

# DOWN-A-DOWN-DERRY



A Book of Fairy Poems by  
**WALTER DE LA MARE**  
with ✦ Illustrations ✦ by  
**DOROTHY P. LATHROP**



CORNELL  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY



BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME  
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT  
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY  
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

DATE DUE

Mr 11  
Mr. 19-39

Mr 21-39

Mr 23

Ap 21

APR 5 - 1947

MAY 16 1947

~~AUG 29 1956 KU~~

~~RR MAY 24 75~~

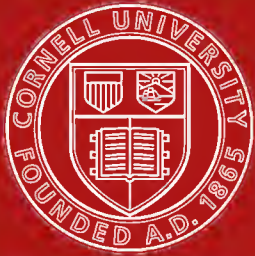
Cornell University Library  
PR 6007.E37D7

Down-adown-derry; a book of fairy poems.W



3 1924 013 605 393

oim, ove1



# Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

DOWN-ADOWN-DERRY







I HEARD THE FAIRIES IN A RING.



# DOWN-ADOWN-DERRY



A Book of Fairy Poems by  
**WALTER DE LA MARE**  
with ✚ Illustrations ✚ by  
**DOROTHY P. LATHROP**



LONDON  
CONSTABLE & CO. LTD

*First Published 1922*

Some of these Poems are taken from a volume entitled  
*Songs of Childhood* and are reprinted here by the kind  
permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company.

A651904

Printed in Great Britain by T. and A. CONSTABLE LTD.  
at the Edinburgh University Press

# CONTENTS

## FAIRIES

	PAGE
THE FAIRIES DANCING . . . . .	3
DREAM-SONG . . . . .	4
A-TISHOO ! . . . . .	7
THE DOUBLE . . . . .	8
THE UNFINISHED DREAM . . . . .	11
THE HORN . . . . .	14
THE THREE BEGGARS . . . . .	17
THE STRANGER . . . . .	20
THE RUIN . . . . .	23
THE FAIRY IN WINTER . . . . .	24
SLEEPYHEAD . . . . .	27
SAM'S THREE WISHES : OR LIFE'S LITTLE WHIRLIGIG . . . . .	29
PEAK AND PUKE . . . . .	39
THE CHANGELING . . . . .	41
LOB LIE BY THE FIRE . . . . .	45

	PAGE
BLUEBELLS . . . . .	48
THE HONEY ROBBERS . . . . .	51
BERRIES . . . . .	55
HAPPY, HAPPY IT IS TO BE . . . . .	58
THE WATER MIDDEN'S SONG . . . . .	63
ALL BUT BLIND . . . . .	64
THE MOCKING FAIRY . . . . .	69
DOWN-ADOWN-DERRY . . . . .	70

### WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT

THE HARE . . . . .	76
I SAW THREE WITCHES . . . . .	79
THE ISLE OF LONE . . . . .	81
SUNK LYONESSE . . . . .	86
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY . . . . .	89
BEWITCHED . . . . .	91
THE ENCHANTED HILL . . . . .	93
THE RIDE-BY-NIGHTS . . . . .	97
OFF THE GROUND . . . . .	99
SADLY, O SADLY . . . . .	105
THE DWARF . . . . .	109
LONGLEGS . . . . .	112

	PAGE
THE MERMAIDS . . . . .	116
THE LITTLE CREATURE . . . . .	119
SAM . . . . .	121
THE WITCH . . . . .	125
THE JOURNEY . . . . .	129
AS LUCY WENT A-WALKING . . . . .	134

### THE WORLD OF DREAM

BEWARE ! . . . . .	140
SOME ONE . . . . .	143
MUSIC . . . . .	146
HAUNTED . . . . .	147
THEY TOLD ME . . . . .	149
THE SUNKEN GARDEN . . . . .	151
SNOW . . . . .	153
THE WORLD OF DREAM . . . . .	157
QUEEN DJENIRA . . . . .	160
NIGHTFALL . . . . .	163
THE LITTLE GREEN ORCHARD . . . . .	165
THE OLD KING . . . . .	167
THE TRUANTS . . . . .	171
THE LITTLE SALAMANDER . . . . .	175

	PAGE
VOICES . . . . .	176
SORCERY . . . . .	179
MELMILLO . . . . .	185
THE QUIET ENEMY . . . . .	186
MISTLETOE . . . . .	189
NOT I! . . . . .	193

---

## LIST OF COLOURED PLATES

### THE FAIRIES DANCING—

‘ I heard the fairies in a ring ’ . . . . . *Frontispiece*

### ‘ DOWN-ADOWN-DERRY,

SWEET ANNIE MAROON ’ . . . . . *page 70*

### ‘ AS LUCY WENT A-WALKING ONE MORNING COLD

AND FINE ’ . . . . . „ 134

# FAIRIES

A

I





## THE FAIRIES DANCING

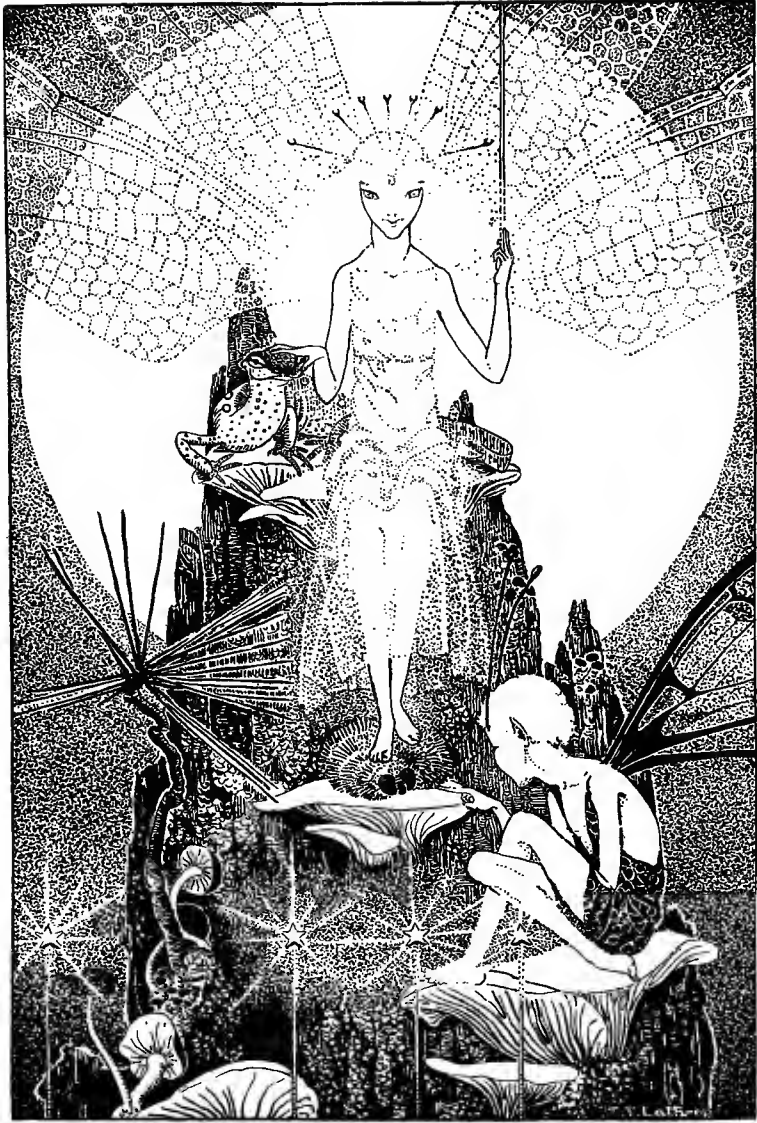
I HEARD along the early hills,  
Ere yet the lark was risen up,  
Ere yet the dawn with firelight fills  
The night-dew of the bramble-cup,—  
I heard the fairies in a ring  
Sing as they tripped a liltng round  
Soft as the moon on wavering wing.  
The starlight shook as if with sound,  
As if with echoing, and the stars  
Prankt their bright eyes with trembling gleams ;  
While red with war the gusty Mars  
Rained upon earth his ruddy beams.  
He shone alone, low down the West,  
While I, behind a hawthorn-bush,  
Watched on the fairies flaxen-tressed  
The fires of the morning flush.  
Till, as a mist, their beauty died,  
Their singing shrill and fainter grew ;  
And daylight tremulous and wide  
Flooded the moorland through and through ;  
Till Urdon's copper weathercock  
Was reared in golden flame afar,  
And dim from moonlit dreams awoke  
The towers and groves of Arroar.

