Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces

by Thomas Hardy

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Satires of Circumstance, Lyrics and Reveries, with Miscellaneous Pieces

Author: Thomas Hardy

Release date: October 1, 2001 [eBook #2863] Most recently updated: January 23, 2015

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/2863

Credits: Transcribed from the 1919 Macmillan and Co. edition by David Price

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE, LYRICS AND REVERIES, WITH MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ***

Transcribed from the 1919 Macmillan and Co. edition by David Price, email ccx074@pglaf.org

SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE LYRICS AND REVERIES WITH MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

BY THOMAS HARDY

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON 1919

COPYRIGHT

First Edition 1914 Reprinted 1915, 1919 Pocket Edition 1919

CONTENTS

Lyrics and Reveries—

PAGE

In Front of the Landscape

3

Channel Firing

7

The Convergence of the Twain

9

The Ghost of the Past

12

After the Visit

14

To Meet, or Otherwise

16

The Difference

18

The Sun on the Bookcase

19

“When I set out for Lyonnesse”

20

A Thunderstorm in Town

21

The Torn Letter

22

Beyond the Last Lamp

25

The Face at the Casement

27

Lost Love

30

“My spirit will not haunt the mound”

31

Wessex Heights

32

In Death divided

35

The Place on the Map

37

Where the Picnic was

39

The Schreckhorn

41

A Singer asleep

42

A Plaint to Man

45

God’s Funeral

47

Spectres that grieve

52

“Ah, are you digging on my grave?”

54

Satires of Circumstance—

I.

At Tea

59

II.

In Church

60

III.

By her Aunt’s Grave

61

IV.

In the Room of the Bride-elect

62

V.

At the Watering-place

63

VI.

In the Cemetery

64

VII.

Outside the Window

65

VIII.

In the Study

66

IX.

At the Altar-rail

67

X.

In the Nuptial Chamber

68

XI.

In the Restaurant

69

XII.

At the Draper’s

70

XIII.

On the Death-bed

71

XIV.

Over the Coffin

72

XV.

In the Moonlight

73

Lyrics and Reveries (continued)—

Self-unconscious

77

The Discovery

80

Tolerance

81

Before and after Summer

82

At Day-close in November

83

The Year’s Awakening

84

Under the Waterfall

85

The Spell of the Rose

88

St. Launce’s revisited

90

Poems of 1912–13–

The Going

95

Your Last Drive

97

The Walk

99

Rain on a Grace

100

“I found her out there”

102

Without Ceremony

104

Lament

105

The Haunter

107

The Voice

109

His Visitor

110

A Circular

112

A Dream or No

113

After a Journey

115

A Death-ray recalled

117

Beeny Cliff

119

At Castle Boterel

121

Places

123

The Phantom Horsewoman

125

Miscellaneous Pieces—

The Wistful Lady

129

The Woman in the Rye

131

The Cheval-Glass

132

The Re-enactment

134

Her Secret

140

“She charged me”

141

The Newcomer’s Wife

142

A Conversation at Dawn

143

A King’s Soliloquy

152

The Coronation

154

Aquae Sulis

157

Seventy-four and Twenty

160

The Elopement

161

“I rose up as my custom is”

163

A Week

165

Had you wept

167

Bereft, she thinks she dreams

169

In the British Museum

170

In the Servants’ Quarters

172

The Obliterate Tomb

175

“Regret not me”

183

The Recalcitrants

185

Starlings on the Roof

186

The Moon looks in

187

The Sweet Hussy

188

The Telegram

189

The Moth-signal

191

Seen by the Waits

193

The Two Soldiers

194

The Death of Regret

195

In the Days of Crinoline

197

The Roman Gravemounds

199

The Workbox

201

The Sacrilege

203

The Abbey Mason

210

The Jubilee of a Magazine

222

The Satin Shoes

224

Exeunt Omnes

227

A Poet

228

Postscript—

“Men who march away”

229

LYRICS AND REVERIES

IN FRONT OF THE LANDSCAPE

Plunging and labouring on in a tide of visions, Dolorous and dear, Forward I pushed my way as amid waste waters Stretching around, Through whose eddies there glimmered the customed landscape Yonder and near,

Blotted to feeble mist. And the coomb and the upland Foliage-crowned, Ancient chalk-pit, milestone, rills in the grass-flat Stroked by the light, Seemed but a ghost-like gauze, and no substantial Meadow or mound.

What were the infinite spectacles bulking foremost Under my sight, Hindering me to discern my paced advancement Lengthening to miles; What were the re-creations killing the daytime As by the night?

O they were speechful faces, gazing insistent, Some as with smiles, Some as with slow-born tears that brinily trundled Over the wrecked Cheeks that were fair in their flush-time, ash now with anguish, Harrowed by wiles.

Yes, I could see them, feel them, hear them, address them— Halo-bedecked— And, alas, onwards, shaken by fierce unreason, Rigid in hate, Smitten by years-long wryness born of misprision, Dreaded, suspect.

Then there would breast me shining sights, sweet seasons Further in date; Instruments of strings with the tenderest passion Vibrant, beside Lamps long

extinguished, robes, cheeks, eyes with the earth's crust Now corporate.

Also there rose a headland of hoary aspect Gnawed by the tide, Frilled by the nimb of the morning as two friends stood there Guilelessly glad— Wherefore they knew not—touched by the fringe of an ecstasy Scantly descried.

Later images too did the day unfurl me, Shadowed and sad, Clay cadavers of those who had shared in the dramas, Laid now at ease, Passions all spent, chiefest the one of the broad brow Sepulture-clad.

So did beset me scenes miscalled of the bygone, Over the leaze, Past the clump, and down to where lay the beheld ones; —Yea, as the rhyme Sung by the sea-swell, so in their pleading dumbness Captured me these.

For, their lost revisiting manifestations In their own time Much had I slighted, caring not for their purport, Seeing behind Things more coveted, reckoned the better worth calling Sweet, sad, sublime.

Thus do they now show hourly before the intenser Stare of the mind As they were ghosts avenging their slights by my bypast Body-borne eyes, Show, too, with fuller translation than rested upon them As living kind.

Hence wag the tongues of the passing people, saying In their surmise, "Ah—whose is this dull form that perambulates, seeing nought Round him that looms Whithersoever his footsteps turn in his farings, Save a few tombs?"

CHANNEL FIRING

That night your great guns, unawares, Shook all our coffins as we lay, And broke the chancel window-squares, We thought it was the Judgment-day

And sat upright. While drearisome Arose the howl of wakened hounds: The mouse let fall the altar-crumb, The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow drooled. Till God called, "No; It's gunnery practice out at sea Just as before you went below; The world is as it used to be:

“All nations striving strong to make Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters They do no more for Christés sake Than you who are helpless in such matters.

“That this is not the judgment-hour For some of them’s a blessed thing, For if it were they’d have to scour Hell’s floor for so much threatening . . .

“Ha, ha. It will be warmer when I blow the trumpet (if indeed I ever do; for you are men, And rest eternal sorely need).”

So down we lay again. “I wonder, Will the world ever saner be,” Said one, “than when He sent us under In our indifferent century!”

And many a skeleton shook his head. “Instead of preaching forty year,” My neighbour Parson Thirdly said, “I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer.”

Again the guns disturbed the hour, Roaring their readiness to avenge, As far inland as Stourton Tower, And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

April 1914.

THE CONVERGENCE OF THE TWAIN

(Lines on the loss of the “Titanic”)

I

In a solitude of the sea Deep from human vanity, And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II

Steel chambers, late the pyres Of her salamandrine fires, Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III

Over the mirrors meant To glass the opulent The sea-worm crawls—grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV

Jewels in joy designed To ravish the sensuous mind Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near Gaze at the gilded gear And query: "What does this vaingloriousness down here?" . . .

VI

Well: while was fashioning This creature of cleaving wing, The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

VII

Prepared a sinister mate For her—so gaily great— A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII

And as the smart ship grew In stature, grace, and hue, In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

IX

Alien they seemed to be: No mortal eye could see The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent By paths coincident On being anon twin halves of one august event,

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years Said "Now!" And each one hears, And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

THE GHOST OF THE PAST

We two kept house, the Past and I, The Past and I; I tended while it hovered nigh,

Leaving me never alone. It was a spectral housekeeping Where fell no jarring tone, As strange, as still a housekeeping As ever has been known.

As daily I went up the stair And down the stair, I did not mind the Bygone there— The Present once to me; Its moving meek companionship I wished might ever be, There was in that companionship Something of ecstasy.

It dwelt with me just as it was, Just as it was When first its prospects gave me pause In wayward wanderings, Before the years had torn old troths As they tear all sweet things, Before gaunt griefs had torn old troths And dulled old rapturings.

And then its form began to fade, Began to fade, Its gentle echoes faintlier played At eves upon my ear Than when the autumn's look embrowned The lonely chambers here, The autumn's settling shades embrowned Nooks that it haunted near.

And so with time my vision less, Yea, less and less Makes of that Past my housemistress, It dwindles in my eye; It looms a far-off skeleton And not a comrade nigh, A fitful far-off skeleton Dimming as days draw by.

AFTER THE VISIT (To F. E. D.)

Come again to the place Where your presence was as a leaf that skims Down a drouthy way whose ascent bedims The bloom on the farer's face.

Come again, with the feet That were light on the green as a thistledown ball, And those mute ministrations to one and to all Beyond a man's saying sweet.

Until then the faint scent Of the bordering flowers swam unheeded away, And I marked not the charm in the changes of day As the cloud-colours came and went.

Through the dark corridors Your walk was so soundless I did not know Your form from a phantom's of long ago Said to pass on the ancient floors,

Till you drew from the shade, And I saw the large luminous living eyes Regard me in fixed inquiring-wise As those of a soul that weighed,

Scarce consciously, The eternal question of what Life was, And why we were there,

and by whose strange laws That which mattered most could not be.

TO MEET, OR OTHERWISE

Whether to sally and see thee, girl of my dreams, Or whether to stay And see thee not! How vast the difference seems Of Yea from Nay Just now. Yet this same sun will slant its beams At no far day On our two mounds, and then what will the difference weigh!

Yet I will see thee, maiden dear, and make The most I can Of what remains to us amid this brake Cimmerian Through which we grope, and from whose thorns we ache, While still we scan Round our frail faltering progress for some path or plan.

By briefest meeting something sure is won; It will have been: Nor God nor Daemon can undo the done, Unsight the seen, Make muted music be as unbegun, Though things terrene Groan in their bondage till oblivion supervene.

So, to the one long-sweeping symphony From times remote Till now, of human tenderness, shall we Supply one note, Small and untraced, yet that will ever be Somewhere afloat Amid the spheres, as part of sick Life’s antidote.

THE DIFFERENCE

I

Sinking down by the gate I discern the thin moon, And a blackbird tries over old airs in the pine, But the moon is a sorry one, sad the bird’s tune, For this spot is unknown to that Heartmate of mine.

II

Did my Heartmate but haunt here at times such as now, The song would be joyous and cheerful the moon; But she will see never this gate, path, or bough, Nor I find a joy in the scene or the tune.

THE SUN ON THE BOOKCASE (Student's Love-song)

Once more the cauldron of the sun Smears the bookcase with winy red, And here my page is, and there my bed, And the apple-tree shadows travel along. Soon their intangible track will be run, And dusk grow strong And they be fled.

Yes: now the boiling ball is gone, And I have wasted another day . . . But wasted—wasted, do I say? Is it a waste to have imaged one Beyond the hills there, who, anon, My great deeds done Will be mine alway?

"WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE"

When I set out for Lyonnesse, A hundred miles away, The rime was on the spray, And starlight lit my lonesomeness When I set out for Lyonnesse A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonnesse While I should sojourn there No prophet durst declare, Nor did the wisest wizard guess What would bechance at Lyonnesse While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonnesse With magic in my eyes, None managed to surmise What meant my godlike gloriousness, When I came back from Lyonnesse With magic in my eyes.

A THUNDERSTORM IN TOWN (A Reminiscence)

She wore a new "terra-cotta" dress, And we stayed, because of the pelting storm, Within the hansom's dry recess, Though the horse had stopped; yea, motionless We sat on, snug and warm.

Then the downpour ceased, to my sharp sad pain, And the glass that had screened our forms before Flew up, and out she sprang to her door: I should have kissed her if the rain Had lasted a minute more.

THE TORN LETTER

I

I tore your letter into strips No bigger than the airy feathers That ducks preen out in changing weathers Upon the shifting ripple-tips.

II

In darkness on my bed alone I seemed to see you in a vision, And hear you say: “Why this derision Of one drawn to you, though unknown?”

III

Yes, eve’s quick mood had run its course, The night had cooled my hasty madness; I suffered a regretful sadness Which deepened into real remorse.

IV

I thought what pensive patient days A soul must know of grain so tender, How much of good must grace the sender Of such sweet words in such bright phrase.

V

Uprising then, as things unpriced I sought each fragment, patched and mended; The midnight whitened ere I had ended And gathered words I had sacrificed.

VI

But some, alas, of those I threw Were past my search, destroyed for ever: They were your name and place; and never Did I regain those clues to you.

VII

I learnt I had missed, by rash unheed, My track; that, so the Will decided, In life, death, we should be divided, And at the sense I ached indeed.

VIII

That ache for you, born long ago, Throbs on; I never could outgrow it. What a revenge, did you but know it! But that, thank God, you do not know.

BEYOND THE LAST LAMP (Near Tooting Common)

I

While rain, with eve in partnership, Descended darkly, drip, drip, drip, Beyond the last lone lamp I passed Walking slowly, whispering sadly, Two linked loiterers, wan, downcast: Some heavy thought constrained each face, And blinded them to time and place.

II

The pair seemed lovers, yet absorbed In mental scenes no longer orbed By love's young rays. Each countenance As it slowly, as it sadly Caught the lamplight's yellow glance Held in suspense a misery At things which had been or might be.

III

When I retrod that watery way Some hours beyond the droop of day, Still I found pacing there the twain Just as slowly, just as sadly, Heedless of the night and rain. One could but wonder who they were And what wild woe detained them there.

