

PROLOGUE.

THE EXILE.

“The Sun, surmounted by a red rose, shining on a mossy bank.”

OVER the western water lies a solar fire,
Rapt lives and drunken ecstasies of sad desire ;
Poppies and lonely flag-flowers haunt the desolate
Marsh-strand : the herons gaunt still contemplate
What was delight, is ruin, may breed love again,
Even as darkness breeds the day : when life is slain.

.

O who will hear my chant, my cry ; my voice who
hear,
Even in this weary misery, this danker mere,
Me, in mine exile, who am driven from yonder moun-
tains
Blue-gray, and highland airs of heaven, and moving
fountains ?
Me, who shall hear me ? Am I lost, a broken vessel,
Caught in the storm of lies and tossed, forbid to
wrestle ?
Shall not the sun rise lively yet, the rose yet bloom,
The crown yet lift me, life beget flowers on the tomb ?
I was born fighter. Think you then my task is
done,
My work, my Father's work for men, the rising sun ?
Who calls me coward ? Let them wait awhile ! Shall I
Bow down a loyal head to fate : despair and die ?
I hear the sea roll strong and pure that bore me far

From Méalfourvónie's scalp, gray moor and lonely
scour;

I hear the waves together mutter in counsel deep;
I hear the thunder the winds utter in broken sleep;
I hear the voices of four rivers crying aloud;
Four angels trumpet, and earth shivers: the heav-
ens shroud

Their faces in blank terror for the sound of them:
The mountains are disturbed and roar: the azure
hem

That laps all lands is broken, lashed in fiery foam,
And all God's thunderbolts are crashed—against
my home.

Written in heaven, written on earth, written in the
deep,

Written by God's own finger-birth; the stars may
weep,

The sun rejoice, that see at last His vengeance
strike;

The fury of destruction's blast; the fiery spike

As of an arrow of adamant, comet or meteor:

"The dog returneth to his vomit: the ancient
whore

That sitteth upon many waters, even she

That called together all her daughters upon the
sea;

That clad herself in crimson silk and robes of black
And gave men blood instead of milk; and made a
track

Of lives and gold and dust and death on land and
sea,

She is fallen, is fallen! Her breath I take to me.

That which I gave I take, and that she thought to
build,

I, even I, will break it flat: my curse fulfilled.

No stone of London soon shall stand upon another,

No son of her throughout the land shall know his
brother.

I will destroy her who is rotten: from the face

Of earth shall fail the misbegotten, root and race ;
And the fair country unto them again I give,
Whom in long exile men contemn: for they shall
live.”

Yea, they shall live! The Celtic race! Amen! And I
Give praise, and close mine eyes, cover my face,
and laugh—and die.