

ON GARRET HOSTEL BRIDGE.

HERE in the evening curl white mists and
wreath in their vapour
All the gray spires of stone, all the immobile towers ;
Here in the twilight gloom dim trees and sleeper
rivers,
Here where the bridge is thrown over the amber
stream.
Chill is the ray that steals from the moon to the
stream that whispers
Secret tales of source, songs of its fountain-head.
Here do I stand in the dusk ; like spectres mournfully
moving
Wisps of the cloud-wreaths form, dissipate into the
mist,
Wrap me in shrouds of gray, chill me and make me
shiver,
Not with the Night alone, not with the sound of her
wing,
Yet with a sense of something vague and unearthly
stalking
(Step after step as I move) me, to annul me, quell

Hope and desire and life, bid light die under my eye-
lids,
Bid the strong heart despair, quench the desire of
Heaven.
So I shudder a little ; and my heart goes out to the
mountains,
Rock upon rock for a crown, snow like an ermine robe ;
Thunder and lightning free fashioned for speech and
seeing,
Pinnacles royal and steep, queen of the arduous
breast !
Ye on whose icy bosom, passionate, at the sunrise,
Ye in whose wind-swept hollows, lulled in the moon
rise clear,
Often and oft I struggled, a child with an angry mother,
Often and oft I slept, maid in a lover's arms.
Back to ye, back, wild towers, from this flat and deso-
late fenland,
Back to ye yet will I flee, swallow on wing to the
south ;
Move in your purple cloud-banks and leap your far-
swelling torrents,
Bathe in the pools below, laugh with the winds
above,
Battle and strive and climb in the teeth of the glad
wild weather,
Flash on the slopes of ice, dance on the spires of rock,
Run like a glad young panther over the stony high-
lands,
Shout with the joy of living, race to the rugged cairn,

Feel the breath of your freedom burn in my veins, and
Freedom !

Freedom ! echoes adown cliff and precipitous ghyll.
Fire and desire and light and youth and passion and
freedom

Race in my blood untamed, laugh in my face for
love.

Down by the cold gray lake the sun descends from
his hunting,

Shadow and silence steals over the frozen fells.
Oh, to the there, my heart ! And the vesper bells awaken

;

Colleges call their children ; Lakeland fades from
the sight.

Only the sad slow Cam like a sire with age grown
heavy

Wearily moves to the sea, to quicken to life at last.
Blithelier I depart, to a sea of sunnier kindness ;
Hours of waiting are past ; I re-quicken to love.