



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries  
and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-  
ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

# Twenty Poems

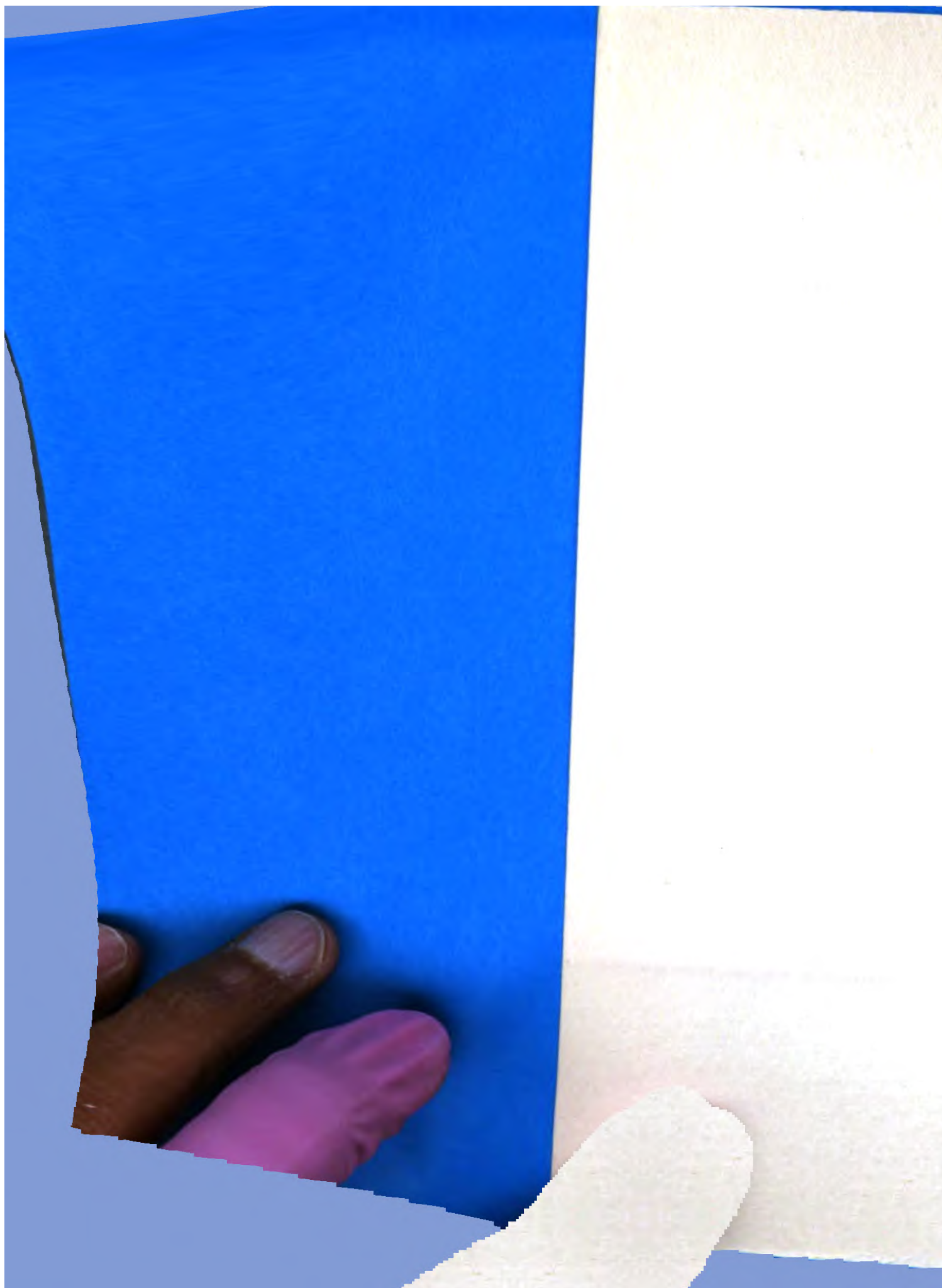
by

# Rupert Brooke



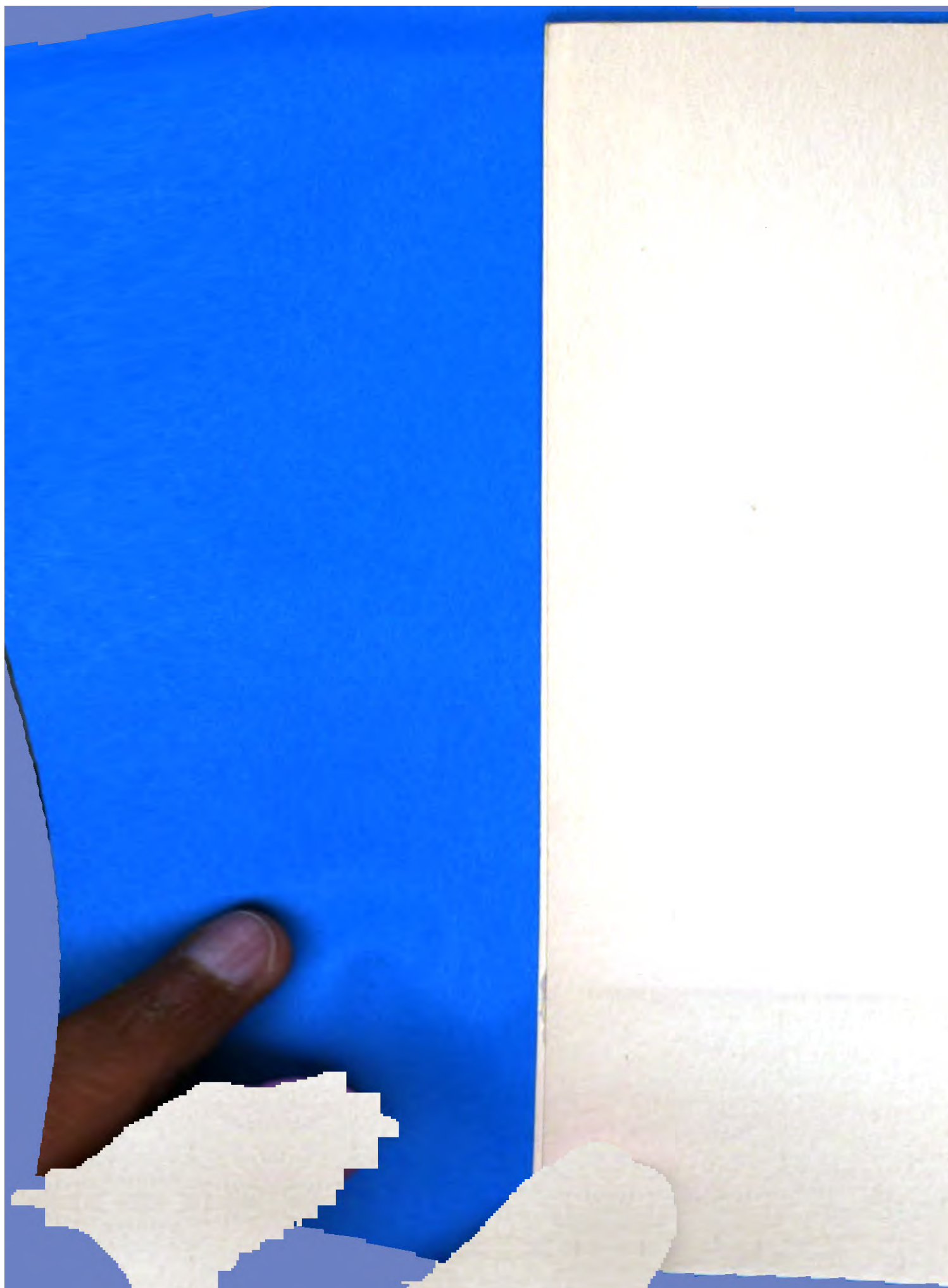
London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.

28001 f. 927(13).





TWENTY POEMS BY  
RUPERT BROOKE



# Twenty Poems by Rupert Brooke

London  
Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.  
44 Museum Street, W.C.1





