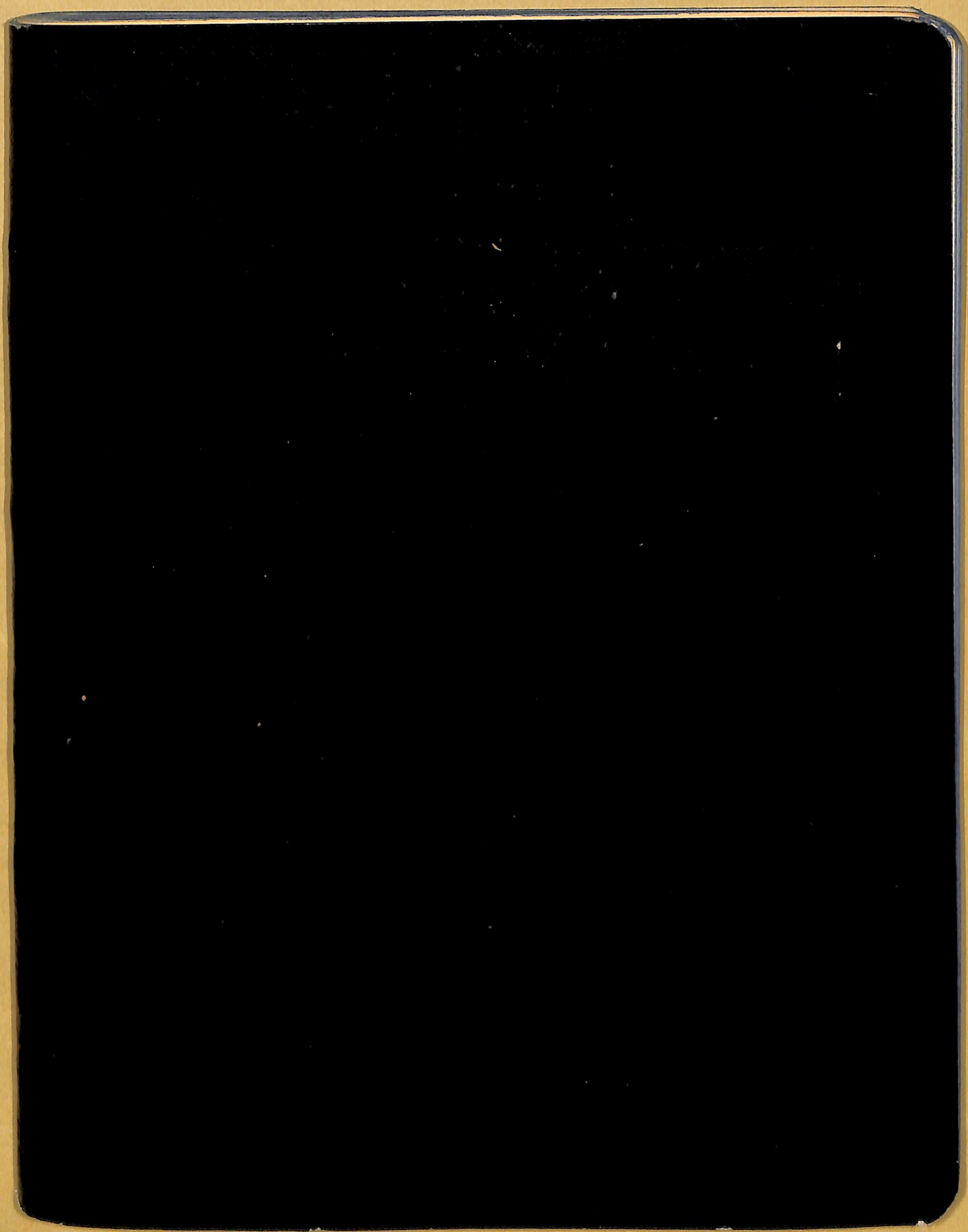


ITH - Box 04 - Journal - Poetry



The Violet Crown.

Wherefore the "city of the violet crown"?

One asked me, as the April sun went down
Behind the shadows of the Persian's mound,
The futed crags of Salamis.

"Look round,
And see the question answered!"