## DREAM-SONG

SUNLIGHT, moonlight,  
Twilight, starlight—  
Gloaming at the close of day,  
And an owl calling,  
Cool dews falling  
In a wood of oak and may.

Lantern-light, taper-light,  
Torchlight, no-light :  
Darkness at the shut of day,  
And lions roaring,  
Their wrath pouring  
In wild waste places far away.

Elf-light, bat-light,  
Touchwood-light and toad-light,  
And the sea a shimmering gloom of grey,  
And a 'small face smiling  
In a dream's beguiling  
In a world of wonders far away.







A-TISHOO !

' SNEEZE, pretty ; sneeze, dainty,  
Else the Elves will have you sure ;  
Sneeze, Light-of-Seven-Bright-Candles,  
See, they are tippeting at the door  
Their wee feet in measure falling,  
All their little voices calling,  
Calling, calling, calling, calling ;  
Sneeze !—or never come no more !' . . .  
' A-tishoo ! '

## THE DOUBLE

I CURTSEYED to the dovecote.

I curtsyed to the well.

I twirled me round and round about.

The morning sweets to smell.

When out I came from spinning so,

Lo, betwixt green and blue

Was the ghost of me—a Fairy Child—

A-dancing—dancing, too.

Nought was of her wearing

That is the earth's array.

Her thistledown feet beat airy fleet,

Yet set no blade astray.

The gossamer shining dews of June

Showed grey against the green ;

Yet never so much as a bird-claw print

Of footfall to be seen.

Fading in the mounting sun,

That image soon did pine.

Fainter than moonlight thinned the locks

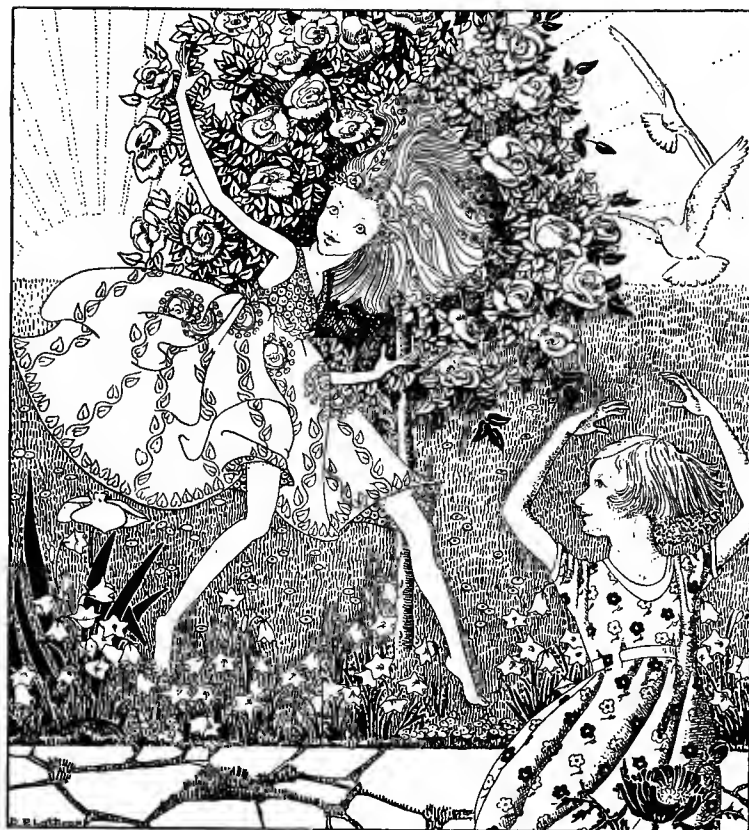
That shone as clear as mine.

