

SONGS OF THE GROVES.







Of  
this edition  
five hundred and  
fifty copies have been  
printed on antique laid paper, and  
forty upon hand-made paper.  
Of the De Luxe issue  
this copy is  
number

SONGS OF THE GROVES.



SONGS  
OF THE GROVES :

*Records of the Ancient World.*



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*The olden Sun beyond the Hills  
Sinks, and the old Winds blow ;  
The same old splendid Passion thrills,  
The same new Splendours glow.  
Look back ! And may it be that you  
Find Life and Love and Joy anew !*

*Once they were ours ! They shall return :  
The same old Fires shall burn !*



To  
T. C. R.,  
my Colleague in many Enterprises,  
this Book  
is dedicated  
with the Author's  
profound Respect.

May 22, 1921.





There is no barque upon the stream,  
No single footfall goes or  
comes,  
But all the world glides by, a dream  
Of dimly muffled drums.

So, curtained in her lucent blue,  
She sleeps without a stir or  
stain ;  
And underneath her dream peeps through  
Dawn, like a silver vein.

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## PROEM.

*An introduction to the Book : Being an Invocation to  
the Night Sky.*

PROEM.

**F**ireflies glitter  
Where glow-worms dwell,  
Where thrushes twitter,  
In the green dell :  
In the blue night :  
In the silver light :

The mantle of the Night is drawn  
O'er lake and lawn for Earth's  
delight.

Dost thou not hear,  
O delicate curved ear?  
Sphere to sphere,  
World to world,  
Calls:  
Waterfalls  
Of light  
Are uncurled.  
Night  
Dwells among the blue spaces,  
In the wide places.  
Hast thou not heard?  
No solitary word  
Came:  
But all the spheres  
Met in a single Flame  
That flashed by  
Our ears  
Into the night sky.

There is  
But one Globe :  
She holds  
All this  
We call life  
In her robe.  
She unfolds  
All bliss :  
All strife :  
All fate :  
She is above  
Hate  
And love :  
She is ours ;  
From her spring  
All flowers  
That bloom,  
All birds  
That sing,

All words,  
All doom.  
Her name  
Is hidden in the Flame :  
This is the word  
I heard.  
Wherefore I unfold  
These songs of old.

The mantle of the Night is drawn  
O'er lake and lawn for Earth's  
delight.

SONGS OF THE GROVES.





CRETAN EPITHALAMIUM.

*Herein, in the cradle of Time, and at the dawn of Love, Joy is invoked upon the Marriage-bed: and a new Race summoned to gladden Earth, by the Will of the Gods.*

*It is Noon, the Hour of Ecstasy; Golden Babes are demanded from the Meridian Sun.*

*The Hymn is sung by a Chorus of Youths and Maidens, white-robed, their hair bound in gold fillets. The Priest's robe is purple, with gold embroideries.*

*The Marriage is celebrated in a Green Hollow, in a Recess of the Hills, near the Sea.*

CRETAN EPITHALAMIUMS.



In bluest light

Is born the great gold star ;

O sun of Night,

Pass, pass the noonday bar !

Noonday brings love below :

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

O sunny hour !

O gold-unfolding day !

Love's virgin flower

Today is cropt away :

At noon shall snap love's bow !

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

O golden June!  
    O myrtle-bearing sky!  
Soon, soon, ah! soon  
    The lovers close shall lie,  
        At noon new blood shall flow:  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho!

O tender doves!  
    Come with your amorous bills!  
O laughing loves!  
    Come bring your early thrills!  
        Ah! Why is noon so slow?  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Venus O Sweet!  
    Thy doves beneath thee tread!  
Mars, lend thine heat  
    Unto the nuptial bed!  
        Virgins love shall know!  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Jove, be it thine

To crown the nuptial pair!

Pour down thy wine

From thine Upper Air!

All love's wonder show!

O Hymen!

O Hymen!

O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Look there where she

Comes, the virgin maid!

Love's joyancy

To her heart be laid!

Fear be still her foe!

O Hymen!

O Hymen!

O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Oh, in white truth

Comes the youngling clad:

O groom, my youth,

Kiss her lips; be glad!

Swift be passion's flow!

O Hymen!

O Hymen!

O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Come ah ! come soon  
    Here in the sunny shade :  
Soon it is noon ;  
    Hasten to the glade !  
        Ah, Time ! thou lovers' foe ;  
        O Hymen !  
        O Hymen !  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho !

It is the hour !  
    Be noon's burden said !  
Love, be thy power  
    On the maiden's head !  
        May the ladslove grow !  
        O Hymen !  
        O Hymen !  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Sweet babes be yours !  
    Lucina, bravely bless !  
Love's race endures  
    All strain and stress !  
        Laughing babes shall glow !  
        O Hymen !  
        O Hymen !  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Joyance be yours,  
    At breast, at board, at bed,  
While love outpours  
    In sweet lustihead!  
        May love still bloom and blow!  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen!  
        O Hymen Hymen Ho!





DOWNWOOD.

*An Autumn Vesperal, the grey hues merging into  
Night and the distant sound of the Sea.*

*The Hills become blurred, a light Rain falls, and  
before the final Darkness there is a Vision of light low-browed  
men scudding amongst the gorse. Mingles with the dream of  
forgotten Races, there is a motif of Reminiscence and a  
Fireside.*

## DOWNWOOD.



ow evening sways

The boisterous sighing elms,  
And the wind overwhelms

The barren hilly ways.

It is sobriety of earth,

The call

Of old dim ways to birth :

The fall

Of leaves ; the nakedness of trees,

The breeze

Over the hills : an homily

Of the strong sea.

Swaying : swaying : swaying :

Dead leaves go and go,

Slow,

Slow blown by eddies of wind

Playing, playing,

Thinned, thinned,

Cold as a drift of snow

In an old barn at evening,

When fires are far,  
And a single pale star  
Shines, and a wing  
Flutters in the hedge.  
So darkness may bring  
The world's edge,  
Blue fading to grey,  
With a solitary raven  
Over bare fields :  
Away and away  
To the haven  
That yields  
Warm love, warm  
From the dull evening storm.  
There are pools on the hills,  
Fearsome in evening light :  
A breeze thrills and thrills  
Them at night.  
The distance is white  
And grey.  
It is a long way  
Over to the sea.  
Gulls fly over  
From some pebbly cover  
Sighingly ; suddenly.  
And suddenly wheatears arise  
From a chalky place :  
Like a shot before the eyes  
Like a flash before the face.

Who comes here must love lone  
Places :  
Where long-forgotten bone  
Lies in the old spaces.  
Death itself lives here.  
The delicate panic fear  
Is all around.  
No sound  
But is strange, out of time.  
The ear  
Never reaches to the rime ;  
The eye  
Sees the idea die.  
It is evening,  
Night :  
The tune  
The winds sing  
Is an old rune  
Of an old rite.  
Here,  
In some long-dead year,  
They worshipped, little forgotten men,  
Forgotten things.  
Then  
Forgotten wings  
Fluttered.  
They live today  
In memory,  
Rising grey,

Unuttered,  
From the eternal sea  
Of man's mind,  
Where everything dwells  
That lived: blind  
Forces,  
Obsolete spells,  
Like mountainous horses  
Bearing  
Vast iron bells.  
Flaring, flaring  
The old lights are dim:  
Staring  
Over the great grey rim,  
I go  
To my desire  
By the warm fire.  
But I know  
The dream was true.  
And stars come through:  
But still,  
My cheek upon my hand,  
Looking into the hearth-flame,  
I stand  
On the old hill,  
Chill,  
In a forgotten land  
With an unknown name.

INTERMEZZO.