IV

Though thirty years of blur and blot Have slid since I beheld that spot, And saw in curious converse there Moving slowly, moving sadly That mysterious tragic pair, Its olden look may linger on— All but the couple; they have gone.

V

Whither? Who knows, indeed . . . And yet To me, when nights are weird and wet, Without those comrades there at tryst Creeping slowly, creeping sadly, That lone lane does not exist. There they seem brooding on their pain, And will, while such a lane remain.

THE FACE AT THE CASEMENT

If ever joy leave An abiding sting of sorrow, So befell it on the morrow Of that May eve . . .

The travelled sun dropped To the north-west, low and lower, The pony's trot grew slower, And then we stopped.

"This cosy house just by I must call at for a minute, A sick man lies within it Who soon will die.

"He wished to marry me, So I am bound, when I drive near him, To inquire, if but to cheer him, How he may be."

A message was sent in, And wordlessly we waited, Till some one came and stated The bulletin.

And that the sufferer said, For her call no words could thank her; As his angel he must rank her Till life's spark fled.

Slowly we drove away, When I turned my head, although not Called; why so I turned I know not Even to this day.

And lo, there in my view Pressed against an upper lattice Was a white face, gazing at us As we withdrew.

And well did I divine It to be the man's there dying, Who but lately had been sighing For her pledged mine.

Then I deigned a deed of hell; It was done before I knew it; What devil made me do it I cannot tell!

Yes, while he gazed above, I put my arm about her That he might see, nor doubt her My plighted Love.

The pale face vanished quick, As if blasted, from the casement, And my shame and self-abasement Began their prick.

And they prick on, ceaselessly, For that stab in Love's fierce fashion Which, unfired by lover's passion, Was foreign to me.

She smiled at my caress, But why came the soft embowment Of her shoulder at that moment She did not guess.

Long long years has he lain In thy garth, O sad Saint Cleather: What tears there, bared to weather, Will cleanse that stain!

Love is long-suffering, brave, Sweet, prompt, precious as a jewel; But O, too, Love is cruel, Cruel as the grave.

LOST LOVE

I play my sweet old airs— The airs he knew When our love was true— But he does not balk His determined walk, And passes up the stairs.

I sing my songs once more, And presently hear His footstep near As if it would stay; But he goes his way, And shuts a distant door.

So I wait for another morn And another night In this soul-sick blight; And I wonder much As I sit, why such A woman as I was born!

"MY SPIRIT WILL NOT HAUNT THE MOUND"

My spirit will not haunt the mound Above my breast, But travel, memory-possessed, To where my tremulous being found Life largest, best.

My phantom-footed shape will go When nightfall grays Hither and thither along the ways I and another used to know In backward days.

And there you'll find me, if a jot You still should care For me, and for my curious air; If otherwise, then I shall not, For you, be there.

WESSEX HEIGHTS (1896)

There are some heights in Wessex, shaped as if by a kindly hand For thinking, dreaming, dying on, and at crises when I stand, Say, on Ingpen Beacon eastward, or on Wylls-Neck westwardly, I seem where I was before my birth, and after death may be.

In the lowlands I have no comrade, not even the lone man's friend— Her who

suffereth long and is kind; accepts what he is too weak to mend: Down there they are dubious and askance; there nobody thinks as I, But mind-chains do not clank where one's next neighbour is the sky.

In the towns I am tracked by phantoms having weird detective ways— Shadows of beings who fellowed with myself of earlier days: They hang about at places, and they say harsh heavy things— Men with a frigid sneer, and women with tart disparagings.

Down there I seem to be false to myself, my simple self that was, And is not now, and I see him watching, wondering what crass cause Can have merged him into such a strange continuator as this, Who yet has something in common with himself, my chrysalis.

I cannot go to the great grey Plain; there's a figure against the moon, Nobody sees it but I, and it makes my breast beat out of tune; I cannot go to the tall-spired town, being barred by the forms now passed For everybody but me, in whose long vision they stand there fast.

There's a ghost at Yell'ham Bottom chiding loud at the fall of the night, There's a ghost in Froom-side Vale, thin lipped and vague, in a shroud of white, There is one in the railway-train whenever I do not want it near, I see its profile against the pane, saying what I would not hear.

As for one rare fair woman, I am now but a thought of hers, I enter her mind and another thought succeeds me that she prefers; Yet my love for her in its fulness she herself even did not know; Well, time cures hearts of tenderness, and now I can let her go.

So I am found on Ingpen Beacon, or on Wylls-Neck to the west, Or else on homely Bulbarrow, or little Pilsdon Crest, Where men have never cared to haunt, nor women have walked with me, And ghosts then keep their distance; and I know some liberty.

IN DEATH DIVIDED

I

I shall rot here, with those whom in their day You never knew, And alien ones who, ere they chilled to clay, Met not my view, Will in your distant grave-place ever neighbour you.

II

No shade of pinnacle or tree or tower, While earth endures, Will fall on my mound and within the hour Steal on to yours; One robin never haunt our two green covertures.

III

Some organ may resound on Sunday noons By where you lie, Some other thrill the panes with other tunes Where moulder I; No selfsame chords compose our common lullaby.

IV

The simply-cut memorial at my head Perhaps may take A Gothic form, and that above your bed Be Greek in make; No linking symbol show thereon for our tale’s sake.

V

And in the monotonous moils of strained, hard-run Humanity, The eternal tie which binds us twain in one No eye will see Stretching across the miles that sever you from me.

THE PLACE ON THE MAP

I

I look upon the map that hangs by me— Its shires and towns and rivers lined in varnished artistry— And I mark a jutting height Coloured purple, with a margin of

blue sea.

II

—’Twas a day of latter summer, hot and dry; Ay, even the waves seemed drying as we walked on, she and I, By this spot where, calmly quite, She informed me what would happen by and by.

III

This hanging map depicts the coast and place, And resuscitates therewith our unexpected troublous case All distinctly to my sight, And her tension, and the aspect of her face.

IV

Weeks and weeks we had loved beneath that blazing blue, Which had lost the art of raining, as her eyes to-day had too, While she told what, as by sleight, Shot our firmament with rays of ruddy hue.

V

For the wonder and the wormwood of the whole Was that what in realms of reason would have joyed our double soul Wore a torrid tragic light Under order-keeping’s rigorous control.

VI

So, the map revives her words, the spot, the time, And the thing we found we had to face before the next year’s prime; The charted coast stares bright, And its episode comes back in pantomime.

WHERE THE PICNIC WAS

Where we made the fire, In the summer time, Of branch and briar On the hill to the sea I slowly climb Through winter mire, And scan and trace The forsaken place Quite readily.

Now a cold wind blows, And the grass is gray, But the spot still shows As a burnt circle—aye, And stick-ends, charred, Still strew the sward Whereon I stand, Last relic of the band Who came that day!

Yes, I am here Just as last year, And the sea breathes brine From its strange straight line Up hither, the same As when we four came. —But two have wandered far From this grassy rise Into urban roar Where no picnics are, And one—has shut her eyes For evermore.

THE SCHRECKHORN (With thoughts of Leslie Stephen) (June 1897)

Aloof, as if a thing of mood and whim; Now that its spare and desolate figure gleams Upon my nearing vision, less it seems A looming Alp-height than a guise of him Who scaled its horn with ventured life and limb, Drawn on by vague imaginings, maybe, Of semblance to his personality In its quaint glooms, keen lights, and rugged trim.

At his last change, when Life’s dull coils unwind, Will he, in old love, hitherward escape, And the eternal essence of his mind Enter this silent adamantine shape, And his low voicing haunt its slipping snows When dawn that calls the climber dyes them rose?

A SINGER ASLEEP (Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1837–1909)

I

In this fair niche above the unslumbering sea, That sentrys up and down all night, all day, From cove to promontory, from ness to bay, The Fates have fitly bidden that he should be Pillowed eternally.

II

—It was as though a garland of red roses Had fallen about the hood of some smug nun When irresponsibly dropped as from the sun, In fulth of numbers freaked with

musical closes, Upon Victoria's formal middle time His leaves of rhythm and rhyme.

III

O that far morning of a summer day When, down a terraced street whose pavements lay Glassing the sunshine into my bent eyes, I walked and read with a quick glad surprise New words, in classic guise,—

IV

The passionate pages of his earlier years, Fraught with hot sighs, sad laughters, kisses, tears; Fresh-fluted notes, yet from a minstrel who Blew them not naïvely, but as one who knew Full well why thus he blew.

V

I still can hear the brabble and the roar At those thy tunes, O still one, now passed through That fitful fire of tongues then entered new! Their power is spent like spindrift on this shore; Thine swells yet more and more.

VI

—His singing-mistress verily was no other Than she the Lesbian, she the music-mother Of all the tribe that feel in melodies; Who leapt, love-anguished, from the Leucadian steep Into the rambling world-encircling deep Which hides her where none sees.

VII

And one can hold in thought that nightly here His phantom may draw down to the water's brim, And hers come up to meet it, as a dim Lone shine upon the heaving hydrosphere, And mariners wonder as they traverse near, Unknowing of her and him.

VIII

One dreams him sighing to her spectral form: "O teacher, where lies hid thy burning

line; Where are those songs, O poetess divine Whose very arts are love incarnadine?" And her smile back: "Disciple true and warm, Sufficient now are thine." . . .

IX

So here, beneath the waking constellations, Where the waves peal their everlasting strains, And their dull subterrene reverberations Shake him when storms make mountains of their plains— Him once their peer in sad improvisations, And deft as wind to cleave their frothy manes— I leave him, while the daylight gleam declines Upon the capes and chines.

Bonchurch, 1910.

A PLAINT TO MAN

When you slowly emerged from the den of Time, And gained percipience as you grew, And fleshed you fair out of shapeless slime,

Wherefore, O Man, did there come to you The unhappy need of creating me— A form like your own—for praying to?

My virtue, power, utility, Within my maker must all abide, Since none in myself can ever be,

One thin as a shape on a lantern-slide Shown forth in the dark upon some dim sheet, And by none but its showman vivified.

"Such a forced device," you may say, "is meet For easing a loaded heart at whiles: Man needs to conceive of a mercy-seat

Somewhere above the gloomy aisles Of this wailful world, or he could not bear The irk no local hope beguiles."

—But since I was framed in your first despair The doing without me has had no play In the minds of men when shadows scare;

And now that I dwindle day by day Beneath the deicide eyes of seers In a light that will not let me stay,

And to-morrow the whole of me disappears, The truth should be told, and the fact be faced That had best been faced in earlier years:

The fact of life with dependence placed On the human heart's resource alone, In brotherhood bonded close and graced

With loving-kindness fully blown, And visioned help unsought, unknown.

1909–10.

GOD'S FUNERAL

I

I saw a slowly-stepping train— Lined on the brows, scoop-eyed and bent and hoar— Following in files across a twilit plain A strange and mystic form the foremost bore.

II

And by contagious throbs of thought Or latent knowledge that within me lay And had already stirred me, I was wrought To consciousness of sorrow even as they.

III

The fore-borne shape, to my blurred eyes, At first seemed man-like, and anon to change To an amorphous cloud of marvellous size, At times endowed with wings of glorious range.

IV

And this phantasmal variousness Ever possessed it as they drew along: Yet throughout all it symboled none the less Potency vast and loving-kindness strong.

V

Almost before I knew I bent Towards the moving columns without a word; They, growing in bulk and numbers as they went, Struck out sick thoughts that could be

overheard:—

VI

“O man-projected Figure, of late Imaged as we, thy knell who shall survive? Whence came it we were tempted to create One whom we can no longer keep alive?

VII

“Framing him jealous, fierce, at first, We gave him justice as the ages rolled, Will to bless those by circumstance accurst, And longsuffering, and mercies manifold.

VIII

“And, tricked by our own early dream And need of solace, we grew self-deceived, Our making soon our maker did we deem, And what we had imagined we believed.

IX

“Till, in Time’s stayless stealthy swing, Uncompromising rude reality Mangled the Monarch of our fashioning, Who quavered, sank; and now has ceased to be.

X

“So, toward our myth’s oblivion, Darkling, and languid-lipped, we creep and grope Sadlier than those who wept in Babylon, Whose Zion was a still abiding hope.

XI

“How sweet it was in years far hied To start the wheels of day with trustful prayer, To lie down liegely at the eventide And feel a blest assurance he was there!

XII

“And who or what shall fill his place? Whither will wanderers turn distracted eyes For some fixed star to stimulate their pace Towards the goal of their enterprise?” . . .

XIII

Some in the background then I saw, Sweet women, youths, men, all incredulous, Who chimed as one: “This figure is of straw, This requiem mockery! Still he lives to

us!”

XIV

I could not prop their faith: and yet Many I had known: with all I sympathized; And though struck speechless, I did not forget That what was mourned for, I, too, once had prized.

XV

Still, how to bear such loss I deemed The insistent question for each animate mind, And gazing, to my growing sight there seemed A pale yet positive gleam low down behind,

XVI

Whereof to lift the general night, A certain few who stood aloof had said, “See you upon the horizon that small light— Swelling somewhat?” Each mourner shook his head.

XVII

And they composed a crowd of whom Some were right good, and many nigh the best . . . Thus dazed and puzzled ’twixt the gleam and gloom Mechanically I followed with the rest.

1908–10.

SPECTRES THAT GRIEVE

“It is not death that harrows us,” they lipped, “The soundless cell is in itself relief, For life is an unfenced flower, benumbed and nipped At unawares, and at its best but brief.”

The speakers, sundry phantoms of the gone, Had risen like filmy flames of phosphor dye, As if the palest of sheet lightnings shone From the sward near me, as from a nether sky.

And much surprised was I that, spent and dead, They should not, like the many, be at rest, But stray as apparitions; hence I said, “Why, having slipped life, hark you back distressed?

“We are among the few death sets not free, The hurt, misrepresented names, who come At each year’s brink, and cry to History To do them justice, or go past them dumb.

