

EMBERS - VOLUME 2.

GILBERT PARKER\*

Volume 2.

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DOLLY

King Rufus he did hunt the deer, With  
a hey ho, come and kiss me, Dolly! It was  
the spring-time of the year- Hey ho, Dolly  
shut her eyes! King Rufus was a bully boy,

He hunted all the day for joy, Sweet Dolly  
she was ever coy: And who would e'er be  
wise That looked in Dolly's eyes?

King Rufus he did have his day, With a  
hey ho, come and kiss me, Dolly! So get ye  
forth where dun deer play- Hey ho, Dolly  
comes again! The greenwood is the place  
for me, For that is where the dun deer be,  
And who would stay at home, That might

with Dolly roam? Sing hey ho, come and  
kiss me, Dolly!

LIFE'S SWEET WAGES

Who would lie down and close his eyes  
While yet the lark sings o'er the dale? Who  
would to Love make no replies, Nor drink  
the nut-brown ale, While throbs the pulse,  
and full's the purse And all the world's for  
sale?

Though wintry blasts may prove unkind,  
When winter's past we do forget; Love's  
breast in summer-time is kind, And all's  
well while life's with us yet. Hey ho, now  
the lark is mating- Life's sweet wages are  
in waiting!

TO THE VALLEY

Come hither, oh come hither, There's a  
bride upon her bed; They have strewn her

o'er with roses, There are roses 'neath her  
head: Life is love and tears and laughter,  
But the laughter it is dead— Sing the way  
to the Valley, to the Valley— Hey, but the  
roses they are red!

THE LILY FLOWER Oh, love, it is a  
lily flower, (Sing, my captain, sing, my lady!)  
The sword shall cleave it, Life shall leave it—  
Who shall know the hour? (Sing, my lady,

still!)

LOVE IN HER COLD GRAVE LIES

Love in her cold grave lies, But that is  
not my love: My love hath constant eyes,  
My love her life doth prove; That love, the  
poorer, dies— Ah, that is not my love!

Love in her cold grave lies, But she will  
wake again; With trembling feet will rise,  
Will call this love in vain, That she doth

now despise Ah, love shall wake again!

GRANADA, GRANADA

Granada, Granada, thy gardens are gay,  
And bright are thy stars, the high stars  
above; But as flowers that fade and are grey,  
But as dusk at the end of the day Are ye  
to the light in the eyes of my love— In the  
eyes, in the soul, of my love.

Granada, Granada, oh, when shall I see

My love in thy garden, there waiting for me!  
Beloved, beloved, have pity and make Not  
the sun shut its eyes, its hot envious eyes;  
And the world in the darkness of night, Be  
debtor to thee for its light. Turn thy face,  
turn thy face from the skies To the love, to  
the pain in my eyes.

Granada, Granada, oh, when shall I see  
My love in thy garden, there waiting for me!

THE NEW APHRODITE

What though the gods of the eld be dead,  
Here are the mountains of azure and snow,  
Here are the valleys where loves are wed,  
And lilies in blow.

Here are the hands that are lucid, sweet,  
Wound at the wrist with an amber beading,  
Folds of the seafoam to cover the feet, Mor-  
tals misleading.

Down to the opaline lips of the sea  
Wander the lost ones, fallen but mighty, Stretch-  
ing out hands, crying, "Turn unto me, O  
Aphrodite!"

See where they lift up their faces and  
scan, Over the wave-heaps, thy coming; de-  
spite thee, Thou canst not fetter the soul of  
a man, O Aphrodite!

Nay, but our bodies we bend, and we

give All that the heart hath, loving, not  
knowing Whether the best is to die or to  
live, Coming or going.

We shall be taken, but thou shalt live  
on, Swallowed in sea-drifts that never af-  
fright thee; Smiling, thou'lt lift up thy sweet  
hands alone, Ah, Aphrodite!

Over thy face is a veil of white sea-mist,  
Only thine eyes shine like stars; bless or

blight me, I will hold close to the leash at  
thy wrist, O Aphrodite!

Rosy and proud are the skies of the East,  
Love-dowered moons to enswathe thee, de-  
light thee: Thy days and our days—are thine  
then the least, O Aphrodite?

