

Poems by George Mercer Dapson

Oh God, in the obscurity enlighten me,
And may I be a voice in this great mystery
To speak thy word among the sons of men,
To trace the purpose of the history
Of day and night, of life and death,
Of love and loss and all the long account
That out of darkness flows to darkness once again.

On this dead crater's broken & rim
The cold mists of the upper air
Fold and unfold their silent wings
Drift, and deploy
Awhile shut in, with crumbling rocks
And Alpine ~~castles~~ blossoms set between
A floating castle of the void.
Then far below, the forests green
The twinkling lakes and over all
The ~~steady~~ (steadfast) sun.
Nature has rest and for this moment
Stays her fires.

From the first

On God, in the classic religion
and now I be a voice in this great assembly
The great God, the great God of men,
In these the purpose of the highest
Of my own night, of life and death,
Of love and loss are all the first account
This end of darkness flows to darkness once again.

no this great nation's dream a time
The gold mine of the great life
This and that, that silent night
Lull, and night
And this great life, with steadily
And slight lesser lessons all between
A floating world of the void.
Then for good, the future given
The something less and over all
The heavy (constant) sun.
There has been and for this account
Days has been.

Through all the dust and smoke of life
 The noise and incidence of strife
 This much is sure and clear
 There is, there must be far or near
 Another side of this grim shield
 A farther, better, truer state
 A means to satisfy the soul
 A (~~some~~) counterpart to make the whole.

We know here but the edge of things
 As deep as space, as long as time
 We see but steps before us laid
 That ever call for strength to climb
 The ^{summit} reached, and there must be,
 Some easy slope will lead us down
 To flowery valleys still unseen
 Where rest and peace alone are known
 So may we hope that just and true
 This Good, will - - - -

Through all the days and years of life
The notes and incidents of battle
This march is now and then
There is, there must be far or near
Another side of this firm shield
A further, better, truer state
A means to realize the goal
A (seem) counterpoint to make the whole

We know how far the edge of things
As deep as space, as long as time
We see but steps before us laid
That over call for strength to climb
The summit reached, and there must be,
Some easy slope will lead us down
To flowery valleys still unseen
There rest and peace alone are known
So may we hope that just and true
This good, will - - -

Great God, I ask not honour or renown
 But inasmuch as I have travelled far
 Beneath the sun, and studied long
 And looked towards thy ~~sun~~ star
 By night and day, I crave that I may bear
~~Bear~~ some message to the labouring world
 To make more light the toil of life
 To give some reason for all seeming wrong
 And lift the sigh of labour into song.
 Night follows day and day succeeds to night
 But all the storied pages of the past
 Still give no clew. The first is as the last
 But dawn and eventide, but dark and day
 And man divine in inspirations, made in clay
 Seeking and finding not. Then dull and cold subsiding
 Slowly to the parent mould.
 Oh Head of all created things give ear and speak
 Thy wisdom to uphold the weak.
 We live but in half knowledge, on the ~~pain~~ *rim*
 And edge of things that pass from deep to deep
 Full of uneasy dreams that fall in troubled sleep.
 Grant that we wake to thy full orb'd day
 What time the clouds of life shall pass away
 We follow knowledge close from gain to gain
 But never touch the clew and source (?) of all.

Great God, I ask not honour or renown
 But inasmuch as I have travelled far
 Beneath the sun, and studied long
 And looked towards thy sun and star
 By night and day, I crave that I may bear
 Some message to the labouring world
 To make more light the soil of life
 To give some reason for all seeming wrong
 And lift the sign of labour into song.
 Night follows day and day succeeds to night
 But all are started from the path
 Still give no show. The time is no the least
 The dawn and evening, but dawn and day
 And man divine in inspiration, made in day
 Seeking and finding not. Then call and come and witness
 Gladly to the parent world.
 On head of all created things give ear and speak
 Thy wisdom to uphold the weak.
 We live but in half knowledge, on the twin
 And edge of things that pass from deep to deep.
 Fall of many dreams that fall in troubled sleep.
 Grant that we may to thy fall orbed day
 What time the chaos of life shall pass away
 We follow knowledge close from pain to pain
 But never reach the end and shores (?) of all.

You are that note from early dawn
 That sounds through life however long
 The pristine music of the race,
 We can but name the morning song.
 The world is old and I am old
 Grey hairs grow thick, some honours fall
 But that one day when you and I
 Were one, is still the best of all.
 So now come death, or chance what may
 In downward slope of passing years
 I hold the memory of a day,

I am engaged in mind with all that might have been
 The beautiful illusions of the past
 The dreams of youth, the thoughts unsaid, the chances
 missed.
 The present is a wilderness and only vast
 All these are mine but nothing more
 The active pushing tumult of the day
 And who shall say that I, with my long dreams am all
 unblest.
 That which is best accrues not
 Finds no place in all the dusty highway of the time.
 Give me my dreams which lead through sylvan shades
 That soar and mount to starry peaks
 All else is vanity, the coarse fruition of the time

You are not more from earth than
 That sounds through life however long
 The pretence made of the world
 He can not name the meaning here
 The world is old and I am old
 Grey hairs grow thick, some honors fall
 But that one day when you and I
 Have end, in still the best of all
 So now come death, or chance what may
 In downward steps of passing years
 I hold the memory of a day

I am engaged in mind with all that might have been
 The beautiful illusions of the past
 The dreams of youth, the thoughts unmade, the chances
 missed
 The present is a wilderness and only vast
 All these are mine but nothing here
 The active passing moments of the day
 And one shall say that I, with my long dreams as all
 unfulfilled
 That which is best occurs not
 Hence no place to all the busy highway of the time,
 Give me my dream which I seek through given spaces
 That some one would be sorry I seek
 All else is vanity, the course friction of the time

But cogs and wheels that work below
 To weave the woof ? sublime.

Sailing free, in the dead of the night, in the gale
 With the white foam behind and no light -

All the spume of the sea blowing thick in the air -
 a dim veil.

On the reef - with a crash, in the night

And the sea beating heavy and long on a wreck

Climbing dark on the side, rushing white on the slant of
 the deck.

A cold bitter winter of wind that cries shrill up aloft,

The boats lost, far from land, no reply to the flares or
 the guns.

Storm battered and broken the wreckage is spread

On the face of the deep that is guarding its dead.

- - - - -
 Blown from far by soft winds over sea many days,

In a blue sphere of ocean and air.

My time is short. The threads of Life,

A tangled skein, I cannot sort,

But count it gain to live -

To live and die. To see and know

And pass to the unknown -

has eyes and wheels that work below
To weave the web of destiny.

Sailing free, in the end of the night, in the gale
With the white foam behind and no light -
All the space of the sea blowing white in the air -
A dim veil.

On the reef - with a crash, in the night
And the sea heaving heavy and long on a wreck
Climbing dark on the side, rushing white on the crest of
The deck.

A cold bitter winter of wind that drives shrill of cliffs,
The boats lost, far from land, no reply to the cries of
The crew.

Storm battered and broken the wreckage is strewn
On the face of the deep that is gathering its crown.

From them far by north winds over sea many days,
In a blue sphere of ocean and air.

By this is shown. The threads of life,
A tangled mass, I cannot sort,

but count it gain to live -

To live and die. To see and know

and pass to the unknown -

If I might live anew, and plan
Throughout, and shape again
So far as man may go
The web of life - would I
Or would I not pursue
The self-same scheme?
Would I be led away as heretofore
Or rule my life anew
And weave new dreams?
I know not, for it ever seemed to me
That I chose well and truly,
That default was made, not so much
Or at all by men, as by an
Overruling fate.
One must be godlike, or a god
To rule with knowledge of the future every act,
But still I cannot think that all
Must end in failure, all must be in vain
Thought is too subtle, too intense
To die and have no place
Love is too deep and hope too high to fail-
Of their fruition, somewhere at some time,
(Perchance) it is but to resolve to live again to live
To grasp the clues of love, to escape
Through all the realms of darkness to some life

If I might live anew, and plan

throughout, and shape again

to let me not say so

The web of life - would I

Or would I not partake

The self-made serenity?

Would I be led away as heretofore

Or twice my life anew

and weave new dreams?

I know not, for it ever seemed to me

That I chose well and truly,

That destiny was made, not so much

Or as all by me, as by an

Overriding fate.

One must be foolish, or a god

To raise with knowledge of the future every act,

For still I cannot think that all

Must end in failure, all must be in vain

Thought is too subtle, too immense

To die and have no place

Love is too deep and hope too high to fail -

Of that fiction, somewhere at some time,

(Paradox) it is but to receive to live again to live

To grasp the glow of love, to escape

Through all the realm of darkness to some life

Which is beyond, which must recur
 Where lies fruition, when the words unsaid,
 The songs unsung, the immatured
 dreams that glow to my dim
 Eyes, like sunset on the world. Take form
 Where all that has been wrong, or wrongly ordered
 Will be well. -

Father,

Throughout the land the maples flame
 The time has come, the leaf must fall
 Though still the sky is blue, serene,
 No storm, nor wintry blast at all
 The time is ripe, and leaf by leaf
 The garb of life is shed away
 Not by the tempest's stress, but in
 The dreaming azure eye of day.
 So, ripe in knowledge, ripe in years
 The pulse beats low, the eye grows dim
 And we, though blinded still with tears
 We know the time has come for him.

My father.

I am old and am nigh to the end
 And I know that these eyes
 Looking out on the world and the sun
 May be closed by the finger of God
 Any moment - my time may be done:
 But the voices of children are glad
 To my ears, and the news of the day
 And the movement of men, good or bad
 All the forces at work, or in play
 All the progress of things and the song
 Of the wind and the sea are not sad
 I am weary alone of decay.