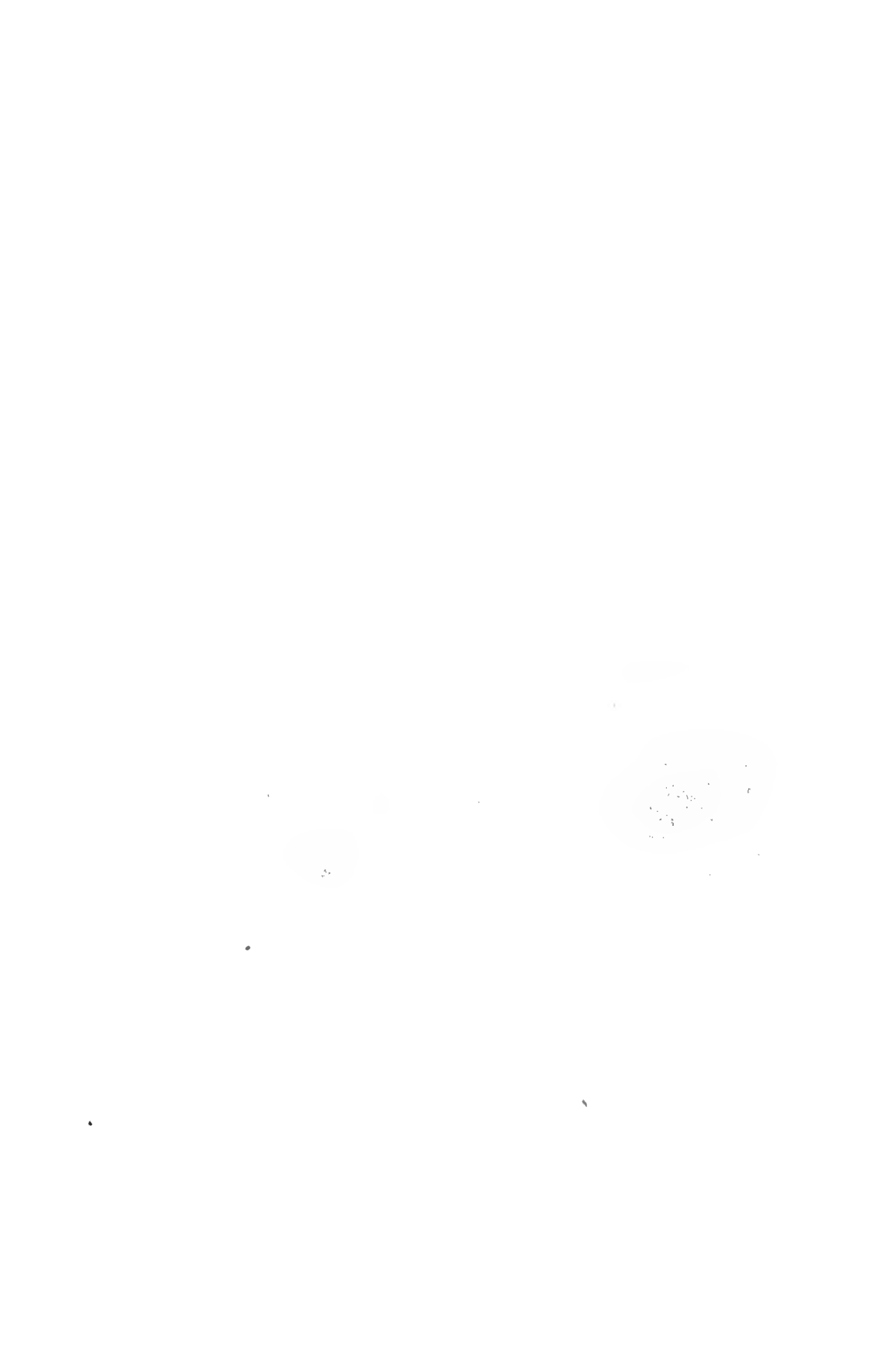
Vanished ! Vanished ! O, sad it is

To spin and spin—in vain ;

And never to see the ghost of me

A-dancing there again.









## THE UNFINISHED DREAM

RARE-SWEET the air in that unimagined country—  
My spirit had wandered far  
From its weary body close-enwrapt in slumber  
Where its home and earth-friends are ;

A milk-like air—and of light all abundance ;  
And there a river clear  
Painting the scene like a picture on its bosom,  
Green foliage drifting near.

No sign of life I saw, as I pressed onward,  
Fish, nor beast, nor bird,  
Till I came to a hill clothed in flowers to its summit,  
Then shrill small voices I heard.

And I saw from concealment a company of elf-folk  
With faces strangely fair,  
Talking their unearthly scattered talk together,  
A bind of green-grasses in their hair,

Marvellously gentle, feater far than children,  
Ageless in mien and speech,  
Hastening onward in translucent shafts of sunshine,  
And gossiping each with each.

Straw-light their locks, on neck and shoulder falling,  
Faint of almond the silks they wore,  
Spun not of worm, but as if inwoven of moonbeams  
And foam on rock-bound shore ;

Like lank-legged grasshoppers in June-tide meadows,  
Amalillios of the day,  
Hungrily gazed upon by me—a stranger,  
In unknown regions astray.

Yet, happy beyond words, I marked their sunlit faces,  
Stealing clear enchantment from their eyes,  
Tears in my own confusing their small image,  
Harkening their bead-like cries.

They passed me, unseeing, a waft of flocking linnets ;  
Sadly I fared on my way ;  
And came in my dream to a dreamlike habitation,  
Close-shut, festooned, and grey.

Pausing, I gazed at the porch dust-still, vine-wreathèd,  
Worn the stone steps thereto,  
Mute hung its bell, whence a stony head looked  
downward,  
Grey 'gainst the sky's pale-blue—

Strange to me : strange. . . .

## THE HORN

**H**ARK ! is that a horn I hear,  
In cloudland winding sweet—  
And bell-like clash of bridle-rein,  
And silver-shod light feet ?

Is it the elfin laughter  
Of fairies riding faint and high,  
Beneath the branches of the moon,  
Straying through the starry sky ?

Is it in the globèd dew  
Such sweet melodies may fall ?  
Wood and valley—all are still,  
Hushed the shepherd's call.







### THE THREE BEGGARS

'T WAS autumn daybreak gold and wild,  
While past St. Ann's grey tower they shuffled,  
Three beggars spied a fairy-child  
In crimson mantle muffled.

The daybreak lighted up her face  
All pink, and sharp, and emerald-eyed ;  
She looked on them a little space,  
And shrill as hautboy cried :—

‘ O three tall footsore men of rags  
Which walking this gold morn I see,  
What will ye give me from your bags  
For fairy kisses three ? ’

The first, that was a reddish man,  
Out of his bundle takes a crust :  
‘ La, by the tombstones of St. Ann,  
There ’s fee, if fee ye must ! ’

The second, that was a chestnut man,  
Out of his bundle draws a bone :  
‘ La, by the belfry of St. Ann,  
And all my breakfast gone ! ’

The third, that was a yellow man,  
Out of his bundle picks a groat,  
‘ La, by the Angel of St. Ann,  
And I must go without.’

That changeling, lean and icy-lipped,  
Touched crust, and bone, and groat, and lo !  
Beneath her finger taper-tipped  
The magic all ran through.



Instead of crust a peacock pie,  
    Instead of bone sweet venison,  
Instead of goat a white lily  
    With seven blooms thereon.

And each fair cup was deep with wine :  
    Such was the changeling's charity,  
The sweet feast was enough for nine,  
    But not too much for three.

O toothsome meat in jelly froze !  
    O tender haunch of elfin stag !  
O rich the odour that arose !  
    O plump with scraps each bag !

There, in the daybreak gold and wild,  
    Each merry-hearted beggar man  
Drank deep unto the fairy child,  
    And blessed the good St. Ann.

## THE STRANGER

IN the nook of a wood where a pool freshed with dew  
Glassed, daybreak till evening, blue sky glimpsing through,  
Then a star ; or a slip of May-moon silver-white  
Thridding softly aloof the quiet of night,  
Was a thicket of flowers.

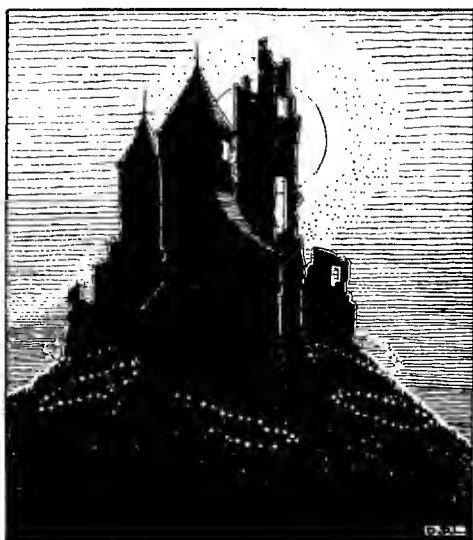
Willow-herb, mint, pale speedwell and rattle,  
Water hemlock and sundew—to the wind's tittle-tattle  
They nodded, dreamed, swayed in jocund delight,  
In beauty and sweetness arrayed, still and bright.  
By turn scampered rabbit ; trotted fox ; bee and bird  
Paused droning, sang shrill, and the fair water stirred.  
Plashed green frog, or some brisk little flickering fish—  
Gudgeon, stickleback, minnow—set the ripples a-swish.

A lone pool, a pool grass-fringed, crystal-clear :  
Deep, placid, and cool in the sweet of the year ;  
Edge-parched when the sun to the Dog Days drew near ;  
And with winter's bleak rime hard as glass, robed in snow,  
The whole wild-wood sleeping, and nothing a-blow  
But the wind from the North—bringing snow.

