

THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF  
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HAROLD  
MONRO

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(*Second Series*)

*Edited by Humbert Wolfe*

1 JOHN DONNE  
2 GEORGE HERBERT  
3 FRANCIS THOMPSON

4 W. B. YEATS  
5 HAROLD MONRO  
6 ROSE MACAULAY

## HAROLD MONRO

*The debt that the new movement in verse owes to Mr. Harold Monro, the man and the poet, and to the chemical combination of these two in the Poetry Bookshop, has never been generally understood. It is true to say that for the Georgians, the post-Georgians, the bye-Georgians, and even for the anti-Georgians, the Poetry Bookshop has been the Mermaid Tavern, and Mr. Harold Monro "rare Ben Jonson." He has inspired by practice and precept, and where others have talked of their devotion to their art, he has quietly, without profession, lived for it.*

*His art, more generous perhaps than the world, has not failed to reward him. This collection will show that he takes a definite place among those English poets of any period who have used verse to convey a carefully pondered philosophy of life. But, like all true poets, he is never didactic. His thought is implicit in his material. It is the form of his mind that is the natural, if sometimes severe, mould of each individual poem. He forces nothing: indeed, at times he permits his creations a colloquial freedom. But it is a freedom which they know how to respect, because they know that, if they stray, they will lose themselves in the dangerous world that waits always just at the edge of Mr. Monro's mind.*

*And that is, for me, the secret of Mr. Monro's power of drawing the heart. He can be simple, he is often melodious, he is always master of his medium. But there is always invading his verse some echo, some hint, even some fragrance from elsewhere. He has thought so much of that other country, that its rumour is never quite stilled in the streets of the world for Mr. Monro. He gives us this chance to "listen" in with him.*

HUMBERT WOLFE.

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*Go now, Belovèd*

GO now, belovèd! I too desire it thus.  
Go swiftly! but you cannot break the chain.  
Fate hath the bitter lordship over us:  
Go now—in vain!

When you are in his arms at dead of night,  
Safe in the darkness, though you cannot see,  
Sudden shall flash upon your inward sight  
The form of me.

My image will be present in the air:  
Though you may strive your weariest to be true,  
I, where the sunrays on the carpet flare,  
Shall rise for you.

When you and he together in the spring  
At sunset by your open doorway stand,  
You shall grow faint, too much remembering  
My voice and hand.

When he shall bring you roses, this last hour  
Shall snatch their beauty from you like a thief;  
For there shall be remembrance in each flower,  
Stem, thorn and leaf.

Slow year by year I shall become more true,  
Until I never leave you day nor night;  
Shall faithfully take my station between you  
And all delight.

When he shall pass his fingers through your hair,  
However gentle you may be and fond,  
Your gaze shall not meet his—your eyes will stare  
At me beyond.

Nor will your agony for me be told,  
And peacefully put aside when you must die :  
Though all remembrance of your youth grow cold—  
Yet will not I.

I will so haunt you to the verge of death,  
That when, in bitterness of spirit, he  
Shall lean across you, you with your last breath  
Shall call for me.

### *Paradise*

**B**ELOVÈD, I had given you my soul,  
(Which is my body): you and I had dwelt  
One year in Paradise—when God appeared.  
He saw us very simple: we would pass  
Whole days in contemplation of some thought  
Frail as a white narcissus. We desired  
The earth, and found the beauty of the earth  
In one another. We had Paradise,  
And would have dwelt eternally therein,  
Had God not, in the likeness of a snake,  
Crept in between us, had He not become  
Jealous as He is wont. Alas! Alas!  
Belovèd, evil are the ways of God.  
Let us not fear Him, nor with suppliant hands  
Ask any mercy from Him out of Heaven.  
He gave us not this dreaming love of ours,  
Nor Paradise, nor any flower therein:  
Nor shall He take them from us. He is God  
Sole and elect of all the world outside,  
And I had seen Him roaming at the dusk  
In the semblance of a man, cunning and huge,

Jealously round the gates, before He crept  
 Between us like a serpent, and declared  
 He would barter all the gold He holds in Heaven  
 For one frail flower of Paradise. Belovèd,  
 Let us continue children of the earth  
 Among the simple flowers—tall lilies, pansies,  
 And white narcissus; for a little care  
 They fill the night with perfume: and if God  
 Breaks in upon us by some stratagem,  
 Let us remain apart with silent eyes,  
 Not fearing, scarce perceiving, to ourselves  
 Complete in one another till the end.  
 The tread of God is murder: if He comes  
 Pursuing us with vengeance, let us stand  
 Together, silent still, against some tree,  
 Whose sacred life we shall be conscious of  
 Within trunk, boughs and leaves. Thus let us pass,  
 If need be underneath the foot of God,  
 Back to the everlasting, out of which  
 We have, belovèd, this little season dwelt  
 Together with our flowers in Paradise.

