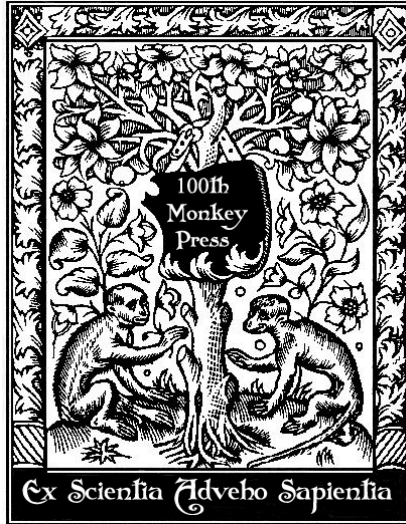


A Green Garland

100th Monkey Press
Austin, Texas
2009



“When a critical mass is achieved within a species, the behavior is instantaneously transferred to and exhibited by all members of the species”

A GREEN GARLAND

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A GREEN GARLAND.

BY

VICTOR B. NEUBURG

BEDFORD:

THE YOUNG CAMBRIDGE PRESS.

LONDON: PROBSTHAIN PRESS.

1908.

TO
H. W. CHETWIN.

The Author's thanks are due to the late W. Stewart Ross for permission to reprint very nearly all the Poems contained in this volume.

All the Poems have been scrupulously revised.

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THE GARDEN OF YOUTH

I.

O haunted garden of eternal youth!
O darkling avenues of fir and pine!
O sunlit lawns! O fountains clear as truth!
O singing air! O life of sparkling wine!
A voice comes chanting slowly, "All is mine";
A million ears are strained to catch the lay;
A song floats upward in a curling line.
Breathing of roses, poppies, odorous hay,
And all the stars of night, and all the lore of day.

II.

I would the gods would whisper, "This is thine":
In every heart to plant a flower of May;
To bring each lip a measure of bright wine;
To teach each listening ear a roundelay."
Yet is there not, methinks, a perfect Way;
Each man a separate path must seek and tread.
No voice may mimic the red notes of Day;
No man the stars can summon overhead,
And so I sing, forlorn, to living and to dead.

III.

To-night, the wind shall play among the trees,
To-night, still waters shall reflect the sky,
To-night, the moonlight over wide stretch'd seas
Shall rouse the slumb'rous earth with melody.

Over waste lands shall rise a bitter cry:
"O Death! Sweet Death! Let me but hear thy wings!"
But Death, unseen, unheeding, shall pass by,
And bitter eyes shall seek the soul of things
Vainly. The Root is hidden by sharp-pointed stings.

IV.

O Garden of Youth Immortal! Were it well
To dwell for ever in thy sheltering shade?
Or were it good to seek the heaven and hell
That men have sought and loved,—have marred
and made?
The sun that warms the garden, many-rayed,
Beats down upon our heads; with dazzled eyes
We see, and, seeing partly, unafraid,
We shelter in our bosoms living lies,
And they ward off the sun of Truth that never dies.

V.

Thy statue, Hebe, in the varying light
Of cypress dark and gleaming laurel stands;
A jar of sparkling water, crystal-bright,
Is highly poised within thy strong white hands:
Oh! We are bound to thee with many bands;
O Hebe! Thou our dark world shalt redeem!
Pour out, pour out, over the thirsty sands
Of this, our age, a long unyielding stream,—
The water of Life and Youth, the sad world's fairest
dream.

VI.

Close not the portals! Let the sunlight stream
Through widened gates on to the outer bar;
Beyond, though all be darkened as a dream,
Shines every man's effulgent guiding-star.
Onward, through forest and o'er ford, the car
Of progress wends towards the light, and we,
Glancing within where our time's heroes are,
Give cheer and jest, and with our minstrelsy
Make light the way, and toiling, make the pathway
free.

VII.

The world has thrilled beneath the songs of men;
The nations have arisen but to die,
But a wild poet with an eager pen
The unforgotten thunders of the sky
Hears, and the cleansing lightning-flash sees fly,
And straightway song, that evermore shall free
The hearts of men in death of triumph-cry,
Brings earth and sky and market-place and sea
Into the world unknown, that yet men know shall be!

VIII.

O earth unborn that all the bards have sung!
O youth unplumbed that all the bards have
known!
Thy note shall spring upon the new world's tongue;
The earth to be shall make you all its own.

Gaze down, O Hebe! From thy starry throne,
Look up, O bards unknown of the new day;
It may not be that one should sing alone,—
That one alone should journey on the way
That leads unto the heights where Freedom holds her
sway.

IX.

O Garden of Youth Immortal! In thy shade
Has this, my song, been woven of air and light;
And at thy portal stand I unafraid,
For bear I am not a fire-brand for the night?
And shall my lyre not serve, when day is bright
Over men's heads? Ah Hebe! 'Tis to thee
I owe my song: let now thy finger white
Point out the path the world shall tread to me.
Farewell, O Garden of Youth, for now my steps are
free.

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.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

When the sun was at noon, Zarathrustra suddenly looked upwards wondering—for above himself he heard the sharp cry of a bird. And lo! an eagle swept through the air in wide circles, a serpent hanging from it not like a prey, but like a friend; coiling around its neck.

