

SONGS OF THE GROVES.



Of
this edition
five hundred and
fifty copies have been
printed on antique laid paper, and
forty upon hand-made paper.
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SONGS OF THE GROVES.

SONGS
OF THE GROVES :

Records of the Ancient World.



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MCMXXI.



*The olden Sun beyond the Hills
Sinks, and the old Winds blow ;
The same old splendid Passion thrills,
The same new Splendours glow.
Look back ! And may it be that you
Find Life and Love and Joy anew !*

*Once they were ours ! They shall return :
The same old Fires shall burn !*

To
T. C. R.,
my Colleague in many Enterprises,
this Book
is dedicated
with the Author's
profound Respect.

May 22, 1921.

There is no barque upon the stream,
No single footfall goes or
comes,
But all the world glides by, a dream
Of dimly muffled drums.

So, curtained in her lucent blue,
She sleeps without a stir or
stain ;
And underneath her dream peeps through
Dawn, like a silver vein.

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PROEM.

*An introduction to the Book : Being an Invocation to
the Night Sky.*

PROEM.

Fireflies glitter
Where glow-worms dwell,
Where thrushes twitter,
In the green dell:
In the blue night:
In the silver light:

The mantle of the Night is drawn
O'er lake and lawn for Earth's
delight.

Dost thou not hear,
O delicate curved ear?
Sphere to sphere,
World to world,
Calls:
Waterfalls
Of light
Are uncurled.
Night
Dwells among the blue spaces,
In the wide places.
Hast thou not heard?
No solitary word
Came:
But all the spheres
Met in a single Flame
That flashed by
Our ears
Into the night sky.

There is
But one Globe :
She holds
All this
We call life
In her robe.
She unfolds
All bliss :
All strife :
All fate :
She is above
Hate
And love :
She is ours ;
From her spring
All flowers
That bloom,
All birds
That sing,

All words,
All doom.
Her name
Is hidden in the Flame :
This is the word
I heard.
Wherefore I unfold
These songs of old.

The mantle of the Night is drawn
O'er lake and lawn for Earth's
delight.

SONGS OF THE GROVES.

CRETAN EPITHALAMIUM.

Herein, in the cradle of Time, and at the dawn of Love, Joy is invoked upon the Marriage-bed: and a new Race summoned to gladden Earth, by the Will of the Gods.

It is Noon, the Hour of Ecstasy; Golden Babes are demanded from the Meridian Sun.

The Hymn is sung by a Chorus of Youths and Maidens, white-robed, their hair bound in gold fillets. The Priest's robe is purple, with gold embroideries.

The Marriage is celebrated in a Green Hollow, in a Recess of the Hills, near the Sea.

CRETAN EPITHALAMIUMS.



In bluest light

Is born the great gold star ;

O sun of Night,

Pass, pass the noonday bar !

Noonday brings love below :

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

O sunny hour !

O gold-unfolding day !

Love's virgin flower

Today is cropt away :

At noon shall snap love's bow !

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

O golden June!

O myrtle-bearing sky!

Soon, soon, ah! soon

The lovers close shall lie,

At noon new blood shall flow:

O Hymen!

O Hymen!

O Hymen Hymen Ho!

O tender doves!

Come with your amorous bills!

O laughing loves!

Come bring your early thrills!

Ah! Why is noon so slow?

O Hymen!

O Hymen!

O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Venus O Sweet!

Thy doves beneath thee tread!

Mars, lend thine heat

Unto the nuptial bed!

Virgins love shall know!

O Hymen!

O Hymen!

O Hymen Hymen Ho!

Jove, be it thine

To crown the nuptial pair !

Pour down thy wine

From thine Upper Air !

All love's wonder show !

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Look there where she

Comes, the virgin maid !

Love's joyancy

To her heart be laid !

Fear be still her foe !

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Oh, in white truth

Comes the youngling clad :

O groom, my youth,

Kiss her lips ; be glad !

Swift be passion's flow !

O Hymen !

O Hymen !

O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Come ah ! come soon
 Here in the sunny shade :
Soon it is noon ;
 Hasten to the glade !
 Ah, Time ! thou lovers' foe ;
 O Hymen !
 O Hymen !
 O Hymen Hymen Ho !

It is the hour !
 Be noon's burden said !
Love, be thy power
 On the maiden's head !
 May the ladslove grow !
 O Hymen !
 O Hymen !
 O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Sweet babes be yours !
 Lucina, bravely bless !
Love's race endures
 All strain and stress !
 Laughing babes shall glow !
 O Hymen !
 O Hymen !
 O Hymen Hymen Ho !

Joyance be yours,
 At breast, at board, at bed,
While love outpours
 In sweet lustihead!
 May love still bloom and blow!
 O Hymen!
 O Hymen!
 O Hymen Hymen Ho!

DOWNWOOD.

*An Autumn Vesperal, the grey hues merging into
Night and the distant sound of the Sea.*

*The Hills become blurred, a light Rain falls, and
before the final Darkness there is a Vision of light low-browed
men scudding amongst the gorse. Mingles with the dream of
forgotten Races, there is a motif of Reminiscence and a
Fireside.*

DOWNWOOD.



ow evening sways

The boisterous sighing elms,

And the wind overwhelms

The barren hilly ways.

It is sobriety of earth,

The call

Of old dim ways to birth :

The fall

Of leaves ; the nakedness of trees,

The breeze

Over the hills : an homily

Of the strong sea.

Swaying : swaying : swaying :

Dead leaves go and go,

Slow,

Slow blown by eddies of wind

Playing, playing,

Thinned, thinned,

Cold as a drift of snow

In an old barn at evening,

When fires are far,
And a single pale star
Shines, and a wing
Flutters in the hedge.
So darkness may bring
The world's edge,
Blue fading to grey,
With a solitary raven
Over bare fields :
Away and away
To the haven
That yields
Warm love, warm
From the dull evening storm.
There are pools on the hills,
Fearsome in evening light :
A breeze thrills and thrills
Them at night.
The distance is white
And grey.
It is a long way
Over to the sea.
Gulls fly over
From some pebbly cover
Sighingly ; suddenly.
And suddenly wheatears arise
From a chalky place :
Like a shot before the eyes
Like a flash before the face.

Who comes here must love lone
Places :
Where long-forgotten bone
Lies in the old spaces.
Death itself lives here.
The delicate panic fear
Is all around.
No sound
But is strange, out of time.
The ear
Never reaches to the rime ;
The eye
Sees the idea die.
It is evening,
Night :
The tune
The winds sing
Is an old rune
Of an old rite.
Here,
In some long-dead year,
They worshipped, little forgotten men,
Forgotten things.
Then
Forgotten wings
Fluttered.
They live today
In memory,
Rising grey,

Unuttered,
From the eternal sea
Of man's mind,
Where everything dwells
That lived: blind
Forces,
Obsolete spells,
Like mountainous horses
Bearing
Vast iron bells.
Flaring, flaring
The old lights are dim:
Staring
Over the great grey rim,
I go
To my desire
By the warm fire.
But I know
The dream was true.
And stars come through:
But still,
My cheek upon my hand,
Looking into the hearth-flame,
I stand
On the old hill,
Chill,
In a forgotten land
With an unknown name.

INTERMEZZO.

The Virgin of the World appears at the Spring Equinox: as a Promise for the ensuing Year. Her Garment is formed of the whole Body of renewed Life.

The Vision passes to the sound of growing Flowers and mating Birds.

INTERMEZZO.



