

Grass of Parnassus

by Andrew Lang

DEEDS OF MEN

[Greek text which cannot be reproduced]. To Colonel Ian Hamilton.

To you, who know the face of war, You, that for England wander far,
You that have seen the Ghazis fly From English lads not sworn to die, You
that have lain where, deadly chill, The mist crept o'er the Shameful Hill,
You that have conquered, mile by mile, The currents of unfriendly Nile,
And cheered the march, and eased the strain When Politics made valour
vain, Ian, to you, from banks of Ken, We send our lays of Englishmen!

SEEKERS FOR A CITY.

"Believe me, if that blissful, that beautiful place, were set on a hill
visible to all the world, I should long ago have journeyed thither. . . But
the number and variety of the ways! For you know, THERE IS BUT
ONE ROAD THAT LEADS TO CORINTH."

HERMOTIMUS (Mr Pater's Version).

"The Poet says, DEAR CITY OF CECROPS, and wilt thou not say,
DEAR CITY OF ZEUS?"

M. ANTONINUS.

"To Corinth leads one road," you say: Is there a Corinth, or a way?
Each bland or blatant preacher hath His painful or his primrose path, And
not a soul of all of these But knows the city 'twixt the seas, Her fair
unnumbered homes and all Her gleaming amethystine wall!

Blind are the guides who know the way, The guides who write, and
preach, and pray, I watch their lives, and I divine They differ not from
yours and mine!

One man we knew, and only one, Whose seeking for a city's done, For
what he greatly sought he found, A city girt with fire around, A city in an

empty land Between the wastes of sky and sand, A city on a river-side,
Where by the folk he loved, he died. (1)

Alas! it is not ours to tread That path wherein his life he led, Not ours
his heart to dare and feel, Keen as the fragrant Syrian steel; Yet are we not
quite city-less, Not wholly left in our distress - Is it not said by One of old,
"Sheep have I of another fold?" Ah! faint of heart, and weak of will, For
us there is a city still!

"Dear city of Zeus," the Stoic says, (2) The Voice from Rome's
imperial days, In Thee meet all things, and disperse, In Thee, for Thee, O
Universe! To me all's fruit thy seasons bring, Alike thy summer and thy
spring; The winds that wail, the suns that burn, From Thee proceed, to
Thee return.

"Dear city of Zeus," shall WE not say, Home to which none can lose
the way! Born in that city's flaming bound, We do not find her, but are
found. Within her wide and viewless wall The Universe is girdled all. All
joys and pains, all wealth and dearth, All things that travail on the earth,
God's will they work, if God there be, If not, what is my life to me?

Seek we no further, but abide Within this city great and wide, In her
and for her living, we Have no less joy than to be free; Nor death nor grief
can quite appal The folk that dwell within her wall, Nor aught but with our
will befall!

THE WHITE PACHA.

Vain is the dream! However Hope may rave, He perished with the
folk he could not save, And though none surely told us he is dead, And
though perchance another in his stead, Another, not less brave, when all
was done, Had fled unto the southward and the sun, Had urged a way by
force, or won by guile To streams remotest of the secret Nile, Had raised
an army of the Desert men, And, waiting for his hour, had turned again
And fallen on that False Prophet, yet we know GORDON is dead, and
these things are not so! Nay, not for England's cause, nor to restore Her
trampled flag - for he loved Honour more - Nay, not for Life, Revenge, or

Victory, Would he have fled, whose hour had dawned to die. He will not come again, whate'er our need, He will not come, who is happy, being freed From the deathly flesh and perishable things, And lies of statesmen and rewards of kings. Nay, somewhere by the sacred River's shore He sleeps like those who shall return no more, No more return for all the prayers of men - Arthur and Charles - they never come again! They shall not wake, though fair the vision seem: Whate'er sick Hope may whisper, vain the dream!

MIDNIGHT, JANUARY 25, 1886.

To-morrow is a year since Gordon died! A year ago to-night, the Desert still Crouched on the spring, and panted for its fill Of lust and blood. Their old art statesmen plied, And paltered, and evaded, and denied; Guiltless as yet, except for feeble will, And craven heart, and calculated skill In long delays, of their great homicide.

A year ago to-night 'twas not too late. The thought comes through our mirth, again, again; Methinks I hear the halting foot of Fate Approaching and approaching us; and then Comes cackle of the House, and the Debate! Enough; he is forgotten amongst men.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA.

On the offer of help from the Australians after the fall of Khartoum.

Sons of the giant Ocean isle In sport our friendly foes for long, Well England loves you, and we smile When you outmatch us many a while, So fleet you are, so keen and strong.

You, like that fairy people set Of old in their enchanted sea Far off from men, might well forget An elder nation's toil and fret, Might heed not aught but game and glee.

But what your fathers were you are In lands the fathers never knew,

'Neath skies of alien sign and star You rally to the English war; Your hearts are English, kind and true.

And now, when first on England falls The shadow of a darkening fate,
You hear the Mother ere she calls, You leave your ocean-girdled walls,
And face her foemen in the gate.

COLONEL BURNABY.

[Greek text which cannot be reproduced]

Thou that on every field of earth and sky Didst hunt for Death, who seemed to flee and fear, How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie Slain in the Desert by some wandering spear: 'Not here, alas!' may England say, 'not here Nor in this quarrel was it meet to die, But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh To thunder through the Afghan passes sheer:

Like Aias by the ships shouldst thou have stood, And in some glen have stayed the stream of flight, The bulwark of thy people and their shield, When Indus or when Helmund ran with blood, Till back into the Northland and the Night The smitten Eagles scattered from the field.'

MELVILLE AND COGHILL.

(The place of the little hand.)

Dead, with their eyes to the foe, Dead, with the foe at their feet,
Under the sky laid low Truly their slumber is sweet, Though the wind from the Camp of the Slain Men blow, And the rain on the wilderness beat.

Dead, for they chose to die When that wild race was run; Dead, for they would not fly, Deeming their work undone, Nor cared to look on the face of the sky, Nor loved the light of the sun.

Honour we give them and tears, And the flag they died to save, Rent from the rain of the spears, Wet from the war and the wave, Shall waft

men's thoughts through the dust of the years, Back to their lonely grave!

RHODOCLEIA

TO RHODOCLEIA - ON HER MELANCHOLY SINGING.

(Rhodocleia was beloved by Rufinus, one of the late poets of the Greek Anthology.)

Still, Rhodocleia, brooding on the dead, Still singing of the meads of
asphodel, Lands desolate of delight? Say, hast thou dreamed of, or
remembered, The shores where shadows dwell, Nor know the sun, nor see
the stars of night?

There, 'midst thy music, doth thy spirit gaze As a girl pines for home,
Looking along the way that she hath come, Sick to return, and counts the
weary days! So wouldst thou flee Back to the multitude whose days are
done, Wouldst taste the fruit that lured Persephone, The sacrament of
death; and die, and be No more in the wind and sun!

Thou hast not dreamed it, but remembered I know thou hast been there,
Hast seen the stately dwellings of the dead Rise in the twilight air, And
crossed the shadowy bridge the spirits tread, And climbed the golden stair!

