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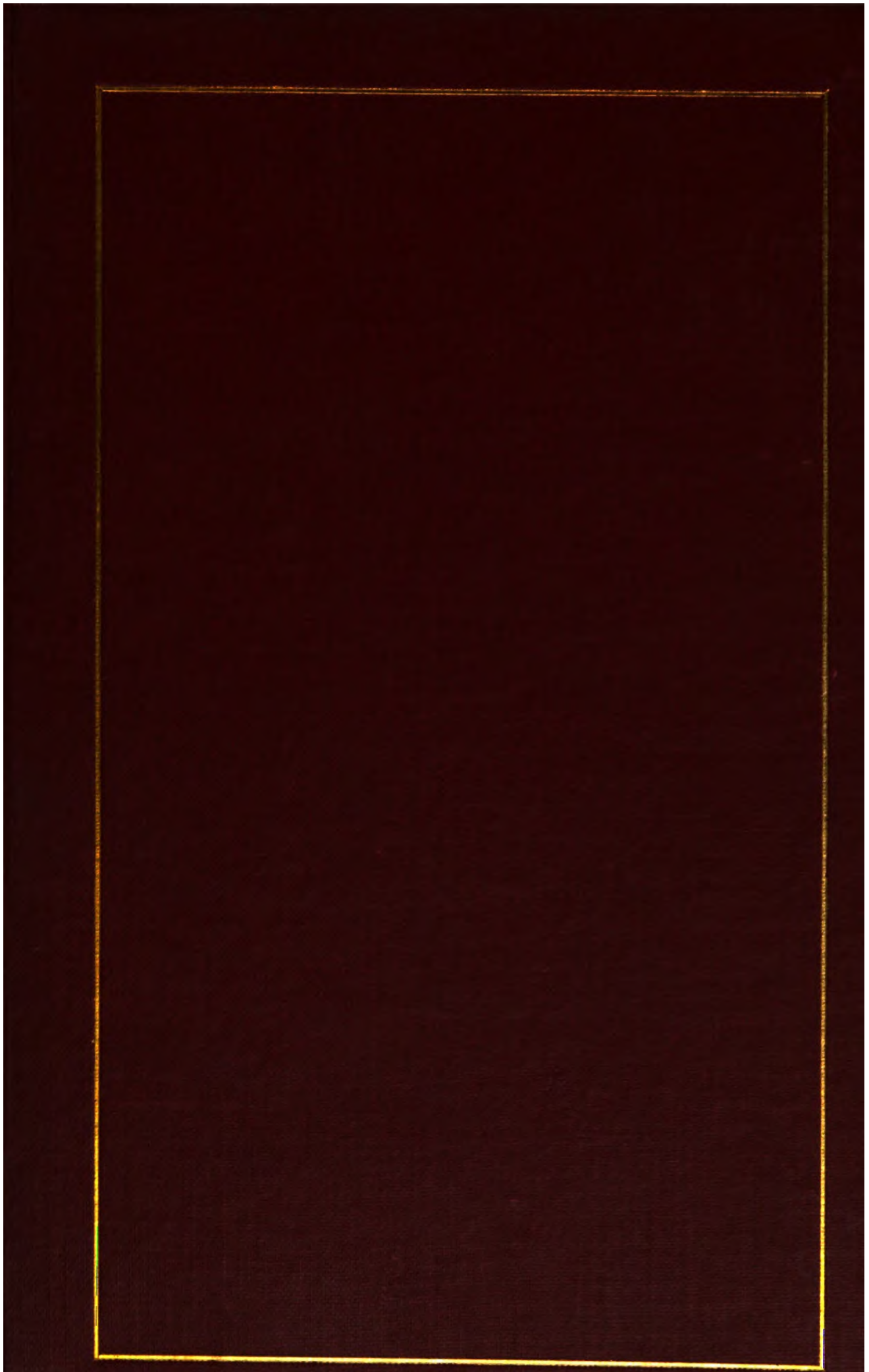
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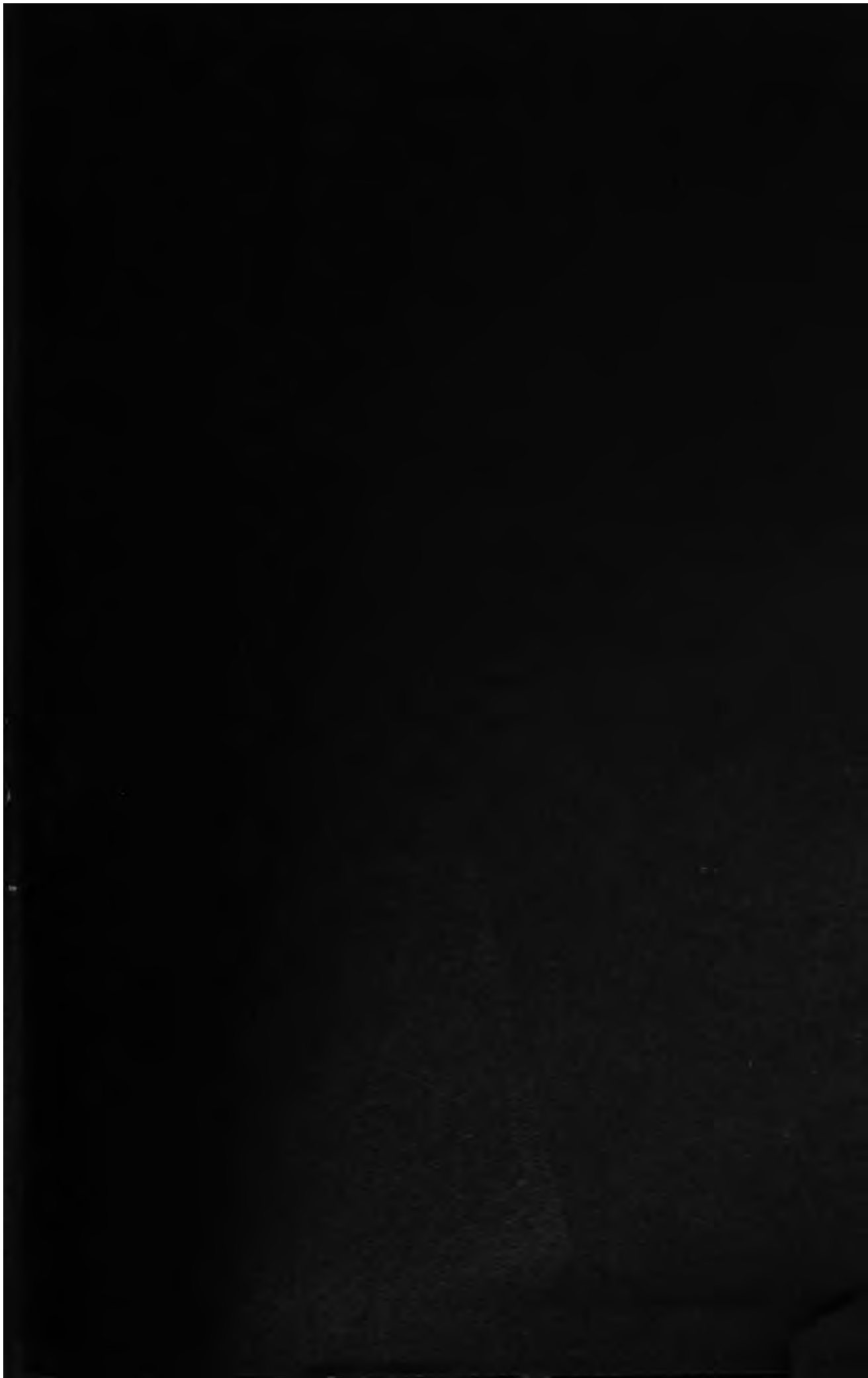
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NEW POEMS





# NEW POEMS

BY

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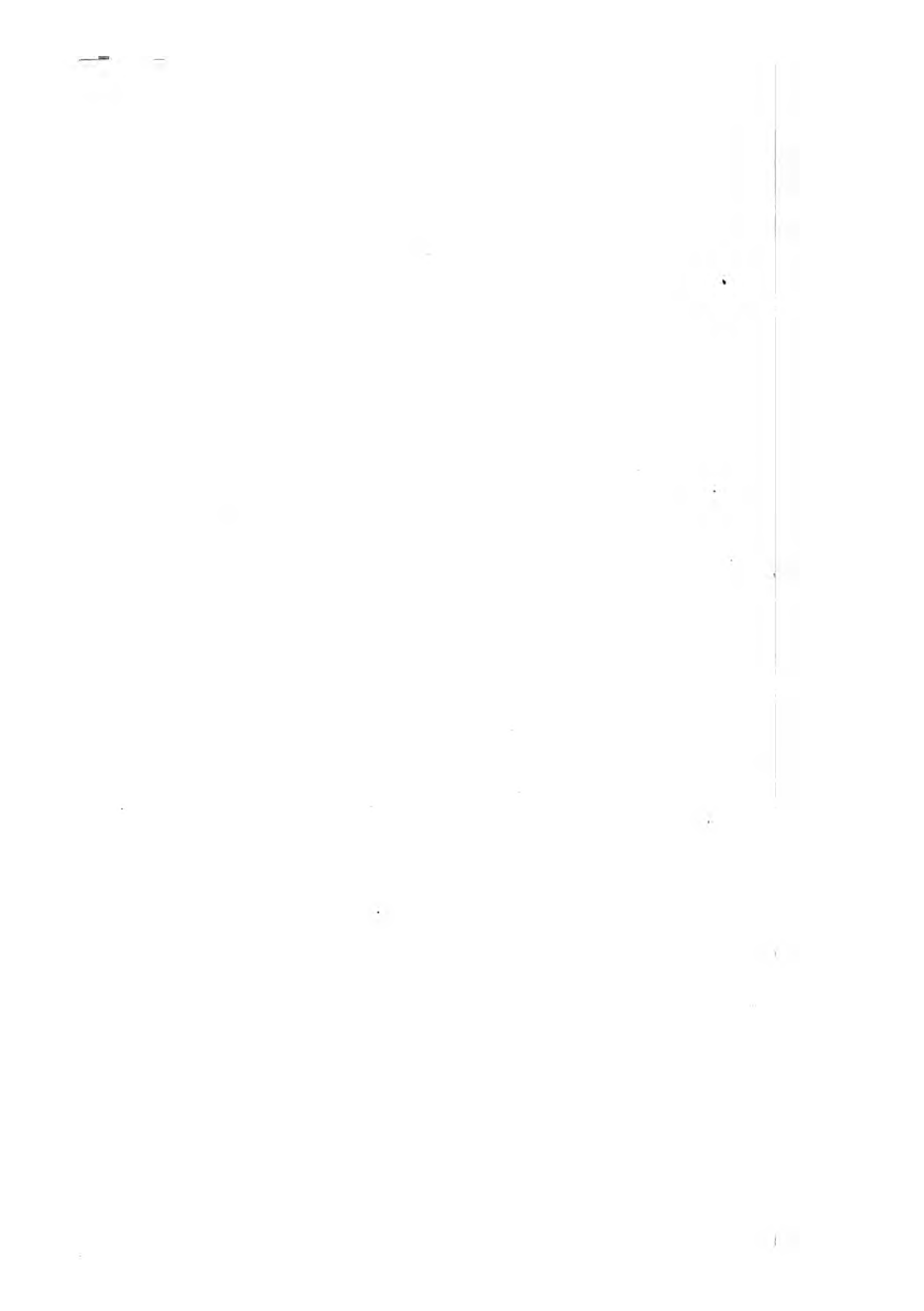
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## WATERED GARDENS

HERE in the July sun  
Thames' ancient currents run  
So stilly deep, the dimples hardly move  
Their mirror smooth as glass,  
Green o'er their silent mass,  
And perfect reflex now of the green vaults above.

Yonder no wandering airs  
Disturb the tangled stairs  
Where climbs the woodland on the opposing brink ;  
Only their myriad cries,  
Like self-wrought fantasies,  
The poplar leaves in sudden chorus lift and sink.

Flames of a fiery day  
Soon o'er this lovely bay,  
Scorching no more, will make its aureole ;  
Gilding some flower that gleams  
Large in the harboured streams,  
Ere splendour turn to dusk, and glow to cool.