For we were
Upon the summit of that battled square,
The rock of ruin, in whose fallen shrine
The world still worships what it deems divine,
The maiden face, that yet may boast the best
Of half the immortalities of earth.
The last rays light—the portal, a gold wave
Runs up the columns to the architrave,
Lingers about the gable and is gone:—
Paros, Naxos, and Pentelicon
Shew shadowy violet in the after-rose,
Cithaeron's ridge and all the islands close
The mountain ring, like sapphires o'er the sea,
And from this circle's heart—atherially,
Shining the white altars of the land's renown,

A marble lily in a violet crown.

And fairer crown had never green than this
That guides thee round, far famed Acropolis!
So of these isles, these mountains, and this sea,
I weave a crown of song to dedicate to thee.

Athens, 1890.

Thither.

Beyond Albanis's headlands high,
 The misted sun rose, struggled free,
 Outblanched the robes of the sky,
 And flashed upon an opal sea;
 Then, from their mytho-world of night,
 The port's islands swam in sight —
 That land between the east and west,
 Phœacia's pleasant land of rest;
 The land of men that loved the wave,
 Which, in the morning light of yore,
 Præidm to his kinsfolk gave,
 And made them masters of the wave;
 And many an isle less known to fame,
 Like floating leaves and flowers came;
 And many a shore by sea-nymphs ranged,
 Ere gods and men became estranged;
 Till, through the hush of afternoon,
 One sailed between the sun and moon,
 By Luceas and the lovers' leap,
 Where still the amorous breezes sweep
 The echoes of a Lesbian air

And Sappho's purple-shadowed hair;
 Then last, as bleak and barren stees,
 His home, the man of iron will,
 Of many a wife and many a fall—
 Odysseus, of the stubborn heart,
 Which never, never since he fares
 On that mysterious voyage, dares
 Explore the untried western deep,
 Has broken through her trace of sleep.
 The sunset flushed her capes and coves,
 And lingered on the wine-red waves;
 Till late beyond our eastward prow
 The moonlight—blanches a mountain brow,
 And shadows of the violet seas
 Closed o'er the isles Echinades.
 Then, as it were a giant bay,
 The hills closed in on either hand,
 To north the rough Aetolian lay,
 And on the south was Pelops' land.

1889.

The Keynote.

A cypress dark against the blue,
That deepens up to such a hue
As never painter dared and drew;

A marble shaft that stands alone
Above a wreck of sculptured stone
With gray-green algaes overgrown;

A hill-side scarred with hollow veins
Though age-long work of autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains;

And rocks that while the hours run
Show all the joints, one by one,
For pastime of the summer sun;

A crescent-sail upon the sea,
So calm and fair and ripple-free,
You wonder storms can ever be;

A shore with deep indented bays,

11
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze;

A face bronzed dark to red and gold,
With mountain eyes that seem to hold
The freshness of the world of old;

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock; — the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence, — this is Greece!

This alonghi.

The way down broke from her ocean bed -
 A sailor pointed to the north, and said
 The one north, "This alonghi!" lifted high,
 Between the mists of water and of sky,
 In the mirage of sunrise, there it lay,
 The heart of shells in her darkest day.

And there and then, across that morning sea,
 The eager heart must throbbing back to thee,
 For here, dear part of my dreams of youth,
 Thy long denial learned the one hard truth.

Of with thee since, my part, when the sleep
 Of Summer sees red evening dye the deep,
 When boat Euratos clears the garden lands
 That knew no walls but Spartan hearts and hands,
 When snowy-crested into cloudless skies
 The two throne-mountains of the mules rise;
 Mount up, oh part, still they seem to say,
 Partless and lonely, winds the starward way,
 Look never back, how hard they seem to sing,

Thy life is winter, so thy death be spring.
 Oft with thee after, when the sun went down
 Behind Mored, through the violet crown,
 Seen from the broken temples, when the ray
 Transforms Hyacinths from noon's silver grey
 To one rose jewel, when the islands be
 Like broken sapphires on a milky sea,
 And still thy mute voice echoes near, but - most -
 A moment later when the light is lost,
 And Athens sobs in the afterglow
 Of such a spiritual twilight - as shown
 No other spot of sea and sunset can show;
 Then are grown one with these things, and thy fame
 Links a new memory to each sacred name.