Thou in the East and I here in the West,  
Under our newer skies purple and pleasant:  
Who shall decide which is better, attest,

Saga or peasant?

Thou with Serapis, Osiris, and Isis, I  
with Jehovah, in vapours and shadows; Thou  
with the gods' joy-enhancing devices, Sweet-  
smelling meadows.

What is there given us?—Food and some  
raiment, Toiling to reach to a Patmian haven,  
Giving up all for uncertain repayment, Feed-  
ing the raven.

Striving to peer through the infinite azure,  
Alternate turning to earthward and falling,  
Measuring life with Damastian measure, Fi-  
nite, appalling.

What does it matter! They passed who  
with Homer Poured out the wine at the feet  
of their idols: Passing, what found they?  
To-come a misnomer, It and their idols?

Who knows, ah, who knows! Here in

this garden, Heliotrope, hyacinth, soft suns  
to light me, Leaning out, peering, thou, thou  
art my warden- Thou, Aphrodite!

Up from the future of all things there  
come, Marching abreast in their stately en-  
deavour, Races unborn, to the beat of the  
drum, Of the Forever.

Resting not, beating down all the old  
traces, Falls the light step of the new-coming

nations, Burning on altars of our loved graces,  
Their new oblations.

What shall we know of it, we who have  
lifted Up the dark veil, done sowing and  
reaping; What shall we care if our burdens  
be shifted, Waking or sleeping?

Sacristan, acolyte, player or preacher,  
Each to his office, but who holds the key?  
Death, only death, thou, the ultimate teacher,

Will show it to me.

I am, Thou art, and the strong-speaking  
Jesus, One in the end of an infinite truth?—  
Eyes of a prophet or sphinx may deceive us,  
Bearing us ruth,

But when the forts and the barriers fall,  
Shall we not find One, the true, the almighty,  
Wisely to speak with the worst of us all, O  
Aphrodite?

Waiting, I turn from the futile, the human,  
Gone is the life of me, laughing with youth;  
Steals to learn all in the face of a woman,  
Mendicant Truth.

AN ANCIENT PLEDGE

Fair be the garden where their loves may dwell,  
Safe be the highway where their feet may go;  
Rich be the meadows where their hands may toil,  
The fountains many where

the good wines flow; Full be their harvest  
bins with corn and oil, And quick their hearts  
all wise delights to know; To sorrow may  
their humour be a foil, Tardy their footsteps  
to the gate Farewell. Deep be your cups.  
Our hearts the gods make light: Drink, that  
their joy may never know good-night!

THE TRIBUTE OF KING HATH

Oh, bring to me a cup of gold, And bring

a platter fair, And summon forth my Cap-  
tain old, Who keeps the royal stair.

And fetch a stoup of that rare wine That  
hailed my father's fame; And bear some  
white bread from the shrine Built to my  
mother's name.

Then, good my gentlemen, bring down  
My robe of soft samite; And let the royal  
horn be blown, For we ride far to-night.

Within the pleasant Vale of Loe Beside  
the Sea of Var, The Daughter of our ancient  
foe Dwells where her people are.

Tribute her fathers paid to mine– Young  
prince to elder crown; But for a jest 'twixt  
bread and wine, They struck our banner  
down.

And we had foes from Blymar Hills, From  
Gathan and Dagost, And pirates from Bagol

that spills Its refuse on our coast.

And we were girded South and North;  
And there beyond the Var, They drove our  
goodly fighters forth, And dimmed our an-  
cient star.

Now they have passed us, home for home,  
And matched us town for town; Their daugh-  
ters to our sons now come— Our feud it  
weareth down.

Between their cups, the hill-men cry, "The  
Lady of the Loe!" The sea-kings swing their  
flags peak-high Where'er her galleons go.

Once when the forge of battle sang 'Tween  
Varan and Thogeel; And when ten thou-  
sand stirrups rang 'Twixt girth and bloody  
heel,

I saw her ride 'mid mirk and fire, Un-  
fearing din and death, Her eyes upflaming

like a pyre, Her fearless smile beneath.

