

**MUSICAL COURIER**  
**3 AUGUST 1916**

**POEMS TO MAUDE ALLAN**



**MAUD ALLAN.**

(From a sketch by Charles Buchel.)

Few dancers have been made the subjects of as many poetic odes as have fallen to the lot of Maud Allan. Here are a few of them:

She lives not in our world of common things,  
Nor breathes the common air of mortal men;  
Her careless feet are wandering in the glen  
Of some forgotten past, while round them clings  
Each loving blade and flower. Wild pigeon's wings  
Wave round her head, and from each brake and fen  
Shy woodland creatures far from human ken  
Feed from her hand and listen while she sings.  
Fair dream of what was once and is no more!  
Not in the waking visions of the day,  
Not to the heart that yearns, the eyelids sore  
With weary watching, comes the perfect ray,  
Thou livest only in the poet's lore,

With men who dwell apart and dream always

W. L. COURTNEY, of London

Sculptor of that most gracious theme,  
Yourself,  
You carve the galleries of remembrance  
Like Egypt, with a deathless attitude.  
From your perpetual triumph, cease  
And read me as a steadfast monument . . . behold  
The moving moments stayed:  
The queen you are, the priestess, and the slave,  
As, hand to hand, they poise  
Perfection to itself—  
A woman's beauty and a poet's soul.

HORACE HOLLEY.

Cactus of pain and sand  
Of barrenness!—  
Yet even here shall stand  
Beauty and bless  
With her unfailing hand  
And keep me brave  
Under the desert-sky  
And guide and save . . .  
Till even I  
Shall walk with her untroubled on the grave.

WITTER BYNNER.

Spring, smiling, breathes the zephyrs of her feet,  
For all her body is the Soul of Spring;  
And all the life of Nature, set aswing,  
Glows Pentecostal to the Paraclete.  
Then, savage glories ravishing the sweet,  
Her serpent arms make sigils menacing  
The sacramental death of some strange king.  
Now Sib enkindles her, and now Nuit!  
Even as the glass wherein God sees His face,  
She changes momentarily from grace to grace,  
A flower, a tree, a moon, a bird, a breeze,  
A heart—oh let me swoon amazed, enrapt,  
That in her beauty my life's spindle, snapped,  
May blot my being in Eternity's.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Attuned strings that in the hush of dawn  
Plead with the reedy oboes yearningly  
To be transfigured into mortal grace,  
Thy strains bewildering have called to life  
A naiad blown on thy wild melody  
Adown the dim blue misty lanes of morn.

Alluring zephyrs of awakening spring  
Breathe rapturous round her lissome figure light,  
As at her touch the burgeoning blossoms smile;  
And sad funereal purple robes of woe  
Trail in the haunting sorrow of her tread  
To death's seductive strains inconsolate;  
And timbrels and shrill pipes surge passionately  
With all the frenzy of Salome's plea  
In her fierce tempest of exotic woe.

For joy and sorrow in alternate strife  
Contend before us in enamored spells  
Of beauty with the magic of her dance.  
Egypt and Greece and Persia, exorcised,  
Float by in rhythms of her sinuous grace;  
The passion of the sea, the clouds, the wind,  
Embodied in her presence, sweep along  
In surging cadences that storm our hearts.  
Then wilder, swifter, panting unto death  
With blare of brass and the wild beat of drums  
The mad Bacchante rushes into night.

CHARLES KEELER.