## Watered Gardens

Man's labour is all o'er  
Upon this level floor  
Of meads where weeks ago the scythe has been ;  
But it is all in hope  
On the far upland slope  
Where whitening cornlands glimmer 'twixt dividing  
green.

How silent in the hush  
Upon its breathing bush  
This guelder rose festoons the liquid way :  
Since its brown flowerets, set  
In white, with dews were wet,  
Be sure no eye hath marked it all the livelong day.

And that is why this spot,  
Unnoticed or forgot  
With its poplars whispering o'er plain greenery,  
Tempting no artist hand  
To limn the modest strand,  
Is where a wounded soul takes sanctuary.

'Tis symbol of some home,  
Where rumour doth not come,  
Although God wills that it should spin and toil ;  
Recluse in quiet ways,  
Far from all human praise ;  
Lives their own loveliness can never spoil.

## Watered Gardens

3

Far down the watery miles  
Loud laughter, winning smiles,  
On bench, at helm, in the last boat are borne :  
These nurslings now are left,  
Each in its dusking cleft,  
For wreathèd coils and placid gulfs to pass till morn.

But their laughter is never done ;  
Or ever mounts the sun,  
They will toss their glittering heads in ecstasies ;  
And when this eve they sleep  
That smile they still must keep,  
Beneath the hushed arcades of moonlit dormitories.

And this tansy ever shall spread  
Its corymbs o'er the head  
Of lush forget-me-not or meadowsweet,  
After those azure eyes  
Of fair humanities  
Shall need no more silk-woven fence from any heat.

Nay ! lift the veil of Time ;  
Breathe in that primal clime  
When Tamise' founts first gushed from coral urns ;  
Lo ! by the little capes  
This throng of starlike shapes ;  
Fringing the current green their ageless beauty  
burns.



## Watered Gardens

Poor victim of the worm,  
 Man seeks one fadeless form,  
 One sign of Beauty's everlasting powers ;  
 Where will he ever find  
 All that is in the mind,  
 Of all that lives below, O where, but in the flowers !

And yet he would arrange  
 The ages of their change—  
 He quite the latest denizen of the wood,  
 And mete out causes due  
 For matchless form and hue  
 From all the needs and strifes of his own savagehood.

“They toiled and they span ;”  
 So quoth the modern man ;  
 “Their rainbow hues were donned in conscious-  
 ness ;”—  
 Is there in heaven no calm,  
 In Gilead no balm,  
 O God, no spot on earth to tranquillise and bless !

Nay, perfect from the first  
 Yon form of floweret burst  
 To the light amidst its fellows of the sod ;  
 Strung on a full-ranged lyre  
 Its true note did conspire  
 E'en then to build the grander harmonies of God.

## Watered Gardens

5

The paragon, man alone,  
Charged with the dominant tone  
And subtlest chord of that grand instrument,  
Failed at God's touch to rise :—  
Read Eden in his eyes,  
Read in his very looks the primal discontent.

Sullyng some superb name  
Sons are a parent's shame ;  
O strange, that loveliest bud should grow to weed ;  
But over this little flower  
There rests a guardian power ;  
The graceless child shall never shame the kindly seed.

Here is its Eden ever,  
Here is its crystal river  
That now in the cool of the day its feet doth kiss ;  
It envies not to know ;  
Its passionless eyes are low ;  
And yet they hold joy's very heart, and spell a  
secret bliss.

And near it on the brink  
With downy tassels of pink  
The kindly brother-bands of comfrey bloom ;  
And the figwort downward dips  
Deep purples of honeyed lips,  
And winged things sing on in green and balmy  
gloom.

6

## Watered Gardens

So, often to these deeps,  
Where constant Tamise sweeps  
Besides his ancient nurslings, let me stray ;  
Where a thousand summers hence  
This same sweet influence,  
These fadeless forms, shall still be speaking as  
to-day.

## A MODERN HIPPOLYTUS

“ Quid profuit ergo  
Hippolyti grave propositum ? ”—JUVENAL.

NEW COLLEGE GARDENS,  
2.30 A.M.

“ So you are here again. What! mooning still ;  
Making, so far as fond remembrance can,  
These walks, this garden for the Muses sealed,  
That very paradise of philandering fools  
It seemed an hour ago.

O yes, I saw,  
I heard, the comic pathos of the night ;  
Long after midnight honestly I strove  
To read my Plato : for a time I thought  
His soul still lingered by the darkened lamp,  
But no : across the desecrated quad  
It heard your harps and viols in the Hall ;  
And soon suspecting all the rout within  
It fled amain. Your three-time dancing tunes  
Wrought by the note-compelling wind and bow  
Were mere mad waves of sound to Plato's ear,  
With the sparkling barren foam from Passion's sea,

8           A Modern Hippolytus

Flooding all holy spaces of the night ;  
As tides of ocean mar some marbled strand  
And men walk there no longer.

He and I

Thus parted, out I came and found not closed  
These garden gates : and passed within ; and  
          hoped

For echoes, here at least, of solemn hymns  
Caught from the singing of far passionless stars,  
With which my Plato stays the soul.

But lo !

The twilit ground was filled with flitting forms.  
Along the conscious sward, along the walks,  
In chestnut shade, and safer haven still,  
Within the embrasures of the walls, they talked ;  
Mysteriously they talked, each squire and dame,  
Raven and dove of silver wing. You know ;  
For you were there. Well, what was I, to shun  
Or mar such amities ? As one absorbed  
I wandered on : and here where now we stand  
To this same corner gravitating moved  
Gubbins,—we thought the dour impassive man—  
Gubbins magnificent in black and white ;—  
Of course not unaccompanied ; the girl,  
I know not who ; they gazed upon yon Tower  
Beyond the parted walls of darkling green  
Rearing grey pinnacles to moon-silvered skies.

## A Modern Hippolytus

9

Then he, with air of fond proprietorship,  
Nay, posing as the genius of the scene,  
Was pointing out its perfect loveliness :  
And then, his exploitation of the hour  
And fervent nothings over, guardedly  
And with a fine reserve, as if such things  
Were too profound for telling, he was brief  
On studies that would end in triumph soon ;  
For soon a day was coming (with a sigh)  
When all this beauty would be losing him ;  
And then he whispered ; and I heard no more :  
But shrewdly I suspect, knowing the man,  
He then declared the love that always is  
To last for ever. So our Balaam blessed,  
High on his rocks, our Israel ; and now  
(For he took up no parable) I will  
On his behalf, poor fellow. As by fire  
He'll pass : and don't incontinent that gown,  
That virile gown he longs for. Then a cure  
Of souls (O soul of Plato, pardon him !  
Souls may need him ; but souls himself doth need)  
Will claim his ready-made and novice zeal.  
Say, twenty years have rolled away ; and times  
Are hard ; ten olive-branches round the board  
Strangely refuse to live on air ; the flock  
Refuse as strangely to be fed, and stray  
To alien folds. O then perhaps, one day,

10      A Modern Hippolytus

In some blank moment of illiterate toil,  
Or twinges caused by the domestic shoe,  
He'll wish his Oxford had not been a dream ;  
That he for dalliance had not lightly turned  
From her realities ! I see him then  
Remorseful wandering past the riotous rooms ;  
And fixed in this same spot, to recognise  
This long-past hour was fatal.

Stop me not !

O ! the meek only shall possess the earth ;  
And marriage-making ill beseems this grove.  
Men say that marriages are made in heaven :  
And Heaven may make some in its own good time.  
They're made from want of faith as oft as not.  
And who comes next from out this amorous throng ?  
Who but yourself ? Ah, plead your own cause now !  
What are these siren songs across the wave  
That madden this Ulysses at the mast ?  
The Foamborn sends them still ; she changes not :  
Though over Music's sea she wafts them now,  
The words of their enchantment are the same ;  
'Come, weary wanderer, to the isle of rest.'  
O friend, how fast, for friendship's sake, I bound  
Thy soul, if not thine heart, to the higher love,  
The grander goals, as those shipmasters bound  
Their friend and prince with thongs, or ere their  
bark

## A Modern Hippolytus

11

Passed within earshot of the fatal shore :  
And see how now I rise, as then they rose,  
And deaf to all the ravishments as they,  
Self-deafened in my toiling at the oar,  
To bind thee closer ! For I know how soon  
One sweet cadence of horns and clashing strings  
Can pierce and move thee : and how one sweet  
smile

That breaks from pearl-revealing coral lips,  
Its sweet allies, in balm of such a night,  
Can conquer thee. O friend, I would be blind :  
Yet speak I not as one who never sees  
With thee as well as for thee. With the rest  
You passed along : one only glance I had ;  
Yet 'twas enough. Your love-blown bubbles were,  
Doubtless, the like of Gubbins' ; but the type  
Of his inamorata was not yours ;  
A perfect mouth and an enchanted smile  
I saw ; faint crimson on a moon-blanced cheek  
Well matched the darksome masses of her hair ;  
The colour God hath woven for her eyes  
Night hid ; but stars were in them ; stars like  
those

Now sinking on the blue-black verge ; or those  
That zenithwards in grey and silver swim ;  
Or are they as those brightest, which shall soon  
Swim in the green gulf of the peeping day ;



12      A Modern Hippolytus

Or in warm gushes of his golden brown?  
You tell me not ; you look surprised ; you thought  
I never noticed such humanities.  
I think I judge therein as well as most.  
Nay, were it not the veriest pedantry,  
To be for ever talking of the charm  
That wakes remembrance of Ideal Forms  
In all my Plato's system of the soul ;  
Yet have no eyes for charm when it is met  
In the living world? Besides, how could I hope  
Well to advise in crisis of a life?  
Wanting that seeing, I should always want  
The very cord to bind your soul again  
Firm to your former purpose ; for that cord  
Is measured by the very power of that  
Which you feel now. Yes, Wisdom yet can pour  
Thoughts in her wine-cup stronger than any wine  
You have quaffed to-night. O, listen ; half-an-hour  
Still parts us from the dawn : nor could you sleep,  
I can see that.

                    But I am glad we're here :  
For look ! is nothing left of solemn power,  
Nothing of silent greatness in these courts,  
Wide opening all their battlemented walls  
Upon the historic garden? Is yon Tower  
Naught but an antique bauble set to please  
Commemoration revellers ; or, at best,

## A Modern Hippolytus 13

A fair somnambulist that never wakes,  
Nor to be woke, from dreaming of the past,  
And only to be looked at as she walks  
In her night robe of moonbeams ? For a week  
The lionisers all have used her so.  
But lions lack and suffer hunger still ;  
They know not how to feed upon such fare.  
But thou—think of the day when these fair scenes  
First met thy simple disengagèd eyes.  
It was the past presenting all good things ;  
The precincts, surely, of a temple where  
Through long-drawn halls advancing, hearing all,  
Each hierophant of thought creating light,  
Thou at the gateway of her inmost shrine  
Shouldst knock and be admitted ; and shouldst  
learn  
Her Secret Discipline, unimagined then ;  
Ay, and be trusted with her mystic torch,  
To bear bright burning in thy hand for aye.  
Didst thou dream that ? Let that hour answer  
when  
By the strange quiet of thy chamber moved—  
Strange ; for till then thou never wast alone,  
Not in those clamorous schoolrooms—thou didst  
vow  
To faint not nor to stumble till some pledge,  
Some hansom of these intellectual stores,

14      A Modern Hippolytus

Was in thy grasp ; some epoch of the past  
Was a reality to thee ; some thought  
Of some past-master of the soul was thine :  
And, for this modern science sifting all  
That sense can give to mind's equipment, all  
That disillusioned mind can do to read  
The scroll, if scroll there be, of this fair world—  
When all Platonic forms have failed us here—  
A deep devotion e'en to this thou vow'st !  
Thou hadst begun to know that Gospel word,  
' Blest are the pure in heart for they shall see.'  
Ah ! often I have felt not heart alone  
But mind was meant by that : it must be clear ;  
Clear from self-woven webs of space and time ;  
To know she cannot know, before that veil  
She cannot tear, the Infinite ; but thence  
Turning, and strong from this same feebleness,  
She reads, to lighten all the troubled heart,  
God's moral world, and the eternal Must.  
That vision is not yet, but shall be thine ;  
For thou hast travelled far, perhaps suffered long ;  
It shall be thine : let not thy purpose high  
Be a sky-reaching iceberg, sun suffused,  
Which many an angry wave has lashed in vain,  
Melting at last in these warm tides !