Nor'land 'gainst Southland then she drove,  
A million serfs to free; The reeking shuttle  
lifeward wove, Through death from land to  
sea.

And perched upon the Hill of Zoom, My  
gentlemen beside, I saw the weft shake in  
the loom, The revel blazon wide,

Until a thousand companies— Serf-lords

from out Thogeel Their broadswords brake  
across their knees, Good captives to her  
steel.

And then I sware by name and crown,  
And by the Holy Ghost, When Peace should  
ride with pennon blown, From Gathan to  
Dagost,

Unto her kingdom I should get, And  
come not back again, Until a queen's hand

I had set Upon my bridle rein.

Our ships now nestle at Her coast, Her  
corn our garner fills; And all is quiet at  
Dagost, And on the Blymar Hills.

And I will do a deed to bind An ancient  
love once more; My gentlemen shall ride be-  
hind, My Captain on before;

And we will journey forth to-night To-  
wards the Sea of Var, Until the vale shall

come in sight, Where Her great cities are.

And to the Daughter of that land, Which  
once was kin to mine, My Captain, he shall  
bear in hand This sacred bread and wine.

And he shall show her soft and fair This  
peace-spread sacrament: Her banner it shall  
ride the air Upon my Captain's tent.

And if the wine to lip she raise, With  
morsel of my bread; Then as we loved in

ancient days, These lands of ours shall wed.

But mine the tribute. I will bring My  
homage to her door, My gentlemen behind  
their king, My Captain on before.

And we aslant will set our spears, Our  
good swords dipping free; And we will ravel  
back the years For love of her and me.

And I will prove my faith in this As  
never king was proved— For kings may fight

for what they kiss, And die for what they  
loved!

But I will bring my court afar, My throne  
to hers shall go; And I will reign beside the  
Var, And in the Vale of Loe.

The younger kingdom, it shall be The  
keeper of my crown; And she, my queen,  
shall reign with me Within her own good  
town.

And men shall speak me kind, shall tell  
Her graces day and night So bring my steed  
that serves me well, My robe of soft samite,  
And bring me here the cup of gold, And  
bring the platter fair, And summon me my  
Captain old, That keeps the royal stair.

For well know I the way I go; I follow  
but my star: My home is in the Vale of  
Loe, And by the Sea of Var.

THERE IS AN ORCHARD

There is an orchard beyond the sea, And  
high is the orchard wall; And ripe is the  
fruit in the orchard tree— Oh, my love is  
fair and tall!

There is an orchard beyond the sea, And  
joy to its haven hies; And a white hand  
opens its gate to me— Oh, deep are my true  
love's eyes!

There is an orchard beyond the sea, Its  
flowers the brown bee sips; But the stateliest  
flower is all for me— Oh, sweet are my true  
love's lips!

There is an orchard beyond the sea, Where  
the soft delights do roam; To the Great De-  
light I have bent my knee— Oh, good is my  
true love's home!

There is an orchard beyond the sea, With

a nest where the linnets hide; Oh, warm is  
the nest that is built for me- In my true  
love's heart I bide!

HEART OF THE WORLD

Heart of the World give heed, Tongues  
of the World be still! The richest grapes  
of the vine shall bleed Till the greeting-cup  
shall spill; The kine shall pause in the pleas-  
ant mead, The eagle upon the hill- Heart

of the World give heed!

Heart of the World break forth, Tongues  
of the World proclaim! There cometh a  
voice from out the North And a face of  
living flame- A man's soul crying, Behold  
what worth Was life till her sweet soul came-  
Heart of the World break forth!

Heart of the World be strong, Tongues  
of the World be wise! The White North

glows with a morning song Or ever the red  
sun dies; For Love is summer and Love is  
long, And the good God 's in his skies—  
Heart of the World be strong!

EPITAPHS

THE BEGGAR

Poor as a sparrow was I, But I was saved  
like a king; I heard the death-bells ring, Yet  
I saw a light in the sky: And now to my

Father I wing.

THE MAID

A little while I saw the world go by— A  
little doorway that I called my own, A loaf,  
a cup of water, and a bed had I, A shrine of  
Jesus, where I knelt alone And now, alone,  
I bid the world good-bye.