*The Virgin of the World appears at the Spring Equinox: as a Promise for the ensuing Year. Her Garment is formed of the whole Body of renewed Life.*

*The Vision passes to the sound of growing Flowers and mating Birds.*

## INTERMEZZO.



It is serene  
Blue of the morning,  
Large in her lenity :  
Light in her grey :  
Soft in her green :  
New  
In her serenity,  
Old in adorning.  
Such is the dew,  
Such is the day.  
She is seen  
As a veil of desire—  
At the fringe of a fire—  
As the heart of a lyre.  
She is mine  
In serene  
Lightness : the wine  
From an old stone jar :  
A star  
As green

As the heart of a well  
Of mossy stone,  
When bubbles swell  
In a monotone  
From the under-spring.

She is a wing,  
A miracle  
Of unshed light :  
A spell,  
She shall tell  
Of the white  
Hue of delight :  
The hue  
Of morning is mine,  
As true  
As a light  
In the night.  
She is mine !  
She is wine  
From a flagon of jade  
In the white  
Hand of a maid,  
A shell  
Of diaphanous pearl,  
To rise,  
To swell,  
To rest

On the breast  
Of a girl  
With laughing feet,  
With dancing eyes.

It was a bird,  
Fluting-fleet,  
Heard  
In the growing  
Of wheat :  
In the blowing  
Of an unremembered  
Word.  
Sweet  
As the flame  
Of an embered  
Forest-fire.

O silver wire  
Of the lyre !  
O blue desire  
Of the lute !  
The flute  
Of day is mine  
It is secret wine  
To float

Away  
On a note,  
A ray  
Of a secret day.

They shall know  
Hereafter  
The flow  
Of laughter,  
Here,  
In the clear  
Of the year !

Here,  
I have heard  
The word :  
The rolling  
Sphere :  
The bird  
Of time :  
The bell  
Trolling  
That miracle—  
That rime—

So :  
It is ended,  
Blended,  
To go  
Anew  
Into the green,  
Blue,  
Serene  
Adorning  
Of morning.

What sound awoke us ?  
The rose of spring  
Cried to the crocus :  
The starlings sing :  
Snowdrops push,  
And the hawthorn bush  
Is budded again.  
Studded again,  
The fields are ours :  
Flowers !  
It is serene  
Blue :  
It is green  
Anew :  
The adorning  
Of morning.



PLATO'S LOVE-SONG.



*Of the Dependence of Love upon the Will: because of the One Underlying Unity.*

*Love as the Thread that binds Life to Life, showing its Identity with Philosophy.*

*No Love but the Highest worthy of the Olympian Crown. Love and Philosophy the twin Paths that meet there.*

*Of the Final Marriage of Love with Philosophy through means of the Will.*

PLATO'S LOVE-SONG.



Where are the Islands of the West?  
A mirage of the Western Sea.  
What is the image in your breast?  
A foolish shadowing of me.  
What is the meaning of the sun  
That shines upon the floating meadow?  
When thou and I and it are one,  
Ah! We shall know that sun a shadow!

What is the sun? And what am I?  
Your eyes are blind; your soul is dazed:  
You cannot gaze upon the sky;  
And when you gaze, your thoughts are  
crazed.

But I! Oh, from the Western Steep  
I came to seek the Soul of Man:  
And if I find it when I sleep,  
Awake, I'll know the Olympian plan.

Come then to me. The stars are high :  
    The earth is deep : the moon drops dew :  
Swift Hermes floats along the sky,  
    From Jove to me, from me to you.  
I should despair of power and peace,  
    Were I alone to sigh, to sift  
The silly from the wise in Greece ;  
    In you I see the shadows shift.

Birth is a dream ? Then shall we wake !  
    The sun's a shadow ? Cast by what ?  
Never the poet's heart shall break  
    While life shall ask, and answer not.  
My curiosity shall still  
    Awake, and reawaken yet,  
Until I climb the Sacred Hell ;  
    And even so, shall I forget ?

Shall I forget ? If I forget  
    I shall know nothing : only this ;  
That I must live again, and yet  
    Forgo awhile the Jovial kiss  
Till I return. I question still  
    If any of my dreams be true.  
I scale the stern Olympian Hill,  
    Alone : and yet I long for you.

Come then to me : and you and I  
Mayhap shall know when we are one !  
There is a sheltering : the Sky ;  
There is a centre : called the Sun.  
Separate life and separate Will  
Leave something still in our desire ;  
Look ! on the high Olympian Hill  
The Sun burns on : a single Fire :

A single Flame fills all the earth ;  
A single Sun fills all the blue ;  
A single death, a single birth,  
Suffice us not. Let me with you  
Discover if there be a way  
Separate from that path, above  
The plains of earth ; the high gods say,  
There is a Way : the Way of Love.



THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.  
FROM THE GREEK OF BION OF SMYRNA.

*Of the slaying of Adonis the Spring by the Black Boar of Winter. Nature the Mother laments him, bewailing the fate of her Beloved.*

*The immemorial Tragedy of Love, and of the Doom of the year—Death ever pursuing Life—is here shown.*

## THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.



For dead Adonis now be my bewailing :  
Oh, beautiful Adonis ! he is dead !  
The Loves lament Adonis now ; all lone is  
The Cyprian ; she rises in her railing  
All somberly ; she sleeps in goodlihead  
Of purple now no more : for dead Adonis  
She strikes her breasts : nay, Venus : be it known  
To the wide world thou wailest lost Adon.

I wail Adonis, and the Loves accord  
To wail with me ; in the mountains he is lain  
Lowly ; a tusk, a snowy tusk, hath gored  
His snowy thigh : in his last dying pain  
Faintly he sobs, to Cytherea's woe,  
As black blood trickles down the flesh of snow.  
Dull grow the eyes beneath his lids ; the rose  
Faieth his lip, and with the rose doth flit  
The kiss that Venus clingingly bestows,  
Sweet to her, though he dies ; he hath not wit  
Aught of her kiss, but dies unknowing it.



I wail Adonis : all the Loves despair.  
Ah, cruel, cruel is the hurt that is  
In Adon's thigh! Alas! greater than his  
The wound the Cytherea's breast doth bear.  
Around him are his faithful hounds at moan,  
With Oread nymphs bewailing; and the zone  
Of Aphrodite's locks is loosed : she roves,  
Unsandalled, sad, unkempt, the oaken groves.  
And brambles pluck her as she goes, to cull  
Her sacred blood, who, shrilling-wailing by,  
Is hurtled through the valleys dreary-dull.  
On her Assyrian Lord shrill-piercingly  
She calls, wailing her stripling-love anew :  
Around his belly black blood gushes high—  
Adonis' paps grow crimson from his thigh ;  
His snow-pure breasts take on their purple hue.

Woe! woe! to Cytherea. In her wailing  
Mingle the Loves ; her beauteous boy has passed  
From her ; with him her radiant shape must go.  
Soft was her glory until Adonis' failing!  
With Adon's dying might no longer last  
The Cyprian's joyous splendour : woe! ah, woe!  
Now all the oakenshaws and mountains mourn  
Adonis : woe! ah, woe! and rivers gush  
For pain of Aphrodite, and the hill-born  
Springs weep Adon, sorrowful blossoms blush,  
As through the cities and the woody verges  
Goes Cytherea chanting mourning-dirges.