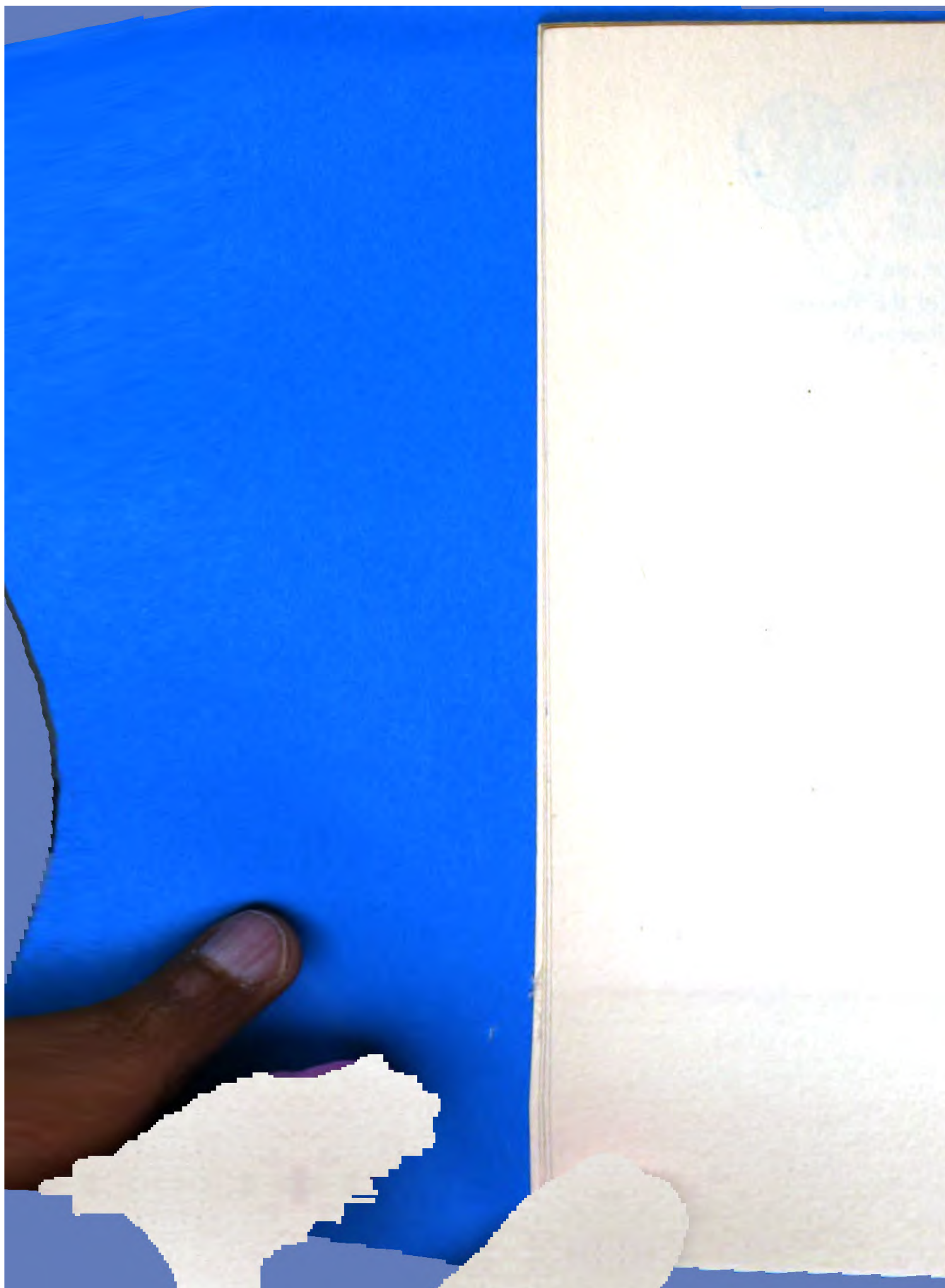
*First  
Ref*

# CONTENTS



	PAGE
THE HILL - - - - -	7
SONNET (' Oh ! Death will find me ') - - -	8
SONNET (Suggested by some of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research) - - -	9
DUST - - - - -	10
BLUE EVENING - - - - -	13
RETROSPECT - - - - -	15
DOUBTS - - - - -	17
BEAUTY AND BEAUTY - - - - -	18
CLOUDS - - - - -	19
THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER - - -	20
THE GREAT LOVER - - - - -	26
DINING-ROOM TEA - - - - -	31
THE FUNERAL OF YOUTH : THRENODY - - -	34
THE FISH - - - - -	37
HEAVEN - - - - -	41
1914 : I. PEACE - - - - -	43
II. SAFETY - - - - -	44
III. THE DEAD - - - - -	45
IV. THE DEAD - - - - -	46
V. THE SOLDIER - - - - -	47





## The Hill

BREATHLESS we flung us on the windy hill,  
Laughed in the sun and kissed the lovely  
grass.

You said, 'Through glory and ecstasy we pass ;  
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing  
still,

When we are old, are old . . .' 'And when  
we die

All's over that is ours ; and life burns on  
Through other lovers, other lips,' said I,  
'Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is  
won !'

'We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson  
here.

