift falling star
the aching darkness sprawling round the trees:
no sound or sign save these, save only these.
Yet they left off their loving and she lay
pale as the dawning of some woulfer day.
He rose, crost over, bared the wooden door,
then, scattering the trampled rushes, tore
at a loose creaking plank, but all in vain
The drumming stopt that pulveris'd his brain
so he arose and peert the little room
a gaunt hyena in a cavern's gloom.
Thro' a small slit he saw the torches gleam
nearer and nearer flashing in the stream.
A splash, a swish, and in the beaded grass
before the hut his foe the chieftain was.....
Spears shone. The drums, save for a moving knee
Beat not their sound of dull monstony....
A shadow with a flame came nigher yet

holding his torchlight careful from the wet
dark grasses growing round the rotten piles...
A crackling, a scraping as of files
or rasping iron and in a moment's space
(it seem'd an hour) he saw his lover's face
lit with the burning roofthatch of the hut.
He turn'd and rais'd her, reach'd the door and -

- but
kind folks who've listend ~~x~~ so to this my tale
I must beg monies. Pray you do not fail
to give my little boy some shining pence
when he now passes round. Take no offence...
Nay go not sir for Allah's gracious sake:
but ^{some} a few minutes longer it will take...
Go if you wish. I knew you by your face
You bastard robber of the Kurd's bad race!
(to be a)

151
Verse
From January 1928

Jan 1

In Memoriam H.W. Gowdy

Once each to each in argument
we crost and countered in our preeds:
heedless that Fate oft intercedes
our leisure's largesse lightly spent.

Thy faith and mine were not the same.
We worshipt at a different shrine:
yet I believe your god and mine
identical in all but name.

For who is there that knoweth aught?
None answers, for the answer's none.
Nothing we know when all is done
Nothing is found tho' all ~~be~~ sought.

You were, and are not any more -
And I am left to fight it out
drifting across dim seas of doubt
to where you pace a misty shore.

123

Echo and Narcissus.

O Zeus! a little horned faun
I thrud the dewy grass of dawn
and happy am to sport and play
in my quaint rustic panic way
but a dark feeling captures me
and tortures me and angers me -
- a black plutonian tragedy.

Echo - you knew - I will not say
what happend - was it yesterday?
A dryad now she haunts the wood
and dare not stir the solitude
save when one speaks and then she can
repeat their last word: Juno's ban -
because she wanted once with Pan.

A youth with a fantastic name
into the leafy silence came
and on a drift of winter leaves

nigh where a willow trails green sleeves
he kneel'd him down deeply to drink
and lay along a mossy pool's brink
sorely to sigh and dream and think.

I at his beauty started back:
a tiny twig gave tiny crack;
he, startled, turn'd his golden head
"Is anybody here?" he said.

Then from a brake I saw her peer
and welling into richness clear
poor Echo joyful, answer'd "Here".

This started parley 'twixt the two.
He mutter'd as mad lovers do,
and Echo softly list accord
repeating each last happy word;
and there beneath the willow tree
was shadow none of tragedy.
O traitorous truly fate must be!

133
A little horned faun - as I -
was never meant to mourn or cry,
for life to us is fair and sweet
since we have horns and cloven feet.
But sometimes lying in the shade,
in the green quiet of a glade
a something maketh me afraid -

a sense of sadness, and a sense
of barded joy and innocence -
O Zeus I leave my feelings by
for they are godlike - not as I.
The courtship in the wood was rare
for she was fair, and he was fair
and loving in the woods is fair.

Unlucky hap, O woeful chance,
Olympus shatter'd by a glance!
He gazing in the shining pool
enchanted by his beautiful
bright face became, and lost his love

for Echo and tried hard to prove
the words he spoke were not of love:

and would not hear my Echo moan
that had before in hoarse tone
caught up her answers tremulous
and wove them into glorious
song snatches, lulls, and little lays
such as Thamyras often plays
when he comes out on holidays.

Loving himself he had no room
in his heart's casket for a bloom
that grew not in his own poor plot,
a truly weather wasted plot.
So he rose up and turned away
from where my Echo sobbing lay
and no avail was it to pray.

Roughly as people in self love
he puffed and preened him like a dove
and stalking most majestically
he left her neath the willow tree:
but going cried "O maid farewell"
and Echo answer'd meekly "well".
And Zeus! you know it was not well.

Tues 10th

The Critic v the Poet

Come Poet, let me weigh thy worth,
 Let me too estimate thy size —
 Draw back the swaddlings of thy birth,
 Pierce thy bright soul with gimlet eyes.

He muttered "Ferret, take my skull;
 Go fill my cranium with dust;
 Dredge deeply thro' dark tones and dull;
Museumise my life's last crust.

And you shall have - yes, crust and bones,
 and dirty stories and a skull;
 You cannot catch lark lyric tones,
 Or catalog the beautiful!

Wed 19th

The Atheist.

He stood and spluttered in the rain:
 the crowd had straggled off
 to hear a prophet in shirt sleeves
 sell cures for ache and cough.