It is serene
Blue of the morning,
Large in her lenity :
Light in her grey :
Soft in her green :
New
In her serenity,
Old in adorning.
Such is the dew,
Such is the day.
She is seen
As a veil of desire—
At the fringe of a fire—
As the heart of a lyre.
She is mine
In serene
Lightness : the wine
From an old stone jar :
A star
As green

As the heart of a well
Of mossy stone,
When bubbles swell
In a monotone
From the under-spring.

She is a wing,
A miracle
Of unshed light :
A spell,
She shall tell
Of the white
Hue of delight :
The hue
Of morning is mine,
As true
As a light
In the night.
She is mine !
She is wine
From a flagon of jade
In the white
Hand of a maid,
A shell
Of diaphanous pearl,
To rise,
To swell,
To rest

On the breast
Of a girl
With laughing feet,
With dancing eyes.

It was a bird,
Fluting-fleet,
Heard
In the growing
Of wheat :
In the blowing
Of an unremembered
Word.
Sweet
As the flame
Of an embered
Forest-fire.

O silver wire
Of the lyre !
O blue desire
Of the lute !
The flute
Of day is mine
It is secret wine
To float

Away
On a note,
A ray
Of a secret day.

They shall know
Hereafter
The flow
Of laughter,
Here,
In the clear
Of the year !

Here,
I have heard
The word :
The rolling
Sphere :
The bird
Of time :
The bell
Trolling
That miracle—
That rime—

So :
It is ended,
Blended,
To go
Anew
Into the green,
Blue,
Serene
Adorning
Of morning.

What sound awoke us ?
The rose of spring
Cried to the crocus :
The starlings sing :
Snowdrops push,
And the hawthorn bush
Is budded again.
Studded again,
The fields are ours :
Flowers !
It is serene
Blue :
It is green
Anew :
The adorning
Of morning.

PLATO'S LOVE-SONG.

Of the Dependence of Love upon the Will: because of the One Underlying Unity.

Love as the Thread that binds Life to Life, showing its Identity with Philosophy.

No Love but the Highest worthy of the Olympian Crown. Love and Philosophy the twin Paths that meet there.

Of the Final Marriage of Love with Philosophy through means of the Will.

PLATO'S LOVE-SONG.



Where are the Islands of the West?
A mirage of the Western Sea.
What is the image in your breast?
A foolish shadowing of me.
What is the meaning of the sun
That shines upon the floating meadow?
When thou and I and it are one,
Ah! We shall know that sun a shadow!

What is the sun? And what am I?
Your eyes are blind; your soul is dazed:
You cannot gaze upon the sky;
And when you gaze, your thoughts are
crazed.

But I! Oh, from the Western Steep
I came to seek the Soul of Man:
And if I find it when I sleep,
Awake, I'll know the Olympian plan.

Come then to me. The stars are high :
 The earth is deep : the moon drops dew :
Swift Hermes floats along the sky,
 From Jove to me, from me to you.
I should despair of power and peace,
 Were I alone to sigh, to sift
The silly from the wise in Greece ;
 In you I see the shadows shift.

Birth is a dream ? Then shall we wake !
 The sun's a shadow ? Cast by what ?
Never the poet's heart shall break
 While life shall ask, and answer not.
My curiosity shall still
 Awake, and reawaken yet,
Until I climb the Sacred Hell ;
 And even so, shall I forget ?

Shall I forget ? If I forget
 I shall know nothing : only this ;
That I must live again, and yet
 Forgo awhile the Jovial kiss
Till I return. I question still
 If any of my dreams be true.
I scale the stern Olympian Hill,
 Alone : and yet I long for you.

Come then to me : and you and I
Mayhap shall know when we are one !
There is a sheltering : the Sky ;
There is a centre : called the Sun.
Separate life and separate Will
Leave something still in our desire ;
Look ! on the high Olympian Hill
The Sun burns on : a single Fire :

A single Flame fills all the earth ;
A single Sun fills all the blue ;
A single death, a single birth,
Suffice us not. Let me with you
Discover if there be a way
Separate from that path, above
The plains of earth ; the high gods say,
There is a Way : the Way of Love.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.
FROM THE GREEK OF BION OF SMYRNA.

Of the slaying of Adonis the Spring by the Black Boar of Winter. Nature the Mother laments him, bewailing the fate of her Beloved.

The immemorial Tragedy of Love, and of the Doom of the year—Death ever pursuing Life—is here shown.

THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.



or dead Adonis now be my bewailing :
Oh, beautiful Adonis ! he is dead !
The Loves lament Adonis now ; all lone is
The Cyprian ; she rises in her railing
All somberly ; she sleeps in goodlihead
Of purple now no more : for dead Adonis
She strikes her breasts : nay, Venus : be it known
To the wide world thou wailest lost Adon.

I wail Adonis, and the Loves accord
To wail with me ; in the mountains he is lain
Lowly ; a tusk, a snowy tusk, hath gored
His snowy thigh : in his last dying pain
Faintly he sobs, to Cytherea's woe,
As black blood trickles down the flesh of snow.
Dull grow the eyes beneath his lids ; the rose
Faieth his lip, and with the rose doth flit
The kiss that Venus clingingly bestows,
Sweet to her, though he dies ; he hath not wit
Aught of her kiss, but dies unknowing it.

I wail Adonis : all the Loves despair.
Ah, cruel, cruel is the hurt that is
In Adon's thigh! Alas! greater than his
The wound the Cytherea's breast doth bear.
Around him are his faithful hounds at moan,
With Oread nymphs bewailing; and the zone
Of Aphrodite's locks is loosed : she roves,
Unsandalled, sad, unkempt, the oaken groves.
And brambles pluck her as she goes, to cull
Her sacred blood, who, shrilling-wailing by,
Is hurtled through the valleys dreary-dull.
On her Assyrian Lord shrill-piercingly
She calls, wailing her stripling-love anew :
Around his belly black blood gushes high—
Adonis' paps grow crimson from his thigh ;
His snow-pure breasts take on their purple hue.

Woe! woe! to Cytherea. In her wailing
Mingle the Loves ; her beauteous boy has passed
From her ; with him her radiant shape must go.
Soft was her glory until Adonis' failing!
With Adon's dying might no longer last
The Cyprian's joyous splendour : woe! ah, woe!
Now all the oakenshaws and mountains mourn
Adonis : woe! ah, woe! and rivers gush
For pain of Aphrodite, and the hill-born
Springs weep Adon, sorrowful blossoms blush,
As through the cities and the woody verges
Goes Cytherea chanting mourning-dirges.

Woe! woe! to Cytherea. Fair Adon
Is dead: and Echo 'Fair Adon is dead'
Replies. Who had stayed griefless that had known
Venus' most lamentable love? She knows
The irrevocable wound, the blood that flows
Red on his paling thigh. With arms outspread.
She whispers: Adon, stay! Stay, Adon mine,
O hapless! that one last time I may hold thee!
That one last time my circling arms may fold thee
That so my lips may intermix with thine.
Stir, my Adonis, feebly as thou mayst,
Grant me, for this last time, to be embraced
Of thee: nay, kiss me even while there dwells
Breath in thee still, till from thy soul there wells
Thy spirit into my lips, into my heart,
And I have sucked thine essence to mine own,
Thy sweet love-core, to be treasured even as part
Of thee, since thou must fly me, mine Adon.
Far dost thou fly, even to Acheron,
My Adonis, and its hard and bitter King;
I, hapless Goddess, live, nor may I flee
Whither thou flee'st! Take then, Persephone,
My lover, since to thee each beauteous thing
Must fare! Alas! What is my strength to thine?
I stay all comfortless; stark grief is mine
Exhaustlessly. I fear thee. And I moan
—Woe to me! He is dead!—for mine Adon.
Ah! Dost thou die, my thrice-desirable?
Then, as a dream, desire hath fled away;

Venus is widowed ; in my house today
The Loves are idle, there is no more spell
In the zone of Aphrodite ! What could spur
Thy rashness to the chase ? Why didst thou dare
To strive with beasts, who wast so heavenly-fair ?
So Venus wailed, and the Loves wailed with her.