Life is our cry. We have kept the faith !' we  
said ;

'We shall go down with unreluctant tread  
Rose-crowned into the darkness !' . . . Proud  
we were,

And laughed, that had such brave true things to  
say.

—And then you suddenly cried, and turned  
away.

1910.



## Sonnet

OH ! Death will find me  
Of watching you ; and  
Into the shade and loneliness  
Of the last land !    T

One day, I think, I'll find  
See a slow light across  
And hear the Dead about  
And tremble. And  
have died,

And watch you, a broad  
dream,  
Pass, light as ever, through  
Quietly ponder, start, and  
Most individual and

And turn, and toss your head  
Amusedly, among the a

*April 1909.*



## Sonnet

*(Suggested by some of the Proceedings of the Society  
for Psychological Research)*

NOT with vain tears, when we're beyond the  
sun,

We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor  
tread

Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead  
Plaintive for Earth ; but rather turn and run  
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,  
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,  
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows,  
find

Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and  
there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day ;

Think each in each, immediately wise ;  
Learn all we lacked before ; hear, know, and  
say

What this tumultuous body now denies ;  
And feel, who have laid our groping hands  
away ;

And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

1913.

## Dust

WHEN the white flame in us is gone,  
And we that lost the world's delight  
Stiffen in darkness, left alone  
To crumble in our separate night ;

When your swift hair is quiet in death,  
And through the lips corruption thrus  
Has stilled the labour of my breath—  
When we are dust, when we are dust

Not dead, not undesirous yet,  
Still sentient, still unsatisfied,  
We'll ride the air, and shine, and flit,  
Around the places where we died,

And dance as dust before the sun,  
And light of foot, and unconfined,  
Hurry from road to road, and run  
About the errands of the wind.

And every mote, on earth or air,  
Will speed and gleam, down later day  
And like a secret pilgrim fare  
By eager and invisible ways,

Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,  
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,  
One mote of all the dust that's I  
Shall meet one atom that was you.

Then in some garden hushed from wind,  
Warm in a sunset's afterglow,  
The lovers in the flowers will find  
A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace ; and, past desiring,  
So high a beauty in the air,  
And such a light, and such a quiring,  
And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,  
Or out of earth, or in the height,  
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,  
Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher. . . .  
But in that instant they shall learn  
The shattering ecstasy of our fire,  
And the weak passionless hearts will burn



And faint in that amazing glow,  
Until the darkness close above ;  
And they will know—poor fools, they'll k  
One moment, what it is to love.

*December 1909—March 1910.*

## Blue Evening

My restless blood now lies a-quiver,  
Knowing that always, exquisitely,  
This April twilight on the river  
Stirs anguish in the heart of me.

For the fast world in that rare glimmer  
Puts on the witchery of a dream,  
The straight grey buildings, richly dimmer,  
The fiery windows, and the stream

With willows leaning quietly over,  
The still ecstatic fading skies . . .  
And all these, like a waiting lover,  
Murmur and gleam, lift lustrous eyes,

Drift close to me, and sideways bending  
Whisper delicious words.

But I  
Stretch terrible hands, uncomprehending,  
Shaken with love ; and laugh ; and cry.

My agony made the willows quiver ;  
I heard the knocking of my heart  
Die loudly down the windless river,  
I heard the pale skies fall apart,

And the shrill stars' unmeaning laughter  
And my voice with the vocal trees  
Weeping. And Hatred followed after,  
Shrilling madly down the breeze.

In peace from the wild heart of clamour  
A flower in moonlight, she was there,  
Was rippling down white ways of glamor  
Quietly laid on wave and air.

Her passing left no leaf a-quiver.  
Pale flowers wreathed her white, white  
Her feet were silence on the river ;  
And ' Hush ! ' she said, between the b

*May 1909.*



## Retrospect

In your arms was still delight,  
Quiet as a street at night ;  
And thoughts of you, I do remember,  
Were green leaves in a darkened chamber,  
Were dark clouds in a moonless sky.  
Love, in you, went passing by,  
Penetrative, remote, and rare,  
Like a bird in the wide air,  
And, as the bird, it left no trace  
In the heaven of your face.  
In your stupidity I found  
The sweet hush after a sweet sound.  
All about you was the light  
That dims the greying end of night ;  
Desire was the unrisen sun,  
Joy the day not yet begun,  
With tree whispering to tree,  
Without wind, quietly.  
Wisdom slept within your hair,  
And Long-Suffering was there,  
And, in the flowing of your dress,  
Undiscerning Tenderness.  
And when you thought, it seemed to me,  
Infinitely, and like a sea,

About the slight world you had known  
Your vast unconsciousness was thrown.

