

THE BARROW.



Over long-mouldering flesh and bone and
marrow,
Beneath the yellows of the sunset-clouds,
There lies a grave, long, mystic, green and
narrow,
That some forgotten savage form
enshrouds;
Right on the hill-top, far from home and harrow:
The evening winds play softly round the barrow.

Sunset and silence and the eternal wonder
Of life up here three thousand years ago;
They are not far, those days, not far asunder
From now: the same delicious breezes
blow;
The fieldfares' fathers loved the hill; and under
Grows the same grass, sprung from the earth's primal
thunder.

Man's eyes turn to the sunset, wistly skimming
The evening sky; and everything remains;
Round the old hill are twittering fieldfares rimming,
The night-wind cries: the dead bones and
their banes,
The old stones and their stains, stay; never dimming
The earth's fire-heart: the fount of life stays
brimming.

Turn downwards to the village in the valley;
Sit with your feet before the fendered fire,
Sipping the Sussex brew: and musically
The crickets sing; the kettle, evening's
lyre.
Accompanies; the curtains draw, and sally
Forth to the mind-home where the old lives rally.

And there outside it's night; the hill is starred,
Just as it was three thousand years ago:
Take down your Homer, with a gold regard
To old Odysseus. Say; was it not so
When brave Maeonides, a blind, fierce bard,
Fared out to sing—blind, with a sight unmarred?

There lies the barrow, shining in the moonlight,
It is out there, out on the homing hill;
Clasp close the treasured dream, the softly-strewn
light
That 'lumes your endless mind; oh! it
is
still
The same old Truth! The same old, wondrous
rune-light
Shall lead you through its moonlight and its noon-
light.

Outside the world flows on; tonight the falling
Dews make the hill all sodden; through
the elms
The same wind blows; far off the sea is calling:
The same old dreams: the same old
roytering realms
Of men and wars; the same old pains are galling;
Outside it's night; the world has hushed its
brawling.

There lie the bones and sinews, nerve and marrow
Mouldered past dust, dead in the living
night;
There is the tomb, divorced from home and harrow:
There the old Chieftain lies; a village
light
Gleams, and a blind is drawn. There is the narrow
Old mystic grave. Homer! There lies the barrow!