THE FOOL I was a fool; nothing had I  
to know Of men, and naught to men had I

to give. God gave me nothing; now to God  
I go, Now ask for pain, for bread, Life for  
my brain: dead, By God's love I shall then  
begin to live.

THE FIGHTER Blows I have struck,  
and blows a-many taken, Wrestling I've fallen,  
and I've rose up again; Mostly I've stood—  
I've had good bone and blood; Others went  
down though fighting might and main. Now

Death steps in, Death the price of sin: The  
fall it will be his; and though I strive and  
strain, One blow will close my eyes, and I  
shall never waken.

THE SEA-REAPERS

When the Four Winds, the Wrestlers,  
strive with the Sun, When the Sun is slain  
in the dark; When the stars burn out, and  
the night cries To the blind sea-reapers, and

they rise, And the water-ways are stark—  
God save us when the reapers reap! When  
the ships sweep in with the tide to the shore,  
And the little white boats return no more;  
When the reapers reap, Lord, give Thy sailors  
sleep, If Thou cast us not upon the shore,  
To bless Thee evermore To walk in Thy  
sight as heretofore, Though the way of the  
Lord be steep! By Thy grace, Show Thy

face, Lord of the land and the deep!

THE WATCHER

As the wave to the shore, as the dew to  
the leaf, As the breeze to the flower, As the  
scent of a rose to the heart of a child, As  
the rain to the dusty land— My heart goeth  
out unto Thee—unto Thee! The night is far  
spent and the day is at hand.

As the song of a bird to the call of a

star, As the sun to the eye, As the anvil of  
man to the hammers of God, As the snow  
to the earth— Is my word unto Thy word—to  
Thy word! The night is far spent and the  
day is at hand

THE WAKING

To be young is to dream, and I dreamed  
no more; I had smothered my heart as the  
fighter can: I toiled, and I looked not be-

hind or before— I was stone; but I waked  
with the heart of a man.

By the soul at her lips, by the light of her  
eyes, I dreamed a new dream as the sleeper  
can, That the heavenly folly of youth was  
wise— I was stone; but I waked with the  
heart of a man.

She came like a song, she will go like a  
star: I shall tread the hills as the hunter

can, Mine eyes to the hunt, and my soul  
afar- I was stone; but I waked with the heart  
of a man.

WHEN ONE FORGETS

When one forgets, the old things are as  
dead things; The grey leaves fall, and eyes  
that saw their May Turn from them now,  
and voices that have said things Wherein  
Life joyed, alas! are still to-day- When one

forgets.

The world was noble, now its sordid case-  
ment Glows but with garish folly, and the  
plains Of rich achievement lie in mean abasement—  
Ah, Hope is only midwife to our pains!

When one forgets, but maimed rites come  
after: To mourn, be priest, be sexton, bear  
the pall, Remembrance-robed, the while a  
distant laughter Proclaims Love's ghost—what

wonder skies should fall, When one forgets!

ALOES AND MYRRH

Dead, with the dew on your brow, Dead,  
with the may in your face, Dead: and here,  
true to my vow, I, who have won in the race,  
Weave you a chaplet of song Wet with the  
spray and the rime Blown from your love  
that was strong— Stronger than Time.

August it was, and the sun Streamed

through the pines of the west; There were  
two then—there is one; Flown is the bird  
from the nest; And it is August again, But,  
from this uttermost sea, Rises the mist of  
my pain— You are set free.

”Tell him I see the tall pines, Out through  
the door as I lie— Red where the setting  
sun shines— Waving their hands in good-  
bye; Tell him I hold to my breast, Dying,

the flowers he gave; Glad as I go I shall rest  
Well in my grave.”

This is the message they send, Warm  
with your ultimate breath; Saying, ”And  
this is the end; She is the bride but of death.”  
Is death the worst of all things? What but  
a bursting of bands, Then to the First of  
All Things Stretching out hands!

Under the grass and the snow You will

sleep well till I come; And you will feel me, I  
know, Though you are motionless, dumb. I  
shall speak low overhead— You were so eager  
to hear— And even though you are dead,  
You will be near.