Think yet

What is this Oxford ; and yon Tower can be

## A Modern Hippolytus 15

Still symbol of my meaning. Seems it not  
At home beneath its canopy of night?  
Seem not yon stars its fittest company?  
And yet full soon 'twill hail the fiery dawn,  
With all its flashing vanes; and be as fair  
When sunbeams flame upon its forehead. So  
Was that fair college which it sentinel;  
So, all of Oxford that was then, ere first  
The sun of this New Learning rose. The saints,  
Which were the burning stars of Faith's true  
    heaven,  
The cloister's only constant cynosure, looked down  
Upon the student's cell; their names were heard  
E'en in oraisons of the lovely shrine  
And sung amidst yon pinnacles! But lo,  
A glimmer from the east; and melodies  
Of Greece made discord to those hymns; and soon  
The sun of strange discoveries lit the verge,  
Blinding men's eyes to all those burning stars.  
Yet every student hailed each dazzling truth,  
Rejoicing in the inevitable light.  
That sun is mounting yet: and Oxford still  
Walks in each newest truth and is content;  
Content, awhile; yet doth not all forget  
Those stars that ruled her for five hundred years  
And yet move there beyond her mental sun,  
High in her spiritual heaven. Dost thou

16      A Modern Hippolytus

Feel this about thy mother? Yet, O friend,  
The spell she casts upon her genuine sons  
Is beyond words ; 'tis fusion strong and strange  
Of contradictions : the believing Past,  
The unbelieving Present, if you will,  
Meet and create a new and living thing  
Which neither of them is ; and not a voice  
Which trumpet-toned has here proclaimed a truth,  
No student's aspiration, but it sounds  
Or whispers on these unforgetful walls :  
And so lost causes here are never lost.  
The eloquence which pleaded all they owned  
Of justice charms these courts in echo still  
And fills our inmost chambers.

Wilt thou, then,

Barter this home for pottage? Ever here,  
To quiet bays of contemplation drawn  
From all the turbid current of the world,  
Some catch the splendour of some sovran thought  
And send it back through prisms of the mind  
For men to see its beauties. Ever there,  
Beyond the charmèd circle of this peace,  
The thorns and thistles of uncultured souls  
Will baffle all your toil.

Yet know you well

This study hath its disciplines ; this light  
Asks the long toil of effort, ere it come.

## A Modern Hippolytus 17

Yon very tower, which thoughtless eyes suppose  
The imposing mask of more than monkish ease  
And youthful idlesse, from its natal day  
Has taught far other lessons ; work and prayer  
Are written clear amidst its lovely lines ;  
And all its chimes a sweet refusal ring  
That indolence shall build his castle there.

Well, I have done : and, maybe, you have thought,  
'Hardly is his the Oxford that I know.'  
Yes ! studies multiply apace ; but few  
The real students ; many masters teach ;  
But few, the secret of that sunny calm  
That knows not wild ambition's wind, nor whirl  
Of this world's hurry, nor the lovesick heart.  
New powers are now within our walls : men say  
Our Troy would else be taken ; let them see  
If none of these be not the Wooden Horse.  
Woman, led here by a girlish waywardness,  
Choosing, however Minerva frowns, to do  
Reverse of all that she was born to do ;  
Or by determination all to know  
That men are thought to know ; or by design  
(To call a spade a spade) to conquer where  
She best, if there, had listened and adored—  
Woman is here : that vessel fraught with love,  
Those delicate contours of flesh, that heart

18      A Modern Hippolytus

Which God in moulding made supremely kind,  
Come on a mental goose-chase of their own  
Where fallen man in this new Eden toils.  
But the uncompanioned way is not so sweet  
As first it seemed ; so welcome yet again  
The arms so often proven ; tender glance ;  
Appealing graces ; and enchanting smile ;  
And shapings, not accountable to dons,  
Of hat and frock : and so each eve, they set  
In array their battle : to the soft suburb  
And social board where all things modern are,  
From mediæval garret, barbarous hall,  
They call the pensive student. Will the Nine,  
The shadowy Nine with their abstracted eyes,  
Hold him amongst these sweet insistences,  
This glamour of golden coils on tired heads ?  
No ; and another power has come to stay :  
And what to him are these dim paths where once  
The fathers of our faith tracked mystic light  
Ne'er seen on wood or river ? Brain, eye, nerve,  
With foot and hand are vowed in him to track  
The flight and rebound of a ball : his ear  
Waits in a wild enthusiastic shout  
For all its sweetest music."

Suddenly

He ceased ; but his dark eyes, as if in scorn,  
Were flashing still ; and all within his heart

## A Modern Hippolytus 19

Was not yet told. Yet more he had done that  
night

Than he believed. This thing, or that, had touched  
Some one in his friend's soul amidst those chords  
Which built the music, sweet as heavenly harps,  
Of his far-off novitiate. Maybe too  
Night's changeless calm was pleading with that  
friend

Where, fated nevermore to converse so,  
They stood ; magic maybe of groves and towers,  
And piles with all their sleeping denizens  
Hushed to an image of that selfsame scene  
There in some distant June, had clenched at last  
The firm resolve he made.

But, strange to say,  
His mentor soon was on the wing : perhaps  
He truly deemed it useless to resist  
Those sacred strangers in the citadel.  
Certes, Laocoon-like he perished not.  
Incontinent he left her, this poor beast  
No longer Alma Mater, this milch cow  
Whom all, he said, were free to come and drain,  
Careless who feeds her founts of nourishment.  
He, Balbus-like, was building in the wild :  
To train his virgin souls on virgin soil.  
He built in faith : but this nor gods nor men  
Nor shops allowed ; the thing most sacred here,



20      A Modern Hippolytus

The pocket, had been touched ; from out the sea,  
The sea of fierce and lucre-loving men,  
As thunder black they rose ; they wrecked his car  
As car of Theseus' son sea-monster wrecked.  
Ah ! Artemis ne'er saved her faithful knight !  
And why should mortal man have rushed to stay  
This champion of a cause not understood  
Nor for the main chance useful deemed, nor yet  
Paid for ? They gave him bread of tears to drink ;  
Till from all them that troubled him he passed,  
To the plenteous table of his Father's house.

## THE SANCTUARY

THE bell hath not crept  
To the Deep's rarest light ;  
The tube hath not swept  
The gem of the night ;  
Yet love shall unlock our forest's delight.

For a midland county  
Hath a Wilderness.  
'Tis so named : yet heaven's bounty  
That mould doth bless  
With juice and honey of fruitfulness ;

Not from brazen skies,  
As in that wild place  
Where the balsam dies  
On a granite face  
That mocked God's thirsting rebel race.

Yon bardic mountains  
Waft the kiss of the west ;  
Fresh from Dee's far fountains  
O'er the plains it is pressed  
On the ancient pines in their summer rest :

## The Sanctuary

And the wood-pigeons flying  
O'er each waving dome,  
So sweet is its sighing,  
Claim their ancient home  
And drop as the gull on the salt sea foam.

Yes ; tall as Senir  
Soars many a pine ;  
But there's gloom yet greener  
Where as veins in the mine,  
Smooth in silver beneath, the beech stems shine.

But when light plunges  
To the soil below,  
Not rarest sponges,  
Of amethyst glow  
Where Ocean's stillest currents flow,

Gleam half so fair  
In their lucid flood  
As the foxgloves there  
In the ways of the wood  
That stand, and steadfast there have stood

For ages suspending  
Their airy bells  
For some fairy wending  
Those odorous dells  
To peal their velvet panicles.

## The Sanctuary

23

There too stands the spore  
Of that fern<sup>1</sup> whose wing  
To its giant core  
Once folded a king,  
As he fled from his foe o'er the peaty moor ;  
  
And blue doves on the lip  
Of the columbine vases  
Seem to bill and to sip  
As oft the breeze passes  
And sweeps them amongst the rushy grasses ;  
  
Where the stork-bill drinks  
Of the little black lake  
With its winding brinks  
Which slow oozes make  
Trickling from out the ferny brake.  
  
There mosses are golden  
Round the tasselled tower  
Of the fir tree olden  
Laid by lightning power  
Mastlike athwart the privet bower.  
  
Men come there never ;  
On its northern flank,  
Where a barge hardly ever  
Threads the weedy tank,  
Mounding the plain with a bridgeless bank

<sup>1</sup> See Note 1, p. 97.

## The Sanctuary

A canal crawls east ;  
    So in that wood  
There is need not the least  
    For a foot to intrude ;  
'Twere better a pathless solitude.

And yet at each shining  
    Of dawn the spade  
With its sapping and mining  
    Is at work in the shade ;  
And high and deep are the pathways made.

For with infinite toil  
    Over quaking flushes  
Little barrows pour soil  
    Where the bogbean blushes ;  
And a causeway bends over buried rushes ;

While the fern-bank they gash  
    With a cutting neat  
To the roots of yon ash,  
    And down at its feet  
Fall the wake-robin's brood and the woodruff  
    sweet.

So the hill they lay low,  
    And exalt the vale ;  
Till eve's golden glow  
    Gilds the sorrel pale  
Drooping purple wings to the gnat's low wail.

## The Sanctuary

25

They have paved a desert  
To nothing beyond ;  
Yet a clue might with less art,  
Were they not so fond,  
Lead to tangled brink of a coated pond.

But the mind of a child  
Sees mystic uses  
In taming the wild ;  
In this toil he chooses  
On guests august his fancy muses.

A hermit might soon  
To his cell be coming ;  
Or, at hush of noon,  
A dryad be roaming ;  
Or e'en a fugitive king, in the gloaming.

So call it not folly,  
This day-dream so late,  
Of ways for the holy,  
These tracks for the great  
Of paths in the desert which still have to wait.

See ! dropped from heaven's fingers  
Yon aureole burns ;  
There are angel singers  
By the forest urns ;  
And the banners are royal and red in the ferns.

## The Sanctuary

So anon to past ages  
Shall speed the pen ;  
Forgotten pages <sup>1</sup>  
Are the desert then,  
All tangled by time, untrodden by men.

Where, though hard to seek  
In the maze uncouth  
Of thorniest Greek,  
Blooms a flower of truth,  
Or a lovely thought, or a gentle ruth.

There no classic graces  
Of a temple trim  
Gleam in darker places ;  
Yet the bookage dim  
Oft waves with the wings of Seraphim.

O depths untravelled ;  
Yet, by one poor way,  
Not vainly unravelled  
For a future day  
When a Saint shall walk thither to think and to  
pray !

<sup>1</sup> See Note 2, p. 97.

## JONATHAN

*κάλλιον τοῦ αὐτὸν πράξει τὸ αἴτιον τῷ φίλῳ γενέσθαι.*

THE crag which northward walls the desert glen,  
Parting its lowest ledges, makes a cave ;  
A haunt of heathen worship. Or perchance  
Some wizard with his puppet teraphim  
Here shunned the light.

But holy now it seems.

Its vine-leaves, like a curtain, gently swing  
In the warm wash of morning ; honey drips  
From arch and lintel : he who tenants it  
Looks like no darkling mutterer of spells.  
For that is in his eye which captive holds  
The best gold of the sunbeam ; golden light  
Glints in his chestnut hair ; his glowing cheek  
Would shame the moist heart of a crimson rose ;  
And his lips ope as if a smile came there  
Oft from the founts of joy.

Yet sadly now

He watches ; 'midst the boulders of the glen  
His eyes seem searching something ; though the  
hush,



## Jonathan

The sunbright hush, is broken by no cry ;  
Not e'en the whistle of a partridge.

Hist !

Those lips whose songs shall some day reach the  
          hearts

Of millions murmur in the silent morn :

“ He will not fail : my prince will yet be here,  
E'en though I may not touch him. Not the snarl  
Of all the dogs that watch at Gibeah's gate,  
Not all his father's javelins or his curse,  
Will keep him from me !

Ah, the hand ! it comes.

There slides his barbèd cane amongst the flowers ;  
There his next rings upon the rock : his third,  
His fatal third, with herald hurtle comes.

