

GYPSIES.



he only faithful to the earth and sky
Of all the Aryan hordes; on the sun's anvil
Hammered to coppery force; the family
Of Bampfylde Moore Carew, of Joseph
Glanvil,

His Scholar Gipsy, in The Vanitie
Of Dogmatizing: men of shift and shovel,
The lithe-lipped children of the Romany;
The Sappho songs of queer Fenella Lovel.

O Matthew Arnold and Augustus John!
Ye have done well to love the rough-ribbed
herds
Of men who rove from York to Ashington,
Lazy as sheep, and picturesque as birds.
To gather horehound when the moon has run
To seed; to batten on soft hedgehog pie.
Who would refuse under the rolling sun?
Under the silver stars to live and die?

They tell how once you shamed the Virgin Parian
Dug out of Hellas; now you're all sun-
smitten
To swarth, O wandering children of lost Arian
Tribes, the black rams of mankind, ruled
and written
As vagabonds. Balzac loved you; Hungarian
Music is yours, as once the lore of Plato;
Before 'stout Cortes' you were up on Darien,
Your kith were kings from Menes' reign
to

Cato.

And here you are, under a Sussex coppice,
Cursing and boozing round a smoky fire,
Familiar with old starlight: earth whose top is
Nowhere, still claims you for your old
desire
Of wandering and wandering. What stop is
Possible for you now? Oh, gray as
granite,
Stronger than steers, perpetual as poppies,
You ramble roughly round an old, worn
planet.