Woe ! Woe ! to Venus : fair Adon is dead ;
Her tears vie with the stream that flow from him flows :
The earth grows flowered ; from her tears doth spread
The anemone, and from his blood the rose.

I wail Adon ; the fair Adon is slain !
O Cyprian ! No more bewail thy swain
In the oakenshaws. There is a fair couch spread ;
Yea ! For Adonis is a leafy bed
Awaiting. In this bed of thine is lain
Adonis ; fair as ever, being dead ;
As though he slept, Adonis' goodlihead
Still lingers. Lay him in the tender raiment
Wherein erewhile he slept ; wherein he sped
In holy slumbers through the night's betrayalment
Embedded goldenly with thee : pine yet
After the sorrowful Adonis. Be
The crowns, the blossoms, cast on him ! they fret
To fading, yea ! all fade to death since he
Died. Scatter nard and myrtle leaves upon him !
Cast myrrh on him ! may all soft odours die

With Adon's scent! the purple vestures don him
—The delicate Adonis! Wailingly
The weeping Loves surround him, for his sake
Shorn of their locks: one with his feet doth break
His arrows; and beneath his feet one flings
His bow to trample; one tears up his quiver
All fully-feathered: one's hand would deliver
Adonis' foot of its sandal; another brings
Water in golden ewers; one doth mind him
To bath Adonis' thighs, and one behind him
Brings air unto Adonis with his wings.

For Cytherea wail the Loves: all torches
Are quenched by Hymenæus at their porches;
Tattered the nuptial-wreath. Hymen is sung.
Is sung no more. O Hymen! Woe! ah, woe!
The wail arises: and the Graces tongue
The lamentable 'Woe! ah, woe! Adon!'
Cinyras' son they wail; more grief they know
Even than Hymenæus; and they tell
Each unto each, in a more shrilly tone
Than Dione's Daughter's: 'Beautiful Adon
Is dead!' 'Adon! Adon!' the Muses' spell
Rises: in vain they call; he may not know
Return; with Proserpine he still must dwell.
O Cytherea! Cease today thy woe:
Leave thy lamentings, for new griefs shall swell
In a new year; anew thy tears shall flow.

AN HYMN TO DIANA.

Of the worship of Diana ; the Tragedy of Woman in the Creation of Form. The Secret of the Eremite, who may attain but by Renunciation.

Division the Cause of all Life ; and hence the Cause of the End of all Worlds.

A Lament for Virginitie, which is lost in vain, being Unattainable save by a new Birth.

AN HYMN TO DIANA.



he dials of the night have shown
The hour of moon-dawn: soon
The glamour of the Silver Stone
Will pierce cold earth. Ah, moon,
My moon: when cold and cold
shall meet,
There shall be love: and love is
heat.

Pine-trees are murmuring in the woods
Of Night: the winds are chill;
Do you recall the strange old moods,
Diana? Are you still
The lady of the secret shrine
Where once you loved me, and
were mine?

Do you recall as I recall ?

For I remember still
An old dark rushing waterfall
By a green somber hill,
Or somber then it seemed to be,
Until you came to ravish me.

It is so old, it is so old

I know not now a time
When it was not : old lives untold
Beneath their gift of rime.
And I remember as I write
The gift of thee, the gift of night.

From out a multitude of sounds,

From worlds of dream and deed,
An olden singing-band surrounds
The bursting of the seed.
Your seed is spent, Diana ; you
Are queen of Dream : your dreams
are true.

It was the shadow of a hill,

The whisper of a pine,
The singing of a star, a chill
That crept along my spine,
That made me yours, and gave
me you ;
You are a dream, and you are true

Night-blue and serpent-silver rayed
 Around you, as you came
Betwixt the pillars : and a shade
 Fell far, to hide your shame,
 When you descended unto me,
 A triumph of virginity.

So dreams come true ! So Virgins give
 The prophets' gift of song !
I, that was once a fugitive,
 On your old shame grow strong !
 And yet, ah ! for my peace of Will,
 I would you were a virgin still.

Still must the poet follow dreams ;
 They turn to life : he dies,
Yet sees in all the starry streams
 New worlds, new prophecies :
 He may not strive in act, for still
 He watches the evolving Will.

Foolish they be who follow stars,
 Mad, they who long for thee ;
Sorer than any earth-born scars
 Is thy virginity
 To him to whom thou givest it :
 This is the end of woe and wit.

Once, only once, may man know thee ;
Hence poets die in pain
For lack of that virginity
That, knowing, they were slain
For knowing. O inverted Will!
I, having known, would know
thee still.

But once ! And though the world should crack,
And be, dead Moon, as thee,
The wandering spirit would come back
And yearn : and the Great Sea
Should quench not all his fires of
love
For thee, dead in thy Sacred
Grove.

For thou wast slain in planet-birth :
Take hence revenge on man !
Thou 'wilderest with thy dreams the earth ;
On poets is thy ban.
Thy prophets men must slay
anew,
For that they see thy dreams are
true.

Be thy dominion still on us,
 Actæons of our age ;
Slain still be Beauty, dolorous
 In thine immortal rage.
 Raped by the Sun, thou slayest
 them
 Who serve beneath His diadem.

O Moon, immortal in thy death,
 Mortal, thou livest still,
Still, still to tempt our amorous breath
 To pierce thy virgin Will.
 As woman still dost thou return,
 And for thine ice we burn ! we
 burn !

Slay ! Slay ! It must be ! From thine ice
 Are kindled all our fires :
There is no man may know thee twice,
 O Virgin ! As our sires,
 Shall we be slain by the
 moon-breath :
 Unknowing thee, be ours sweet
 death.

In death shall we return to thee !
 Here, by the somber Hill,
Be wasted my virginity
 To thine immortal Will.
 O Will perverse ! unending swoon !
 Immortal death with thee,
 O Moon !

Leave, leave thy shadows : it is said,
 Thy rede ; immortal still,
Thy song is sung : thy fire is dead,
 Moonfire, the waste of Will.
 O dread Diana ! Shade thy light,
 Lest man should grow Herma-
 phrodite.

DRUIDS.

A Memory of an old Sacrifice. The sacred Victim is slain for an Omen. It is the End of an Age: being released the Ghost foretells the Passing of the old Worship, the Death of his cult.

The Sacrifice is made at the Summer Solstice, at Night.

DRUIDS.

In the soul's twilight broods the glittering core
Of wonder; all the stirring of the sea
At dawn, and all the yearning of the shore
At evening, and all the mystery
Of Time, at odds with his eternity.
Wherefore the shadows as they lift anew
From the waking mind disclose the ancient woods;
The white-robed Masters stare into the blue
Entrails of ravens: as dim multitudes
Of strange souls gather round, to watch the moods
Of large and yellow-silver flames of fire,
And brown-grey smoke, and perfumes of sweet
breath.