O haven without wave or tide !  
Silence, in which all songs have died !  
Holy book, where hearts are still !  
And home at length under the hill !  
O mother-quiet, breasts of peace,  
Where love itself would faint and cease  
O infinite deep I never knew,  
I would come back, come back to you,  
Find you, as a pool unstirred,  
Kneel down by you, and never a word,  
Lay my head, and nothing said,  
In your hands, ungarlanded ;  
And a long watch you would keep ;  
And I should sleep, and I should sleep !

MATAIEA, *January* 1914.



## Doubts

WHEN she sleeps, her soul, I know,  
Goes a wanderer on the air,  
Wings where I may never go,  
Leaves her lying, still and fair,  
Waiting, empty, laid aside,  
Like a dress upon a chair. . . .  
This I know, and yet I know  
Doubts that will not be denied.

For if the soul be not in place,  
What has laid trouble in her face?  
And, sits there nothing ware and wise  
Behind the curtains of her eyes,  
What is it, in the self's eclipse,  
Shadows, soft and passingly,  
About the corners of her lips,  
The smile that is essential she?

And if the spirit be not there,  
Why is fragrance in the hair?

1913.



## Beauty and Beauty

WHEN Beauty and Beauty meet  
All naked, fair to fair,  
The earth is crying-sweet,  
And scattering-bright the air,  
Eddying, dizzying, closing round,  
With soft and drunken laughter ;  
Veiling all that may befall  
After—after—

Where Beauty and Beauty met,  
Earth's still a-tremble there,  
And winds are scented yet,  
And memory-soft the air,  
Bosoming, folding glints of light,  
And shreds of shadowy laughter ;  
Not the tears that fill the years  
After—after—

1912.

## Clouds

Down the blue night the unending columns  
press

In noiseless tumult, break and wave and  
flow,

Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of  
snow

Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.

Some pause in their grave wandering comrade-  
less,

And turn with profound gesture vague and  
slow,

As who would pray good for the world, but  
know

Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain

Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.

I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as  
these,

In wise majestic melancholy train,

And watch the moon, and the still-raging  
seas,

And men, coming and going on the earth.

THE PACIFIC, *October* 1913.

The Old Vicarage, Grantchester

(*Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912*)

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,  
All before my little room ;  
And in my flower-beds, I think,  
Smile the carnation and the pink ;  
And down the borders, well I know,  
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .  
Oh ! there the chestnuts, summer through  
Beside the river make for you  
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
Deeply above ; and green and deep  
The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
Green as a dream and deep as death.  
—Oh, damn ! I know it ! and I know  
How the May fields all golden show,  
And when the day is young and sweet,  
Gild gloriously the bare feet  
That run to bathe . . .

*Du lieber Gott !*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,  
And there the shadowed waters fresh  
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.



*Temperamentvoll* German Jews  
Drink beer around ;—and *there* the dews  
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.  
Here tulips bloom as they are told ;  
Unkempt about those hedges blows  
An English unofficial rose ;  
And there the unregulated sun  
Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
A slippered Hesper ; and there are  
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton  
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*.

εἶθε γένοιμην . . . would I were  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—  
Some, it may be, can get in touch  
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low : . . .  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day-long and watch the Cambridge sky,

And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .  
Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.  
Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .  
And in that garden, black and white,  
Creep whispers through the grass all night  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe ;  
And oft between the boughs is seen  
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .  
Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
Vanishing with Satanic cries,  
The prim ecclesiastic rout  
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy call  
The falling house that never falls.



God ! I will pack, and take a train,  
And get me to England once again !  
For England's the one land, I know,  
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go ;  
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,  
The shire for Men who Understand ;  
And of *that* district I prefer  
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.  
For Cambridge people rarely smile,  
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;  
And Royston men in the far South  
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;  
At Over they fling oaths at one,  
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,  
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,  
And there's none in Harston under thirty,  
And folks in Shelford and those parts  
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,  
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,  
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,  
And things are done you'd not believe  
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.  
Strong men have run for miles and miles,  
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;  
Strong men have blanched, and shot their  
wives,



Rather than send them to St. Ives ;  
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam  
To hear what happened at Babraham.  
But Grantchester ! ah, Grantchester !  
There's peace and holy quiet there,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
And men and women with straight eyes,  
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
And little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
In Grantchester their skins are white ;  
They bathe by day, they bathe by night  
The women there do all they ought ;  
The men observe the Rules of Thought.  
They love the Good ; they worship Truth  
They laugh uproariously in youth ;  
(And when they get to feeling old,  
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told)

Ah God ! to see the branches stir  
Across the moon at Grantchester !  
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
Unforgettable, unforgotten  
River-smell, and hear the breeze  
Sobbing in the little trees.

Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
Still guardians of that holy land ?  
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
The yet unacademic stream ?  
Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
Anadyomene, silver-gold ?  
And sunset still a golden sea  
From Haslingfield to Madingley ?  
And after, ere the night is born,  
Do hares come out about the corn ?  
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,  
Gentle and brown, above the pool ?  
And laughs the immortal river still  
Under the mill, under the mill ?  
Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?  
And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?  
Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
The lies, and truths, and pain ? . . . oh ! yet  
Stands the Church clock at ten to three ?  
And is there honey still for tea ?

## The Great Lover

I HAVE been so great a lover : filled my  
So proudly with the splendour of Love's  
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment  
Desire illimitable, and still content,  
And all dear names men use, to cheat de  
For the perplexed and viewless stream  
bear

Our hearts at random down the dark of  
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that  
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy De  
far,

My night shall be remembered for a star  
That outshone all the suns of all men's d  
Shall I not crown them with immortal p  
Whom I have loved, who have given me,  
with me

High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see  
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?  
Love is a flame ;—we have beaconed the v  
night.

A city :—and we have built it, these and  
An emperor :—we have taught the world  
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence  
And the high cause of Love's magnificence



And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those  
names  
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
And set them as a banner, that men may  
know,  
To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
Out on the wind of Time, shining and stream-  
ing. . . .

These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery  
dust ;  
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight ; the strong  
crust  
Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;  
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of  
wood ;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool  
flowers ;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through  
sunny hours,  
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the  
moon ;  
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon

Smooth away trouble , and the rough  
kiss

Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that  
Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds  
keen

Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;  
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch  
The good smell of old clothes ; and  
such—

The comfortable smell of friendly fingers  
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reel  
lingers

About dead leaves and last year's ferns.

Dear  
And thousand other throng to me !  
flames ;

Sweet water's dimpling laugh from the  
spring ;

Holes in the ground ; and voices that  
sing ;

Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain  
Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-pain  
train ;

Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam  
That browns and dwindles as the waves  
home ;



And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold  
Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;  
Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;  
And oaks ; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-  
new ;

And new-peeled sticks ; and shining pools on  
grass ;—

All these have been my loves. And these shall  
pass,

Whatever passes not, in the great hour,  
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have  
power

To hold them with me through the gate of  
Death.

They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor  
breath,

Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's  
trust

And sacramented covenant to the dust.

—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I  
shall wake,

And give what's left of love again, and make  
New friends, now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known  
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is  
blown



About the winds of the world, and faded  
brains

Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again  
This one last gift I give : that after men  
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed  
Praise you, "All these were lovely"  
"He loved."

MATAIEA, 1914.

## Dining-Room Tea

WHEN you were there, and you, and you,  
Happiness crowned the night ; I too,  
Laughing and looking, one of all,  
I watched the quivering lamplight fall  
On plate and flowers and pouring tea  
And cup and cloth ; and they and we  
Flung all the dancing moments by  
With jest and glitter. Lip and eye  
Flashed on the glory, shone and cried,  
Improvident, unmemoried ;  
And fitfully and like a flame  
The light of laughter went and came.  
Proud in their careless transience moved  
The changing faces that I loved.

Till suddenly, and otherwhence,  
I looked upon your innocence.  
For lifted clear and still and strange  
From the dark woven flow of change  
Under a vast and starless sky  
I saw the immortal moment lie.  
One instant I, an instant, knew  
As God knows all. And it and you  
I, above Time, oh, blind ! could see

In witless immortality.

I saw the marble cup ; the tea,  
Hung on the air, an amber stream ;  
I saw the fire's unglittering gleam,  
The painted flame, the frozen smoke.  
No more the flooding lamplight broke  
On flying eyes and lips and hair ;  
But lay, but slept unbroken there,  
On stiller flesh, and body breathless,  
And lips and laughter stayed and death  
And words on which no silence grew.  
Light was more alive than you.