“We are stript of rights; our shames lie unredressed, Our deeds in full anatomy are not shown, Our words in morsels merely are expressed On the scriptured page, our motives blurred, unknown.”

Then all these shaken slighted visitants sped Into the vague, and left me musing there On fames that well might instance what they had said, Until the New-Year’s dawn strode up the air.

“AH, ARE YOU DIGGING ON MY GRAVE?”

“Ah, are you digging on my grave My loved one?—planting rue?” —“No: yesterday he went to wed One of the brightest wealth has bred. ‘It cannot hurt her now,’ he said, ‘That I should not be true.’”

“Then who is digging on my grave? My nearest dearest kin?” —“Ah, no; they sit and think, ‘What use! What good will planting flowers produce? No tendance of her mound can loose Her spirit from Death’s gin.’”

“But some one digs upon my grave? My enemy?—prodding sly?” —“Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate That shuts on all flesh soon or late, She thought you no more worth her hate, And cares not where you lie.”

“Then, who is digging on my grave? Say—since I have not guessed!” —“O it is I, my mistress dear, Your little dog, who still lives near, And much I hope my movements here Have not disturbed your rest?”

“Ah, yes! You dig upon my grave . . . Why flashed it not on me That one true heart

was left behind! What feeling do we ever find To equal among human kind A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave To bury a bone, in case I should be hungry near this spot When passing on my daily trot. I am sorry, but I quite forgot It was your resting-place."

SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCES IN FIFTEEN GLIMPSES

I AT TEA

The kettle descants in a cozy drone, And the young wife looks in her husband's face, And then at her guest's, and shows in her own Her sense that she fills an envied place; And the visiting lady is all abloom, And says there was never so sweet a room.

And the happy young housewife does not know That the woman beside her was first his choice, Till the fates ordained it could not be so . . . Betraying nothing in look or voice The guest sits smiling and sips her tea, And he throws her a stray glance yearningly.

II IN CHURCH

"And now to God the Father," he ends, And his voice thrills up to the topmost tiles: Each listener chokes as he bows and bends, And emotion pervades the crowded aisles. Then the preacher glides to the vestry-door, And shuts it, and thinks he is seen no more.

The door swings softly ajar meanwhile, And a pupil of his in the Bible class, Who adores him as one without gloss or guile, Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile And re-enact at the vestry-glass Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show That had

moved the congregation so.

III BY HER AUNT'S GRAVE

"Sixpence a week," says the girl to her lover, "Aunt used to bring me, for she could confide In me alone, she vowed. 'Twas to cover The cost of her headstone when she died. And that was a year ago last June; I've not yet fixed it. But I must soon."

"And where is the money now, my dear?" "O, snug in my purse . . . Aunt was so slow In saving it—eighty weeks, or near." . . . "Let's spend it," he hints. "For she won't know. There's a dance to-night at the Load of Hay." She passively nods. And they go that way.

IV IN THE ROOM OF THE BRIDE-ELECT

"Would it had been the man of our wish!" Sighs her mother. To whom with vehemence she In the wedding-dress—the wife to be— "Then why were you so mollyish As not to insist on him for me!" The mother, amazed: "Why, dearest one, Because you pleaded for this or none!"

"But Father and you should have stood out strong! Since then, to my cost, I have lived to find That you were right and that I was wrong; This man is a dolt to the one declined . . . Ah!—here he comes with his button-hole rose. Good God—I must marry him I suppose!"

V AT A WATERING-PLACE

They sit and smoke on the esplanade, The man and his friend, and regard the bay Where the far chalk cliffs, to the left displayed, Smile sallowly in the decline of day. And saunterers pass with laugh and jest— A handsome couple among the rest.

"That smart proud pair," says the man to his friend, "Are to marry next week . . . How little he thinks That dozens of days and nights on end I have stroked her neck, unhooked the links Of her sleeve to get at her upper arm . . . Well, bliss is in

ignorance: what's the harm!"

VI IN THE CEMETERY

"You see those mothers squabbling there?" Remarks the man of the cemetery. One says in tears, ''Tis mine lies here!' Another, 'Nay, mine, you Pharisee!' Another, 'How dare you move my flowers And put your own on this grave of ours!' But all their children were laid therein At different times, like sprats in a tin.

"And then the main drain had to cross, And we moved the lot some nights ago, And packed them away in the general foss With hundreds more. But their folks don't know, And as well cry over a new-laid drain As anything else, to ease your pain!"

VII OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

"My stick!" he says, and turns in the lane To the house just left, whence a vixen voice Comes out with the firelight through the pane, And he sees within that the girl of his choice Stands rating her mother with eyes aglare For something said while he was there.

"At last I behold her soul undraped!" Thinks the man who had loved her more than himself; "My God—'tis but narrowly I have escaped.— My precious porcelain proves it delf." His face has reddened like one ashamed, And he steals off, leaving his stick unclaimed.

VIII IN THE STUDY

He enters, and mute on the edge of a chair Sits a thin-faced lady, a stranger there, A type of decayed gentility; And by some small signs he well can guess That she comes to him almost breakfastless.

"I have called—I hope I do not err— I am looking for a purchaser Of some score volumes of the works Of eminent divines I own,— Left by my father—though it irks My patience to offer them." And she smiles As if necessity were unknown; "But the

truth of it is that oftenwhiles I have wished, as I am fond of art, To make my rooms a little smart." And lightly still she laughs to him, As if to sell were a mere gay whim, And that, to be frank, Life were indeed To her not vinegar and gall, But fresh and honey-like; and Need No household skeleton at all.

IX AT THE ALTAR-RAIL

"My bride is not coming, alas!" says the groom, And the telegram shakes in his hand. "I own It was hurried! We met at a dancing-room When I went to the Cattle-Show alone, And then, next night, where the Fountain leaps, And the Street of the Quarter-Circle sweeps.

"Ay, she won me to ask her to be my wife— 'Twas foolish perhaps!—to forsake the ways Of the flaring town for a farmer's life. She agreed. And we fixed it. Now she says: 'It's sweet of you, dear, to prepare me a nest, But a swift, short, gay life suits me best. What I really am you have never gleaned; I had eaten the apple ere you were weaned.'"

X IN THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER

"O that mastering tune?" And up in the bed Like a lace-robed phantom springs the bride; "And why?" asks the man she had that day wed, With a start, as the band plays on outside. "It's the townsfolks' cheery compliment Because of our marriage, my Innocent."

"O but you don't know! 'Tis the passionate air To which my old Love waltzed with me, And I swore as we spun that none should share My home, my kisses, till death, save he! And he dominates me and thrills me through, And it's he I embrace while embracing you!"

XI IN THE RESTAURANT

"But hear. If you stay, and the child be born, It will pass as your husband's with the

rest, While, if we fly, the teeth of scorn Will be gleaming at us from east to west; And the child will come as a life despised; I feel an elopement is ill-advised!"

"O you realize not what it is, my dear, To a woman! Daily and hourly alarms Lest the truth should out. How can I stay here, And nightly take him into my arms! Come to the child no name or fame, Let us go, and face it, and bear the shame."

XII AT THE DRAPER'S

"I stood at the back of the shop, my dear, But you did not perceive me. Well, when they deliver what you were shown I shall know nothing of it, believe me!"

And he coughed and coughed as she paled and said, "O, I didn't see you come in there— Why couldn't you speak?"—"Well, I didn't. I left That you should not notice I'd been there.

"You were viewing some lovely things. 'Soon required For a widow, of latest fashion'; And I knew 'twould upset you to meet the man Who had to be cold and ashen

"And screwed in a box before they could dress you 'In the last new note in mourning,' As they defined it. So, not to distress you, I left you to your adorning."

XIII ON THE DEATH-BED

"I'll tell—being past all praying for— Then promptly die . . . He was out at the war, And got some scent of the intimacy That was under way between her and me; And he stole back home, and appeared like a ghost One night, at the very time almost That I reached her house. Well, I shot him dead, And secretly buried him. Nothing was said.

"The news of the battle came next day; He was scheduled missing. I hurried away, Got out there, visited the field, And sent home word that a search revealed He was one of the slain; though, lying alone And stript, his body had not been known.

“But she suspected. I lost her love, Yea, my hope of earth, and of Heaven above; And my time’s now come, and I’ll pay the score, Though it be burning for evermore.”

XIV OVER THE COFFIN

They stand confronting, the coffin between, His wife of old, and his wife of late, And the dead man whose they both had been Seems listening aloof, as to things past date. —“I have called,” says the first. “Do you marvel or not?” “In truth,” says the second, “I do—somewhat.”

“Well, there was a word to be said by me! . . . I divorced that man because of you— It seemed I must do it, boundenly; But now I am older, and tell you true, For life is little, and dead lies he; I would I had let alone you two! And both of us, scorning parochial ways, Had lived like the wives in the patriarchs’ days.”

XV IN THE MOONLIGHT

“O lonely workman, standing there In a dream, why do you stare and stare At her grave, as no other grave there were?

“If your great gaunt eyes so importune Her soul by the shine of this corpse-cold moon, Maybe you’ll raise her phantom soon!”

“Why, fool, it is what I would rather see Than all the living folk there be; But alas, there is no such joy for me!”

“Ah—she was one you loved, no doubt, Through good and evil, through rain and drought, And when she passed, all your sun went out?”

“Nay: she was the woman I did not love, Whom all the others were ranked above, Whom during her life I thought nothing of.”

LYRICS AND REVERIES (continued)

SELF-UNCONSCIOUS

Along the way He walked that day, Watching shapes that reveries limn, And seldom he Had eyes to see The moment that encompassed him.

Bright yellowhammers Made mirthful clamours, And billed long straws with a bustling air, And bearing their load Flew up the road That he followed, alone, without interest there.

From bank to ground And over and round They sidled along the adjoining hedge; Sometimes to the gutter Their yellow flutter Would dip from the nearest slatestone ledge.

The smooth sea-line With a metal shine, And flashes of white, and a sail thereon, He would also descry With a half-wrapt eye Between the projects he mused upon.

Yes, round him were these Earth's artistries, But specious plans that came to his call Did most engage His pilgrimage, While himself he did not see at all.

Dead now as sherds Are the yellow birds, And all that mattered has passed away; Yet God, the Elf, Now shows him that self As he was, and should have been shown, that day.

O it would have been good Could he then have stood At a focussed distance, and conned the whole, But now such vision Is mere derision, Nor soothes his body nor saves his soul.

Not much, some may Incline to say, To see therein, had it all been seen. Nay! he is aware A thing was there That loomed with an immortal mien.

THE DISCOVERY

I wandered to a crude coast Like a ghost; Upon the hills I saw fires— Funeral pyres Seemingly—and heard breaking Waves like distant cannonades that set the land shaking.

And so I never once guessed A Love-nest, Bowered and candle-lit, lay In my way,

Till I found a hid hollow, Where I burst on her my heart could not but follow.

TOLERANCE

"It is a foolish thing," said I, "To bear with such, and pass it by; Yet so I do, I know not why!"

And at each clash I would surmise That if I had acted otherwise I might have saved me many sighs.

But now the only happiness In looking back that I possess— Whose lack would leave me comfortless—

Is to remember I refrained From masteries I might have gained, And for my tolerance was disdained;

For see, a tomb. And if it were I had bent and broke, I should not dare To linger in the shadows there.

BEFORE AND AFTER SUMMER

I

Looking forward to the spring One puts up with anything. On this February day, Though the winds leap down the street, Wintry scourgings seem but play, And these later shafts of sleet —Sharper pointed than the first— And these later snows—the worst— Are as a half-transparent blind Riddled by rays from sun behind.

II

Shadows of the October pine Reach into this room of mine: On the pine there stands a bird; He is shadowed with the tree. Mutely perched he bills no word; Blank as I am even is he. For those happy suns are past, Fore-discerned in winter last. When went by their pleasure, then? I, alas, perceived not when.

AT DAY-CLOSE IN NOVEMBER

The ten hours' light is abating, And a late bird flies across, Where the pines, like waltzers waiting, Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time, Float past like specks in the eye; I set every tree in my June time, And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here Conceive that there never has been A time when no tall trees grew here, A time when none will be seen.

THE YEAR'S AWAKENING

How do you know that the pilgrim track Along the belting zodiac Swept by the sun in his seeming rounds Is traced by now to the Fishes' bounds And into the Ram, when weeks of cloud Have wrapt the sky in a clammy shroud, And never as yet a tinct of spring Has shown in the Earth's apparelling; O vespering bird, how do you know, How do you know?

How do you know, deep underground, Hid in your bed from sight and sound, Without a turn in temperature, With weather life can scarce endure, That light has won a fraction's strength, And day put on some moments' length, Whereof in merest rote will come, Weeks hence, mild airs that do not numb; O crocus root, how do you know, How do you know?

February 1910.

UNDER THE WATERFALL

"Whenever I plunge my arm, like this, In a basin of water, I never miss The sweet sharp sense of a fugitive day Fetched back from its thickening shroud of gray. Hence the only prime And real love-rhyme That I know by heart, And that leaves no smart, Is the purl of a little valley fall About three spans wide and two spans tall Over a table of solid rock, And into a scoop of the self-same block; The purl of a runlet that never ceases In stir of kingdoms, in wars, in peaces; With a hollow boiling voice it speaks And has spoken since hills were turfless peaks."

"And why gives this the only prime Idea to you of a real love-rhyme? And why does plunging your arm in a bowl Full of spring water, bring throbs to your soul?"

"Well, under the fall, in a crease of the stone, Though where precisely none ever has known, Jammed darkly, nothing to show how prized, And by now with its smoothness opalized, Is a drinking-glass: For, down that pass My lover and I Walked under a sky Of blue with a leaf-woven awning of green, In the burn of August, to paint the scene, And we placed our basket of fruit and wine By the runlet's rim, where we sat to dine; And when we had drunk from the glass together, Arched by the oak-copse from the weather, I held the vessel to rinse in the fall, Where it slipped, and sank, and was past recall, Though we stooped and plumbed the little abyss With long bared arms. There the glass still is. And, as said, if I thrust my arm below Cold water in basin or bowl, a throe From the past awakens a sense of that time, And the glass both used, and the cascade's rhyme. The basin seems the pool, and its edge The hard smooth face of the brook-side ledge, And the leafy pattern of china-ware The hanging plants that were bathing there. By night, by day, when it shines or lours, There lies intact that chalice of ours, And its presence adds to the rhyme of love Persistently sung by the fall above. No lip has touched it since his and mine In turns therefrom sipped lovers' wine."