Oh formed for loving, and condemned by fate,
 By some obstruction of the heart, to hate
 Cursed with the spirit of an evil doom,
 That would not open when love knocked without.
 Doomed to rebellion, and untimely born,
 To man high music with the note of scorn,
 Appealing still against thyself in song,
 How hadst thou these, crying, proud, and strong!

Yet, let me think here by these haunted seas,
Too fair to need their dower of memories;
Here, where the whisperings of spring-tide ebb
Bring kinship with the infinite, and we are
Bright rosaries of stars, where never fails
Incense of hymn, and hymn of nightingales,
That of the beauty of this fair world stole
Across the tumult of thy lonely soul,
Till the ice thawed, and the storm broke in spray,
The cold heart warmed, and knew the better way,
To see some hope in human things, to crave,
That last remorse of love men lavish on thy grave.

.. An Attic Night. —

Above Hyacinthus' long dark sundering ridge —
 Not cold and chaste as in my own far world,
 But pale for passion and yet warm with love —
 Midsummer's moon bends earthward, and the stars
 Pale at her advent; through the cypress tops
 A silent-shiver of delight — runs o'er,
 And dreaming earth grows open-eyed once more.

Then hill-side albes pierce the sapphire night —
 Like some great battle struck into a trance
 With all its sword-blades lifted, and above
 An ivory stair climbs up the silver rocks
 Though roofless columns of a marble gate;
 This is the rock of Athens, reared sublime,
 Crowned with quick stars above the night of time.

Enter the door of silence! Far away
 The thousand twinkling little lights — needs,
 And stars grow nearer, while the flitting owls
 Repeat unceasing the same shrill note in sound,
 The normal bells of flocks that move by night

come from the distance: - thou art all alone
with shadows haunting a dead world of stone.

Lo with a mystic radiance went its-ears,
Hardly a ruin in this healing light,
The fairest pile that ever human hearts
Built to enshrine their young ideal mood!
The moon is on one side the colonnade,
Steals through the rent of battles, seeks in vain
The sister goddess in her fallen fame.

Alas for dear ideals, and alas
Immortal moods are bounded by a day!
Once only, here such throbbing life upbore -
To the full at every issue, stretched the fire
Swift from the life springs, and out you came
While still the childhood of the heart was free,
There was but once one Athens, or could be!

Here wrought the strong creator, and he laid
The marble on the limestone, in the crag
Mounted and sure foundations, line to line
And are to are repeating, as it grew;

Veiling the secret of its strength in grace,
 Till like a marble flower in blue Greek air
 Perfect it rose, an afterworld's despair.

And here man made his most divine appeal
 To the eternal in the heart of man,
 The mute appeal of beauty, crying still
 Dimly, across the ages that are dumb.
 And so! it lies a ruin, and the owls
 Dwell in the splintered cornice, and the moon
 Blanches the broken discords into tune.

Come from the ruin, this despairing note
 Steals like a siren music on the soul
 And the sweet way of sadness lures; come forth!
 For now the moon has mounted, and you see
 Is all a fire of jewels, - far away
 To dim Argina misty in the west -
 She takes the benediction on his breast -

And all the mountains are a wonder world
 Of untried promise, and the larger stars
 Burn steadfast still, and from the south there
 Comes

A breath like odours blown from Paradise
 Scented and cool and soothing; so we turn
 From man's supremacy to God's every day,
 And dimly feel our place lies that way.

Burn on bright-stars! gleam through the night-
 white sea!

If I have loved the living world of men,
 Their hopes and dreams the labour of their hands,
 And trusted much and, doubting, trusted still,
 Yet nature was my mother and my guide,
 And ever nearest, and when all else failed
 Her arms were open still and her great love
 prevailed.

1890.

Geminis Loci.

Scent of the pine-tree and breath of the rose
 Hanging in the wake of the wind as it blows;

Songs in the coppice, and mingled with these
 The murmur of insects from under the trees:

The sun's in the heaven, the lark's on the wing,
 The fulness of summer grows out of the spring.

All these are around me, and you by my side,
 You in the glory of youth at its pride;

Checks not our roses, a rose for a month,
 The wonderful waste of eyes of the soul;

Soothe me with music, and sing to me, sing
 Conjure me back to the passion of spring!

