

WHEAT AND WINE.

CLEAR, deep, and blue, the sky
Is silvered by the morn,
And where the dewdrop's eye
Catches its brilliancy
Strange lights and hues are born :
I have seen twelve colours hover on a single spray
of thorn.

There is a great grey tower
Cut clear against the deep ;
In the sun's wakening hour
I think it has the power
To touch the soul of sleep
With its tender thought, and bid me to awake for
joy—and weep.

This night I am earlier,
No drowsy thought drew nigh
At eve to make demur
That I be minister
To Cynthia maidenly :
All night I have watched her sail through a black
and silver sky.

Within my soul there fight
Two full and urgent streams,
Work's woe and dream's delight:
Like snow and sun they smite,
Days battle hard with dreams:
On a world of misty beauty the Aurora clearly
beams.

So labour fought with pride,
And love with idleness,
My soul was torn and tried
With the impassioned tide
Of storm and deathly stress—
I had never dreamed a lily should arise amid the
press.

Yet such a flower sprang here
Within this soul of mine,
When foemen bade good cheer
To foemen, grew one clear
Concept, ideal, divine,
Of a god of light and laughter, of a god of wheat
and wine.

Work on, strong mind, devise
The outer life aright;
Dream, subtle soul, and arise
To noblest litanies
That pierce the mask of night—

In a man work lifts his eyelids, but his dreams
lend eyes their light.

So dreams and days are wed,
And soul and body lie
Ambrosial in Love's bed.
See, heaven with stars is spread—
So glad of life am I
If an angel came to call me I am sure I would not
die.