

XIII.

EILEEN

THE frosty fingers of the wind ; the eyes  
Of the melancholy wind : the voice serene  
Of the love-moved wind : the exulting secrecies  
Of the subtle wind : lament, O harmonies  
Of the most musical wind ! Eileen !

The peace of the nameless loch : the waiting heart  
Of the amorous loch : the lights unquested, unseen,  
Of the midnight loch ; the winter's sorrow apart  
Of the ice-bound loch : O majesty of art  
Of the most motionless loch ! Eileen !

The gleam of the hills : the stature of the hills  
Facing the wind and the loch : the cold and clean  
Sculpture of the stalwart hills ; the iron wills  
Of the inscrutable hills ! O strength that stills  
The cry of the agonised hills ! Eileen !

Come back, O thought, alike from burn and ben  
And sacred loch and rapture strong and keen  
Of the wind of the moor. A race of little men  
Lives with the little. The exalted ken  
Knows the synthetic soul. Eileen !

Close in the silence cling the patient eyes  
Of love : the soul accepts her time of teen,  
Awaits the answer. Midnight droops and dies,  
A floral hour ; what dawn of love shall rise  
On a world of sorrow ? Peace ! Eileen !

Mazed in a Titan world of rock and snow?  
Horsed among the bearded Bedwain?  
Drowsed on a tropic river in the glow  
Of sunset? Whither? Who shall care or know,  
When one and all are this? Eileen!