The sun on the rose, and the wind in the trees,
 All whispering love as you whisper to me;

The wind on the tree, and the sun on the rose,
Will scourge them and scorch them when
summer-time goes;

Dreams for the dreamer, and saws for the sage,
There is time to grow wise in the winter of age!

Therefore, sweet Pagan, whose name is a song,
Love me as long as the summer is long!

.. Iliissus' Bank.

A plane-tree by Iliissus' bed,
 A bank of shade to keep the heat,
 With scanty grass, and frequent stone -
 A summer noon to dream alone.

The hand of change has touched the scene,
 No more are meads of pleasant green;
 The thin few trees have much ado
 To leaf a little, and renew
 The ravage of the autumn suns
 By channels where no water runs.
 But as of old the rattle bells,
 The bee booms past to heather hills,
 And in the mountain gulleys deep
 The blue noon shadows lie asleep.

Yet not alone - for by the stream
 Were two that marked the hours of dream;
 The one who scum'd the type and flowers
 Of action in his golden hour,
 When youth and strength were times of grace;

And me, the plain, familiar face -
 The man that I would rather meet
 Some evening in the tripod-street
 With quiet unemphatic and dome-shaped brow,
 Than all the world of then or now:
 The thick lips parted, and the hands
 Close clasped behind his back, he stands,
 With head thrust out, and starting eyes
 That bear the glare of noonday skies.

And first he greets me with his son,
 That presence like a fresh spring day,
 An eloquent-impulsive strain,
 While I sat quiet by the plane.

Then myriads - he hears who listens well
 The tale I heard the elder tell:
 Of love's ideal, which is true,
 The fluttering of the soul of youth
 Aspiring still to seek above
 That far-off, dim-remembered love,
 Till, gazing up to heavenly things,
 It finds at last the long-lost wings.

The noon goes by, the sun rose
Fades up Hyacinthos' side and goes,
A wind comes shoreward from the sea
And makes a rustle in the tree,
The shadows fall, and even so
The dream is done; yet, ere I go,
I, too, may pray the prayer he prayed
To Pan and whatsoever Dryad maid
Possessed the soul of summer trees
And shed sweet influence over these,
If not to such, as best I know
The prayer he made long years ago,
For beauty in the inward soul —
The path is changed but not the goal.

Thermopylae.

This is the place; - the mountain bay
 Is wild, and steep, and grand,
 As when the Lion held the way
 That barred his mother-land.
 Long years and change and earthquake shock
 Have wrought upon the scene,
 When once the sea waves lapped the rock
 An meadow lands green green;
 But Delta still looms vast and grey
 To hide the setting sun,
 And still the mountains bar the way,
 And every way but one:
 The sulphur springs still fume and flow
 Along the rough hill-side,
 And far-off Othrys veiled in snow
 Saw when the Spartan died.

There is a spirit haunts the place
 Where mighty deeds were done,
 Though time and change have left no trace,
 And not a year be spent:

And climbing up the grassy hill
Where Sparta's lion stands;
The heart still answers to the thrill,
That marks the hero's mood—
And as I read the page again
That quickens from the dust—
The tale of those three hundred men
Who died to keep their trust,
I knew the fire was not yet lost—
That never my younger age; —
The shadow of an eagle crossed,
And fell along my page!

Sunset in Aegina.

The light that is on sea and sky,
 This April eve of sunset
 Would touch the saddest heart to merit,
 Or recreate the lightest mood
 To kinship with a sigh: —
 The white cloud-plates, evening's own,
 Red with the heat day's blood,
 Plum scattered rose leaves overblown
 Upon a windless mere;
 The sapphire mountains fret the gold,
 These more than mountains here —
 The dream-hills of the songs of old —
 Cut luminous and clear:
 The glow is on the April green,
 And long outline softly seen
 Stands out — against — the sunset sheen.
 The world is washed in such a flood of air
 So very and so freshly fair,
 As though if God in heaven saw me —
 To sweep all stains away,
 And leave earth pure and virgin — sweet

As on creation-day -
Oh ship, with sails against the sun,
Dark on the amber deep,
Thou wilt not make beyond the west -
A better island of the blest!
The splendid day was past and done,
The day we could not keep,
The purple died along the slope,
The moon blanched in the blue,
And steadfast like a good man's hope
The star of evening grew.