Woe! woe! to Cytherea. Fair Adon  
Is dead: and Echo 'Fair Adon is dead'  
Replies. Who had stayed griefless that had known  
Venus' most lamentable love? She knows  
The irrevocable wound, the blood that flows  
Red on his paling thigh. With arms outspread.  
She whispers: Adon, stay! Stay, Adon mine,  
O hapless! that one last time I may hold thee!  
That one last time my circling arms may fold thee  
That so my lips may intermix with thine.  
Stir, my Adonis, feebly as thou mayst,  
Grant me, for this last time, to be embraced  
Of thee: nay, kiss me even while there dwells  
Breath in thee still, till from thy soul there wells  
Thy spirit into my lips, into my heart,  
And I have sucked thine essence to mine own,  
Thy sweet love-core, to be treasured even as part  
Of thee, since thou must fly me, mine Adon.  
Far dost thou fly, even to Acheron,  
My Adonis, and its hard and bitter King;  
I, hapless Goddess, live, nor may I flee  
Whither thou flee'st! Take then, Persephone,  
My lover, since to thee each beauteous thing  
Must fare! Alas! What is my strength to thine?  
I stay all comfortless; stark grief is mine  
Exhaustlessly. I fear thee. And I moan  
—Woe to me! He is dead!—for mine Adon.  
Ah! Dost thou die, my thrice-desirable?  
Then, as a dream, desire hath fled away;

Venus is widowed ; in my house today  
The Loves are idle, there is no more spell  
In the zone of Aphrodite ! What could spur  
Thy rashness to the chase ? Why didst thou dare  
To strive with beasts, who wast so heavenly-fair ?  
So Venus wailed, and the Loves wailed with her.

Woe ! Woe ! to Venus : fair Adon is dead ;  
Her tears vie with the stream that flow from him flows :  
The earth grows flowered ; from her tears doth spread  
The anemone, and from his blood the rose.

I wail Adon ; the fair Adon is slain !  
O Cyprian ! No more bewail thy swain  
In the oakenshaws. There is a fair couch spread ;  
Yea ! For Adonis is a leafy bed  
Awaiting. In this bed of thine is lain  
Adonis ; fair as ever, being dead ;  
As though he slept, Adonis' goodlihead  
Still lingers. Lay him in the tender raiment  
Wherein erewhile he slept ; wherein he sped  
In holy slumbers through the night's betrayalment  
Embedded goldenly with thee : pine yet  
After the sorrowful Adonis. Be  
The crowns, the blossoms, cast on him ! they fret  
To fading, yea ! all fade to death since he  
Died. Scatter nard and myrtle leaves upon him !  
Cast myrrh on him ! may all soft odours die

With Adon's scent! the purple vestures don him  
—The delicate Adonis! Wailingly  
The weeping Loves surround him, for his sake  
Shorn of their locks: one with his feet doth break  
His arrows; and beneath his feet one flings  
His bow to trample; one tears up his quiver  
All fully-feathered: one's hand would deliver  
Adonis' foot of its sandal; another brings  
Water in golden ewers; one doth mind him  
To bath Adonis' thighs, and one behind him  
Brings air unto Adonis with his wings.

For Cytherea wail the Loves: all torches  
Are quenched by Hymenæus at their porches;  
Tattered the nuptial-wreath. Hymen is sung.  
Is sung no more. O Hymen! Woe! ah, woe!  
The wail arises: and the Graces tongue  
The lamentable 'Woe! ah, woe! Adon!'  
Cinyras' son they wail; more grief they know  
Even than Hymenæus; and they tell  
Each unto each, in a more shrilly tone  
Than Dione's Daughter's: 'Beautiful Adon  
Is dead!' 'Adon! Adon!' the Muses' spell  
Rises: in vain they call; he may not know  
Return; with Proserpine he still must dwell.  
O Cytherea! Cease today thy woe:  
Leave thy lamentings, for new griefs shall swell  
In a new year; anew thy tears shall flow.



AN HYMN TO DIANA.

*Of the worship of Diana; the Tragedy of Woman in the Creation of Form. The Secret of the Eremite, who may attain but by Renunciation.*

*Division the Cause of all Life; and hence the Cause of the End of all Worlds.*

*A Lament for Virginitie, which is lost in vain, being Unattainable save by a new Birth.*

AN HYMN TO DIANA.



he dials of the night have shown  
The hour of moon-dawn: soon  
The glamour of the Silver Stone  
Will pierce cold earth. Ah, moon,  
My moon: when cold and cold  
shall meet,  
There shall be love: and love is  
heat.

Pine-trees are murmuring in the woods  
Of Night: the winds are chill;  
Do you recall the strange old moods,  
Diana? Are you still  
The lady of the secret shrine  
Where once you loved me, and  
were mine?



Do you recall as I recall ?

For I remember still  
An old dark rushing waterfall  
By a green somber hill,  
Or somber then it seemed to be,  
Until you came to ravish me.

It is so old, it is so old

I know not now a time  
When it was not : old lives untold  
Beneath their gift of rime.  
And I remember as I write  
The gift of thee, the gift of night.

From out a multitude of sounds,

From worlds of dream and deed,  
An olden singing-band surrounds  
The bursting of the seed.  
Your seed is spent, Diana ; you  
Are queen of Dream : your dreams  
are true.

It was the shadow of a hill,

The whisper of a pine,  
The singing of a star, a chill  
That crept along my spine,  
That made me yours, and gave  
me you ;  
You are a dream, and you are true

Night-blue and serpent-silver rayed  
    Around you, as you came  
Betwixt the pillars : and a shade  
    Fell far, to hide your shame,  
        When you descended unto me,  
        A triumph of virginity.

So dreams come true ! So Virgins give  
    The prophets' gift of song !  
I, that was once a fugitive,  
    On your old shame grow strong !  
        And yet, ah ! for my peace of Will,  
        I would you were a virgin still.

Still must the poet follow dreams ;  
    They turn to life : he dies,  
Yet sees in all the starry streams  
    New worlds, new prophecies :  
        He may not strive in act, for still  
        He watches the evolving Will.

Foolish they be who follow stars,  
    Mad, they who long for thee ;  
Sorer than any earth-born scars  
    Is thy virginity  
        To him to whom thou givest it :  
        This is the end of woe and wit.

Once, only once, may man know thee ;  
Hence poets die in pain  
For lack of that virginity  
That, knowing, they were slain  
For knowing. O inverted Will!  
I, having known, would know  
thee still.

But once ! And though the world should crack,  
And be, dead Moon, as thee,  
The wandering spirit would come back  
And yearn : and the Great Sea  
Should quench not all his fires of  
love  
For thee, dead in thy Sacred  
Grove.

For thou wast slain in planet-birth :  
Take hence revenge on man !  
Thou 'wilderest with thy dreams the earth ;  
On poets is thy ban.  
Thy prophets men must slay  
anew,  
For that they see thy dreams are  
true.

Be thy dominion still on us,  
    Actæons of our age ;  
Slain still be Beauty, dolorous  
    In thine immortal rage.  
        Raped by the Sun, thou slayest  
                                    them  
        Who serve beneath His diadem.

O Moon, immortal in thy death,  
    Mortal, thou livest still,  
Still, still to tempt our amorous breath  
    To pierce thy virgin Will.  
        As woman still dost thou return,  
        And for thine ice we burn ! we  
                                    burn !

Slay ! Slay ! It must be ! From thine ice  
    Are kindled all our fires :  
There is no man may know thee twice,  
    O Virgin ! As our sires,  
        Shall we be slain by the  
                                    moon-breath :  
    Unknowing thee, be ours sweet  
                                    death.

In death shall we return to thee !  
    Here, by the somber Hill,  
Be wasted my virginity  
    To thine immortal Will.  
        O Will perverse ! unending swoon !  
        Immortal death with thee,  
                    O Moon !