THE SPELL OF THE ROSE

"I mean to build a hall anon, And shape two turrets there, And a broad newelled stair, And a cool well for crystal water; Yes; I will build a hall anon, Plant roses love shall feed upon, And apple trees and pear."

He set to build the manor-hall, And shaped the turrets there, And the broad newelled stair, And the cool well for crystal water; He built for me that manor-hall, And planted many trees withal, But no rose anywhere.

And as he planted never a rose That bears the flower of love, Though other flowers throve A frost-wind moved our souls to sever Since he had planted never a rose;

And misconceits raised horrid shows, And agonies came thereof.

"I'll mend these miseries," then said I, And so, at dead of night, I went and, screened from sight, That nought should keep our souls in severance, I set a rose-bush. "This," said I, "May end divisions dire and wry, And long-drawn days of blight."

But I was called from earth—yea, called Before my rose-bush grew; And would that now I knew What feels he of the tree I planted, And whether, after I was called To be a ghost, he, as of old, Gave me his heart anew!

Perhaps now blooms that queen of trees I set but saw not grow, And he, beside its glow— Eyes couched of the mis-vision that blurred me— Ay, there beside that queen of trees He sees me as I was, though sees Too late to tell me so!

ST. LAUNCE'S REVISITED

Slip back, Time! Yet again I am nearing Castle and keep, uprearing Gray, as in my prime.

At the inn Smiling close, why is it Not as on my visit When hope and I were twin?

Groom and jade Whom I found here, moulder; Strange the tavern-holder, Strange the tap-maid.

Here I hired Horse and man for bearing Me on my wayfaring To the door desired.

Evening gloomed As I journeyed forward To the faces shoreward, Till their dwelling loomed.

If again Towards the Atlantic sea there I should speed, they'd be there Surely now as then? . . .

Why waste thought, When I know them vanished Under earth; yea, banished Ever into nought.

POEMS OF 1912–13

Veteris vestigia flammae

THE GOING

Why did you give no hint that night That quickly after the morrow's dawn, And calmly, as if indifferent quite, You would close your term here, up and be gone Where I could not follow With wing of swallow To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye, Or give me the softest call, Or utter a wish for a word, while I Saw morning harden upon the wall, Unmoved, unknowing That your great going Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house And think for a breath it is you I see At the end of the alley of bending boughs Where so often at dusk you used to be; Till in darkening dankness The yawning blankness Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode By those red-veined rocks far West, You were the swan-necked one who rode Along the beetling Beeny Crest, And, reining nigh me, Would muse and eye me, While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak, Did we not think of those days long dead, And ere your vanishing strive to seek That time's renewal? We might have said, "In this bright spring weather We'll visit together Those places that once we visited."

Well, well! All's past amend, Unchangeable. It must go. I seem but a dead man held on end To sink down soon . . . O you could not know That such swift fleeing No soul foreseeing— Not even I—would undo me so!

December 1912.

YOUR LAST DRIVE

Here by the moorway you returned, And saw the borough lights ahead That lit your face—all undiscerned To be in a week the face of the dead, And you told of the

charm of that haloed view That never again would beam on you.

And on your left you passed the spot Where eight days later you were to lie, And be spoken of as one who was not; Beholding it with a cursory eye As alien from you, though under its tree You soon would halt everlastingly.

I drove not with you . . . Yet had I sat At your side that eve I should not have seen That the countenance I was glancing at Had a last-time look in the flickering sheen, Nor have read the writing upon your face, "I go hence soon to my resting-place;

"You may miss me then. But I shall not know How many times you visit me there, Or what your thoughts are, or if you go There never at all. And I shall not care. Should you censure me I shall take no heed And even your praises I shall not need."

True: never you'll know. And you will not mind. But shall I then slight you because of such? Dear ghost, in the past did you ever find The thought "What profit?" move me much Yet the fact indeed remains the same, You are past love, praise, indifference, blame.

December 1912.

THE WALK

You did not walk with me Of late to the hill-top tree By the gated ways, As in earlier days; You were weak and lame, So you never came, And I went alone, and I did not mind, Not thinking of you as left behind.

I walked up there to-day Just in the former way: Surveyed around The familiar ground By myself again: What difference, then? Only that underlying sense Of the look of a room on returning thence.

RAIN ON A GRAVE

Clouds spout upon her Their waters amain In ruthless disdain,— Her who but lately Had shivered with pain As at touch of dishonour If there had lit on her So coldly, so

straightly Such arrows of rain.

She who to shelter Her delicate head Would quicken and quicken Each tentative tread If drops chanced to pelt her That summertime spills In dust-paven rills When thunder-clouds thicken And birds close their bills.

Would that I lay there And she were housed here! Or better, together Were folded away there Exposed to one weather We both,—who would stray there When sunny the day there, Or evening was clear At the prime of the year.

Soon will be growing Green blades from her mound, And daises be showing Like stars on the ground, Till she form part of them— Ay—the sweet heart of them, Loved beyond measure With a child's pleasure All her life's round.

Jan. 31, 1913.

"I FOUND HER OUT THERE"

I found her out there On a slope few see, That falls westwardly To the salt-edged air, Where the ocean breaks On the purple strand, And the hurricane shakes The solid land.

I brought her here, And have laid her to rest In a noiseless nest No sea beats near. She will never be stirred In her loamy cell By the waves long heard And loved so well.

So she does not sleep By those haunted heights The Atlantic smites And the blind gales sweep, Whence she often would gaze At Dundagel's far head, While the dipping blaze Dyed her face fire-red;

And would sigh at the tale Of sunk Lyonnesse, As a wind-tugged tress Flapped her cheek like a flail; Or listen at whiles With a thought-bound brow To the murmuring miles She is far from now.

Yet her shade, maybe, Will creep underground Till it catch the sound Of that western sea As it swells and sobs Where she once domiciled, And joy in its throbs

With the heart of a child.

WITHOUT CEREMONY

It was your way, my dear, To be gone without a word When callers, friends, or kin Had left, and I hastened in To rejoin you, as I inferred.

And when you'd a mind to career Off anywhere—say to town— You were all on a sudden gone Before I had thought thereon, Or noticed your trunks were down.

So, now that you disappear For ever in that swift style, Your meaning seems to me Just as it used to be: "Good-bye is not worth while!"

LAMENT

How she would have loved A party to-day!— Bright-hatted and gloved, With table and tray And chairs on the lawn Her smiles would have shone With welcomings . . . But She is shut, she is shut From friendship's spell In the jailing shell Of her tiny cell.

Or she would have reigned At a dinner to-night With ardours unfeigned, And a generous delight; All in her abode She'd have freely bestowed On her guests . . . But alas, She is shut under grass Where no cups flow, Powerless to know That it might be so.

And she would have sought With a child's eager glance The shy snowdrops brought By the new year's advance, And peered in the rime Of Candlemas-time For crocuses . . . chanced It that she were not tranced From sights she loved best; Wholly possessed By an infinite rest!

And we are here staying Amid these stale things Who care not for gaying, And those junketings That used so to joy her, And never to cloy her As us they cloy! . . . But She is shut, she is shut From the cheer of them, dead To all done and said In a yew-arched bed.

THE HAUNTER

He does not think that I haunt here nightly: How shall I let him know That whither his fancy sets him wandering I, too, alertly go?— Hover and hover a few feet from him Just as I used to do, But cannot answer his words addressed me— Only listen thereto!

When I could answer he did not say them: When I could let him know How I would like to join in his journeys Seldom he wished to go. Now that he goes and wants me with him More than he used to do, Never he sees my faithful phantom Though he speaks thereto.

Yes, I accompany him to places Only dreamers know, Where the shy hares limp long paces, Where the night rooks go; Into old aisles where the past is all to him, Close as his shade can do, Always lacking the power to call to him, Near as I reach thereto!

What a good haunter I am, O tell him, Quickly make him know If he but sigh since my loss befell him Straight to his side I go. Tell him a faithful one is doing All that love can do Still that his path may be worth pursuing, And to bring peace thereto.

THE VOICE

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me, Saying that now you are not as you were When you had changed from the one who was all to me, But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, Standing as when I drew near to the town Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then, Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness Travelling across the wet mead to me here, You being ever consigned to existlessness, Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward, Leaves around me falling, Wind oozing thin through the

thorn from norward And the woman calling.

December 1912.

HIS VISITOR

I come across from Mellstock while the moon wastes weaker To behold where I lived with you for twenty years and more: I shall go in the gray, at the passing of the mail-train, And need no setting open of the long familiar door As before.

The change I notice in my once own quarters! A brilliant budded border where the daisies used to be, The rooms new painted, and the pictures altered, And other cups and saucers, and no cozy nook for tea As with me.

I discern the dim faces of the sleep-wrapt servants; They are not those who tended me through feeble hours and strong, But strangers quite, who never knew my rule here, Who never saw me painting, never heard my softling song Float along.

So I don't want to linger in this re-decked dwelling, I feel too uneasy at the contrasts I behold, And I make again for Mellstock to return here never, And rejoin the roomy silence, and the mute and manifold Souls of old.

1913.

A CIRCULAR

As "legal representative" I read a missive not my own, On new designs the senders give For clothes, in tints as shown.

Here figure blouses, gowns for tea, And presentation-trains of state, Charming ball-dresses, millinery, Warranted up to date.

And this gay-pictured, spring-time shout Of Fashion, hails what lady proud? Her who before last year was out Was costumed in a shroud.

A DREAM OR NO

Why go to Saint-Juliot? What's Juliot to me? I was but made fancy By some necromancy That much of my life claims the spot as its key.

Yes. I have had dreams of that place in the West, And a maiden abiding Thereat as in hiding; Fair-eyed and white-shouldered, broad-browed and brown-tressed.

And of how, coastward bound on a night long ago, There lonely I found her, The sea-birds around her, And other than nigh things uncaring to know.

So sweet her life there (in my thought has it seemed) That quickly she drew me To take her unto me, And lodge her long years with me. Such have I dreamed.

But nought of that maid from Saint-Juliot I see; Can she ever have been here, And shed her life's sheen here, The woman I thought a long housemate with me?

Does there even a place like Saint-Juliot exist? Or a Vallency Valley With stream and leafed alley, Or Beeny, or Bos with its flounce flinging mist?

February 1913.

AFTER A JOURNEY

Hereto I come to interview a ghost; Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me? Up the cliff, down, till I'm lonely, lost, And the unseen waters' ejaculations awe me. Where you will next be there's no knowing, Facing round about me everywhere, With your nut-coloured hair, And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going.

Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last; Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked you; What have you now found to say of our past— Viewed across the dark space wherein I have lacked you? Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division? Things were not lastly as firstly well With us twain, you tell? But all's closed now, despite Time's derision.

I see what you are doing: you are leading me on To the spots we knew when we haunted here together, The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone At the then fair hour in the then fair weather, And the cave just under, with a voice still so

hollow That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago, When you were all aglow, And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow!

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see, The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily, Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me, For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily. Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours, The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again! I am just the same as when Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.

Pentargan Bay.

A DEATH-DAY RECALLED

Beeny did not quiver, Juliot grew not gray, Thin Valency's river Held its wonted way. Bos seemed not to utter Dimmest note of dirge, Targan mouth a mutter To its creamy surge.

Yet though these, unheeding, Listless, passed the hour Of her spirit's speeding, She had, in her flower, Sought and loved the places— Much and often pined For their lonely faces When in towns confined.

Why did not Valency In his purl deplore One whose haunts were whence he Drew his limpid store? Why did Bos not thunder, Targan apprehend Body and breath were sunder Of their former friend?

BEENY CLIFF March 1870—March 1913

I

O the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea, And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping free— The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

II

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away In a nether sky,

engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say, As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned March day.

III

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised rain, And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull misfeatured stain, And then the sun burst out again, and purples prinked the main.

IV

—Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the sky, And shall she and I not go there once again now March is nigh, And the sweet things said in that March say anew there by and by?

V

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore, The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore, And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will see it nevermore.

AT CASTLE BOTEREL

As I drive to the junction of lane and highway, And the drizzle bedrenches the waggonette, I look behind at the fading byway, And see on its slope, now glistening wet, Distinctly yet

Myself and a girlish form benighted In dry March weather. We climb the road Beside a chaise. We had just alighted To ease the sturdy pony’s load When he sighed and slowed.

What we did as we climbed, and what we talked of Matters not much, nor to what it led,— Something that life will not be balked of Without rude reason till hope is dead, And feeling fled.

It filled but a minute. But was there ever A time of such quality, since or before, In that hill’s story? To one mind never, Though it has been climbed, foot-swift,

foot-sore, By thousands more.

Primaeval rocks form the road's steep border, And much have they faced there, first and last, Of the transitory in Earth's long order; But what they record in colour and cast Is—that we two passed.

And to me, though Time's unflinching rigour, In mindless rote, has ruled from sight The substance now, one phantom figure Remains on the slope, as when that night Saw us alight.

I look and see it there, shrinking, shrinking, I look back at it amid the rain For the very last time; for my sand is sinking, And I shall traverse old love's domain Never again.

March 1913.

PLACES

Nobody says: Ah, that is the place Where chanced, in the hollow of years ago, What none of the Three Towns cared to know— The birth of a little girl of grace— The sweetest the house saw, first or last; Yet it was so On that day long past.

Nobody thinks: There, there she lay In a room by the Hoe, like the bud of a flower, And listened, just after the bedtime hour, To the stammering chimes that used to play The quaint Old Hundred-and-Thirteenth tune In Saint Andrew's tower Night, morn, and noon.

