



*THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF
MODERN POETRY*

ANDREW
LANG

*LONDON: ERNEST BENN LTD.
BOUVERIE HOUSE, FLEET STREET*

4

The Augustan Books of Poetry
Edited by Edward Thompson

Uniform with this volume

ROBERT BRIDGES	F. W. HARVEY
EDMUND BLUNDEN	ANDREW LANG
RABINDRANATH TAGORE	LAURENCE BINYON
RUPERT BROOKE	EDITH SITWELL
HILAIRE BELLOC	HUMBERT WOLFE
JOHN KEATS	THOMAS CAMPION
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	BRET HARTE
G. K. CHESTERTON	ALICE MEYNELL
WILLIAM BLAKE	EDWARD THOMAS
JOHN DAVIDSON	MATTHEW ARNOLD
J. C. SQUIRE	GILBERT MURRAY
JOHN FREEMAN	MAURICE HEWLETT
ROBERT GRAVES	EMILY BRONTË
ANDREW MARVELL	WALTER DE LA MARE
OMAR KHAYYAM	MAURICE BARING
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	AUSTIN DOBSON
JOHN DRINKWATER	HENRY W. NEVINSON
A CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGY	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	WILLIAM CANTON
WALT WHITMAN	EDEN PHILLPOTTS
SIEGFRIED SASSOON	SIR EDMUND GOSSE
A RELIGIOUS ANTHOLOGY	J. A. CHAPMAN
EDWARD SHANKS	SIR WALTER SCOTT
DORA SIGERSON SHORTER	AFTER TEA (A NURSERY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN-	ANTHOLOGY)
BURNE	W. H. DAVIES
EDGAR ALLAN POE	W. J. TURNER
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON	ROBERT BURNS
LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS	J. K. STEPHEN

ANDREW LANG

(MARCH 31, 1844—JULY 20, 1912)

*Acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Lang and to Messrs.
Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ALMÆ MATRES - - - - -	5
GRASS OF PARNASSUS - - - - -	6
A SUNSET ON YARROW - - - - -	7
TWILIGHT ON TWEED - - - - -	7
CULLODEN - - - - -	8
LONE PLACES OF THE DEER - - - - -	9
SEEKERS FOR A CITY - - - - -	10
THE WHITE PACHA - - - - -	12
ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA - - - - -	13
COLONEL BURNABY - - - - -	13
MELVILLE AND COGHILL - - - - -	14
TO COLONEL IAN HAMILTON - - - - -	15
A SONG OF PHÆACIA - - - - -	15
BALLADE OF THE BOOK-HUNTER - - - - -	16
DESIDERIUM - - - - -	17
BALLADE OF SLEEP - - - - -	18
BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS, IN WINTER - - - - -	19
BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA - - - - -	20
BALLADE OF CRICKET - - - - -	21
THE ODYSSEY - - - - -	22
HERODOTUS IN EGYPT - - - - -	23
METEMPSYCHOSIS - - - - -	23
SONG BY THE SUBCONSCIOUS SELF - - - - -	24
ON THE DEATH OF LORD TENNYSON - - - - -	24
OUR FATHERS - - - - -	25
SCYTHE SONG - - - - -	26
TIRED OF TOWNS - - - - -	27
PEN AND INK - - - - -	28
CHRISTMAS VIOLETS - - - - -	29

Almæ Matres

(*St. Andrews*, 1862. *Oxford*, 1865)

*S*T. *ANDREWS* by the northern sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North Ocean girds it round;
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound;
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure, and still decay,
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
Dim mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

O ruined chapel! long ago
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh budded mountain ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall:
The tough roots rent the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous,
We did not dream, we could not know,
How hardly fate would deal with us!

O broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town!
O winter of the kindly north,
O college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
It is as if I touched his hand!

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
O little city, gray and sere,

Though shrunken from thine ancient pride
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me!

A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And, in the spring-time of the year,
The white may breaking over all,
And Pleasure quick to come at call.
And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And autumn with her crimson pall
About the towers of Magdalen rolled;
And strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong Tradition, binding fast
The "flying terms" with bands of gold,—
All these hath Oxford: all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me!

Grass of Parnassus

PALE star that by the lochs of Galloway,
In wet green places 'twixt the depth and height,
Dost keep thine hour while autumn ebbs away,
When now the moors have doffed the heather bright,
Grass of Parnassus, flower of my delight,
How gladly with the unpermitted bay—
Garlands not mine, and leaves that not decay—
How gladly would I twine thee if I might!