### *Children of Love*

**T**HE holy boy  
 Went from his mother out in the cool of the day  
 Over the sun-parched fields  
 And in among the olives shining green and shining grey.

There was no sound,  
 No smallest voice of any shivering stream.  
 Poor sinless little boy,  
 He desired to play, and to sing; he could only sigh and  
 dream.

Suddenly came  
Running along to him naked, with curly hair,  
That rogue of the lovely world,  
That other beautiful child whom the virgin Venus bare.

The holy boy  
Gazed with those sad blue eyes that all men know.  
Impudent Cupid stood  
Panting, holding an arrow and pointing his bow.

(Will you not play?  
Jesus, run to him, run to him, swift for our joy.  
Is he not holy, like you?  
Are you afraid of his arrows, O beautiful dreaming boy?)

And now they stand  
Watching one another with timid gaze;  
Youth has met youth in the wood,  
But holiness will not change its melancholy ways.

Cupid at last  
Draws his bow and softly lets fly a dart.  
Smile for a moment, sad world!—  
It has grazed the white skin and drawn blood from the  
sorrowful heart.

Now, for delight,  
Cupid tosses his locks and goes wantonly near;  
But the child that was born to the cross  
Has let fall on his cheek, for the sadness of life, a  
compassionate tear.

Marvellous dream!  
Cupid has offered his arrows for Jesus to try;  
He has offered his bow for the game.  
But Jesus went weeping away, and left him there wondering  
why.



## Hearthstone

I WANT nothing but your fireside now.  
Friend, you are sitting there alone I know,  
And the quiet flames are licking up the soot,  
Or crackling out of some enormous root:  
All the logs on your hearth are four feet long.  
Everything in your room is wide and strong  
According to the breed of your hard thought.  
Now you are leaning forward; you have caught  
That great dog by his paw and are holding it,  
And he looks sidelong at you, stretching a bit,  
Drowsing with open eyes, huge, warm and wide,  
The full hearth-length on his slow-breathing side.  
Your book has dropped unnoticed: you have read  
So long you cannot send your brain to bed.  
The low quiet room and all its things are caught  
And linger in the meshes of your thought.  
(Some people think they know time cannot pause.)  
Your eyes are closing now though not because  
Of sleep. You are searching something with your brain;  
You have let the old dog's paw drop down again . . .  
Now suddenly you hum a little catch,  
And pick up the book. The wind rattles the latch;  
There's a patter of light cool rain and the curtain shakes;  
The silly dog growls, moves, and almost wakes.  
The kettle near the fire one moment hums.  
Then a long peace upon the whole room comes.  
So the sweet evening will draw to its bedtime end.  
I want nothing now but your fireside, friend.

## *Strange Meetings*

IF suddenly a clod of earth should rise,  
And walk about, and breathe, and speak, and love,  
How one would tremble, and in what surprise  
Gasp: "Can you move?"

I see men walking, and I always feel:  
"Earth! How have you done this? What can you be?"  
I can't learn how to know men, or conceal  
How strange they are to me.

### *The Ploughboy*

The ploughboy, he could never understand—  
While he was carried dozing in the cart,  
Or strolling with the plough across the land,  
He never knew he had a separate heart.

Had someone told him, had he understood,  
It would have been like tearing up the ground.  
He slowly moves and slowly grows like wood,  
And does not turn his head for any sound.

So they mistook him for a clod of land,  
And round him, while he dreamed, they built a town.  
He rubs his eyes; he cannot understand,  
But like a captive wanders up and down.

### *Coronilla*

I

CORONILLA! Coronilla!  
Heavy yellow tepid bloom:  
(Midnight in a scented room)—  
Coronilla.

Southern road; muffled house . . .

Later on to-night  
I'll come again so quietly  
By moonlight.

\* \* \* \*

Oh, what is that I think I see  
So pale beyond the yellow dusk,  
Beyond the trailing bitter flower  
And reek of marrow-bone and musk?