Nay, by thy cloudy hair And lips that were so fair, Sad lips now
mindful of some ancient smart, And melancholy eyes, the haunt of Care, I
know thee who thou art! That Rhodocleia, Glory of the Rose, Of Hellas,
ere her close, That Rhodocleia who, when all was done The golden time of
Greece, and fallen her sun, Swayed her last poet's heart.

With roses did he woo thee, and with song, With thine own rose, and
with the lily sweet, The dark-eyed violet, Garlands of wind-flowers wet,
And fragrant love-lamps that the whole night long Burned till the dawn
was burning in the skies, Praising **THY GOLDEN EYES, AND FEET**

MORE SILVERY THAN THETIS' FEET!

But thou didst die and flit Among the tribes outworn, The unavailing myriads of the past: Oft he beheld thy face in dreams of morn, And, waking, wept for it, Till his own time came at last, And then he sought thee in the dusky land! Wide are the populous places of the dead Where souls on earth once wed May never meet, nor each take other's hand, Each far from the other fled!

So all in vain he sought for thee, but thou Didst never taste of the Lethaeian stream, Nor that forgetful fruit, The mystic pom'granate; But from the Mighty Warden fledst; and now, The fugitive of Fate, Thou farest in our life as in a dream, Still wandering with thy lute, Like that sweet paynim lady of old song, Who sang and wandered long, For love of her Aucassin, seeking him! So with thy minstrelsy Thou roamest, dreaming of the country dim, Below the veiled sky!

There doth thy lover dwell, Singing, and seeking still to find thy face In that forgetful place: Thou shalt not meet him here, Not till thy singing clear Through all the murmur of the streams of hell Wins to the Maiden's ear! May she, perchance, have pity on thee and call Thine eager spirit to sit beside her feet, Passing throughout the long unechoing hall Up to the shadowy throne, Where the lost lovers of the ages meet; Till then thou art alone!

AVE.

'Our Faith and Troth All time and space controules Above the highest
sphere we meet Unseen, unknowne, and greet as Angels greet'

Col, Richard Lovelace. 1649

CLEVEDON CHURCH.

[In memoriam H. B.]

Westward I watch the low green hills of Wales, The low sky silver
grey, The turbid Channel with the wandering sails Moans through the
winter day. There is no colour but one ashen light On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height Is grey as sky or sea. But there
hath he that woke the sleepless Love Slept through these fifty years, There
is the grave that has been wept above With more than mortal tears. And far
below I hear the Channel sweep And all his waves complain, As Hallam's
dirge through all the years must keep Its monotone of pain.

* * * * *

Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies, My heart flits forth from
these Back to the winter rose of northern skies, Back to the northern seas.
And lo, the long waves of the ocean beat Below the minster grey, Caverns
and chapels worn of saintly feet, And knees of them that pray. And I
remember me how twain were one Beside that ocean dim, I count the
years passed over since the sun That lights me looked on him, And
dreaming of the voice that, save in sleep, Shall greet me not again, Far, far
below I hear the Channel sweep And all his waves complain.

TWILIGHT ON TWEED.

Three crests against the saffron sky, Beyond the purple plain, The kind remembered melody Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills, Dear voice from the old years, Thy distant music lulls and stills, And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood Fleets through the dusky land; Where Scott, come home to die, has stood, My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats, The Border waters flow; The air is full of ballad notes, Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me, Sweet through a boy's day dream, While trout below the blossom'd tree Plashed in the golden steam.

* * * * *

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill, Fair and too fair you be; You tell me that the voice is still That should have welcomed me.

1870.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I shall not see thee, nay, but I shall know Perchance, the grey eyes in another's eyes, Shall guess thy curls in gracious locks that flow On purest brows, yea, and the swift surmise Shall follow and track, and find thee in disguise Of all sad things, and fair, where sunsets glow, When through the scent of heather, faint and low, The weak wind whispers to the day that dies.

From all sweet art, and out of all old rhyme, Thine eyes and lips are light and song to me; The shadows of the beauty of all time, In song or story are but shapes of thee; Alas, the shadowy shapes! ah, sweet my dear, Shall life or death bring all thy being near?

LOST IN HADES.

I dreamed that somewhere in the shadowy place, Grief of farewell

unspoken was forgot In welcome, and regret remembered not; And
hopeless prayer accomplished turned to praise On lips that had been
songless many days; Hope had no more to hope for, and desire And dread
were overpast, in white attire New born we walked among the new world's
ways.

Then from the press of shades a spirit threw Towards me such apples
as these gardens bear; And turning, I was 'ware of her, and knew And
followed her fleet voice and flying hair, - Followed, and found her not,
and seeking you I found you never, dearest, anywhere.

A STAR IN THE NIGHT.

The perfect piteous beauty of thy face Is like a star the dawning drives
away; Mine eyes may never see in the bright day Thy pallid halo, thy
supernal grace; But in the night from forth the silent place Thou comest,
dim in dreams, as doth a stray Star of the starry flock that in the grey Is
seen, and lost, and seen a moment's space.

And as the earth at night turns to a star, Loved long ago, and dearer
than the sun, So in the spiritual place afar, At night our souls are mingled
and made one, And wait till one night fall, and one dawn rise, That brings
no noon too splendid for your eyes.

A SUNSET ON YARROW.

The wind and the day had lived together, They died together, and far
away Spoke farewell in the sultry weather, Out of the sunset, over the
heather, The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the south, the summer levin Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air:
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven; You saw within, but to me 'twas
given To see your face, as an angel's, there.

Never again, ah surely never Shall we wait and watch, where of old we

stood, The low good-night of the hill and the river, The faint light fade,
and the wan stars quiver, Twain grown one in the solitude.

ANOTHER WAY.

Come to me in my dreams, and then, One saith, I shall be well again,
For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

Nay, come not THOU in dreams, my sweet, With shadowy robes, and
silent feet, And with the voice, and with the eyes That greet me in a soft
surprise.

Last night, last night, in dreams we met, And how, to-day, shall I forget,
Or how, remembering, restrain Mine incommunicable pain?

Nay, where thy land and people are, Dwell thou remote, apart, afar,
Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep The melancholy ways of Sleep.

But if, perchance, the shadows break, If dreams depart, and men
awake, If face to face at length we see, Be thine the voice to welcome me.

HESPEROTHEN

By the example of certain Grecian mariners, who, being safely returned from the war about Troy, leave yet again their old lands and gods, seeking they know not what, and choosing neither to abide in the fair Phaeacian island, nor to dwell and die with the Sirens, at length end miserably in a desert country by the sea, is set forth the VANITY OF MELANCHOLY. And by the land of Phaeacia is to be understood the place of Art and of fair Pleasures; and by Circe's Isle, the place of bodily delights, whereof men, falling aweary, attain to Eld, and to the darkness of that age. Which thing Master Francoys Rabelais feigned, under the similitude of the Isle of the Macraeones.

THE SEEKERS FOR PHAEACIA.

There is a land in the remotest day, Where the soft night is born, and sunset dies; The eastern shore sees faint tides fade away, That wash the lands where laughter, tears, and sighs Make life, - the lands below the blue of common skies.

But in the west is a mysterious sea, (What sails have seen it, or what shipmen known?) With coasts enchanted where the Sirens be, With islands where a Goddess walks alone, And in the cedar trees the magic winds make moan.