'Tis quivering in the greensward there : as once  
On Michmash in the glimmer of the dawn  
Firm fixed in flesh of the uncircumcised  
Its brother drank their life through all the scales.  
Yes, death is on the string when Jonathan bends  
The bow of Benjamin ; and yet, methinks,  
The word now framing on his lips to send,  
Though 'tis his love that speaks, shall be to me  
Deadlier than all his arrows. Can the touch  
Of faith and justice ever heal again  
That gangrene rankling in the heart of Saul ?  
Hark !

The quick footfall of his lad : that cry  
' The arrows are beyond thee !'

Fatal word !

And so thy David is beyond thee quite  
And all is over. Cave and forest now  
For lighted hall and chamber. Yet a space  
The Lord may grant that I should linger here ;  
If Jonathan yonder unaccompanied comes.  
The boy is speeding back : and I will look.

Praised be the Lord ! no starving-venal spy  
Has dogged his steps ; the feast has stayed awhile  
Their busy malice ; stooping, he unbends  
The brazen flashing bow ; his armour-boy  
Takes it ; and leaves to Jonathan and me  
This waste and this short calm of dewy morn."

Yes, David, for one moment he is thine.  
And doth thy land of olive-shimmering hills  
And silver skies that drop the fatness down  
Nourish aught rarer than this Prince ?

There are

In Israel's thousands, who are brave and meek  
Where the rude waggons wall his clamorous camps :  
There are in cities, who possess their souls  
Nor sit with sons of Belial in the gate :  
There are, who by the fig-tree and the vine,  
Or orchards of the crimson-flowering tree,

Or in the golden glory of the wheat,  
 Or lion-haunted canes, old Jordan's pride,  
 Keep hearts that wax not fat as brawn ; all these  
 Walk as God's weaned children ; and they keep  
 His sabbaths ; and His law makes straight their  
 paths.

But none like Jonathan !

He is this ; and more ;

For he hath mounted to the safer height.  
 Once in his pensive childhood his whole soul  
 Clomb, as from Michmash vale his feet did climb  
 And gained the steep, and cast out fear ; and loved  
 Jehovah and His Law with all his strength.  
 He knew not how this thing was wrought.

Did tale

Of Samuel's childhood stir him ; or some words,  
 Low-spoken words, in Ramah's curtained calm ?  
 It matters not. Light came upon the law,  
 Writ on the faithful table of his mind ;  
 And he did love, nor ever would make vain,  
 That Name.

And once had Saul, in days when still

The father's heart and the apple of his eye  
 Danced but to see him, told the darling son,  
 In thankful pause of sacrificial meal,  
 How he awoke upon the housetop, called  
 By Samuel ; and along the silent streets

They passed ; and in the holy calm of dawn  
The seer's upstretchèd hands poured powdered  
myrrh <sup>1</sup>

Upon his head and shoulders ; how that day  
Was joy and wonder, till he spake at last,  
Amidst the holy tumult of the harps,  
Deep things of his new manhood.

Then the boy  
Gazed on the turban where rich rubies flashed,  
On the great amulet, and the purple folds  
That swathed that giant chest ; and, gazing, thought  
"This is the Lord's Anointed." Doubly dear  
This father now should be ; his every word  
More than a father's mandate.

So he grew.  
And summer suns, which only turn to dust  
The torrent pools, and parch the anemones  
To grass for the oven, lent to Jonathan  
The darting fleetness of an antelope ;  
And dreadful vigour to his bronzed arm ;  
And to those open and unwavering eyes  
A lustre and a look to turn to flight  
The lions. Ah ! how joyously he sprang,  
Then, when he set the battle in array,  
To the side of that great father ; and aloud  
Called on the God of battles ; ere he couched  
His first winged shaft betwixt the glittering horns.

<sup>1</sup> See Note 3, p. 97.

Then before Benjamin God's strength was stirred ;  
 Then down the crimsoning lanes of carnage fell  
 The foeman ; as before a gleaming share<sup>1</sup>  
 The plumèd grasses. Those were happy days,  
 When not ere Urim spake the clarions rang,  
 And in Saul's camps no sacrificial smoke  
 Veiled unfaith to the Lord, or rebel greed.  
 Yes, Jonathan was happy.

But an hour

Came when relentings, lukewarm, born of lust,  
 Where lurked the love of self, to please the throng,  
 Softened the monarch's mind : and softening wrought  
 Its sickening in the failure of its light ;  
 As failed the blessed unction from his brow,  
 Avenging gift misused.

Not gracious now,

But sullen-fierce, as is the driven ox  
 That staggers to its death, he keeps the tent.  
 But hark ! a son of music wakes the harp ;  
 And fingers feeling oft on lightest strings  
 For notes of liquid sweetness, drop by drop,  
 Pour the brief balm ; or up from deeps, like those  
 Where swoons this fallen heart, ascending swift  
 Thrill it with joy's bright chords : and Jonathan  
 Sits watching oft his father ; and he sees  
 The old sereneness stealing like the dawn

<sup>1</sup> See Note 4, p. 97.

Back o'er that darkly-troubled brow ; and drinks  
With Saul and David near, a double joy.  
The ways have not divided ; and not yet  
Do echoes of the women's triumph songs  
Fill the proud monarch's ear, and powerless make  
The wires' sweet anodynes. O loyal soul !  
Love had not yet to point thee from this peace,  
These transient hours of friendship, up the path,  
The thorny path, on which thy father's feet  
Shall stumble, tottering on the heights of power.  
And yet e'en now thou know'st the truth.

Long since

God told it thee : that evening in Saul's tent <sup>1</sup>  
Amongst his mighty men, who many a morn  
Had faced the foe blaspheming on the heights  
Of Elah ; there this shepherd boy had stood ;  
Something less lovely than his harp was then  
Beside him ; but his eyes were filled with light,  
As if they conversed only with the star  
Then rising over Gath ; his parted lip—  
The bow just lifted o'er the gleaming pearls,  
That selfsame lip which closed o'er clenched teeth  
When o'er the golden head unhelmeted  
His hand had poised the pebble—seemed of one  
Listening to songs of angels. Lowly then  
He spake to Saul : and as he spake thine heart

<sup>1</sup> See Note 5, p. 97.

Cried to thee, "God! what trust! how hath his  
hand

Been strengthened in his God! As when I hung  
Half-way up Michmash precipice, mine own  
Was strengthened." Then that inmost soul of  
thine

Went out to him, and claimed its own amongst  
The sons of men for ever. Then the Lord  
Did consecrate what love made beautiful;  
Saying that selfsame evening to thy soul  
"This is Mine own Anointed."

But those days

Are over now, and all their happiness.  
Madness, of dereliction born, will keep  
Its course for all that loyalty can do:  
It will read treachery in its meekest word.  
And so this morn upon the lonesome waste  
This prince-gazelle of Israel comes to do  
The sweetest sacrifice that love e'er gave;  
For friend foregoing throne, for father, friend.  
See! they come near each other; and the hand  
Which felled the giant will be clasping soon  
The hand that smote to Ajalon.

O ye

Of cloudier climes, blame not their transports then!  
Your monster din of iron-paven ways  
Stuns the quick ear of love; your glooming skies

Make inexpressive all his ecstasies,  
 And muffle all his heart-throbs. But beneath  
 This glowing glory of pellucid blue,  
 On this lush carpet of the honied glen,  
 Hearts are of fire and show it.

Lithesome each

As is the pard : yet darkness in the eyes  
 Of Jonathan betrays the unbroken fast  
 Of yester eve : no spear of his shall mar  
 One forest-comb this morn. The outcast falls  
 Before his Prince and saviour ; but the Prince  
 Suffers it not ; but lifts and clasps his King,  
 The God-given friend. Ah ! Michal never kissed  
 So fondly ; never half so lovingly  
 Bathed fingers in those glossy-waving curls ;  
 Never wept tears so passion-hot. They stood  
 Locked in each other's arms, until the tide  
 Of the broken fountains of the outcast's soul  
 Was fierce almost to frenzy. Then Saul's son  
 Speaks, ere they sunder, words like unction  
 poured

Upon the dying ; broken words, that tell  
 Of that sweet covenant betwixt them made  
 Of kindness never to be cut off. " Away  
 Or e'er it be too late for flight."

Praise God !

His friend is saved. But Jonathan must sit



Amidst their baffled fury at the feast,  
 Fronting his father's frown, and fatal spear ;  
 And Abner sitting now where never more  
 David shall sit ; and Doeg draining deep  
 The festal wine, as if the blood of priests  
 Was in that bowl ; and all their midnight talk  
 Of swiftest chargers ready for the morn.  
 But by that same full-moon their famished prey  
 Steals up the hillside to the porch of Nob.

O meek and sane amidst a maddening throng,  
*Thine* heart was never darkened or distraught !  
 And thou shalt have thy dearest wish, to be  
 Next David : thou art ever next his heart.  
 And thou shalt die as thou desirest.

See !

Once more thy father by thy side ; again,  
 Vast-towering in his car, he looks a king :  
 Once more the foul Philistine. See ! down there  
 His brazen lines are spread athwart the mists  
 Far rolling o'er the verdure. Charge, for God !  
 Down from Gilboa ! lick him from the land,  
 As sun the dewdrops.—Ah ! thou fallest soon.  
 So the Lord giveth his beloved sleep.  
 Thou never sawest all Israel's battle line  
 Broken along that bleak and bitter slope.  
 Thou never sawest thy father, how he died.

## Jonathan

37

In the broad place of Bethshan they shall pin  
Thy form, Saul's dripping trunk, to-morrow eve,  
Fast, kitelike, to the walls : but faster far  
Thy deathless image lives in David's heart ;  
And living reigns : ne'er, nathless, had he been  
All of the man he shall be, but for thee.

## A MERCIAN LANDSCAPE

FANCY one morn a child did find,  
One with her rainbow lights to blind  
And make her tuneful shell ;  
And as she smote the novice strings,  
Those hours of May, upon all things  
More golden daylight fell.

The very waste with melody rang ;  
And Memory that song she sang  
Did faithfully record.  
See ! yet she hath it in her book ;  
See notes on notes, each soulless stroke  
Of each once thrilling chord.

Yes, Memory well doth guard her trust ;  
And yet she waiteth : and she must :  
She cannot facture bliss.  
And what is Music's shelvèd hoard ?  
What magic can one page afford  
Till hand and string shall kiss ?

## A Mercian Landscape 39

Dim too and faded is the score :  
Yet shall that song be heard no more,  
    That song so sweet and wild ?  
Alas ! it is the lyre that's loose,  
This heart untuned by long disuse,  
    Once owned by a little child.

The lyre it is, and not the singer  
That makes the lost enchantment linger :  
    Nor yet boon Memory's part ;  
The lyre unlearns the genial gift :  
Its frame is mined with many a rift.  
    Fye on this voiceless heart !

Come, then, its erring strings among ;  
Come, Fancy, fit it for thy song !  
    Thou canst : and thou alone.  
Thought is thy sovran source of joy :  
So I will think I am that boy  
    When golden sunbeams shone.

---

In vain, from snowdrop to snowflake,  
Winter has raged upon the brake ;  
    'Tis Summer's breathing time.  
To their full flush the forests pass ;  
And the long dykes lift up their glass  
    To catch an azure clime.

40      A Mercian Landscape

High is yon arch of cloudless skies ;  
Yet higher is the heaven that lies  
    Locked in an infant's thought :  
'Tis perfect faith without alloy :  
He is a giant in his joy,  
    To his new Mecca brought.

High o'er the peaty Border moors  
Where the black ooze far tribute pours  
    To Severn's entering wave,  
There stands a weird and tree-crowned hill :  
The Roman camped on it : and still  
    It bears the name he gave.

But farther cries than legions' shout,  
Haunt the high grove and creep about  
    The fern-clad hillside sod.  
On morn like this ere died the dew,  
Men say, the white-robed sun-priest slew  
    Bound victims to his god.

Conjure with this? From base to cope  
A place of arms ! Up yon dread slope  
    See the pale victim toil ;  
A Calvary where the pimpernel  
And blood-red trefoil seem to tell  
    What stream has stained the soil ?

## A Mercian Landscape 41

No ; gaze around the ancient height.  
How its dark scene is drowned in light ;  
    An infinite splendour fills  
Those cattle-dotted plains of peat,  
And woods beyond, and light green wheat,  
    And the blue waves of hills :

And, midway to the welkin, rise  
Some clustered farms and granaries ;  
    And a church-steeple quaint.  
What other circle of the world  
Like that to childhood first unfurled  
    Can recollection paint ?