For suddenly, and otherwhence,  
I looked on your magnificence.  
I saw the stillness and the light,  
And you, august, immortal, white,  
Holy and strange ; and every glint  
Posture and jest and thought and tint  
Freed from the mask of transiency,  
Triumphant in eternity,  
Immote, immortal.

Dazed at length  
Human eyes grew, mortal strength  
Wearied ; and Time began to creep.  
Change closed about me like a sleep.



Light glinted on the eyes I loved.  
The cup was filled. The bodies moved.  
The drifting petal came to ground.  
The laughter chimed its perfect round.  
The broken syllable was ended.  
And I, so certain and so friended,  
How could I cloud, or how distress,  
The heaven of your unconsciousness ?  
Or shake at Time's sufficient spell,  
Stammering of lights unutterable ?  
The eternal holiness of you,  
The timeless end, you never knew,  
The peace that lay, the light that shone.  
You never knew that I had gone  
A million miles away, and stayed  
A million years. The laughter played  
Unbroken round me ; and the jest  
Flashed on. And we that knew the best  
Down wonderful hours grew happier yet.  
I sang at heart, and talked, and ate,  
And lived from laugh to laugh, I too,  
When you were there, and you, and you.

## The Funeral of Youth : Threnology

THE day that *Youth* had died,  
There came to his grave-side,  
In decent mourning, from the county's  
Those scatter'd friends  
Who had liv'd the boon companions of his  
And laugh'd with him and sung with him  
wasted,  
In feast and wine and many-crown'd carousals  
The days and nights and dawns of his life  
When *Youth* kept open house,  
Nor left untasted  
Aught of his high emprise and ventures  
No quest of his unshar'd—  
All these, with loitering feet and sad heads  
Follow'd their old friend's bier.  
*Folly* went first,  
With muffled bells and coxcomb still rearing  
And after trod the bearers, hat in hand  
*Laughter*, most hoarse, and Captain *Prudence*  
tann'd  
And martial face all grim, and fussy *Jo*  
Who had to catch a train, and *Lus*  
snivelling boy;  
These bore the dear departed.



Behind them, broken-hearted,  
Came *Grief*, so noisy a widow, that all said,  
"Had he but wed  
Her elder sister *Sorrow*, in her stead!"  
And by her, trying to soothe her all the time,  
The fatherless children, *Colour*, *Tune*, and  
*Rhyme*  
(The sweet lad *Rhyme*), ran all-uncompre-  
hending.  
Then, at the way's sad ending,  
Round the raw grave they stay'd. Old  
*Wisdom* read,  
In mumbling tone, the Service for the Dead.  
There stood *Romance*,  
The furrowing tears had mark'd her rougèd  
cheek ;  
Poor old *Conceit*, his wonder unassuag'd ;  
Dead *Innocency's* daughter, *Ignorance* ;  
And shabby, ill-dress'd *Generosity* ;  
And *Argument*, too full of woe to speak ;  
*Passion*, grown portly, something middle-  
aged ;  
And *Friendship*—not a minute older, she ;  
*Impatience*, ever taking out his watch ;  
*Faith*, who was deaf, and had to lean, to catch  
Old *Wisdom's* endless drone.



*Beauty* was there,  
Pale in her black ; dry-ey'd ; she stood  
Poor maz'd *Imagination* ; *Fancy* wild ;  
*Ardour*, the sunlight on his greying hair ;  
*Contentment*, who had known *Youth* as a child  
And never seen him since. And *Spring*,  
too,  
Dancing over the tombs, and brought  
flowers—  
She did not stay for long.  
And *Truth*, and *Grace*, and all the merry  
The laughing *Winds* and *Rivers*, and  
*Hours* ;  
And *Hope*, the dewy-ey'd ; and some  
*Song* ;—  
Yes, with much woe and mourning gone  
At dead *Youth's* funeral,  
Even these were met once more together  
Who erst the fair and living *Youth* did know  
All, except only *Love*. *Love* had died long

1913.

## The Fish

IN a cool curving world he lies  
And ripples with dark ecstasies.  
The kind luxurious lapse and steal  
Shapes all his universe to feel  
And know and be ; the clinging stream  
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,  
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides  
Superb on unreturning tides.  
Those silent waters weave for him  
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,  
Where wavering masses bulge and gape  
Mysterious, and shape to shape  
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,  
And form and line and solid follow  
Solid and line and form to dream  
Fantastic down the eternal stream ;  
An obscure world, a shifting world,  
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,  
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,  
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.  
There slipping wave and shore are one,  
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,  
But glow to glow fades down the deep  
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep) ;

Shaken translucency illumines  
The hyaline of drifting glooms ;  
The strange soft-handed depth subdues  
Drowned colour there, but black to hue  
As death to living, decomposes—  
Red darkness of the heart of roses,  
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,  
And gold that lies behind the eyes,  
The unknown unnameable sightless whi  
That is the essential flame of night,  
Lustreless purple, hooded green,  
The myriad hues that lie between  
Darkness and darkness ! . . .