‘They are mine animals,’ said Zarathrustra, and rejoiced heartily. ‘The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun, have set out to reconnoiter . . . More dangerous than among animals I found it among men. Let mine animals lead me!’

—*Nietzsche*.

The Eagle of the Dusky Wing

Swirls and then droops in wheeling flight,
And casts a glance unpitying
Over the shadowed Hills of Light;
Poised o’er the Valley of Dry Bones
He cries in harsh unwond’ring tones.

(About the Eagle’s neck a Snake

Hisses and twirls, slips slack and twines,
His eyes as the wide sun awake,
His breath as fierce as poisoned wine’s,
Unwinking he the Valley scans,
His voice hushed as a pious man’s.)

“Return, return to early fields;
Look back, look back to fading day:
The mother Earth her harvest yields,
The sun illumes the natural way.
Give ear and turn, nor be thy breath
Enchained to martyrdom and death.

“The Son of Man hath fallen deep,
The Man of Sun hath yet to rise,—
Go! thrust from off thy brows the sleep
That dims thine eyes, that dims thine eyes.
Return, return, and still return;
Live in the sunlight, bask and burn.

“The wind from the high hills of Day
Blows on thy hair and dreaming eyes;
The sunlight floods the only way
That gives thee power, that makes thee wise.
Give ear, before thy race is done,
O thou who has blasphemed the sun!

“Be cunning, if thou be not strong,
Be bitter, if thou be not fair,
For Might is Right, and Right is Wrong,
If thou would'st breathe the purer air,
Let not thy spirit quail; be wise,
Nor let love dazzle thy strong eyes.

“The Kingdom of the setting sun
Is thine, but we, we scan the day,
And as we rise the night is none,
For nought defiles the perfect Way
Of strength and might and wisdom; we
Dwell with the One Infinity.

“Lips locked in love, the mystic light
Serves but for twain, should serve for all,
Why should ye greet the coming night?
Why should ye be the Dark’s fell thrall?
Was it for this ye strove and rose
From primal pain, from primal foes?

“To ye hath given the wise old Nurse
And mother, on whose breast ye’ve lain,
A respite from the primal curse,
A breathing-space from strife and pain,
Will ye ungrateful bow and bend
To alien gods, that nothing lend?

“Nothing? Aye! Less than nothing. Ye
Are on the knees to phantom kings,
Poor pictures of the things ye see,
Gods with dull eyes and broken wings,
If wings they ever knew, who creep
Within the shades of death and sleep.

“Awake! Be wise! Ah! not for long
Your message to the star-course rings;
Not ever may I cry, “Be strong,”
Not ever shall resound my wings.
Cast off the lumber of the years,—
The kings, the powers, the loves, the dears.

“O Son of Man, thy fall is deep;
Will ye not rise to wiser gods?
To long ye’ve sung of death and sleep,
And forged your tyrant’s ruling rods.
Arise! Cast off the web ye’ve spun;
Stand naked to the rising sun!”

.

The dark wings flap, the night draws on,
The Eagle flies abroad to prey;
The wonder of the song is gone
With daylight and the love of day;
Calm stars o’ershine the fields we ploughed,
The laugh of peasants rises loud.

And round the board we sit and raise
Our voices o’er the sparkling wine
That holds the light of other days,
That breathes of youth and hours divine,
When the sun gave the grapes their bloom,
When the air bore the press’s fume.

The board resounds with laughter wild,
And singing song and high and deep,
The hours with mirth are still beguiled,
And then comes weariness and sleep.
New day shall find new fields to plough,
Fresh sweat shall stream from each strong brow.

The winds from off the hills of day
The Eagle sang, shall fan our brows,—
Those hills so bright, so far away,
Beyond the farthest reach of ploughs.
So shall we wait in peace the night,
When maybe stars shall give their light.

And if the summer rains fall swift,
And if the night in clouds be veiled,
The morning shall the clouds see drift,
Nor hath earth's harvest ever failed.
The night our feasting shall renew,
The morning break with golden hue.

The winds from the bright hills of day
Have eyrie-wards the Eagle borne;
The Snake has sought the hidden way,
His glittering eyes grown cold in scorn.
Around the board we sit, and give
Thanks to the sun whereby we live.

TWO SONNETS.

ANIMA ABITURA

How stern and strong the sense that still doth brood;
 Grief's heavy-lidded, luminous, clouded eyes
 In pain and wonder half materialise
From out the dark the spirit that is woo'd
By silence from the world's deep solitude;
 As a dank vapour from the earth doth rise
 Death's presence, while the living angel flies
Invisibly downward o'er the house imbued

Now faintlier with the elemental strife.
 Silence and light make him who passes mute;
 No word he knows, no word is his to say,
But, hovering o'er the broken house of life,
 He sees its ruins in the light of day,
 And lo! the flower of life in death hath root.

TANNHÄUSER.

The Pilgrim's Chorus.

Dim-drawn and throbbing is the passioned lyre,
Tuned to the theme eternal, love in pain,—
Wild sense of life and love at war in vain,
Far-parted by the anguish of white fire;
The spirit's sense drugged in a clinging mire
Of slime and agony,—hot hands insane
Letting the fabled gold slip, slip like rain
Through fingers shaken by infinite desire:

*Master! Thou hast bewitched us; thou art wise,
But not in earthly wisdom: cease O cease
To bare this shameful thing before our eyes.
Give thou the fearsome stream its last release. . . .*
In pain unspeakable the throbbing dies,
And, lost in deathless passion, findeth peace.