To sit in the wood, with the sound of the brook at my
 feet,
 And let my thoughts wander and wander wherever they may
 Like to bees in a garden, or light summer butterflies play.
 Now to linger a moment on this, or on that, float away
 with the stream
 Coquette with a sunbeam, or hear the leaves speak in a
 sybilline dream,
 To live and to know that I live, as a part of a whole
 Interwoven, apparent, incarnate the home of the soul
 To grasp the light clues of the day and to follow them on
 Or back into darkness of Egypt and days that are gone.

my father.

I am old and am high to the end

and I know that these eyes

looking out on the world and the sun

may be closed by the finger of God

any moment - as this may be done;

but the voices of children are glad

to my ears, and the news of the day

and the movement of men, good or bad

All the forces at work, or in play

All the progress of things and the song

of the kind and the sea are not dead

I am weary alone of being.

To sit in the wood, with the sound of the brook at my
feet,

and for my thoughts wander and wander wherever they may

like so deep in a garden, or light among butterflies flying.

How to linger a moment on this, or on that, first and
with the stream

Content with a shadow, or hear the leaves speak in a
syllabic dream,

To live and to know that I live, as a part of a choir

Interwoven, apparent, intercast the notes of the soul

To grasp the light lines of the day and to follow them on

Or back into darkness of Egypt and say that we have gone.

The times are out of joint, the gods' retire
 The sistrum's jangle drowns the poet's lyre
 Our Todd is gone, our Kingsford had to go,
 We have our Wiggins, and our windy Boarinet
 Workman is dead and Lampman sings no more
 But Fraser's moose-calf takes the vacant floor
 While for the soul, the only food we get
 Are water ices, frozen by Frechette !

Father,

The end has come - the mind that sought to know
 The very secret, and true soul of things,
 Is now in all its courses spent and stayed
 By dark intolerable death with sable wings.

And yet, beyond, it seems he must awake;
 As in some ancient city, with the light
 The note of unfamiliar bells upon the dawn
 Speaks to the pilgrim coming overnight.

So, worn by age, he lies there - dead,
 And all the weary lines of stress
 That grew upon his face have fled.
 Once more, and after half-success,
 His brow is confident and clear,

The lines are out of joint, the gods' refuse
 The alchemist's magic brews the poet's a lyre
 Our food is none, our kingdome had to go,
 We have our fighting, and our windy bearings
 Tomorrow is come and I am king no more
 But Prater's nose-eat takes the vacant floor
 While for the soul, the only food we get
 Are water, ice, frozen by Prochetta!

Epilogue

The end has come - the mind that counts to know
 The very rocks, and find soul of things,
 Is not in all the courses spent and stayed
 By dark intangible death with white wings.
 And yet, beyond, it looks he least aware;
 As in some ancient city, with the light
 The note of dalmatian bells upon the eaves
 Speaks to the pilgrim coming over night.

So, worn by age, he lies there - dead,
 And all the weary lines of stress
 That give upon his face have fled.
 Good night, and after half-success,
 His grave is conflict and clear,

And young and strong, amid white hair,
But as in some past early year
He lies there fronting destiny.
And unperturbed and still
Toil passed, and all before him clear,
I am his son -

All fails - The tide of life runs down;
The long hope of a better day sinks into night
And in the West light fades in sombre tints of grey,
Then welcome death - not with a keen delight
But with that rest which lies in endless night
Abiding sleep -

He had great love for this green world
For growing things and for the light of day.
He did not fear to die, but in his soul
Abhorred death, and all its disarray
And night, and loss, and lapse into decay.
To plant, and tend; to pray and toil
And seek increase from barren soil
To see the germ, the leaf, the flower,
And look for harvest's happy hour
Was his strong life
He was a tower of strength to us, who were his sons.

And young and strong, said white hair,
 Not as in some past early year
 He lies there freezing destiny,
 Had unperurbed and still
 Toll passed, and all before him clear,
 I am his son -

All falls - The tide of life runs down;
 The long hope of a better day sinks into night
 And in the West light fades in sombre signs of grey,
 Then welcome death - not with a keen delight
 But with that rest which lies in endless night
 Adding sleep -

He had great love for this green world
 For growing things and for the light of day,
 He did not fear to die, but in his soul
 Abhorred death, and all its disaster
 And night, and loss, and lapse into decay,
 To plants, and sand; to prey and soil
 And seek increase from barren soil
 To see the fern, the leaf, the flower,
 And look for harvest's happy hour
 Was his strong life
 He was a tower of strength to us, who were his sons.

He knew his task would be relieved
When so God willed
And that by other hands his garden
Must be tilled - -

The end is very near,
That end to which all come
Where the eyes see not
And the voice is dumb.
Where life ebbs and the flow of life is death
To prove that life is life,
The hand that held, and measured
Weighs no more, the mind
That played about the secret soul of things
Has lost its cunning
All its course is stayed
And dropping like the sun, the night
Spreads wide and still its sable wings
The dark intolerable night of death.
And yet beyond it seems
There must be waking, as in some great town
With all new voices of the morn dawn
And stroke of unfamiliar bells
— —
Peaceful morn, as in some ancient city
Where we sleep, and with the light

He knew his task would be relieved

When so God willed

And that by other hands his garden

Must be tilled -

The end is very near,

That end to which all come

Where the eyes see not

And the voice is dumb,

Where life ends and the flow of life is dumb

To prove that life is life,

The hand that holds, and measures

Keeps no more, the mind

That looks about the secret soul of things

Has lost its meaning

All its course is stayed

And dropping like the sun, the night

Spreads wide and still its eagle wings

The dark intolerable night of death.

And yet beyond it seems

There must be waiting, as in some great town

With all the voices of the north and south

And echoes of a million bells

Powerful north, as in some ancient city

There is sleep, and with the light

Hear unfamiliar voices of the dawn
 And music of strange bells.

Feb. 25th. 1900. Canada at Pardeburg.

We know today our tale of dead,
 Spent on the sun-baked windy plain;
 Our best, who left us without dread
 But may not now return again
 But pride is mingled with our tears,
 The seed grows to the stately tree,
 We know that in the tide of years
 We sow for empire yet to be.
 Our loss, our gain - nor sorrow felt
 As rising in the East we see
 The day flood all the waiting veldt.
 But fathers, mothers, sisters, wives; -
 Your loss is more than you can bear
 For you, these young exultant lives
 Gone out, is darkness everywhere -
 We grieve with you, we stand to aid - - -
 The silent beer, that lies, a clod -
 He was a father or a son -
 Upon his dry grey Transvaal sod
 Among the rocks that we have won;

Heard familiar voices of the dawn
And music of strange bells.

THE SONG OF THE SAILOR

We know today our tale of love,
Spent on the sun-baked windy plain;
Our best, who left us without bread
But may not now return again.
Our pride is mingled with our tears,
The seed grows to the stately tree,
We know that in the tide of years
It now for aye is yet to be.
Our love, our pain - our sorrow left
As things in the past to see
The way leads all the waiting world,
But fathers, mothers, sisters, wives -
Your loss is more than you can bear
For you, those young exultant lives
Gone out, in darkness everywhere -
We strive with you, as glad to die -
The silent hour, that time, a bliss -
It is a burden on a son -
You are the day that's never to be
When the world's love is gone

His narrow soul was true and strong,
 To fend us from his home and kraal
 He gave his life - We know him wrong,
 But find him worthy after all,
 And when in days to come the song
 Of later harvests shall be sung,
 He will have part in that South land
 As elder brother true and strong.
 Each spring that rises on the veldt
 Will cast its wreath of self-sown flowers,
 Will breathe its fragrance and be felt
 About his grave as (and) over ours.
 Not all is lost if life be spent
 For it is good to truly die
 To give to that extreme extent
 If so be freedom lives thereby
 The things not seen, beyond the veil,
 Have harvest also full and true
 And loss (gain) we reckon but by tale
 Is measured there - To each his due.

"Lassa" Yes, it is early morning there,
 At Lassa, somewhere in Thibet,
 We know the dawn is rising grey
 Upon the slopes, and gardens wet

His narrow soul was true and strong,
 To land as from his home and strand,
 He gave his life - he knew his wrong,
 But time his worthy after all,
 And when in days to come the song,
 Of later harvest shall be sung,
 He will have part in that South land,
 As elder brother true and strong,
 Each spring that rises on the wind,
 Will cast its wreath of self-seen flowers,
 Still breathe its fragrance and be fair,
 About his grave as land) ever care,
 Not all is lost if life be spent
 For it is good to truly die
 To give to that extreme extent
 It be to freedom lives thereby
 The things not seen, beyond the veil,
 Have harvest also full and true
 And loss (gain) we reckon but by gain
 Is measured there - To each his due.

"Lance" Yes, it is early morning there,
 As I saw, somewhere in Finland,
 We know the dawn is rising grey
 Upon the slopes, and harbours wet

In summer dew, with poppies gay,
The willows hang along the verge
Of ancient rivers, green and still,
And bells begin to strike and clang
In old Cathay from hill to hill.
And that is all we know
Of central Ind, alone and far
More unfamiliar than a distant star.

A man for whom all maids may pray

In purity of soul,

Young, and a god among the gods, erect and true

And whole

A type of all that stands for right against the
flood of time

The perfect form in evidence of nature's work
sublime.

To it doth scorn and I who write, admire

and give him place

What is my ~~have~~ love to womankind against the
human race.

The web of thought, the facile pen, the subtle play
of mind,

These may be more in some estate that
fantasy may find,

In summer dew, with poplars gay,
 The willows hang along the verge
 Of ancient rivers, green and still,
 And willows begin to sprout and cleave
 In old Gwynne from hill to hill,
 And what is all we know
 Of general law, alone and far,
 More unfamiliar than a distant star.