He said "I've read Tom Paine and I
 stand firmly by his side —
 I laugh to scorn your childish myths
 of savior's crucified"

In half an hour as I went home
 I saw a drunken car
 strike at a poor barefooted child
 and slobber filth at her —

a figure ran across the road,
 I saw a sudden blow
 a feeble grunt, a curse, a cry...
 the drunk rose weak and slow

The figure was that speaker. I
remembered Jesus well
"I have not often found such faith
no, not in Israel"

Published in
Vishwanath
16th Feb
Victory

Wed 18

161

At twelve the rain had gone and left
a windy star splashed sky:
we stood outside the polling booth
and waited patiently

at last a man came out and read
a count of votes to us:
and someone groaned and someone hissed
and some looked tremulous

At one o'clock he came again
and read another score
and O the cheers and O the shouts
that rose and ript and tore

the windy stars swung to and fro,
the lamps below turned round,
the puddles laughed beneath our feet
and gaily heard the ground.

A little child beside me then
plucked at his mother's skirt -
a tiny tot, barefoot and cold
ragged, besmirched with dirt -

"O Ma what's all this noise about?"
The wrinkles on her brow
smoothed out as she replied to him
"Ye've got a friend in now!"

Thurs 29
The Sign of the Cross.

The Rood is but a withered Shoot
Now bravely burgeoned
To bear us bitter blessed Fruit,
And Roses (white and) red.

The Brides of Dawning cry again,
Sunset is red once more,
With that illimitable Pain
Our (Mary's) Jesus bore.

O frail white Body lifted high,
O wounded Hands and Feet
Because of that exceeding Cry
The (Jews and Gentiles) meet.
nations

The Topless Babel, 'neath God's Ban,
Had reared us as Foes,
Till a tall Tree bore up a man
whose Wounds dript (red as) Rose

New Jerusalem

And We are knit anew in Bands
None wisheth to unbind:
Because of Christ, in Earth's broad Lands,
Our Hearts are (Rose) entwined.

The slood - a bitter scolding man
Ravaged by cruel years,
And pictur'd out a poet's plan,
Calling up angry tears.

The party, gather'd in the rain,
mumbled applause - and then
Forgot their worklessness and pain -
Became enchanted men -

I saw eyes flash with hidden fire,
And knuckles whiten hard,
For they beheld their heart's desire:
And it was closely baird.

I saw them tear the barriers down,
And laugh, and run, and play,
And turn to build new fien towns,
Gesticulate and pray

And little children singing there
And goodly wines and kin
Lies everyone was kind and fair
And none knew aught of sin

He ceas't; the fists relax't; and we
Prepar'd to hurry home;
The chairman mutter'd "Half past three
Next Sunday - try an' come".

Cry from the South

167
Sat 21
Dey tole me Jesus wuz a whiteman.
Dey tole a whiteman's lie,
Fer Jesus wuz jes' black like I am
An' Jesus had to die.

Dey hit him wid whips till his back run blood;
Dey kille'd him on a cross
Dey den't do dat wid no white man
Where de whiteman's law is boss!

Leon Lewis
I know'd a darky, budders lessen
A fella's mine, ^{a fella's} maybe yore son
Dey brung him out and fadder'd him
An' shot him wid a gun
_{as bout him up when he was hung}

He want no Jesus nohow him
An' yit he's piercin' cry
Jes' wry me heart like Jesus done
He dreffle day he die.

Yit Jim Crow cars goes Heavenways
An' you and me an' ^{Len} more
kin run up mabble stairways
In ^{de} ^{meat} ^{dose} ^{angel} ^{rice} ~~one~~ angel close.

Dey tole me Jesus war a white man
Dey tole a white trash lie
Fer Jesus is jes black as me is
like ^{Len} ~~more~~ he done hafter die.

Jordan River

You gotta go over Jordan!
You gotta pass dat stream
Fer here's its sand an' big round stones
But ther it's gold an' green

In Egypt lan' dey made der bricks
W' iddnt no straw at all
But over Jordan, brudders
Is de lan' to beat dem all;

An' you an' me is goin' ther
Tho' Pharaoh he may cry
But you an' me is goin' ther.
Let ole Pharaoh cry!

You gotta go over Jordan,
You gotta pass dat stream
Fer here's its cotton, ^{sqintos}, swamps,
But ther it's gold an' green.

Love Song.

Tues 26th

I go about to cry you down
that someone may be stung to praise
and crown with such a verbal crown,
fairer than famed Sappho's wreath of bays,
that few men weave in these gray futile days.

I mutter o'er your weaknesses
and tally up your falterings
until some henchman turns and says
"The nightingale's not sweeter when she sings"
This, my reward for my strange laborings!

Like one who chides his place of birth,
libels the folk who are his kin,
calls its rich harvest dusty dearth
and fulminates against its rustic din
yet laughs when someone names his humor sin.

Longing

Tues 24th

171

City-bred and born, I am enchanted by woods,
Mountains bleak in the dying day, and chill gray seas
That chide and chafe and call me thro' a thousand moods,
Starshine in winter too, but most of all by trees.