Dead, with the dew on your brow, Dead,  
with the May in your face, Dead: and here,  
true to my vow, I, who have won in the race,  
Weave you a chaplet of song Wet with the

spray and the rime Blown from your love  
that was strong— Stronger than Time.

IN WASTE PLACES

The new life is fief to the old life, And  
giveth back pangs at the last; The new strife  
is like to the old strife A token and tear of  
the Past. We change, but the changes are  
only New forms of the old forms again, We  
die and some spaces are lonely, But men

live in lives of new men.

We hate, and old wrongs lift their faces,  
To fill up the ranks of the new; We love, and  
the early love's graces Are signs of the false  
and the true; We clasp the white hands that  
are given To greet us in devious ways, But  
meet the old sins, all unshriven, To sadden  
the burden of days.

Though we lose the green leaves of the

first days, Though the vineyards be trampled and red, We know, in the gloom of our worst days, That the dead are not evermore dead: December is only December, A space, not the infinite whole; Though the hearthstone bear but the one ember, There still is the fire of the soul.

The end comes as came the beginning,  
And shadows fall into the past; And the

goal, is it not worth the winning, If it brings  
us but home at the last? While over the  
pain of waste places We tread, 'tis a blos-  
soming rod That drives us to grace from  
disgraces, From the plains to the Gardens  
of God.

LAST OF ALL

Wave, walls to seaward, Storm-clouds to  
leeward, Beaten and blown by the winds

of the West, Sail we encumbered Past isles  
unnumbered, But never to greet the green  
island of Rest.

Lips that now tremble, Do you dissem-  
ble When you deny that the human is best?  
Love, the evangel, Finds the Archangel- Is  
that a truth when this may be a jest?

Star-drifts that glimmer Dimmer and dim-  
mer, What do ye know of my weal or my

woe? Was I born under The sun or the  
thunder? What do I come from, and where  
do I go?

Rest, shall it ever Come? Is endeavour  
Still a vain twining and twisting of cords?  
Is faith but treason; Reason, unreason, But  
a mechanical weaving of words?

What is the token, Ever unbroken, Swept  
down the spaces of querulous years, – Weep-

ing or singing— That the Beginning Of all  
things is with us, and sees us, and hears?

What is the token? Bruised and broken,  
Bend I my life to a blossoming rod?  
Shall then the worst things Come to the  
first things, Finding the best of all, last of  
all, God?

AFTER

Bands broken, cords loosened, and all

Set free. Well, I know That I turned my  
cold face to the wall, Was silent, strove,  
gasp'd, then there fell A numbness, a faint-  
ness, a spell Of blindness, hung as a pall, On  
me, falling low, And a far fading sound of a  
knell.

Then a fierce stretching of hands In gloom;  
and my feet, Treading tremulous over hard  
sands; A wind that wailed wearily slow, A

plashing of waters below, A twilight on bleak  
lone lands, Spread out; and a sheet Of the  
moaning sea shallows aflow.

Then a steep highway that leads Some-  
where, cold, austere; And I follow a shadow  
that heeds My coming, and points, not in  
wrath, Out over: we tread the sere path  
Up to the summit; recedes All gloom; and  
at last The beauty a flower-land hath.

REMEDIAL

Well it has come and has gone, I have  
some pride, you the same; You will scarce  
put willow on, I will have buried a name.

A stone, "Hic Jacet"—no more; Let the  
world wonder at will; You have the key to  
the door, I have the cenotaph still.

A tear—one tear, is it much, Dropped on  
a desert of pain? Had you one passionate

touch Of Nature there had been rain.

Purpose, oh no, there was none! You could not know if you would; You were the innocent one. Malice? Nay, you were too good.

Hearts should not be in your way, You must pass on, and you did; Ah, did I hurt you? you say: Hurt me? Why, Heaven forbid!

Inquisitorial ways Might have hurt, truly,  
but this, Done in these wise latter days, It  
was too sudden, I wis.

"Painless and pleasing," this is No bad  
advertisement, true; Painless extinction was  
his, And it was pleasing-to you.