Lilacs

We came to an isle of flowers
 That lay in a trance of sleep,
 In a world forgotten of ours,
 Far out on a sapphire deep.

Dwellers were none on the island,
 And far as the eye could see
 From the shore to the central highland
 Was none a bush or tree.

Long, long had her fields lain fallow,
 And the drought had dried her rills,
 But the vetch and the groundnut mallow
 Ran riot on all her hills.

The heights of her shoreward level,
 High bank and terrace and quay,
 Were red with a scarlet reveal
 Of poppies down to the sea,

Each bloom pressed close on its fellow,

The mangroves creep below between,
 Till the scarlet - and the yellow
 Has hidden the under-green.

Was it here, that heart of a nation,
 That first of the fames of red!
 This garden of desolation,
 This ruin of red, of gold?

Uplift up from the rock-cliff hollow,
 Roped over of Titan hands;
 The cradle of dead Apollo
 Still looks to his silent-lands.

The sacred lake lies solemn,
 In a harbor of fallen shrines;
 Where the shaft of rock broken column
 Is tangled about with vines.

It lies in the dream which haunts it,
 This isle of the sun-god's birth,
 It lies in the song which haunts it
 The bluest earth on earth.

But the shuns without note or number
 Lie wrecked on a barren shore,
 And the dead ideals slumber
 For ever and evermore.

So Spring in her pride of July -
 Has hidden the marble wreath,
 And shed on the holy city -
 The flower of sleep and death.

In Acadia

I think we shall keep forever in the hearts
 of us, you and I,
 That first Acadian evening, till the day we come
 to die.

We had crossed from the rugged border, through
 the fierce Mesumian hills,
 And we came to the oak-wood pastures, to
 a ripple of mountain rills.

The late noon waned to the eventide and the
 gathering in of flocks,
 The shepherd called with his uncourt cries
 to the goats for up in the rocks:

While the kids leaped down with their startled
 eyes, and paused for a drink at the spring,
 As he strode along in his kilted pride, with
 the gait of a mountain king.

The steep hills sloped to a narrow vale through

willow and oak and pear,
 To the gold-green sage on the further side, and
 the thyme that hung in the air;

The corn-plots waved in the hollow, and the
 plants were marvellous green,
 Where the young nymph-haunted Peda was a
 luminous threat between.

The day went over the westward ridge too
 soon in the mountain world,
 And the thousand frail sun-married convolvulus
 shells were furred.

A little cooed on the further side, and the scented
 air of the vale
 Was quick with tremulous throbbing of the song
 of the nightingale.

A mist rose up from the waters and the stream-
 nymph veiled her charms,
 When the mountain clasped her closest in the
 grasp of his purple arms.

It was red gold over the western heads and
 pale gold over the sky,
 It was middle May in the full moon time, and
 the land was Arcady!

And the scent of the thyme and the song of the
 bird drew a calm down over the breast,
 The stream ran by with a soothing voice, and
 the note of it all was rest.

And will you, happy valleys, when the roar
 of the world is still,
 When the brain may pause in the battle of life
 and the eyes may drink their fill!

And will you, fair green isles, in your girdle
 of surf apart,
 With never a rumour of march and change, Avatars
 of the many heart!

The sunset over those gilded hills was more
 than an earthly name,
 The moon was brighter than glory, the

stars seem better than fame -

And we, we shall keep I know in the heart of us,
you and I,
That first Arcadian evening till the day we
come to die.

The Swain Song.

I hear it in the happy isles
Blown down the dying day,
The summer song whose lilt beguiles
The wanderer to stay:

It follows in the shore winds' breath,
The magic still was strong,
Although the note of change and death
Has touched the Swain's song.

They do not turn to new delights
Beyond what life has known,
To happy days and happy nights—
In summer's slumber-zone;

But only, "who will not awhile
From riot and from rout,
Trypt in such a sunny smile
The hazel eyes of love!"

"Come hither, hither, come and dream

of years dead long ago,
"until the earth and ocean seem
the world that poets know.