I can stand in the street and lift my eyes to brood
Upon our crouching hills, and even in the night
when red electric signs splash pleas for patent food
Above the shining roofs the frosty stars are bright.

I can go down to the bridge where old steamers fly,
And gaze my fill on the seagulls, and the seaspray.
But God I am forbid on piny heaps to lie
Watching thro' snoring branches the sunshine's subtle
play!

Sunday 29th

Encounters

I heard an old man cry today
that faith was a futile thing.
It hurt me deeply, this sad way
autumn trespasses on spring:

made me feel I had far to go,
little to learn in the end;
blasted my spirit with icy blow,
leaving me frozen, empend

I think it a pitiful thing
life gave so little away,
squander'd its summer and spring
for sake of that cry to day

For I would have everyone kind
and urgent with hearty faith
no stumbling, footsore and blind
after an ultimate wraith

183

At the Word Escape

Sunday 29th

173

This word Escape's the word I care for most:
I would go back
From the hard bright light of our fugical coast
A misty track,

And lose myself and you in mist and cloud,
Find us again
Treading imperial, splendidly proud
'mid golden rain

This other side that cloudbank surely lies
Ahead of us
A thousand years, behind, ten centuries
mysterious

O Come let us break the fetters of time,
Shatter old space,
With a spell wave of beauty, wonder, and
And being's sad grace

Sun 29th

X
Hyssop.

My Master, white and delicate,
Hung on the withered Tree,
And would not take the Oplate
One held in charity.

So I shall shun the Things that would
Ease me Life's Hurt and Pain
And agonise upon a Rood
As I were Christ again.

The timid Joys of Poesy,
The Lethargies of Art,
From Life must never sever me
And mummify my Heart.

175

Trafficker in Pearls

I will go down to the markets of men
And elbow the sheats and the churls
And bargain and bid and coax and lie —
A trafficker in pearls

Then I will buy me a little May
Spread out my wares for all to see
And beat a drum and blow a trumpet
Till they flock after me.

When I arrive at the village pump
I shall turn about and throw
The pearls I carried before the crowd
Because I love pearls so —

But I love my crowds far better;
Tho' they crush them underfoot
And curse and strive and quarrel and cry
I will give my trumpet a toot

And hurry away secure in this:
That, after an age's whirls,
Their children's children remember there was
A trafficker in pearls.

Published in Northern News 4th Feb. 77
a Freethinker June 17th
Queens

Lais is dead: her fame is hid
Under the dust of centuries
As sand piles o'er a pyramid
Choking the well's encircling trees.

Helen is dead and windy Troy's
But heaped stone and waving grass
Where singing shrill brown Arab boys
Treading beside their camels pass.

And lover of wise Solomon,
Sheba is with them in their rest
Evamist with old Babylon,
That village on a sand dune's crest.

Then only now are left to us,
O Mary Mother of our faith.
Albeit my lips are tremulous
To me Thou art but as a praith.

Feb 28
Of Peace Among the Nations

America, that shoots her striking men,
And sets a brand upon the Negro's brow,
Has daid to send out words of peace agen,
Mumbling and mouthing when and where and how,

To France that binds her rebels in a cage
Who cry of right, and justice, liberty,
And those bright words their fathers' bloody rage
Clearly set up for all mankind to see:

And in the Rhenish towns when martial tread
Echoes along the still, deserted street
In close barred rooms men curse that hate's not dead
Despite ten years of victory and defeat.

This France! America! O Lord God! these
Speak messages of peace across the seas.

28 Feb 179
The Memory.

Should I grow old and useless I would wish
To take - a journey over miles of sea;
(Land me ^{and me} Embark) at Ostend, leave its smell of fish
Behind in scaly creels upon the quay:

And take the little train to Bruges agen
To stand awhile before its Belfry's awe,
Then sit at table with the talking men,
And sip my beer, then shake each heavy paw

And rise and go to Bèguinage: (It's there
Only they don't let men live in it now)
Stand at the gate that leads into its square
As stolid and as sagely as a cow....

For crooked gables make a stately wall
And gargoyles are no footholds for old men -
Until the early cockrel's warning call
Wakes up the cobbled ways to life agen.

Then a man would come with an iron key,
Creak at the lock, stiff with an age's rust,
Open the door and Paradise to me
That am wearied so of life's windwhirl'd dust.

I know where I would go and ring a bell.
A lovely lady ivory and snow,
Her aged face a carved miracle
Would open door to me - ... thank God ... I know

Then I would smell the roses in the yard,
And stop awhile to sniff the lavender
Loitering along the path that's greenly star'd
With mossy stuff: then I would follow her

Into the shade of corridors and ways.
So white than an old man's dream of grace,
Till we should come to where a candle plays
At sentinel before an angel's face.

Then I would kneel, and she that led me there
Would go away and leave me with that light,
So yellow, thin, like to a lecher's hair:
For only holy old men's hair is white.