The bays are out of reach! But far below
The peaks forbidden of the Muses' Hill,

Grass of Parnassus, thy returning snow
Between September and October chill
Doth speak to me of autumns long ago,
And these kind faces that are with me still.

A Sunset on Yarrow

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

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

Never again, ah surely never
Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood,
The low good-night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
Twain grown one in the solitude.

Twilight on Tweed

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

Culloden

DARK, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden
And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,
No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their
faces,
When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the
guns,
And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places
Where they sleep through the change of the snows
and the suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,
All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,
As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,
As when Gledsmuir was red with the havoc they
wrought.

*Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,
Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay;
And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,
And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to
die!*

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,
Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather
That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,
Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain;
'Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,
But to bring back the old life that comes not again.'

Lone Places of the Deer

ONE places of the deer,
Corrie, and Loch, and Ben,
Fount that wells in the cave,
Voice of the burn and the wave,
Softly you sing and clear
Of Charlie and his men.

Here has he lurked, and here
The heather has been his bed,
The wastes of the islands knew,
And the Highland hearts were true
To the bonny, the brave, the dear,
The royal, the hunted head.

Seekers for a City

"Believe me, if that blissful, that beautiful place, were set on a hill visible to all the world, I should long ago have journeyed thither. . . . But the number and variety of the ways! For you know, *There is but one road that leads to Corinth.*"—HERMOTIMUS (Mr. Pater's Version).

"The Poet says, *dear city of Cecrops*, and wilt thou not say, *dear city of Zeus?*"—M. ANTONINUS.

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

Blind are the guides who know the way,
The guides who write, and preach, and pray;
I watch their lives, and I divine
They differ not from yours and mine!
One man we knew, and only one,
Whose seeking for a city's done,
For what he greatly sought he found,
A city girt with fire around,
A city in an empty land
Between the wastes of sky and sand,
A city on a river-side,
Where by the folk he loved, he died.¹

Alas! it is not ours to tread
That path wherein his life he led,
Not ours his heart to dare and feel,
Keen as the fragrant Syrian steel;
Yet are we not quite city-less,
Not wholly left in our distress—

¹ January 26, 1885.

Is it not said by One of old,
Sheep have I of another fold?
Ah! faint of heart, and weak of will,
For us there is a city still!

Dear city of Zeus, the Stoic says,¹
The Voice from Rome's imperial days,
In Thee meet all things, and disperse,
In Thee, for Thee, O Universe!
To me all's fruit thy seasons bring,
Alike thy summer and thy spring;
The winds that wail, the suns that burn,
From Thee proceed, to Thee return.

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

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

¹ M. Antoninus, iv. 23.

The White Pacha

VAIN is the dream! However hope may rave,
He perished with the folk he could not save;
And though none surely told us he is dead,
And though perchance another in his stead—
Another, not less brave, when all was done,
Had fled unto the southward and the sun,
Had urged a way by force, or won by guile
To streams remotest of the secret Nile,
Had raised an army of the desert men,
And, waiting for his hour, had turned again
And fallen on that False Prophet, yet we know
GORDON is dead, and these things are not so!
Nay, not for England's cause, nor to restore
Her trampled flag—for he loved honour more—
Nay, not for life, revenge, or victory,
Would he have fled, whose hour had dawned to die.
He will not come again, whate'er our need;
He will not come, who is happy, being freed
From the deathly flesh and perishable things,
And lies of statesmen and rewards of kings.
Nay, somewhere by the Sacred River's shore
He sleeps like those who shall return no more,
No more return for all the prayers of men—
'Arthur and Charles—they never come again!
They shall not wake, though fair the vision seem,
Whate'er sick hope may whisper, vain the dream!

Advance, Australia

*On the Offer of Help from the Australians after
the Fall of Khartoum*

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

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

But what your fathers were—you are
In lands the fathers never knew,
'Neath skies of alien sign and star
You rally to the English war;
Your hearts are English, kind and true.

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

Colonel Burnaby

σὺ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κούρης
κείσο μέγας ἠμεγαλωστὶ, λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

THOU that on every field of earth and sky
Didst hunt for death, who seemed to flee and fear—
How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie
Slain in the desert by some wandering spear :

“Not here, alas!” may England say, “not here,
Nor in this quarrel was it meet to die,
But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh
To thunder through the Afghan passes sheer,

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

Melville and Coghill

(The Place of the Little Hand)

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

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

Honour we give them and tears,
And the flag they died to save,
Rent from the rain of the spears,
Wet from the war and the wave,
Shall waft men's thoughts through the dust of
the years,
Back to their lonely grave!