A man for whom all nations may pray
 In purity of soul,
 Young, and a God among the gods, erect and true

And whole
 A type of all that stands for right against the
 Flood of time
 The perfect form in evidence of nature's work
 sublime.

To its earth scorn and I who write, admire
 and give him place
 That is my heart love so remaining against the
 human race.

The web of thought, the tactile pen, the subtle ray
 of mind,
 These may be seen in some degree
 fantasy and time.

And there I rest, with great intent and motives
 true and sane
 But little more than shadowing the
 sunshine and the rain
 That beat upon this isle of life.

Pincher's Creek. Lord Roberts said the Pincher Creek men
 fought well, who died at Kotjart.

Its waters fed from snowfields high
 Along the western mountains dim
 Run where the flower-decked foot hills spread
 Upon the furthest prairie's rim,
 And cattle, lowing in the dusk (dark)
 Come down to seek its cooling flood.

Contorted beds of unknown age
 My weary limbs shall bear
 Perchance a neat synclinal fold
 A night, may be my lair.
 Dips I shall take on unnamed streams
 Or where the rocks strike, follow
 Along the crested mountain ridge
 Or anticlinal hollow
 Or gently with the hammer stroke
 The slumbering petrification
 That for a hundred million years

And there I rest, with great intent and motives

True and sane

But little more than shadowing the

scenery and the rain

That bent upon this tale of life.

Fincher's Creek. Lord Roberts said the Fincher Creek men
fought well, and died as heroes.

The waters for from snowfields high

Along the western mountains die

And where the river-cooked foot hills spread

Upon the highest peaks the stars

And battle, lying in the dark (dark)

Come down to seek the cooling flood.

Converted beds of barren age

By every limb shall bear

Forwards a most singular tale

A night, may be my last.

Life I shall see on unward streams

Or where the rocks scarce, follow

Along the crested mountain ridge

Or occasional hollow

Or gently with the narrow stream

The alighting reflection

That for a hundred million years

Has been debarred from action
 Where long neglected mountains stand
 Just crumbling into shreds
 And laying bare on every hand
 The Khandava treasures of their beds
 Or rivers rolling to the sea
 By dull attrition assail

.relics of the past

.

One day his absent truant head
 Led him so high and far,
 He slid within the gate of heaven
 That chanced to stand ajar
 And there an angel caught him soon
 To make a little star,
 But he refused to shine or burn
 He sputtered, winked and died
 Before it moved, or made a turn -
 Oh serves him right, St Peter cried
 That boy would never learn !

Has been captured from action
 Where long neglected mountains stand
 Just crumbing into shreds
 And lying bare on every hand
 The abundant presence of their gods
 Or rivers rolling to the sea
 In still attention ceaseless

One day his absent transient head
 Lead him so high and far,
 He sits within the gate of heaven
 That opened to stand ajar
 And shows an angel caught him soon
 To mark a little star,
 But he refused to shine or burn
 He splattered, stained and died
 Before it moved, or made a turn -
 Oh serves him right, St Peter cries
 That boy would never learn!

With his gold pan and his shovel
 And little else beside
 He lit his pipe, and left the camp
 To cross the high divide
 We wished him every kind of luck
 And chaffed him on his craze
 Then shouldered picks and scrambled down
 To where we'd made a raise.
 The last we saw of Roddie
 He was near long Tom's old mine
 Looked like a fly upon the snow
 Above the timber line.
 Well, all that month, the luck was bad
 The creek was high, the wing-dam broke
 And half our pile was whiffed away
 For grip and tools and such, like smoke.
 { We often said, Rod's struck it rich
 { He'd never stay so long unless
 We often spoke of Roddie
 We said he's struck it rich
 Or he'd be back to do his whack
 Upon the water ditch.
 But then there ~~was~~ was that letter
 They brought him in the spring
 That made him so uncommon grim
 And wrong with every thing.
 Well last there came a roaring flood - - -

With his gold pan and his shovel

And little else beside

He lit his pipe, and left the camp

To cross the high divide

He viewed him every kind of loss

And chattered him on his chance

Then considered him and scribbled down

To where he'd make a mine.

The last he saw of Hobbie

He was near long Tom's old mine

Located like a fly upon the snow

Above the timber line.

Well, all that month, the luck was bad

The creek was high, the wind-bell broke

And half our pile was whittled away

For grip and wool and such-like more.

We often said, Tom's strike is rich

He'd never stay so long unless

We often eyes of Hobbie

We said he's strike is rich

Or he'd be back to do his share

Upon the water dish.

But then there came one that better

They brought him in the spring

That made him an uncommon mine

And every day was every thing.

Well, last there came a looking good - - -

2
 (Give me a woman of some ancient world-old race
 From further Hind or out of far Cathay:
 Dark serious eye and young impassive face
 Set in the mould of ages, where the play
 Of joy, or ruth of sorrow, gives no trace
 Though joy and sorrow fall, for such is life,-

'(Here, in the effervescence of the time
 Are maidens comely, offshoots of a motley crew
 Frank laughing faces, roses, eyes of blue
 Kind hearts, I doubt not - knowledge up to date
 A thousand longings for the world to sate.

+
 I would enshrine a thought in verse
 That it may live though I shall die
 To speak down all the after years
 To stand above the mist of tears
 Like some white mountain, seen afar
 Beyond a scope of heaving sea
 Nay, like the wreckage on the shore
 To show this sea was at sailed before
 By other men in former days,
 That ye may pass by light of day
 Where I perchance am cast away
 In tempest and in night.

Give me a woman of some ancient world-old race
 From former Hind or out of far Cathay;
 Her serious eye and young impassive face
 Set in the mould of ages, serene and placid
 Of joy, or rapt of sorrow, gives no trace
 Though joy and sorrow fall, for such is life-

Here, in the effluence of the time
 Are madams comely, effluence of a molley crew
 Frank laughing faces, roses, eyes of blue
 Kind hearts, I need not - knowledge up to date
 A thousand longing for the world to see,

I would counting a thought in verse
 That I may live though I shall die
 To speak down all the other years
 To stand above the mist of years
 Like some white mountain, seen afar
 Beyond a scope of heaving sea
 Nay, like the wreckers on the shore
 To show this sea was all called before
 By other men in former days,
 That ye may pass by light of day
 Where I perchance am cast away
 In sunset and in night.

Up on the range where the red-barked pines
 Are scattered along the hill
 And the yellow grass in billowy lines
 Is warm in the sun and still
 Where mountains afar with crag on crag
 Show purple and blue on the far sky line
 Through the still hot air comes thin and clear
 The distant sound of the lowing kine
 Passing beautiful free and fair.

From field and mart, from mine and car
 From our broad land from shore to shore
 Stand foot to foot, and hand to hand, and rank on rank
 for fatherland.

Our fathers made the land we love
 Our sires have marched before
 To beat the proud invader back, and drum him
 from the shore.

He drew the pathways for the bison on the prairie
 And in the sky he marked the way of birds, and winds and
 rainstorms.

Two ills there are, he said, I cannot hinder -
 However good the land is, still my people

Up on the range where the red-barked pines
 Are scattered along the hill
 And the yellow grass in billowy lines
 Is warm in the sun and still
 Where mountain air with orange
 Shows purple and blue on the far sky line
 Through the still hot air comes thin and clear
 The clearest sound of the flowing kind
 Passing beautiful from and fair.

From field and mead, from mine and our
 From our broad land from shore to shore
 Stand feet so free, and hand to hand, and rank on rank
 For farmland.

Our fathers made the land we love
 Our wives have marched before
 To beat the proud invader back, and drive him
 From the shore.

He drew the pathway for the pion on the prairie
 And in the sky he marked the way of birds, and winds and
 rainbows.

Two life there are, he said, I cannot hinder -
 However good the land is, still my people

Must wear in living, must grow old and feeble
 Till summer, and till winter is a burden
 Till hunting, and till battle is no pleasure
 And in after time will come a stranger people
 Whose medicine is stronger than my knowledge.

I tell you now the story of the sand-hills
 As it was known in days to - - -
 When made the world of plain-men
 The country of the Blackfeet and Dakota
 He built the mountains strongly to the Westward
 And drew the forest round the north and Eastward
 But left the country boundless to the Southward
 For that way lay the pathway of the summer
 And the winds that eat the snow away in winter
 Of the buffalo, and antelope, and wildfowl.

{ There were other people, other plainmen
 { Ye shall war with them, but they shall not destroy you
 { And in warring ye are brave, and shall be mighty.

Then he led the rivers through the plains, and filled them
 Saying, run ye ever through the land and fail not.

Thus year in living, must grow old and feeble
Till summer, and till winter is a burden
Till hunting, and till battle is no pleasure
And in after time will come a stranger people
Whose meeting is stronger than my knowledge.

I tell you not the story of the sun-hill
As it was known in days of old

When men the world of plain-men

The country of the Blackfoot and Lakota

He built the mountains strongly to the Westward

And now the forest round the north and Eastward

Has left the country boundless to the Southward

For that way lay the pathway of the summer

And the winds that eat the snow away in winter

Of the battle, and aneople, and aildow.

There were other people, other plainmen

Ye shall war with them, but they shall not destroy you

And in waring ye are brave, and shall be mighty.

Then he led the river through the plains, and filled them

Setting, not ye ever through the land and fall not.