No world at all to its clear eyes  
Beyond the loved horizon lies.  
    God never lifts that veil ;  
And sin and death are far away,  
And nothing dims the golden day,  
    And dear ones never fail.—

What giant liner's lightning flight,  
With wings that through their sleepless night  
    The seas to phosphorus churn,  
Was half so grand as yon slow barge  
Through lazy wave, by weedy marge,  
    Steering with pictured stern ?

## A Mercian Landscape

What matchless spire with monster bell  
E'er told the gift unspeakable  
    As yon lone turret spare,  
Where Peter's little chanticleer  
Flashes above the barn and beere,  
    A star in sunbright air?

There is no glory and no wonder,  
There is no storied stream but yonder,  
    Where girdling all the wold  
A Pison, glittering through the grove,  
From Eden ever seems to rove  
    To some far land of gold.

Oft to come here, the thought is joy ;  
And see, the dear pink sylvan toy,  
    Where the hill westward dips,  
The beech-o'ershadowed foxglove gleams,  
With balm on all its drugged racemes,  
    On all its velvet lips.

Last night, when in her silver boat,  
Though hymned by no brown songster's throat,  
    The moon was on the Val,  
Blanching the legendary scene  
As erst ere all its Past had been,  
    Blanching the hushed canal,

## A Mercian Landscape 43

There, through the foxgloves' tasselled doors  
Trooping to their green dancing floors,  
    The little pixies played.  
How well they danced till golden dawn,  
These tracks can tell that ring the lawn,  
    By their light footfall made.

That sun that flamed in yonder east  
Here still had Fancy for his priest ;  
    And in after years afar  
With faithful art she will dispose  
To blush for aye those scarves of rose  
    Above that morning star.

She still is theirs who have not dimmed  
On the child's heart one landscape limned :  
    That one will be enough  
To be the fount of other streams ;  
Of all the fairest waking dreams  
    To be the very stuff.

Our modern Tubal-Cain is whirled  
In sterile hurryings through the world,  
    And all to win the power  
For eye to see the roseate flush,  
Heart feel the free and mystic rush,  
    Of that sweet primal hour.



44      A Mercian Landscape

But to him that hath the visions come ;  
And ne'er to feel shall be their doom  
    Who school them to forget  
All wonderment of infant years ;  
To staunch the very source of tears  
    In eyes with rapture wet.

## EVENING HILLS

WINCHESTER COLLEGE HALL,  
6.30 P.M.

O THE strange eve of June, so long ago :  
Its ardour, cause of toil and transient joy,  
Burns in the heart for ever ;

As it burnt

In bars of brilliance then, through casement oped  
High as the raftered roof, and smote below  
The table's snowy cloth or wooden ware ;  
Or lit a battered pewter or a head  
Flaxen or auburn in the gown-boys' throng ;  
Or e'en some brazen button on the coat  
Of one who stood and served them.

Then a voice

Above all cries of the refectory  
Has shouted "Hills" ; strange word, not void of  
fear

To those who wot not all that it might be.  
The grace is said ; and pell-mell down the stairs  
The seventy children of great Wykeham rush  
To don the beaver and be prompt to take

Their places on the destined pilgrimage ;  
Lest laggard feel the throng-compelling wand.  
Children by courtesy they were, but not  
Childish ; or any childlike, save perchance  
Some fresh from home and mother's tenderness  
And gentle nurture ; who now, boding ill,  
Poor novices in the hourly durance, stood  
Ranged in a vaulted passage with the rest  
Waiting that column whose much-hated van  
Themselves must be.

And now with shout and jeer  
And jest the column of the Commoners comes ;  
And giants lead those lines ; or so they seemed  
To those three artless infants of the gown ;  
As now, the order of the onset given,  
All move through the quadrangle.

Verily  
Pilgrims a moment that procession seems  
Then, when all cries are hushed, and bared all  
heads,  
Where Mary, from her sculptured canopy  
Above the inner gate, for ever smiles,  
As if to win them to some gentleness.  
But that is passed, and the utmost gateway passed :  
And then, the holy precincts left behind,  
The inextinguishable merriment  
Of boyhood with felt manhood in the blood

Lets itself loose and runs its racy course.  
 Its quaint, or cruel, or fantastic ways  
 Leave on one wondering child's untempered  
 soul

A brand that lasts for ever. Fitfully  
 The ashen wand leaps out to dress the line ;  
 Yet all the paven way with laughter rings,  
 The bully's sally, and the victim's cry  
 Unnoticed. But, hard by, the flanking wall  
 Of that long causeway harbours wondrous peace,  
 In glooms of clustered verdure, close-shorn lawns  
 Where sunlight sleeps ; and through the garden  
 sealed

Itchen, low murmuring on his silver bed,  
 Enhances more the cloistral calm.

But now

Those walls are passed ; and from the broad green  
 dale,  
 Sparkling with summer on its limpid streams,  
 Breezes of evening greet them airily  
 Fanning the sultriness ; and far away  
 High o'er a quarry gleaming on a hill  
 A clump of pine trees crowns a trenchèd slope,  
 Once sable sentinels of Catharine's shrine.  
 What thousand eyes in far-off centuries  
 Have looked uplifted to that hill ; what feet  
 Have scaled that holy height : and e'en to us

Its base is goal this eve ; no pilgrims, we ;  
And yet we tread where such have trod.

Indeed

Our merry-mocking tumult seems to tell  
What life shall be for all. The hills of hope  
Bathed in their purple where all hardness melts,  
Crowned with the shrine of some imagined bliss,  
Loom wondrous fair for all : still happiest he,  
However hard the path and worn the feet,  
Who sees above the castles of Desire  
A light that never dies, slow changing all  
To the golden streets like glass where saints go by,  
And all the jewelled bastions of the Lord :  
Such light as Catharine saw.

But little then,

Light-hearted pilgrims most, for bathing bound,  
Recked we what paths of duty or of pain  
Might lead to any heavenliness ; for then  
E'en hero's laurels and the heights of power  
Faded, forgotten in the near delight.  
Higher and narrower wended now the path ;  
Sheer on the right the vale high Tempe yawned ;  
Leafy and cool and sweet-perfumed we knew  
That vale in Thessaly ; and leafy this ;  
But not so sweet, we found, as falling there  
We lay midst shreds and carrions of the ditch.  
For one of those said giants, patience lost

At the slow progress of the hated van,  
Quick to the Moloch of his wrath had hurled  
Two infants down the precipice : who thence  
Clomb and emerged on upper air to find  
The path now clear of all save him who wields  
That ashen indiscriminating wand.  
But Wykeham's serge is kindly strong to meet  
His castigating rods ; and childhood's tears  
Are April showers.

So when at last, beyond  
Expanse of corn green-waving and two stiles,  
The lines disband, those rough derisive words  
And e'en that sudden shock are half forgot ;  
And lo, like Lethe, at their feet, the stream  
Seems lending all its lucid deeps to heal  
All sorrow ; though its tasselled banners wave  
O'er shallower reaches of the gleaming bed  
Than here might aid the swimmer's art.

So here

Let others plunge, the skillless : on, ye brave,  
Who are to know what massy gulf this flood  
Can pour, what foamy whirlpools ; onward still ;  
Past, where the fading may-bush in the breeze  
Flings its white petals on the green profound,  
Where may-flies die beneath the canopies  
Of iris and forget-me-not. 'Twere sweet  
After the fourteen hours of toil and stress

D

To sink one moment on the holy sod,  
Where the slight milkwort droops at close of day ;  
To look afar on those grey pinnacles  
So peaceful now above their silent courts,  
Backed by the solemn spireless minster mass.  
But hark ! the tumult of the bath begins :  
The keys are creaking in the lock to ope  
The sluice : and cataracts thunder in the void ;  
See ! a lithe form already stripped has flashed  
O'er the huge beam that guards the water-gate ;  
And strait as arrow to the targe has plunged  
Into the depth unseen. On to the brink !  
Scan the vast cistern, measure all its side  
Boiling and frothing with the weedy wave.  
There thou must plunge, and with a bound like  
that,  
E'en ere it brims the pathway. So : 'tis done :  
And on the wave which swarms with swimmers now  
Thou risest corklike from the gurgling gulf :  
But ere thou take thy pastime with the rest  
Some strong unpriestly hand is on thy head,  
And trine immersion by the unaltering rite  
Is, as for all before thee, thine. Ah ! well :  
'Twas purgatorial, yet 'twas saving too,  
This baptism ; the body's generous glow  
Is somehow mantling o'er the mind ; and fresh  
As in the slumbering chambers rang at morn

## Evening Hills

51

The slave-boy's cry, the same shall be this eve  
To call the loiterers home.

'Tis come, the hour,  
The clamorous hour, when all return to ranks.  
Down glassy vistas of the lower stream,  
Into the ravine of the eternal down,  
Far up the mystic slope, it reaches, where,  
In cool and chalky cavern, Arethuse,  
From Dorian founts sweet emissary, sits  
And listening smiles to the ageless evening star  
Reflected on her ageless pool, to think  
Her Dorian boys in Enna long ago  
Ne'er shouted so ; nor e'en did Sparta build  
A home like that now summoned to. Again  
"Home" rings down some close pathway of the vale ;  
Where, maybe, two are walking and are sad,  
Conscious this home is little longer theirs,  
Yon walls, these sparkling greeneries. And now  
The wand brings order from the jostling crowd,  
There, on that tell-tale oyster-paven spot :  
Again the hated gown-boys in the van,  
Again in flowing serge decorous each ;  
Again the laic column on the rear,  
The selfsame giants leading ; and again  
That vale of Tempe : but no mishap now ;  
Again those garden walls where peaceably  
Men dwell, and lowlier the shrouded brook



Murmurs, and ghostlier the twilit forms  
Of verdure haunt the alleys ; and again  
That still quadrangle and the form benign ;  
And those seven chambers where the weary sleep ;  
Or soon shall sleep, when hunger unappeased  
No more shall need their ministries. Quick, ye  
slaves,

On with the pots ; and let them all be hot  
Amidst the red tongues flickering in the gloom ;  
Out with the tables, let your master sup.  
For crumbs and bones and homebrew of the Hall  
Ill stay the stomach of a hero who  
Into that bubbling caldron 'neath the hills  
Seven headers took ; whose volleys in the mead  
Ye have been hunting half the day. O speed  
Your perilous task for him whose lightest wish  
Is iron law. Kings, truly, must respect  
Their pages' hour of rest ; 'tis written too,  
The passing sadness of a cupbearer  
Once moved the Persian despot ; but these ten,  
These kings uncrowned who sup beneath the  
moon

In restful glory, conscious of the state,  
And deeds that served it, have no villeins' wrongs  
To deal with nor relentings of their own.  
All that they do is right ; the subject learns  
To obey, and other lessons when he may.

Still from those lordly tables there are crumbs ;  
And dogs may eat them. So by Danube once,  
After the march and countermarch, the val  
Well sentinelled, the enormous knapsacks piled,  
He, the wandbearer of a great command,  
Feasting said " come " to this man and he came ;  
" Go " to another and he went ; the fire  
That lit his heart, the daily stern resolve  
To see the state received no detriment,  
To lead the eagles on to any height  
And never flinch for pity of self or friend,  
Lives at those tables, speaks upon those lips  
This eve. This fire the Founder stole long  
    since,  
Prometheus-like, and shrined it in these walls,  
His own fair handiwork ; and added more,  
A purer flame, caught from a higher heaven.  
For hark ! there sounds upon the summer night  
That vesper chime which legions never heard  
In all their clarions ; and the scene is changed.  
Two candles burning in the vestibule  
Cast a brief halo on the storied walls :  
Tho' all within, the perpendicular shafts  
That case the viewless colours of the glass  
And tree of Jesse in the eastern light,  
Soar up in solemn darkness : there they kneel,  
One family, the prefect and the fag,

And pray their Heavenly Father's will be done  
As angels do it.