To Colonel Ian Hamilton

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

A Song of Phæacia

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ballade of the Book-Hunter

IN torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly—
He book-hunts, though December freeze;
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees;
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies.
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears;
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto evermore is—*spes!*
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

ENVOY

Prince, all the things that tease and please—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears—
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

Desiderium

In Memoriam S. F. A.

THE call of homing rooks, the shrill
Song of some bird that watches late,
The cries of children break the still
Sad twilight by the churchyard gate.

And o'er your far-off tomb the gray
Sad twilight broods, and from the trees
The rooks call on their homeward way,
And are you heedless quite of these?

The clustered rowan berries red
And autumn's may, the clematis,
They droop above your dreaming head;
And these, and all things must you miss?

Ah, you that loved the twilight air,
The dim lit hour of quiet best,
At last, at last you have your share
Of what life gave so seldom, rest!

Yes, rest beyond all dreaming deep,
Or labour, nearer the Divine,
And pure from fret, and smooth as sleep,
And gentle as thy soul, is thine!

So let it be! But could I know
That thou in this soft autumn eve,
This hush of earth that pleased thee so,
Hadst pleasure still, I might not grieve.

Ballade of Sleep

THE hours are passing slow,
I hear their weary tread
Clang from the tower, and go
Back to their kinsfolk dead.
Sleep! death's twin brother dread!
Why dost thou scorn me so?
The wind's voice overhead
Long wakeful here I know,
And music from the steep
Where waters fall and flow.
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?
All sounds that might bestow
Rest on the fever'd bed,
All slumb'rous sounds and low
Are mingled here and wed,

And bring no drowsied.
Shy dreams flit to and fro
With shadowy hair dispread;
With wistful eyes that glow,
And silent robes that sweep.
Thou wilt not hear me; no?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show
Of sacrifice unsped?
Of all thy slaves below
I most have labourèd
With service sung and said;
Have cull'd such buds as blow,
Soft poppies white and red,
Where thy still gardens grow,
And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

ENVOY

Prince, ere the dark be shred
By golden shafts, ere low
And long the shadows creep:
Lord of the wand of lead,
Soft-footed as the snow,
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

Ballade to Theocritus, in Winter

ἔσορῶν τὰν Σικελὰν ἐς ἄλα.

Id. viii. 56.

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.

Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over-fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet:
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

ENVOY

Master—when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

Ballade of Blue China

THERE'S a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue;

Unchipp'd all the centuries through
It has pass'd, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashion'd it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of gillyflowers grew);
When Noah came out of the ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew?
They snorted, they snapp'd, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew;
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do!
Kind critic, your "tongue has a tang";
But—a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Ballade of Cricket

To T. W. L.

THE burden of hard hitting: slog away!
Here shalt thou make a "five" and there a "four,"
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say,
That thou art in for an uncommon score.

Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,
And thou to rival THORNTON shalt aspire;
When lo, the Umpire gives thee "leg before"—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The burden of much bowling, when the stay
Of all thy team is "collared," swift or slower,
When "bailers" break not in their wonted way,
And "yorkers" come not off as heretofore;
When length balls shoot no more—ah never more!
When all deliveries lose their former fire,
When bats seem broader than the broad barn-door—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The burden of long fielding, when the clay
Clings to thy shoon in sudden shower's downpour,
And running still thou stumblest; or the ray
Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,
And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,
Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a "skyer,"
And lose a match the fates cannot restore—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

ENVOY

Alas, yet liefer on youth's hither shore
Would I be some poor player on scant hire,
Than king among the old, who play no more,—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The Odyssey

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine,
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,

And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine;
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—

So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers;
And, through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

*Herodotus in Egypt*¹

HE left the land of youth, he left the young,
The smiling gods of Greece; he passed the isle
Where Jason loitered, and where Sappho sung;

He sought the secret-founted wave of Nile,
And of their old world, dead a weary while,
Heard the priests murmur in their mystic tongue,
And through the fanes went voyaging, among
Dark tribes that worshipped cat and crocodile.

He learned the tales of death divine and birth,
Strange loves of hawk and serpent, sky and earth,
The marriage, and the slaying of the sun.
The shrines of gods and beasts he wandered through,
And mocked not at their godhead, for he knew
Behind all creeds the Spirit that is One.