Even so lightly once I struck the lyre
At evening, before a magic death.
Back from my breast I drew the heavy robe,
Baring the curving belly, the sun's globe.
The silver knife was over me: I lay
In ecstasy of life-in-death: away
Faded the silly world: again I knew

The source of living, as they shaved the hair,
From breast and belly and all; luminous blue
Swathed round me; I was dead, no longer there
Before the knife had split my navel: far
Away I heard arise the ancient prayer,
Scarcely I knew a pang. From some dim star
I saw: and how they caught the scarlet flood
That pulsed from gasping thighs: I saw the blood
Crimson the flame. Then suddenly there fell
The old god's glory on me. Earth was mud,
And I was swimming, easy as the spell
The priestly voices roared. Then, a white flash,
I stood before the flame, like living ash
Gifted with speech. The song died down, and I
Was the sole voice of that tremendous sky
Over the sacred wood. Now I knew all
The Druid mystery: the festival
Of blood was bared. It was my blood that gave
The answer of the night, the bitter call
Of death, responding of the restless wave
To life. Around me stared a living wall
Of waiting, hungry shadows, by that flame
Tempted to the old life. I was a lord
Of shadows, and a god. Then the Voice roared:
Speak! And I saw my body's last blood-spasm
As the old priests bent over it. A name
They skirled. Should I reply? I saw a chasm
Before the Altar, invisible to all
Of flesh. Then flared the thought: The altar's dead.

Then came the word: Woe! was the word I said;
It was an age's end. I saw them fall,
Fearful beneath a towering grey of sky;
This was the omen: Woe. An age to die,
I the last victim. So I passed from them
For ever, and I haunted the dark hem
Of the forest, for an age ere birth to rove,
The Sacred Victim of an Holy Grove.
Then was I born anew; from that old birth
I culled this vision of forgotten earth.

PHILOMEL.

*The Mythos of the Nightingale singing in the dark woods
by a Fountain : the song tells of the Legend of Daulis, and of
Pandion of Athens. Of the Moon-spell and of Love Forgotten.
And of the Ultimate Triumph of Love.*

*The Water gleams and bubbles in the Moonlight :
the trilling Nightingale sings on of her Passion : it is the
Hour before Dawn on a Summer's Night.*

PHILOMEL.



he spell of Philomel :
The moon through dark groves :
Wandering loves :
Such is the Spell.

Over the fallows
The sun has sunken deep :
The full moon has shown
Alone :
Now no star hallows
With silver light
The sleep
Of Night.

It was delight
Of swaying trees—
Elms, pines, cypresses ;

A huge fountain, pale
In somber moonlight, gleamed
Always. Philomel's tale
Was dreamed.
Moonrays slid sparkling,
Darkling,
Into the live water.

Pandion's daughter
Roves: roves: roves
The sacred groves.
Her blood is pale
As the tale
Of a virgin dying,
Lying
In yellow roses
And dark violets.

The wind never closes
Her song.
Never, never she forgets,
She who wanders
Long:
Buried in her regrets
She ponders
This mystery of Night
Without a star.

Far,
Far away
On the edge
Of the earth,
On a ledge
Overlooking the resounding sea,
Beyond night and day,
Above moon and sun,
Her thoughts run
Back, always back
To the black
Unutterable doom
She knew, she knew once :
From the old Tomb
Her orisons
Return,
To burn,
To burn her once again.
All her men
Pass before her,
Save him she seeks :
They adore her,
Yet she never speaks ;
She waits, waits.
Shall the dark Fates
Restore her ?
He is not there :
He is dead.
Where ?

Overhead
Is no star
To guide her.
Beside her
Is the still
Water, chill,
Far, far
Sunken in the light
Of the great solitary Moon.

This is the night
Whereunder Philomel
Weeps.
This is the spell,
This is the noon
Whereunder Night sleeps.

Philomel
In the dark groves :
The spell
Of the lost loves
Trilling, trilling, trilling
Shrill and shrill
Throughout the willing
Softness of Night.

O dark hill
Of delight, delight !
O white,
Still
Splendour
Of the moon !
Tender, tender
In the rune
On her pale shield.
It is night :
The dark field
Grows bright.
O delight, delight !
Ye shall never yield !
It is night : night
And love's delight
Are over
The dark field,
In the clover,
Amidst the grass.
Pass ! Pass
Into the pale moon
Never.
Stay strewn
Forever
Beneath the dark hills
In the pale fields :
It thrills and thrills,

The song :
Long and long,
Nor ever yields.

Ah ! It is Love's delight :
The spell
Of Philomel
At night.

THE WOOING.
FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

A young Shepherd and his Maiden discourse of Love and Marriage: he offering, she withholding.

Eventually, after an exchange of views and vows, she yields to his Passion, whereupon she retires, shamefaced but happy, he rejoicing at his Victory.

THE WOOING.

DAPHNIS.

A MAIDEN.



nother rural Paris came, and Helen chaste
was missing :
“Wiser is my Helen ; she stays, her
Paris kissing.”

“You needn’t boast, you Satyr ; vain are kisses,
they say true.”

“But I find a satisfaction, even vainly
kissing you.”

“Pooh to you ! I wipe my lips ! Where are your
kisses then ?”

“And Pooh to you ! For when they’re dry I’ll take
your lips agen.”

“Go and kiss your heifers, not a virgin girl like me.”

“ You silly thing! Your youth will fly, and then
where will you be? ”

“ When grapes are dried they’re raisons ; rose-leaves
dead are just a glory.”

“ Come here beneath the olive-trees, and listen to my
sad story.”

“ No, thank you! You have told your tale to me
before today.”

“ Well, come beneath the elm-trees, then, and hear
my pan-pipes play.”

“ To me your pipe is weary woe ! Play to yourself,
an’t please you.”

“ Aha ! Remember you’re a maid ! Let fear of Venus
sieve you.”

“ Away with Venus ! Artemis ! On her my soul is
set ! ”

“ Beware of what you speak, or you’ll be tied in
Venus’ net ! ”

“ A fig for Venus ! Once again Diana’s will shall
stand.

“ —But you’ll find my teeth-marks in your lip if you
don’t remove your
hand ! ”

“ Flee not Eros ! For never maid has been of love
distrustful ! ”

“ By Pan, I flee him easily ! It’s you who’re slave and
lustful ! ”

“ I fear lest he deliver thee to a more unworthy
lover. ”

“ Many have wooed me, but not one whom I could
love all over. ”

“ I, too, one out of many swains, I too have come
a-wooing. ”

“ What would you have, my gentle swain ? What’s
yoking but undoing ? ”

“ No pain or pine in yoking ! Wedded lovers dance
for joyance ! ”

“ Ah! But they say that women fear their masters’
angry bouyance.”

“ The flat reverse is true : there is no word of
women-scaring.”

“ But I dread to bear a baby, for Lucina’s dart is
tearing.”

“ Be Artemis your goddess : she will aid you in your
rigour.”

“ But I fear the woes of bearing, lest I lose my lissome
figure.”

“ By the bearing of free children a new life-light you
will shed.”

“ What are the offerings whereby you’ll grace my
bridal-bed ? ”

“ All my groves and pasture fields I bring, and all
my flock.”

“ Swear it, lest when it’s done you go, and leave me
for a mock.”

“ By Pan, I swear I’ll never go, though you yourself
implore me ! ”

“ And will you build a house and stalls and a wedding-
chamber for me ? ”

“ You shall have your wedding-chamber ; and the
flocks I tend are
glorious ! ”

“ What shall I tell mine aged sire, if he should grow
uproarious ? ”

“ Ah ! When he hears my name he’s certain to approve
your plighting.”