~~O I would pray, and pray, before the thing
Some painter did, and died, since life is done:
For when the lark's song's finish'd who dare sing?
Or fight when the red battle's fought and won?~~

Then I would rise and walk the ways anew,
Adown the corridors and spotless flags,
And loiter in the garden as they do
Whose lives are spent in filling honey bags.

She would come back to pilot me away,
Out thro' the archway where I rang the bell.
Then we would life's true commonplace say,
I and this aged, ivory miracle.

Feb 14 16

Attitudes

Now I will take my instrument
and yielding none the mastery
A manner'd music re-invent
For pleasure of the two or three.
And I will sit alone and play
Wropt in a proud humility
Like a lone lord that stays to pray
When all the hooded worshippers
Have shuffled out into the day
Leaving the air that nothing stirs
Incens'd and gloom'd with holy light,
And musical with choristers
That hidden cry a low delight:
Or like a hermit in a cave
Seen only of the stars by night
Before whose lair gray nettles wave
Who yet recalls the madrigal
Sung of his varicolored hare
Passionate youth when life was all

183

Pleasure and roses, joy and wine,
Ere weakly did he kneel and fall
Before that Wounded Heart divine.

Feb 18th.

185

Daffodils

In city lanes I saw them stand
with baskets glowing at their feet
spreading a glory either hand
and splashing color on the street.

They brought their spoil into the town
to droop and die in dirt and smoke
that 'neath the grassid slopes wooded crown
in golden splendor bloomed and broke.

Tulips and daffodils for sale!
Herrick I cald upon thy name,
and Wordsworth, dreamer of the dale
what would ye say to this bright shame?

I for my part was angry too
and cried that Beauty is not sold,
in spite of what our masters do,
who live and lie and strive for gold.

But then I thought, and ceased my shout,
and grew unutterably still,
dreaming our days were passing out
before an age of daffodil.

Somehow - January
circa 10th

The Storming of Paradise

Gaily he rode to Heaven's Gate stopt at the tollbooth side
St. Peter sed "Thy coming's late. It was high time ye died.
O worthy man an' what astow to pay my master's toll?
O gold's no use nor silver now to buy peace for thy soul.

Gaily he left baldric unslung, trumpet held to his lips
Doudly it rang as ance it rung over dark Denmark's dooms^{shirts}
A shout rose up and legions came running to heed the call
Their shields and armour shone wiflame as they sprang in Hell's lower
Dark swords and spears that drift wiflame, hands bloody & locks begird
In phalanx form they came en' stood at trumpet's warning word
He sounded the onset loud an' long: the host streamed thro' the Gate
With the fierce magic of a song; a river in full spate
They tumbled the angels' benches down an' tore their harps atwain
And knod on Paul's own linen gown. The spotless free of stain
A torch one bore in scorched hand - a burst o' smoke en' then
Heaven lit up like the Devil's Brand flames roard like the
roar o' men.

187

God, old an' frail came running out crying a weary cry
Hither and thither rusht about and whimper'd feverishly
He struck them down an' clove in twain His crown o' gleaming gold
Lo there at the foot o' Heaven's Fane Heaven's own Ruler sold

The priests we slew, the Popes, the Kings, and all the crowned men
Until they lay like tangled things caught in treacherous fen
A third time now the trumpet shake. From Hell came streaming in
The folk who died for living's sake in earth's dark pit of sin ...
In Heaven's lawns all ranged round they stood till he began
And no sigh nor any sound rose up from maid or man.
"O Heaven is won" he cried aloud "The Holy Place is Ours
And God is dead that was so proud and vanquished his power
O we will crown a king anew an' put him on the Throne
I choose a man beknown to men, a king o' flesh an' bone.
He took a simple carpenter, a toiling angry man
Who knew life's heavy fret an' stir, whose hands an' face were worn
An' set him on the windy seat an' bowed him down alow.
Then kneel'd all in Heaven's street amid the shining show
An' rais'd a Cry to Man now God crowned above the stars
That once had hung from a rais'd rod in his life's weary wars.

Watchword NW 1930 Wed Feb 15th
The Golden Boy.

A King, the story oft was told,
Whose passion was for pageantry,
Coated a boy with molten gold
To midastouch his company.

The living laid beneath the flow
That hardened to a golden crust
^{some} Died ^{hence} so that men might ever know
The Curse of Gold, that old King's lust.

Today I pass'd two hunched men
White with the dust of coarse cement
And that old legend saw again
As coughing, slow they homeward went.

Wed Feb 15th 191
Calculations

I tried to ^{scatch} get the Moon last night
Swung like a lantern mid the trees;
For it was low and broad and bright,
And they were open lattices.

When at the place I judg'd upon
Where this strange beauty shoud befall
I cried because the moon was gone
Behind a cloudbank's dreary wall.