Still, when the surgery's done (That is  
the technical term), Which has lost most,  
which has won? Rise now, and truly affirm.

You carry still what we call (Poets are  
dreamy we know) A heart, well, 'tis yours  
after all, And time hath its wonders, I trow.

You may look back with your eyes Turned  
to the dead of the Past, And find with a sad  
surprise, That yours is the dead at the last.

Seeing afar in the sands, Gardens grown  
green, at what cost! You may reach upward  
your hands, Praying for what you have lost.

THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE

Adieu! and the sun goes awearily down,  
The mist creeps up o'er the sleepy town,  
The white sails bend to the shuddering mere,  
And the reapers have reaped, and the night  
is here.

Adieu! and the years are a broken song,  
The right grows weak in the strife with wrong,  
The lilies of love have a crimson stain, And

the old days never will come again.

Adieu! where the mountains afar are  
dim 'Neath the tremulous tread of the seraphim,  
Shall not our querulous hearts prevail, That  
have prayed for the peace of the Holy Grail?

Adieu! Some time shall the veil between  
The things that are, and that might have  
been Be folded back for our eyes to see, And  
the meaning of all be clear to me.

IRREVOCABLE

What you have done may never be un-  
done By day or night, What I have seen  
may never be unseen In my sad sight.

The days swing on, the sun glows and is  
gone, From span to span; The tides sweep  
scornfully the shore, as when The tides be-  
gan.

What we have known is but a bitter

pledge Of Ignorance, The human tribute to  
an ageless dream, A timeless trance.

Through what great cycles hath this cir-  
cumstance Swept on and on, Known not by  
thee or me, till it should come, A vision  
wan,

To our two lives, and yours would seem  
to me The hand that kills, Though you have  
wept to strike, and but have cried, "The

mad Fate wills!"

You could not, if you would, give what  
had been Peace, not distress; Some warping  
cords of destiny had held You in duress.

Nay, not the Fates, look higher; is God  
blind? Doth He not well? Our eyes see but  
a little space behind, If it befell,

That they saw but a little space before,  
Shall we then say, Unkind is the Eternal, if

He knew This from alway,  
And called us into being but to give To  
mother Earth Two blasted lives, to make  
the watered land A place of dearth?  
The life that feeds upon itself is mad- Is  
it not thus? Have I not held but one poor  
broken reed For both of us?  
Keep but your place and simply meet  
The needs of life; Mine is the sorrow, mine

the prayerless pain: The world is rife

With spectres seen and spectres all un-  
seen By human eyes, Who stand upon the  
threshold, at the gates, Of Paradise.

Well do they who have felt the spectres'  
hands Upon their hearts, And have not fled,  
but with firm faith have borne Their brothers'  
parts,

Upheld the weary head, or fanned the

brow Of some sick soul, Pointed the way  
for tired pilgrim eyes To their far goal.

So let it be with us: perchance will come  
In after days, The benison of happiness for  
us Always, always.

THE LAST DREAM

One more dream in the slow night watches,  
One more sleep when the world is dumb,  
And his soul leans out to the sweet wild

snatches Of song that up from dreamland  
come.

Pale, pale face with a golden setting,  
Deep, deep glow of stedfast eyes; Form of  
one there is no forgetting, Wandering out  
of Paradise.

Breath of balm, and a languor falling  
Out of the gleam of a sunset sky; Peace,  
deep peace and a seraph's calling, Folded

hands and a pleading cry.

One more dream for the patient singer,  
Weary with songs he loved so well; Sleeping  
now—will the vision bring her? Hark, 'tis  
the sound of the passing bell!

WAITING

When shall I see thee again? Weary the  
years and so long; When shall be buried the  
wrong, Phantom-like rising between? Seek-

ing for surcease of pain, Pilgrim to Lethe I  
came; Drank not, for pride was too keen—  
Stung by the sound of a name.

Soft, ardent skies of my youth Come to  
me over the sea, Come in a vision to me,  
Come with your shimmer and song; Ye have  
known all of the truth, Witness to both  
shall ye bear; Read me the riddle of wrong,  
Solve me the cords of the snare.