“ Pray tell me then, what is your name, for some
names are exciting.”

“ Daphnis. Nomæa bore me, and my father’s
Lycidas.”

“ A goodly stock, but mine it does not any ways
surpass.”

“ Well, you yourself aren’t noble, since Menalcas is
your sire.”

“ And now you’ll show me round your fields, and
which way lies your
byre?”

“ Oh, come and see how green my slender cypress-
trees all stand.”

“ My goats, feed on ; I’m going just to see my
shepherd’s land.”

“ Feed on, my bulls. I’ll show my maiden how my
pastures grow.”

“ Remove your hand, you satyr ; do not seek my
blossoms so !”

“ Just a first glance ! Oh! I must see those snowy
flowers of mine !”

“ O Pan ! O Pan ! I’m fainting ! Take away that
hand of thine !”

“ Darling, look up ! Don’t tremble so ! Why fear your
Lycidas ?”

“ Oh, Daphnis ! I shall spoil my robe, it’s filthy on
this grass.”

“ But—just see here !—the softest fleece over your
robe I’ve thrown.”

“ Ah me! Oh! Don’t undo my belt! Why do you
loose my zone?”

“ Because the Paphian Queen must have it for an
offering.”

“ Some one will come! I hear a noise! Leave off
you cruel thing!”

“ A noise? My cypresses: they murmur how my
darling weds.”

“ Oh, I am bare! You’ve torn my robe into a string
of shreds!”

“ A better robe I’ll give you soon; a larger robe I’ll
buy.”

“ Oh, yes! You’ll give me all, when soon salt even
you’ll deny.”

“ Oh, could I pour my soul into you for your dear
delight!”

“ Forgive, O Artemis, forgive your faithless
acolyte.”

“ Venus shall have an ox ; a calf for Cupid I will
burn.”

“ A virgin came I hither, but a woman shall
return.”

“ The nurse, the mother, of my babes, now never
more a maid.”

So with young limbs entwined in love all joyously
they played,
Soft-murmuring each to each ; then from their secret
couch they leap :
She, when she had arisen, went away to feed her
sheep ;
Shame was in her eyes, but her heart beat high
above :
Joyous, he went to feed his flocks, glad from the bed
of love.

PANTHEA.

A Tribute to Universal Nature, the Mother of all things, and the Source of all Life.

A Song of Woman and her Gifts: the Form Side of Earth, wherethrough Life enters and re-enters.

Of the Renewal of all Nature in the divine Motherhood of all Worlds. A Song of the Great Sea.

PANTHEA.



Leave thou the Islands of thy rearing : come
Unto the shadowy pools ; Night's silver ring
Chains thee. Art thou not charmed ? does
evening
Not make thee silent ? Yea : for thou art dumb
Here in thy Forest. Here are silences
Profounder than deep breath. Thou canst not hear
Even the murmur of the Atmosphere
Borne on the wings of the delightful breeze
Of Night. The vermeil shadows change for thee,
For thee all form takes wing ; the hour is fled ;
There is no breath of life : all life is dead
Because of thee, and thy fair symmetry.
Have I not passed upon thy way ? Have I
Not been within thee, and spent out my soul
In thee ? Immortal, art thou not the whole
Of life, for whose sole lack all life would die ?
Thou art the Way to life ; from thee shall spring
What is to come ; and in thy depths are laid
The Virgin's death : the passing of the Maid.

The fur, the down, the wings ; yea ! Everything
Is thine. And I, because indeed I love thee,
Because in joy I make myself thy slave,
Yearn utterly for thy warm, sheltering cave :
And entering find thy strange, dark moss above thee,
The scented down of love. Thy scent is sweeter
Than virgin honey from an earthly maid ;
Soon shall I enter in thine evening shade,
And my rime fade into the unerring metre
Of thine eternal Song. Art thou not deep
As time ? Is not thy touch more ripely rare
Than even the frondage of thy maidenhair ?
Dost thou not bring at last the sweetest sleep
Wherefrom man wakes ? Therefore I worship thee
In thine own woods : therefore I celebrate
Thee, who art lady of Love, and friend of Fate,
Who bringest all my fiercest joy to me.
What rhytmth is like thine ? Earth's pulses beat
In thee : the heart of love thou art. Thy touch
Brings life to softest birth : ah, grip ! ah, clutch
Thy lover in thy force : lend him thy heat,
That, in thy soft entrancements lying dead,
He may arise anew, seek thee again :
Whence shall come glorious maids and laughing
men,
To clasp and kiss. Is not thy hue more red

Than dawn's? Doth not thy tongue bring forth
more joy
Than any song of man's? Dost thou not bouy
Men's souls with beauty? Are thy lips not fed
With man's fierce love? Maiden of Fate and Time,
I worship in truth and spirit: come to me
Who adore thee: I would give my soul to thee
For one swift echo of thee, one true rime
Of love. Come then! In thine enchanting cave
Thy lover spends his life for thee, my sweet
Immortal one! Thy lover at thy feet
Is lying now; nor vainly shall he crave
Thy wine, thy scent, thy touch. No more! For soon
Deep night must come, and I from hence shall pass
Over thy dewy woods, thy murmuring grass,
To lie at ease in thine enchanted swoon,
O lady of the Mirage and the Moon,

GOLD NIGHT.

*An evening song of Egypt. The Mother-Spell
broods over Sea and Palms.*

*The Singer is lounging against a white, low Wall,
watching the Shadows, as they descend from the Hills upon
the orange-lighted City. As the stars grow more numerous
he goes in search of Love.*

GOLD NIGHT.



bove the cupolas,
And wide white domes
Of coloured stars,
Bubastis smiles
Upon the wide grey sea
That foams, foams
Endlessly, endlessly.
Red tiles
Are orange beneath that sky.
Strange stars are high,
The evening hymn sinks down,
Below
The white town
Aglow,
The white town
Of Queen Bubastis,
That lies
Under dark indigo skies :
The splash, the hiss
Of the sea :
A wavering kiss

Of old melody :
A strange bliss
Of the olden Mistress
Of the Old Land.
The gold sand :
The brown hand :
The gold globe
Of even
In her sapphire robe :
The stylus is calm ;
Like a bereaven
Ghost
The wind sighs, sighs
By the Grove of Palm,
By the host
Of wavelets that sing
Their luminous psalm
To the silver eyes.

O wing
Of the slow
Ibis
Of the island !
There is bliss
Of love
In lowland below,
In highland
Above !

Thence come the brown girls
With wide nostrils
And great eyes :
Thence come the green pearls
Without a flaw
That the yellow oyster
Spills.
There lies
The cave-cloister
Of the Lord of Law.
But the lowland
Is a land of quietness
And of green, happy peace ;
There is soft gold sand
There is surcease
Of stress.
Bubastis is the Grey Cat
Who is the diadem
Of Khem,
With grey eyes,
And the flat,
Broad nose of the quiet South,
She has the wide, sweet mouth,
The soft breasts that rise
For quiet love in the coloured night,
Among the white
Stars,
Amid the cupolas.

NIGHT-SONG OF BACCHUS.

Bacchus, accompanied by Pan and Silenus, passes through the woods upon an Autumn Night. He sings his Dithyrambic Song of Wine and Love.

He tells of his Mission and of the Impending Ecstasy of the Earth. The song ends with the Noon of Night.