Metempsychosis

I SHALL not see thee, nay, but I shall know
Perchance, thy gray eyes in another's eyes—
Shall guess thy curls in gracious locks that flow
On purest brows, yea, and the swift surmise
Shall follow and track, and find thee in disguise

¹ From *Euterpe*.

Of all sad things and fair, where sunsets glow,
When through the scent of heather, faint and low,
The weak wind whispers to the day that dies.

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

Song by the Subconscious Self

(Rhymes made in a Dream)

I KNOW not what my secret is,
I only know 'tis mine;
I know to dwell with it were bliss,
To die for it divine.
I cannot yield it in a kiss,
Nor breathe it in a sigh,
I know that I have lived for this;
For this, my love, I die.

On the Death of Lord Tennyson

SILENCE! "The best" (he said) "are silent now,"
That younger bearer of the laurel bough,
Who with his Thyrsis, kindred souls divine,
Harps only for Sicilian Proserpine:
For Arnold died, and Browning died, and he—
The oldest, wisest, greatest of the three—
Dies, and what voice shall dirge for him to-day?
For the Muse went with him the darkling way,

And left us mute! . . . Peace! who shall rhyme or rave?
The violet blooms not on the new-made grave,
And not in this first blankness of regret
Are eyes of men who mourn their Master wet.
New grief is dumb: himself through many a year
Withheld the meed of his melodious tear
While Hallam slept. But no! the moment flies!
And rapid rhymers, when the Poet dies,
Wail punctual, and prompt, and unafraid,
In copious instant ditties ready made.
Oh, peace! Ye do but make our loss more deep,
Who wail above his unawaking sleep.

Our Fathers

NOT "better than our fathers," we
Can wisely boast ourselves to be;
And evil may the scribbler speed
Who vaunts the vaunt of Diomede!

Our fathers eighty years ago,
From Princes Street amazed the Row.
From his far castle upon Tweed
The Great Magician came at need,
And every woman, man, and child
Was gladder when the Shirra smiled;
Nay, every tyke about the place
Took pleasure in the Shirra's face!

He, too, was here, the Giant Childe,
Tender, magniloquent, and wild,
Whose lure lay light on lochs and streams;
Whose prose or weeps, or glooms, or gleams,
As shower and shadow flit in turn
O'er moor and tarn and ben and burn;
Whose crutch fell heavier than he knew
On laurelled crest or Cockney crew,—

The mighty Christopher beside him
He that "gules feared" whene'er they spied him.
The Scorpion¹ of the loyal heart,
Who saw youth, love, and friends depart;
Bearing dark sorrows in his breast
Yet held his own and broke his jest—
Crowned, as I deem, are men above,
At once with Scott's and Carlyle's love!

With them the Shepherd²: never plaid
Of shepherd wrapped so strange a lad.
Second alone was he to him
Who turns all peasant glories dim.
Oh, kindly heart and random tongue!
That erst of fair Kilmeny sung,
And taught how dreadfully he died,
The Sinner, Lost and Justified,
And turned to rhyme and told in prose
The fortunes of the Fallen Rose—

These were our Fathers: truly we
Scarce better men may boast to be!

Scythe Song

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

¹ John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854) was denounced as "the Scorpion" in an anonymous pamphlet called *Hypocrisy Unveiled*, because of his satirical articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

² James Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd (1770-1835).

Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass.

Tired of Towns

“When we spoke to her of the New Jerusalem, she said she would rather go to a country place in Heaven.”—*Letters from the Black Country.*

I'M weary of towns, it seems a'most a pity
We didn't stop down i' the country and clem¹;
And you say that I'm bound for another city,
For the streets o' the New Jerusalem.

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

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

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

¹ Lancashire for hunger.

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

Pen and Ink

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

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

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

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

Christmas Violets

LAST night I found the violets
You sent me once across the sea;
From gardens that the winter frets
In summer lands they came to me.

Still fragrant of the English earth,
Still humid from the frozen dew,
To me they spoke of Christmas mirth,
They spoke of England—spoke of you.

But you have reached a windless age,
The haven of a happy clime;
You do not dread the winter's rage,
Although we missed the summer time.

And like the flower's breath over sea,
Across the gulf of time and pain,
To-night returns the memory
Of castles that we built—in Spain!

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY: ANDREW LANG

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN
AND CO., LTD.

