

# Three Lyrics and a Sonnet

## To B. C.

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### I.—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 arm 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.

### II.—BOHEMIA

The Kingdom of the Rose and Star:  
A shelf of books, an old guitar,  
A lamp, a bed,—Bohemia!

And many days I seeking spent  
For life, and for life's wonderment,  
The found the Kingdom of Content.

What if, from out thy sill I see  
A dozen roofs for every tree?  
Thy nature is humanity.

And life and love within thee dwell  
In Poesy's and music's swell,—  
In roundelay and villanelle.

The dwellers in thee surely know  
The gods, and love, and like, and woe:  
Who more unto the gods may owe?

Around thee snatches float of song,  
And rays of art: thy life's as long  
As is thy art, and thou art strong.

O mine, and bard, and histrion,  
Romance how has your kingdom known,  
—The kingdom you have made your own?

O fragrant rose! O radiant star!  
I sing in vain, for ye are far,  
Within my lost Bohemia

### III.—THE QUARREL

"No light, save mine, brings echoes from the sun,"  
Said Day-spring to the Night, and Night in scorn  
Cried, "Victory is mine when day is done:  
I guard the cradle of the infant Morn."

The Day-spring: "Dawn is mine. I do but tread  
Lightly the world and bring the light of day,  
And life is both. Behold my shining head,  
The symbol that men herald far away."

"Nightless, how should men now the stars?" said Night,  
"And, save by contrast, how should nature live?  
I bring the message of the stars' delight:  
What has the day of so much worth to give?"

"The promise of the Night," said Day, and kissed  
The brow of Night, and vanished unto mist.

IV.—FORWARDS  
[*From the German of A De Nora*]

Ho! Glance not long to left or right,  
Upon Time's eager steed swift ride,  
And let him, at his spirit's height  
Fly where he will—the world is wide!

Who on the saddle once has sprung  
Cares not what yelps beneath his steed,  
For all the mire of life is flung  
No higher than his boots, indeed.

And while in worn old paths still treads  
Philistia, in mire and slime,  
He laughing sits above men's heads,—  
Upon his steed the lord of time.

Hounds bay, the crowd abuse all cry,  
The law gives chase . . . the tumult all  
Is quelled. On to the goal doth fly  
His steed; behind the other crawl