"Come back and dwell with hopes long dead
and what will never be!
Avert thine eyes and turn thine head
From the world's way over sea!

"For here are drowsy dreams to cheat
The eyes that the world weeps,
and inland seas to bathe the feet,
and quiet valleys for sleep."

But deadly is the Sirens' song
As ever in the ears,
and who of faith must trust him strong
who hides it when he hears.

For some have hearkened, lain them down
and drunk a deadly thing,
and soon the storms of winter drown
The hollow hope of spring.

Pass, phantom music, pass away!
 "The purple isles grow dim;
 The glamour of the dying day
 Fades on the ocean's rim.

Enchantress of the mossy caves
 Sleep by thy drowsy streams!
 The cradle of the rocking waves
 Do wrot a world of dreams!

Oh, living love, my happy hills
 Be wheresoever thou art!
 There is no help for human ills
 But in the human heart;

So be the haven near or far,
 Blow winds and freshen sea,
 The morning's hope, the morning star,
 The living world for me!

Taenaron.

The sun sank slowly through the purple haze,
 Flashed yet a moment on bluff Marathon,
 While up the crest a ray of glaucous rain,
 And shadows deepened in the gaps and caves.

Seems that among a little creek,
 Open long toward through a stone-cursed land,
 Rock only, rock above, on either hand —
 A barren wilderness, and what to seek?

Or race as wild as nature where they dwell
 Nestled in towers on the mountain crown,
 Blood in their passions, murder their renown
 An ancient race, since Lacedaemon fell

And the war-flute whistled no longer, strange folk
 With alien voices thronged the land, and drank
 From sacred fountains, Moslem, Slave, or Frank
 These stubborn mountains near for their yoke.

It was full summer in the Southern May,

And all day long I rode among the rocks,
 Shuffled and clattered through the marble blocks,
 Till even stayed ^{me} by a little bay,

Hidden in the hollow of the sea-cliff's arm,
 Half shelving shore and half a rock-wall sheer
 Above whose rim one dim star rose to peer:—
 The silence wrought upon me like a charm.

A summer peace lay on the sapphire deep,
 Only close by a few late ripples played
 O'er hues of coral, ambergris, and jade,
 And darker madders where the oar-vents sleep.

A little bay that daunt not venture nigh
 Showed through the sea-cliff's shadow; but no boat,
 No herb, no living thing was there to see,
 Only the rocks, the water, and the sky.

The waves of years had smoothed a narrow ledge
 With age long beating on the earth's rough bound,
 And there I wandered from our camping ground,
 And watched the ripple fretting at the edge.

Then I guess' now how by that twilight-creek
 An 'old man sat and staid across the sea,
 Stearfast, with arms that rested on his knees,
 And hollow hands that propped a hoary cheek;

His hair was white, his beard was grizzled grey,
 Yet was a fresh sea-kunnings in his eyes
 That were not, fell not, nor betrayed surprise,
 But ever watched the fading touch of day.

His gait was strange, and staid, and vent, and old,
 And I could see, for all the light was dim,
 That he was great and strong, and stout of limb,
 And surely fashioned in heroic mould.

And rather to himself I thought than me,
 Soberly and musingly, he seemed to speak,
 In rhythmic measure of the yore-world's Gael
 That has the cadence of the lapping sea.

"So, have he that could not derive his fell
 Of earthly knowledge in his little span,
 Who wand'ers a lot too great for common man,

I am Odysseus, and I wander still.

"The world, methinks, grows very old, the years
 Write deeper furrows in the sea-cliff's face;
 Change! change in all, save in the human race,
 The same old passions and old loves and tears.

"They come and go - the little dust and breath -
 Whose only knowledge is that all things pass,
 And with that little dust at times, alas!
 A spirit nobler than its doom of death.

"Man cannot pass outside the common lot,
 The room that crickets hath no use for wings,
 I might have taught them many stronger things,
 Old things forgotten, but they hearkened not.

"Earth has no use for me, I go no more
 Into the valleys and the tracks of men,
 And now the seas are crowded out of ken,
 And alien faces throng along the shore.

"Lethe's Achaea is long dead, or sleeps,

Grown callous, but the grim Poseidon still
Lives on, and drives me at his random will
By barren shallows and by partless deeps.

