

## Cambridge Poets 1900-1913: An Anthology

These Poems by Victor Neuburg  
appeared in the collection  
*Cambridge Poets 1900-1913: An  
Anthology* published in 1913.

NOTE: Poems marked with an  
asterisk were published for the first  
time in this collection.

### UNDER MAGDALEN BRIDGE.

THE lapping, lapping, lapping of the stream  
Makes songs around my lazy-light canoe ;  
The soft brown haze of dusk shines softly through  
The dripping trees, and the damp meadows seem  
A plateau as of lost desire, a dream  
That melts from gold to gray : a soft breeze blew  
Across the brow of waking night, and dew  
Re -bathes the earth that grows a fading gleam.

The sleepy river ripples, ripples ever  
Betwixt the old brown wall and meadows trim ;  
The tideless song of Never, Never, Never  
Lulls the wet woods, and ever growing dim  
The fields are grey with mist, and slip away  
Into the darkness with the dying day.

THE CREATION OF EVE.

*(After Blake's Picture.)*

S OFTLY she rises, with a child's clear eyes ;  
The male still sleeps, the god instructeth her  
Who, with his fellows, did of late confer  
On her, who should complete this paradise ;  
In perfect wisdom he has made her rise ;  
She stands new-born, the utmost worshipper,  
For in her being's depths doth slowly stir  
The royal knowledge : she is wholly wise.

The mystic moon o'erhangs her, whence of late  
The gods to earth transferred their charge, and she,  
The perfect Mother of the Uncreate,  
Hath taken to her flesh, that is to be  
The way of carnal birth, the door of fate  
Betwixt the borders of Infinity.

Victor Neuburg

## A LOST SPIRIT.

*(The Spirit seek re-incarnation.)*

I PASS by darkened windy ways,  
Through bog and dripping heather ;  
I flash before the silver rays  
The moon holds tight together.  
I sing beneath the waning moon ;  
An ancient god-forgotten rune  
Springs to my lips to taste, and soon  
The way behind with light is strewn.

O silent city silver-lit,  
O rainy roads reflecting  
Tall houses where the old ghosts flit,  
Their shadows thin projecting  
Across my path—the street lamps glare  
Before my soft eyes everywhere.  
Ah! men forget my face is fair,  
The tangled glory of my hair.

O sobbing wind ! O hedges dark !  
O hills bereft and lonely !  
They've snatched the hidden boundary-mark,  
And left the ruins only.  
Dimly the flickering shadows stray  
Across the lonely hillside way :  
Why should I weep and howl and pray ?  
They sleep, and wait the empty day.

O dream of the red olden time !  
    O clash of armour splendid !—  
A string of wind-begotten rime,  
    And all their pain was ended !  
O lonely sea ! O lonely earth !  
O dying art of glorious mirth !  
My song, my song is little worth  
To bring their bastard seed to birth !

What need of me in thunder-flash ?  
    What need in battle story ?  
What need among the whitened ash  
    Of old far- winnowed glory ?  
They call me not to birth-bed throes ;  
Invoke me not with gold and rose ;  
The summer wanes, the summer grows,  
They call me not from fire or snows.

I linger by the cottage -door  
    When twilight sings of sorrow ;  
I flit around the gorse-strewn moor,  
    And all the gold I borrow.  
But in mine eyes my doom is set,  
Yea ! in their golden-glooming fret  
Is woven the divine regret,  
And ah ! my birth-time is not yet.

Victor Neuburg

A MUSIC PICTURE.

*(Written while music was being played.)*

PALING fires of instant blue  
Throb the lower heavens through ;  
In the higher  
God is fire.

Green the calling of the hills ;  
Silver-noted sing the rills ;  
In the paling east doth rise  
All the fire that flames and dies ;  
In the glowing west is set  
The banner of the lost regret ;  
In the midst betwixt the skies  
God looks through the clouds and dies.