Leave, leave thy shadows : it is said,  
    Thy rede ; immortal still,  
Thy song is sung : thy fire is dead,  
    Moonfire, the waste of Will.  
        O dread Diana ! Shade thy light,  
        Lest man should grow Herma-  
                    phrodite.

DRUIDS.

*A Memory of an old Sacrifice. The sacred Victim is slain for an Omen. It is the End of an Age: being released the Ghost foretells the Passing of the old Worship, the Death of his cult.*

*The Sacrifice is made at the Summer Solstice, at Night.*

## DRUIDS.

**I**n the soul's twilight broods the glittering core  
Of wonder; all the stirring of the sea  
At dawn, and all the yearning of the shore  
At evening, and all the mystery  
Of Time, at odds with his eternity.  
Wherefore the shadows as they lift anew  
From the waking mind disclose the ancient woods;  
The white-robed Masters stare into the blue  
Entrails of ravens: as dim multitudes  
Of strange souls gather round, to watch the moods  
Of large and yellow-silver flames of fire,  
And brown-grey smoke, and perfumes of sweet  
breath.

Even so lightly once I struck the lyre  
At evening, before a magic death.  
Back from my breast I drew the heavy robe,  
Baring the curving belly, the sun's globe.  
The silver knife was over me: I lay  
In ecstasy of life-in-death: away  
Faded the silly world: again I knew



The source of living, as they shaved the hair,  
From breast and belly and all; luminous blue  
Swathed round me; I was dead, no longer there  
Before the knife had split my navel: far  
Away I heard arise the ancient prayer,  
Scarcely I knew a pang. From some dim star  
I saw: and how they caught the scarlet flood  
That pulsed from gasping thighs: I saw the blood  
Crimson the flame. Then suddenly there fell  
The old god's glory on me. Earth was mud,  
And I was swimming, easy as the spell  
The priestly voices roared. Then, a white flash,  
I stood before the flame, like living ash  
Gifted with speech. The song died down, and I  
Was the sole voice of that tremendous sky  
Over the sacred wood. Now I knew all  
The Druid mystery: the festival  
Of blood was bared. It was my blood that gave  
The answer of the night, the bitter call  
Of death, responding of the restless wave  
To life. Around me stared a living wall  
Of waiting, hungry shadows, by that flame  
Tempted to the old life. I was a lord  
Of shadows, and a god. Then the Voice roared:  
Speak! And I saw my body's last blood-spasm  
As the old priests bent over it. A name  
They skirled. Should I reply? I saw a chasm  
Before the Altar, invisible to all  
Of flesh. Then flared the thought: The altar's dead.

Then came the word: Woe! was the word I said;  
It was an age's end. I saw them fall,  
Fearful beneath a towering grey of sky;  
This was the omen: Woe. An age to die,  
I the last victim. So I passed from them  
For ever, and I haunted the dark hem  
Of the forest, for an age ere birth to rove,  
The Sacred Victim of an Holy Grove.  
Then was I born anew; from that old birth  
I culled this vision of forgotten earth.



PHILOMEL.

*The Mythos of the Nightingale singing in the dark woods  
by a Fountain : the song tells of the Legend of Daulis, and of  
Pandion of Athens. Of the Moon-spell and of Love Forgotten.  
And of the Ultimate Triumph of Love.*

*The Water gleams and bubbles in the Moonlight :  
the trilling Nightingale sings on of her Passion : it is the  
Hour before Dawn on a Summer's Night.*

## PHILOMEL.



he spell of Philomel :  
The moon through dark groves :  
Wandering loves :  
Such is the Spell.

Over the fallows  
The sun has sunken deep :  
The full moon has shown  
Alone :  
Now no star hallows  
With silver light  
The sleep  
Of Night.

It was delight  
Of swaying trees—  
Elms, pines, cypresses ;

A huge fountain, pale  
In somber moonlight, gleamed  
Always. Philomel's tale  
Was dreamed.  
Moonrays slid sparkling,  
Darkling,  
Into the live water.

Pandion's daughter  
Roves: roves: roves  
The sacred groves.  
Her blood is pale  
As the tale  
Of a virgin dying,  
Lying  
In yellow roses  
And dark violets.

The wind never closes  
Her song.  
Never, never she forgets,  
She who wanders  
Long:  
Buried in her regrets  
She ponders  
This mystery of Night  
Without a star.

Far,  
Far away  
On the edge  
Of the earth,  
On a ledge  
Overlooking the resounding sea,  
Beyond night and day,  
Above moon and sun,  
Her thoughts run  
Back, always back  
To the black  
Unutterable doom  
She knew, she knew once :  
From the old Tomb  
Her orisons  
Return,  
To burn,  
To burn her once again.  
All her men  
Pass before her,  
Save him she seeks :  
They adore her,  
Yet she never speaks ;  
She waits, waits.  
Shall the dark Fates  
Restore her ?  
He is not there :  
He is dead.  
Where ?



Overhead  
Is no star  
To guide her.  
Beside her  
Is the still  
Water, chill,  
Far, far  
Sunken in the light  
Of the great solitary Moon.

This is the night  
Whereunder Philomel  
Weeps.  
This is the spell,  
This is the noon  
Whereunder Night sleeps.

Philomel  
In the dark groves :  
The spell  
Of the lost loves  
Trilling, trilling, trilling  
Shrill and shrill  
Throughout the willing  
Softness of Night.

O dark hill  
Of delight, delight !  
O white,  
Still  
Splendour  
Of the moon !  
Tender, tender  
In the rune  
On her pale shield.  
It is night :  
The dark field  
Grows bright.  
O delight, delight !  
Ye shall never yield !  
It is night : night  
And love's delight  
Are over  
The dark field,  
In the clover,  
Amidst the grass.  
Pass ! Pass  
Into the pale moon  
Never.  
Stay strewn  
Forever  
Beneath the dark hills  
In the pale fields :  
It thrills and thrills,

The song :  
Long and long,  
Nor ever yields.

Ah ! It is Love's delight :  
The spell  
Of Philomel  
At night.

THE WOOING.  
FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

*A young Shepherd and his Maiden discourse of Love and Marriage: he offering, she withholding.*

*Eventually, after an exchange of views and vows, she yields to his Passion, whereupon she retires, shamefaced but happy, he rejoicing at his Victory.*

THE WOOING.

*DAPHNIS.*

*A MAIDEN.*



neither rural Paris came, and Helen chaste

was missing :

“Wiser is my Helen ; she stays, her  
Paris kissing.”

“ You needn’t boast, you Satyr ; vain are kisses,  
they say true.”

“ But I find a satisfaction, even vainly  
kissing you.”

“ Pooh to you ! I wipe my lips ! Where are your  
kisses then ? ”

“ And Pooh to you ! For when they’re dry I’ll take  
your lips agen.”

“ Go and kiss your heifers, not a virgin girl like me.”

“ You silly thing! Your youth will fly, and then  
where will you be? ”

“ When grapes are dried they’re raisons ; rose-leaves  
dead are just a glory.”

“ Come here beneath the olive-trees, and listen to my  
sad story.”

“ No, thank you! You have told your tale to me  
before today.”

“ Well, come beneath the elm-trees, then, and hear  
my pan-pipes play.”

“ To me your pipe is weary woe ! Play to yourself,  
an’t please you.”

“ Aha ! Remember you’re a maid ! Let fear of Venus  
sieve you.”

“ Away with Venus ! Artemis ! On her my soul is  
set ! ”

“ Beware of what you speak, or you’ll be tied in  
Venus’ net ! ”

“ A fig for Venus ! Once again Diana’s will shall  
stand.