Nobody calls to mind that here Upon Boterel Hill, where the carters skid, With cheeks whose airy flush outbid Fresh fruit in bloom, and free of fear, She cantered down, as if she must fall (Though she never did), To the charm of all.

Nay: one there is to whom these things, That nobody else's mind calls back, Have a savour that scenes in being lack, And a presence more than the actual brings; To whom to-day is beneaped and stale, And its urgent clack But a vapid tale.

Plymouth, March 1913.

THE PHANTOM HORSEWOMAN

I

Queer are the ways of a man I know: He comes and stands In a careworn craze, And looks at the sands And the seaward haze, With moveless hands And face and gaze, Then turns to go . . . And what does he see when he gazes so?

II

They say he sees as an instant thing More clear than to-day, A sweet soft scene That once was in play By that briny green; Yes, notes alway Warm, real, and keen, What his back years bring— A phantom of his own figuring.

III

Of this vision of his they might say more: Not only there Does he see this sight, But everywhere In his brain—day, night, As if on the air It were drawn rose bright— Yea, far from that shore Does he carry this vision of heretofore:

IV

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried, He withers daily, Time touches her not, But she still rides gaily In his rapt thought On that shagged and shaly Atlantic spot, And as when first eyed Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

THE WISTFUL LADY

“Love, while you were away there came to me— From whence I cannot tell— A plaintive lady pale and passionless, Who bent her eyes upon me critically, And weighed me with a wearing wistfulness, As if she knew me well.”

“I saw no lady of that wistful sort As I came riding home. Perhaps she was some dame the Fates constrain By memories sadder than she can support, Or by unhappy

vacancy of brain, To leave her roof and roam?"

"Ah, but she knew me. And before this time I have seen her, lending ear To my light outdoor words, and pondering each, Her frail white finger swayed in pantomime, As if she fain would close with me in speech, And yet would not come near.

"And once I saw her beckoning with her hand As I came into sight At an upper window. And I at last went out; But when I reached where she had seemed to stand, And wandered up and down and searched about, I found she had vanished quite."

Then thought I how my dead Love used to say, With a small smile, when she Was waning wan, that she would hover round And show herself after her passing day To any newer Love I might have found, But show her not to me.

THE WOMAN IN THE RYE

"Why do you stand in the dripping rye, Cold-lipped, unconscious, wet to the knee, When there are firesides near?" said I. "I told him I wished him dead," said she.

"Yea, cried it in my haste to one Whom I had loved, whom I well loved still; And die he did. And I hate the sun, And stand here lonely, aching, chill;

"Stand waiting, waiting under skies That blow reproach, the while I see The rooks sheer off to where he lies Wrapt in a peace withheld from me."

THE CHEVAL-GLASS

Why do you harbour that great cheval-glass Filling up your narrow room? You never preen or plume, Or look in a week at your full-length figure— Picture of bachelor gloom!

"Well, when I dwelt in ancient England, Renting the valley farm, Thoughtless of all heart-harm, I used to gaze at the parson's daughter, A creature of nameless charm.

"Thither there came a lover and won her, Carried her off from my view. O it was then I knew Misery of a cast undreamt of— More than, indeed, my due!

"Then far rumours of her ill-usage Came, like a chilling breath When a man languisheth; Followed by news that her mind lost balance, And, in a space, of her death.

"Soon sank her father; and next was the auction— Everything to be sold: Mid things new and old Stood this glass in her former chamber, Long in her use, I was told.

"Well, I awaited the sale and bought it . . . There by my bed it stands, And as the dawn expands Often I see her pale-faced form there Brushing her hair's bright bands.

"There, too, at pallid midnight moments Quick she will come to my call, Smile from the frame withal Ponderingly, as she used to regard me Passing her father's wall.

"So that it was for its revelations I brought it oversea, And drag it about with me . . . Anon I shall break it and bury its fragments Where my grave is to be."

THE RE-ENACTMENT

Between the folding sea-downs, In the gloom Of a wailful wintry nightfall, When the boom Of the ocean, like a hammering in a hollow tomb,

Throbbed up the copse-clothed valley From the shore To the chamber where I darkled, Sunk and sore With gray ponderings why my Loved one had not come before

To salute me in the dwelling That of late I had hired to waste a while in— Vague of date, Quaint, and remote—wherein I now expectant sate;

On the solitude, unsignalled, Broke a man Who, in air as if at home there, Seemed to scan Every fire-flecked nook of the apartment span by span.

A stranger's and no lover's Eyes were these, Eyes of a man who measures What he sees But vaguely, as if wrapt in filmy phantasies.

Yea, his bearing was so absent As he stood, It bespoke a chord so plaintive In his mood, That soon I judged he would not wrong my quietude.

"Ah—the supper is just ready," Then he said, "And the years'-long binned Madeira Flashes red!" (There was no wine, no food, no supper-table spread.)

"You will forgive my coming, Lady fair? I see you as at that time Rising there, The self-same curious querying in your eyes and air.

"Yet no. How so? You wear not The same gown, Your locks show woful difference, Are not brown: What, is it not as when I hither came from town?

"And the place . . . But you seem other— Can it be? What's this that Time is doing Unto me? You dwell here, unknown woman? . . . Whereabouts, then, is she?

"And the house—things are much shifted.— Put them where They stood on this night's fellow; Shift her chair: Here was the couch: and the piano should be there."

I indulged him, verily nerve-strained Being alone, And I moved the things as bidden, One by one, And feigned to push the old piano where he had shown.

"Aha—now I can see her! Stand aside: Don't thrust her from the table Where, meek-eyed, She makes attempt with matron-manners to preside.

"She serves me: now she rises, Goes to play . . . But you obstruct her, fill her With dismay, And embarrassed, scared, she vanishes away!"

And, as 'twere useless longer To persist, He sighed, and sought the entry Ere I wist, And retreated, disappearing soundless in the mist.

That here some mighty passion Once had burned, Which still the walls enghosted, I discerned, And that by its strong spell mine might be overturned.

I sat depressed; till, later, My Love came; But something in the chamber Dimmed our flame,— An emanation, making our due words fall tame,

As if the intenser drama Shown me there Of what the walls had witnessed Filled the air, And left no room for later passion anywhere.

So came it that our fervours Did quite fail Of future consummation— Being made quail By the weird witchery of the parlour's hidden tale,

Which I, as years passed, faintly Learnt to trace,— One of sad love, born full-winged In that place Where the predestined sorrowers first stood face to face.

And as that month of winter Circles round, And the evening of the date-day Grows embrowned, I am conscious of those presences, and sit spellbound.

There, often—lone, forsaken— Queries breed Within me; whether a phantom Had my heed On that strange night, or was it some wrecked heart indeed?

HER SECRET

That love's dull smart distressed my heart He shrewdly learnt to see, But that I was in love with a dead man Never suspected he.

He searched for the trace of a pictured face, He watched each missive come, And a note that seemed like a love-line Made him look frozen and glum.

He dogged my feet to the city street, He followed me to the sea, But not to the neighbouring churchyard Did he dream of following me.

"SHE CHARGED ME"

She charged me with having said this and that To another woman long years before, In the very parlour where we sat,—

Sat on a night when the endless pour Of rain on the roof and the road below Bent the spring of the spirit more and more . . .

—So charged she me; and the Cupid's bow Of her mouth was hard, and her eyes, and her face, And her white forefinger lifted slow.

Had she done it gently, or shown a trace That not too curiously would she view A folly passed ere her reign had place,

A kiss might have ended it. But I knew From the fall of each word, and the pause between, That the curtain would drop upon us two Ere long, in our play of slave and queen.

THE NEWCOMER'S WIFE

He paused on the sill of a door ajar That screened a lively liquor-bar, For the name had reached him through the door Of her he had married the week before.

"We called her the Hack of the Parade; But she was discreet in the games she played; If slightly worn, she's pretty yet, And gossips, after all, forget.

"And he knows nothing of her past; I am glad the girl's in luck at last; Such ones, though stale to native eyes, Newcomers snatch at as a prize."

"Yes, being a stranger he sees her blent Of all that's fresh and innocent, Nor dreams how many a love-campaign She had enjoyed before his reign!"

That night there was the splash of a fall Over the slimy harbour-wall: They searched, and at the deepest place Found him with crabs upon his face.

A CONVERSATION AT DAWN

He lay awake, with a harassed air, And she, in her cloud of loose lank hair, Seemed trouble-tried As the dawn drew in on their faces there.

The chamber looked far over the sea From a white hotel on a white-stoned quay, And stepping a stride He parted the window-drapery.

Above the level horizon spread The sunrise, firing them foot to head From its smouldering lair, And painting their pillows with dyes of red.

"What strange disquiets have stirred you, dear, This dragging night, with starts in fear Of me, as it were, Or of something evil hovering near?"

"My husband, can I have fear of you? What should one fear from a man whom few, Or none, had matched In that late long spell of delays undue!"

He watched her eyes in the heaving sun: "Then what has kept, O reticent one, Those lids unlatched— Anything promised I've not yet done?"

"O it's not a broken promise of yours (For what quite lightly your lip assures The

due time brings) That has troubled my sleep, and no waking cures!" . . .

"I have shaped my will; 'tis at hand," said he; "I subscribe it to-day, that no risk there be In the hap of things Of my leaving you menaced by poverty."

"That a boon provision I'm safe to get, Signed, sealed by my lord as it were a debt, I cannot doubt, Or ever this peering sun be set."

"But you flung my arms away from your side, And faced the wall. No month-old bride Ere the tour be out In an air so loth can be justified?

"Ah—had you a male friend once loved well, Upon whose suit disaster fell And frustrance swift? Honest you are, and may care to tell."

She lay impassive, and nothing broke The stillness other than, stroke by stroke, The lazy lift Of the tide below them; till she spoke:

"I once had a friend—a Love, if you will— Whose wife forsook him, and sank until She was made a thrall In a prison-cell for a deed of ill . . .

"He remained alone; and we met—to love, But barring legitimate joy thereof Stood a doorless wall, Though we prized each other all else above.

"And this was why, though I'd touched my prime, I put off suitors from time to time— Yourself with the rest— Till friends, who approved you, called it crime,

"And when misgivings weighed on me In my lover's absence, hurriedly, And much distrest, I took you . . . Ah, that such could be! . . .

"Now, saw you when crossing from yonder shore At yesternoon, that the packet bore On a white-wreathed bier A coffined body towards the fore?

"Well, while you stood at the other end, The loungers talked, and I could but lend A listening ear, For they named the dead. 'Twas the wife of my friend.

"He was there, but did not note me, veiled, Yet I saw that a joy, as of one unjailed, Now shone in his gaze; He knew not his hope of me just had failed!

"They had brought her home: she was born in this isle; And he will return to his

domicile, And pass his days Alone, and not as he dreamt erstwhile!”

“—So you’ve lost a sprucer spouse than I!” She held her peace, as if fain deny She would indeed For his pleasure’s sake, but could lip no lie.

“One far less formal and plain and slow!” She let the laconic assertion go As if of need She held the conviction that it was so.

“Regard me as his he always should, He had said, and wed me he vowed he would In his prime or sere Most verily do, if ever he could.

“And this fulfilment is now his aim, For a letter, addressed in my maiden name, Has dogged me here, Reminding me faithfully of his claim.

“And it started a hope like a lightning-streak That I might go to him—say for a week— And afford you right To put me away, and your vows unspeak.

“To be sure you have said, as of dim intent, That marriage is a plain event Of black and white, Without any ghost of sentiment,

“And my heart has quailed.—But deny it true That you will never this lock undo! No God intends To thwart the yearning He’s father to!”

The husband hemmed, then blandly bowed In the light of the angry morning cloud. “So my idyll ends, And a drama opens!” he mused aloud;

And his features froze. “You may take it as true That I will never this lock undo For so depraved A passion as that which kindles you.”

Said she: “I am sorry you see it so; I had hoped you might have let me go, And thus been saved The pain of learning there’s more to know.”

“More? What may that be? Gad, I think You have told me enough to make me blink! Yet if more remain Then own it to me. I will not shrink!”

“Well, it is this. As we could not see That a legal marriage could ever be, To end our pain We united ourselves informally;

“And vowed at a chancel-altar nigh, With book and ring, a lifelong tie; A contract

vain To the world, but real to Him on High."

"And you became as his wife?"—"I did."— He stood as stiff as a caryatid, And said, "Indeed! . . . No matter. You're mine, whatever you ye hid!"

"But is it right! When I only gave My hand to you in a sweat to save, Through desperate need (As I thought), my fame, for I was not brave!"

"To save your fame? Your meaning is dim, For nobody knew of your altar-whim?" "I mean—I feared There might be fruit of my tie with him;

"And to cloak it by marriage I'm not the first, Though, maybe, morally most accurst Through your unpeered And strict uprightness. That's the worst!

"While yesterday his worn contours Convinced me that love like his endures, And that my troth-plight Had been his, in fact, and not truly yours."

"So, my lady, you raise the veil by degrees . . . I own this last is enough to freeze The warmest wight! Now hear the other side, if you please:

"I did say once, though without intent, That marriage is a plain event Of black and white, Whatever may be its sentiment.

"I'll act accordingly, none the less That you soiled the contract in time of stress, Thereto induced By the feared results of your wantonness.

"But the thing is over, and no one knows, And it's nought to the future what you disclose. That you'll be loosed For such an episode, don't suppose!

"No: I'll not free you. And if it appear There was too good ground for your first fear From your amorous tricks, I'll father the child. Yes, by God, my dear.

"Even should you fly to his arms, I'll damn Opinion, and fetch you; treat as sham Your mutinous kicks, And whip you home. That's the sort I am!"

She whitened. "Enough . . . Since you disapprove I'll yield in silence, and never move Till my last pulse ticks A footstep from the domestic groove."

"Then swear it," he said, "and your king uncrown." He drew her forth in her long

white gown, And she knelt and swore. “Good. Now you may go and again lie down

“Since you’ve played these pranks and given no sign, You shall crave this man of yours; pine and pine With sighings sore, ’Till I’ve starved your love for him; nailed you mine.