Ere they pass without  
In single file, the muster-roll is called :  
But lowly now, not clamorous, as at morn.  
Yes ; all are there, save one, perchance a child  
Weary or overtaken. And now the hour  
Sounds nine since burning noon ; and as it sounds,  
One cherished custom more ! O mark it, ye  
Who doubt how clear fresh fountains of the past  
Unsullied flow amidst the briny seas,  
These modern base and bustling littlenesses.  
These chambers now are changed to oratories ;  
As if an angel's wand had touched each floor  
And traced a circle round each kneeling boy,  
Whispering " Here unmolested let him be ;  
Here let him hide, a pardoned prodigal,  
Beneath the almighty wings."

And yet this calm,  
So sudden in the reckless throng, was wrought  
Not by an angel but a man ; a man,  
By angel's dispensation, and now passed  
From earth ; yet wheresoever his converse now,  
Surely the record of that hour is writ  
When he with zeal consumed for youthful souls  
Called the precursors of these prefects proud ;  
Adjuring them by memorable things ;

By the sweet lessons of their homes ; by this  
Their grander home ; by this entrusted power,  
Lest it should ever turn into a curse ;  
By all they ever hoped to be ; to swear  
These minutes on the stroke of nine should be  
For ever sacred.

So to their deep sleep  
The weary sink ; e'en students' lights are out :  
Only the tallow tapers, duly trimmed,  
Watch dimly o'er each hearthstone ; or a spark,  
A tiny spark, in some grey ember burns ;  
Only a moonbeam steals on letters cut  
In a black marble o'er an oaken bed,  
The blazon of its tenant long ago.  
Only the brook in the garden, gushing by,  
Lends its low music to the voices heard  
In many a youthful dream.

O Lady, dear  
To many children, e'en in garish day  
The stones of all thy pinnacles announce  
The greatness of thy lineage ; but the night,  
The midmost night in all thy chambers hushed,  
Speaks best of thee ; there is no speech nor cry,  
Yet voices of the past are in them all.  
The conscious marble tells its tale ; what eyes  
Beneath those oaken canopies have watched  
That flickering flame ; or seen the embers fade ;

What ears have heard the babble of that brook.  
Flower of the past art thou ; thou art rooted deep  
In all its strength and grandeur : flower thou art,  
Seeing men cannot change thy form, though all  
Would copy ; as the flowers of God's own earth,  
Fresh, fair, and sweet, and free, their æon live.  
Thy sweetness is the love which gave its all ;  
Thy fairness the best beauty of a thought  
That ever bloomed in stone ; thy freshness is  
Of that frank life that breathed about thy birth ;  
Thy freedom is the self-commanding soul.

So let them sleep ;—then mould them as thou  
wilt ;—

Sleep on, when from the gateways of the east  
Along the everlasting downs the breeze  
Blows its far trumpets o'er the wood ; sleep on,  
When past the empurpled cloud-banks, up the  
streets

Of heaven, whose star-fed lamps are paling now,  
The heralds of the dawn, all scarfed with rose,  
Are speeding to the zenith : yes, sleep on,  
Till many a crimson sunbeam on the Tower  
Falling has roused it Memnon-like to song  
Pealing the hour of five. Then let them rise,  
Strong for each minute of a livelong day.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE

### I

IN a green lane's sun-pierced winding  
You may light upon a face,  
Only baby brother minding,  
Yet fulfilled with antique grace.  
Whence it cometh, no pen writeth ;  
Yet itself doth tell as plain  
As the silver streak that smiteth  
Far a leaden-clouded main.

### II

Where this morn the sunlight, raining  
Colours in a baron's hall,  
A dim-pictured throng is staining,  
One hath left her storied wall ;  
Left trim garden, faded gilding,  
In these greeneries to live  
Where the summer flowers all wilding  
Background bright and breathing give.

## III

Sure, 'tis some historic glory  
 On this aquiline contour cast :—  
 Or, perchance, some untold story  
 Of a loyal, faithful past,  
 When the feudal love was burning  
 Yet unchilled by rural wrong,  
 And the joyous toil of morning  
 Ended with the Vesper song.

## IV

Face of eld ! when manor measures  
 Ground no faces of the poor ;  
 Convent angels with love's treasures  
 Came to each sick toiler's door :  
 Ere the plunder, ere dour shilling,  
 Ekèd out with niggard pence  
 Wrung from pockets right unwilling,  
 Jogged him on his journey hence.

## V

Haply 'tis a prince's motion  
 Pulsing in this russet cheek ;  
 Haply 'tis a queen's devotion  
 Chastening all the forehead meek :—

Something in the lovesome dimple,  
Sweetest mouth, soft eyes of fawn,  
Be it gentle, be it simple,  
From long lineage is drawn.

## VI

Very vain is man's reliance,  
Mind as this child's to create,  
On the sugared husks of science  
And the universal rate.  
When all know, and none are betters,  
Go and seek humility ;  
Gentle ways, in well-spelt letters ;  
Lowly thought, in standard high.

## VII

Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Statesman, all thy millions fling !  
Whence from all these sons and daughters  
Wilt thou thy due harvest bring ?  
Many days<sup>1</sup> ; and many creatures :  
Scant the blooming in this waste ;  
And the thought that lights these features,  
Power o'er that thou wilt not taste ;

<sup>1</sup> See Note 6, p. 98.



## VIII

Thought writ large on rougher pages,  
Life of lady or of lord :  
Noblesse spoke along the ages,  
Spoke with deed and not with word ;  
Grand traditions of the highest ;  
Only these a nation train :  
What with rate and tax thou buyest  
Without these were worse than vain.

## IX

Thank God that a patience saintly  
Stilleth yet thy England's blood ;  
Wisdom yet, however quaintly,  
Walks by tilth and wold and wood.  
Yes, thank Him ; His Christ hath taught her  
Love on labouring hour to spend.  
This her faith-dowered little daughter  
Knows what thou canst never mend.

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## THE AZURE COAST

THE purple to hide, the warm pulses to smother,  
The shamrock knows well in the rain-laden  
blast ;  
Folds of each russet heart are closed, each on  
other,  
Dumb and dead to the air, till the storm be  
o'erpast.

And the yellow head droops : no more be beholden  
Its ray like the morning, its glory of dawn ;  
Naught has it to do, light-laden and golden,  
With earth all unkindly and skies all forlorn.

Thou too went from Erin ; thou too didst around  
thee  
Fold the mantle befitting thy far western home ;  
And the flower of thy mirth was dimmed when  
eve found thee  
In those streets unillumined, those arches of  
gloom ;

When from olive-clothed mountains, where rain-  
clouds were weeping,  
Came in gusts intermittent thick sighs of the land,  
And waves from the seas sad and leaden far sweeping  
Sobbed and broke down a league of desolate  
sand.

For the sweet shore Cisalpine had felt the far  
motion  
Of Storm on the snowfields ; he had rent the fair  
vale,  
And shivered to foam the glass of an ocean  
Once azure as turquoise, translucent and pale.

O cold was his breath and icy his finger ;  
Yet he touched not that lip, nor dishevelled  
that hair,  
Nor breathed on that brow where some sadness  
could linger ;  
(Why blame I that sadness which bade thee be  
there?)

But on Larius now where the light leaves are  
dancing  
O'er green deeps of water that mirror their glee,  
And a glorious network of sunbeams is glancing,  
Thou too, I guess well, art buoyant and free.

## CATCHING SUNBEAMS

HAIL the rare hour when May comes with the  
cloudless weather ;  
Into a distance strange all her sapphire-set firma-  
ments reach :  
There is light where the wood lifts buds all bursting  
into feather ;  
There is light where the fir's stretched arms wear  
an emerald each.

Hail it and then farewell ! Yon heaven is a sea of  
glass,  
Fire-mingled, waiting all hushed for the harping  
of angel strings :  
Yet the crystal peace shall be shattered ; that green-  
glowing flame shall pass,  
Quenched in the gusty flood which to-morrow  
duly brings.

Hail and farewell alway ! Where'er hath been  
heart's rapture,  
All precious things of the hills, all precious things  
of the main ;

64            Catching Sunbeams

They wait not for any hunter ; for a hand or a soul  
to capture :

The javelins of thought never fix them ; the meshes  
of song are vain.

Fast on the sunset hills the amethyst lines into  
golden

Melt, as the filmy faces fade in a furnace glow ;  
And words when a crimson morn of Ind from a  
mast is beholden

Will never name a tythe of the tints outspread  
below.

On the ageless crust escarped and gulf salt-streaming,  
At an unheard incantation, wave of a wand  
unseen,

Pearly gates are flying open, and seraph wings are  
gleaming.

Then brine and berg become what they have been.

True type, too true, of the soul.    Thou never shalt  
count its treasure ;

Go, name the mould of a brow or the misted  
azure of eyes ;

Perchance, too, the perfect bow of the lips thou  
shalt measure :

But the hour when love shall wreathe them,  
thy best words are but as lies.

---

## Catching Sunbeams 65

Rapid and strange are the morns and eves of that  
creation ;

That rhapsody heaven giveth not to write in thy  
bold pentateuch.

Rapid and rare, to boot, is his sweet visitation ;  
Rarest of all passion his the look.

Rare, too, the hour, while in flower of song the  
singers gifted

Feign in a minster high the sob of the hunted hart,  
When a soul perchance with a thirst unfeigned by  
that strain is uplifted.

Ah swift and strong to carry then are the wings  
of art.

For then, like a bird long rocked on the misty  
ocean surges

Mounts on a passionate wing to sunlitten skies,  
That soul, straight up from the heaving base fast  
sinking into dirges,

Darts to the throne of grace with triumphant  
cries.

But e'en the mystic glare of love, e'en that coal  
from off the altar,

Oft shall the pitiless hour in a sullen lethe  
quench.

66            Catching Sunbeams

That soaring soul itself at heaven's very gates shall  
falter :

Only grace shall eternise the flame, the vision  
clench.

Only grace ; heaven's hand let down on the height  
to hold thee ;

Learn this, O dazzled eyes and early tottering  
feet ;

Hath not each muffled string of an hundred harpers  
told thee

No moment else shall stay, nothing that ever  
was sweet ?

Will those quick changes, vivid flashes of love's  
levin,

Lighten for aye tearful landscapes of thy soul ?

Will friendship's breeze that blew thee havenward  
one even

Fill all thy lagging sails for many a goal ?

No ! then, if well thou knowest the things that are  
divine

Come not to stay for thee and all thy doing,

Be thankful, thou ingrate heart, if e'en one on thee  
ever doth shine ;

And change to worship this unfaith of wooing.

## Catching Sunbeams 67

Be thankful, when thy bow on Tamise' lowly  
bosom,  
Veering westward, with a hush of summer on the  
stream,  
Passes naught that is less lovely than many a golden  
blossom :  
Ah ! then confess immortal youth is not a dream.

Far away the travelled giants of Norwegian bowers ;  
And the flaming Titan forges, black bustle of  
the marts ;  
Far away the stained stairs this wave shall lap of  
old tragic towers ;  
But placid bays are here, o'er which the mayfly  
darts.

Here rocket, iris, loosestrife, flicker together  
In pale flame o'er the ever-winding walls ;  
Yellow stars they seem athwart an azure-misted  
ether,  
Hung o'er yon pillared peace of tiny halls.

And see, far ahead, golden globes of a nodding  
lily  
Plunge in mid-stream and leaping to light look up  
Drenched in the young green water moving stilly ;  
Yet splendour's very fount is in that cup.



68            Catching Sunbeams

And youth on each mile of the greener wave is  
    more abounding  
    As by capes purple-plumed, ripple-lit, the vessel  
    turns ;  
And already the echo is on it of founts far sounding  
    Where they gush midst yon blue wolds from the  
    coral urns.

Onwards : yet ever to find in old-world scenes  
    youth's glory ;  
    This, with a welkin resplendent, is very bliss.  
Never upwards in twilight tracking of Time's ancient  
    story  
    Youth on the stream of primitive years hath  
    smiled like this.

Then let the hour lift thee heavenward ere its  
    ending ;  
    Nor mar it with aught else than adoration.  
'Minished enough is worship ; this very wave  
    descending  
    Will buoy the sabbath revels of a nation.

The people will rise up to play ; their shallops will  
    be thronging  
    By the traffic-laden bridges, by every tented  
    sod ;

## Catching Sunbeams 69

They will hymn in blatant praises and in all secret  
longing  
Their golden bovine travestie of God.