That is all. Save that one long, sweet, June night-tide straying,  
The harsh hemlock's pale umbelliferous bloom  
Tenting nook, dense with fragrance and secret with gloom,  
In a beaming of moon-coloured light faintly raying,  
On buds orbed with dew phosphorescently playing,  
Came a Stranger—still-footed, feat-fingered, clear face,  
Unhumanly lovely . . . and supped in that place.







## THE RUIN ✓

WHEN the last colours of the day  
Have from their burning ebb'd away,  
About that ruin, cold and lone,  
The cricket shrills from stone to stone ;  
And scattering o'er its darkened green,  
Bands of the fairies may be seen,  
Chattering like grasshoppers, their feet  
Dancing a thistledown dance round it :  
While the great gold of the mild moon  
Tinges their tiny acorn shoon.

## THE FAIRY IN WINTER

THERE was a Fairy—flake of winter—  
Who, when the snow came, whispering, Silence,  
Sister crystal to crystal sighing,  
Making of meadow argent palace,  
    Night a star-sown solitude,  
Cried 'neath her frozen eaves, ' I burn here ! '

Wings diaphanous, beating bee-like,  
Wand within fingers, locks enspangled,  
Icicle foot, lip sharp as scarlet,  
She lifted her eyes in her pitch-black hollow—  
Green as stalks of weeds in water—  
Breathed : stirred.

Rilled from her heart the ichor, coursing,  
Flamed and awoke her slumbering magic.  
Softlier than moth's her pinions trembled ;  
Out into blackness, light-like, she flittered,  
Leaving her hollow cold, forsaken.

In air, o'er crystal, rang twangling night-wind  
Bare, rimed pine-woods murmured lament.









### SLEEPYHEAD

AS I lay awake in the white moonlight,  
I heard a faint singing in the wood,  
‘ Out of bed,  
Sleepyhead,  
Put your white foot, now ;  
Here are we  
Beneath the tree  
Singing round the root now.’

I looked out of window, in the white moonlight,  
The leaves were like snow in the wood—

‘ Come away,  
Child, and play  
Light with the gnomies ;  
In a mound,  
Green and round,  
That ’s where their home is.

‘ Honey sweet,  
Curds to eat,  
Cream and fruménty,  
Shells and beads,  
Poppy seeds,  
You shall have plenty.’

But, as soon as I stooped in the dim moonlight  
To put on my stocking and my shoe,  
The sweet shrill singing echoed faintly away,  
And the grey of the morning peeped through,  
And instead of the gnomies there came a red robin  
To sing of the buttercups and dew.



SAM'S THREE WISHES : OR LIFE'S LITTLE  
WHIRLIGIG

' I 'M thinking and thinking,' said old Sam Shore,  
"Twere somebody *knocking* I heard at the door.'

From the clock popped the cuckoo and cuckooed  
out eight,  
As there in his chair he wondering sate . . .

' There 's no one I knows on would come so late,  
A-clicking the latch of an empty house  
With nobbut inside 'un but me and a mouse. . . .  
Maybe a-waking in sleep I be,  
And 'twere out of a dream came that tapping to me.'  
At length he cautiously rose, and went,  
And with thumb upon latch awhile listening bent,  
Then slowly drew open the door. And behold !  
There stood a Fairy—all green and gold,  
Mantled up warm against dark and cold,  
And smiling up into his candle shine,  
Lips like wax, and cheeks like wine,  
As saucy and winsome a thing to see  
As are linden buds on a linden tree.

Stock-still in the doorway stood simple Sam,  
A-ducking his head, with ' Good-e'en to 'ee, Ma'am.'

Dame Fairy she nods, and cries clear and sweet,  
' 'Tis a *very* good-e'en, sir, when such folks meet.  
I know thee, Sam, though thou wist not of me,  
And I 'm come in late gloaming to speak with thee ;  
Though my eyes do dazzle at glint of your rush,  
All under this pretty green fuchsia bush.'

Sam ducked once more, smiling simple and slow.  
Like the warbling of birds her words did flow,  
And she laughed, very merry, to see how true  
Shone the old man's kindness his courtesy through.

And she nodded her head, and the stars on high  
Sparkled down on her smallness from out of the sky.

‘ A friend is a friend, Sam, and wonderful pleasant,  
And I ’m come for old sake’s sake to bring thee a present.  
Three wishes, three wishes are thine, Sam Shore,  
Just three wishes—and wish no more.  
All for because, ruby-ripe to see,  
The pixy-pears burn in yon hawthorn tree,  
And your old milch cow, wheresoever she goes  
Never crops over the fairy-knowes.  
Ay, Sam, thou art old and thy house is lone,  
But there ’s Potencies round thee, and here is one ! ’

Poor Sam, he stared : and the stars o’erhead  
A shimmering light on the elm-tops shed.  
Like rilling of water her voice rang sweet,  
And the night-wind sighed at the sound of it.  
He frowned—glanced back at the empty grate,  
And shook very slowly his grey old pate :  
‘ Three wishes, my dear ! Why, I scarcely knows  
Which be my crany and which my toes.  
But I thank ’ee, Ma’am, kindly, and this I ’d say,  
That the night of your passing is Michaelmas Day ;  
And if it were company come on a sudden,  
Why, I ’d ax for a fat goose to fry in the oven ! ’

And lo, and forsooth ! as the words he was uttering,  
A rich puff of air set his candle a-guttering,

And there rose in the kitchen a sizzling and sputtering,  
 With a crackling of sparks and of flames a great  
     fluttering,  
 And—of which there could not be two opinions—  
 A smoking-hot savour of sage and onions.  
 Beam, wall and flagstones the kitchen was lit,  
 Every dark corner and cranny of it,  
 With the blaze from the hearthstone. Copper and brass  
 Winked back the winking of platter and glass.  
 And a wonderful squeaking of mice went up  
 At the smell of a Michaelmas supper to sup—  
 Unctuous odours that wreathed and swirled  
 Where'er frisked a whisker or mouse-tail twirled,  
 While out of the chimney up into the night  
 That ne'er-to-be-snuffed-too-much smoke took flight.  
 'That 's one,' says the Fairy, finger on thumb,  
 'So now, Mister Sam, there 's but two to come !'  
 She leaned her head sidelong ; she lifted her chin,  
 With a twinkling of eye from the radiance within.  
 Poor Sam stood stounded ; he says, says he,  
 'I *wish* my old Mother was back with me,  
 For if there was one thing she couldn't refuse  
 'Twas a sweet thick slice from the breast of a goose.'  
 But his cheek grew stiff, and his eyes stared bright,  
 For there, on her stick, pushing out of the night,  
 Tap-tapping along, herself and no other,  
 Came who but the shape of his dear old Mother !  
 Straight into the kitchen she hastened and went,  
 Her breath coming quick as if all but spent,

' Why, Sam,' says she, ' the bird be turning,  
For my nose tells I that the skin 's a-burning ! '  
And down at the oven the ghost of her sat,  
And basted the goose with the boiling fat.

