

## A LOST SPIRIT

*To Freda Wilson*

I PASS by darkened windy ways,  
Through bog and dripping heather;  
I flash before the silver rays  
The moon holds tight together.  
I sing beneath the waning moon;  
An ancient god-forgotten rune  
Springs to my lips to taste, and soon  
The way behind with light is strewn.

O silent city silver-lit,  
O rainy roads reflecting  
Tall houses where the old ghosts flit,  
Their shadows thin projecting  
Across my path—the street-lamps glare  
Before my soft eyes everywhere.  
Ah! men forget my face is fair,  
The tangled glory of my hair.

O sobbing wind! O hedges dark!  
O hills bereft and lonely!  
They've snatched the hidden boundary-mark,  
And left the ruins only.

Dimly the flickering shadows stray  
Across the lonely hill-side way:  
Why should I weep and howl and pray?  
They sleep, and wait the empty day.

O dream of the red olden time!  
    O clash of armour splendid!—  
A string of wind-begotten rime,  
    And all their pain was ended!  
O lonely sea! O lonely earth!  
O dying art of glorious mirth!  
My song, my song is little worth  
To bring their bastard seed to birth!

What need of me in thunder-flash?  
    What need in battle story?  
What need among the whitened ash  
    Of old far-winnowed glory?  
They call me not to birth-bed throes;  
Invoke me not with gold and rose;  
The summer wanes, the summer grows,  
They call me not from fire or snows.

I linger by the cottage-door  
    When twilight sings of sorrow;  
I flit around the gorse-strewn moor,  
    And all the gold I borrow.

But in mine eyes my doom is set,  
Yea! in their golden-glooming fret  
Is woven the divine regret,  
And ah! my birth-time is not yet.