BETWEEN THE SPHERES.

Still warm from the earth, the whirling earth, I sing;
Widely-expanded, in ether I wander in awe;
Drops of light, dazzling, around me I fling
As I turn. I am near the hidden heart of the Law.

The passing from Earth, to Earth, my home, seems
ah!
So far in the darkness: scarce know I nor that I
dwelt
Below, with fevered brow, in that whirling star.
I watch it—an emerald stone in the sun's wide belt.

And lips touch my hair—strange lips, unhuman and
soft:
I am among the ones I knew . . . I would sleep
. . . I would sleep.
No pain I know . . . now . . . but I feel
that oft
I could laugh and laugh . . . and then I cannot
. . . I weep.

I have forgotten . . . I am afraid . . . A voice
calls to me from the wide.
. . . I cannot stir . . . What is it I fear?
. . . The sphere widens: here is one I know.
He takes me forth gently . . . I am by his side.
Together we will seek . . . It is over . . .
let us go.

BALLADE OF THE DAISY.

[From the Old French of Froissart.]

Above all flowers is fair the fragrant rose,
To her the modest violet gives place,
The fleur-de-lys,—the marjoram sweetly blows,—
The gentle iris tall, with slender grace;
And all men love the simple columbine,
Peony, lily, and the marigold,
For every flower hath a face divine,
But, as for me, if that the truth be told,
Of all flowers I the daisy sweetest hold.

Whether the day be dull, or chill with snows,
Whether the season may be fair or base,
Ever the daisy meetly nods and grows,
Sweetly and fair, with white and crimson face;
In seasons due doth open and close her eyne
The daisy sweet; she fades not nor grows old.
And for this thing, (now thought hath long been mine,)
That truth her gentle being doth enfold,
Of all flowers I the daisy sweetest hold.

And now once more the daisy newly glows,
Again young Spring hath won the year's long race;
Upon the sward have I seen seated those
Whose hearts a pleasant arrow pierced apace.

Ah! may the god of love his arms entwine
Around the twain,—so may their hearts grow bold
With courtesy and pleasance; so in fine,
Weaving a wreath, my carol shall be trolled,—
“Of all flowers I the daisy the sweetest hold.”

AN OLD SONG.

[After Heine].

Thou art dead, nor knowest night;
Quenched thine eyes' translucent light,
Pale thy baby mouth of red—
My dead baby, thou art dead.

A summer night with wild storm fraught,
To thy grave, oh! thee I brought;
The nightingales did dirges sing,
The stars went to thy burying.

Through the wood, as we went by,
Resounded slow thy litany;
The waving firs, in solemn guise,
Moaned masses—dim sad melodies.

As by the willowed pool we sped,
Where elves in rings their measures tread,
Lo! they stayed their revelries,
To gaze at us with mournful eyes.

And when unto thy grave we come,
The silver moon, no longer dumb,
Mounts high the skies . . . A deep sob swells;
Far in the distance toll the bells.

THE SWAN SONG.

Oh! for a passionless dawn, love and regret far away—
Oh! for a passionless dawn over a wind-stilled bay,
For the stars were my masters in fire, and “love”
 breathed the passionate sea,
And ever her current flowed higher, and ever it flowed
 to me.

And I was lost in the dawn: I wandered alone in the
 night
Over a pathless lawn, and the stars were wan and
 white;
I heard the Naiads sing to the moon, and the wildering
 pipes of Pan;
Encircled in flame each wild note came, and maddened
 I turned and ran.

And so I reached the depths of hell, and lay in a rut
 to die,
But I heard the waters rise and swell, and the night-
 wind rushing by;
And the salt spray touched my lips, and straight I rose
 in my pain and hied
All eager and swift to the mystic Gate, and there I was
 shut outside.

Ah! but I heard the passion-song of a world of death
and birth,
And the day was hot, and the night was long over the
good green earth;
And when men heard my lays, they stayed, and
scattered a meed of praise,
But I turned again from the haunts of men, to seek the
nobler days.

And so I trod the mountain path in the heat of a
new-born day,
By field and fallow, by road and rath, I took my
lonely way;
And heaven all around me lay, but ah! I knew not then,
And I came at the close of a summer's day back to the
haunts of men.

So now I long for a passionless dawn, and the calm of
the great unknown;
With a last glance over the darkened lawn now
fare I forth alone.
The silent path before me lies, and the night is still
and deep;
Ever a star is before my eyes, and I lay me down to
sleep.

MY HOMELAND.

[From the German of A. de Nora.]

*“Himmel und Erde feiern
Dich, Du Land de Bayern!
O wie bist Du schön!”*

Over thy glistening snows
The heavens are gold and blue :
Over thy lakes there glows
The fleecy clouds' light hue :
Heaven and earth give greeting,
In thee, Bavaria, meeting ;
Oh, how fair art thou !

From the heat of the mowing
Streams the scent of the hay ;
Over the corn ripe-growing
Lingers the breath of Day.
Heaven and earth give greeting,
In thee, Bavaria, meeting ;
Oh, how fair art thou !