Feb 23rd

Spring Song. (Heroic couplets)

Tho I am old and cannot leave my house
I know that somewhere spring's at his carouse,
frolicing with his companies of white snowdrops
and crocus gold and primrose
light as thinly beaten gold of early dawn.
For spring to my old heart is still
a faun unaging that will scamper 'mid the trees
of woody time and oaken centuries

I cannot see more than four squares of
sudden green that taken unawares has strided
into the desert of this street;
a redbrick terrace hinders their retreat
back to the rolling velvet meadows gone away
from this our smoky Babylon.

How can I tell then, spring is come again
back to this heritage of lonely men companionless,
who live and work and sleep and know

9th March 2011

193

each other

but no blossoms keep in their dry souls
crowded with mercenary crops?

I see the children whip their spinning tops

Sunday 26th.

Sonnet

Some that I know and love but write in praise
Of each his lady's face and form and hair
And growing boldly eloquent declare
That life but wrongs their love by dreary days.
Then they, lamenting, turn to timid plays
Of Venus' doves that flutter pain by pain:
Looking in fancy with a fixed stare
Down Grecian aisles of olive bordered ways.

But urgent, I go crying thro' the street
Raising a shout and clamoring with my tongue
Till One will heed my anger and come down

Is there anew the place beneath our feet,
And fill our hearts with Earth's old Eden song
And raise up Love's old shattered Zion town.

Monday 27th 196

Temple haunting martlet

One eve I heard the white stold choisters,
Unaging shadows in the leaden light
Where tall white candles burn that no wind stirs,
Cry out in joy their tremulous delight.

I heard ~~then~~ without, then, swallows twittering
Under the gargoyles where no man can see.
'Twas springtime and the birds were gathering
From over hazy leagues of lonely sea.

And subtler far than holy melodies,
And wiser than the swelling instrument,
Came ~~these~~ promises of spring that never dies
But comes to ease the hurt of Time's lament.

O Birds are nearer God's own innocence
Than any chapel's dim magnificence

2nd march

Daffodils: agem.

A young Greek poet dream'd them by a lake.
But in those days the antient gods were kind;
so fearing lest his waking heart should break
They shaft these golden banners of his mind:

and even now where soundless words of talk
are utter'd by the shades in their repose
the daffodils are round them as they walk
amid the splendor of spring's dying rose.

But we, than lying Greeks much wiser now,
who ran with blossoms dawn's bright face to greet
festooning altars - we, more wise allow
poor ragged folk to sell them in the street.

197
3rd march

From Far South And Long Ago

Don' wan' de sun, don' wan' de moon
Don' wan' nuthin' but Jesus.

A heerd a darkey by de shore
Asingin' dis an' nuthin' more

Don' wan' de sun, don' wan' de moon
Don' wan' nuthin' but Jesus.

An' O ma heart went singin' tu
more better dan' a nebbor knew

Don' wan' de sun, don' wan' de moon.
Don' want nuthin' but Jesus.

4th march

Tho' Arthur's dead:

{ Paris } { shepherd }
 { Priam that mighty prince of tall Troy town }
 Is now no more a theme for poet's song
 For all his ^{famous loveliness} fame and memory so cast down
 Does to dead dusty centuries belong;

Arthur, that went across the silver lake
 With those wanir-sag'd queens in sable gown,
 Has sunk in a deep slumber, nor will wake
 Tho' small men make a jest of antient crowns.

But mourn not thou, for these had joy in earth
 And somewhere hold their joy inviolate.
 Enough that now the ^{Summer's} Spring is come to birth
 Stold in the hawthorn blossom delicate.

4th march

179

The Snake

The man and the woman, naked and white
 Hand in hand thrud slowly over the lawn
 Their timid feet scattering the dewdrops bright
 As raindrops are scattered by the frightend fawn.

They came at last ^{last} into the shade of green trees
 Where the grass seemd greener for that shadowing
 And they sat down, their arms around their knees
 Nor laught nor smild nor spake of anything
 in silence yet unbroke by cry or wimp

After awhile the woman, Eve, arose
 And stretching her white arms shook out her hair
 But Adam turning ^{for unrest} troubl'd from repose
 Beheld a ~~horror~~ ^{gold gleam} in her browneyes' stare.

For she had seen beside her from a bough
 Three golden apples hang in cluster'd peace
 So he lay still and ^{all} white, wondering how
 She might rifle the treasures of the trees.
 done to

5th Mar. (mid 5) 201

Silence

anon she gently moved lest he should wake
Setting her feet with care among the grass
yet seeing not how round the tree a snake
Lay curled, a rootlike, shining, green gold mass.

She graspt an apple but one white foot struck
The sleeping serpent and it turned to wake
And as she started back afraid to pluck
Another fruit the green chain seem'd to break.

Then Adam rose and cried out bitterly
"Eve behold the thing that thou hast done
That Snake was sleeping time, ^{while that snake slept it was} Eternity;
Now are we bound in fetters to the sun".
time bound to the mortal sun

Silence : the spiderstars are hid
Behind a cerecloth sky.
The moon's bright boss'd golden lid
Hangeth not now on high.

A mist has cloak'd the sleeping earth:
No window lights are seen.
Surely since Time has come to birth
Such silence hath not been.