“ —But you’ll find my teeth-marks in your lip if you  
don’t remove your  
hand ! ”

“ Flee not Eros ! For never maid has been of love  
distrustful ! ”

“ By Pan, I flee him easily ! It’s you who’re slave and  
lustful ! ”

“ I fear lest he deliver thee to a more unworthy  
lover. ”

“ Many have wooed me, but not one whom I could  
love all over. ”

“ I, too, one out of many swains, I too have come  
a-wooing. ”

“ What would you have, my gentle swain ? What’s  
yoking but undoing ? ”

“ No pain or pine in yoking ! Wedded lovers dance  
for joyance ! ”



“ Ah! But they say that women fear their masters’  
angry bouyance.”

“ The flat reverse is true : there is no word of  
women-scaring.”

“ But I dread to bear a baby, for Lucina’s dart is  
tearing.”

“ Be Artemis your goddess : she will aid you in your  
rigour.”

“ But I fear the woes of bearing, lest I lose my lissome  
figure.”

“ By the bearing of free children a new life-light you  
will shed.”

“ What are the offerings whereby you’ll grace my  
bridal-bed ? ”

“ All my groves and pasture fields I bring, and all  
my flock.”

“ Swear it, lest when it’s done you go, and leave me  
for a mock.”

“ By Pan, I swear I’ll never go, though you yourself  
implore me ! ”

“ And will you build a house and stalls and a wedding-  
chamber for me ? ”

“ You shall have your wedding-chamber ; and the  
flocks I tend are  
glorious ! ”

“ What shall I tell mine aged sire, if he should grow  
uproarious ? ”

“ Ah ! When he hears my name he’s certain to approve  
your plighting.”

“ Pray tell me then, what is your name, for some  
names are exciting.”

“ Daphnis. Nomæa bore me, and my father’s  
Lycidas.”

“ A goodly stock, but mine it does not any ways  
surpass.”

“ Well, you yourself aren’t noble, since Menalcas is  
your sire.”

“ And now you’ll show me round your fields, and  
which way lies your  
byre?”

“ Oh, come and see how green my slender cypress-  
trees all stand.”

“ My goats, feed on ; I’m going just to see my  
shepherd’s land.”

“ Feed on, my bulls. I’ll show my maiden how my  
pastures grow.”

“ Remove your hand, you satyr ; do not seek my  
blossoms so !”

“ Just a first glance ! Oh! I must see those snowy  
flowers of mine !”

“ O Pan ! O Pan ! I’m fainting ! Take away that  
hand of thine !”

“ Darling, look up ! Don’t tremble so ! Why fear your  
Lycidas ?”

“ Oh, Daphnis ! I shall spoil my robe, it’s filthy on  
this grass.”

“ But—just see here !—the softest fleece over your  
robe I’ve thrown.”

“ Ah me! Oh! Don’t undo my belt! Why do you  
loose my zone?”

“ Because the Paphian Queen must have it for an  
offering.”

“ Some one will come! I hear a noise! Leave off  
you cruel thing!”

“ A noise? My cypresses: they murmur how my  
darling weds.”

“ Oh, I am bare! You’ve torn my robe into a string  
of shreds!”

“ A better robe I’ll give you soon; a larger robe I’ll  
buy.”

“ Oh, yes! You’ll give me all, when soon salt even  
you’ll deny.”

“ Oh, could I pour my soul into you for your dear  
delight!”

“ Forgive, O Artemis, forgive your faithless  
acolyte.”

“ Venus shall have an ox ; a calf for Cupid I will  
burn.”

“ A virgin came I hither, but a woman shall  
return.”

“ The nurse, the mother, of my babes, now never  
more a maid.”

So with young limbs entwined in love all joyously  
they played,  
Soft-murmuring each to each ; then from their secret  
couch they leap :  
She, when she had arisen, went away to feed her  
sheep ;  
Shame was in her eyes, but her heart beat high  
above :  
Joyous, he went to feed his flocks, glad from the bed  
of love.

PANTHEA.

*A Tribute to Universal Nature, the Mother of all things, and the Source of all Life.*

*A Song of Woman and her Gifts: the Form Side of Earth, wherethrough Life enters and re-enters.*

*Of the Renewal of all Nature in the divine Motherhood of all Worlds. A Song of the Great Sea.*

PANTHEA.



Leave thou the Islands of thy rearing : come  
Unto the shadowy pools ; Night's silver ring  
Chains thee. Art thou not charmed ? does  
evening  
Not make thee silent ? Yea : for thou art dumb  
Here in thy Forest. Here are silences  
Profounder than deep breath. Thou canst not hear  
Even the murmur of the Atmosphere  
Borne on the wings of the delightful breeze  
Of Night. The vermeil shadows change for thee,  
For thee all form takes wing ; the hour is fled ;  
There is no breath of life : all life is dead  
Because of thee, and thy fair symmetry.  
Have I not passed upon thy way ? Have I  
Not been within thee, and spent out my soul  
In thee ? Immortal, art thou not the whole  
Of life, for whose sole lack all life would die ?  
Thou art the Way to life ; from thee shall spring  
What is to come ; and in thy depths are laid  
The Virgin's death : the passing of the Maid.



The fur, the down, the wings ; yea ! Everything  
Is thine. And I, because indeed I love thee,  
Because in joy I make myself thy slave,  
Yearn utterly for thy warm, sheltering cave :  
And entering find thy strange, dark moss above thee,  
The scented down of love. Thy scent is sweeter  
Than virgin honey from an earthly maid ;  
Soon shall I enter in thine evening shade,  
And my rime fade into the unerring metre  
Of thine eternal Song. Art thou not deep  
As time ? Is not thy touch more ripely rare  
Than even the frondage of thy maidenhair ?  
Dost thou not bring at last the sweetest sleep  
Wherefrom man wakes ? Therefore I worship thee  
In thine own woods : therefore I celebrate  
Thee, who art lady of Love, and friend of Fate,  
Who bringest all my fiercest joy to me.  
What rhytmth is like thine ? Earth's pulses beat  
In thee : the heart of love thou art. Thy touch  
Brings life to softest birth : ah, grip ! ah, clutch  
Thy lover in thy force : lend him thy heat,  
That, in thy soft entrancements lying dead,  
He may arise anew, seek thee again :  
Whence shall come glorious maids and laughing  
men,  
To clasp and kiss. Is not thy hue more red

Than dawn's? Doth not thy tongue bring forth  
more joy  
Than any song of man's? Dost thou not bouy  
Men's souls with beauty? Are thy lips not fed  
With man's fierce love? Maiden of Fate and Time,  
I worship in truth and spirit: come to me  
Who adore thee: I would give my soul to thee  
For one swift echo of thee, one true rime  
Of love. Come then! In thine enchanting cave  
Thy lover spends his life for thee, my sweet  
Immortal one! Thy lover at thy feet  
Is lying now; nor vainly shall he crave  
Thy wine, thy scent, thy touch. No more! For soon  
Deep night must come, and I from hence shall pass  
Over thy dewy woods, thy murmuring grass,  
To lie at ease in thine enchanted swoon,  
O lady of the Mirage and the Moon,



GOLD NIGHT.

*An evening song of Egypt. The Mother-Spell  
broods over Sea and Palms.*

*The Singer is lounging against a white, low Wall,  
watching the Shadows, as they descend from the Hills upon  
the orange-lighted City. As the stars grow more numerous  
he goes in search of Love.*

## GOLD NIGHT.



bove the cupolas,  
And wide white domes  
Of coloured stars,  
Bubastis smiles  
Upon the wide grey sea  
That foams, foams  
Endlessly, endlessly.  
Red tiles  
Are orange beneath that sky.  
Strange stars are high,  
The evening hymn sinks down,  
Below  
The white town  
Aglow,  
The white town  
Of Queen Bubastis,  
That lies  
Under dark indigo skies :  
The splash, the hiss  
Of the sea :  
A wavering kiss

Of old melody :  
A strange bliss  
Of the olden Mistress  
Of the Old Land.  
The gold sand :  
The brown hand :  
The gold globe  
Of even  
In her sapphire robe :  
The stylus is calm ;  
Like a bereaven  
Ghost  
The wind sighs, sighs  
By the Grove of Palm,  
By the host  
Of wavelets that sing  
Their luminous psalm  
To the silver eyes.