- POETICAL WORKS. Edited by Mrs. Lang. Four vols. £1 1s. net.
POETICAL WORKS. Edited by Mrs. Lang. Four vols. Bound in two.
Oxford India paper. £1 10s. net.
RHYMES A LA MODE. 6s. net.
NEW COLLECTED RHYMES. 6s. net.
ESSAYS IN LITTLE. 3s. net.
HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, FROM BEOWULF TO SWINBURNE.
7s. 6d.
SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND THE GREAT UNKNOWN. 9s. 6d. net.
TALES OF TROY AND GREECE. 5s. net.
WORLD OF HOMER. 8s. net.
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART. 8s. 6d. net.
MAID OF FRANCE: BEING THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
JEANNE D'ARC. 7s. 6d. net.
MYTH, RITUAL, AND RELIGION. Two vols. 12s. net.
MAGIC AND RELIGION. 12s. net.

LONGMANS' POCKET LIBRARY. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 5s. net.

- Ballades and Rhymes.
- Ballads and Lyrics of Old France.
- Books and Bookmen.
- New and Old Letters to Dead Authors.
- Old Friends.

THE FAIRY BOOK SERIES. Edited by Andrew Lang. Each 5s. net.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| All Sorts of Stories Book. | Olive Fairy Book. |
| Animal Story Book. | Orange Fairy Book. |
| Arabian Nights Entertainments. | Pink Fairy Book. |
| Blue Fairy Book. | Red Book of Animal Stories. |
| Blue Poetry Book. | Red Book of Heroes. |
| Book of Princes and Princesses. | Red Fairy Book. |
| Book of Romance. | Red Romance Book. |
| Book of Saints and Heroes. | Red True Story Book. |
| Brown Fairy Book. | Strange Story Book. |
| Crimson Fairy Book. | True Story Book. |
| Green Fairy Book. | Violet Fairy Book. |
| Grey Fairy Book. | Yellow Fairy Book. |
| Lilac Fairy Book. | |

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. J. W. ARROWSMITH
(LONDON), LTD.

MY OWN FAIRY BOOK. 5s. net.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD
AND SONS

A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. Four vols. £4 4s. net.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. 7s. 6d. net.

TENNYSON. 2s. 6d. net.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS
AND CO., LTD.

TALES OF A FAIRY COURT. 1s. 3d.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. WILLIAM HODGE AND
CO., LTD.

THE ANNESLEY CASE. 10s. 6d. net.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE BORDER. 7s. 6d. net.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE BORDER. Pocket edition. Cloth,
6s. net; leather, 7s. 6d. net.

HOMER ILIAD. 4s. 6d. net. Leather, 6s. 6d. net.

HOMER ODYSSEY. 10s. net.

THEOCRITUS, BION, AND MOSCHUS. 3s. 6d. net. Leather, 5s. net.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. T. NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

LA PUCELLE DE FRANCE. 2s. 6d.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. SEELEY, SERVICE AND
CO., LTD.

OXFORD. 7s. 6d. net. 12s. 6d. net. 25s. net.

OXFORD POCKET LIBRARY. 3s. 6d. net.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. ALLEN AND UNWIN

THE HOMERIC HYMNS. 7s. 6d. net.

MODERN POETRY

By *Humbert Wolfe*

LAMPOONS. Illustrated by Bohun Lynch. 6s. net.

"*Exquisitely funny.*"—SPECTATOR.

KENSINGTON GARDENS

"*I read it with an inward glow.*"

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

"*It would be difficult to imagine a more delicious volume of verses.*"—SCOTSMAN.

6s. net.

HUMORESQUE 3rd impression.

"*A poet of whom it is difficult to speak with moderation.*"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"*Heinesque, beautiful . . . triumphantly successful.*"—SPECTATOR.

6s. net.

By *Kenneth Hare*

NEW POEMS 8s. 6d. net.

"*His realm is that of pure beauty . . . he has written two long poems of a more perfect loveliness than any other which has appeared in our time.*"—NEW AGE.

"*Can be read with delight by the side of 'Venus and Adonis.'*"—LIVERPOOL POST.

By *Edna Clarke-Hall*

POEMS. With a self-portrait. 6s. net.

"*Full of the essentials of song.*"—TELEGRAPH.

"*Her work has sincerity and distinction.*"—TIMES.

By *Richard Church*

THE STORY OF THE ABBOT.

The first of a new series of unpublished poems by living authors. 1s. net.

"*Mr. Church's poem gives the series a most auspicious start.*"—SPECTATOR.

ERNEST BENN LIMITED,
BOUVERIE HOUSE, FLEET STREET