“I’m a practical man, and want no tears; You’ve made a fool of me, it appears; That you don’t again Is a lesson I’ll teach you in future years.”

She answered not, but lay listlessly With her dark dry eyes on the coppery sea, That now and then Flung its lazy flounce at the neighbouring quay.

1910.

A KING’S SOLILOQUY ON THE NIGHT OF HIS FUNERAL

From the slow march and muffled drum And crowds distrest, And book and bell, at length I have come To my full rest.

A ten years’ rule beneath the sun Is wound up here, And what I have done, what left undone, Figures out clear.

Yet in the estimate of such It grieves me more That I by some was loved so much Than that I bore,

From others, judgment of that hue Which over-hope Breeds from a theoretic view Of regal scope.

For kingly opportunities Right many have sighed; How best to bear its devilries Those learn who have tried!

I have eaten the fat and drunk the sweet, Lived the life out From the first greeting glad drum-beat To the last shout.

What pleasure earth affords to kings I have enjoyed Through its long vivid pulse-stirrings Even till it cloyed.

What days of drudgery, nights of stress Can cark a throne, Even one maintained in

peacefulness, I too have known.

And so, I think, could I step back To life again, I should prefer the average track Of average men,

Since, as with them, what kingship would It cannot do, Nor to first thoughts however good Hold itself true.

Something binds hard the royal hand, As all that be, And it is That has shaped, has planned My acts and me.

May 1910.

THE CORONATION

At Westminster, hid from the light of day, Many who once had shone as monarchs lay.

Edward the Pious, and two Edwards more, The second Richard, Henrys three or four;

That is to say, those who were called the Third, Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth (the much self-widowered),

And James the Scot, and near him Charles the Second, And, too, the second George could there be reckoned.

Of women, Mary and Queen Elizabeth, And Anne, all silent in a musing death;

And William’s Mary, and Mary, Queen of Scots, And consort-queens whose names oblivion blots;

And several more whose chronicle one sees Adorning ancient royal pedigrees.

—Now, as they drowsed on, freed from Life’s old thrall, And heedless, save of things exceptional,

Said one: “What means this throbbing thudding sound That reaches to us here from overground;

“A sound of chisels, augers, planes, and saws, Infringing all ecclesiastic laws?

“And these tons-weight of timber on us pressed, Unfelt here since we entered into rest?

“Surely, at least to us, being corpses royal, A meet repose is owing by the loyal?”

“—Perhaps a scaffold!” Mary Stuart sighed, “If such still be. It was that way I died.”

“—Ods! Far more like,” said he the many-wived, “That for a wedding ’tis this work’s contrived.

“Ha-ha! I never would bow down to Rimmon, But I had a rare time with those six women!”

“Not all at once?” gasped he who loved confession. “Nay, nay!” said Hal. “That would have been transgression.”

“—They build a catafalque here, black and tall, Perhaps,” mused Richard, “for some funeral?”

And Anne chimed in: “Ah, yes: it maybe so!” “Nay!” squeaked Eliza. “Little you seem to know—

“Clearly ’tis for some crowning here in state, As they crowned us at our long bygone date;

“Though we’d no such a power of carpentry, But let the ancient architecture be;

“If I were up there where the parsons sit, In one of my gold robes, I’d see to it!”

“But you are not,” Charles chuckled. “You are here, And never will know the sun again, my dear!”

“Yea,” whispered those whom no one had addressed; “With slow, sad march, amid a folk distressed, We were brought here, to take our dusty rest.

“And here, alas, in darkness laid below, We’ll wait and listen, and endure the show . . . Clamour dogs kingship; afterwards not so!”

1911.

AQUAE SULIS

The chimes called midnight, just at interlune, And the daytime talk of the Roman investigations Was checked by silence, save for the husky tune The bubbling waters played near the excavations.

And a warm air came up from underground, And a flutter, as of a filmy shape unsepulchred, That collected itself, and waited, and looked around: Nothing was seen, but utterances could be heard:

Those of the goddess whose shrine was beneath the pile Of the God with the baldachined altar overhead: "And what did you get by raising this nave and aisle Close on the site of the temple I tenanted?

"The notes of your organ have thrilled down out of view To the earth-clogged wrecks of my edifice many a year, Though stately and shining once—ay, long ere you Had set up crucifix and candle here.

"Your priests have trampled the dust of mine without rueing, Despising the joys of man whom I so much loved, Though my springs boil on by your Gothic arcades and pewing, And sculptures crude . . . Would Jove they could be removed!"

"—Repress, O lady proud, your traditional ires; You know not by what a frail thread we equally hang; It is said we are images both—twitched by people's desires; And that I, like you, fail as a song men yesterday sang!"

* * * * *

And the olden dark hid the cavities late laid bare, And all was suspended and soundless as before, Except for a gossamery noise fading off in the air, And the boiling voice of the waters' medicinal pour.

Bath.

SEVENTY-FOUR AND TWENTY

Here goes a man of seventy-four, Who sees not what life means for him, And here another in years a score Who reads its very figure and trim.

The one who shall walk to-day with me Is not the youth who gazes far, But the breezy wight who cannot see What Earth's ingrained conditions are.

THE ELOPEMENT

"A woman never agreed to it!" said my knowing friend to me. "That one thing she'd refuse to do for Solomon's mines in fee: No woman ever will make herself look older than she is." I did not answer; but I thought, "you err there, ancient Quiz."

It took a rare one, true, to do it; for she was surely rare— As rare a soul at that sweet time of her life as she was fair. And urging motives, too, were strong, for ours was a passionate case, Yea, passionate enough to lead to freaking with that young face.

I have told no one about it, should perhaps make few believe, But I think it over now that life looms dull and years bereave, How blank we stood at our bright wits' end, two frail barks in distress, How self-regard in her was slain by her large tenderness.

I said: "The only chance for us in a crisis of this kind Is going it thorough!"—"Yes," she calmly breathed. "Well, I don't mind." And we blanched her dark locks ruthlessly: set wrinkles on her brow; Ay—she was a right rare woman then, whatever she may be now.

That night we heard a coach drive up, and questions asked below. "A gent with an elderly wife, sir," was returned from the bureau. And the wheels went rattling on, and free at last from public ken We washed all off in her chamber and restored her youth again.

How many years ago it was! Some fifty can it be Since that adventure held us, and she played old wife to me? But in time convention won her, as it wins all women at last, And now she is rich and respectable, and time has buried the past.

“I ROSE UP AS MY CUSTOM IS”

I rose up as my custom is On the eve of All-Souls’ day, And left my grave for an hour or so To call on those I used to know Before I passed away.

I visited my former Love As she lay by her husband’s side; I asked her if life pleased her, now She was rid of a poet wrung in brow, And crazed with the ills he eyed;

Who used to drag her here and there Wherever his fancies led, And point out pale phantasmal things, And talk of vain vague purposings That she discredited.

She was quite civil, and replied, “Old comrade, is that you? Well, on the whole, I like my life.— I know I swore I’d be no wife, But what was I to do?

“You see, of all men for my sex A poet is the worst; Women are practical, and they Crave the wherewith to pay their way, And slake their social thirst.

“You were a poet—quite the ideal That we all love awhile: But look at this man snoring here— He’s no romantic chanticleer, Yet keeps me in good style.

“He makes no quest into my thoughts, But a poet wants to know What one has felt from earliest days, Why one thought not in other ways, And one’s Loves of long ago.”

Her words benumbed my fond frail ghost; The nightmares neighed from their stalls The vampires screeched, the harpies flew, And under the dim dawn I withdrew To Death’s inviolate halls.

A WEEK

On Monday night I closed my door, And thought you were not as heretofore, And little cared if we met no more.

I seemed on Tuesday night to trace Something beyond mere commonplace In your ideas, and heart, and face.

On Wednesday I did not opine Your life would ever be one with mine, Though if it were we should well combine.

On Thursday noon I liked you well, And fondly felt that we must dwell Not far apart, whatever befell.

On Friday it was with a thrill In gazing towards your distant vill I owned you were my dear one still.

I saw you wholly to my mind On Saturday—even one who shrined All that was best of womankind.

As wing-clipt sea-gull for the sea On Sunday night I longed for thee, Without whom life were waste to me!

HAD YOU WEPT

Had you wept; had you but neared me with a frail uncertain ray, Dewy as the face of the dawn, in your large and luminous eye, Then would have come back all the joys the tidings had slain that day, And a new beginning, a fresh fair heaven, have smoothed the things awry. But you were less feebly human, and no passionate need for clinging Possessed your soul to overthrow reserve when I came near; Ay, though you suffer as much as I from storms the hours are bringing Upon your heart and mine, I never see you shed a tear.

The deep strong woman is weakest, the weak one is the strong; The weapon of all weapons best for winning, you have not used; Have you never been able, or would you not, through the evil times and long? Has not the gift been given you, or such gift have you refused? When I bade me not absolve you on that evening or the morrow, Why did you not make war on me with those who weep like rain? You felt too much, so gained no balm for all your torrid sorrow, And hence our deep division, and our dark undying pain.

BEREFT, SHE THINKS SHE DREAMS

I dream that the dearest I ever knew Has died and been entombed. I am sure it's a dream that cannot be true, But I am so overgloomed By its persistence, that I would gladly Have quick death take me, Rather than longer think thus sadly; So wake me, wake me!

It has lasted days, but minute and hour I expect to get aroused And find him as usual in the bower Where we so happily housed. Yet stays this nightmare too appalling, And like a web shakes me, And piteously I keep on calling, And no one wakes me!

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"What do you see in that time-touched stone, When nothing is there But ashen blankness, although you give it A rigid stare?

"You look not quite as if you saw, But as if you heard, Parting your lips, and treading softly As mouse or bird.

"It is only the base of a pillar, they'll tell you, That came to us From a far old hill men used to name Areopagus."

—"I know no art, and I only view A stone from a wall, But I am thinking that stone has echoed The voice of Paul,

"Paul as he stood and preached beside it Facing the crowd, A small gaunt figure with wasted features, Calling out loud

"Words that in all their intimate accents Pattered upon That marble front, and were far reflected, And then were gone.

"I'm a labouring man, and know but little, Or nothing at all; But I can't help thinking that stone once echoed The voice of Paul."

IN THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

"Man, you too, aren't you, one of these rough followers of the criminal? All hanging

hereabout to gather how he's going to bear Examination in the hall." She flung disdainful glances on The shabby figure standing at the fire with others there, Who warmed them by its flare.

"No indeed, my skipping maiden: I know nothing of the trial here, Or criminal, if so he be.—I chanced to come this way, And the fire shone out into the dawn, and morning airs are cold now; I, too, was drawn in part by charms I see before me play, That I see not every day."

"Ha, ha!" then laughed the constables who also stood to warm themselves, The while another maiden scrutinized his features hard, As the blaze threw into contrast every line and knot that wrinkled them, Exclaiming, "Why, last night when he was brought in by the guard, You were with him in the yard!"

"Nay, nay, you teasing wench, I say! You know you speak mistakenly. Cannot a tired pedestrian who has footed it afar Here on his way from northern parts, engrossed in humble marketings, Come in and rest awhile, although judicial doings are Afoot by morning star?"

"O, come, come!" laughed the constables. "Why, man, you speak the dialect He uses in his answers; you can hear him up the stairs. So own it. We sha'n't hurt ye. There he's speaking now! His syllables Are those you sound yourself when you are talking unawares, As this pretty girl declares."

"And you shudder when his chain clinks!" she rejoined. "O yes, I noticed it. And you winced, too, when those cuffs they gave him echoed to us here. They'll soon be coming down, and you may then have to defend yourself Unless you hold your tongue, or go away and keep you clear When he's led to judgment near!"

"No! I'll be damned in hell if I know anything about the man! No single thing about him more than everybody knows! Must not I even warm my hands but I am charged with blasphemies?" . . . —His face convulses as the morning cock that moment crows, And he stops, and turns, and goes.

THE OBLITERATE TOMB

"More than half my life long Did they weigh me falsely, to my bitter wrong, But they all have shrunk away into the silence Like a lost song.

"And the day has dawned and come For forgiveness, when the past may hold it dumb On the once reverberate words of hatred uttered Half in delirium . . .

"With folded lips and hands They lie and wait what next the Will commands, And doubtless think, if think they can: 'Let discord Sink with Life's sands!'

"By these late years their names, Their virtues, their hereditary claims, May be as near defacement at their grave-place As are their fames."

—Such thoughts bechanced to seize A traveller's mind—a man of memories— As he set foot within the western city Where had died these

Who in their lifetime deemed Him their chief enemy—one whose brain had schemed To get their dingy greatness deeplier dingied And disesteemed.

So, sojourning in their town, He mused on them and on their once renown, And said, "I'll seek their resting-place to-morrow Ere I lie down,

"And end, lest I forget, Those ires of many years that I regret, Renew their names, that men may see some liegeness Is left them yet."

Duly next day he went And sought the church he had known them to frequent, And wandered in the precincts, set on eyeing Where they lay pent,

Till by remembrance led He stood at length beside their slighted bed, Above which, truly, scarce a line or letter Could now be read.

"Thus years obliterate Their graven worth, their chronicle, their date! At once I'll garnish and revive the record Of their past state,

"That still the sage may say In pensive progress here where they decay, 'This stone records a luminous line whose talents Told in their day.'"

While speaking thus he turned, For a form shadowed where they lay inurned, And

he beheld a stranger in foreign vesture, And tropic-burned.

“Sir, I am right pleased to view That ancestors of mine should interest you, For I have come of purpose here to trace them . . . They are time-worn, true,

“But that’s a fault, at most, Sculptors can cure. On the Pacific coast I have vowed for long that relics of my forbears I’d trace ere lost,

“And hitherward I come, Before this same old Time shall strike me numb, To carry it out.”—“Strange, this is!” said the other; “What mind shall plumb

“Coincident design! Though these my father’s enemies were and mine, I nourished a like purpose—to restore them Each letter and line.”