Is it a face?—My frozen hands  
Are hiding in their bone:  
The stare above the little mouth;  
And she and I alone.

She calls me. Oh, I wonder why.  
She wants me. Shall I go?  
Now is your time, my brain, to cry  
The often-practised *No*.

\* \* \* \*

Coronilla, I have passed you  
Seven times a day.  
Why do I always take my walk  
The southern way?

Although I hate your bitter reek,  
I still return, and still  
Long that your hidden voice may speak  
Against my wavering will.

Wait for me. I will come to-morrow.  
Must you have your way?  
Wait, then; I will come to-morrow.  
I am going home to-day.

\* \* \* \*

Coronilla! Coronilla!  
Are you here to-night?  
Seven times I've come to you  
By moonlight.

Now I must feel your tepid bloom.  
I'll twist your tendrils through my skin;  
So, if you have a shuttered room,  
Coronilla, let me in.

II

He cooled the hollow of his cheek,  
And filled it with the drowsy flower.  
He has become so gentle, weak,  
And feverish in her power.

Now all the sappy little leaves  
Are clinging to his frozen lips;  
And she has drawn the shutter back,  
And drawn him with her finger-tips.

The candles flicker in the room.  
He trembles by the wall.  
She gave him all and all again,  
But still he asks for all.

So one by one the candles droop  
And close their eyes and faint away.  
The yellow blooms begin to stoop:  
He has not noticed it is day.

III

Now he has laid his body down,  
And all his skin is silver pale;  
He'll never, never rise again:  
His muscles have begun to fail.

He's covered with a winding sheet.  
There's yet a little time to rave,  
Then he will hear the grains of earth  
Drip-dropping on his grave.

Yellow, yellow is the flower;  
Fatal is the bloom;  
And no one any time returned  
Who slept inside the shuttered room.

### *Solitude*

WHEN you have tidied all things for the night,  
And while your thoughts are fading to their sleep,  
You'll pause a moment in the late firelight,  
Too sorrowful to weep.

The large and gentle furniture has stood  
In sympathetic silence all the day  
With that old kindness of domestic wood;  
Nevertheless the haunted room will say:  
"Some one must be away."

The little dog rolls over half awake,  
Stretches his paws, yawns, looking up at you,  
Wags his tail very slightly for your sake,  
That you may feel he is unhappy too.

A distant engine whistles, or the floor  
Creaks, or the wandering night-wind bangs a door.

Silence is scattered like broken glass.  
The minutes prick their ears and run about,

Then one by one subside again and pass  
Sedately in, monotonously out.

You bend your head and wipe away a tear.  
Solitude walks one heavy step more near.

### *The Silent Pool*

#### I

I HAVE discovered finally to-day  
This house that I have called my own  
Is built of straw and clay,  
Not, as I thought, of stone.

I wonder who the architect could be,  
What builder made it of that stuff;  
When it was left to me  
The house seemed good enough.

Yet, slowly, as its roof began to sink,  
And as its walls began to split,  
And I began to think,  
Then I suspected it;

But did not clearly know until to-day  
That it was only built of straw and clay.

#### II

Now I will go about on my affairs  
As though I had no cares,  
Nor ever think at all  
How one day soon that house is bound to fall,  
So when I'm told the wind has blown it down  
I may have something else to call my own.

I have inquired who was the architect,  
What builder did erect.  
I'm told they did design  
Million and million others all like mine,  
And argument with all men ends the same:—  
It is impossible to fix the blame.

I am so glad that underneath our talk  
Our minds together walk.  
We argue all the while,  
But down below our argument we smile.  
We have our houses, but we understand  
That our real property is common land.

III

At night we often go  
With happy comrades to that real estate,  
Where dreams in beauty grow,  
And every man enjoys a common fate.

At night in sleep one flows  
Below the surface of all argument;  
The brain, with all it knows,  
Is covered by the waters of content.

But when the dawn appears  
Brain rises to the surface with a start,  
And, waking, quickly sneers  
At the old natural brightness of the heart.

Oh, that a man might choose  
To live unconsciously like beast or bird,  
And our clear thought not lose  
Its beauty when we turn it into word.

## IV

Those quarrellings between my brain and heart  
 (In which I'd take no part)  
 Pursue their violent course,  
 Corrupting my most vital force  
 So that my natural property is spent  
 In fees to keep alive their argument.

## V

Look downward in the silent pool :  
 The weeds cling to the ground they love;  
 They live so quietly, are so cool;  
 They do not need to think, or move.