"Frown in some little lonely bay
I pass the friendless daylight, till the dark
Shows forth the beacons of the night that mark
My morrow's course towards the dying day;

"Then on and on into the sunset track,
To where I have the blessed hope to die,
To where the islands of the heroes lie,
But he relentless ever beats me back.

"Thus once or twice I have descried from far,
A faint grey shadow in the morning haze,
The outlines of my native land, the bays,
The long sough-hills, beneath a waning star.

"The land I now and knew not how to keep,
Trembling of ease, the altar and the loom,
The thalls, the banquet, many to my doom,
For I am many, many of the deep.

"I am as old as the world's age, well nigh,
 Too old for effort, and too tired for strife,
 Dream drifting round the fringe of life,
 And now with waiting for the day to die."

Thus while he spoke he rose to his full height,
 Making a blank between the stars and me,
 Graded a little space into the sea
 And vanished in the shadow of the night.

But softly, like the echo of a sigh
 Came back as though upon a wind asleep,
 "For I am many, many of the deep,
 And now with waiting for the day to die."

Then, in a little while across the bay,
 I heard a black like spirit-ears, that broke
 Upon the stillness with a measured stroke,
 Fainter and fainter till it passed away.

The Dream of Phidias.

Come in and see these marble gods of mine,
 Finished and fair now, fit to take their place!
 The hand's achievement, if not all the heart's,
 As first it flashed forth in the fever glow.
 Not yet, Aspasia, has the fire of youth
 Died out so wholly; I still try to dream
 The hand must answer to the heart some day,
 Art compass my ideal. Vain, I know,
 The struggle; but I must cling to it. If aught
 Of life and might and majesty illumine
 These marble shapes, be thank you how they moved
 Divine and dreadful in the artist's soul!
 Not yet! - though years increase, and age, they say,
 Reveals to man the measure of his might,
 Restrains youth's wild ambitions, so we may
 Grow perfect in the attainable, nor waste
 The pith of manhood, pining for the star.
 But while I may I'll wrestle with my dream!
 Oh, here are times I madden at the thought
 Of impotence to render what I know;
 Always his long laborious process, years

And pains that go to do one small thing well,
 The poor and partial triumph at the best;
 And all the while new visions were in vain.
 So hears the poet in his soul the sounds
 Mystic, divine, and awful; on his lips
 Only confused low murmurings of high things,
 Not one untroubled echo of delight.
 I can conceive a life let go in dreams
 From sheer despair of saving what it sees.
 Why are we made so - to behold at times
 The heavens open, feel the giant's soul
 All capable, with man's weak rearing hand
 To grapple struggle in its orb confused
 After the shape that glorified the dream?

Well, dreams are dreams. I had a dream one day;
 I had gone up into the marble hill
 To watch the quarrying, mark what blocks might be
 Fair grained and flawless for this work of mine,
 And it was cutting on the heights, and noon,
 When great Pan slips away from the chase,
 Then say, and pause is on the summer world.
 There is a little deep-cut rock ravine

Cooled with fresh water of perennial springs,
 Hidden and low under the burning slopes,
 Where summer through the oleanders blow
 Rose-red among the shadows, and the air
 Is lightly scented with the myrtle bloom;
 And thither wandering as chance would, alone,
 I made the thyme my pillow, and with face
 Turned to Pentelikon, I fell asleep,
 And sleeping dreamed.

Then in my dream I saw
 The mighty gable of the mountain brow
 Gleam all one marble surface, smoothed and fair,
 Huge and refulgent in the summer sun,
 Shaped like the pediment of some vast shrine
 For heroes' worship; and I saw and felt,
 Like a great sweep of music through my soul,
 The artist's inspiration. Grandly grouped
 Ranged the immortals in an awful line,
 A relation on an arc of sky.
 There in the midst arose the unexcused,
 The vast and ancient Ouranos, derided
 To snatch the laughing Earth unto his breast,
 Earth, the new mother, reaching forth her arms