Love is not won in a breath, Idle, im-  
passioned and sure; Why should not love  
then endure, Challenging doubt to the last?  
True love is true till the death, Though it  
bear aloes and myrrh; Try me and judge  
me, O Past, Have I been true unto her?

What should I say if we met, Know-  
ing not which should forbear? E'en if I  
plead would she care?— Sweet is the refuge

of scorn. Close by my side, O Regret Long  
we have watched for the light! Watchman,  
what of the morn? Well do we know of the  
night.

IN MAYTIME

The apple blossoms glisten Within the  
crowned trees; The meadow grasses listen  
The din of busy bees; The wayward, wood-  
land singer Carols along the leas, Not loth

to be the bringer Of summer fantasies.

But you and I who never Meet now but  
for regret, Forever and forever, Though flower-  
bonds were set In Maytime, if you wonder  
That falling leaves are ours, Yours was it  
cast asunder, Mine are the faded flowers.

The fluted wren is sobbing Beneath the  
mossy eaves; The throstle's chord is throbbing  
In coronal of leaves; The home of love

is lilies, And rose-hearts, flaming red, Red  
roses and white lilies— Lo, thus the gods  
were wed!

But we weep on, unheeding The earth's  
joys spread for us; And ever, far receding,  
Our fair land fades from us: One waited,  
patient, broken, High-hearted but opprest,  
One lightly took the token— The mad Fates  
took the rest.

High mountains and low valleys, And  
shreds of silver seas, The lone brook's sud-  
den sallies, And all the joys of these,— These  
were, but now the fire Volcanic seeks the  
sea, And dark wave walls retire Tyrannic  
seeking me.

Spirit of dreams, a vision Well hast thou  
wrought for us; Fold high the veil Elysian,  
The past held naught for us; Years, what

are they but spaces Set in a day for me?  
Lo, here are lilled places– My love comes  
back to me!

INSIDE THE BAR

I knows a town, an' it's a fine town, And  
many a brig goes sailin' to its quay; I knows  
an inn, an' it's a fine inn, An' a lass that's  
fair to see. I knows a town, an' it's a fine  
town; I knows an inn, an' it's a fine inn– But

Oh my lass, an' Oh the gay gown, Which I  
have seen my pretty in!

I knows a port, an' it's a good port, An'  
many a brig is ridin' easy there; I knows  
a home, an' it's a good home, An' a lass  
that's sweet an' fair. I knows a port, an'  
it's a good port, I knows a home, an' it's a  
good home— But Oh the pretty that is my  
sort, What's wearyin' till I come!

I knows a day, an' it's a fine day, The  
day a sailor man comes back to town; I  
knows a tide, an' it's a good tide, The tide  
that gets you quick to anchors down. I  
knows a day, an' it's a fine day, I knows a  
tide, an' it's a good tide— And God help the  
lubber, I say, What's stole the sailor man's  
bride!

THE CHILDREN

Mark the faces of the children Flooded  
with sweet innocence! God's smile on their  
foreheads glisten Ere their heart-strings have  
grown tense.

And they know not of the sadness, Of  
the palpitating pain Drawn through arid  
veins of manhood, Or the lusts that life dis-  
dain.

Little reek they of the shadows Fallen

through the steep world's space God hath  
touched them with His chism And their  
sunlight is His grace.

And the green grooves of the meadows  
They are fair to look upon; And the silver  
thrush and robin Sing most sweetly on and  
on.

But the faces of the children- They are  
fairer far than these; And the songs they

sing are sweeter Than the thrushes' in the  
trees.

Little hands, our God has given All the  
flower-bloom for you; Gather violets in the  
meadows, Trailing your sweet fingers through.

The swift tears that sometimes glisten  
On their faces dashed with pain Weave a  
rosy bow of promise, Like the afterglow of  
rain.

The soft, verdant fields of childhood, Certes,  
are the softer for The dissolving dew of morn-  
ing, Noon's elate ambassador.

Looking skyward, do they wonder- They,  
the children palm to palm- What is out be-  
yond the azure In the infinite of calm?