White

7th March

The Road thro' Night's with moonlight/bright:
On either hand in trees that soon
Will break awake with blooms of white
The wood pigeons croom to the moon

7th March.

Crucifixions : A Ballad of the Trinity

I heard a man on the top of a bus
Describe a business deal to a friend
"They tried hard to get the better o' us
By God we got 'em neatly in the end"
(my inner spirit said to me:
'He crucifies Humility')

As I was sitting loitering o'er my lunch
A mate beside me said "I know a spot
Where you are sure to find the nicest bunch
Of prostitutes this bloody town has got."
(my inner spirit cried to me:
'He crucifies sweet Purity')

203
Back in the office boss came in and swore,
And struck the little boy that sweeps the place
Wrongly, while we lampbrushers three or four
Stood idle by and watched that crying face
(my inner spirit cried to me:
'You crucify your Valency')

That night at ten when I knelt down to pray
To Jesus Christ, the Father, and the Son
And catalog'd my doings of the day
How this I'd said, and this kind thing I'd done
My inner spirit sigh'd to me
All ~~man~~ "Why crucify the Trinity?"

For Purity,

Humility,

and Valency,

They are the Three

They are the Three!

8th march

Sonnet: The Veteran

I heard an old man in the barber's shop,
this morning when I strolled in for a shave.
He said that he had fought at Spion Kop ...
and cried big tears because the lads so brave

that lay with him out in the scorching sun
were all gone now and none knew where they went...
..... He brightened then and said "No there's still one,
an officer an' yet a perfec' gent ...

We usta keep two fancy girls at home...
His wife, ye see, was daughter o' a Duke...
'An' when it's over 'sez he 'Davy, come
an' see how my young birds in Lunnnon look'

The old man grumbled "Aye, a bloody shame!
If I was rich I'd surely do the same."

8th march 205

The Pall Bearers

We always had trouble gettin' him home
when booze was in him an' the pubs were shut...
And many's the night the polis had come
an' fin' him not able tae stir a fut.....

O He's aiser now an' his weight is less...
He musta wasted quarely in his bed....
I seen him bate a peeler in Drumness
twelvemonths ago, an' now he's lyin' dead.

8th March

The Schoolmaster

I knew a man who kept a school
 and when his pupils hurried home
 each night, he climbed a dippy stool
 and lifted down a dusty tome
 and read in accents beautiful
 the epic tales of ancient Rome:

and clean forgot the throaty fray
 that he must wage to earn his bread -
 how every day's like every day -
 how the same stupid things are said.
 He did not see his hair grow grey
 Once when they came they found him dead.

O who dare say that he is less
 than any hero of the wars
 that used to sooth his wretchedness
 with dreams of shields and scimitars?
 Now surely he stands in the press
 'mid night's cold galaxy of stars.

8th March

207

Epilogue

I make my bow: the curtains dropt at last
 On this small world wherein my rôle was cast
 And wait only for the violin
 To strike its shrieking cry across the din
 Of grand finale to our vain essay
 At pleasing the Immortals with our play.
 I make my bow: the curtains down, and I
 Am ready to depart reluctantly;
 For I, as well as any comic man
 who plays the mock or true tragedian,
 Enjoy the ^{stalls'} ~~crowd's~~ applause, the pit's encore,
 And gape up at the gallery for more ...
 I make my bow: the curtains down, and all
 The glory's gone from our theatrical
 And tinsel world behind the footlights' glare.
 I gaze into the dark: you are not there.
 You might have sat the play out to the end,
 For your applause was kindest, good my friend.
 The redflush stalls are empty. What use now
 Of standing here?.. Bravo.. I make my Bow

9th March

X Sonnet: Approach of Summer

O Summer came this morning into town
Laying a shining finger of reproof
On steeple, chimney, gable, slategrey roof;
But in the open spaces casting down
A squander'd heap of blossom careless thrown
And bearing plain the print of Pan's rough hoof
That crush'd it in the lovely lands aloof
Laying beneath Olympus' cloudy crown.

The marble statues seem to stir and move
Under the burning kisses of the day
Like hot bright touches of Pygmalion.

And as around the sacred cypress grove
The votive birds were early at their play
Already pigeons flutter in the sun.

9th March 2009

Sonnet: After the Carousal.

Who's in the tent, Proteas? Clitus speaks,
The King's asleep and ill. O poor Theais,
The shining tears are staining her fair cheeks
For o she thinks a sorry death is his!

He cried (you were not there) a bootless boast
"To such as drinks most deeply here, a crown"
Then rais'd his goblet up and gave a toast:
But at the fifth he crash'd his goblet down.

His head upon his arms lay in unease
Around the board the drinkers sagg'd & sank
But Promachus upon his wine dript knees
Had strength to take another. When he drank

The slaves came in and carried them away
They say one's dead. Who, Proteas, I pray?

Sonnet: The Vow

9th march

~~That~~

Whose body's that? Nay listen to my tale
And look not on those eyes first strangely so,
Count not the breaches in the deadmen's mail
Nor marvel at the strength behind the blow.