Happy the men thou dost raise,
Whom thy green vigour fills ;
They are keen as thy harvest days,—
Strong as thy swelling hills !
Heaven and earth give greeting,
In thee, Bavaria, meeting ;
Oh, how fair art thou !

THE FUGITIVE.

[Sixteenth Century.]

Ah! I can linger now,
Here 'mid the darkling trees;
The hair is hot on my brow,
And oh! my bursting knees!
God! I can scarcely stand—
Oh! Let me sleep! Let me sleep! . . .
Are they watching on either hand? . . .
Oh! how the path was steep!

We broke and fled, and then
They chased us for miles, and we—
Fifteen hundred men—
Made way right heartily;
And for seven miles I've run,
And the stones have cut my feet:
Ah! but the chase is done
Now, and the rest is sweet.

I can hear water there—
There, by the cutting; maybe
I might for a moment dare,
Without letting the devils see;

I'm parched and sick and done,
And I'd give my soul for a drink;
For a moment I might run
There, by the river's brink,

And drink, and drink, and drink,
And then sleep till the light; . . .
God, how the blood did stink! . . .
God! But the stars are bright!
Oh! let me sleep and forget!
Ah! this is good—to be
Out of the blood and sweat,
Under this wide oak tree! . . .

They killed my brother; he lies
Under the burning stars;
There's a glaze upon his eyes,
And his arms are rigid bars.
I know! For, before I ran,
I stumbled across him; I kneeled,
And . . . oh! but it breaks a man,—
Seven miles off the field.

And there was blood on his brow,
And his locked teeth grinned at me;
And his eyes! I can see them know!
Ah! but the wind is free.

Over my brow; it's good
To sleep out under the trees,
Here, on the skirt of the wood—
Here, with the blessed breeze.

Seven miles I've run! . . .
Oh! let me sleep, nor wake
But to greet the rising sun,
To see the morning break.
A breeze has sprung from the south,
The night is calm and deep;
The moonlight kisses my mouth . . .
Oh! let me sleep: let me sleep! . . .

CARMEN TRIUMPHANS.

[Verses in Honour of the Freethought Congress held in Rome in
September, 1904.]

Seven-hill'd Rome has reigned; to-morrow Truth
Shall flaunt her pennons from a thousand hills!
And we, the heirs of Science, strong in youth,
With steadfast eye, and heart that gladly thrills,
Acclaim the dawning light that slowly fills
The world with wonder. As the daylight grows
Our shout is raised, then suddenly it stills
Its thunder, for the first faint tint of rose
Brings heart-ease to the world, in promise of repose!

Yesterday Rome! To-morrow's sun shall rise
Upon a world transformed from Night to Day;
We rise to greet the sunshine, and our eyes
Are shaded from the glory far away.
Our herald tongues, entranced, give forth a lay
Of Spring and green and bursting buds—a world
Sweet with the songs of birds, and fragrant hay
From waving fields to strong-drawn wagons
hurled—
A vision of the New, the Banner wide unfurled.

Yesterday Rome, where Bruno's ashes gave
A fragrance that remains to this wide morn,
Mind-free, he died to spurn the name of slave
Leaving his heritage to men unborn.
To-day we laugh the pious priests to scorn,
To-day the doctrines of old Rome are dead
To all the noblest! The pale Christ forsworn
Has given to men a stronger hardihead;
Godless, the world by men shall still be onward led!

Yesterday Rome! To-day the dawn of Truth
Scorches her banners, and her towers nigh fall
At the glad cry of Day and Strength and Youth—
A world emancipates—a clarion-call
From out of the depths. And now, to Love's wide
hall,
Troop men and women freed; with eyes aglow
They watch the sunrise by the outer wall,
Where swift the living waters ebb and flow—
Where melts the rising sun Religion's chilling snow.

Yesterday Rome! To-morrow Truth shall reign!
Yesterday gods! To-morrow, in their stead,
Humanity shall guard the sacred Fane—
The Trinity: Love, Life, Hope. The gods are
dead.

From out the darkened past the dawning red
Flashes the world anew; the Day shall be
The promise fulfilled, that every age has fed
With heroes' blood—the promise of the Free,
Rising beyond the hills—the New Humanity.

Oh for the Dawn beyond the Seven Hills,
That shows their darkness in the world's fierce
day!
The heart of Man now half-unconscious thrills
With growing sense of dawn, and turns away
From all the idols with the feet of clay
Set up by Rome, for this new dawn doth bring
The promise of Love—of Life that makes no stay,
But, ever-renewed, brings echoes from the Spring,
And, mindful of the earth, takes upward wing.

Yesterday Rome! Tomorrow Truth! A song
Resounds throughout the earth, as widely blows
The breeze of dawn Rome's darkened ways along,
Bringing the scent of hawthorn and of rose,
Of winter mirth, of frozen lakes and snows,
Of autumn forests, and of summer trees
Shading the meadows—of a Life that glows
With Human love, with Human hearts at ease.
And who shall stay the dawn, and who shall still the
breeze?

Flash out, O Sun, widely upon the morn!
Let our wild shouts be echoed in the wide!
Let priests and gods be scorched in the world's
scorn,
Or sink, all useless, in the flowing tide!
Tomorrow! Ah, tomorrow we will ride
Adown the foreward path and eager fling
Laurels to dreamers of the Dawn, who dies
To give us this new Life, this nobler Spring.
Forward in joy we ride; the reign of Man we sing!