Eastward the human cares of house and home, Cities, and ships, and unknown gods, and loves; Westward, strange maidens fairer than the foam, And lawless lives of men, and haunted groves, Wherein a god may dwell, and where the Dryad roves.

The gods are careless of the days and death Of toilsome men, beyond the western seas; The gods are heedless of their painful breath, And love them not, for they are not as these; But in the golden west they live and lie at ease.

Yet the Phaeacians well they love, who live At the light's limit, passing
careless hours, Most like the gods; and they have gifts to give, Even wine,
and fountains musical, and flowers, And song, and if they will, swift ships,
and magic powers.

It is a quiet midland; in the cool Of the twilight comes the god, though
no man prayed, To watch the maids and young men beautiful Dance, and
they see him, and are not afraid, For they are neat of kin to gods, and
undismayed.

Ah, would the bright red prows might bring us nigh The dreamy isles
that the Immortals keep! But with a mist they hide them wondrously, And
far the path and dim to where they sleep, - The loved, the shadowy lands,
along the shadowy deep.

A SONG OF PHAEACIA.

The languid sunset, mother of roses, Lingers, a light on the magic seas,
The wide fire flames, as a flower uncloses, Heavy with odour, and loose to
the breeze.

The red rose clouds, without law or leader, Gather and float in the airy
plain; The nightingale sings to the dewy cedar, The cedar scatters his scent
to the main.

The strange flowers' perfume turns to singing, Heard afar over moonlit
seas: The Siren's song, grown faint in winging, Falls in scent on the cedar
trees.

As waifs blown out of the sunset, flying, Purple, and rosy, and grey,
the birds Brighten the air with their wings; their crying Wakens a moment
the weary herds.

Butterflies flit from the fairy garden, Living blossoms of flying
flowers; Never the nights with winter harden, Nor moons wax keen in this
land of ours.

Great fruits, fragrant, green and golden, Gleam in the green, and droop
and fall; Blossom, and bud, and flower unfolden, Swing, and cling to the
garden wall.

Deep in the woods as twilight darkens, Glades are red with the scented fire; Far in the dells the white maid hearkens, Song and sigh of the heart's desire.

Ah, and as moonlight fades in morning, Maiden's song in the matin grey, Faints as the first bird's note, a warning, Wakes and wails to the new-born day.

The waking song and the dying measure Meet, and the waxing and waning light Meet, and faint with the hours of pleasure, The rose of the sea and the sky is white.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PHAEACIA.

The Phaeacians.

Why from the dreamy meadows, More fair than any dream, Why seek ye for the shadows Beyond the ocean stream?

Through straits of storm and peril, Through firths unsailed before, Why make you for the sterile, The dark Kimmerian shore?

There no bright streams are flowing, There day and night are one, No harvest time, no sowing, No sight of any sun;

No sound of song or tabor, No dance shall greet you there; No noise of mortal labour Breaks on the blind chill air.

Are ours not happy places, Where gods with mortals trod? Saw not our sires the faces Of many a present god?

The Seekers.

Nay, now no god comes hither, In shape that men may see; They fare we know not whither, We know not what they be.

Yea, though the sunset lingers Far in your fairy glades, Though yours the sweetest singers, Though yours the kindest maids,

Yet here be the true shadows, Here in the doubtful light; Amid the dreamy meadows No shadow haunts the night.

We seek a city splendid, With light beyond the sun; Or lands where dreams are ended, And works and days are done.

A BALLAD OF DEPARTURE. (3)

Fair white bird, what song art thou singing In wintry weather of lands
o'er sea? Dear white bird, what way art thou winging, Where no grass
grows, and no green tree?

I looked at the far-off fields and grey, There grew no tree but the
cypress tree, That bears sad fruits with the flowers of May, And whoso
looks on it, woe is he.

And whoso eats of the fruit thereof Has no more sorrow, and no more
love; And who sets the same in his garden stead, In a little space he is
waste and dead.

THEY HEAR THE SIRENS FOR THE SECOND TIME.

The weary sails a moment slept, The oars were silent for a space, As
past Hesperian shores we swept, That were as a remembered face Seen
after lapse of hopeless years, In Hades, when the shadows meet, Dim
through the mist of many tears, And strange, and though a shadow, sweet.

So seemed the half-remembered shore, That slumbered, mirrored in
the blue, With havens where we touched of yore, And ports that over well
we knew. Then broke the calm before a breeze That sought the secret of
the west; And listless all we swept the seas Towards the Islands of the
Blest.

Beside a golden sanded bay We saw the Sirens, very fair The flowery
hill whereon they lay, The flowers set upon their hair. Their old sweet song
came down the wind, Remembered music waxing strong, - Ah now no
need of cords to bind, No need had we of Orphic song.

It once had seemed a little thing To lay our lives down at their feet,
That dying we might hear them sing, And dying see their faces sweet; But
now, we glanced, and passing by, No care had we to tarry long; Faint hope,

and rest, and memory Were more than any Siren's song.

CIRCE'S ISLE REVISITED.

Ah, Circe, Circe! in the wood we cried; Ah, Circe, Circe! but no voice replied; No voice from bowers o'ergrown and ruinous As fallen rocks upon the mountain side.

There was no sound of singing in the air; Faded or fled the maidens that were fair, No more for sorrow or joy were seen of us, No light of laughing eyes, or floating hair.

The perfume, and the music, and the flame Had passed away; the memory of shame Alone abode, and stings of faint desire, And pulses of vague quiet went and came.

Ah, Circe! in thy sad changed fairy place, Our dead youth came and looked on us a space, With drooping wings, and eyes of faded fire. And wasted hair about a weary face.

Why had we ever sought the magic isle That seemed so happy in the days erewhile? Why did we ever leave it, where we met A world of happy wonders in one smile?

Back to the westward and the waning light We turned, we fled; the solitude of night Was better than the infinite regret, In fallen places of our dead delight.

THE LIMIT OF LANDS.

Between the circling ocean sea And the poplars of Persephone There lies a strip of barren sand, Flecked with the sea's last spray, and strown With waste leaves of the poplars, blown From gardens of the shadow land.

With altars of old sacrifice The shore is set, in mournful wise The mists upon the ocean brood; Between the water and the air The clouds are born that float and fare Between the water and the wood.

Upon the grey sea never sail Of mortals passed within our hail, Where
the last weak waves faint and flow; We heard within the poplar pale The
murmur of a doubtful wail Of voices loved so long ago.

We scarce had care to die or live, We had no honey cake to give, No
wine of sacrifice to shed; There lies no new path over sea, And now we
know how faint they be, The feasts and voices of the dead.

Ah, flowers and dance! ah, sun and snow! Glad life, sad life we did
forego To dream of quietness and rest; Ah, would the fleet sweet roses
here Poured light and perfume through the drear Pale year, and wan land
of the west.

Sad youth, that let the spring go by Because the spring is swift to fly,
Sad youth, that feared to mourn or love, Behold how sadder far is this, To
know that rest is nowise bliss, And darkness is the end thereof.

VERSES

MARTIAL IN TOWN.

Last night, within the stifling train, Lit by the foggy lamp o'erhead,
Sick of the sad Last News, I read Verse of that joyous child of Spain,

Who dwelt when Rome was waxing cold, Within the Roman din and
smoke. And like my heart to me they spoke, These accents of his heart of
old:-

"Brother, had we but time to live, And fleet the careless hours together,
With all that leisure has to give Of perfect life and peaceful weather,

"The Rich Man's halls, the anxious faces, The weary Forum, courts,
and cases Should know us not; but quiet nooks, But summer shade by field
and well, But county rides, and talk of books, At home, with these, we fain
would dwell!