Look down in the unconscious mind :  
 There everything is quiet too  
 And deep and cool, and you will find  
 Calm growth and nothing hard to do,  
 And nothing that need trouble you.

*Fate*

## I

**I** HAVE so often  
 Examined all this well-known room  
 That I inhabit.

There is the open window;  
 There the locked door, the door I cannot open,  
 The only doorway.

When at the keyhole often, often  
 I bend and listen, I can always hear  
 A muffled conversation.



An argument :  
An angry endless argument of people  
Who live behind;

Some loudly talking,  
Some dimly into separate conflict moving,  
Behind the door.

There they seemed prisoned,  
As I, in this lone room that I inhabit :  
My life; my body.

You, of the previous Being,  
You who once made me, and who now discuss me,  
Tell me your edict.

You, long ago,  
With doubting hands and eager trembling fingers,  
Prepared my room.

Before I came,  
Each gave a token for remembrance, left it,  
And then retired behind the bolted door.

*There* is the pot of honey  
One brought, and there the jar of vinegar  
On the same table.

Who poured that water  
Shining beside the flask of yellow wine?  
Who sighed so softly?

Who brought that living flower to the room?  
Who groaned—and I can ever hear the echo?  
—You do not answer.

Meanwhile from out the distance  
Sounds reach me as of building other houses :  
Men building houses.

And if they ever  
Should open up a doorway in the wall,  
And I pass onward,

What should I take them  
Beyond those doorways, in the other rooms?  
What shall I bring them,  
That they may love me?

Fatal question!  
For all the jangling voices rise together:  
"What should he take them?"

"What shall he take them?" . . .  
Through that locked door there is no final answer.  
They are debating, endlessly debating . . .

## II

O Fate! Have you no other gift  
Than voices in a muffled room?  
Why do you live behind a door,  
And hide yourself in gloom?

And why, again, should you not have  
One purpose only, one sole word,  
Ringing for ever round my heart:  
Plainly delivered, plainly heard?

Your conversation fills my brain  
And tortures all my life, and yet  
Gives nothing, and I often think  
You've grown so old, that you forget;

And having learnt man's fatal trick  
Of talking, talking, talking still,  
You're tired of definite design,  
And laugh at having lost your Will.

## *The Garden*

HE told me he had seen a ruined garden  
Outside the town.  
"Where? Where?"  
I asked him quickly.  
He said it lay toward the southern country;  
He knew the road well: he would take me there.

Then he sat down and talked  
About that garden.  
He was so grandly proud and sure of it,  
I listened all the evening to his talk.

And our glasses were emptied,  
Talking of it.  
We filled them and filled them again,  
Talking of it.

He said that no one knew  
The garden but himself;  
Though hundreds passed it day by day,  
Yet no one knew it but himself.

### I

The garden, it was long and wide  
And filled with great unconscious peace;  
All the old trees were tall and large,  
And all the birds—

The birds, he said, were like a choir  
Of lively boys,  
Who never went to school,  
But sang instead.

He told me of the trailing flowers  
Hung on the ruined walls;  
The rivers and their waterfalls;  
The hidden woods; the lawns; the bowers.

Small cool plantations; palm and vine,  
With fig-tree growing by their side,  
And violet and maidenhair  
And

## II

we were late in conversation  
Talking of that most wonderful garden,  
And filled our glasses again and again  
Talking about that beautiful garden,

Until he vowed in the middle of drink  
To lead me to-morrow to see it myself.  
We closed our hands on the pact.  
He vanished away through the dark.

## III

To-morrow, to-morrow, we start our walk.  
To-morrow is here and he meets me surely.  
Out from the city we go and pursue  
Mile after mile of the open road;

Come to a place of sudden trees,  
Pass it across the fields, then on  
By farmyards, through villages, over the downs :

Mile after mile we walk. He is pleased.  
Our feet become heavy with dust, and we laugh,  
And we talk all the while of our future delight.

## IV

He came upon the garden in the dusk;  
 He leaned against the wall:  
 He pointed out its beauties in the gloom.  
 We lay down weary in the shadow of elms,  
 And stared between their branches at the moon,  
 And talked about to-morrow and the garden.  
 I knew that everything he said was true,  
 For we were resting up against the wall.

## V

Oh hard awakening from a dream:  
 I thought I was in paradise.  
 He cooked the coffee we had brought,  
 Then looked about him.