A certain fellow did me bitter wrong,
And France, wrong, and our king; turn'd enemy
A henchman to the English; they were strong...
I swore a sacred oath that not till he
Tell neath my hand would I my locks clip short.
'Tis seven years, and they are long and grey
Unfilled for the gaudies of court,
Untidy for the harper's music play...

O see that battle'd body lying there!
Come sirah with thy sword sweep off my hair.

X

10th march

211

And now no more is heard.

I do not think I have the heart to make
another song, even for Beauty's sake
that is the axle-tree of human life,
nor one wild slogan for the hearty strife
we are engag'd in who would build a gen
Jerusalem for miserable men.

To night I heard, passing the windy wood
a bird cry out against the solitude.
But my heart had no answer to that cry,
and I went onward thinking happily
of lights at journey's end and voices known
and lov'd in every cadence, every tone....

So when I saw cutting the sky's pale gold
sharp blackedg'd roofs that in their shelter hold
so many hidden joys and tragedies
I did not moralise:

I thought 'twould freeze

Before the morning came

I do not think

That I would lay aside for pen and ink
my music, or my reading, or my play,
or turn a moment from that husky fray
to beat a ballad out of bitter wrong

I have no heart to make another song.

12th March

The Hunter

He waged an endless war on words
A hunter in time's thicket straid
Be it moon's light or sunshine bright
He stalked them unafraid

I heard him shout against the sky
Amid the cotton crystal snows
"But" rose's scent what more is meant
Than perfume of the rose?"

12th March

25

But maniton the hunter's god
From his tefee of stars and wind
Cried down aloud: "O mortal proud
Know surely thou hast sinned:

To hunt strange words and capture them
Is foolishness and very vain:
To hang each belt upon thy belt
Is little prize or gain.

For when that's done the little thing
That is each little creature's life
Runs up to me, since 'tis set free
By thy poor hunting knife "

I saw him stride against the sky
Amid the cotton crystal snows
Saying "By rose's scent is meant
the perfume of the Rose "

13th March

Reverie: Snow.

Last night the windy heaven swung jeweld with dust of stars,
And frost was in the wind's voice as it would a meand in pain.
This morning like an icebound ship with snowdrift on its spears
The little town lay snugly deep, alone and lost again.

Agazing from my window I beheld in fancy's glass
The woodsmoke curling skywards from the cottage down the lane,
And suddenly a whip crackt, & the stagecoach seem'd to pass,
My grandad with his old red coat driving it again.

The snow soon went since thawset in, leaving the streets aflow,
Tilling the brimming gutters like a Congo forest rain.
So all day long at work I dream'd of him I us'd to know,
And how he never liv'd to see the fields grow green again.

14th March

215.

Theorbo and Lutestring,

Song of the morning

Fling, Laura, fling thy golden hair
Over the dewwasht casement ledge
For morn ariseth, glittering, fair,
From out the spearheads of the sedge:
And in the silver willow tree
A brownbird singeth happily.

Come Laura, since now o'er the lawn
The peacock's starry banner trails,
And on the pool a gold chain'd swan,
That snowy barge from Faery, sails.
O come for now my virolay
Low calleth thee to welcome day.

The Quiet and the Huntress Heart

Knee deep in clover Dren stood,
Her arrow poised to her ear,
A spring of yew stuck in her snood,
Hunting the solitary deer

But she my humor pleased not
For Chloë cried out "O come
And hear, amid the bergamot,
The thrushes' spring prelude!"

Published in "Northmen" June 217

X In Praise of Good Elizabeth.

Had I a golden-pageant-life?
Was mine a red and velvet death?
Did Marlowe feel my shining knife
In thy dear days, Elizabeth?

And did I play a string'd lute
In company of Campion,
Casting it down, and leaving mute
My melodies, when Ben was gone?

To thee did bring a negro boy
With ivory teeth and tales of death?
Ah surely, surely I had joy
In thy dead days, Elizabeth.

Soft Music

O Cease thy musick, melodist,
Drown not my stripling soule in sounde
O Pity me thou lutanist,
My heart hath taen a cruel wounde.
O Where is any comfort founde
Or stanching for my cruel wounde.

Nay tug thy stops and crash thy keys
Uttering forth a thundrous noise
To bear me up on harmonies
Like to an angel's silvern voice.
Yea pluck thy lute that I become
Healed by musick's balsamum.

Finale

219
Pluck idly from thy instrument
Soft single notes that rise and fall
Majestically in madrigal
Too magic for the heart's content.

When thou hast done, thy lute lay by
And rise and enter the dim wood
Where in the lattic'd solitude
Come little birds' cries mockingly.

Know then that song is very vain
Being a jest of woodland gods.
Even in golden periods
Musick is but the core of pain.

Lament for Astrophel

Stella, thy Astrophel is gone
(Prithee be silent, lute player)
The dryads making mournful moan
Have turn'd my singing heart to stone
Since they and thou and I are left alone
(Minerva pity her).