NIGHT-SONG OF BACCHUS.



Leopards' eyes glow
In the underbrush of woods
As night falls slow
Upon her multitudes.

All her songs are mine,
All her stars are ours :
Mine is her wine,
Ours are her flowers.

Ring me a wreath,
O Bacchantes mine,
While the tigers' teeth
Are closing on the vine.

Who shall asperse us
 Among all mankind?
Know they my thyrsus
 When I be inclined?

I am god-drunken
 —Autumn mast and must—
When the sun is sunken
 The earth is driven dust.

Roll me a stave,
 Silenus and Pan!
Man is my slave;
 I am a Man.

Tigers ho! my tympan!
 Sway, my cymbals ho!
All mine is man's,
 Man's all below.

The red flame of vision
 From the lees of wine
Is mine, is Elysian,
 Is mine! is mine!

Pentheus, rude
 At my Mysteries,
Was torn and chewed,
 Wine, O my lees !

The Autumn sun is sunken
 Behind the ivy leaves :
I, wet and drunken,
 Come with the sheaves.

Harvest disdainig,
 Mine is the wine !
Lees drown-draining :
 The wine is mine !

Pan, come between us !
 Silenus, here !
Hither Silenus !
 Pan, dost hear ?

Lean o' my shoulder,
 Darling of the must !
Never grow older !
 Take me on trust !

Come, see my cars run
 Greased by the vine !
I make the stars run
 Dripping with wine !

Free men for Liber !
 Dionysus Ho !
From Thamesis to Tiber,
 From Padua to Po !

I was of Khem,
 And I was a Greek,
And I love them
 That bouse without a leak.

Swill it ! transmute it !
 Hearken to my drums !
Never dispute it :
 Take it as it comes !

Hymen I father !
 When ye swim in wine,
My spirit is to gather ;
 I am thine, and thine !

Ah, Night my sweetest !
 Stay yet with me !
When ye are fleetest
 Ye hold most ecstasy !

So, sweet my slaves !
 Masters of the must !
Sing me my staves !
 Set my horns upthrust !

Sing so the Moon !
 I am the Sun !
Day comes too soon,
 Too soon night is done.

All the stars are mine !
 Bacchantes, hear !
Mine is your wine,
 With the kiss behind the ear !

Ho ! for Bacchanalia
 Whereat to boast and bouse,
In the penetralia
 Of my forest house !

Come, O my starry
 Ones of wood and spring!
Come, ye here may marry,
 Love and swill and sing!

Borne by my beasts,
 Tamed to my cars,
I lighted all the East's
 Ecstasy of stars.

They called me never;
 But Dionysus came,
Whence earth forever
 Is lighted by my flame.

I was the new god
 Of wine and ecstasy;
Now I am the true god
 Of the Great Sea

Ho! It is ended!
 Night is fully come:
With night I am blended;
 With night I am dumb.

*So down through the woods
Dionysus came ;
All their multitudes
Bowed at his name.*

*Night fell slowly ;
The song arose : and far
Fell his light, the holy
Murmur of a Star.*

LUCIUS BY THE SEA-SHORE.

*Lucius, the Hero of the Romance of **The Golden Ass**, supplicates the Goddess Isis that he may be Restored to his own Form.*

Standing by the Sea at Midnight the Goddess appears to him.

After the Performance of the Mysteries of Isis on the ensuing Day, his Prayer is granted, and after his many tragic Adventures, he is changed back to his own Shape.

LUCIUS BY THE SEA-SHORE.



low glides the Moon over the fruitful Sea ;
All her attendant Stars sing Harmony
With her enchanted Song: She is the Boat
Of Beauty, and therein my Visions float
Unto thee, O my tenderest Acolyte :
She who is thine, thine Isis, who is Night.

With Thine Increase swell all things ; when Thou
failest
Life fails with Thee : slow shrinking as Thou
palest,
O Isis, O my Mother, who art I
Immirrored in thy motion in the Sky !
All Plants, all Beasts, all Stones, all Dreams are
Thine ;
For in Thee grow all Lives, in Thee divine.

All things are full of Thee, O Lady of Night,
O Sun of Night, O Lady of Delight :
All Stars are Flowers in Thy secret Garden :
All Lives beneath Thy Cestus swell and harden :
O Thou ; the softest Dreams to Thee respond,
To Thee, the Harder than a Diamond.

Touch with Thy Lips that Sea whereby I stand,
And let me see the Sun upon Thine Hand,
The Moon upon my Lips, let Thy Stars fall
From Thy wet Locks, in Dew celestiall :
I dip me seven Times as the Waves pass,
Even as once our wise Pythagoras.

Art Thou not big with Star and milky Moon ?
Thy Sons are Suns : O virginal Typhoon
Of Time ! Thou standest, and Thy Worlds rejoice !
Thou sleepest : falling Stars obey the Voice
—The dreaming Voice—of Isis : Thou wast I
When I was he who broke from that vast Sky.

Even through me the Gods pass one by one,
Die with Thy Moon, live with Thy sweating Sun,
Blaze with Thy Stars, awaken with Thy Lyre,
Frown with Thy Frost, make merry with Thy Fire,
Swell great in Summer, in Thine Autumn sing,
Die in Thy Winter, to be born in Spring.

In alien Woods I sing, O Isis mine ;
My Songs are nothing Worth to Thee, divine
Little lithe Virgin of my Love : Who art
My Mother and my Maiden and my Heart.
I knew Thy Couch : a Babe, a Man, and dead
I lay with Thee : within thy Maidenhead.

I lay within Thee ; and Thou wast my Tomb :
I grew within Thee ; and Thou wast my Womb :
I lay with Thee that Night of Time all Life
Slept ; O mine Isis ; and Thou wast my Wife.
O virgin of the World, by the Great Sea
I live, I love, I die, I sleep in Thee

Mine be the Roses of Thy willing Womb !
Mine be the Lilies of Thy secret Tomb !
Mine be the Passion-Flower that is sown
Unseen : about the World in Beauty blown ;
Mine be the Root, the Pollen, and to Thee
The laughing Babe : O Isis bear with me !

Ah, Sun at Midnight ! I shall pass anew
The brazen Gates, but dally still with you :
Until—until—what matter ? I shall pass
Even as once the wise Pythagoras.
No other Name, no other Word be said ;
It is the Hour : the Sun is overhead.

CHANT ROYAL OF HORACE.

*A chant in Honour of Q. Horatius Flaccus:
foretelling a Rebirth of the Classical Life and Spirit.
The Poem is addressed to the Youth of Today.*

CHANT ROYAL OF HORACE.

Sulphur nascitur in insulis Æolis, inter Siciliam & Italiam.
—PROPHETIÆ MERLINI. (1603)



Of Grecian glade and Latin lutestring sprung,
Married to Ecstasy, I sing the heir
Of Royal song, who with Apollo's tongue
Made all the Latin shore his glory share.
The Muses at his birth renewed the
spring
Of song, and set the world
a-wondering
That Sappho's and Alcæus' son should speak
Till Italy had no lonely, songless peak,
The Argive Coast syrened so wantonly:
Italy had no sadly-silent creek
That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy.

Great Cæsar's victories from Barbarians wrung ;
The Panic revel and the torches' glare ;
The Triumph with its cowering captives strung
Together ; the victor's proudly laurelled hair ;
The sacrifice to Jove ; the ominous
wing
Of birds upon the left ; the loves that
sting ;
The virgins' singing and the eunuchs' squeak ;
The cup-boy's dulcet voice ; the wine-cup's reek ;
The pendulous-purple vines ; the ivory
Of maidens' arms ! That race in joy were weak
That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy !

There on the elms the loving grape-vines cling ;
While olives laughing greenly everywhere
Into sweet song the Wonder-Spirit stung,
And Joy made common home with Romans
there.
There was no time for pining, none
to sing
Of heart-breaks : life was there, a
joyous thing :
Death ! Love ! they knew – vast dramas from the
Greek
Staged by the Gods, some Hero-Fate to wreak
To greater doom ! To Death's vast victory
To lead the broken brow, the pallid cheek,
That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy !

The torch of Time upon the path hath slung
 His eternal Light again. Life shall be fair
Anew : vaster than Roman songs be sung,
 Petitions prouder than a nations prayer
 Assault the Gods ! The Serpent of
 the Ring
 Hath all-consumed his tail. A huge
 new King
Stands with the Ankh : the Spirit's wind grows bleak,
The sky is storm-dark, but a golden-streak
 Dawns in the West gold-orange. The lost
 key
Fell from the revening Eagle's hated beak
 That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy.

The five-rayed star on heaven's height is hung,
 The jest of Jove, who holds the Upper Air.
Woe to the fools that fled, the clowns that clung
 In dawn's despite to their uncouth despair !
 Awake ! What David holds a world
 in sling ?
 Wait ! In a moment will he bend
 the string ?
Oh, hear ye not even now that world-stone creak
In agony ? O ye pious fools, ye sleek
 Sycophants ! It is dawn at last ; and ye
Stay staring at earth's mud, ye blind and meek
 That knew not songs of Grecian ecstasy !

A SONG OF STARS.

*Of the Secret of Life and its Incommunicability. The
Unknown Word of the Stars that would be the Key of Life.
Life lives as Stars die ; and is hence Immortal.*

A SONG OF STARS.



he little moons of evening
Are framed in pine, are sapphire-set ;
The little winds awake and sing
Slow songs of violet.
Green earth contracts while pale moons grow,
Softly and slow.

Each moon for our delight has heard
Songs of swift stars, awoken to love :
Violet veil and flowered word,
Patterned in deeps above,
Veil and reveal those blossoms set
In violet.

Unveil the mystery of grass,
 The wonder of dark woods, the call
Of noisy eagles as they pass—
 O aery waterfall!
O little moons that are so young,
 Is it not sung?

Who knows? The breeze reveals the dawn;
 The little moons unveil the sea;
With clover-scent makes emerald lawn
 No less a mystery.
Whoso hath heard hath truly heard
 The secret Word.

No word reveals it, and no eye
 Beholds it, and no ear may know:
Yet in some sense the sensient sky
 Is conscious of a glow
Beneath, beneath in wheeling earth,
 Nor death, nor birth.

Strange eyes peer out from rainy leaves,
 To tulip-tongues strange lips reply,
And phantom planets roll where heavens
 A strange white aether-sky :
Tenuous themes are theirs, who skim
 That secret rim.

Every lip to every ear ?
 Never, while the little moons
Slide along their easy sphere ;
 And singing summer noons
Holds no hint of things. Who knows
 How a star grows ?

In every star a burning core
 Glow : the star cools, and life is born
Anew : Love comes ; with him once more
 Come man and rain and corn :
Life grows in heat ; but stars grow cold
 As Love grows bold.

And at the end? As the stars pale,
 In strange new forms life still will glow;
This is the secret song; the tale
 Whereby lives swell and grow.
As the stars cool life in new form
 Shall still be warm.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

FROM THE LATIN.

*A Poem of the Rejuvenation of the World in Spring
by Venus and Cupid.*

*Venus and the Loves arrange the Amours of all Life :
the World of Creatures is summoned to Participate in the
Divine Rites of Love and Procreation.*

*The whole Earth swells : quickened to new Life by the
Power of Love.*

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.



Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ;
 whoever has loved shall love anew !
Now is the Spring, the Spring of singing,
 Spring when re-birth of the world is due ;
In Spring the Loved agree together ; in Spring the
 birds all marry again ;
The woodland shakes its long green hairs—the
 woodland quickened by vernal rain ;
Tomorrow the Lady who matches the Loves under
 the shade of the woodland grove
Will weave the sprigs of greenest myrtle into bowers
 for laughing love ;
Tomorrow from her exalted throne Dione will render
 her judgements true :
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

In Spring the great Deep from her spuming womb,
 quicken'd to life by supernal blood,
Formed Dione, who swam with blue-haired Nerèids
 and dolphin-horses along the flood :
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

Dione tinges the year to purple with star-stone
 blossoms, and hers is the clew
That draws buds to swell at Favonus' kiss in the
 warmth of the bed of bridal air ;
The water humid with brilliant dew left by the night
 she scatters, and there
Glittering dew-drops tremble, tremble with rounded
 weight ; and each little dew-star
Depends by the weight of its own little sphere ; the
 dews that the stars rain down afar
In the night serene, at dawn shall loose from their
 robes of æther the virgin nipples
Revealing the purple blush of the blossom ; on the
 morrow Dione's order ripples,
That virgins shall wed with roses all dewy, roses
 with Cyprian blood re-flamed,
And the amorous kiss, and of fire and gems, and of
 purple sunlight. Shall dawn be ashamed
To ravish his bride, her last knot loosed, that blushing
 and crimson lay hid from view ?
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

Into the myrtle groves Dione has sent her Nymphs ;
her boy withal
Companions them, but shorn of arrows, lest he
should mar the festival ;
Go forth, ye Nymphs, for idle is Love unarmed ; the
fiat is made ; he goes
Naked, unarmed, lest woe should be from the arrow
or bow or the torch of Eros.
'Ware, ye Nymphs ! for fair is Love ; and Love is
full-armed with naked thew !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Venus sends unto thee, Virgin of Delos, virgins of
shamefastness matching to thine !
This we implore thee ; let not the grove be bloodied
with slaughter of beasts ; incline,
If a virgin may, to come at her will ; to come, if a
virgin may, to her woods :
Three nights shalt thou see the thronging lovers pass
in their flower-crowned multitudes
To the groves of myrtle ; where Ceres and Bacchus
and God o' the Poets shall set their sigil.
Yield, O Delia ! The woods for Dione ! All night
sound the songs through the woods for
the Vigil !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

By Dione's will shall arise an altar of Hybla blooms ;
 she herself will sue,
And the Graces shall aid her. Pour forth, O Hybla
 all the blossoms the year may yield !
Dione shall sway an empire of blossom, wide-
 extended as Enna's field.
Hither, ye maids of forest and mountain ! From
 grove, wood, fountain be all revealed !
The Mother of winged Desire commands ye girls :
 'Ware Love of the naked thew !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

With newly-awakened flowers the lover shall build
 green bowers ; tomorrow will see
The day, in æons vanished away, of the primal
 Spring's first ecstasy.
Then in the Archetypal Sphere was formed the
 world by the Vernal Lord ;
Into the womb of his darling Earth was the flowing
 river of passion poured.
Huge grew the body of Earth, who fed the myriad
 myriad lives re-bidden ;
She, the Great Mother, rules bloods and brains by the
 spirit diffused of the Knowledge Hidden :
She rules the Great Deep, the lands, the skies ;
 wherever is space for the seed to flow,
Hers is that Path ; by her sole Will the ways of
 begetting all life shall know.