O wing  
Of the slow  
Ibis  
Of the island !  
There is bliss  
Of love  
In lowland below,  
In highland  
Above !

Thence come the brown girls  
With wide nostrils  
And great eyes :  
Thence come the green pearls  
Without a flaw  
That the yellow oyster  
Spills.  
There lies  
The cave-cloister  
Of the Lord of Law.  
But the lowland  
Is a land of quietness  
And of green, happy peace ;  
There is soft gold sand  
There is surcease  
Of stress.  
Bubastis is the Grey Cat  
Who is the diadem  
Of Khem,  
With grey eyes,  
And the flat,  
Broad nose of the quiet South,  
She has the wide, sweet mouth,  
The soft breasts that rise  
For quiet love in the coloured night,  
Among the white  
Stars,  
Amid the cupolas.





NIGHT-SONG OF BACCHUS.

*Bacchus, accompanied by Pan and Silenus, passes through the woods upon an Autumn Night. He sings his Dithyrambic Song of Wine and Love.*

*He tells of his Mission and of the Impending Ecstasy of the Earth. The song ends with the Noon of Night.*

NIGHT-SONG OF BACCHUS.



Leopards' eyes glow  
In the underbrush of woods  
As night falls slow  
Upon her multitudes.

All her songs are mine,  
All her stars are ours :  
Mine is her wine,  
Ours are her flowers.

Ring me a wreath,  
O Bacchantes mine,  
While the tigers' teeth  
Are closing on the vine.

Who shall asperse us  
    Among all mankind?  
Know they my thyrsus  
    When I be inclined?

I am god-drunken  
    —Autumn mast and must—  
When the sun is sunken  
    The earth is driven dust.

Roll me a stave,  
    Silenus and Pan!  
Man is my slave;  
    I am a Man.

Tigers ho! my tympan!  
    Sway, my cymbals ho!  
All mine is man's,  
    Man's all below.

The red flame of vision  
    From the lees of wine  
Is mine, is Elysian,  
    Is mine! is mine!

Pentheus, rude  
    At my Mysteries,  
Was torn and chewed,  
    Wine, O my lees !

The Autumn sun is sunken  
    Behind the ivy leaves :  
I, wet and drunken,  
    Come with the sheaves.

Harvest disdaining,  
    Mine is the wine !  
Lees drown-draining :  
    The wine is mine !

Pan, come between us !  
    Silenus, here !  
Hither Silenus !  
    Pan, dost hear ?

Lean o' my shoulder,  
    Darling of the must !  
Never grow older !  
    Take me on trust !

Come, see my cars run  
    Greased by the vine !  
I make the stars run  
    Dripping with wine !

Free men for Liber !  
    Dionysus Ho !  
From Thamesis to Tiber,  
    From Padua to Po !

I was of Khem,  
    And I was a Greek,  
And I love them  
    That bouse without a leak.

Swill it ! transmute it !  
    Hearken to my drums !  
Never dispute it :  
    Take it as it comes !

Hymen I father !  
    When ye swim in wine,  
My spirit is to gather ;  
    I am thine, and thine !

Ah, Night my sweetest !  
    Stay yet with me !  
When ye are fleetest  
    Ye hold most ecstasy !

So, sweet my slaves !  
    Masters of the must !  
Sing me my staves !  
    Set my horns upthrust !

Sing so the Moon !  
    I am the Sun !  
Day comes too soon,  
    Too soon night is done.

All the stars are mine !  
    Bacchantes, hear !  
Mine is your wine,  
    With the kiss behind the ear !

Ho ! for Bacchanalia  
    Whereat to boast and bouse,  
In the penetralia  
    Of my forest house !



Come, O my starry  
    Ones of wood and spring!  
Come, ye here may marry,  
    Love and swill and sing!

Borne by my beasts,  
    Tamed to my cars,  
I lighted all the East's  
    Ecstasy of stars.

They called me never;  
    But Dionysus came,  
Whence earth forever  
    Is lighted by my flame.

I was the new god  
    Of wine and ecstasy;  
Now I am the true god  
    Of the Great Sea

Ho! It is ended!  
    Night is fully come:  
With night I am blended;  
    With night I am dumb.

*So down through the woods  
Dionysus came ;  
All their multitudes  
Bowed at his name.*

*Night fell slowly ;  
The song arose : and far  
Fell his light, the holy  
Murmur of a Star.*



LUCIUS BY THE SEA-SHORE.

*Lucius, the Hero of the Romance of **The Golden Ass**, supplicates the Goddess Isis that he may be Restored to his own Form.*

*Standing by the Sea at Midnight the Goddess appears to him.*

*After the Performance of the Mysteries of Isis on the ensuing Day, his Prayer is granted, and after his many tragic Adventures, he is changed back to his own Shape.*

LUCIUS BY THE SEA-SHORE.



low glides the Moon over the fruitful Sea ;  
All her attendant Stars sing Harmony  
With her enchanted Song: She is the Boat  
Of Beauty, and therein my Visions float  
Unto thee, O my tenderest Acolyte :  
She who is thine, thine Isis, who is Night.

With Thine Increase swell all things ; when Thou  
failest  
Life fails with Thee : slow shrinking as Thou  
palest,  
O Isis, O my Mother, who art I  
Immirrored in thy motion in the Sky !  
All Plants, all Beasts, all Stones, all Dreams are  
Thine ;  
For in Thee grow all Lives, in Thee divine.

All things are full of Thee, O Lady of Night,  
O Sun of Night, O Lady of Delight :  
All Stars are Flowers in Thy secret Garden :  
All Lives beneath Thy Cestus swell and harden :  
O Thou ; the softest Dreams to Thee respond,  
To Thee, the Harder than a Diamond.

Touch with Thy Lips that Sea whereby I stand,  
And let me see the Sun upon Thine Hand,  
The Moon upon my Lips, let Thy Stars fall  
From Thy wet Locks, in Dew celestiall :  
I dip me seven Times as the Waves pass,  
Even as once our wise Pythagoras.

Art Thou not big with Star and milky Moon ?  
Thy Sons are Suns : O virginal Typhoon  
Of Time ! Thou standest, and Thy Worlds rejoice !  
Thou sleepest : falling Stars obey the Voice  
—The dreaming Voice—of Isis : Thou wast I  
When I was he who broke from that vast Sky.

Even through me the Gods pass one by one,  
Die with Thy Moon, live with Thy sweating Sun,  
Blaze with Thy Stars, awaken with Thy Lyre,  
Frown with Thy Frost, make merry with Thy Fire,  
Swell great in Summer, in Thine Autumn sing,  
Die in Thy Winter, to be born in Spring.

In alien Woods I sing, O Isis mine ;  
My Songs are nothing Worth to Thee, divine  
Little lithe Virgin of my Love : Who art  
My Mother and my Maiden and my Heart.  
I knew Thy Couch : a Babe, a Man, and dead  
I lay with Thee : within thy Maidenhead.