"Now neither lives, but day by day Sees the suns wasting in the west,
And feels their flight, and doth delay To lead the life he loveth best."

So from thy city prison broke, Martial, thy wail for life misspent, And
so, through London's noise and smoke My heart replies to the lament.

For dear as Tagus with his gold, And swifter Salo, were to thee, So
dear to me the woods that fold The streams that circle Fernielea!

APRIL ON TWEED.

As birds are fain to build their nest The first soft sunny day, So longing
wakens in my breast A month before the May, When now the wind is from
the West, And Winter melts away.

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill, But soft the breezes blow. If melting
snows the waters fill, We nothing heed the snow, But we must up and take

our will, - A fishing will we go!

Below the branches brown and bare, Beneath the primrose lea, The trout lies waiting for his fare, A hungry trout is he; He's hooked, and springs and splashes there Like salmon from the sea!

Oh, April tide's a pleasant tide, However times may fall, And sweet to welcome Spring, the Bride, You hear the mavis call; But all adown the water-side The Spring's most fair of all.

TIRED OF TOWNS.

'When we spoke to her of the New Jerusalem, she said she would rather go to a country place in Heaven.'

Letters from the Black Country.

I'm weary of towns, it seems a'most a pity We didn't stop down i' the country and clem, And you say that I'm bound for another city, For the streets o' the New Jerusalem.

And the streets are never like Sheffield, here, Nor the smoke don't cling like a smut to THEM; But the water o' life flows cool and clear Through the streets o' the New Jerusalem.

And the houses, you say, are of jasper cut, And the gates are gaudy wi' gold and gem; But there's times I could wish as the gates was shut - The gates o' the New Jerusalem.

For I come from a country that's over-built Wi' streets that stifle, and walls that hem, And the gorse on a common's worth all the gilt And the gold of your New Jerusalem.

And I hope that they'll bring me, in Paradise, To green lanes leafy wi' bough and stem - To a country place in the land o' the skies, And not to the New Jerusalem.

SCYTHER SONG.

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe, What is the word methinks ye know, Endless over-word that the Scythe Sings to the blades of the grass below? Scythes that swing in the grass and clover, Something, still, they say as they pass; What is the word that, over and over, Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

HUSH, AH HUSH, the Scythes are saying, HUSH, AND HEED NOT, AND FALL ASLEEP; HUSH, they say to the grasses swaying, HUSH, they sing to the clover deep! HUSH - 'tis the lullaby Time is singing - HUSH, AND HEED NOT, FOR ALL THINGS PASS, HUSH, AH HUSH! and the Scythes are swinging Over the clover, over the grass!

PEN AND INK.

Ye wanderers that were my sires, Who read men's fortunes in the hand, Who voyaged with your smithy fires From waste to waste across the land, Why did you leave for garth and town Your life by heath and river's brink, Why lay your gipsy freedom down And doom your child to Pen and Ink?

You wearied of the wild-wood meal That crowned, or failed to crown, the day; Too honest or too tame to steal You broke into the beaten way; Plied loom or awl like other men, And learned to love the guineas' chink - Oh, recreant sires, who doomed me then To earn so few - with Pen and Ink!

Where it hath fallen the tree must lie. 'Tis over late for ME to roam, Yet the caged bird who hears the cry Of his wild fellows fleeing home, May feel no sharper pang than mine, Who seem to hear, whene'er I think, Spate in the stream, and wind in pine, Call me to quit dull Pen and Ink.

For then the spirit wandering, That slept within the blood, awakes; For then the summer and the spring I fain would meet by streams and lakes; But ah, my Birthright long is sold, But custom chains me, link on link, And I must get me, as of old, Back to my tools, to Pen and Ink.

A DREAM.

Why will you haunt my sleep? You know it may not be, The grave is wide and deep, That sunders you and me; In bitter dreams we reap The sorrow we have sown, And I would I were asleep, Forgotten and alone!

We knew and did not know, We saw and did not see, The nets that long ago Fate wove for you and me; The cruel nets that keep The birds that sob and moan, And I would we were asleep, Forgotten and alone!

THE SINGING ROSE.

'La Rose qui chante et l'herbe qui egare.'

White Rose on the grey garden wall, Where now no night-wind whispereth, Call to the far-off flowers, and call With murmured breath and musical Till all the Roses hear, and all Sing to my Love what the White Rose saith.

White Rose on the grey garden wall That long ago we sung! Again you come at Summer's call, - Again beneath my windows all With trellised flowers is hung, With clusters of the roses white Like fragrant stars in a green night.

Once more I hear the sister towers Each unto each reply, The bloom is on those limes of ours, The weak wind shakes the bloom in showers, Snow from a cloudless sky; There is no change this happy day Within the College Gardens grey!

St. Mary's, Merton, Magdalen - still Their sweet bells chime and swing, The old years answer them, and thrill A wintry heart against its will With memories of the Spring - That Spring we sought the gardens through For flowers which ne'er in gardens grew!

For we, beside our nurse's knee, In fairy tales had heard Of that strange Rose which blossoms free On boughs of an enchanted tree, And sings like any bird! And of the weed beside the way That leadeth lovers' steps astray!

In vain we sought the Singing Rose Whereof old legends tell, Alas, we found it not mid those Within the grey old College close, That budded, flowered, and fell, - We found that herb called 'Wandering' And meet no more, no more in Spring!

Yes, unawares the unhappy grass That leadeth steps astray, We trod, and so it came to pass That never more we twain, alas, Shall walk the self-same way. And each must deem, though neither knows, That NEITHER found the Singing Rose!

A REVIEW IN RHYME.

A little of Horace, a little of Prior, A sketch of a Milkmaid, a lay of the Squire - These, these are 'on draught' 'At the Sign of the Lyre!'

A child in Blue Ribbons that sings to herself, A talk of the Books on the Sheraton shelf, A sword of the Stuarts, a wig of the Guelph,

A LAI, a PANTOUM, a BALLADE, a RONDEAU, A pastel by Greuze, and a sketch by Moreau, And the chimes of the rhymes that sing sweet as they go,

A fan, and a folio, a ringlet, a glove, 'Neath a dance by Laguerre on the ceiling above, And a dream of the days when the bard was in love,

A scent of dead roses, a glance at a pun, A toss of old powder, a glint of the sun, They meet in the volume that Dobson has done!

If there's more that the heart of a man can desire, He may search, in his Swinburne, for fury and fire; If he's wise - he'll alight 'At the Sign of the Lyre!'

COLINETTE.

For a sketch by Mr. G. Leslie, R.A.

France your country, as we know; Room enough for guessing yet, What lips now or long ago, Kissed and named you - Colinette. In what

fields from sea to sea, By what stream your home was set, Loire or Seine
was glad of thee, Marne or Rhone, O Colinette?

Did you stand with maidens ten, Fairer maids were never seen, When
the young king and his men Passed among the orchards green? Nay, old
ballads have a note Mournful, we would fain forget; No such sad old air
should float Round your young brows, Colinette.