' Oho,' cries the Fairy, sweet and small,  
' Another wish gone will leave nothing at all.'  
And Sam sighs, ' Bless 'ee, Ma'am, keep the other,  
There 's nowt that I want now I have my Mother.'  
But the Fairy laughs softly, and says, says she,  
' There 's one wish left, Sam, I promised 'ee three.  
Hasten your wits, the hour creeps on,  
There 's calling afield, and I 'm soon to be gone.  
Soon as haps midnight the cocks will crow,  
And me to the gathering and feasting must go.'

Sam gazed at his Mother—withered and wan,  
The rose in her cheek, her bright hair, gone,  
And her poor old back bent double with years—  
And he scarce could speak for the salt, salt tears.  
' Well, well,' he says, ' I 'm unspeakable glad :  
But—it bain't quite the same as when I was a lad.  
There 's joy and there 's joy, Ma'am, but to tell 'ee the  
truth

There 's none can compare with the joy of one's youth.  
And if it was possible, how could I choose  
But be back in boy's breeches to eat the goose ;  
And all the old things—and my Mother the most,  
To shine again real as my own gatepost.

What wouldn't I give, too, to see again wag  
The dumpity tail of my old dog, Shag !  
Your kindness, Ma'am, but all wishing was vain  
Unless us can both be young again.'  
A shrill, faint laughter from nowhere came . . .  
Empty the dark in the candle-flame. . .

And there stood our Sam, about four foot high,  
Snub nose, shock hair, and round blue eye.  
Breeches and braces, and coat of him too,  
Shirt on his back, and each clodhopping shoe  
Had shrunk to a nicety—button and hem  
To fit the small Sammie tucked up into them.

There was his Mother, too ; smooth, clear cheek,  
Lips as sooth as a blackbird's beak,  
Pretty arched eyebrows, the daintiest nose—  
While the smoke of the baking deliciously rose.

' Come, Sammie,' she cries, ' your old Mammikin's joy,  
Climb up on your stool, supper 's ready, my boy.  
Bring in the candle, and shut out the night ;  
There 's goose, baked taties and cabbage to bite.  
Why, bless the wee lamb, he 's all shiver and shake,  
And you 'd think from the look of him scarcely awake !  
If 'ee glour wi' those eyes, Sam, so dark and round,  
The elves will away with 'ee, I 'll be bound ! '  
So Sam and his mother by wishes three  
Were made just as happy as happy can be.



And there—with a bumpity tail to wag—  
Sat laughing, with tongue out, their old dog, Shag.  
To clatter of platter, bones, giblets, and juice,  
Between them they ate up the whole of the goose.

But time is a river for ever in flow,  
The weeks went by as the weeks must go.  
Soon fifty-two to a year did grow.  
The long years passed, one after another,  
Making older and older our Sam and his Mother ;  
And, alas and alack, with nine of them gone,  
Poor Shag lay asleep again under a stone.  
And a sorrowful dread would sometimes creep  
Into Sam's dreams, as he lay asleep,  
That his Mother was lost, and away he 'd fare,  
Calling her, calling her, everywhere.  
In dark, in rain, by roads unknown,  
Under echoing hills, and alone, alone.  
What bliss in the morning to wake and see  
The sun shining green in the linden tree,  
And out of that dream's dark shadowiness  
To slip in on his Mother and give her a kiss,  
Then go whistling off in the dew to hear  
The thrushes all mocking him, sweet and clear.

Still, moon after moon from heaven above  
Shone on Mother and son, and made light of love.  
Her roses faded, her pretty brown hair  
Had sorrowful grey in it everywhere.

And at last she died, and was laid to rest,  
Her tired hands crossed on her shrunken breast.  
And Sam, now lonely, lived on and on  
Till most of his workaday life seemed gone.

Yet spring came again with its green and blue,  
And presently summer's wild roses too,  
Pinks, Sweet William, and sops-in-wine,  
Blackberry, lavender, eglantine.  
And when these had blossomed and gone their way,  
'Twas apples, and daisies and Michaelmas Day—  
Yes, spider-webs, dew, and haws in the may,  
And seraphs singing in Michaelmas Day.

Sam worked all morning and *couldn't* get rest  
For a kind of a feeling of grief in his breast.  
And yet, not grief, but something more  
Like the thought that what happens has happened before.  
He fed the chickens, he fed the sow,  
On a three-legged stool sate down to the cow,  
With a pail 'twixt his legs in the green in the meadow,  
Under the elm trees' lengthening shadow ;  
And woke at last with a smile and a sigh  
To find he had milked his poor Jingo dry.

As dusk set in, even the birds did seem  
To be calling and calling from out of a dream.  
He chopped up kindling, shut up his shed,  
In a bucket of well-water soused his head

To freshen his eyes up a little and make  
The drowsy old wits of him wider awake.  
As neat as a womanless creature is able  
He swept up his hearthstone, and laid the table.  
And then o'er his platter and mug, if you please,  
Sate gloomily gooming at loaf and cheese—  
Gooming and gooming as if the mere sight  
Of his victuals could satisfy appetite !  
And the longer and longer he looked at them,  
The slimmer slimmed upward his candle flame,  
Blue in the air. And when squeaked a mouse  
'Twas loud as a trump in the hush of the house.  
Then, sudden, a soft little wind puffed by,  
'Twixt the thick-thatched roof and the star-sown sky ;  
And died. And then  
That deep, dead, wonderful silence again.

Then—soft as a rattle a-counting her seeds  
In the midst of a tangle of withered-up weeds—  
Came a faint, faint knocking, a rustle like silk,  
And a breath at the keyhole as soft as milk—  
Still as the flit of a moth. And then . . .  
That infinitesimal knocking again.

Sam lifted his chin from his fists. He listened.  
His wandering eyes in the candle glistened.  
Then slowly, slowly, rolled round by degrees—  
And there sat a mouse on the top of his cheese.

He stared at this Midget, and it at him,  
Over the edge of his mug's round rim,  
And—as if it were Christian—he says, ' Did 'ee hear  
A faint little tap-tap-tap-tapping, my dear ?  
You was at supper, and me in a maze,  
'Tis dark for a caller in these lone days,  
There 's nowt in the larder. We 're both of us old,  
And all of my loved ones sleep under the mould,  
And yet—and yet—as I 've told 'ee before . . . '

*But if Sam's story you 'd read to the end,  
Turn back to page 1, and press onward, dear friend ;  
Yes, if you would stave the last note of this song,  
Turn back to page primus, and warble along !  
For all sober records of life (come to write 'em),  
Are bound to continue—well—ad infinitum !*



### PEAK AND PUKE

FROM his cradle in the glamourie  
They have stolen my wee brother,  
Housed a changeling in his swaddlings  
For to fret mine own poor mother.  
Pules it in the candle light,  
Wi' a cheek so lean and white,  
Chinkling up its eyne so wee  
Wailing shrill at her an' me.

It we 'll neither rock nor tend  
Till the Silent Silent send,  
Lapping in their waesome arms  
Him they stole with spells and charms,  
Till they take this changeling creature  
Back to its own fairy nature—  
Cry ! Cry ! as long as may be,  
Ye shall ne'er be woman's baby !

## THE CHANGELING

' AHOY, and ahoy ! '  
    'Twixt mocking and merry—  
' Ahoy and ahoy, there,  
    Young man of the ferry ! '

She stood on the steps  
    In the watery gloom—  
That Changeling—' Ahoy, there ! '  
    She called him to come.  
He came on the green wave,  
    He came on the grey,  
Where stooped that sweet lady  
    That still summer's day.  
He fell in a dream  
    Of her beautiful face,  
As she sat on the thwart,  
    And smiled in her place.  
No echo his oar woke,  
    Float silent did they,  
Past low-grazing cattle  
    In the sweet of the hay.