And straining upward her surrendered lips,
 Led on by Love, the oldest of all gods,
 And woven the youngest, Love, the life
 Of all things living, wedding earth to sky.
 And in the wake of Oceanus, the winds,
 An eager rout of lustiness and life,
 The Season's sequence, and the dance of hours,
 The maiden keepers of the gates of heaven
 Raising the rosy fingers of the Dawn —
 All these streaming into being; and beyond,
 Unprepared the fiery couriers of the sun,
 Spurning the aether with immortal feet,
 Mounting and mounting. So in Earth's fair train
 Followed her sons the mountains, and the brood
 Earth-born that haunt the forests and the hills,
 And all the streams that issue from her breast —
 A living ripple from the rock's white heart —
 And all the rivers of the world drew on
 To Ocean rising on a marble wax
 Thrown on the car that shakes the roving hills
 And girdles round creation. After these
 Was hoary Cronos, with the shadowy eyes
 Bent down with might of age; kneeling over

The form of Pheas, and for counterpart
 Night sank at rest into the veiled embrace
 Of Erebos, on the other side of day, —
 The night of time behind the life and light,
 Bounding the term of knowledge, far beyond
 Where Tartarus, the dim unfathom'd void,
 Should be, lay dark, and on the other side
 His brother Sleep, with wings about his brow,
 And drooping eyes that watch across a dream.
 All these I saw, each in his proper place, the
 Large and immortal, as a god should stand;
 And every meteor showed a glorious form —
 Man, in the morning of his youth and strength,
 Under the gods, but not a whit less fair;
 For all this meant the union of God with man,
 The miracle of life, the glory of the world.

Then a voice said to me, "Arise, conform
 The land's achievement to the heart's desire!"
 And I was lifted with a giant's strength,
 A giant's arm against the gleaming wall
 Throwing about it on the wings of air;
 And the white marble rained to earth like snow

But near it trembles on the verge of earth
 With long strong arms that gather in the plain
 The rolling paths tracks me, and I found
 A crown for my ram's dream; for which
 The summit strains toward the unlook'd star,
 Deep in the seat its strong foundations lay.
 And so, O father, with a leap my dream
 And still active, if raining! but no less
 O'er his hands within its border others,
 Be strong in my own strength, and empire here
 Some part maybe of things extraordinary
 Before the twilight came to the night.

The form of these, and for counterpane
Night part at rest in the white embrace
Of stars, on the other side of day,
The night of sun behind the life and light,
Bringing the term of knowledge, for beyond
When I stand, the dim unperfected work,
Should be, by death, and in the other side
This broken sleep, with wings about his form,
And darting eyes that reach across a dream
All these I saw, each in his proper place,
Jays and immortals, as a god around a star,
And many meteors around a glowing form -
Then, in the morning of his youth and strength,
Under the gate, but not a whit less fair;
For all this means the love of God and man
The miracle of life, the glory of the world.

Then a voice said to me, "Aid, conform
The hand's achievement to the heart's desire!"
And I was lifted with a giant's strength,
A giant's arm against the gloaming walls
Morning about it in the wings of air;
And the white marble tower he built like snow

But near it broadens to the breast of earth
Wide long strong arms that gather in the plain.
The silent pathos touched me, and I found
A space for my vanished dream; for while
The summit strains toward the unreach'd star,
Deep in the earth its strong foundations lay,
And so, as passed, with I keep my dreams
And still aspire, if vainly! but no less
Purport this hand written its lordly sphere
Be strong in my own strength, and compass here
Some part maybe of things attainable
Before the twilight closes to the night.

Freed by the spring winds as I hatched and heaved
Shaking the thoughts that billowed through my brain.
Time I knew not, nor effort, but the hand
Unswayed the spirit as a ship the helm,
Till all the mountain grew instinct with life
As at my bidding. When I paused at last -
The sun lay on the crags of Salamis,
And I surveyed my finished work, the glow
Gilding the marble forehead of the gods,
The realized conception - One great thought
Of godness went up through the artist's soul,
And once on earth dreaming I was content.

Then lo, I saw how it was lifted up
On blue hilasters of the evening sky,
In the sun's face, crowned with the dawning stars,
Dwarfing mankind's achievement, vast, sublime,
Worthy of God, and mounting that ideal
God spurs man ever vainly to pursue.

When I awoke it was all twilight round;
The misted purple of the mountain-peak
Loomed far utereal, pointing to a star,
As though it yearned to reach it, ^{and} in vain;