Say, did Ronsard sing to you, Shepherdess, to lull his pain, When the
court went wandering through Rose pleasancess of Touraine? Ronsard and
his famous Rose Long are dust the breezes fret; You, within the garden
close, You are blooming, Colinette.

Have I seen you proud and gay, With a patched and perfumed beau,
Dancing through the summer day, Misty summer of Watteau? Nay, so
sweet a maid as you Never walked a minuet With the splendid courtly
crew; Nay, forgive me, Colinette.

Not from Greuze's canvases Do you cast a glance, a smile; You are not
as one of these, Yours is beauty without guile. Round your maiden brows
and hair Maidenhood and Childhood met Crown and kiss you, sweet and
fair, New art's blossom, Colinette.

A SUNSET OF WATTEAU.

LUI.

The silk sail fills, the soft winds wake, Arise and tempt the seas; Our
ocean is the Palace lake, Our waves the ripples that we make Among the
mirrored trees.

ELLE.

Nay, sweet the shore, and sweet the song, And dear the languid dream;
The music mingled all day long With paces of the dancing throng, And
murmur of the stream.

An hour ago, an hour ago, We rested in the shade; And now, why
should we seek to know What way the wilful waters flow? There is no
fairer glade.

LUI.

Nay, pleasure flits, and we must sail, And seek him everywhere;
Perchance in sunset's golden pale He listens to the nightingale, Amid the
perfumed air.

Come, he has fled; you are not you, And I no more am I; Delight is
changeable as the hue Of heaven, that is no longer blue In yonder sunset
sky.

ELLE.

Nay, if we seek we shall not find, If we knock none openeth; Nay, see,
the sunset fades behind The mountains, and the cold night wind Blows
from the house of Death.

NIGHTINGALE WEATHER.

'Serai-je nonnette, oui ou non? Semi-je nonnette? je crois que non.
Derriere chez mon pere Il est un bois taillis, Le rossignol y chante Et le
jour et la nuit. Il chante pour les filles Qui n'ont pas d'ami; Il ne chant pas
pour moi, J'en ai un, Dieu merci.' - Old French

I'll never be a nun, I trow, While apple bloom is white as snow, But
far more fair to see; I'll never wear nun's black and white While
nightingales make sweet the night Within the apple tree.

Ah, listen! 'tis the nightingale, And in the wood he makes his wail,
Within the apple tree; He singeth of the sore distress Of many ladies
loverless; Thank God, no song for me.

For when the broad May moon is low, A gold fruit seen where
blossoms blow In the boughs of the apple tree, A step I know is at the gate;
Ah love, but it is long to wait Until night's noon bring thee!

Between lark's song and nightingale's A silent space, while dawning
pales, The birds leave still and free For words and kisses musical, For
silence and for sighs that fall In the dawn, 'twixt him and me.

LOVE AND WISDOM.

'When last we gathered roses in the garden I found my wits, but truly you lost yours.'

The Broken Heart.

July and June brought flowers and love To you, but I would none thereof, Whose heart kept all through summer time A flower of frost and winter rime. Yours was true wisdom - was it not? Even love; but I had clean forgot, Till seasons of the falling leaf, All loves, but one that turned to grief. At length at touch of autumn tide When roses fell, and summer died, All in a dawning deep with dew, Love flew to me, Love fled from you. The roses drooped their weary heads, I spoke among the garden beds; You would not hear, you could not know, Summer and love seemed long ago, As far, as faint, as dim a dream, As to the dead this world may seem. Ah sweet, in winter's miseries, Perchance you may remember this, How Wisdom was not justified In summer time or autumn tide, Though for this once below the sun, Wisdom and Love were made at one; But Love was bitter-bought enough, And Wisdom light of wing as Love.

GOOD-BYE.

Kiss me, and say good-bye; Good-bye, there is no word to say but this, Nor any lips left for my lips to kiss, Nor any tears to shed, when these tears dry; Kiss me, and say, good-bye.

Farewell, be glad, forget; There is no need to say 'forget,' I know, For youth is youth, and time will have it so, And though your lips are pale, and your eyes wet, Farewell, you must forget.

You shall bring home your sheaves, Many, and heavy, and with blossoms twined Of memories that go not out of mind; Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves When you bring home your sheaves.

In garnered loves of thine, The ripe good fruit of many hearts and

years, Somewhere let this lie, grey and salt with tears; It grew too near the sea wind, and the brine Of life, this love of mine.

This sheaf was spoiled in spring, And over-long was green, and early sere, And never gathered gold in the late year From autumn suns, and moons of harvesting, But failed in frosts of spring.

Yet was it thine, my sweet, This love, though weak as young corn withered, Whereof no man may gather and make bread; Thine, though it never knew the summer heat; Forget not quite, my sweet.

AN OLD PRAYER.

[Greek text which cannot be reproduced]

Odyssey, XIII.

My prayer an old prayer borroweth, Of ancient love and memory -
'Do thou farewell, till Eld and Death, That come to all men, come to thee.'
Gently as winter's early breath, Scarce felt, what time the swallows flee,
To lands whereof no man knoweth Of summer, over land and sea; So with
thy soul may summer be, Even as the ancient singer saith, 'Do thou
farewell, till Eld and Death, That come to all men, come to thee.'

A LA BELLE HELENE.

After Ronsard.

More closely than the clinging vine About the wedded tree, Clasp
thou thine arms, ah, mistress mine! About the heart of me. Or seem to
sleep, and stoop your face Soft on my sleeping eyes, Breathe in your life,
your heart, your grace, Through me, in kissing wise. Bow down, bow
down your face, I pray, To me, that swoon to death, Breathe back the life
you kissed away, Breathe back your kissing breath. So by your eyes I
swear and say, My mighty oath and sure, From your kind arms no maiden
may My loving heart allure. I'll bear your yoke, that's light enough, And to
the Elysian plain, When we are dead of love, my love, One boat shall bear

us twain. They'll flock around you, fleet and fair, All true loves that have been, And you of all the shadows there, Shall be the shadow queen. Ah, shadow-loves and shadow-lips! Ah, while 'tis called to-day, Love me, my love, for summer slips, And August ebbs away.

SYLVIE ET AURELIE.

In memory of Gerard De Nerval.

Two loves there were, and one was born Between the sunset and the rain; Her singing voice went through the corn, Her dance was woven 'neath the thorn, On grass the fallen blossoms stain; And suns may set, and moons may wane, But this love comes no more again.

There were two loves and one made white, Thy singing lips, and golden hair; Born of the city's mire and light, The shame and splendour of the night, She trapped and fled thee unaware; Not through the lamplight and the rain Shalt thou behold this love again.

Go forth and seek, by wood and hill, Thine ancient love of dawn and dew; There comes no voice from mere or rill, Her dance is over, fallen still The ballad burdens that she knew: And thou must wait for her in vain, Till years bring back thy youth again.

That other love, afield, afar Fled the light love, with lighter feet. Nay, though thou seek where gravesteads are, And flit in dreams from star to star, That dead love shalt thou never meet, Till through bleak dawn and blowing rain Thy soul shall find her soul again.

A LOST PATH.

Plotinus, the Greek philosopher, had a certain proper mode of ecstasy, whereby, as Porphyry saith, his soul, becoming free from the deathly flesh, was made one with the Spirit that is in the world.