I lay within Thee ; and Thou wast my Tomb :  
I grew within Thee ; and Thou wast my Womb :  
I lay with Thee that Night of Time all Life  
Slept ; O mine Isis ; and Thou wast my Wife.  
O virgin of the World, by the Great Sea  
I live, I love, I die, I sleep in Thee



Mine be the Roses of Thy willing Womb !  
Mine be the Lilies of Thy secret Tomb !  
Mine be the Passion-Flower that is sown  
Unseen : about the World in Beauty blown ;  
Mine be the Root, the Pollen, and to Thee  
The laughing Babe : O Isis bear with me !

Ah, Sun at Midnight ! I shall pass anew  
The brazen Gates, but dally still with you :  
Until—until—what matter ? I shall pass  
Even as once the wise Pythagoras.  
No other Name, no other Word be said ;  
It is the Hour : the Sun is overhead.

CHANT ROYAL OF HORACE.

*A chant in Honour of Q. Horatius Flaccus:  
foretelling a Rebirth of the Classical Life and Spirit.  
The Poem is addressed to the Youth of Today.*

CHANT ROYAL OF HORACE.

Sulphur nascitur in insulis Æolis, inter Siciliam & Italiam.  
—PROPHETIÆ MERLINI. (1603)



Of Grecian glade and Latin lutestring sprung,  
Married to Ecstasy, I sing the heir  
Of Royal song, who with Apollo's tongue  
Made all the Latin shore his glory share.  
The Muses at his birth renewed the  
spring  
Of song, and set the world  
a-wondering  
That Sappho's and Alcæus' son should speak  
Till Italy had no lonely, songless peak,  
The Argive Coast syrened so wantonly:  
Italy had no sadly-silent creek  
That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy.

Great Cæsar's victories from Barbarians wrung ;  
     The Panic revel and the torches' glare ;  
 The Triumph with its cowering captives strung  
     Together ; the victor's proudly laurelled hair ;  
         The sacrifice to Jove ; the ominous  
   wing  
         Of birds upon the left ; the loves that  
   sting ;  
 The virgins' singing and the eunuchs' squeak ;  
 The cup-boy's dulcet voice ; the wine-cup's reek ;  
     The pendulous-purple vines ; the ivory  
 Of maidens' arms ! That race in joy were weak  
     That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy !

There on the elms the loving grape-vines cling ;  
     While olives laughing greenly everywhere  
 Into sweet song the Wonder-Spirit stung,  
     And Joy made common home with Romans  
   there.  
     There was no time for pining, none  
   to sing  
     Of heart-breaks : life was there, a  
   joyous thing :  
 Death ! Love ! they knew – vast dramas from the  
   Greek  
 Staged by the Gods, some Hero-Fate to wreak  
     To greater doom ! To Death's vast victory  
 To lead the broken brow, the pallid cheek,  
     That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy !











A SONG OF STARS.

*Of the Secret of Life and its Incommunicability. The  
Unknown Word of the Stars that would be the Key of Life.  
Life lives as Stars die ; and is hence Immortal.*

A SONG OF STARS.



he little moons of evening  
Are framed in pine, are sapphire-set ;  
The little winds awake and sing  
Slow songs of violet.  
Green earth contracts while pale moons grow,  
Softly and slow.

Each moon for our delight has heard  
Songs of swift stars, awoken to love :  
Violet veil and flowered word,  
Patterned in deeps above,  
Veil and reveal those blossoms set  
In violet.

Unveil the mystery of grass,  
    The wonder of dark woods, the call  
Of noisy eagles as they pass—  
    O aery waterfall!  
O little moons that are so young,  
    Is it not sung?

Who knows? The breeze reveals the dawn;  
    The little moons unveil the sea;  
With clover-scent makes emerald lawn  
    No less a mystery.  
Whoso hath heard hath truly heard  
    The secret Word.

No word reveals it, and no eye  
    Beholds it, and no ear may know:  
Yet in some sense the sensient sky  
    Is conscious of a glow  
Beneath, beneath in wheeling earth,  
    Nor death, nor birth.



Strange eyes peer out from rainy leaves,  
    To tulip-tongues strange lips reply,  
And phantom planets roll where heavens  
    A strange white aether-sky :  
Tenuous themes are theirs, who skim  
    That secret rim.

Every lip to every ear ?  
    Never, while the little moons  
Slide along their easy sphere ;  
    And singing summer noons  
Holds no hint of things. Who knows  
    How a star grows ?

In every star a burning core  
    Glow : the star cools, and life is born  
Anew : Love comes ; with him once more  
    Come man and rain and corn :  
Life grows in heat ; but stars grow cold  
    As Love grows bold.

And at the end? As the stars pale,  
    In strange new forms life still will glow;  
This is the secret song; the tale  
    Whereby lives swell and grow.  
As the stars cool life in new form  
    Shall still be warm.





THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

FROM THE LATIN.

*A Poem of the Rejuvenation of the World in Spring  
by Venus and Cupid.*

*Venus and the Loves arrange the Amours of all Life :  
the World of Creatures is summoned to Participate in the  
Divine Rites of Love and Procreation.*

*The whole Earth swells : quickened to new Life by the  
Power of Love.*



In Spring the great Deep from her spuming womb,  
    quicken'd to life by supernal blood,  
Formed Dione, who swam with blue-haired Nerèids  
    and dolphin-horses along the flood :  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever  
    has loved shall love anew !

Dione tinges the year to purple with star-stone  
    blossoms, and hers is the clew  
That draws buds to swell at Favonus' kiss in the  
    warmth of the bed of bridal air ;  
The water humid with brilliant dew left by the night  
    she scatters, and there  
Glittering dew-drops tremble, tremble with rounded  
    weight ; and each little dew-star  
Depends by the weight of its own little sphere ; the  
    dews that the stars rain down afar  
In the night serene, at dawn shall loose from their  
    robes of æther the virgin nipples  
Revealing the purple blush of the blossom ; on the  
    morrow Dione's order ripples,  
That virgins shall wed with roses all dewy, roses  
    with Cyprian blood re-flamed,  
And the amorous kiss, and of fire and gems, and of  
    purple sunlight. Shall dawn be ashamed  
To ravish his bride, her last knot loosed, that blushing  
    and crimson lay hid from view ?  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever  
    has loved shall love anew !

Into the myrtle groves Dione has sent her Nymphs ;  
her boy withal  
Companions them, but shorn of arrows, lest he  
should mar the festival ;  
Go forth, ye Nymphs, for idle is Love unarmed ; the  
fiat is made ; he goes  
Naked, unarmed, lest woe should be from the arrow  
or bow or the torch of Eros.  
'Ware, ye Nymphs ! for fair is Love ; and Love is  
full-armed with naked thew !  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever  
has loved shall love anew !

Venus sends unto thee, Virgin of Delos, virgins of  
shamefastness matching to thine !  
This we implore thee ; let not the grove be bloodied  
with slaughter of beasts ; incline,  
If a virgin may, to come at her will ; to come, if a  
virgin may, to her woods :  
Three nights shalt thou see the thronging lovers pass  
in their flower-crowned multitudes  
To the groves of myrtle ; where Ceres and Bacchus  
and God o' the Poets shall set their sigil.  
Yield, O Delia ! The woods for Dione ! All night  
sound the songs through the woods for  
the Vigil !  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever  
has loved shall love anew !



Tomorrow for love who's loved never ; whoever  
has loved shall love anew !

Dione transferred to Latian lands the Trojans ; she  
gave to her son to woo  
A Laurentian maiden ; a sacred virgin Mars got of her  
joyance ; the raping-raid  
Of Romans on Sabines she taught, whence sprang  
Quirites and Rhamnes, from whom, for  
the aid  
Of Romulus' line, through the ages at last the  
imperial sires of the Cæsars ensure.  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever  
has loved shall love anew !