A SONG OF THE PROMISE OF DAWN.

With the swift-winged wind I fly,
Yet who my wings hath heard?
With the spray of the sea I gleam,
Yet who hath seen me shine?
I flash in the summer sky,
But who hath caught the word
That burns in the heart of the dream;
The dream that hath made thee mine?

I glow in the heart of the fire,
Yet who have I warmed indeed?
I splash in the cooling rain,
Yet whom have I saved from death?
I lie in the heart's desire;
I spring in the shooting seed;
Without me all is vain,
Yet who will spare me breath?

As the world is old, I am old;
But who at my shrine doth bend?
As spring is young, I am young;
And yet whose lyre is mine?
As death is cold, I am cold,
But never a man will lend
A note in the song he has sung,
A drop of his heart's red wine.

SERENADE.

[After Goethe.]

Ah! Thy soft pillow leaving,
 Dreaming, thy sleep give o'er;
While songs my strings are weaving,
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

While songs my strings are weaving,
 The starry hosts restore
The heart's eternal heaving;
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

My heart's eternal heaving,
 Raises me high,—to lore
Of earth no longer cleaving;
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

To earth no longer cleaving,
 Too high thy dreaming bore
Me, in the night-wind grieving,—
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

Of me, in the night-wind grieving,
 Dreaming, O give not o'er:
Ah! Thy pillow not leaving,
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

A LEAF (OF GRASS) FROM WALT WHITMAN.

“Then the eyes close, calmly close, and I speed forth to the darkness,
“Resuming, marching, ever in darkness marching, on in the ranks,
“The unknown road still marching.”—DRUM-TAPS.

Then the eyes close; the lamp is darkened now,
 The spirit’s prison is empty, the spirit free;
A gentle hand smooths the unclouded brow,
 Kind fingers seal the eyelids tenderly,
And, maybe, in the darkness, ere he rise,
The watcher plants a kiss on the shut eyes.

Asleep! asleep! the soothing night-air blows
 The hair the wind may ruffle never more;
The door is shut; the camp-fire cracks and glows,
 The shadows waver darkly in its roar
A shadow-play of death and life: the damp
Of evening dews o’erspreads the little camp.

Sweet breeze, blow softly o’er the dead, the dead,
 The day is passed, the night is starless, chill
The herald-breeze of dawn, ere dawn is red
 With sunlight, blows from the high eastern hill.
The night is cold; draw close your cloaks, for lo!
The unknown road far stretches. Let us go.

YOUNG SUMMER.

Take we now the onward path, joyous 'neath the
summer sun,
For the world is wide around us, and the battle almost
won;
Ride we hard, for neck to neck, our panting steeds
press on for home,
Where the spring is always tender, where there laughs
the light sea-foam.

The hawthorn flings its scented love across the path
we ride,
Morass and sun-kiss'd meadow glow in beauty side by
side;
The leafy elms entent us with a roof that changes oft
From the passion-depth of summer's hue to leaves
light-edged and soft.

Oh, we pass the winding river, and a thousand swelling
hills,
And we hear the brooklets' gossip, and the murmur-
haunted rills;
And the bloom is on the clover, and the speedwell in
the shade
Grows pale in fading beauty, of the sunlight all afraid.

Life and love draw us onward; on the open road
we fare,
And the mighty hills grow taller, and we linger here
and there
To catch the breath of panting day, hot-breathed
beneath the sun,—
And the world spreads wide around us, and the battle's
almost won!

The sun-light brings the thrushes song; the hidden
cuckoos call:
The spring's white veil is cast aside, life enters love's
own hall,
The sea's faint murmur floats across the smoothly-
sloping hills,
And tender Zephyrs stir to smiles the silver-hearted
rills.

No stay we make, but hasten unto the sun-lit goal;
The day's hot breath brings echoes from the summer's
mystic soul.
We ride beneath pink chestnut-boughs, and white,
entwined with may,
Domed temples, where the birds rejoice, and where the
breezes play.

All eagerly we hasten on: the summer-dawn has stirred
To life renewed the mother-earth, and ah! we two
 have heard

A song of life forever young,—of pulses never stilled,—
The endless life, the endless song, wherewith the earth
 is filled.

Ah, trace we still the onward path,—nor stay to break
 the spell

That holds us all enthralled by hill, and brake, and
 stream, and well,—

For us young Summer's feast is spread, for us the
 earth is green,

For us a thousand colours mingle in the summer-sheen.

And love and life and beauty draw us onward, and we
 go

With eyes and hearts attuned to earth, with glances
 all aglow,

And never may we lose the scent that came with early
 May,

For we have lived and loved and known the meaning
 of the day.

TO SHELLEY.

Radiant son of the South, whose fingers
 Strayed in love o'er a heart-strung lyre,
The glamour of Summer's veil still lingers
 Over the hills of thy native shire,
Sweetest of all our country's singers,
 Whose voice was flame, and whose eyes were fire.

The wind on the heath thy words still carries
 Over the valleys and hills thou didst know:
Still the song of the springtide tarries,
 Wrapt in the rivers and mountain-snow,—
Still the gorse on the hill-side marries
 The summer sky to the earth aglow.