Alas, the path is lost, we cannot leave Our bright, our clouded life,

and pass away As through strewn clouds, that stain the quiet eve, To heights remoter of the purer day. The soul may not, returning whence she came, Bathe herself deep in Being, and forget The joys that fever, and the cares that fret, Made once more one with the eternal flame That breathes in all things ever more the same. She would be young again, thus drinking deep Of her old life; and this has been, men say, But this we know not, who have only sleep To soothe us, sleep more terrible than day, Where dead delights, and fair lost faces stray, To make us weary at our waking; And of that long lost path to the Divine We dream, as some Greek shepherd erst might sing, Half credulous, of easy Proserpine, And of the lands that lie 'beneath the day's decline.'

THE SHADE OF HELEN.

Some say that Helen went never to Troy, but abode in Egypt; for the gods, having made in her semblance a woman out of clouds and shadows, sent the same to be wife to Paris. For this shadow then the Greeks and Trojans slew each other.

Why from the quiet hollows of the hills, And extreme meeting place of light and shade, Wherein soft rains fell slowly, and became Clouds among sister clouds, where fair spent beams And dying glories of the sun would dwell, Why have they whom I know not, nor may know, Strange hands, unseen and ruthless, fashioned me, And borne me from the silent shadowy hills, Hither, to noise and glow of alien life, To harsh and clamorous swords, and sound of war?

One speaks unto me words that would be sweet, Made harsh, made keen with love that knows me not, And some strange force, within me or around, Makes answer, kiss for kiss, and sigh for sigh, And somewhere there is fever in the halls That troubles me, for no such trouble came To vex the cool far hollows of the hills.

The foolish folk crowd round me, and they cry, That house, and wife, and lands, and all Troy town, Are little to lose, if they may keep me here, And see me flit, a pale and silent shade, Among the streets bereft, and

helpless shrines.

At other hours another life seems mine, Where one great river runs unswollen of rain, By pyramids of unremembered kings, And homes of men obedient to the Dead. There dark and quiet faces come and go Around me, then again the shriek of arms, And all the turmoil of the Ilian men.

What are they? even shadows such as I. What make they? Even this - the sport of gods - The sport of gods, however free they seem. Ah, would the game were ended, and the light, The blinding light, and all too mighty suns, Withdrawn, and I once more with sister shades, Unloved, forgotten, mingled with the mist, Dwelt in the hollows of the shadowy hills.

SONNETS

SHE.

To H. R. H.

Not in the waste beyond the swamps and sand, The fever-haunted forest and lagoon, Mysterious Kor thy walls forsaken stand, Thy lonely towers beneath the lonely moon, Not there doth Ayesha linger, rune by rune Spelling strange scriptures of a people banned. The world is disenchanted; over soon Shall Europe send her spies through all the land.

Nay, not in Kor, but in whatever spot, In town or field, or by the insatiate sea, Men brood on buried loves, and unforgot, Or break themselves on some divine decree, Or would o'erleap the limits of their lot, There, in the tombs and deathless, dwelleth SHE!

HERODOTUS IN EGYPT.

He left the land of youth, he left the young, The smiling gods of Greece; he passed the isle Where Jason loitered, and where Sappho sung, He sought the secret-founted wave of Nile, And of their old world, dead a weary while, Heard the priests murmur in their mystic tongue, And through the fanes went voyaging, among Dark tribes that worshipped Cat and Crocodile.

He learned the tales of death Divine and birth, Strange loves of Hawk and Serpent, Sky and Earth, The marriage, and the slaying of the Sun. The shrines of gods and beasts he wandered through, And mocked not at their godhead, for he knew Behind all creeds the Spirit that is One.

GERARD DE NERVAL.

Of all that were thy prisons - ah, untamed, Ah, light and sacred soul! - none holds thee now; No wall, no bar, no body of flesh, but thou Art free and happy in the lands unnamed, Within whose gates, on weary wings and maimed, Thou still would'st bear that mystic golden bough The Sibyl doth to singing men allow, Yet thy report folk heeded not, but blamed. And they would smile and wonder, seeing where Thou stood'st, to watch light leaves, or clouds, or wind, Dreamily murmuring a ballad air, Caught from the Valois peasants; dost thou find A new life gladder than the old times were, A love more fair than Sylvie, and as kind?

RONSARD.

Master, I see thee with the locks of grey, Crowned by the Muses with the laurel-wreath; I see the roses hiding underneath, Cassandra's gift; she was less dear than they. Thou, Master, first hast roused the lyric lay, The sleeping song that the dead years bequeath, Hast sung thine answer to the lays that breathe Through ages, and through ages far away.

And thou hast heard the pulse of Pindar beat, Known Horace by the fount Bandusian! Their deathless line thy living strains repeat, But ah, thy voice is sad, thy roses wan, But ah, thy honey is not honey-sweet, Thy bees have fed on yews Sardinian!

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

With other helpless folk about the gate, The gate called Beautiful, with weary eyes That take no pleasure in the summer skies, Nor all things that are fairest, does she wait; So bleak a time, so sad a changeless fate Makes

her with dull experience early wise, And in the dawning and the sunset,
sighs That all hath been, and shall be, desolate.

Ah, if Love come not soon, and bid her live, And know herself the
fairest of fair things, Ah, if he have no healing gift to give, Warm from his
breast, and holy from his wings, Or if at least Love's shadow in passing by
Touch not and heal her, surely she must die.

DREAMS.

He spake not truth, however wise, who said That happy, and that
hapless men in sleep Have equal fortune, fallen from care as deep As
countless, careless, races of the dead. Not so, for alien paths of dreams we
tread, And one beholds the faces that he sighs In vain to bring before his
daylit eyes, And waking, he remembers on his bed;

And one with fainting heart and feeble hand Fights a dim battle in a
doubtful land Where strength and courage were of no avail; And one is
borne on fairy breezes far To the bright harbours of a golden star Down
fragrant fleeting waters rosy pale.

TWO SONNETS OF THE SIRENS.

'Les Sirenes estoient tant intimes amies et fidelles compagnes de
Proserpine, qu'elles estoient toujours ensemble. Esmues du juste deul de
la perte de leur chere compagne, et enuyees jusques au desepoir, elles
s'arresterent e la mer Sicilienne, ou par leurs chants elles attiroient les
navigans, mais l'unique fin de la volupte de leur musique est la Mort.'

Pontus De Tyard, 1570

The Sirens once were maidens innocent That through the water-
meads with Proserpine Plucked no fire-hearted flowers, but were content

Cool fritillaries and flag-flowers to twine, With lilies woven and with wet woodbine; Till once they sought the bright AEtnaean flowers, And their glad mistress fled from summer hours With Hades, far from olive, corn, and vine. And they have sought her all the wide world through Till many years, and wisdom, and much wrong Have filled and changed their song, and o'er the blue Rings deadly sweet the magic of the song, And whoso hears must listen till he die Far on the flowery shores of Sicily.

So is it with this singing art of ours, That once with maids went maidenlike, and played With woven dances in the poplar-shade, And all her song was but of lady's bowers And the returning swallows, and spring flowers, Till forth to seek a shadow-queen she strayed, A shadowy land; and now hath overweighed Her singing chaplet with the snow and showers. Yes, fair well-water for the bitter brine She left, and by the margin of life's sea Sings, and her song is full of the sea's moan, And wild with dread, and love of Proserpine; And whoso once has listened to her, he His whole life long is slave to her alone.