“Such magnanimity Is now not needed, sir; for you will see That since I am here, a thing like this is, plainly, Best done by me.”

The other bowed, and left, Crestfallen in sentiment, as one bereft Of some fair object he had been moved to cherish, By hands more deft.

And as he slept that night The phantoms of the ensepulchred stood up-right Before him, trembling that he had set him seeking Their charnel-site.

And, as unknowing his ruth, Asked as with terrors founded not on truth Why he should want them. “Ha,” they hollowly hackered, “You come, forsooth,

“By stealth to obliterate Our graven worth, our chronicle, our date, That our descendant may not gild the record Of our past state,

“And that no sage may say In pensive progress near where we decay: ‘This stone records a luminous line whose talents Told in their day.’”

Upon the morrow he went And to that town and churchyard never bent His ageing footsteps till, some twelvemonths onward, An accident

Once more detained him there; And, stirred by hauntings, he must needs repair To where the tomb was. Lo, it stood still wasting In no man’s care.

“The travelled man you met The last time,” said the sexton, “has not yet Appeared

again, though wealth he had in plenty. —Can he forget?

“The architect was hired And came here on smart summons as desired, But never the descendant came to tell him What he required.”

And so the tomb remained Untouched, untended, crumbling, weather-stained, And though the one-time foe was fain to right it He still refrained.

“I’ll set about it when I am sure he’ll come no more. Best wait till then.” But so it was that never the stranger entered That city again.

And the well-meaner died While waiting tremulously unsatisfied That no return of the family’s foreign scion Would still betide.

And many years slid by, And active church-restorers cast their eye Upon the ancient garth and hoary building The tomb stood nigh.

And when they had scraped each wall, Pulled out the stately pews, and smartened all, “It will be well,” declared the spruce church-warden, “To overhaul

“And broaden this path where shown; Nothing prevents it but an old tombstone Pertaining to a family forgotten, Of deeds unknown.

“Their names can scarce be read, Depend on’t, all who care for them are dead.” So went the tomb, whose shards were as path-paving Distributed.

Over it and about Men’s footsteps beat, and wind and water-spout, Until the names, aforetime gnawed by weathers, Were quite worn out.

So that no sage can say In pensive progress near where they decay, “This stone records a luminous line whose talents Told in their day.”

“REGRET NOT ME”

Regret not me; Beneath the sunny tree I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light I flew my faery flight; Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

I did not know That heydays fade and go, But deemed that what was would be

always so.

I skipped at morn Between the yellowing corn, Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves Among the piled-up sheaves, Dreaming, “I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves.”

Now soon will come The apple, pear, and plum And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare To cider-makings rare, And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing Until the pewter ring Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance Some triple-timed romance In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me Beneath the yellowing tree; For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

THE RECALCITRANTS

Let us off and search, and find a place Where yours and mine can be natural lives, Where no one comes who dissects and dives And proclaims that ours is a curious case, That its touch of romance can scarcely grace.

You would think it strange at first, but then Everything has been strange in its time. When some one said on a day of the prime He would bow to no brazen god again He doubtless dazed the mass of men.

None will recognize us as a pair whose claims To righteous judgment we care not making; Who have doubted if breath be worth the taking, And have no respect for the current fames Whence the savour has flown while abide the names.

We have found us already shunned, disdained, And for re-acceptance have not once striven; Whatever offence our course has given The brunt thereof we have long

sustained. Well, let us away, scorned unexplained.

STARLINGS ON THE ROOF

“No smoke spreads out of this chimney-pot, The people who lived here have left the spot, And others are coming who knew them not.

“If you listen anon, with an ear intent, The voices, you’ll find, will be different From the well-known ones of those who went.”

“Why did they go? Their tones so bland Were quite familiar to our band; The comers we shall not understand.”

“They look for a new life, rich and strange; They do not know that, let them range Wherever they may, they will get no change.

“They will drag their house-gear ever so far In their search for a home no miseries mar; They will find that as they were they are,

“That every hearth has a ghost, alack, And can be but the scene of a bivouac Till they move perforce—no time to pack!”

THE MOON LOOKS IN

I

I have risen again, And awhile survey By my chilly ray Through your window-pane Your upturned face, As you think, “Ah-she Now dreams of me In her distant place!”

II

I pierce her blind In her far-off home: She fixes a comb, And says in her mind, “I start in an hour; Whom shall I meet? Won’t the men be sweet, And the women sour!”

THE SWEET HUSSY

In his early days he was quite surprised When she told him she was compromised

By meetings and lingerings at his whim, And thinking not of herself but him; While she lifted orbs aggrieved and round That scandal should so soon abound, (As she had raised them to nine or ten Of antecedent nice young men) And in remorse he thought with a sigh, How good she is, and how bad am I!— It was years before he understood That she was the wicked one—he the good.

THE TELEGRAM

"O he's suffering—maybe dying—and I not there to aid, And smooth his bed and whisper to him! Can I nohow go? Only the nurse's brief twelve words thus hurriedly conveyed, As by stealth, to let me know.

"He was the best and brightest!—candour shone upon his brow, And I shall never meet again a soldier such as he, And I loved him ere I knew it, and perhaps he's sinking now, Far, far removed from me!"

—The yachts ride mute at anchor and the fulling moon is fair, And the giddy folk are strutting up and down the smooth parade, And in her wild distraction she seems not to be aware That she lives no more a maid,

But has vowed and wived herself to one who blessed the ground she trod To and from his scene of ministry, and thought her history known In its last particular to him—aye, almost as to God, And believed her quite his own.

So great her absentmindedness she droops as in a swoon, And a movement of aversion mars her recent spousal grace, And in silence we two sit here in our waning honeymoon At this idle watering-place . . .

What now I see before me is a long lane overhung With lovelessness, and stretching from the present to the grave. And I would I were away from this, with friends I knew when young, Ere a woman held me slave.

THE MOTH-SIGNAL (On Egdon Heath)

"What are you still, still thinking," He asked in vague surmise, "That stare at the wick unblinking With those great lost luminous eyes?"

"O, I see a poor moth burning In the candle-flame," said she, "Its wings and legs are turning To a cinder rapidly."

"Moths fly in from the heather," He said, "now the days decline." "I know," said she. "The weather, I hope, will at last be fine.

"I think," she added lightly, "I'll look out at the door. The ring the moon wears nightly May be visible now no more."

She rose, and, little heeding, Her husband then went on With his attentive reading In the annals of ages gone.

Outside the house a figure Came from the tumulus near, And speedily waxed bigger, And clasped and called her Dear.

"I saw the pale-winged token You sent through the crack," sighed she. "That moth is burnt and broken With which you lured out me.

"And were I as the moth is It might be better far For one whose marriage troth is Shattered as potsherds are!"

Then grinned the Ancient Briton From the tumulus treed with pine: "So, hearts are thwartly smitten In these days as in mine!"

SEEN BY THE WAITS

Through snowy woods and shady We went to play a tune To the lonely manor-lady By the light of the Christmas moon.

We violed till, upward glancing To where a mirror leaned, We saw her airily dancing, Deeming her movements screened;

Dancing alone in the room there, Thin-draped in her robe of night; Her postures, glassed in the gloom there, Were a strange phantasmal sight.

She had learnt (we heard when homing) That her roving spouse was dead; Why she had danced in the gloaming We thought, but never said.

THE TWO SOLDIERS

Just at the corner of the wall We met—yes, he and I— Who had not faced in camp or hall Since we bade home good-bye, And what once happened came back—all— Out of those years gone by.

And that strange woman whom we knew And loved—long dead and gone, Whose poor half-perished residue, Tombless and trod, lay yon! But at this moment to our view Rose like a phantom wan.

And in his fixed face I could see, Lit by a lurid shine, The drama re-enact which she Had dyed incarnadine For us, and more. And doubtless he Beheld it too in mine.

A start, as at one slightly known, And with an indifferent air We passed, without a sign being shown That, as it real were, A memory-acted scene had thrown Its tragic shadow there.

THE DEATH OF REGRET

I opened my shutter at sunrise, And looked at the hill hard by, And I heartily grieved for the comrade Who wandered up there to die.

I let in the morn on the morrow, And failed not to think of him then, As he trod up that rise in the twilight, And never came down again.

I undid the shutter a week thence, But not until after I'd turned Did I call back his last departure By the upland there discerned.

Uncovering the casement long later, I bent to my toil till the gray, When I said to myself, "Ah—what ails me, To forget him all the day!"

As daily I flung back the shutter In the same blank bald routine, He scarcely once rose to remembrance Through a month of my facing the scene.

And ah, seldom now do I ponder At the window as heretofore On the long valued one who died yonder, And wastes by the sycamore.

IN THE DAYS OF CRINOLINE

A plain tilt-bonnet on her head She took the path across the leaze. —Her spouse the vicar, gardening, said, “Too dowdy that, for coquetries, So I can hoe at ease.”

But when she had passed into the heath, And gained the wood beyond the flat, She raised her skirts, and from beneath Unpinned and drew as from a sheath An ostrich-feathered hat.

And where the hat had hung she now Concealed and pinned the dowdy hood, And set the hat upon her brow, And thus emerging from the wood Tripped on in jaunty mood.

The sun was low and crimson-faced As two came that way from the town, And plunged into the wood untraced . . . When separately therefrom they paced The sun had quite gone down.

The hat and feather disappeared, The dowdy hood again was donned, And in the gloom the fair one neared Her home and husband dour, who conned Calmly his blue-eyed blonde.

“To-day,” he said, “you have shown good sense, A dress so modest and so meek Should always deck your goings hence Alone.” And as a recompense He kissed her on the cheek.

THE ROMAN GRAVEMOUNDS

By Rome’s dim relics there walks a man, Eyes bent; and he carries a basket and spade; I guess what impels him to scrape and scan; Yea, his dreams of that Empire long decayed.

“Vast was Rome,” he must muse, “in the world’s regard, Vast it looms there still,

vast it ever will be;” And he stoops as to dig and unmine some shard Left by those who are held in such memory.

But no; in his basket, see, he has brought A little white furred thing, stiff of limb, Whose life never won from the world a thought; It is this, and not Rome, that is moving him.

And to make it a grave he has come to the spot, And he delves in the ancient dead’s long home; Their fames, their achievements, the man knows not; The furred thing is all to him—nothing Rome!

“Here say you that Cæsar’s warriors lie?— But my little white cat was my only friend! Could she but live, might the record die Of Cæsar, his legions, his aims, his end!”

Well, Rome’s long rule here is oft and again A theme for the sages of history, And the small furred life was worth no one’s pen; Yet its mourner’s mood has a charm for me.

November 1910.

THE WORKBOX

“See, here’s the workbox, little wife, That I made of polished oak.” He was a joiner, of village life; She came of borough folk.

He holds the present up to her As with a smile she nears And answers to the profferer, “’Twill last all my sewing years!”

“I warrant it will. And longer too. ’Tis a scantling that I got Off poor John Wayward’s coffin, who Died of they knew not what.

“The shingled pattern that seems to cease Against your box’s rim Continues right on in the piece That’s underground with him.

“And while I worked it made me think Of timber’s varied doom; One inch where people eat and drink, The next inch in a tomb.

"But why do you look so white, my dear, And turn aside your face? You knew not that good lad, I fear, Though he came from your native place?"

"How could I know that good young man, Though he came from my native town, When he must have left there earlier than I was a woman grown?"

"Ah no. I should have understood! It shocked you that I gave To you one end of a piece of wood Whose other is in a grave?"

"Don't, dear, despise my intellect, Mere accidental things Of that sort never have effect On my imaginings."

Yet still her lips were limp and wan, Her face still held aside, As if she had known not only John, But known of what he died.

THE SACRILEGE A BALLAD-TRAGEDY (Circa 182-)

Part I

"I have a Love I love too well Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor; I have a Love I love too well, To whom, ere she was mine, 'Such is my love for you,' I said, 'That you shall have to hood your head A silken kerchief crimson-red, Wove finest of the fine.'

"And since this Love, for one mad moon, On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor, Since this my Love for one mad moon Did clasp me as her king, I snatched a silk-piece red and rare From off a stall at Priddy Fair, For handkerchief to hood her hair When we went gallanting.

"Full soon the four weeks neared their end Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor; And when the four weeks neared their end, And their swift sweets outwore, I said, 'What shall I do to own Those beauties bright as tulips blown, And keep you here with me alone As mine for evermore?'

"And as she drowsed within my van On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor— And as she drowsed within my van, And dawning turned to day, She heavily raised her

sloe-black eyes And murmured back in softest wise, ‘One more thing, and the charms you prize Are yours henceforth for aye.

“‘And swear I will I’ll never go While Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor To meet the Cornish Wrestler Joe For dance and dallyings. If you’ll to yon cathedral shrine, And finger from the chest divine Treasure to buy me ear-drops fine, And richly jewelled rings.’

“I said: ‘I am one who has gathered gear From Marlbury Downs to Dunkery Tor, Who has gathered gear for many a year From mansion, mart and fair; But at God’s house I’ve stayed my hand, Hearing within me some command— Curbed by a law not of the land From doing damage there.’

“Whereat she pouts, this Love of mine, As Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor, And still she pouts, this Love of mine, So cityward I go. But ere I start to do the thing, And speed my soul’s imperilling For one who is my ravishing And all the joy I know,

“I come to lay this charge on thee— On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor— I come to lay this charge on thee With solemn speech and sign: Should things go ill, and my life pay For botchery in this rash assay, You are to take hers likewise—yea, The month the law takes mine.

“For should my rival, Wrestler Joe, Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor— My reckless rival, Wrestler Joe, My Love’s possessor be, My tortured spirit would not rest, But wander weary and distrest Throughout the world in wild protest: The thought nigh maddens me!”

Part II

Thus did he speak—this brother of mine— On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor, Born at my birth of mother of mine, And forthwith went his way To dare the deed some coming night . . . I kept the watch with shaking sight, The moon at moments breaking bright, At others glooming gray.

For three full days I heard no sound Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor, I heard

no sound at all around Whether his fay prevailed, Or one malign the master were, Till some afoot did tidings bear How that, for all his practised care, He had been caught and jailed.