And many a hand down there with pencil not  
unknowing  
Would catch the chequered charm of watery  
sanctuaries ;  
And yet the soul of the scene on the canvas is not  
glowing ;  
The fire from heaven is quenched in those  
agnostic eyes.

Art decays : what then of the soul and its viewless  
beauty ;  
Doth it foil these loud allurements, earthy of the  
earth ?  
Joy comes no longer from meek energies of duty ;  
The laughter of heaven is stifled in men's mirth.

But science hath her miracles ; the frequent lancet  
Searches deep with unerring speed for the springs  
of pain ;  
But is it so precious a thing, this life : what hath  
it to enhance it  
Worth giving to this worm with the body  
sane ?

70            Catching Sunbeams

Yes, sufferer, thou art whole with all the doctoring  
and nursing :

Yet they drop one pearl no longer in the cup of  
health they bring.

The faith which infant unknowing lips are still  
rehearsing,

'Tis a living whole no more ; 'tis a mangled  
thing.

Alas ! a child in the Father's mansions once did  
wander ;

There was a picture there he gazed on with love  
and awe ;

But a curtain was drawn athwart that glorious  
Yonder

Tight as a ruthless hand and caretaker Reason  
could draw.

Ruthless, sure, was the hand that hid the infinite  
Good ;

For hark to that grinding din : see the hideous  
crowded rooms !

But It cannot be hidden here in the placid  
solitude ;

In this waste with its flashing lights and living  
glooms.

## Catching Sunbeams 71

And far away on other wastes for the ears that  
listen

The heralds of the evangel tell their tale ;  
And the Vision comes again, and streams for ever  
glisten ;

A spring in the heart hath burst which shall never  
fail.

Far away from under the altars in Holy Places  
Raised o'er vast deserts of slated roofs, o'er a  
thousand homes  
With their stunted stifled forms and wistful waxen  
faces,  
Its healing wave e'en to mire and marish comes.



VÆ VICTIS

I.—SAMNITE

FURCULÆ CAUDINÆ

CARMEN LATINUM

CANCELLARII PRÆMIO DONATUM ET IN THEATRO  
SHELDONIANO RECITATUM



QUALE sub Austrini vexatum flamine venti  
Altiùs illisos fluctus, et spumea circum  
Æquora proturbat saxum, necdum improbus imber  
Necdum undæ, quæ mille mari volvuntur ab alto,  
Turritum mersere caput ;—te fabula talem  
Prisca refert, tantæ gens o ! non digna ruinæ,  
Samnitum gens dia virûm ! quam Roma duello  
Æmula frangebat lento, quam pila tot annos  
Ferreæ circumdans omni de valle premebat.

Nempe ubi Romuleis ingloria cesserat armis  
Si qua prius Latias inter caput extulit urbes ;  
Cum jam parebant, molli quæ Liris aquarum  
Agmine, quæ violens longe rigat Aufidus arva,  
Una diu,—medios inter, quos stravit inertes  
Victoris tanti latè pavor,—una tyranni  
Detrectans juga, per cladem, per damna viriles  
Servabas animos, libertatemque paternam.

Fortunata situ tellus ! si littoris ora  
Cæruleis prætenta fretis et splendida luxu  
Oppida non aderant, at puris halitus auris,



At dulci aërios rorans aspergine montes  
 Imber, at umbrosæ valles tibi : talia fervens  
 Empta sibi totis Campania messibus optet.  
 Tum terræ altrici, nulli mutabilis ævo,  
 Monticolam conjunxit amor, vetuitque vagari  
 Longiùs ;—et quidam patriâ sublimis in arce  
 Respicit, æstivas pater Apenninus in auras  
 Ut niveus consurgat ; at infrà murmur aquarum  
 Exoritur, lenique coruscant flamine silvæ :—  
 Ilicet egregiæ species telluris amores  
 Spectanti incendit solitos ; volat ultor in hostem  
 Vividus, ut nido pennis Jovis ales ab alto  
 Lapsus iit, fissisve ruunt de montibus amnes.

Quocircà populos non sic impune per illos  
 Roma dabat stragem, nec sic sine vindice fato  
 Cesserunt junctæ pro libertate cohortes.  
 Vos adeo, heröum cineres, quos Pontius olim,  
 Pontius antiquæ non ultima gloria gentis,  
 Haud dubiam in mortem duxit, quando invida  
 vatum

Pagina vos siluit, nec habent facta optima Musam,  
 Fas mihi tot post sæcla loqui ; fas carmine tandem  
 Illustrem memorare diem, quo alterna laborem  
 Vestrum etiam, vestras partes, Fortuna revisit ;  
 Plura nefas ; hos saltem urnis hos spargere vestris  
 Restat adhuc seros, mea tenuia munera, flores.

Aspice ! quæ nigras inter flectentia valles  
Romulidum vexilla micant ! queis fertur in armis  
Spurius, obsessæ rumore incensus amaro  
Luceriæ, non ille æquor tutasque viarum  
Jam patiens servare moras ! per claustra jugorum  
Invia, per raucos avulsis montibus amnes  
Scilicet, et populi medium penetrale ferocis,  
Huc molem bellantum, huc longum proripit  
agmen.

Et jam Campanas segetes, notamque reliquit  
Planitiem : nec quidquam atri nisi ramea saltûs  
Tecta videt ; seu forte jugis revoluta Taburni  
Nubila inaccessas nudârint vertice cautes,  
Altiûs, et pronis torrens effulserit undis.  
Demens ! non tectas fraudes ea mira canebat  
Monte quies, ea cassa sono divortia silvæ ?  
Mox idem, nec longa mora est, studia ista viamque  
Oderis inconsultam et non fausto alite cursus :  
Dum pro plausu hilari, pro longæ carmine pompæ  
Turbam inter remeas dux illaudatus inermem.

Est locus Italiæ prope Caudî mœnia : vallem  
Perpetui cingunt montes ; cui pinus utrinque  
Triste virens, et nigrâ abies inamabilis umbrâ  
Faucibus incumbit biviis : rivusque per imam  
Flectitur, et celeres pleno dat flumine tortus.  
Apta dolo Martis sedes : ibi saltibus altis,

Quot vada Vultur<sup>1</sup> numero, quot ab ilice quassâ  
 Consternunt Silam, Boreali turbine, frondes,  
 Apenninicolæ ferrum lethale recludunt.

Jamque ibat Romana cohors, securæ futuri :  
 Illa per infestas, fatalia limina, fauces  
 Intrepidus celerare gradus, ultroque patenti  
 Credere se campo : primus per gramina ductor  
 Urget equos, pratoque volans decurrit aperto.  
 Ah ! quantis stupet ille oculis, qui vertere pallor  
 Ora viri ! cum claustra tuens rarecere vallis  
 Ultima, congestas, immania fragmina, rupes  
 Dejectasque in calle trabes agnovit, et arma,  
 Arma in transverso dirum radiantia muro !  
 Quid faciat ? totam rursus transmittere vallem  
 Cogitur, et fauces iterum tentare relictas,  
 Si qua fugæ, si detur ibi, si forte potestas.  
 Nequidquam : huic aditu custos suus : hinc quoque  
     Samnis  
 Irruerat, strictoque viam mucrone tenebat.

Tum quoque quot summos obsidunt millia saltus  
 Apparent detecta : altis apparet in umbris  
 Armorum nitor, et clypei, sublustriæque æra,  
 Et tuba de patriis ciet agmina dira latebris.  
 Agnoscunt vocem horrendam, et lethalia signa

<sup>1</sup> See Note 7, p. 98.

Romulidum turbatæ acies. Quam nunc sibi valles  
Ignotas, quam tesqua velint non tacta duello !  
Quos hosti manet extremas ibi pendere pœnas,  
Et sine congressu, sine vulnere, relinquere vitam.  
Non tamen exercent, sero jam vespere, nulla  
Munia castrorum captos : stat inutilis agger,  
Stat valli labor ; et diro considitur agro.

Nox erat : hesternique silent oblita triumphi  
Samnitum castra alta : horas custodia tantùm  
Cantando fallit, sparsosque movetur ad ignes.  
Latiùs argenteum perfundens Luna nitorem  
Tranquillos reteggit saltus, compostaque ventis  
Rura vagis : hìc stellantes stant clara sub auras  
Saxa, giganteæ turres ; hìc mollia valles  
Vellera, densatæque tenent a montibus umbræ ;  
Undique suda quies, et plurima noctis imago.  
At non qua riguam tendebat clausus ad undam  
Venturæ lucis fingens dira omina miles :  
Nunc vasto suspectu arces et scrupea montis  
Mœnia collustrat, sopitum sævus in hostem :  
Nunc ad ductoris prætoria mæsta recursans  
Auxilium implorat vanum : sedet ille coacto  
Concilio procerum, et turbæ fera crimina pallet.

Jamque per Eoas, Phœbi prænuntia, pinus  
Obscurum tenuis sulcabat purpura cœlum.

Continuo sua castra,—vocat labor ultimus omnes,—  
 Romula deseruit legio : pars agmine anhelò  
 Dumosum scandit montem, Martemque fatigat  
 Cautibus aëriis hærens ; pars saxea denso  
 Clastra globo, vanisque aditus assultibus urget :  
 Non vî, non armis ursus : vetat ardua saltûs  
 Majestas, vetat omni hostis defensor in arce.

Ergo ubi dejectos cuneos, crebramque suorum  
 Dux stragem aspexit, revolutaque corpora leto,  
 Tum demum revocatâ acie, fessusque residens  
 Orabat pacem, et palmas tendebat inermes.  
 Jamque e concilio Pontî responsa retrorsum  
 Legati deferre : viros non ille cruentum  
 Poscere supplicium sævus ;—sua sub juga missis  
 Dat fœdus pacemque ; unam hanc ex hoste requirit  
 Mercedem, hoc unum vitâ pro sospite munus.

Audiit, et legem, quâ mors non dirior ipsa,  
 Palluit auditam miles : subiere regressus  
 Imbelles, socias subiit via fœda per urbes,  
 Et, longè graviora, suæ ludibria Romæ.  
 Jam dubium pariter vulgus, pariterque tribuni  
 Stant mæstos defixi oculos : jam lumine signat  
 Quisque ducem : tamen ille silet, tectusque recusat  
 Aut fando sancire graves, aut spernere, pœnas.  
 Unus erat, qui tandem auctor firmare sodales

Ausus, et ancipites animo depellere curas,  
 Lentulus, hanc diro rumpebat tempore vocem ;  
 “ Egregias vero laudes hâc morte meremur  
 De patriâ, o socii, vacuas ubi milite turres  
 Roma videns Samnitum atros considet in ignes !  
 Dî genti meliora piæ ! Sin quicquid in Urbe est,  
 Hic video, legionum, hic spes floremque Quiritum,  
 Credite, servati patriam servamus, amici,  
 Extinctis cadit illa. Nihil feret ista pudoris  
 Deditio, nîl pœna jugi, modo nostra relictis  
 Corpora reddantur muris : hæc fana Deorum  
 Hæc vidui pretio repetunt quocunque Penates ! ”  
 Dixerat ; ac veluti, medio cum turbine cessat  
 Tempestatas rupitque atros Sol aureus imbres,  
 It campo volitans lumen, radioque fugaci  
 Tranat agros, tranat sata læta, lacusque coruscos ;—  
 Sic vulgi, suadente viro, corda intima verus  
 Tangit amor patriæ ; stat pœnæ extrema pudendæ,  
 Stat quamvis ignominiam durare ferendo.  
 Nec mora : progressus Consul deponere pacis  
 Pignora, sexcentos equites, et jungere fœdus.

Hora adeo fatalis adest : stetit æquore aperto  
 Triste jugum, turmasque minans expectat inermes.  
 Quis majestatem lapsam, quis carmine pœnæ  
 Illius æquaret luctus ? En Consul ! honesto  
 Læna jacet detracta humero ; nec lictor eunti

Summovet hostilem turbam : per utrinque minaces  
 Ille acies, aliena trucis per murmura linguæ,  
 Ingreditur tacitè, et diro se subjicit arcu.  
 Tum mæstus legionum ordo : dant singula cuncti  
 Colla jugo, seriesque virûm procedit inermis :  
 Quos circum densati hostes, et probra superbæ  
 Illudunt gentis ; promptusque in vulnera mucro  
 Exsiluit, modò torvo animus contemptor in ore  
 Fulserit, et turpem corda indignantia pœnam.