Up out of the sea, my maid so fair
 And over the ship's black side came she
 I call her mine, though the tide of life
 Has carried her far, and away from me

{ For the world grows old, and my youth is dead
 { But her gracious presence is with me still

For her memory stays, and is mine alone
 With the touch of her hand, and the breath of a sigh
 Had I known her better, these might have flown
 But now they are mine if I live or die
 Still I sometimes feel if it might have been -
 Had her lips been mine, and her life and mine
 Been one forever, ~~for good or ill~~
 Would I not give up my rosy dream
 For the fruit of knowledge of good and ill

Through this dim portal, cold, in stone,
 I turn me and must walk alone
 My choice was made - - -
 There are two ways to worship God
 I chose this high austere retreat
 And left the path where busy feet
 Of men and women come and go
 Abjured the warm, full day of life.

- - - - -

Up out of the sea, my maid so fair
 And over the ship's black side came she
 I call her mine, though the side of life
 Has carried her far, and away from me
 For the world grows old, and my youth is dead
 But her gracious presence is with me still
 For her memory stays, and is mine alone
 With the touch of her hand, and the breath of a sigh
 Had I known her better, there might have been
 But now that she's mine if I live or die
 Still I sometimes feel it it might have been -
 Her hair like bed-stones, and her life and mine
 Done one forever, her good or ill
 Would I not give up my rosy dream
 For the fruit of knowledge of good and ill

Through this dim portal, cold, in stone,
 I turn me and meet walk alone
 - - - - - my choice was made -
 There are two ways to worldly good
 I chose this high and narrow road
 And left the path which many foot
 Of men and women come and go
 Against the wind, till day of life.

- - - - -

She has no soul nor knoweth grief,
 But like a thistle-down she flies,
 When ripples flow upon the lake,
 In soft warm winds and sunny skies.
 When bough joins bough with gossamer
 Beneath the sun on summer morn.

She is a fay, a fond illusion,
 The lovely phantom of an hour
 By sunbeam painted on the ocean
 The pose, the colour of a flower,
 A noonday dream without fruition -
 I know not what, - A witching form
 To holy heaven or perdition
 Without a part in life's strong flood
 That turns a thousand mills of care ;
 She has no lot in tears and blood.
 A light false phantasm of the air
 The humblest worker in the furrow
 Or fisher lad upon the sea
 All sun-embrowned, and horny handed
 Is truer, holier than she.

May / 89.

She has no soul nor knows grief,
 But like a chisel-down she lies,
 When ripples flow upon the sea,
 In soft warm winds and sunny seas.
 When hough joins hough with hough
 Beneath the sun on summer morn.

9

She is a toy, a fond illusion,
 The lovely phantom of an hour
 By godhead raised on the ocean
 The love, the colour of a flower,
 A nobody dream without illusion -
 I know not what, - A vision form
 To holy heaven or perdition
 Without a part in life's struggle flood
 That turns a thousand miles of care;
 She has no lot in tears and blood.
 A light false phantom of the air . . .
 The headiest worker in the furze
 Or fisher led upon the sea
 All sun-browned, and heavy laden
 In error, holier than she.

1891

God's peace upon the mountain land
 God's peace and rest
 The clouds brood low, among the shattered peaks
 Each rugged crest, floats its white banner to the sky
 The hills are seamed, and old and grey,
 Writ with deep rough-mannered runes
 Graved with lines from their Graver's art
 But sheltered on their sides, a thousand furry things
 Renewing youth,

Oh lovers' drink each other's breath
 And kiss and clasp and laugh at death
 For this is linked life's golden chain
 And you shall live and love again
 In unborn time.
 Cling closer Phrynae ! let me feel
 Your kisses, warm, respond to mine
 I know that in the after time, the wide full day which
 is to be
 All that is best of thee and me
 Will stand exultant in the holy dawn
 Of right and truth. The long night gone
 With but a dim inherited regret
 Soft pity for the sorrows long ago
 But we, we love, and touch the foretaste of it all
 And each in other know, the promise of the day.

God's peace upon the mountain land
 God's peace and rest
 The clouds breed low, among the shattered peaks
 Each rugged crest, flicks its white banner to the sky
 The hills are somber, and old and grey,
 With their deep rough-hewn rugged runs
 Craved with lines from their craters' old
 But sheltered on their sides, a thousand tiny things
 Hespering youth.

Oh lovers, drink each other's breath
 And rise and cleave and laugh at death
 For this is kindred life's golden chain
 And you shall live and love again
 In unborn time.
 Cling closer, Phyllis! let me feel
 Your kisses, warm, respond to mine
 I know that in the after time, the wide world
 is to be

All that is best of them and me
 Will stand exalted in the holy dawn
 Of light and truth. The long night gone
 With but a dim inherited regret
 Soft pity for the sorrows long ago
 But we, we love, and touch the forehead of it all
 And each in other know the promise of the day.

+
One kiss from you would be to me
The price of empire - I could die
For but a ribbon from your hair -
A ribbon or a flower to wear.

How those we love we pity most
We see in guise of every day
The surging upward of the soul
Within its envelope of clay
We note the path of rapid years
In growing furrows, whitening hair
But find no word of full reply
To loose the gird of petty care
There still is longing unexpressed
Some latent wealth divine of love
Some dream of an idyllic rest (best)
Or undersigh for things above
Which finds no voice or answer here
No image in the changing year
No concord in our little day.

9 Sept. /88.

One kiss from you would be to me
 The price of empire - I could die
 For but a ribbon from your hair -
 A ribbon or a flower to wear.

How these we love we pity most
 We see in kisses of every day
 The waking up of the soul
 Within its envelope of clay
 We note the path of rapid years
 In growing furrows, whitening hair
 Has time no word of full reply
 To loose the kind of part we care
 There still is longing unexpressed
 Some latent wealth divine of love
 Some dream of an idyllic rest (best)
 Or underlight for things above
 Which finds no voice or answer here
 No image in the changing year
 No concord in our little day.

9 Sept. / 88.

The Lost Cause.

I sing the cause that lost,
For which men died, and women wept
And died of grief for sons and lovers dead.
For victory shouts abroad
Nor counts the cost
The hearthstones bare and swept
The void that gulfs the day, descending red.
Time rights not wrong like this,
The tale is made to suit the age,
Or afterward, if truth prevail
The years have left it, page by page
Till life and love and knowledge fail
There is no angel, fain to kiss
The feet of those who fought and fell
No god-like one to speak and say
You fought and lost, but all is well.
I raise alone a feeble voice
Against the dominant and strong
Against the serried ranks of hell
And ask, How long, Oh God, how long !

The Last Days



I sing the cause that lost,
 For which men died, and women wept
 And died of grief for sons and lovers dead.
 For victory should be chosen
 Not counts the cost
 The heart's content here and there
 The voice that calls the day, ascending red,
 Time rights not wrong like this,
 The tale is made to suit the age,
 Or afterward, it wish prevail
 The years have left it, page by page
 Till life and love and knowledge fall
 There is no angel, vain to kiss
 The feet of those who fought and fell
 No god-like one to speak and say
 You fought and lost, but all is well.
 I raise alone a feeble voice
 Against the dominant and strong
 Against the sacred name of hell
 and ask, how long, Oh God, how long!

A Memory of Doom.

I drink to a smile that is gone
Like a glow of the West from the sky
In this wine, which for aught I know may
Have grown red in the light of that day.
An Eon ago some frail bloom
That was lapped by the wave of the hill
That was plucked in the dawn, for a tomb
Laid away with the dead, till the doom.
So my heart holds the tenuous
Shrunken form of a love of the past -
Of the past that is dead, nor more near
To the touch, than the lip of the wave
That kissed the brown feet of the maid
The daughter of Ra, in the Eld.

For the years have dropped swiftly away
As a river that flows to the sea,
And my pulse beats but slowly today.
But that day when she smiled upon me
Though I knew not, was fate for a life
That is one in the tale of the whole
That in nowise returns to its goal
But spreads on to the ending of all.

A Memory of You.

I drink to a smile that is gone
 Like a glow of the West from the sky
 In this wine, which for me I know
 Have grown for in the light of that day.
 An eye and some faint bloom
 That was leaped by the wave of the hill
 That was picked in the dawn, for a tomb
 Laid away with the dead, till the dawn.
 So my heart holds the tender
 Shattered form of a love of the past -
 Of the past that is dead, nor more near
 To the coast, than the lip of the wave
 That kissed the crown of the maid
 The daughter of her, in the sea.
 For the years have dripped swiftly away
 As a river that flows to the sea,
 And my pulse beats but slowly today.
 But that day when she smiled upon me
 Though I know not, was fate for a life
 That is one in the tale of the whole
 That in course returns to its goal
 But presses on to the ending of all.

At a Camp Fire.

In the coals that glowed red
In the fire at the campment,
Beneath the great pines
In the still autumn night,
I saw the fair face of a woman, efulgent
And I dreamed as I gazed at its
Tremulous light.

But there came a cold breath
From the heart of the forest,
The fire fell away, and where beauty had been
By a sudden mutation, the stroke of a moment
The image was gone, and a death's head was seen,
Then I knew that the fate of a life was repeated
In brief there before me, in silence, alone
That the vision had passed, that the wish was defeated
That one heart more was stilled and was turned into stone.

Land of Osiris, Egypt, one long scroll
From the blue sea to Ethiopia far
Writ over with the lives and deeds of man
A ritual and papyrus of the dead
The Nile, man's foot prints on its border in the dawn.
Great Ra ! Thy temple is but one vast tomb

X

At a Camp Fire,

In the coils that flowed red

In the fire at the campment,

Beneath the great pines

In the still autumn night,

I saw the fair face of a woman, ethereal

And I dreamed as I gazed at its

Translucent light.

But there came a cold breath

From the heart of the forest,

The fire fell away, and where beauty had been

By a sudden mutation, the stroke of a moment

The image was gone, and a death's head was seen,

Then I knew that the fate of a life was repeated

In pain that before me, in silence, alone

That the vision had passed, that the wish was deflected

That one heart more was chilled and was turned into stone.