And still in a dream  
At her beauty sat he,  
Drifting stern foremost  
Down—down to the sea.

Come you, then : call,  
When the twilight apace  
Brings shadow to brood  
On the loveliest face ;  
You shall hear o'er the water  
Ring faint in the grey—  
' Ahoy, and ahoy, there ! '  
And tremble away ;  
' Ahoy, and ahoy ! . . . '  
And tremble away.









LOB LIE BY THE FIRE

HE squats by the fire  
On his three-legged stool,  
When all in the house  
With slumber are full.

And he warms his great hands,  
Hanging loose from each knee,  
And he whistles as soft  
As the night wind at sea.

For his work now is done ;  
All the water is sweet ;  
He has turned each brown loaf,  
And breathed magic on it.

The milk in the pan,  
And the bacon on beam  
He has ' spelled ' with his thumb,  
And bewitched has the dream.

Not a mouse, not a moth,  
Not a spider but sat,  
And quaked as it wondered  
What next he 'd be at.

But his heart, O, his heart—  
It belies his great nose ;  
And at gleam of his eye  
Not a soul would suppose

He had stooped with great thumbs,  
And big thatched head,  
To tuck his small mistress  
More snugly in bed.

Who would think, now, a throat  
So lank and so thin  
Might make birds seem to warble  
In the dream she is in !

Now, hunched by the fire,  
While the embers burn low,  
He nods until daybreak,  
And at daybreak he 'll go.

Soon the first cock will 'light  
From his perch and point high  
His beak at the Ploughboy  
Grown pale in the sky ;

And crow will he shrill ;  
Then, meek as a mouse,  
Lob will rouse up and shuffle  
Straight out of the house.

His supper for breakfast ;  
For wages his work ;  
And to warm his great hands  
Just an hour in the mirk.

## BLUEBELLS

**W**HERE the bluebells and the wind are,  
Fairies in a ring I spied,  
And I heard a little linnet  
Singing near beside.

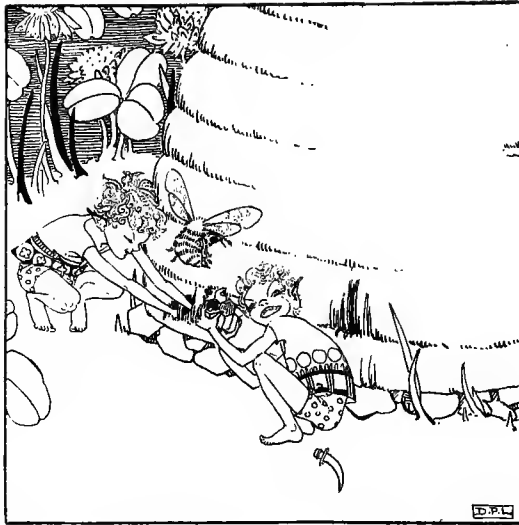
Where the primrose and the dew are—  
Soon were sped the fairies all :  
Only now the green turf freshens,  
And the linnets call.



D







### THE HONEY ROBBERS

**T**HERE were two Fairies, Gimmul and Mel,  
Loved Earth Man's honey passing well ;  
Oft at the hives of his tame bees  
They would their sugary thirst appease.  
When eve began to darken to night,  
They would hie along in the fading light,  
With elf-locked hair and scarlet lips,  
And small stone knives to slit the skeps,  
So softly not a bee inside  
Should hear the woven straw divide

And then with sly and greedy thumbs  
Would rifle the sweet honeycombs.  
And drowsily drone to drone would say,  
' A cold, cold wind blows in this way ' ;  
And the great Queen would turn her head  
From face to face, astonishèd,  
And, though her maids with comb and brush  
Would comb and soothe and whisper, ' Hush ! '   
About the hive would shrilly go  
A keening—keening, to and fro ;  
At which those robbers 'neath the trees  
Would taunt and mock the honey-bees,  
And through their sticky teeth would buzz  
Just as an angry hornet does.  
And when this Gimmul and this Mel  
Had munched and sucked and swilled their fill,  
Or ever Man's first cock could crow  
Back to their Faërie Mounds they 'd go.  
Edging across the twilight air,  
Thieves of a guise remotely fair.





## BERRIES

THERE was an old woman  
Went blackberry picking  
Along the hedges  
From Weep to Wicking.  
Half a pottle—  
No more she had got,  
When out steps a Fairy  
From her green grot ;  
And says, ' Well, Jill,  
Would 'ee pick 'ee mo ? '  
And Jill, she curtseys,  
And looks just so.  
' Be off,' says the Fairy,  
' As quick as you can,  
Over the meadows  
To the little green lane,  
That dips to the hayfields  
Of Farmer Grimes :  
I 've berried those hedges  
A score of times ;  
Bushel on bushel  
I 'll promise 'ee, Jill,  
This side of supper  
If 'ee pick with a will.'

She glints very bright,  
And speaks her fair ;  
Then lo, and behold !  
She has faded in air.

Be sure Old Goodie  
She trots betimes  
Over the meadows  
To Farmer Grimes.  
And never was queen  
With jewellery rich  
As those same hedges  
From twig to ditch ;  
Like Dutchmen's coffers,  
Fruit, thorn, and flower—  
They shone like William  
And Mary's bower.  
And be sure Old Goodie  
Went back to Weep,  
So tired with her basket  
She scarce could creep.  
When she comes in the dusk  
To her cottage door,  
There 's Towser wagging  
As never before,  
To see his Missus  
So glad to be  
Come from her fruit-picking  
Back to he.

As soon as next morning  
Dawn was grey,  
The pot on the hob  
Was simmering away ;  
And all in a stew  
And a hugger-mugger  
Towser and Jill  
A-boiling of sugar,  
And the dark clear fruit  
That from Faërie came,  
For syrup and jelly  
And blackberry jam.