We had not reached the wall, he found.  
 It was a little farther on.  
 We walked another mile or two,  
 And stood before the ruined gate.

He was not satisfied at all.  
 He said the entrance was not here.  
 I hardly understood his talk,  
 And so I watched him move about.  
 Indeed, it was the garden he had meant;  
 But not the one he had described.

## VI

Then suddenly from out his conversation  
 I saw it in the light of his own thought:  
 A phantom Eden shining  
 Placid among his dreams.

And he, with large eyes and with hands uplifted,  
 Cried: "Look, O look!" Indeed I saw the garden;

The ghostly palm and violet,  
Fig, maidenhair, and fountain;

The rivers and their flowered lawns; the gleaming  
Birds; and their song—I heard that clear I know.  
And silent, in amazement,  
We stared

Then both sat down beneath the wall and rested,  
And in our conversation  
Lived in the garden.

VII

“We’ll come again next week,” he said at last.  
“We have no leisure to explore it now;  
Besides we cannot climb this crumbling wall:  
Our gate is on the farther side, I know.  
We’d have to go right round, and even then  
I am not sure it’s open till the spring.  
I have affairs in town. If you don’t mind,  
We will go back directly. After all,  
The garden cannot run away, or change.  
Next week I’ll have more time, and, once inside,  
Who knows . . . Who knows? How very curious too,  
Hundreds of people pass it day by day  
Along that high road over there; the cars—  
Look at them! And the railway too! Well. Well,  
I’m glad that no one cares for Eden now.  
It would be spoilt so quickly. We’ll go back  
By train, if you don’t mind. I’ve walked enough.  
Look, there’s the station. Eh?”

VIII

I did not see that man again  
Until a year had gone or more.

I had not found him anywhere,  
And many times had gone to seek  
The garden, but it was not there.

One day along the country road  
There was he coming all alone.  
He would have passed me with a stare.  
I held his arm, but he was cold,  
And rudely asked me my affair.  
I said, there was a garden, I'd been told . . .

IX

Then suddenly came that rapture upon us;  
We saw the garden again in our mutual thought:  
Blue and yellow and green,  
Shining by day or by night.

“Those are the trees,” he said, “and there is the gateway.  
To-day, I think, it is open. And shall we not go there?”  
Quickly we ran in our joy;  
Quickly—then stopped, and stared.

*Real Property*

**T**ELL me about that harvest field.  
Oh! Fifty acres of living bread.  
The colour has painted itself in my heart.  
The form is patterned in my head.

So now I take it everywhere;  
See it whenever I look round;  
Hear it growing through every sound,  
Know exactly the sound it makes—  
Remembering, as one must all day,  
Under the pavement the live earth aches.

Trees are at the farther end,  
Limes all full of the mumbling bee :  
So there must be a harvest field  
Whenever one thinks of a linden tree.

A hedge is about it, very tall,  
Hazy and cool, and breathing sweet.  
Round paradise is such a wall  
And all the day, in such a way,  
In paradise the wild birds call.

You only need to close your eyes  
And go within your secret mind,  
And you'll be into paradise :  
I've learnt quite easily to find  
Some linden trees and drowsy bees,  
A tall sweet hedge with the corn behind.

I will not have that harvest mown :  
I'll keep the corn and leave the bread.  
I've bought that field; it's now my own :  
I've fifty acres in my head.  
I take it as a dream to bed.  
I carry it about all day. . . .

Sometimes when I have found a friend  
I give a blade of corn away.

### *Goldfish*

**T**HEY are the angels of that watery world.  
All innocent, they no more than aspire  
To move themselves about on golden fins.  
Or they can fill their paradise with fire  
By darting suddenly from end to end.



Their eyes stare out from far away behind,  
And cannot pierce the barrier of Mind.  
In the same house are they and we;  
Yet well might be  
Divided by a whole Eternity.

When twilight flows across the evening room  
And air becomes like water, you can feel  
Their movements growing larger in the gloom,  
And merging with the room, and you are brought  
Back where they live, the other side of thought.

Then in the morning, when the seven rays  
Of London sunlight one by one incline,  
They glide to meet them, and their gulping lips  
Suck the light in, so they are caught and played  
Like salmon on a heavenly fishing line.

### *Nightingale near the House*

**H**ERE is the soundless cypress on the lawn:  
It listens, listens. Taller trees beyond  
Listen. The moon at the unruffled pond  
Stares. And you sing, you sing.