Hawthorn buds in the lanes are springing;
 The chestnuts rustle in living green;
Still are the sky-larks upward winging
 Over the fields where thou hast been,
Still the wild sea her spray is flinging,
 Glittering greenly in sunlight sheen.

Brother and bard, thy voice's thunder
 Changed the grey sky of the past to white:
Still we listen in pain and wonder—

Still we weep in our hearts' delight
When the golden sun at eve goes under
The earth's red rim at the touch of Night.

Over the hills the stars are gleaming,
In silver moonlight the hamlets sleep;
The gulls in the darkness have ceased their screaming,
And silence reigns, and the night is deep,
And dawning lies in the land of dreaming,
Where thou didst wander, where thou didst weep.

Dawn's noblest dinger,—the earth that bore us,
Sang the wide songs that thou didst sing—
Still we join in the earth's deep chorus,
Still the echoes we outward fling.
Still the pathway lies before us,
But Love the portals shall wider swing!

Pure in passion, with lustless longing
For love, thou hast sung of another race,
Who, in the bosom of Earth, are thronging
To come to light, and to see her face:
In the years to be, who loves by wronging
Shall burn in the fires of his own disgrace.

Singer of Freedom, by Love had's't thou being!
Singer of Love, thou by Freedom had's't won!
Freedom and Love shall each other be freeing

In Earth's greener years, 'neath a kindlier sun,
Who that doth sing from his heart is not seeing
The dawn that shall rise when the night shall be
done?

Our songs shall rise as the dawn grows whiter,
Our hearts shall throb with the promise of Day;
'Neath skies more deep, and in sunlight brighter,
With golden lyres we will go our way.—
Take thou this lay of a dawning lighter,
A song of the springtide, of Sussex in May.

A RECALL.

Upon my bed in sickness I did lie,
Too weak to know or think, too sick to dream;
And they had left me, and I feared to die,
For through my veins
An ever-growing, turgid, rolling stream
Of blood and youth unconquered hurried by;
And in my brains
All though was merged into a lurid gleam
Of light; my laboured breath
Too strong for me did seem,—
And then came peace and calm, and with them mighty
Death.

A somber mantle o'er his shoulders fell,
Trailing the ground, where scarce his feet did
light;
And he exhaled a faded, musky smell
With his slow breath;
His eyes were deepless as a starless night;
His bosom with deep breath did sink and swell;
No word he saith,
But held his bended arms, as loath to smite,
Against his sides; he seemed
Fitter for sleep than fight;
Around his radiant head an ominous halo streamed.

Bright stars the window of my chamber bore,
As in a frame-work set; I strove to rise
Upon my elbow; said I "Never more,
Unless I strive,
Shall I behold the daylight with mine eyes."
And agony had chilled my being's core;
"Now shall I dive
With this dark angel who is over-wise,
Into his sunless halls,
Where the dark fate denies
A gleam of light, a flash of summer, to her thralls?"

The angel to my window moved, and gazed
Into my garden sweet with night and dew,
And, his head leaning on his arms, upraised
His speechless eyes:
Then, turning to my bed-side, slowly drew
My eyes to his, that held me dulled and dazed.
I strove to rise,
But a calm breeze from the still garden blew,
Over my weary brow,
And suddenly I knew
That, as his sad lips moved, he whispered softly, "Now."

And so I rose, night-garmented, and sped
 Swift doorwards, with the angel at my side
And marveled at the speed with which he led,
 Yet felt no speed,
 And he traversed much space and counties wide;
Past myriad towns o'er which were stars thick-
 spread,
 He still did lead.
And still I followed swiftly in his stride
 Over unshadowed lands;
 Then, by the yellow tide
Of a broad hastening stream, he turned, and seized my
 hands.

Now, on the purple hills the dawn did fall,
 Slow-moving, grey, it crept around the world,
And fringed with light the somber, flowing pall
 Of ancient Night;
 The angel's lips in sorrow deep are curled,
As one's whose steps are stayed by a great wall
 Of dreadful height,
 Or one's who spies an alien flag unfurled
 His city's heart within,
 And sees his kinsfolk hurled
From towers high, and hears their bones crash 'midst
 the din.

So gazed the angel as he dropped my hand,
And somberly surveyed the dawning day;
Then, lingering a moment on the strand,
 Unfurled his wings
That then I first saw; swift he sped away,
His wings vibrating as the skies he spanned;
 He passed the rings
Of light that fringe the sun,—his dark array
 Faded into the light,
 And so I wondering lay
Upon my couch, and lo! the day had conquered night!

And so they came to see me when daylight came,
I smiled at them and at the light of morn;
The sun had risen as a mighty flame;
 The morning breeze
Blew me the thrushes' singing; I was worn
And wearied pleasantly. They spoke my name.
 Slow-rustling trees
I heard them outside my window, on them borne
 The healing morning air,
 Ah! then no more forlorn,
I lay at ease, and smiled that life should seem so fair.

AN AGNOSTIC VIEW.

Some time after the death of Herbert Spencer, a number of distinguished men considered the desirability of raising some abiding monument in his honour. They decided to seek permission to erect a memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey, and this scheme was commendable because of its simplicity.

