

## THE FIRST POET.

Out on the heath, the heath, the first poet saw the  
    moon-set;  
    The Night exhaled her mystic breath,  
    And chanted in love of transcendent Death,  
And the first poet dreamed in the moon-set.

Out on the star-guarded heath the first poet roved;  
    The distant roar of the homing sea  
    Found echo within his melody,  
And with arms outstretched to the sky he roved.

—Water and stretches of heather in moonlight,  
    The calling of birds, the glow-worm's spark,  
    The scent of the heath springing up through the  
    dark,  
And the far hills all silver in moonlight—

Onward and onward and on with the stars,  
    Earthward down-circling, then spanning the sky,  
    The night-spirit sings, and the breezes reply;  
And the land is at peace 'neath the hush of the stars.

Out on the heath, the heath, the poet first sang,  
    And dawn was at hand, for spinning afar,  
    The earth returned to the sunward bar,  
And the first poet, hearing, was glad, and sang.