Fields swell for pleasure : feeling Venus. The legend  
is living how young love grew  
On the breast of a meadow when borne by Dione,  
and how first she fed him on flower-soft  
dew.  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever  
has loved shall love anew !

Behold ! Now bulls outspread their lusty thighs for  
love where flowers the gorse ;  
All the world is saved by love, enclasped in the  
yoking-bond. Behold ! By the force




Of love how the ewes flock under the shade to marry  
their rams! For Venus' sake  
The birds of song must trill and trill; and the swans'  
hoarse cries above the lake  
Resound, resound: Tereus' sad love sings her dirge  
in the poplar-shade;  
A love-song! Who would know she was telling her  
sister how she had been betrayed  
By cruel Tereus? She sings, but I am dumb. When  
to me will come the Spring?  
When shall I sing as Chelidon sings, and my silence  
end? Since I ceased to sing.  
My Muse has left me, and Phœbus lowers. As  
Amyclæ rued silence, so must I rue!  
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never; whoever  
has loved shall love anew!

THE GARDEN OF PYTHAGORAS.

BY WAY OF APOLOGUE.

*The Gateway of Remembrance lies  
Deeplier hid than thought or sense,  
Where the Third Eye behind the eyes  
Directs the eyes' intelligence.  
There the Eye knows how chance and change,  
Success and failure, turn and pass,  
Meeting and greeting oft: to range  
The Garden of Pythagoras.*

## THE GARDEN OF PYTHAGORAS.

 *s the little winds blow through the ivy, so blows the wind of memory through the lives upon the wall of life: children of the Sun, every breeze is a messenger, an angelos. Were it not so we should cease to be, for being is becoming: and the End of becoming is unknown to man.*

*Understanding is a gift of the Sun; memory a gift of the wind. Æons ago we were motes of dust dancing in a primeval*

*storm; now we are stars moving in a  
heaven of thought and dream: impinging;  
refracting; responding: dust still; but dust  
Informed.*

*The Garden I found was enclosed  
by an old wall, and veined by seven rivers:  
it was understanding of separation to be  
there. Time failed me, and time again  
was born. I was there for no time; yet  
was everything plain to me in my sojourning.  
When I left I forgot; remembering only at  
intervals, at odd times, I know not why.*

*Now the wind shifted to the east;  
and from the Sun-gates a golden eagle flew  
through the Inane: he was the messenger of  
Jove. This was his message:*

*A King lay sleeping in his garden;*

*kisses were upon his lips, wine was in his heart, upon his brow was understanding. It was Summer, and in his dreams he heard the singing of bees, the growing of grass. And it seemed to him that the Reason of life was plain to him; he was in a gold sphere, spinning, spinning: and each thread was a kind of life, and each strand was a part of an whole tapestry. He weaved at random; at length he weaved the great gold eagle before him, and I was that eagle, and I was there in the garden, and I was that King.*

*And I remembered, for I was in the Garden: when I passed through the Gate I passed as King and as an eagle, the messenger of a King: so I explained it to my Self, But my Self was silent, for He knew all; and all memory was to him as a mockery: for was He not beyond time,*

*having been in the garden?*

*An old poet told me of his craft. He said: I too have seen the eagle; I too have become him; but I knew only when I was far hence: but you know now. What else is there indeed? I was silent. He went on: That was the true Pythagoras, who carried his garden with him: for he was himself a garden; enclosed; contained; nourished by the Sun.*

*Greece, he said, was known to him once; but Pythagoras told him to forget it. For only so, he said, can Greece be reborn; for we seek not what we remember; only what we forget. Hence man quaffs before birth the waters of Lethe, of forgetfulness. But we who remember, are we not poets and artists and dreamers? The world hates*

*us; but then how rare is understanding! Kings can not come at it; and if they could they would lose all joy in life.*

*The old poet left me, and I pondered upon his identification with life. I had once a friend who had written forty books of wisdom, and knew no more of love than an amœba. So I turned to write of simple things; but like a lamp in a shrine my invitation shone through, and I had to write, whether I would or no, of the illumination that is the motive of all sensient life.*

*A bramble-bush became the World-Tree; a herd of cows one of the hairs upon the head of the Great Bull of the Universe. I could not escape, therefore, the spell of Eden and of Horus. All had become divine; and men charged me with obscurity*



*when all life lay before me as an open book, to be read at my own will. They talked of sheep whilst I was communing with Horus: they chaffered timber when I was kissing the Great Mother. They hated me for hating their stupid rivalries and their low vision: but as for me, I loved them, for that eventually they would attain to understanding.*

*So I retired beneath the olive-trees in the garden of Pythagoras, and the eagle dropped a wreath of myrtle upon me: and again I was the King; for my maidens brought me their kisses, and my friends their wine; and I sang to them and loved them all.*

*And I was crowned King until the End of the Æon.*

## COLOPHON.

*The Poet seeks refuge in his Garden from the Disorders of his Time: meditating, he foretells a Return to Natural Things, and the Spring of the Spirit: and to a renewed worship of Youth and Love.*

*The Poem, as the Book, ends in the complete Assurance of a New Age, and of a Rebirth of Beauty.*

## COLOPHON.

**T**he tall flowers  
Of the hollyhocks  
Are not yet won :  
But we get  
Wall-flowers,  
And the silver locks  
Of mignonette  
Will come anon.

April grows May,  
With a pale

Blue pavilion,  
And a tale  
Of vermillion  
Polyanthus,  
Or thus  
They say.

The modern time  
Is full of riot  
And incoherent regret:  
So one retires  
For one's rime  
To the quiet  
Of a cigarette,  
Cool amid the spring fires.

It is delicious,  
Or so it seems  
To me,  
To leave the strange  
Dreams  
Of psychology  
And of psycho-analysis  
For the kiss  
Of a quiet April sun:  
And to range  
Far away  
From the vicious  
Schemes  
Of our day.

Soon  
There will be won  
A quiet moon

Above the pale green  
Of the garden.  
The soft hours  
Harden  
Their flowers  
In the serene  
Majesty  
Of the clear  
Year.

We  
Shall return  
—Or so it seems to me—  
To learn  
The original mystery  
Of the birth  
Of the year:  
Of the earth,

That strange sphere  
Of striped green :  
Clear—  
Speckled—  
Lean—  
Deckled  
At the edges  
—Like some books—  
With ragged hedges.

And mysterious looks  
Come out of the night :  
And bright,  
Strange  
Sounds  
Range  
The grounds.  
Strange eyes, too, peer



From the Spring  
Of the year ;  
Strange voices sing  
As well ;  
One can hear  
As in a spell.  
But no-one sees,  
Except a few,  
Like maybe,  
You  
And me,  
The new  
Mysteries,  
That are,  
I suppose  
—O Silver Star!—  
The things  
That youth brings :  
The song of the rose

Unborn, unsprung  
That is sung  
At the close  
Of day  
—The Yogin hour—  
When the last ray  
Of the sun  
Closes like a flower  
And all life seems done.

Let the pen run  
Yet a little  
Still  
As it will:  
Thought is so brittle;  
Soon  
It will break  
Beneath

The starry wreath  
Of the moon,  
Whose hidden fire  
(For the Poet's sake)  
—For it is nearing noon—  
May inspire  
The words  
I spill  
In little rushes  
From my quill,  
As young thrushes,  
Just-fledged birds,  
Are shaken  
From an elm

Thus doth thought awaken  
To overwhelm  
The mind.

But I  
Find  
At the moment  
The pale sky  
Kind:  
So—without comment—  
Here I close,  
As suddenly as a rose  
When the warm  
Air portends  
A storm  
So  
The song ends,  
And I go.





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