Lying on a bank of green,  
All the grey is clearest seen ;  
All my floating thoughts arise  
To the place where God still lies.  
In my thought I clothe him now ;  
He is born behind my brow,  
And again shall live and die  
In the battle of the sky.

This I knew when long ago  
I came to God suffused in woe,  
And he gave his life to me,  
And he died upon the tree,'  
And the tree gave fruit and bloom,  
And it grew a god's green tomb.  
And he rose again to be  
All the pulsing world to me.

Victor Neuburg

\* SEASCAPE.

A CROSS the sandy shallows  
The salt winds cry and mourn ;  
The little twittering swallows  
Cry out their notes ; forlorn  
The grass at the sea's edge  
On the cliff ledge.

A cold grey sky ; the wind  
Rustles through the trees ;  
Chilled grasses weep ; unkind  
To them the icy breeze.  
Brown hedgerows sway and creak,  
The wind's so bleak.

And rain, gray, ceaseless rain,  
Insistent, nagging, dull,  
Comes, like a dreary pain  
On a face grown beautiful  
By patient suffering.  
Soft rain-drops sting.

The fields are bare ; the hills,  
Still barer in the gray,  
Stand stark, and silence fills  
The empty, useless day,  
Silent, save for rain,  
Dead, save for pain.

And the weary, changeless sea  
    With spiritless white foam  
Lies level as a lea  
    Under the empty dome :  
No life on sea or earth ;  
A cold, slow dearth.

But the swallows cry in the rain,  
    And a gull that floats on the sea,  
Cries out and cries out again,  
    In listless monotony.  
And the wind cries and cries,  
And never dies.



EPILOGUE.

*(To the Triumph of Pan.)*

**B**ECAUSE the fulfilment of dreams is itself but  
a dream,  
There is no end save the song, and song is the end ;  
And here with a sheaf of songs bareheaded I stand,  
And the light is fled from mine eyes, and the sword  
from my hand  
Is fallen ; the years have left me a fool, and the gleam  
Is vanished from life, and the swift years sear me  
and rend.

There is no end save the song, and the joy in the singing,  
And song alone may relieve the shadowy pain.  
I am weary even of song, and the lyre is cold,  
And my heart is lead, and the world seems very old.  
Dusk falls on the earth, and Apollo no more comes  
winging  
His way to me now; it may be I shall sing not again.

Yet to the dream I was true, and I followed the light  
Till it vanished, and left me in darkness all cold and  
forlorn ;  
It may be that is the end ; I know not nor care.  
If these songs that were wrought in the days of my  
springtide are fair,  
Perchance they shall seem to you good in the heart  
of the night,  
When you wait for the light that shall come in the  
wake of the morn.

**\*SERPENS NOCTIS REGINA MUNDI.**

*(Invocation à la Lune. Ballade Argentée.)*

OH lustrous Lady of the luminous lake,  
Moving in magic mazes through the trees  
The sombre, swaying trees—light-lady, take  
A moment's murmurings ; heart-harmonies  
That break my breast : I kneel before thy knees,  
All humbly hesitant ; the silver shoon  
I crave to kiss make molten melodies  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady, for thy shadow's sake  
Is slain my slumber, ended all my ease ;  
I dream at dawn, nor with the wild-birds wake  
To dulcet day ; marred are mine images  
Of lost low lands, of secret summer seas,  
Where grave gold Glamour is so subtly strewn,  
That from that dryad-dream no faerie flees  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady of the Silver Snake,  
Whisper thy worshipper if his pleadings please  
Thine ear ; oh, merrier music might I make—  
Murmurs of moonlit meads, of light-green leas—  
Where pagan priests muttered thy Mysteries  
Before the baleful Birth ; in their swaying swoon  
They prophesied palely in thy curious keys  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Victor Neuburg

*L'envoi.*

Oh lustrous Lady, may my memories  
Of the untroubled times ere noisome noon  
Bring back thy secret serpent-sorceries  
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.