And all  
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,  
The world he rests in, world he knows,  
Perpetual curving. Only—grows  
An eddy in that ordered falling,  
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling  
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—  
The dark fire leaps along his blood ;  
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,  
The intricate impulse works its will ;  
His woven world drops back ; and he,  
Sans providence, sans memory,



Unconscious and directly driven,  
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,  
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,  
Of lights in the clear night, of cries  
That drift along the wave and rise  
Thin to the glittering stars above,  
You know the hands, the eyes of love !  
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,  
The infinite distance, and the singing  
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,  
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around  
The horizon, and the heights above—  
You know the sigh, the song of love !

But there the night is close, and there  
Darkness is cold and strange and bare ;  
And the secret deeps are whisperless ;  
And rhythm is all deliciousness ;  
And joy is in the throbbing tide,  
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide  
In felt bewildering harmonies  
Of trembling touch ; and music is  
The exquisite knocking of the blood.  
Space is no more, under the mud ;

His bliss is older than the sun.  
Silent and straight the waters run.  
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,  
And the dark tide are one with him.

MUNICH, *March* 1911.



## Heaven

FISH (fly-replete, in depth of June,  
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)  
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,  
Each secret fishy hope or fear.  
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond ;  
But is there anything Beyond ?  
This life cannot be All, they swear,  
For how unpleasant if it were !  
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good  
Shall come of Water and of Mud ;  
And, sure, the reverent eye must see  
A Purpose in Liquidity.  
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,  
The future is not Wholly Dry.  
Mud unto mud !—Death eddies near—  
Not here the appointed End, not here !  
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,  
Is wetter water, slimier slime !  
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One  
Who swam ere rivers were begun,  
Immense, of fishy form and mind,  
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind ;  
And under that Almighty Fin,  
The littlest fish may enter in.



Oh ! never fly conceals a hook,  
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,  
But more than mundane weeds are there  
And mud, celestially fair ;  
Fat caterpillars drift around,  
And Paradisal grubs are found ;  
Unfading moths, immortal flies,  
And the worm that never dies.  
And in that Heaven of all their wish,  
There shall be no more land, say fish.

1913.

## 1914: I. Peace

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us  
with His hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from  
sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened  
power,

To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and  
weary,

Leave the sick hearts that honour could not  
move,

And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love !

Oh ! we, who have known shame, we have  
found release there,

Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has  
mending,

Naught broken save this body, lost but  
breath ;

Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long  
peace there

But only agony, and that has ending ;

And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

## II. Safety

DEAR ! of all happy in the hour, most b  
He who has found our hid security,  
Assured in the dark tides of the wo  
rest,

And heard our word, ' Who is so safe a  
We have found safety with all things un  
The winds, and morning, tears of m  
mirth,

The deep night, and birds singing, and  
flying,

And sleep, and freedom, and the au  
earth.

We have built a house that is not for  
throwing.

We have gained a peace unshaken b  
for ever.

War knows no power. Safe shall be my

Secretly armed against all death's end

Safe though all safety's lost ; safe when  
fall ;

And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.



### III. The Dead

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of  
old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than  
gold.  
These laid the world away ; poured out the  
red  
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene  
That men call age ; and those who would  
have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our  
dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and  
Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.

#### IV. The Dead

THESE hearts were woven of human  
cares,

Washed marvellously with sorrow,  
mirth.

The years had given them kindness  
was theirs,

And sunset, and the colours of the ea

These had seen movement, and heard  
known

Slumber and waking ; loved ; gone  
friended ;

Felt the quick stir of wonder ; sat alone

Touched flowers and furs and cheeks  
this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing  
laughter

And lit by the rich skies, all day. And

Frost, with a gesture, stays the wa  
dance

And wandering loveliness. He leaves

Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance

A width, a shining peace, under the ni



## V. The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me :

That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made  
aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to  
roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by  
England given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her  
day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentle-  
ness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English  
heaven.





PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY  
BILLING AND SONS LTD.,  
GUILDFORD AND ESHER