Jamque jugo summissi omnes, saltuque relicto  
 Ultima curvatæ condebant agmina valles.  
 Ecce autem ! digressum inter conversa supremum,  
 Quas fauces adiere atrâque voragine silvas  
 Stant retro speculata : oculos sed miscuit imber  
 Effrænis lacrymarum, et salso rore fefellit.  
 Cladem illi nunc omnem animis omnemque re-  
 pulsam  
 Concipiunt : odere auras, odere receptæ  
 Splendorem nimium lucis : jamque ægra retrorsum  
 Cum gemitu dant terga, et regna invisâ relinquunt.

Qui vero tum, Roma, tibi, qui corde furores  
 Surgere, ut excidium genti meditata rebelli  
 Obsessos audis civis, pacemque coactam ;  
 Qui gemitus, ut fœdum agmen sine laude, sine armis,  
 Traxere in muros latebrosaque compita victi !

“ Siccine tot nostrûm exuviis impune, tot armis  
 Jactet se fallax Samnis, Corvique<sup>1</sup> triumphos  
 Insidiis confisæ artes, cita deleat hora ?  
 Non ita ; quin potiùs reduces abolemus iniquam  
 Pacem acie, tantumque nefas : tum sentiat hostis  
 Corda sibi violata, implacatosque Quirites ! ”  
 Talia volvebat furiis, et fœdera pacta,  
 Fœdera solenni dextrâ sancita suorum,  
 Rejicit impatiens : nec enim de morte remissa  
 Millia, nec fidei læsæ jam flectit imago :  
 Arma Patres scelerata, calens fremit arma juvenus.

At piget ambages belli, piget impia fraudis  
 Ausa sequi. Sua victorem, sua plurima tradit  
 Exitio pietas, ex quo ferrum acre recondens  
 Imposuit leges et non placitura Quiriti  
 Fœdera, nec pactam speravit fallere dextram.  
 Gens antiqua ruit, longos quæ sceptrâ per annos  
 Vindicat Hesperia, Romamque retorquet avaram :  
 Nunc silet exilio tellus, celeberrima quondam  
 Arva vacant, mutique tubæ sine murmure colles.

Quanquam o ! si veteres Furcas, desertaque montis  
 Ostia,—signat enim tot jam post sæcula nomen,<sup>2</sup>—  
 Advena deveniet, si nunc ubi proluit imber  
 Frondea silvarum tecta, atque avulsa ruinam

<sup>1</sup> See Note 8, p. 98.

<sup>2</sup> See Note 9, p. 98.



Saxa gravem traxere, tamen sibi claustra refinget  
Qualia erant, cum circum altam resonantia vallem  
Samnitum capti pallerent arma Quirites,  
Tum sciet, a quantâ victor nece miserit hostes,  
Omnia tum Romæ tangent perjuriam mentem.  
“Hinc, credo,” justâ clamabit fervidus irâ,  
“Fors captos sola eripuit, speciosaque paci  
Nomina pollutæ nectet mentita vetustas  
Non ita fraus ingens Romæ, nec præmia vitæ  
Fœda datæ periere: gemat sua fata vicissim  
Ipsa licet, lapsisque sibi Capitolia templis,  
At pacis Caudinæ, odio bene vindicis ævi,  
Dum rigat hos amnis saltus, hæc dum juga cingunt  
Viva manent monumenta: manet plorare ruinam  
Insontis terræ, et sævos odisse Quirites.”

VÆ VICTIS

II.—BOER



AWAY, from the Samnite Mountains ;  
Far from those wastes of old,  
To Capricorn's spent fountains,  
Hard by the reefs of gold ;

To a weird fire-built region  
Edged by the basalt blocks !  
What is this ragged legion  
Crouching amongst the rocks ?

Hark ! did a boom of battle  
Throb in yon purple haze ?  
Whose are these phrensied cattle ?  
Whose are these farms ablaze ?

In the red light of that burning  
Cheeks of the gazers pale.  
Well in that flame some are learning  
The close of a nation's tale.

---

They came to this land of the lion ;  
And they tamed the rugged soil ;  
And they hoped for a pastoral Zion  
As the ending of their toil.

But lo! there is something shining  
 In the sands of yon sunken drift ;  
 Good Heavens ! the men should be mining !  
 Will they spurn this glorious gift ?

Yes ; their orchards for them are spilling  
 Better gold than the glittering curse ;  
 Let the Kaffir come and be filling  
 Every chink of the stranger's purse.

“ You may gauge,” quoth they ; “ you others ;  
 You may chain your gangs of blacks ;  
 But, Gibeon, you are not brothers ;  
 For your mammon you pay some tax.”

Comes the answer ; “ If he who has, takes not,  
 The land shall be theirs who will ; ”  
 Faith! the plea for old righteousness makes not ;  
 But the strong are conclusive still.

---

O yes! it all came from fixed notions  
 In the brains of these dreamers bold ;  
 The Gentile from over the oceans  
 Can never such dogma hold.

To their Bibles for ever appealing,  
 Poring on them alone,  
 They said that raiding and stealing  
 Were banned on the tables of stone.

And they took the guns for their pleaders,  
Ere next they were treated so,  
When they saw all the raiding leaders  
In peace and in freedom go.

But why not have left those tables  
Where in Nebo they are stored away,  
And turned from what pass for fables  
To the gospel of to-day ;

The gospel of newer nations  
Let loose in a virgin sphere ;  
Heaven speaks no limitations ;  
Heart hath no haunting fear ;

Fictive wrongs, with many paraders ;  
But never restraining grace  
When gold fires the lust of the traders,  
And race meets a hated race ;

The gospel both new and primeval  
That makes man really a man :  
With its good glozing all the evil ;  
With its word crying, " Hold who can " ?

Or else—trek again—to Zambesi,  
As once from their homesteads they tore them ;  
(Though that had been not very easy ;  
The Annexer was here too before them) ?

O ! these men were very obdurate ;  
They wished to possess their land :  
From their tenants they wanted their due rate ;  
Nor the rest could understand :  
But were deaf to all eloquent bluster  
About a progressive state ;  
Nor would learn from the wild filibuster  
How best to be just and great.

---

So these outcasts dismounted  
Watch yon roof till it falls ;  
While the khaki uncouneted  
Wheel on in steel walls.  
They must yield ; 'tis so fated :  
Yet the nation shall live ;  
E'en in camps concentrated  
Their children survive.  
When peace, the sweet angel,  
To the veldt shall return,  
Their father's evangel  
At home they shall learn.  
Not all the new schooling  
And the law of the sword  
Shall abolish the ruling  
Of hearts by the Lord ;

To be simple and frugal ;  
    E'en to foes to be true  
When 'tis long since their bugle  
    For a fatherland blew :  
As by Babylon waters,  
    Far from wrangling mart,  
They shall hear how their fathers  
    With their own would not part ;  
But fought till their cannon  
    Were cold on the veldt ;  
Not a fort had a man on ;  
    Not a horse had not knelt ;  
Then the sot and the gambler,  
    All the gold-grubbing band,  
For luck every scrambler,  
    Might lord the whole land.

---

But how light the breeze kisses  
    Yon grass-swathèd grave !  
No reptile e'er hisses  
    On the bed of the brave.  
Though the salt tear is burning,  
    The children's hot tear,  
For a sire unreturning ;  
    And a Briton lies near ;



## Væ Victis

Brave leader, young victim,  
Who breasted this steep :  
But their mauser soon picked him :  
For him too they weep.

Yes : each couch they are wetting  
With the kind human drops ;  
Ere chill dews at sun-setting  
Shall drench the grim kops.

Still, sweet is this slumber,  
And holy these dead ;  
Their graves do not cumber  
The soil where they bled.

But the mongers of money  
Who cared for men's lives  
As the taker of honey  
For the crowd in the hives,

And the potent debaters,  
Who made all seem fair,  
Who whitewashed the traitors  
Whom the menaced could spare,

Shall call, midst their blazon  
Of gilt marbles that prove  
Theirs a name men must gaze on,  
For the tear of true love.

For 'tis Abraham's bosom—  
Yon battle-strewn hill ;  
There the heart bursts to blossom ;  
There pilgrim eyes fill. .

“ O mercy ; one finger,  
One drop for our thirst ;  
Fame's waste where we linger  
Is dewless and curst.”

“ Nay a gulf, sons, must sever,  
Howe'er ye succeed,  
Fallen innocence for ever  
From conquering greed.”

## ON THE WOLDS<sup>1</sup>

As to and fro along a grassy slope,  
Bright with green grass, my pensive footsteps  
stray,  
The morning sunshine breathes of peace and  
hope ;  
The chastened radiance of a winter day :  
When lo, with sudden pleasure I descry  
The answering whiteness of the new Church-  
tower  
'Mid sheltering trees : and to my inward eye  
Hope, dove-like, settled there that peaceful  
hour :  
For age to age that tower shall stand four-  
square  
To all the winds, which sweetly will convey  
The belfry's music on the ambient air ;  
Wafting Love's welcome far and far away :  
While chiming bells and chanting birds proclaim  
His memory dear who gave this hamlet fame.

<sup>1</sup> An unpublished Sonnet of Canon R. Wilton.

## IDEM SAPPHICÈ

Ulices inter spatians, ut alium  
Læta de cœlo radiante clivum  
Auguror, brumâ nimium premente  
Mane nitorem,

Arborum sanctâ procul e latebrâ  
Turris en ! candore novo renidens  
Culmen affulsit ; mea tum beatam,  
More columbæ,

Spes capit sedem recolentis, in quæ  
Sæcla quadratis ea fixa muris  
Dulce pulsato modulamen ære  
Mittat ad auras

Ferre, divinum monitura munus ;  
Mixta clangori pia dum volantum  
Vox virum, grato detur unde <sup>1</sup> pago  
Gloria, laudent.

<sup>1</sup> See Note 10, p. 98.



## NOTES

*Note 1, p. 23.* *Osmunda regalis*, the most striking of British ferns: now rare.

*Note 2, p. 25.* *Forgotten pages.* The writings of the Greek Fathers may well be called a "wilderness" such as is the subject of this lyric: their luxuriances of imagination, the freshness and beauty of their thoughts, their holy freedom, is in striking contrast with the cultured regularities, the broad, straight paths of demonstrations, in the trim gardens of the Greek philosophy. Well might the heathen Porphyry say of Origen, "He was trained in Greek literature: but he made shipwreck on this savage foolhardiness." The Christian could not help appearing a veritable pagan to this Greek. Of all these Fathers, Gregory of Nyssa, the follower of Origen, presents this wildness in a twofold way: both for the above qualities, and from the fact that, until recently, his philosophical writings had never been translated into English. Vol. v. "Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers" (New York and Oxford) supplies this need.

*Note 3, p. 31.* The measurement of the ingredients of the Ointment by weight (Exodus xxx. 23) seems to imply that they were in some solid form. *Cf.* Canticles iii. 6.

*Note 4, p. 32.* *Cf.* 1 Samuel xiv. 14; the Hebrew of which Ewald thus explains: "as if a yoke of land were in course of being ploughed, which must beware of offering opposition to the sharp ploughshare in the middle of its work."

*Note 5, p. 33.* The words (1 Samuel, xvi. 21, 22) "He loved him greatly, and he became his armour-bearer: and Saul sent to Jesse, saying, Let David stand before me: for he hath found

favour in my sight," are the ultimate sequence of David's first visit and of his skill in music, and are therefore placed before the episode of Goliath (c. xvii.) : but they did not really come to pass till after this victory. So Speaker's Commentary, *ad loc.*

*Note 6*, p. 59. Ecclesiastes xi. 1. Some commentators have taken this to mean that if seed is cast upon such an unpromising bed as waters, it will be many days before it will be found.

*Note 7*, p. 78. *Cf.* Æn. vii. 728.

*Note 8*, p. 83. The conqueror in the first Samnite war.

*Note 9*, p. 83. Forche d'Arpaia.

*Note 10*, p. 95. Nunburnholme, Yorks, of which the author of "British Birds," Rev. Francis O. Morris, was rector. One of the bells in its new tower, opened 1903 in memory of him, is dedicated to S. Francis, and bears the inscription :

"Usque tuos imitabor aves, Francisce, canendo."

THE END

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