Land of Oafric, Egypt, one lone scroll

From the blue sea to Ethiopia far

Writ over with the lives and deeds of man

A ritual and prayers of the dead

The Nile, man's foot prints on its border in the sand.

Great is! Thy temple is but one vast tomb

Thy priests are dead, the seed they garnered
 Spread abroad in every land, bearing strange fruit,
 Thy Nile still flows, but by its banks are broken shrines
 And silence, and a race degenerate.

An accident that fell,
 Some thousand years ago
 Upon this little bit of potter's art
 A flaw of colour,
 Stray, but burnt in well,
 That brought some trouble to a living heart
 That still lies clear, writ in the shining glaze
 As shone the sun upon the sea those days.
 How true that every thing is written everywhere
 What lacks is but the eye to mark and read
 To follow all the slow advance of things
 And see before to whither all things lead.

Seymour Narrows.

The mountains and the solemn firs
 That stand dim ranked along the shore
 The leagues on leagues of water ways
 That cleave the hills
 And this the gate that lies between two seas
 Where twice each day the hurrying tides flow in.

The friends are dead, the seed they sown
Spread abroad in every land, bearing strange fruit,
The will still flows, but by its banks are broken armies
And silence, and a race degenerate.

An accident that fell,
Some thousand years ago
Upon this little bit of paper's art
A flow of color,
Grey, but burnt in well,
That brought some trouble to a living heart
That still lies clear, art in the shining glass
As shows the sun upon the sea those days,
How true that every thing is written everywhere
What looks is but the eye to mark and read
To follow all the slow advances of things
And see before to which all things lead.

Beyond Harrow.

The mountains and the solemn fire
That stand and reach along the shore
The leagues on leagues of water ways
That flows the hills
And into the gaps that lie between the seas
There rises each day the hurrying tides flow in.

Give us leave to fight our battles,
Let us stand alone and say
No proud braggart, be he giant,
Moves ~~any~~ one footlength in our way.
Let us stand as youthful David
Stood, before the man of Gath
Boasting in his finished armour,
But a stripling in his path.
It is hard to wrest his birth-right,
From a man already grown,
Even if alone and friendless
He is fighting for his own.
Still you cannot unaffected
Play a puny neutral part
While
Mix your foe, and our oppressor
Thrusts a spear against the heart
Of your offspring. If we perish
Dies the honour of your name,
We must stand and fall together
Fall or rise a common power,
And the war we hold must ever
Be and end, and mean the same
Let us stand then, true, determined,
Strong/against all common wrong -
Seeking not a cause for battle - - -
- - - - -

Give us leave to fight our battles,
 For we stand alone and free,
 No proud braggers, no hoarse blarney,
 Never was one footstep in our way.
 For we stand as youthful David
 Stood before the man of Gath,
 Bearing in his finished armor,
 But a scribble in his path.
 It is hard to meet his dirk-right,
 From a man already grown,
 Even if alone and friendless
 He is fighting for his own.
 Still you cannot unaffected
 Find a holy neutral part
 Kill your foe, and our oppressor
 Thence a spear against the heart
 Of your offspring. If we perish
 Dies the honor of your name,
 We must stand and fall together
 Fall or rise a common prey,
 And the war we hold must over
 Be the end, and with the same
 For we stand there, true, undimmed,
 Strong against all common wrong -
 Seeking not a cause for battle -

Life hath no joy
 Naught but abiding sorrow
 Death hath this word to say
 Be there no morrow.

Dead ! and no longer in want, hour by hour
 Of medicine, food and care
 Quiet and still in the night so cold,
 Silent and lying there.

God ! is it true that all love must fail
 And hope on the verge of the realm of night
 That friendship and use are all so frail
 And our hold upon life is so weak and slight !
 Yesterday, morning awoke in the East
 As before, as of custom and need
 Shall the sun now arise as of old nevermore
 Shall the plant not grow up from the reed ?

Oh Father in heaven, I know not thy way
 Nor thy course through the deeps or thy warrants or laws
 But here on the dust, kneel alone, can but cry
 Or may pray to the of the silent First Cause.

Had the reaper but reaped when the corn stood well ripe
 And yellow to harvest, my soul might have bowed
 To thy law, to the fate which the ages have made thy
 plain law.

Life hath no joy

Naught but aching sorrow

Death hath this word to say

Be there no morrow.

Dead ! and no longer to want, heat by heat

Of medicine, food and care

Quiet and still in the night so cold,

Silent and lying there.

God ! is it true that all love must fall

And hope on the verge of the realm of night

That friendship and love are all no trail

And our hope upon life is so weak and slight !

Yesterday, morning words in the East

As before, as of custom and need

Shall the sun now arise as of old yonmorrow

Shall the plants not grow up from the seed ?

Oh Father in heaven, I know not thy way

Not any course through the deeps or thy warrants or laws

But here on the earth, kneel alone, can but cry

Or may pray to thee of the silent First Cause.

Had the reaper but reaped when the corn stood well ripe

And failed to harvest, my soul might have bowed

To thy law, so the fate which the seas have made thy

plain law.

Murder of "Sitting Bull".

Oh savage chief ! The long live sweep,
 Of God's great prairie mourns the dead,
 Beyond the western verge the deep
 Is all aglow with fiery red,-
 And every swelling crest of snow is red, blood red.
 But, one or two, dark sullied spots of blood and clay
 Appeal to heaven, appalling blots ! this winter day.
 'Tis winter now to thee and thine, and death to all
 The last of the despairing wars
 Thy people held against the stars
 Is fought, and thou and they must fall
 Perchance for man, in this eclipse
 In some strange guise there comes new light
 Perchance more eloquent than lips
 Thy grave may plead for truth and right
 But I who hold the dream of thy free West
 And mourn its changing times, and those oppressed
 I mourn for thee grim chieftain and for thine
 - - - - -
 For thy wide summer of a thousand leagues
 That ran from eastern forest to the snow
 That wraps the Rocky
 Thou hast a narrow grave, with all despite
 That weak may suffer from the hand of might

hundred of "staring balls".

On savage chief ! The long live sweep,

Of God's great spirit mourns the dead,

Beyond the western verge the coast

Is all aglow with fiery red.-

And every swelling crest of snow is red, blood red.

But, one or two, dark calked spots of blood and clot

Appeal to heaven, appealing these ! this winter day.

The winter now so thin and thin, and death to all

The least of the despairing want

Thy people hold against the stars

In founts, and then and they must fall

Perchance for men, in this eclipse

In some strength unless there comes new light

Perchance more eloquent than life

Thy grave may plead for truth and right

But I who hold the cross of thy true West

And mourn its changing stars, and those oppressed

I mourn for thee with calm chin and for shine

- - - - -

For thy wild dream of a thousand leagues

That ran from eastern forest to the snow

That wraps the rocky

Then meet a narrow grave, with all eclipse

That sees my cutter from the hand of night

Thine was no generous foe
To ask for quarter - - - - -
- - - - -

The Sea Lion.

Strong and alone, you survive, and far
Amid the spume of cold blue seas
? That beat across Bar.
Against the ebbing tide, the breeze
Blows darkly up the island strait
1892 ? Between the silent ranks of trees
That hear your roar, and stand and wait
Like you, forgot of time are these
But virile, still, and old.

Capt. Wilson and party leaving Forbes Camp.

Daily Graphic. Feb. 12 / 94.

These are the men who were to die,
Who, riding out at close of day
Rode out forever,
For the night fell,
And as the dust that followed fell and lay
Among the scrub
So when the dawn rose, they lay dead,

This was no generous fee

To ask for quarter - - - - -

- - - - -

The Sea Lion

Strong and strong, you survive, and far

And the signs of cold blue seas

That best across her.

Against the ebbing tide, the pressure

Flows darkly up the island walls

1938? Between the silent ranks of trees

That bear your form, and stand and wait

Like you, forget of time and space

But visible, still, and old.

Capt. Wilson and party leaving Forbes Camp.

Daily Graphic, Feb. 13 / 38.

These are the men who were to die,

Who, riding out at close of day

Went out forever,

For the night fall,

And as the east that followed fell and lay

Along the scrub

So when the dawn rose, they lay dead.

They were no saints, that little band
 Of laughing men who left us yesterday,
 But rough bush-riders, bred of reckless boys
 Checks tanned by sun and coats bedaubed with clay.

The Valley of the Strymon.

The men that tilled these fields lie dead,
 And earth is cold on hand and head
 That worked and saw
 And garnered frugal gain
 Where still yon river wends across the plain
 To melt in the blue sea.
 They had no voice - with simple toil
 They broke and turned that very soil
 That blooms today
 As prodigal again
 As when the sun, and drifting summer rain
 Passed in that time before it knew the plough
 Of its own harvest were the armed men
 That lit the beacon fires to further Ind -
 Of Greece, that rose, and passed
 In scattered leafage dropping on the wind
 That Alexander might prevail and last
 ? One random marble shaft above the sea of time.

They were no saints, that little band
 Of laughing men who left us yesterday,
 But rough bush-riders, bred of restless boys
 Chased round by sun and south beset with day.

The Valley of the Stray

The man that killed these things is dead,
 And earth is cold on hand and head
 That worked and saw
 And garnered fragrant grain
 Where still you river winds across the plain
 To melt in the blue sea.
 They had no voice - their simple toil
 They chose and turned that very soil
 That blooms today
 As fragrant again
 As when the sun, and drifting summer rain
 Passed in that time before it knew the plough
 Of its own harvest were the same man
 That lit the beacon fire to further land -
 Of grass, that rose, and passed
 In scattered leaflets dropping on the wind
 That Alexander might prevail and last
 One random marble shaft above the sea of time.