Tomorrow for love who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Dione transferred to Latian lands the Trojans ; she
gave to her son to woo
A Laurentian maiden ; a sacred virgin Mars got of her
joyance ; the raping-raid
Of Romans on Sabines she taught, whence sprang
Quirites and Rhamnes, from whom, for
the aid
Of Romulus' line, through the ages at last the
imperial sires of the Cæsars ensure.
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Fields swell for pleasure : feeling Venus. The legend
is living how young love grew
On the breast of a meadow when borne by Dione,
and how first she fed him on flower-soft
dew.
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
has loved shall love anew !

Behold ! Now bulls outspread their lusty thighs for
love where flowers the gorse ;
All the world is saved by love, enclasped in the
yoking-bond. Behold ! By the force

Of love how the ewes flock under the shade to marry
 their rams ! For Venus' sake
The birds of song must trill and trill ; and the swans'
 hoarse cries above the lake
Resound, resound : Tereus' sad love sings her dirge
 in the poplar-shade ;
A love-song ! Who would know she was telling her
 sister how she had been betrayed
By cruel Tereus ? She sings, but I am dumb. When
 to me will come the Spring ?
When shall I sing as Chelidon sings, and my silence
 end ? Since I ceased to sing.
My Muse has left me, and Phœbus lowers. As
 Amyclæ rued silence, so must I rue !
Tomorrow for love for who's loved never ; whoever
 has loved shall love anew !

THE GARDEN OF PYTHAGORAS.

BY WAY OF APOLOGUE.

*The Gateway of Remembrance lies
Deeplier hid than thought or sense,
Where the Third Eye behind the eyes
Directs the eyes' intelligence.
There the Eye knows how chance and change,
Success and failure, turn and pass,
Meeting and greeting oft: to range
The Garden of Pythagoras.*

THE GARDEN OF PYTHAGORAS.

 *s the little winds blow through the ivy, so blows the wind of memory through the lives upon the wall of life: children of the Sun, every breeze is a messenger, an angelos. Were it not so we should cease to be, for being is becoming: and the End of becoming is unknown to man.*

Understanding is a gift of the Sun; memory a gift of the wind. Æons ago we were motes of dust dancing in a primeval

storm; now we are stars moving in a heaven of thought and dream: impinging; refracting; responding: dust still; but dust Informed.

The Garden I found was enclosed by an old wall, and veined by seven rivers: it was understanding of separation to be there. Time failed me, and time again was born. I was there for no time; yet was everything plain to me in my sojourning. When I left I forgot; remembering only at intervals, at odd times, I know not why.

Now the wind shifted to the east; and from the Sun-gates a golden eagle flew through the Inane: he was the messenger of Jove. This was his message:

A King lay sleeping in his garden;

kisses were upon his lips, wine was in his heart, upon his brow was understanding. It was Summer, and in his dreams he heard the singing of bees, the growing of grass. And it seemed to him that the Reason of life was plain to him; he was in a gold sphere, spinning, spinning: and each thread was a kind of life, and each strand was a part of an whole tapestry. He weaved at random; at length he weaved the great gold eagle before him, and I was that eagle, and I was there in the garden, and I was that King.

And I remembered, for I was in the Garden: when I passed through the Gate I passed as King and as an eagle, the messenger of a King: so I explained it to my Self, But my Self was silent, for He knew all; and all memory was to him as a mockery: for was He not beyond time,

having been in the garden?

An old poet told me of his craft. He said: I too have seen the eagle; I too have become him; but I knew only when I was far hence: but you know now. What else is there indeed? I was silent. He went on: That was the true Pythagoras, who carried his garden with him: for he was himself a garden; enclosed; contained; nourished by the Sun.

Greece, he said, was known to him once; but Pythagoras told him to forget it. For only so, he said, can Greece be reborn; for we seek not what we remember; only what we forget. Hence man quaffs before birth the waters of Lethe, of forgetfulness. But we who remember, are we not poets and artists and dreamers? The world hates

us; but then how rare is understanding! Kings can not come at it; and if they could they would lose all joy in life.

The old poet left me, and I pondered upon his identification with life. I had once a friend who had written forty books of wisdom, and knew no more of love than an amœba. So I turned to write of simple things; but like a lamp in a shrine my invitation shone through, and I had to write, whether I would or no, of the illumination that is the motive of all sensient life.

A bramble-bush became the World-Tree; a herd of cows one of the hairs upon the head of the Great Bull of the Universe. I could not escape, therefore, the spell of Eden and of Horus. All had become divine; and men charged me with obscurity

when all life lay before me as an open book, to be read at my own will. They talked of sheep whilst I was communing with Horus: they chaffered timber when I was kissing the Great Mother. They hated me for hating their stupid rivalries and their low vision: but as for me, I loved them, for that eventually they would attain to understanding.

So I retired beneath the olive-trees in the garden of Pythagoras, and the eagle dropped a wreath of myrtle upon me: and again I was the King; for my maidens brought me their kisses, and my friends their wine; and I sang to them and loved them all.

And I was crowned King until the End of the Æon.

COLOPHON.

The Poet seeks refuge in his Garden from the Disorders of his Time: meditating, he foretells a Return to Natural Things, and the Spring of the Spirit: and to a renewed worship of Youth and Love.

The Poem, as the Book, ends in the complete Assurance of a New Age, and of a Rebirth of Beauty.

COLOPHON.

The tall flowers
Of the hollyhocks
Are not yet won :
But we get
Wall-flowers,
And the silver locks
Of mignonette
Will come anon.

April grows May,
With a pale

Blue pavilion,
And a tale
Of vermillion
Polyanthus,
Or thus
They say.

The modern time
Is full of riot
And incoherent regret:
So one retires
For one's rime
To the quiet
Of a cigarette,
Cool amid the spring fires.

It is delicious,
Or so it seems
To me,
To leave the strange
Dreams
Of psychology
And of psycho-analysis
For the kiss
Of a quiet April sun:
And to range
Far away
From the vicious
Schemes
Of our day.

Soon
There will be won
A quiet moon

Above the pale green
Of the garden.
The soft hours
Harden
Their flowers
In the serene
Majesty
Of the clear
Year.

We
Shall return
—Or so it seems to me—
To learn
The original mystery
Of the birth
Of the year:
Of the earth,

That strange sphere
Of striped green:
Clear—
Speckled—
Lean—
Deckled
At the edges
—Like some books—
With ragged hedges.

And mysterious looks
Come out of the night:
And bright,
Strange
Sounds
Range
The grounds.
Strange eyes, too, peer

From the Spring
Of the year ;
Strange voices sing
As well ;
One can hear
As in a spell.
But no-one sees,
Except a few,
Like maybe,
You
And me,
The new
Mysteries,
That are,
I suppose
—O Silver Star!—
The things
That youth brings :
The song of the rose

Unborn, unsprung
That is sung
At the close
Of day
—The Yogin hour—
When the last ray
Of the sun
Closes like a flower
And all life seems done.

Let the pen run
Yet a little
Still
As it will:
Thought is so brittle;
Soon
It will break
Beneath

The starry wreath
Of the moon,
Whose hidden fire
(For the Poet's sake)
—For it is nearing noon—
May inspire
The words
I spill
In little rushes
From my quill,
As young thrushes,
Just-fledged birds,
Are shaken
From an elm

Thus doth thought awaken
To overwhelm
The mind.

But I
Find
At the moment
The pale sky
Kind:
So—without comment—
Here I close,
As suddenly as a rose
When the warm
Air portends
A storm
So
The song ends,
And I go.



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