For he that shone before our eyes
(Prithee be silent, lute player)
Hath fled despite our fever'd cries
To palaces of Paradise,
And will not come tho' myriads suns arise.
(Minerva pity her)

Thou hast his love to brood upon
(Prithee cast down thy psalter)
Wherefore O Stella make no moan.
'Tis I must mourn and I alone
Who have but a dream that will soon be gone.
(Minerva pity me!)

Blast against the Players out of Place.

Corin's quill has no sound of dole
Rustick and happy in its cheer
But ye on either and citole
Affright and rage the listner's ear.

O ye are useless in your skill
Ye mournfull dull musitians
Playing as negroes do until
The shadow from the moon's face stirs.

When I am glad ye play this thing
When I am grave 'tis plaid also
As tho' a cuckoo bird should sing
From dawn till eve 'neath thy window.

Yea 'tis as tho' a day should come
When one's brought to be buried,
Playing epithalamium
Ye walk before the weary dead.

15th march

The Willow tree (Metaphysical)

When I behold a willow tree,
O Lord,
My soul runs backward hastily
Unto enameld mead,
And emerald sward,
Till I am freed,
O Lord.

My homeless spirit finds an house
O Christ
Walking anigh those dripping boughs,
Beyond old time and space,
In most holy tryst
I view thy face
O Christ

223

In this Thy willow tree and I,
O Lord
Are exiles weeping bitterly
Strangers from Eden's bourn,
Crying in accord
For to return,
O Lord.

(Theorbo + lute.) The Starpoints

16th march
2.4.11

I went into the wood,
Where Sol caroused with lusty Ver,
A tiptoe stood
And carved my love in juniper

As some great Titan old
Stood up against the midnight sky
And pierst in gold
Where stars shine everlastingly.

16 March
10 noon

Paradise Plain song.

(metaphysical)

Cast off thy soiled mortal dress
And do on everlastingness
Lest when ye come to lie in clay,
Biding the Resurrection day,
Worms crawl and wriggle thro' thy shroud
That ye lie wroth in mortal Proud!
For when the trumpets sound again,
Recalling all the wandering men,
What woud ye wear before the Lord
When ye walk over Heaven's sword?
Woud ye be naked in his sight?

Do a, I say, Christ's Robe of Light.

16th March

223

I saw a silver birch tree sway
Beside a dulled-silver pool
About the silver break of day
And O Lord for twas beautiful.

So in that beauty I forgot
The loveliness of Paradise.
O Lord do thou chastise me not
But cleanse my beauty-lusting eyes.

O stay! For I went closer yet
Plucked down a silver pointed leaf.
The spears shone so at Olivet
After my Jesus's night of grief.

16th m

227

Theorbo & Lute string: Encomiaste

As the lark is of the summer

I am Loves Encomiaste.

Than the swallowe, early comer,

I am no-thing less in haste:

To declare Loves charmes and graces

In dark winter blighted places,

I am coming now with musick from the Past.

Woudst thou listen to my singing

As a child does to a thrush,

When the bloome of love is springing

And the Hawthorn's on each bush.

For the wind of March that passes

Delicately o'er the grasses

Crieth out in quiet rapture Hush ah Hush.

For the Tyme of Love is going

And the dayes will not return.

Whanne the daffadilly's blowing

Ere it wither, shouldst thou mourn?

Love and I stand heer together

Since it is Lovemaking weather,

And my pleadynge, Lady, doe not treat with scorn.

16th march

G tiles.

Angus and I sat on the old stone wall
Swapping old stories till the post should come;
For it was early evening and the sky,
A dusty gold behind the frost black trees,
Held hints of storm low gathering in the west.
Old Biddy, passing, spoke a civil word
About the weather and the price of eggs,
So Angus more for talk's sake than aught else,
Said "Biddy dear, I seen ye down the lane
At dinner time, an' sure ye had a dog!"
I laught, but she stood straighter up and smiled,
A little sorrow in her old grey eyes,
And clutching her shawl's fringe with old thin hands,
She spoke "Ye see the poor wee craytin's lane,
An' I was on'y tyin' up its fat.
It mebbe had tae climb a wheen o' hills".

17th
march

The Shower. (Ninetyish)

The sunlight on the silver larch
Splashes a molten net of gold,
As gustily across the wold
Fly frayed cloud shadows of mad march.

The splendor of the saffordils
Utters a golden shout of mirth,
Piercing the dull green of earth,
And laughing up a hundred hills.

But golden 'neath the brazen rock
After that sudden flash of rain
They wander out to browse again,
A shower-drenched Jason hunted flock.

19th March

Blossom

When orchard boughs
windfretted throw
their raindrencht
blossomy drifts of snow,
'tis time for me to
turn and go.

But if the orchards
bend and sink
beneath cascades of
lumbold pink
I do not go
I stop and think.

For 'tis a secret
sign to me
from the spirit in the
west countree
my exile's ended
from Gramarye!

2299

including Sonnets.



WD Elements