But all that gathered Moslem horde
 Engendered in the waiting day
 From the grim waste, the harvest stored
 And eked by sparing everyway,
 That splendid horde of men that broke
 And fell in even rows on the plain
 Before the guns they could not reach:
 As man may never see again
 What of their death or where to lay -

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

Life is a bubble on the sea,
 The ocean of eternity
 It floats a while in glittering pride,
 It may o'er many billows ride.
 There comes a moment, none knows why,
 No cloud o'erspreads the summer sky:
 Some little breath, some hidden thing,
 Perhaps a spirit on the wing -
 Touches the orb - it melts away -
 The sea receives its little spray -
 No mark, no memory, left behind:
 The everlasting sea, the wind - Flow on.

G.M.D. Mch.13th. 1870.

But all that gathered in his hands
 Engendered in the waiting day
 From the grim waste, the harvest stored
 And asked by spurring every day
 That splendid herds of men that drove
 And fell in even rows on the plain
 Before the guns they could not reach
 As men may never see again
 What of their souls or where to lay -

His Parents' Little World

Life is a bubble on the sea,
 The ocean of eternity
 It flows a while in glittering rills,
 It may be many billions years,
 There comes a moment, none knows why,
 No cloud of crystals the common eye
 Some little breath, some hidden thing,
 Perhaps a spirit on the wing -
 Touches the orb - it melts away -
 The sea receives its little spray -
 No mark, no memory, left behind
 The everlasting sea, the wind - flies on.

The Sea and its Song.

Outer Coast of Vancouver Island. 1885.

To rest on fragrant cedar boughs
 Close by the Western ocean's rim
 While in the tops of giant pines
 The livelong night the sea-winds hymn,
 And low upon the fretted shore
 The waves beat out the evermore -

{ Tis thus that life is full content
 { And still the world is young and wide
 This night, the stars, by heaven sent
 And I and whatsoe'r betide.

No discord breaks the perfect whole
 The sea repeats but one refrain
 Sings, Sleep,- sleep,- sleep, oh weary soul,
 Sleep - ask not if thou wake again.

Scattered fragments in the deep.

In winter and in summer.

Sun and storm. In fury of the
 tempest or in trance of sleep
 Where only the slow pulse of nature
 ever beats, and how we laboured
 with fierce breath of steam
 up that vast gorge in the lone
 depth of night resounding with

The Sea and the Song.
Outer Coast of Vancouver Island.

To rest on fragrant cedar bowgins
 Close by the Western ocean's rim
 While in the coils of giant pines
 The living night the sea-winds hum,
 And low upon the fringed shore
 The waves beat out the evensong -
 The time that life is full content
 And still the world is young and wise
 This night, the stars, by heaven sent
 And I and whoso'er's beside.
 No discord breaks the perfect whole
 The sea repeats but one refrain
 Sleep, sleep, - sleep, on weary souls,
 Sleep - ask not if thou were again.

Scattered fragments in the deep.

In winter and in summer,
 Sun and storm. In fury of the
 tempest or in hush of sleep
 Where only the slow pulse of nature
 ever beats, and now we labour
 with fierce breath of storm
 up that vast gorge in the loam
 eyes of night resounding with

our clamour, while the snow swam
 down in silence, passed athwart
 the blaze of light and sank
 into some depth below unseen -
 Oh the long years that this great
 valley graven in the hills hath
 held its peace, or spoken only
 in the warring of the torrent or
 the fall of some great rock
 from cliff to cliff.

Back to the ocean,
 Back from hill or plain,
 By each long way, to join the deep again
 Load in the torrent - silent, dropping slow,
 The tides of life pass down from high to low
 Eternity receives them calm and vast
 But still there is no end, no past.

The Irrigation Ditch.

Slipping along in the thicket of alder
 And willow that grows when the water is low
 Flowing all silently checquered with shadows
 Cool on the clay and the stones of its bed.

our element, while the snow was
 deep in silence, twisted abruptly
 the plane of light and back
 into some depth below heaven -
 On the long years that this house
 valley arrived in the hills north
 held its peace, or spoken only
 in the warping of the torrent or
 the fall of some great rock
 from cliff to cliff.

Back to the ocean,
 Back from hill or plain,
 By each long way, to join the deep again
 found in the torrent - silent, dropping slow,
 The sides of life pass down from high to low
 Momentarily receives them calm and vast
 But still there is no end, no
 post.

The Irrigation Ditch.

Clipping along in the shadow of cedar
 And willow that grows when the water is low
 Flowing all silently shadowed with shadows
 Cool on the clay and the stones of its bed.

Frail stems of blossom stand bending and nodding
 Over blurred shadows that pulse with the stream
 Roots creeping down in the damp earth about them
 Dim with the tremor of heat, is the hillside
 And in the parched valley ablaze with the sun
 Shrills the cicada among the grey bushes.

1. When the long war of water and of fire shall pass
 And earth sail on a silent pulseless mass.
 When all life's mighty silence sank away
 Death's utter stillness ever holdeth sway.

2. When thy long beams, oh sun, shall fall in vain
 But turn the mountain shadows on the plain
 Arid, - no living thing to drink thy ray
 Nor wind to feel its touch and bound away
 As was its wont through vernal groves

(then)

3. Where now thy labour, man, thy daily toil
 Thy lifelong struggle with the stubborn soil:
 And where the hopes, the fears that filled thy days
 Amidst these grey silent ruins thou didst raise
 These tombs thy hands have left so long.

Trail stems of blossom stand bending and nodding
 Over blasted shadows that raise with the stream
 Hoop crawling down in the damp earth about them
 The view the corner of house, to the hillside
 And in the parched valley things with the sun
 Thrills the shade among the grey bushes.

1. When the long war of water and of fire shall pass
 And earth roll on a silent pulsation mass.
 When all life's a mighty silence sank away
 Death's utter stillness overholdeth away.

2. When the long beams of sun shall fall in vain
 But burn the mountain shadows on the plain
 And - no living thing to drink that day
 Her wine so full its touch and bowne away
 As she went through yonder groves

(anon)

3. Where now thy labour, man, thy daily toil

Thy lifelong struggle with the stubborn soil:

And where the hopes, the tears and filled thy days
 About those grey silent rains that clear raise
 These lands thy hands have left so long.

Ere long, the time will come when I must go
 And if tonight, what need to rue that it be so.
 No time seems fit to die, when life is strong
 But if by slow decay all sense is still,
 The day and its events grown weary-long
 'Tis then no sacrament - an oft told tale.
~~Struck new~~ - remain undone half finished tasks
 My sacrifice upon God's altar high.
 New hands take hold to weave and build again
 So soon as light mounts new in yon dark sky
 My path goes forth in the departing night
 And whitherward, I trust, oh Lord, to Thee.

Pitiful, pitiful sad-hearted one
 Essay thy little round, sun after sun.
 Dark, grim and pitiful, millions untold
 Tilling and weeping till hope hath grown old
 Tilling, sad-hearted, till evening is come
 And the lips that could murmur of sorrow are dumb.

1332.

Knowing, the time will come when I must go
 And if tonight, what need to say that it be so.
 No time seems this so close, when life is strong
 But if by slow decay all things are still,
 The day has for events grown weary-long
 'Tis then no movement - an old tale said.
 Garden now - remain alone half finished vase
 My sacrifice upon God's altar high.
 No hands have held to waves and ballie again
 So soon as light moments now in you dare say
 My path leads forth in the departing night
 And witherward, I trust, oh love, to thee.

Piffal, piffal and-horred one
 Great thy little round, sun after sun.
 Look, eyes and piffal, millions ansels
 Telling and weeping till hope hath grown old
 Telling, and-horred, till evening is come
 And the life that could'st manner of sorrow are deep.

Love.

Great God and the father of mankind
The spring of life, the hand of fate;
I bow to Thee in humble mind
And kneel before thy golden gate
That bars the sun, this close of day.

One star above the mountain crest,
The dark and utmost verge of earth, (all)
That drops full swift into the west
Upon the footsteps of the day.

A thousand stars that start behind
From out the ancient realm of night.

The growing darkness fills the land
And stills the thousand tongues of day
Tis only on my knees I dare (Vernon, B.C. 1890)
To look afar, or scan the way
Which I must tread, to look and pray.

And when above the path I turn
To where the lights of heaven burn
My lips refuse to utter prayer.

No plummet metres dark nature's deep
Through which the swift millenium's sweep
I know not, cannot understand.

But stricken silence may express

The reverent awe I must (confess ?)

Great God and the Father of mankind
 The spring of life, the name of Jesus
 I bow to thee in reverent mind
 and kneel before thy golden throne
 that bring me on, into arms of God.

One star above the mountain crown,
 The oak and ancient verge of earth, (all)
 That crops fall with into the sea
 Upon the footstep of the day.

A thousand stars that ever shine
 From out the ancient realm of night.

The glowing darkness fills the land
 And still the thousand tongues of day

The only one my knees I kneel (Vernon, E.C. 1890)
 To look afar, or scan the way

Which I must tread, to look and pray.

and when above the path I turn
 to where the light of heaven burn

my lips refuse to utter prayer.

No liveliest words ever nature's song

through which the swift lightning's sweep

I know not, cannot understand.

But which allowed my express

The revelation and I must (without ?)

The South Wind

On the edge of the Western Land,
 The soft south wind that sweeps along
 A thousand rolling leagues of sea
 And faints and sleeps upon the land,
 Leaving the sapphire wave it drew
 To rise and break upon the strand,
 (No longer able to pursue,)
 To search the rocky caverns through
 In spume and spray.