That star-enchanted song falls through the air  
From lawn to lawn down terraces of sound,  
Darts in white arrows on the shadowed ground;  
While all the night you sing.

My dreams are flowers to which you are a bee,  
As all night long I listen, and my brain  
Receives your song, then loses it again  
In moonlight on the lawn.

Now is your voice a marble high and white,  
Then like a mist on fields of Paradise;  
Now is a raging fire, then is like ice,  
Then breaks, and it is dawn.

### *Midnight Lamentation*

WHEN you and I go down  
Breathless and cold,  
Our faces both worn back  
To earthly mould,  
How lonely we shall be;  
What shall we do,  
You without me,  
I without you?

I cannot bear the thought  
You, first, may die,  
Nor of how you will weep  
Should I.  
We are too much alone;  
What can we do  
To make our bodies one:  
You, me; I, you?

We are most nearly born  
Of one same kind;  
We have the same delight,  
The same true mind,  
Must we then part, we part;  
Is there no way  
To keep a beating heart,  
And light of day?

I could now rise and run  
Through street on street  
To where you are breathing—you,  
That we might meet,  
And that your living voice  
Might sound above  
Fear, and we two rejoice  
Within our love.

How frail the body is,  
And we are made  
As only in decay  
To lean and fade.  
I think too much of death;  
There is a gloom  
When I can't hear your breath  
Calm in some room.

O, but how suddenly  
Either may droop;  
Countenance be so white,  
Body stoop.  
Then there may be a place  
Where fading flowers  
Drop on a lifeless face  
Through weeping hours.

Is then nothing safe?  
Can we not find  
Some everlasting life  
In our one mind?  
I feel it like disgrace  
Only to understand  
Your spirit through your word,  
Or by your hand.

I cannot find a way  
Through love and through;  
I cannot reach beyond  
Body, to you.  
When you or I must go  
Down evermore,  
There'll be no more to say  
—But a locked door.

## *The Strange Companion*

(*A Fragment*)

**T**HAT strange companion came on shuffling feet,  
Passed me, then turned and touched my arm.

He said (and he was melancholy,  
And both of us looked fretfully,  
And slowly we advanced together)  
He said: "I bring you your inheritance."

I watched his eyes: they were dim.  
I doubted him, watched him, doubted him . . .  
But, in a ceremonious way,  
He said: "You are too grey:  
Come, you must be merry for a day."

And I, because my heart was dumb,  
Because the life in me was numb,  
Cried: "I will come. I *will* come."

So, without another word,  
We two jaunted on the street.  
I had heard, often heard,  
The shuffling of those feet of his,  
The shuffle of his feet.

And he muttered in my ear  
Such a wheezy jest  
As a man may often hear—  
Not the worst, not the best  
That a man may hear.

Then he murmured in my face  
Something that was true.  
He said: "I have known this long, long while,  
All there is to know of you."  
And the light of the lamp cut a strange smile  
On his face, and we muttered along the street,  
Good enough friends, on the usual beat.

We lived together long, long,  
We were always alone, he and I.  
We never smiled with each other;  
We were like brother and brother,  
Dimly accustomed.  
Can a man know  
Why he must live, or where he should go?

He brought me that joke or two,  
And we roared with laughter, for want of a smile,  
As every man in the world might do.  
He who lies all night in bed  
Is a fool, and midnight will crush his head.

When he threw a glass of wine in my face  
One night, I hit him, and we parted;  
But in a short space  
We came back to each other melancholy-hearted,  
Told our pain,  
Swore we would not part again.

One night we turned a table over  
The body of some slain fool to cover,

And all the company clapped their hands;  
So we spat in their faces,  
And travelled away to other lands.

I wish for every man he find  
A strange companion so  
Completely to his mind  
With whom he everywhere may go.

### *Week-end*

THE train! The twelve o'clock for Paradise.  
Hurry, or it will try to creep away.  
Out in the country everyone is wise:  
We can be only wise on Saturday.  
There you are waiting, little friendly house:  
Those are your chimney-stacks with you between,  
Surrounded by old trees and strolling cows,  
Staring through all your windows at the green.  
Your homely floor is creaking for our tread;  
The smiling teapot with contended spout  
Thinks of the boiling water, and the bread  
Longs for the butter. All their hands are out  
To greet us, and the gentle blankets seem  
Purring and crooning: "Lie in us, and dream."

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