TRANSLATIONS

HYMN TO THE WINDS, THE WINDS ARE INVOKED BY THE
WINNOWNERS OF CORN.

Du Bellay, 1550.

To you, troop so fleet, That with winged wandering feet, Through the
wide world pass, And with soft murmuring Toss the green shades of spring
In woods and grass, Lily and violet I give, and blossoms wet, Roses and
dew; This branch of blushing roses, Whose fresh bud uncloses, Wind-
flowers too.

Ah, winnow with sweet breath, Winnow the holt and heath, Round this
retreat; Where all the golden mom We fan the gold o' the corn, In the sun's
heat.

MOONLIGHT.

Jacques Tahureau.

The high Midnight was garlanding her head With many a shining star
in shining skies, And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes, And, after
sorrow, quietness was shed. Far in dim fields cicadas jargoned A thin shrill
clamour of complaints and cries; And all the woods were pallid, in strange
wise, With pallor of the sad moon overspread.

Then came my lady to that lonely place, And, from her palfrey
stooping, did embrace And hang upon my neck, and kissed me over;
Wherefore the day is far less dear than night, And sweeter is the shadow
than the light, Since night has made me such a happy lover.

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

Victor Hugo.

The Grave said to the Rose, 'What of the dews of morn, Love's flower,
what end is theirs?' 'And what of souls outworn, Of them whereon doth
close The tomb's mouth unawares?' The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said, 'In the shade From the dawn's tears is made A perfume
faint and strange, Amber and honey sweet.' 'And all the spirits fleet Do
suffer a sky-change, More strangely than the dew, To God's own angels
new,' The Grave said to the Rose.

A VOW TO HEAVENLY VENUS.

Du Bellay.

We that with like hearts love, we lovers twain, New wedded in the
village by thy fane, Lady of all chaste love, to thee it is We bring these
amaranths, these white lilies, A sign, and sacrifice; may Love, we pray,
Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay; Like these cool lilies may our
loves remain, Perfect and pure, and know not any stain; And be our hearts,
from this thy holy hour, Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower.

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

Ronsard.

When you are very old, at evening You'll sit and spin beside the fire,
and say, Humming my songs, 'Ah well, ah well-a-day! When I was young,
of me did Ronsard sing.' None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone, But wakens at my name, and calls
you one Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade, While you beside the fire, a grandame grey, My love, your pride, remember and regret; Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet, And gather roses, while 't is called to-day.

SHADOWS OF HIS LADY.

Jacques Tahureau.

Within the sand of what far river lies The gold that gleams in tresses of my Love? What highest circle of the Heavens above Is jewelled with such stars as are her eyes? And where is the rich sea whose coral vies With her red lips, that cannot kiss enough? What dawn-lit garden knew the rose, whereof The fled soul lives in her cheeks' rosy guise?

What Parian marble that is loveliest Can match the whiteness of her brow and breast? When drew she breath from the Sabaeon glade? Oh happy rock and river, sky and sea, Gardens, and glades Sabaeon, all that be The far-off splendid semblance of my maid!

APRIL.

Remy Belleau, 1560.

April, pride of woodland ways, Of glad days, April, bringing hope of prime, To the young flowers that beneath Their bud sheath Are guarded in their tender time;

April, pride of fields that be Green and free, That in fashion glad and gay, Stud with flowers red and blue, Every hue, Their jewelled spring array;

April, pride of murmuring Winds of spring, That beneath the winnowed air, Trap with subtle nets and sweet Flora's feet, Flora's feet, the fleet and fair;

April, by thy hand caressed, From her breast, Nature scatters

everywhere Handfuls of all sweet perfumes, Buds and blooms, Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours, Clothes with flowers Over all her locks of gold My sweet Lady; and her breast With the blest Buds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles, Like the smiles, Smiles of Venus; and thy breath Like her breath, the gods' delight, (From their height They take the happy air beneath;)

It is thou that, of thy grace, From their place In the far-off isles dost bring Swallows over earth and sea, Glad to be Messengers of thee, and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine, And woodbine, Lily, violet, and rose Plentiful in April fair, To the air, Their pretty petals to unclothe.

Nightingales ye now may hear, Piercing clear, Singing in the deepest shade; Many and many a babbled note Chime and float, Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee, Spring sets free Ancient flames, and with low breath Wakes the ashes grey and old That the cold Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest in the warm Hours, the swarm Of the thievish bees, that flies Evermore from bloom to bloom For perfume, Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast, Fruits almost Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew, Manna-sweet and honey-sweet, That complete Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise To these days, Named with the glad name of Her (4) That from out the foam o' the sea Came to be Sudden light on earth and air.

AN OLD TUNE.

Gerard De Nerval.

There is an air for which I would disown Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's

melodies, - A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs, And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old, Two hundred years are mist that rolls away; The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers, The windows gay with many-coloured glass; Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers, That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair, A lady looks forth from her window high; It may be that I knew and found her fair, In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

OLD LOVES.

Henri Murger.

Louise, have you forgotten yet The corner of the flowery land, The ancient garden where we met, My hand that trembled in your hand? Our lips found words scarce sweet enough, As low beneath the willow-trees We sat; have you forgotten, love? Do you remember, love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet The loving barter that we made? The rings we changed, the suns that set, The woods fulfilled with sun and shade? The fountains that were musical By many an ancient trysting tree - Marie, have you forgotten all? Do you remember, love Marie?

Christine, do you remember yet Your room with scents and roses gay? My garret - near the sky 'twas set - The April hours, the nights of May? The clear calm nights - the stars above That whispered they were fairest seen Through no cloud-veil? Remember, love! Do you remember, love Christine?

Louise is dead, and, well-a-day! Marie a sadder path has ta'en; And pale Christine has passed away In southern suns to bloom again. Alas! for one and all of us - Marie, Louise, Christine forget; Our bower of love is ruinous, And I alone remember yet.

A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

I be pareld most of prise, I ride after the wild fee.

Will ye that I should sing Of the love of a goodly thing, Was no vilein's may? 'Tis all of a knight so free, Under the olive tree, Singing this lay.

Her weed was of samite fine, Her mantle of white ermine, Green silk her hose; Her shoon with silver gay, Her sandals flowers of May, Laced small and close.

Her belt was of fresh spring buds, Set with gold clasps and studs, Fine linen her shift; Her purse it was of love, Her chain was the flower thereof, And Love's gift.

Upon a mule she rode, The selle was of brent gold, The bits of silver made; Three red rose trees there were That overshadowed her, For a sun shade.

She riding on a day, Knights met her by the way, They did her grace: 'Fair lady, whence be ye?' 'France it is my countrie, I come of a high race.

'My sire is the nightingale, That sings, making his wail, In the wild wood, clear; The mermaid is mother to me, That sings in the salt sea, In the ocean mere.'

'Ye come of a right good race, And are born of a high place, And of high degree; Would to God that ye were Given unto me, being fair, My lady and love to be.'

IANNOULA.

Romaic folk-song.

All the maidens were merry and wed All to lovers so fair to see; The lover I took to my bridal bed He is not long for love and me.