 It passes harping in the pines
 Across a thousand sonant strings;
 It touches lightly, here a rose
 And there a spear of grass, that springs
 And trembles, since above the cleft
 (banner)
 Of that grey rock its needle shows,
 Then slides away, unseen, and still
 Beneath the covert of the wood,
 Along the swelling of the hill,
 Till in the drowsy hollow, brood
 The scents of green, and growing things
 There stays, and folds its silent wings
 The soft south wind ! - The soft south wind.
 Oh breath of ocean's inmost soul
 That sweeps the brow, and sways the mind !
 The distant sound of waves that roll

(Amid the
thousand)

The South Wind

On the edge of the Western Lane,
 The soft south wind that sweeps along
 A thousand rolling lawns of sea
 and linnets and slugs upon the lane,
 lawning the sapphire wave is crew
 to rise and break upon the strand,
 (no longer able to pursue,
 to scatter the rocky caverns through
 in quest and prey,
 it passes hurrying in the pine
 across a thousand secret wings)
 it reaches lightly, here a rose
 and there a spot of moss, then springs
 and twirls, since above the cliff
 (banner)
 of that grey rock its needle shows,
 then slides away, unseen, and still
 beneath the covert of the rock,
 along the swelling of the hill,
 fill in the drowsy hollows
 the accents of green, and flowing things
 there sleep, and follow its silent wings
 The soft south wind! - The soft south wind,
 On breath of ocean's trumpet soul
 that sweeps the dunes, and waves the wind!
 The distant sound of waves that roll



(With the
 movement)

In measured cadence on the shore,
 Beats out the monologue of time
 And sings from ever, evermore.
 White ebon locks, grow white with rime
 Of age, and life becomes but lore
 Or miser's hoard of memory past,
 Till peace comes on the soft south wind
 Not long - at last - - -

Linnaea Borealis.

Just as a wee maid when she stands
 With downcast eyes and folded hands
 To say her oft conn'd task
 So blushing on some mossy bank, where days are long
 Long and woods are dank,
 Or crowded thick 'twixt lichen'd stones
 Where some old glacier laid his bones
 Their nodding bells are swung.
 Fairer than all where all are fair,
 Within the flowery band
 And breathing out a fragrance rare
 Where the tall ranked pine trees stand
 In the lone distant northern land.

In measured cadence on the shore,
 beats out the monologue of time
 and sings from over, everywhere.
 White upon loaves, grow white with time
 Of age, and life becomes but love
 Or miser's hoard of memory past,
 Till peace comes on the soft south wind
 For long - - - at last - - -

Finney's Serenade

Just as a new maid from the strands
 With lowered eyes and folded hands
 To say her old love's name
 So hushing on some merry dance, where date are long
 Long and good are done,
 Or crowded with 'twixt lightened stones
 Where some old gladiator laid his bones
 Their nodding balls are swung.
 Forer than all there all are fair,
 Within the flowery band
 And breathing out a fragrance rare
 Where the tall ranked pine trees stand
 In the long distant northern land.

I turned the leaves and slowly turned
The yellow paper rough and old,
And marked the page was fairly writ,
And that was blotted, and half told
What haste or weariness or joy
That hand had felt in its employ
And restless, as my eye ran o'er
That fragment of the joy and grief
Of one who hoarded (?) life no more
Careless I turned another leaf.

My love, Dear loved so long ago
You chose your path and went another way
I was not rich nor great, and told you so
But in my love to you could never stray.
Within me rose, I know, some tide of the divine
Long purpose of the world, some pulse of that great heart
That rules. Had you been mine
It seemed we might have lived a life apart
Have breathed some air all consecrate and true,
Inviolate and pure; your love to me and mine alone to you
But that may be no more, time past is dead.
When last your hand left mine, that hour
We two were parted, never watershed
That turned two drops upon the mountain ridge

I turned the leaves and slowly turned
 The yellow paper rough and old,
 And marked the page was fairly white,
 And that was blessed, and half told
 That haste or wandering or joy
 That hand had told in its employ
 And restless, as my eye ran o'er
 That fragment of the joy and grief
 Of one who heeded (I) little more
 Careless I turned another leaf.

By love, dear love, no long ago
 You chose your path and went another way
 I was not rich nor great, and said you so
 But in my love to you could never stray.
 Within my love, I know, some kind of the divine
 Long purpose of the world, some bliss of that great heart
 That raises. Has you been mine
 It seemed as might have lived a life apart
 Have breathed some air all consciousness and life,
 Invisible and pure; but love to me and mine seems to you
 But that may be no more, time past is dead,
 When last your hand left mine, that hour
 As the world passed, never returned
 That turned the page when the mountain rises

Of some great continent was greater bar
Our lives diverged, and ever wider space
Spread all between, and far
Far from our childhood's place
We drift and drift, and you
To me it seemeth left in moving sands
Are lost. While I, touching the barren rocks
Go onward through grey lands
To that great sea that locks
The habitable world in one embrace
God grant we there may some day meet and face to face
For there but one love for me and one for you
And in some flux of time this must return
As truth is true -

And the leaves have ceased to fall
Lest their rattling down from limb to limb
Should break the spell that holdeth all.
The mist is out on the river, silent it moves and slow
And flows as it had flowed ever, and will forever flow.

The days are short and the nights are chill
When the leaves in slumber lie
They blush in sleep on yonder hill
And resting deep in hollows lie.

Of some great continent was greater bar
Our lives diverged, and over water space

Spread all between, and far

Far from our childhood's place

We drift and drift, and you

To me is somewhat left in moving sense

Are lost. While I, watching the barren rocks

Go onward through grey lanes

To that great sea that looks

The habitable world in one embrace

God grant we there may some day meet and face to face

For there but one love for me and one for you

And in some flux of time this must return

As truth is true -

and the leaves have ceased to fall

lost their falling down from limb to limb

Should break the spell that holds them all.

The mist is out on the river, silent it moves and slow

And flows as it had flowed ever, and will forever flow.

The cage was silent and the nights are chill

When the leaves in slumber lie

They dream in sleep on yonder hill

and resting deep in hollows lie.

Hat.

Roof of the forge and working house of thought

I shield from sol's fierce ray

? Far through the forest, by hard scratching

And many devious ways.

Thou summer rag at best, I have thee here .

A prey to autumn and to winter wind

The days are chill, the snows are almost here

While I go southward to a land less drear

A new felt tile, must cover in my mind.

My love, if thou dost hold the wine of two men's lives in
thy dear hands,

I pity thee, for thou hast ta'en what thou can'st not
restore.

If thou bear'st one away in thy sweet heart

Then must thou spill the other in the sand.

But blame me not, if I do pray thee for my soul

Oh ! leave me not to mourn the empty cruise, the evening
of my days

Long time in secret has the fragrance grown,

It is my all. I pray thee for my own.

1882.

Half

Roof of the forge and working house of thought

I shield from soul's fierce ray

Yet through the forest, by hard scratching

And many devious ways.

Then summer ray at best, I have thee here

A prey to autumn and to winter wind

The days are chill, the snows are almost here

While I go southward to a land less drear

A new fair life, must cover in my mind.

My love, if thou dost hold the wine of two men's lives in
thy dear hands,

I pray thee, for thou hast to 'on what thou can'st not
rescore.

If thou bear'st one away in thy sweet heart

Then must thou spill the other in the sand.

But blame me not, if I do pray thee for my soul

Oh! leave me not to mourn the empty cradle, the evening
of my days

Long time in secret has the fragrance grown.

It is my all. I pray thee for my own.

Love.

Some little nest is lonesome
 Some little heart is sad,
 Some little head is moping
 All in the sunshine glad.
 Oh ! the grief, the bitter grief
 And the wrong without redress
 Is babbled about by every leaf
 And the day is weariness.
 That all that love should be in vain !
 That flight from the sunny south
 And the courting in April's sun and rain .
 Oh ! the grief, the bitter grief
 And the wrong with no redress
 Whether it fall on bird or man
 The thought is madness, nothing less.

G.M.D. Jan. /73.

The mist is upon the river
 And the moon, the waning moon
 Looks down on the dimed mirror
 Where the ice will gather soon.
 The Pleads and Orion are high o'er the forest dim
 And nature lies in the hush of night
 From singing her autumn hymn.

Some little nest is loneliness

Some little heart is sad,

Some little head is weeping

All in the sunshine glad.

Oh! the grief, the bitter grief

And the wrong without redress

Is babbled about by every leaf

And the day is weariness.

That all that love should be in vain!

That light from the sunny south

And the courting in April's sunny rain

Oh! the grief, the bitter grief

And the wrong with no redress

Whether it fall on bird or man

The thought is madness, nothing less.

G.M.B. Jan. / 78.

The mist is upon the river

And the moon, the waning moon

Looks down on the dimmed mirror

Where the ice will gather soon.

The Pleiads and Orion are high o'er the forest dim

And nature lies in the hush of night

From singing her madonna hymn.

Some little nest is ionosoma
 Some little heart is sad,
 Some little head is weeping
 All in the sunshine glad,
 Oh! the grief, the bitter grief
 And the wrong without redress
 Is babbed about by every leaf
 And the day is weariness,
 That all that love should be in vain!
 That light from the sunny south
 And the courting in April's sacred rain,
 Oh! the grief, the bitter grief
 And the wrong with no redress
 Whether it fall on bird or man
 The thought is madness, nothing less.
 G.M.D. Jan. / 78.

The mist upon the river
 And the moon, the waning moon
 Looks down on the dimmed mirror
 Where the ice will gather soon.
 The Pleiads and Orion are high o'er the forest dim
 And nature lies in the hush of night
 From aching her autumn hymn.

The firs are dark, and their ragged tops stand black
against the sky

But the poplar woods are thin and bare, and the moon
Beams falling everywhere in their secret hollows lie.

Their hills are paved with their coined gold

Child of the sun and air

Each leaf a finished perfect thing

But there is no footfall there

For the very breath of night is still

Mosquito.