Though they murmur soft "Our Father,"  
Angel wings to speed it on Past the bright  
wheels of the Pleiads, Have they thought of

benison?

Nay! the undefiled children Say it bound  
by ignorance; But the saying is the merit,  
And the loving bans mischance.

Oh the mountain heights of childhood,  
And the waterfalls of dreams, And the sleep-  
ing in the shadows Of the willows by the  
streams!

Toss your gleaming hair, O children, Back

in waving of the wind! Flash the starlight  
'neath your eyelids From the sunlight of the  
mind!

See, we strain you to our bosoms, And  
we kiss your lip and brow; Human hearts  
must have some idols, And we shrine you  
idols now.

Time, the ruthless idol-breaker, Smile-  
less, cold iconoclast, Though he rob us of

our altars, Cannot rob us of the past.

Dull and dead the gods' bright nectar,  
Disencrowned of its foam; Duller, deader far  
the empty, Barren hearthstone of a home.

Smile out to our age and give us, Chil-  
dren, of the dawn's desire; We have passed  
morn's gold and opal, We have lost life's  
early fire.

LITTLE GARAINÉ

"Where do the stars grow, little Garaine?  
The garden of moons, is it far away? The  
orchard of suns, my little Garaine, Will you  
take us there some day?"

"If you shut your eyes," quoth little Garaine,  
"I will show you the way to go To the or-  
chard of suns and the garden of moons And  
the field where the stars do grow.

"But you must speak soft," quoth little

Garaine, "And still must your footsteps be,  
For a great bear prowls in the field of the  
stars, And the moons they have men to see.

"And the suns have the Children of Signs  
to guard, And they have no pity at all—  
You must not stumble, you must not speak,  
When you come to the orchard wall.

"The gates are locked," quoth little Garaine,  
"But the way I am going to tell— The key

of your heart it will open them all: And  
there's where the darlings dwell!"

TO A LITTLE CHILD

(M. H.)

When you were born, my dear, when  
you were born, A glorious Voice came singing  
from the sun, An Ariel with roses of the  
morn, And through the vales of Arcady danced  
one All golden as the corn.

These were the happy couriers of God,  
Bearing your gifts: a magic all your own,  
And Beauty with her tall divining rod; While  
tiny star-smiths, bending to your throne,  
Your feet with summer shod.

Into my heart, my dear, you flashed your  
way, Your rosy, golden way: a fairy horn  
Proclaimed you dancing light and roundelay;—  
I thank my generous Fates that you were

born One lofty joyous day.

L'EMPEREUR, MORT

(M. H., AGED FIVE)

My dear, I was thy lover, A man of spring-  
time years; I sang thee songs, gave gifts and  
songs most poor, But they were signs; and  
now, for evermore, Thou farest forth! My  
heart is full of tears, My dear, my very dear.

My dear, I was thy lover, I wrote thee

on my shield, I cried thy name in goodly  
fealty, Thy champion I. And now, no more  
for me Thy face, thy smile: thou goest far  
afield, My dear, my very dear.

My dear, I am thy lover: Afield thy  
spirit goes, And thou shalt find that Inn  
of God's delight, Where thou wilt wait for  
us who say good night, To thy sweet soul.  
The rest—the rest, God knows, My dear, my

dear!

PHYLLIS

Phyllis, I knew you once when I was young, And travelled to your land of Arcady. Do you, of all the songs, wild songs, before you flung, Remember mine—its buoyant melody, Its hope, its pride; do you remember it? It was the song that makes the world go round; I bought it of a Boy: in

scars I paid for it, Phyllis, to you who jested  
at my wound.

BAIRNIE

Did ye see the white cloud in the glint  
o' the sun? That's the brow and the eye  
o' my bairnie. Did ye ken the red bloom at  
the bend o' the crag? That's the rose in the  
cheek o' my bairnie. Did ye hear the gay lilt  
o' the lark by the burn? That's the voice

of my bairnie, my dearie. Did ye smell the  
wild scent in the green o' the wood? That's  
the breath o' my ain, o' my bairnie. Sae I'll  
gang awa' hame, to the shine o' the fire, To  
the cot where I lie wi' my bairnie.