I spoke to him and he nothing said, I gave him bread of the wheat so fine; He did not eat of the bridal bread, He did not drink of the bridal wine.

I made him a bed was soft and deep, I made him a bed to sleep with me; 'Look on me once before you sleep, And look on the flower of my fair body.

'Flowers of April, and fresh May-dew, Dew of April and buds of May; Two white blossoms that bud for you, Buds that blossom before the day.'

THE MILK-WHITE DOE.

French Volks-Lied.

It was a mother and a maid That walked the woods among, And still the maid went slow and sad, And still the mother sung.

'What ails you, daughter Margaret? Why go you pale and wan? Is it for a cast of bitter love, Or for a false leman?'

'It is not for a false lover That I go sad to see; But it is for a weary life Beneath the greenwood tree.

'For ever in the good daylight A maiden may I go, But always on the ninth midnight I change to a milk-white doe.

'They hunt me through the green forest With hounds and hunting men; And ever it is my fair brother That is so fierce and keen.'

* * * * *

'Good-morrow, mother.' 'Good-morrow, son; Where are your hounds so good?' 'Oh, they are hunting a white doe Within the glad greenwood.

'And three times have they hunted her, And thrice she's won away; The fourth time that they follow her That white doe they shall slay.'

* * * * *

Then out and spoke the forester, As he came from the wood, 'Now never saw I maid's gold hair Among the wild deer's blood.

'And I have hunted the wild deer In east lands and in west; And never saw I white doe yet That had a maiden's breast.'

Then up and spake her fair brother, Between the wine and bread: 'Behold I had but one sister, And I have been her dead.

'But ye must bury my sweet sister With a stone at her foot and her head, And ye must cover her fair body With the white roses and red.'

'And I must out to the greenwood, The roof shall never shelter me;
And I shall lie for seven long years On the grass below the hawthorn tree.'

HELIODORE.

(Meleager.)

Pour wine, and cry again, again, again! TO HELIODORE! And
mingle the sweet word ye call in vain With that ye pour! And bring to me
her wreath of yesterday That's dank with myrrh; HESTERNAE ROSAE,
ah my friends, but they Remember her! Lo the kind roses, loved of lovers,
weep As who repine, For if on any breast they see her sleep It is not mine!

THE PROPHET.

(Antiphilus.)

I knew it in your childish grace The dawning of Desire, 'Who lives,' I
said, 'will see that face Set all the world on fire!' They mocked; but Time
has brought to pass The saying over-true; Prophet and martyr now, alas, I
burn for Truth, - and you!

LAIS.

(Pompeius.)

Lais that bloomed for all the world's delight, Crowned with all love
lilies, the fair and dear, Sleeps the predestined sleep, nor knows the flight
Of Helios, the gold-reined charioteer: Revel, and kiss, and love, and hate,
one Night Darkens, that never lamp of Love may cheer!

CLEARISTA.

(Meleager.)

For Death, not for Love, hast thou Loosened thy zone! Flutes filled thy bower but now, Morning brings moan! Maids round thy bridal bed Hushed are in gloom, Torches to Love that led Light to the tomb!

THE FISHERMAN'S TOMB.

(Leonidas of Tarentum.)

Theris the Old, the waves that harvested More keen than birds that labour in the sea, With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed, Not with the well-manned galley laboured he; Him not the star of storms, nor sudden sweep Of wind with all his years hath smitten and bent, But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep, As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent: This tomb nor wife nor children raised, but we His fellow-toilers, fishers of the sea.

OF HIS DEATH.

(Meleager.)

Ah Love, my Master, hear me swear By all the locks of Timo's hair, By Demo, and that fragrant spell Wherewith her body doth enchant Such dreams as drowsy lovers haunt, By Ilias' mirth delectable. And by the lamp that sheds his light On love and lovers all the night, By those, ah Love, I swear that thou Hast left me but one breath, and now Upon my lips it fluttereth, Yet THIS I'll yield, my latest breath, Even this, oh Love, for thee to Death!

RHODOPE.

(Rufinus.)

Thou hast Hera's eyes, thou hast Pallas' hands, And the feet of the
Queen of the yellow sands, Thou hast beautiful Aphrodite's breast, Thou
art made of each goddess's loveliest! Happy is he who sees thy face,
Happy who hears thy words of grace, And he that shall kiss thee is half
divine, But a god who shall win that heart of thine!

TO A GIRL.

(Asclepiades.)

Believe me, love, it is not good To hoard a mortal maidenhood; In
Hades thou wilt never find, Maiden, a lover to thy mind; Love's for the
living! presently Ashes and dust in death are we!

TO THE SHIPS.

(Meleager.)

O gentle ships that skim the seas, And cleave the strait where Helle
fell, Catch in your sails the Northern breeze, And speed to Cos, where she
doth dwell, My Love, and see you greet her well! And if she looks across
the blue, Speak, gentle ships, and tell her true, 'He comes, for Love hath
brought him back, No sailor, on the landward tack.'

If thus, oh gentle ships, ye do, Then may ye win the fairest gales, And
swifter speed across the blue, While Zeus breathes friendly on your sails.

A LATE CONVERT.

(Paulus Silentarius.)

I that in youth had never been The servant of the Paphian Queen, I
that in youth had never felt The shafts of Eros pierce and melt, Cypris! in
later age, half grey, I bow the neck to THEE to-day. Pallas, that was my
lady, thou Dost more triumphant vanquish now, Than when thou gained'st,
over seas, The apple of the Hesperides.

THE LIMIT OF LIFE.

Thirty-six is the term that the prophets assign, And the students of stars
to the years that are mine; Nay, let thirty suffice, for the man who hath
passed Thirty years is a Nestor, and HE died at last!

TO DANIEL ELZEVIR.

(From the Latin of Menage.)

What do I see! Oh gods divine And goddesses, - this Book of mine,
- This child of many hopes and fears, - Is published by the Elzevirs! Oh
perfect Publishers complete! Oh dainty volume, new and neat! The Paper
doth outshine the snow, The Print is blacker than the crow, The Title-Page,
with crimson bright, The vellum cover smooth and white, All sorts of
readers do invite, Ay, and will keep them reading still, Against their will,
or with their will! Thus what of grace the Rhymes may lack The Publisher
has given them back, As Milliners adorn the fair Whose charms are
something skimp and spare. Oh DULCE DECUS, Elzevirs! The pride of
dead and dawning years, How can a poet best repay The debt he owes
your House to-day? May this round world, while aught endures, Applaud,

and buy, these books of yours! May purchasers incessant pop, My Elzevirs,
within your shop, And learned bards salute, with cheers, The volumes of
the Elzevirs, Till your renown fills earth and sky, Till men forget the
Stephani, And all that Aldus wrought, and all Turnebus sold in shop or
stall, While still may Fate's (and Binders') shears Respect, and spare, the
Elzevirs!

THE LAST CHANCE.

Within the streams, Pausanias saith, That down Cocytus valley flow,
Girdling the grey domain of Death, The spectral fishes come and go; The
ghosts of trout flit to and fro. Persephone, fulfil my wish, And grant that in
the shades below My ghost may land the ghosts of fish.

[Greek text which cannot be reproduced]

L. C.

Footnotes:

(1) January 26, 1885. (2) M. Antoninus iv 23. (3) From the
Romaic. (4) Aphrodite - Avril.