There is a sharpness in the prairie air

The summer flaunts her banners on the sward

There is a haunting presence everywhere

Of twice a myriad, myriad whetted stings

The air is full of murrain and of song

That rounds the solemn stillness of the waste

As gay the light mosquito oars along

"In God and in his sword" his trust is placed

Oh smudge, oh ! glorious smudge, let me entrance

In thy sweet noxious cloud

And nose and eyes all smarting with thy stench !

There curse the winged crowd.

The fire is dark, and their ragged tops stand black
against the sky

But the joyful woods are thin and bare, and the moon
beams falling everywhere in their secret hollows lies.

Their hills are leaved with their stained gold

Child of the sun and air

Seen just a finished perfect thing

But there is no football there

For the very breath of night is still

Respite.

There is a sharpness in the prairie air

The summer flange her banners on the earth

There is a haunting presence everywhere

Of things a myriad, myriad shadowed things

The air is full of murmur and of song

That rounds the solemn stillness of the waste

As by the light respite cars along

"In God and in his sword" his cross is placed

On a ledge, oh! furious smudge, let me entrance

In thy sweet noxious clouds

And now and then all smirking with my speech!

There came the winged crowd.

Blue eyed, beside the melting snow
On lichened rock
Forget-me-nots that sleep and grow
Or gazing still on Heaven's blue
Turn ever nearer it in hue.

Oh God a key, a little key,
A pass-word for the iron door
That shuts the whole bright world from me
So strong I need not strive or press
That stands against all human stress
Deep founded on Eternity.

A grove of tall and silent pines
Where moss receives the tread,
Or where the shadow darker lies
Are piled the leaves of seasons dead.
A summer sun, or seeming calm,
But to a quicker ear the roar
Of jostling atoms as they crowd
At every leaflet's open pore.
How soon we cease to miss the news
The noisy chatter of the day
Of battles won and lost, of games
That knaves and dupes devise and play.

Blue eyes, beside the melting snow
 On lichened rock
 Forget-me-nots that sleep and grow
 Or fading will on Heaven's side
 Turn ever nearer to the sun.

On God a key, a little key,
 A pass-word for the iron door
 That shuts the whole bright world from me
 So strong I need not strive or press
 That stands against all human stress
 Deep founded on Eternity.

A grove of tall and silent pines
 Where moss receives the tread,
 Or where the shadow darker lies
 Are filled the leaves of someone's head.
 A summer sun, or evening calm,
 But to a palmer on the rock
 Of jostling swans as they grow
 As every leaflet's open pore.
 The sun we cease to miss the more
 The noisy chatter of the day
 Of parties won and lost, of games
 That answer and elude device and plot.

Thenoon the leafage of the time
 The transient doers of today
 That fill the armies of the dead
 And year by year are swept away
 And as they come, and pass with noise,
 The peace of God continues here
 And flux of time is meted out
 In wooden cycles, year by year.

Peace River, Aug. 1879.

"A Russian Princess"

Paris 1892.

Of savage times, a perilous great deep
 Looks out through her young eyes
 The primal Slav, the Wend, the Seythian,
 And of the North the battle and the sleep,
 The feasting, famine, heat and bitter cold
 Of year-long marches in the twilight world
 Songs, dirges - tales that never can be told.
 The flapping tents of skin on sun-browned hills
 Wind of the steppes and sandy river-beds;
 Or stunted pines, where Arctic winter shrills
 By huts half buried near the cattle sheds,
 The woman of primeval fate
 In this swift tide of later days,

Through the leafage of the time

The transient doors of today

That fill the annals of the dead

And year by year are swept away

And as they come, and pass with noise,

The peace of God continues here

And time of time is mated out

In golden cycles, year by year.

Poems River, Aug. 1879.

"A Russian Princess"

A Paris letter.

Of savage times, a portion's great deep

Looks out through her young eyes

The primal Slav, the Wend, the Saxonian,

And of the North the battle and the sleep,

The towering, famine, home and bitter cold

Of year-long marches in the twilight world

Seeds, elms & oaks that never can be told.

The flapping tents of skin on sun-browned hills

Side of the steppe and sunny river-beds;

Or stained faces, where Arctic winds whirl

By horse half buried near the cattle sheds,

The woman of primordial face

In this swift side of later days.

Of Heaven and Hell she swings the gate
 And counts not either blame or praise.
 Low browed and stately, dark and tall,
 (Her sires the Roman legions stayed)
 She moves a queen amid them all
 Barbarian and not afraid !

The Truant.

Oh I have been dancing the night, my lord,
 All under the greenwood tree;
 In the light o' the moon on the soft green sward
 And I would you had been with me.
 The music began, but you slept my lord
 You cared nothing that I could see
 But the rime and the time and the elves themselves
 Were calling and calling to me.
 I went not of will to the dancing green
 With hazels (?) about in the dew,
 But was wafted there in the cool night air
 And far and away from you.
 But still you slept on my lord, you slept,
 Or so it besseemed to me,
 Till the light of the dawn fell cold upon
 The wood and the lawn and the lea.
 And here am I back by your side, my lord,

Of Heaven and Hell she sings the tale
 And counts not either blame or praise.
 For proved she equally, dark and tall,
 (Her eyes the Roman legends stayed)
 She moves a person with their all
 Barbarian and not afraid!

The Tyrant.

Oh I have been dancing the night, my lord,
 All under the Greenwood tree;
 In the light of the moon on the self green sward
 And I would you had been with me.
 The music began, but you slept my lord
 You cared nothing that I could see
 For the time and the time and the olive branches
 Were calling and calling to me.
 I went not of will to the dancing green
 With music (?) about in the day,
 But she walked there in the cool night air
 And far and away from you.
 But still you slept on my lord, you slept,
 Or so it happened to me,
 Till the light of the dawn fell cold upon
 The wood and the lawn and the ice.
 And there am I back by your side, my lord,

And glad to be back with thee,
But when shrill pipes sound to the dances round
Oh sleep not, but come with me.

July 30th. '93.

I cannot sound the depths of life and death,
They lie, as infinitely deep today
As when man first threw out
His little line to measure them.

My childhood, now I look far back -
A dream amid its misty years
Seems but a troubled dawn in which
Some gladness mingled with my tears.
I feel a great regret of love
For those who gave me birth and strove
To do their duty, dimly seen
Amid the stress of life.

A writer of books and a weaver of rhymes,
A man, no regard of seasons or times,
For a home, all the world, but alone and aloof
With no family, fireside, or sheltering roof.
A stranger mid travellers; all are no more
Where eternity fretting the border of time (shore)

And glad to be back with thee,
But when snail pipes sound to the dance round
Oh sleep not, but come with me.

July 30th, '98.

I cannot sound the organ of life and death,
They lie, as infinitely deep today
As when man first threw out
His little line to measure them.

My childhood, now I look far back -
A dream said its misty years
Seems but a troubled dawn in which
Some glances mingled with my tears.
I feel a great regret of love
For those who gave me birth and grew
To do their duty, daily soon
And the stress of life.

A writer of books and a weaver of rhymes,
A man, no longer of seasons or times,
For a home, all the world, but alone and aloof
With no family, friends, or sheltering roof.
A stranger and traveller; all are no more
There eternally fringing the border of time (ahere)

No friend to clasp hand with, no wish to fulfill
No fear to contend with, no good or no ill
With one question recurring, the problem of all
Unspoken, unanswered, till death some day fall.

Across Siberia Eastward.

We came by the long land marches,
By forest and steppe and plain
We peopled a silent country
Of rivers and drought and rain;
Of snow and ice and winter,
But with fish and flesh and fur.
We made fire and song in the silent land
And danced in the night there, hand in hand,
For the country was new and lone.
And the wise men kept the ancient rite
The signs of day and the stars of night
The spells and the tokens, the count and tale
From father to son and from year to year
Till we came to the sounding sea.

No friend to class; hand wish, no wish to fulfill
 No love to content wish, no good or no ill
 With one question recurring, the problem of all
 Unspoken, unanswered, till death some day fall.

Across Siberia Eastward.

We came by the long land marches,
 In forest and steppe and plain
 We passed a silent country
 Of rivers and crochets and rain;
 Of snow and ice and winter,
 But with fish and fowl and fur,
 We made fire and song in the silent land
 And danced in the night there, hand in hand,
 For the country was new and lone,
 And the stars kept the ancient fire
 The signs of day and the stars of night
 The spain and the seasons, the count and tale
 From father to son and from year to year
 Till we came to the sounding sea.

On God ! upon this alone of day,
 Thy sin besetting in the way,
 I know not in what word to pray
 But ask that all mankind be blest.
 The clouds in darkness staining day,
 Forbid the eye to search the deep
 Or range wide the silent seas
 That their appointed watches keep,
 Not all mankind be blest - eye more,
 Not every living thing be blest
 In peace according to their part
 Upon the way that is thy will.
 I pray because I needs must ask,
 I ask without, that all be well
 And each appointed to his task
 The will shall be.

A Knell.

Sad is life and sad is living,

Sad is dying, sad is death.

Slowly on the days are passing

Slowly, measured breath by breath.

Slowly dying, slowly dying,

Spreading silence, coming death,

Striving mind, and groaning body

Straining upward, bearing down;

Wed so close, yet tied so lightly ,

What when all the bonds have flown ?

Silence waiteth, silence broodeth,

All devouring and alone.

A Knell,

And in life and end is living,

And in dying, and is death.

Slowly on the eye are passing

Slowly, measured breath by breath.

Slowly dying, slowly dying,

Spreading silence, coming death,

Surviving mind, and freezing body

Striving upward, bearing down;

Not so close, yet not so tight,

That when all the bones have flown?

Silence waiteth, silence proceeds,

All covering and alone.