They had heard a crash when twelve had chimed By Mendip east of Dunkery Tor, When twelve had chimed and moonlight climbed; They watched, and he was tracked By arch and aisle and saint and knight Of sculptured stonework sheeted white In the cathedral's ghostly light, And captured in the act.

Yes; for this Love he loved too well Where Dunkery sights the Severn shore, All for this Love he loved too well He burst the holy bars, Seized golden vessels from the chest To buy her ornaments of the best, At her ill-witchery's request And lure of eyes like stars . . .

When blustering March confused the sky In Toneborough Town by Exon Moor, When blustering March confused the sky They stretched him; and he died. Down in the crowd where I, to see The end of him, stood silently, With a set face he lipped to me— "Remember." "Ay!" I cried.

By night and day I shadowed her From Toneborough Deane to Dunkery Tor, I shadowed her asleep, astir, And yet I could not bear— Till Wrestler Joe anon began To figure as her chosen man, And took her to his shining van— To doom a form so fair!

He made it handsome for her sake— And Dunkery smiled to Exon Moor— He made it handsome for her sake, Painting it out and in; And on the door of apple-green A bright brass knocker soon was seen, And window-curtains white and clean For her to sit within.

And all could see she clave to him As cleaves a cloud to Dunkery Tor, Yea, all could see she clave to him, And every day I said, "A pity it seems to part those two That hourly grow to love more true: Yet she's the wanton woman who Sent one to swing till dead!"

That blew to blazing all my hate, While Dunkery frowned on Exon Moor, And when the river swelled, her fate Came to her pitilessly . . . I dogged her, crying: “Across that plank They use as bridge to reach yon bank A coat and hat lie limp and dank; Your goodman’s, can they be?”

She paled, and went, I close behind— And Exon frowned to Dunkery Tor, She went, and I came up behind And tipped the plank that bore Her, fleetly flitting across to eye What such might bode. She slid awry; And from the current came a cry, A gurgle; and no more.

How that befell no mortal knew From Marlbury Downs to Exon Moor; No mortal knew that deed undue But he who schemed the crime, Which night still covers . . . But in dream Those ropes of hair upon the stream He sees, and he will hear that scream Until his judgment-time.

THE ABBEY MASON (Inventor of the “Perpendicular” Style of Gothic Architecture)

The new-vamped Abbey shaped apace In the fourteenth century of grace;

(The church which, at an after date, Acquired cathedral rank and state.)

Panel and circumscribing wall Of latest feature, trim and tall,

Rose roundabout the Norman core In prouder pose than theretofore,

Encasing magically the old With parpend ashlars manifold.

The trowels rang out, and tracery Appeared where blanks had used to be.

Men toiled for pleasure more than pay, And all went smoothly day by day,

Till, in due course, the transept part Engrossed the master-mason’s art.

—Home-coming thence he tossed and turned Throughout the night till the new sun burned.

“What fearful visions have inspired These gaingivings?” his wife inquired;

"As if your tools were in your hand You have hammered, fitted, muttered, planned;

"You have thumped as you were working hard: I might have found me bruised and scarred.

"What then's amiss. What eating care Looms nigh, whereof I am unaware?"

He answered not, but churchward went, Viewing his draughts with discontent;

And fumbled there the livelong day Till, hollow-eyed, he came away.

—'Twas said, "The master-mason's ill!" And all the abbey works stood still.

Quoth Abbot Wygmore: "Why, O why Distress yourself? You'll surely die!"

The mason answered, trouble-torn, "This long-vogued style is quite outworn!

"The upper archmould nohow serves To meet the lower tracery curves:

"The ogees bend too far away To give the flexures interplay.

"This it is causes my distress . . . So it will ever be unless

"New forms be found to supersede The circle when occasions need.

"To carry it out I have tried and toiled, And now perforce must own me foiled!

"Jeerers will say: 'Here was a man Who could not end what he began!'"

—So passed that day, the next, the next; The abbot scanned the task, perplexed;

The townsmen mustered all their wit To fathom how to compass it,

But no raw artistries availed Where practice in the craft had failed . . .

—One night he tossed, all open-eyed, And early left his helpmeet's side.

Scattering the rushes of the floor He wandered from the chamber door

And sought the sizing pile, whereon Struck dimly a cadaverous dawn

Through freezing rain, that drenched the board Of diagram-lines he last had scored—

Chalked phantasies in vain begot To knife the architectural knot—

In front of which he dully stood, Regarding them in hopeless mood.

He closelier looked; then looked again: The chalk-scratched draught-board faced the rain,

Whose icicled drops deformed the lines Innumerous of his lame designs,

So that they streamed in small white threads From the upper segments to the heads

Of arcs below, uniting them Each by a stalactitic stem.

—At once, with eyes that struck out sparks, He adds accessory cusping-marks,

Then laughs aloud. The thing was done So long assayed from sun to sun . . .

—Now in his joy he grew aware Of one behind him standing there,

And, turning, saw the abbot, who The weather's whim was watching too.

Onward to Prime the abbot went, Tacit upon the incident.

—Men now discerned as days revolved The ogive riddle had been solved;

Templates were cut, fresh lines were chalked Where lines had been defaced and balked,

And the work swelled and mounted higher, Achievement distancing desire;

Here jambs with transoms fixed between, Where never the like before had been—

There little mullions thinly sawn Where meeting circles once were drawn.

"We knew," men said, "the thing would go After his craft-wit got aglow,

"And, once fulfilled what he has designed, We'll honour him and his great mind!"

When matters stood thus poised awhile, And all surroundings shed a smile,

The master-mason on an eve Homed to his wife and seemed to grieve . . .

—"The abbot spoke to me to-day: He hangs about the works alway.

"He knows the source as well as I Of the new style men magnify.

"He said: 'You pride yourself too much On your creation. Is it such?

"'Surely the hand of God it is That conjured so, and only His!—
"'Disclosing by the frost and rain Forms your invention chased in vain;
"'Hence the devices deemed so great You copied, and did not create.'
"I feel the abbot's words are just, And that all thanks renounce I must.
"Can a man welcome praise and pelf For hatching art that hatched itself? . . .
"So, I shall own the deft design Is Heaven's outshaping, and not mine."
"What!" said she. "Praise your works ensure To throw away, and quite obscure
"Your beaming and beneficent star? Better you leave things as they are!
"Why, think awhile. Had not your zest In your loved craft curtailed your rest—
"Had you not gone there ere the day The sun had melted all away!"
—But, though his good wife argued so, The mason let the people know
That not unaided sprang the thought Whereby the glorious fane was wrought,
But that by frost when dawn was dim The method was disclosed to him.
"Yet," said the townspeople thereat, "'Tis your own doing, even with that!"
But he—chafed, childlike, in extremes— The temperament of men of dreams—
Aloofly scrupled to admit That he did aught but borrow it,
And diffidently made request That with the abbot all should rest.
—As none could doubt the abbot's word, Or question what the church averred,
The mason was at length believed Of no more count than he conceived,
And soon began to lose the fame That late had gathered round his name . . .
—Time passed, and like a living thing The pile went on embodying,
And workmen died, and young ones grew, And the old mason sank from view
And Abbots Wygmore and Staunton went And Horton sped the embellishment.
But not till years had far progressed Chanced it that, one day, much impressed,

Standing within the well-graced aisle, He asked who first conceived the style;
And some decrepit sage detailed How, when invention nought availed,
The cloud-cast waters in their whim Came down, and gave the hint to him
Who struck each arc, and made each mould; And how the abbot would not hold
As sole begetter him who applied Forms the Almighty sent as guide;
And how the master lost renown, And wore in death no artist's crown.
—Then Horton, who in inner thought Had more perceptions than he taught,
Replied: "Nay; art can but transmute; Invention is not absolute;
"Things fail to spring from nought at call, And art-beginnings most of all.
"He did but what all artists do, Wait upon Nature for his cue."
—"Had you been here to tell them so Lord Abbot, sixty years ago,
"The mason, now long underground, Doubtless a different fate had found.
"He passed into oblivion dim, And none knew what became of him!
"His name? 'Twas of some common kind And now has faded out of mind."
The Abbot: "It shall not be hid! I'll trace it." . . . But he never did.
—When longer yet dank death had wormed The brain wherein the style had germed
From Gloucester church it flew afar— The style called Perpendicular.—
To Winton and to Westminster It ranged, and grew still beautifuller:
From Solway Frith to Dover Strand Its fascinations starred the land,
Not only on cathedral walls But upon courts and castle halls,
Till every edifice in the isle Was patterned to no other style,
And till, long having played its part, The curtain fell on Gothic art.
—Well: when in Wessex on your rounds, Take a brief step beyond its bounds,
And enter Gloucester: seek the quoin Where choir and transept interjoin,

And, gazing at the forms there flung Against the sky by one unsung—

The ogee arches transom-topped, The tracery-stalks by spandrels stopped,

Petrified lacework—lightly lined On ancient massiveness behind—

Muse that some minds so modest be As to renounce fame's fairest fee,

(Like him who crystallized on this spot His visionings, but lies forgot,

And many a mediaeval one Whose symmetries salute the sun)

While others boom a baseless claim, And upon nothing rear a name.

THE JUBILEE OF A MAGAZINE (To the Editor)

Yes; your up-dated modern page— All flower-fresh, as it appears— Can claim a time-tried lineage,

That reaches backward fifty years (Which, if but short for sleepy squires, Is much in magazines' careers).

—Here, on your cover, never tires The sower, reaper, thresher, while As through the seasons of our sires

Each wills to work in ancient style With seedlip, sickle, share and flail, Though modes have since moved many a mile!

The steel-roped plough now rips the vale, With cog and tooth the sheaves are won, Wired wheels drum out the wheat like hail;

But if we ask, what has been done To unify the mortal lot Since your bright leaves first saw the sun,

Beyond mechanic furtherance—what Advance can rightness, candour, claim? Truth bends abashed, and answers not.

Despite your volumes' gentle aim To straighten visions wry and wrong, Events jar onward much the same!

—Had custom tended to prolong, As on your golden page engrained, Old processes

of blade and prong,

And best invention been retained For high crusades to lessen tears Throughout the race, the world had gained! . . . But too much, this, for fifty years.

THE SATIN SHOES

"If ever I walk to church to wed, As other maidens use, And face the gathered eyes," she said, "I'll go in satin shoes!"

She was as fair as early day Shining on meads unmown, And her sweet syllables seemed to play Like flute-notes softly blown.

The time arrived when it was meet That she should be a bride; The satin shoes were on her feet, Her father was at her side.

They stood within the dairy door, And gazed across the green; The church loomed on the distant moor, But rain was thick between.

"The grass-path hardly can be stepped, The lane is like a pool!"— Her dream is shown to be inept, Her wish they overrule.

"To go forth shod in satin soft A coach would be required!" For thickest boots the shoes were doffed— Those shoes her soul desired . . .

All day the bride, as overborne, Was seen to brood apart, And that the shoes had not been worn Sat heavy on her heart.

From her wrecked dream, as months flew on, Her thought seemed not to range. "What ails the wife?" they said anon, "That she should be so strange?" . . .

Ah—what coach comes with furtive glide— A coach of closed-up kind? It comes to fetch the last year's bride, Who wanders in her mind.

She strove with them, and fearfully ran Stairward with one low scream: "Nay—coax her," said the madhouse man, "With some old household theme."

"If you will go, dear, you must fain Put on those shoes—the pair Meant for your

marriage, which the rain Forbade you then to wear."

She clapped her hands, flushed joyous hues; "O yes—I'll up and ride If I am to wear my satin shoes And be a proper bride!"

Out then her little foot held she, As to depart with speed; The madhouse man smiled pleasantly To see the wile succeed.

She turned to him when all was done, And gave him her thin hand, Exclaiming like an enraptured one, "This time it will be grand!"

She mounted with a face elate, Shut was the carriage door; They drove her to the madhouse gate, And she was seen no more . . .

Yet she was fair as early day Shining on meads unmown, And her sweet syllables seemed to play Like flute-notes softly blown.

EXEUNT OMNES

I

Everybody else, then, going, And I still left where the fair was? . . . Much have I seen of neighbour loungers Making a lusty showing, Each now past all knowing.

II

There is an air of blankness In the street and the littered spaces; Thoroughfare, steeple, bridge and highway Wizen themselves to lankness; Kennels dribble dankness.

III

Folk all fade. And whither, As I wait alone where the fair was? Into the clammy and numbing night-fog Whence they entered hither. Soon do I follow thither!

June 2, 1913.

A POET

Attentive eyes, fantastic heed, Assessing minds, he does not need, Nor urgent writs to sup or dine, Nor pledges in the roseate wine.

For loud acclaim he does not care By the august or rich or fair, Nor for smart pilgrims from afar, Curious on where his hauntings are.

But soon or later, when you hear That he has doffed this wrinkled gear, Some evening, at the first star-ray, Come to his graveside, pause and say:

“Whatever the message his to tell, Two bright-souled women loved him well.” Stand and say that amid the dim: It will be praise enough for him.

July 1914.

POSTSCRIPT “MEN WHO MARCH AWAY” (SONG OF THE SOLDIERS)

What of the faith and fire within us Men who march away Ere the barn-cocks say Night is growing gray, To hazards whence no tears can win us; What of the faith and fire within us Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you, Friend with the musing eye, Who watch us stepping by With doubt and dolorous sigh? Can much pondering so hoodwink you! Is it a purblind prank, O think you, Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing, Though some may not see— Dalliers as they be— England’s need are we; Her distress would leave us rueing: Nay. We well see what we are doing, Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing Victory crowns the just, And that braggarts must Surely bite the dust, Press we to the field ungrieving, In our heart of hearts believing Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us Men who march away Ere the barn-cocks say Night is growing gray, To hazards whence no tears can win us: Hence the faith and fire within us Men who march away.

September 5, 1914.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE, LYRICS AND REVERIES, WITH MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the

terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating

derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not

protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user,

provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project

Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive

Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a

library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.