The desire was to set up in the Abbey, where the fame of so many great men is commemorated, a plain and unobtrusive record of Spencer's life and labours. But though the appeal for permission to carry out such a plan was made by a large number of the world's greatest thinkers and most distinguished public men, the Dean of Westminster felt himself compelled to withhold his assent.

—*Daily Chronicle*, September 10th, 1906.

The vast colossus of the latter days—

Huge silver statue in the realm of Thought—
With arms firm-folded, and calm upward gaze,
Stands on the massive pile his hands have wrought,
And something of the glamour hath he caught
That to the gods pertains; the sky dark-blue
Sheds over him the calm undying hue
Of intellect; the brow's most noble rise
Endomes the depths of the deep-seated eyes.

Unflinching, strong, could this brave Statue stand
Pure and unsullied in a Christian fane,
While pigmies, in the shadow of his hand,
Mocked the advance of might Reason's reign
With jeers and japes ignoble and in vain?

He, the Agnostic giant, in his might
Would shame the dying faith's dark priests to flight;
The superstition that he smote would reel
Beneath the towering Statue's mighty heel!

Why should a Christian temple shelter him
Within the dark recesses of its night?
Should Phoebus' image stand in corners dim,
Lest it should fade beneath the sun's strong light?
Should feeble priests serve incarnated Might,
Muttering dull shibboleths of "love" and "grace,"
An insult to our giant's scornful face?
Should Faith and Reason share the self-same fame?
Can God and Man together peaceful reign?

Nay, for this man hath made heaven's pantheon fade,
If Truth doth Superstition smite and slay,—
What wonder then that men should be afraid
To have their temple dim the sun's wide ray
Admit? For light makes neither truce nor stay,
But reigns sole queen: shall he, her mighty one,
The thunder-browed apostle of the sun,
Honour a shrine where Christians kneel in dread
And slave-like love unto a god that's dead?

A LULLABY.

The wind has freshened the night;
The rain has freshened the sea;
The clouds are purple and white
Dawn is a dream: unknown
It dwells in the heart of thee;
Dawn is thine own, thine own.

Night is silver and grey;
Golden is dawn, and red—
Who has loved the day,
Who has dreamed in the night,
Never the dark shall dread,
Never shall fear the light.

So sing your song and depart,
Leaving the sir right sweet;
And bear a gentle heart
Back to the night, and when
Dusk and day-dawn meet,
You never shall wake again.

Be still. The dawn shall rise
Over your bended head,
Over your downcast eyes.
Ye thought the song was done?
Ye thought the day was dead?
. . . But how of to-morrow's sun?

Nor life nor death I know,
Save only as one, as one;
Never the life shall go,
Nor ever shall death depart;
Never the song be done,
Never be stilled your heart.

A breeze has stirred the night—
Dream on, dream on; be still,
Await the dawning light.
Your eyes shall know the day,
The dawn your heart shall fill,
When night is vanished away. . . .

THREE SINGERS.

JAMES THOMPSON [B.V.].

Singer of Dürer's matchless Queen of Pain,
 Incomparable song was thine to pour
 Into thy starless heaven; let them adore
The sunshine who have never known blind rain
The stormy skies; who never loved in vain
 Know not the enchanted land of Nevermore,
 Where darkness broods in sorrow, and the roar
Breaks louder on the strand of life's sad main.

Son of the luminous Dark, intensest woe
 Loosened thy tongue; thy drooping lips have paid
The debt of agony that thou did'st owe
 To the sad earth that bore thee: thou art laid
 Within her bosom. Be thou not afraid,—
Not any pain thou ever more shalt know.

HERRICK.

Lyrist light-lipped, half Pagan, half devout,
 With smiling scholar-eyes, the centuries
 Bear thy bright notes upon the fragrant breeze;
Thou standest yet thy garden's gate without,—
Fair Julia, sweet Bianca, swell the rout
 Of maidens laughing 'neath green summer-trees;
 Gentle Perilla will thy hands swift seize,
In mirthful grace leading thee all about.

The sweet-browed Horace lived again in thee;—
 Fair Devon held the famous Sabine farm:
Thy mellow'd singing lends the minstrelsy
 Of England's golden age a silver charm,—
Thy lips the easy notes still yielding free,
 A laughing English maiden on each arm.

BURNS.

The rapturous sense of full-strung youth, the glow
Of lyric ardour and of love untamed
Within thy swelling bosom rose and flamed,
Now as the sun-light bright, now fierce as tow
Swift-burning; but thy golden songs' swift flow
Brought quenching to thy fire; well wast thou
named,
Singer of love: wherefore should'st thou be
blamed.
Whom Nature freely dower'd with joy and woe

More keen than other men's? Who shall repine
If that thou burnedst thy fierce youth away?
Thy love is ours, thy melody divine,
Phœbus Apollo in Jove's halls did play,—
And lo! as Mercury thou madest thine
His lyre, and fled'st to Scotia 'fore the day.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

Forward! Beyond lies freedom! Cast behind
The dying gods! Pale in the dawning light,
Their mingled limbs sway flapping in the wind;
Together freed, women and men shall know
Beauty: a day of toil; a starry night;
The wonder of the endless ebb and flow.

Has heaven barred its portals? Then the earth
Shall wider be when men at length are free!
Fair Science, mother-like, awaits the birth
Of the new Man, and, by the open grave
Of all the gods together huddled—see!
The banner of Humanity shall wave!

A nobler earth! A vista unexplor'd!
How weak the moaning of the dying gods
Where Beauty is the queen, and Love is Lord!
Methinks the earth spins faster, and the stars
Echo her song of freedom! The fierce rods
Of priests are turned to hollow-sounding bars!

Onward! Ah! who shall stay the splendid tide
Of freedom? Who shall mar the World to be?
As on the flood the clear-eyed prophets ride

With arms extended to the stars, a song
Of freedom floats over the eager sea:
“The dawn approaches, though the night was
long!”

Love! Freedom! Beauty! They are almost won!
A struggle with the dying powers that be—
A leap into the glory of the sun!
Fearless we stand and watch the dawning day—
A day when life shall rise unawed and free,
To chase the specters of the night away.

THE DREAM.

Night had dawned, and the moon was high,
A silver wheel in a dark blue sky.

All the winds had told their tale,
All the stars were bright and pale.

A line of sea-foam curled and leapt,
And thought was hushed and daylight slept.

“Watchman, what of the night?” men said,
“And how of the hours that speed and have sped?”

I said, “It is well, for the night is deep
Over your heads: go back and dream.”

They, answering, smiled, “It is well, yet say,
With lyre and voice, when it shall be day.”

So I strayed alone by the hungry sea,
And the night grew deeper, and covered me.

And I lay alone on the earth, and soon
I slept a deep sleep in the night's high noon.

All the winds were blent and stilled,
All my dreams with song was filled.

And all the stars shone rosily
Over a darkened, sleepless sea.

And in my dream I rose, and peered
Over the sea, where a little boat steered.

Over the waves it came to me,
With a golden light that illumed the sea.

And one leapt out whose eyes were day-fair,
And night not more dark than his floating hair.

He took my hand in his own, and said,
“Brother, how long hast thou been dead?”

I gazed on him for awhile and said,
“Brother, how sayest thou I am dead?”

He turned and pointed, and lo! there lay
Behind me my body . . . and then it was day.

I said, “Never now shall I tell of day,
For my voice is lost, and my body clay.”

I said, “It is over: not now for me
To summon men to the brightening sea.

He answered, "'tis well. Come hence with me:
Were it not well to cross the sea?"

But my hand grew stiff in his, and I said,
"Brother, O brother! I am not dead?"

He led me on to the edge of the sea,
Saying, "Brother, wilt thou not go with me?"

"Another sunrise shall welcome thee:
Wilt thou not, then, come over the sea?"

I turned, and men were drawing sharp breath
Over my body. They saw not Death.

I snatched my hand from Death, and said,
"O my brothers! I am not dead!"

But they still paid no heed to me;
They shaded their eyes; looking over the sea.

Said Death, "How shalt thou know Death and fear?
Am I not Death? And am I not here?"

And then he went to the boat with me,
But men still gazed eagerly over the sea.

Death touched my hand, and the dream was o'er;
I went, with my lyre, back, back from the shore.

I summoned men, and my notes rang true,
And the sunlight flashed on a sea of blue.

And I sang to the throng, and I cast out fears,
For the words of Death rang still in my ears.

I sang, "It is well! and lo! there glows
Morn over the sea, and a dawn-breeze blows."

I shook my hair in the sunlight: then
I turned my lyre to the ears of men.

And with merry laughter and sobbing breath
I sang of the night, and my dream of Death.

A white half-heard note came to me,
And wove itself deep in my minstrelsy.

From the blazing east the sun rose high—
A golden wheel in a golden sky.

A SONG OF DAWN.

'Mid the ponderous roar of the breakers free, and the
 splash of the laughing spray,
The jolly old sea-god's daughters fair carol to rising
 day.

I hear them above the sea-blast wild; beyond the
 water's bourn
There floats the song: "Behind is daylight, and ever
 beyond is morn!"

I stood by the wet-lipped, sea-woo'd shore; the waters
 played light at my feet,—
The weary day was dead, and the breathing of life was
 calm and sweet;
Stilled for a space was the striving of men, and over
 the silver bay
There came the echo: "The day dawns ever,
 and ever beyond is day!"

Out on the hills the tinkling sheep-bells ring up the
 inclines steep;
The sun-rise over the tinted meadows arouses the
 world from sleep,
Above the noise of the cities' roar is the cry of nature
 borne:
"Beyond, beyond lies daylight ever, and ever beyond
 looms morn!"

I wander forth to greet the stars, and to bid the day
good-bye;
The trees upon the hill-tops bare grow dark as the day
doth die.
The world-twins, light and shadow, together mingle
and clash in strife;
For life is born of the striving of twain, so shadow and
light make life.

A sun-beam flooding a chamber with light; a moon-
path illumining the sea;
The cry of the gulls as they endlessly circle; the skirl
of the wind through a tree;
The ceaseless bustle of feverish men 'neath the star-
light's quiet scorn,—
All these are echoes of parting daylight—are tokens
that herald the morn.

And above the warring of races and creeds, and the
crash of the gods as they fall,
To the skies there rises an echo high above the outer
wall.
And ever a few shall hear that echo,—from Earth's
green bosom 'tis drawn,—
Behind, behind lies daylight ever, and ever beyond is
dawn.

THE END.

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