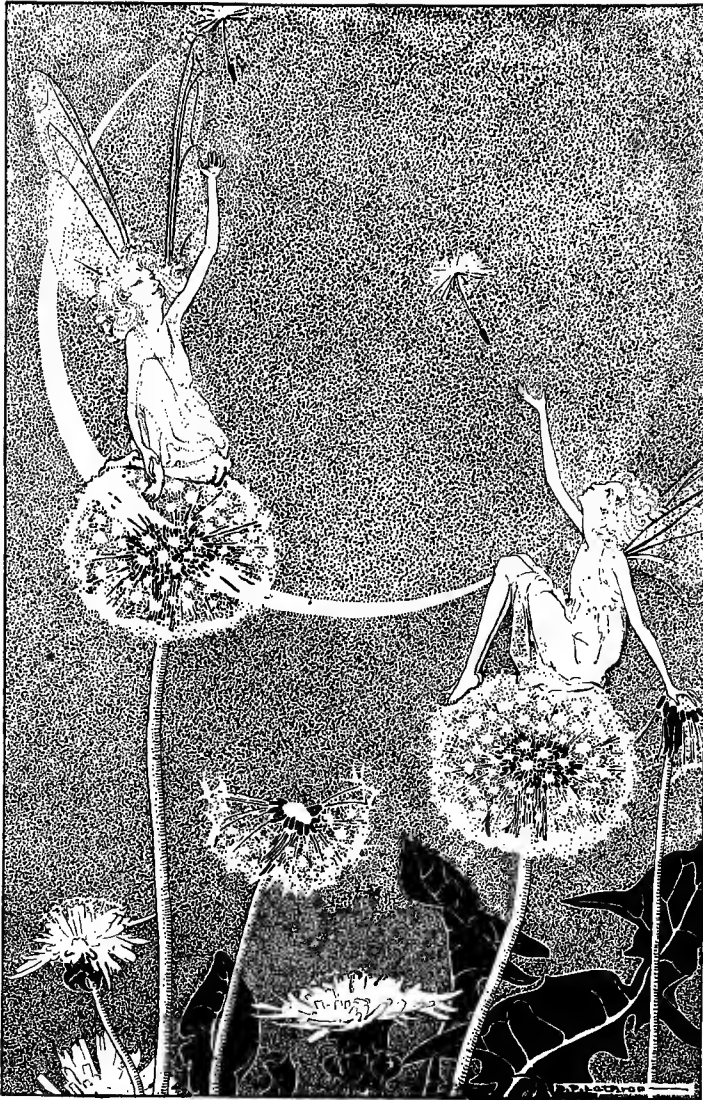
Twelve jolly gallipots  
Jill put by ;  
And one little teeny one,  
One inch high ;  
And that she 's hidden  
A good thumb deep,  
Half way over  
From Wicking to Weep.

✓ **HAPPY, HAPPY IT IS TO BE**

**' HAPPY, happy it is to be**  
Where the greenwood hangs o'er the dark blue sea ;  
To roam in the moonbeams clear and still,  
And dance with the elves  
Over dale and hill ;  
To taste their cups, and with them roam  
The fields for dewdrops and honeycomb.  
Climb then, and come, as quick as you can,  
And dwell with the fairies, Elizabeth Ann !

**' Never, never, comes tear or sorrow,**  
In the mansions old where the fairies dwell ;  
But only the harping of their sweet harp-strings,  
And the lonesome stroke of a distant bell,  
Where upon hills of thyme and heather,  
The shepherd sits with his wandering sheep ;  
And the curlew wails, and the skylark hovers  
Over the sand where the conies creep ;  
Climb then, and come, as quick as you can,  
And dwell with the fairies, Elizabeth Ann !'











## THE WATER MIDDEN'S SONG

(From *The Three Mulla Mulgars.*)

BUBBLE, Bubble,  
Swim to see,  
Oh, how beautiful  
I be.

Fishes, fishes,  
Finned and fine,  
What 's your gold  
Compared with mine ?

Why, then, has  
Wise Tishnar made  
One so lovely  
Yet so sad ?

Lone am I,  
And can but make  
A little song  
For singing's sake.

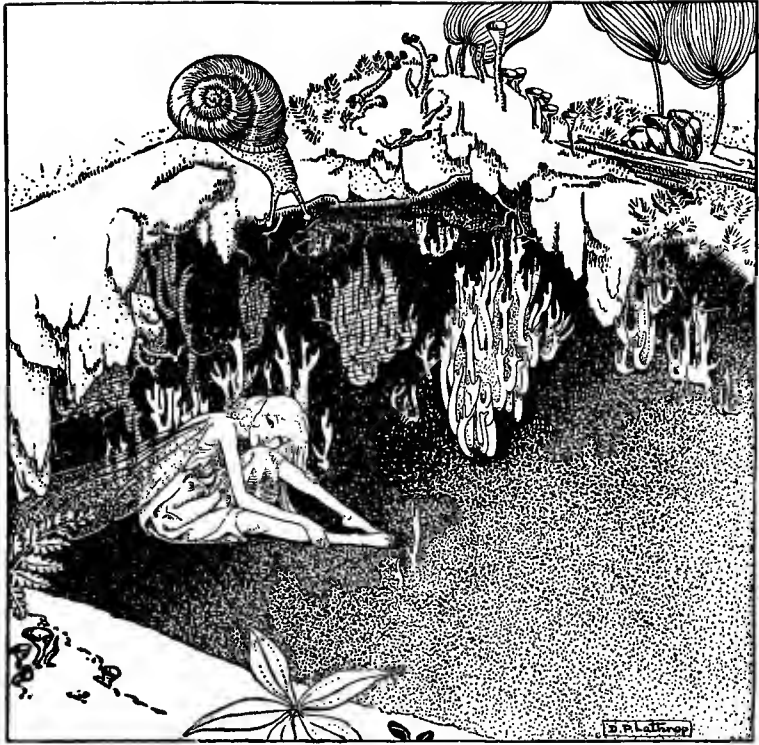
ALL BUT BLIND

ALL but blind  
In his chambered hole  
Gropes for worms  
The four-clawed Mole.

All but blind  
In the evening sky  
The hooded Bat  
Twirls softly by.

All but blind  
In the burning day  
The Barn-Owl blunders  
On her way.

And blind as are  
These three to me,  
So, blind to Some-one  
I must be.



E









## THE MOCKING FAIRY

' **WON'T** you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill ? '  
Quoth the Fairy, nidding, nodding in the garden ;  
' *Can't* you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill ? '  
    Quoth the Fairy, laughing softly in the garden ;  
But the air was still, the cherry boughs were still,  
And the ivy-tod 'neath the empty sill,  
And never from her window looked out Mrs. Gill  
    On the Fairy shrilly mocking in the garden.

' What have they done with you, you poor Mrs. Gill ? '  
    Quoth the Fairy, brightly glancing in the garden ;  
' Where have they hidden you, you poor old Mrs. Gill ? '  
    Quoth the Fairy dancing lightly in the garden ;  
But night's faint veil now wrapped the hill,  
Stark 'neath the stars stood the dead-still Mill,  
And out of her cold cottage never answered Mrs. Gill  
    The Fairy mimbling mambling in the garden.



Down-adown-derry  
Her cheeks were like wine,  
Her eyes in her wee face  
Like water-sparks shine,  
Her niminy fingers,  
Her sleek tresses preen,  
The which in the combing  
She peeps out between ;  
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,  
Shrill, shrill was her tune :—  
' Come to my water-house,  
Annie Maroon :  
Come in your dimity,  
Ribbon on head,  
To wear siller seaweed  
And coral instead ' ;  
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,  
Lean fish of the sea,  
Bring lanthorns for feasting  
The gay Faërie ;  
'Tis sand for the dancing,  
A music all sweet  
In the water-green gloaming  
For thistledown feet ;  
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,  
Sweet Annie Maroon  
Looked large on the fairy  
Curled wan as the moon ;  
And all the grey ripples  
To the Mill racing by,  
With harps and with timbrels  
Did ringing reply ;  
Singing down-adown-derry.

' Down-adown-derry,'  
Sang the Fairy of Doone,  
Piercing the heart  
Of sweet Annie Maroon ;  
And lo ! when like roses  
The clouds of the sun  
Faded at dusk, gone  
Was Annie Maroon ;  
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,  
The daisies are few ;  
Frost twinkles powdery  
In haunts of the dew ;  
And only the robin  
Perched on a thorn,  
Can comfort the heart  
Of a father forlorn ;  
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,  
    There 's snow in the air ;  
Ice where the lily  
    Bloomed waxen and fair ;  
He may call o'er the water,  
    Cry—cry through the Mill,  
But Annie Maroon, alas !  
    Answer ne'er will ;  
    Singing down-adown-derry.





## WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT

## THE HARE

IN the black furrow of a field  
I saw an old witch-hare this night ;  
And she cocked a lissome ear,  
And she eyed the moon so bright,  
And she nibbled of the green ;  
And I whispered ' Wh-s-st ! witch-hare,'  
Away like a ghostie o'er the field  
She fled, and left the moonlight there.







I SAW THREE WITCHES

I SAW three witches  
That bowed down like barley,  
And straddled their brooms 'neath a louring sky.

And, mounting a storm-cloud,  
Aloft on its margin,  
Stood black in the silver as up they did fly.

I saw three witches  
That mocked the poor sparrows  
They carried in cages of wicker along,  
Till a hawk from his eyrie  
Swooped down like an arrow,  
Smote on the cages, and ended their song.

I saw three witches  
That sailed in a shallop,  
All turning their heads with a snickering smile,  
Till a bank of green osiers  
Concealed their grim faces,  
Though I heard them lamenting for many a mile.

I saw three witches  
Asleep in a valley,  
Their heads in a row, like stones in a flood,  
Till the moon, creeping upward,  
Looked white through the valley,  
And turned them to bushes in bright scarlet bud.



### THE ISLE OF LONE

THREE dwarfs there were which lived in an isle,  
And the name of that isle was Lone,  
And the names of the dwarfs were Alliolyle,  
Lallerie, Muziomone.

Alliolyle was green of een,  
Lallerie light of locks,  
Muziomone was mild of mien,  
As ewes in April flocks.

Their house was small and sweet of the sea,  
And pale as the Malmsey wine ;  
Their bowls were three, and their beds were three,  
And their nightcaps white were nine.

Their beds they were made of the holly-wood,  
Their combs of the tortoise's shell,  
Three basins of silver in corners there stood,  
And three little ewers as well.

Green rushes, green rushes lay thick on the floor,  
For light beamed a gobbet of wax ;  
There were three wooden stools for whatever they wore  
On their humpity-dumpity backs.

So each would lie on a drowsy pillow  
And watch the moon in the sky—  
And hear the parrot scream to the billow,  
The billow roar reply :

Parrots of sapphire and sulphur and amber,  
Scarlet, and flame, and green,  
While five-foot apes did scramble and clamber,  
In the feathery-tufted treen.

All night long with bubbles a-glisten  
The ocean cried under the moon,  
Till ape and parrot, too sleepy to listen,  
To sleep and slumber were gone.



Then from three small beds the dark hours' while  
In a house in the Island of Lone  
Rose the snoring of Lallerie, Alliolyle,  
The snoring of Muziomone.

But soon as ever came peep of sun  
On coral and feathery tree,  
Three night-capped dwarfs to the surf would run,  
And soon were a-bob in the sea.

At six they went fishing, at nine they snared  
Young foxes in the dells,  
At noon on sweet berries and honey they fared,  
And blew in their twisted shells.

Dark was the sea they gambolled in,  
And thick with silver fish,  
Dark as green glass blown clear and thin  
To be a monarch's dish.

They sate to sup in a jasmine bower,  
Lit pale with flies of fire,  
Their bowls the hue of the iris-flower,  
And lemon their attire.

Sweet wine in little cups they sipped,  
And golden honeycomb  
Into their bowls of cream they dipped,  
Whipt light and white as foam.

Now Alliolyle, where the sand-flower blows,  
    Taught three old apes to sing—  
Taught three old apes to dance on their toes,  
    And caper around in a ring.

'They yelled them hoarse, and they croaked them sweet,  
    They twirled them about and around,  
'To the noise of their voices they danced with their feet,  
    They stamped with their feet on the ground.

But down to the shore skipped Lallerie,  
    His parrot on his thumb,  
And the twain they scritch'd in mockery,  
    While the dancers go and come.

And, alas ! in the evening, rosy and still,  
    Light-haired Lallerie  
Bitterly quarrelled with Alliolyle  
    By the yellow-sanded sea.

'The rising moon swam sweet and large  
    Before their furious eyes,  
And they rolled and rolled to the coral marge  
    Where the surf for ever cries.

Too late, too late, comes Muziomone :  
    Clear in the clear green sea,  
Alliolyle lies not alone,  
    But clasped with Lallerie.

He blows on his shell plaintive notes ;  
Ape, parraquito, bee  
Flock where a shoe on the salt wave floats,—  
The shoe of Lallerie.

He fetches nightcaps, one and nine,  
Grey apes he dowers three,  
His house as fair as the Malmsey wine  
Seems sad as the cypress-tree.

Three bowls he brims with sweet honeycomb  
To feast the bumble bees,  
Saying, ' O bees, be this your home,  
For grief is on the seas ! '

He sate him lone in a coral grot,  
At the flowing in of the tide ;  
When ebb'd the billow, there was not,  
Save coral, aught beside.

So hairy apes in three white beds,  
And nightcaps, one and nine,  
On moonlit pillows lay three heads  
Bemused with dwarfish wine.

A tomb of coral, the dirge of bee,  
The grey apes' guttural groan  
For Alliolyle, for Lallerie,  
For thee, O Muziomone !

## SUNK LYONESSE

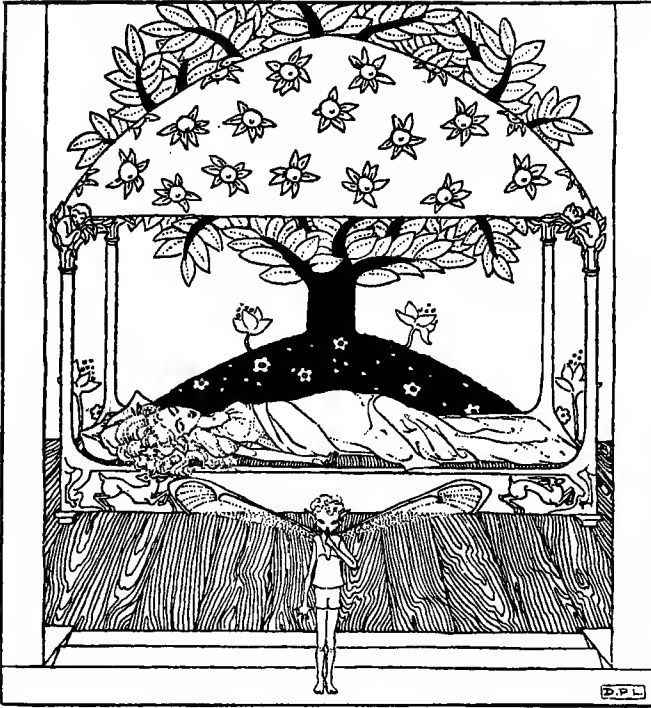
**I**N sea-cold Lyonesse,  
When the Sabbath eve shafts down  
On the roofs, walls, belfries  
Of the foundered town,  
The Nereids pluck their lyres  
Where the green translucency beats,  
And with motionless eyes at gaze  
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

The ocean water stirs  
In salt-worn casemate and porch  
Plies the blunt-snouted fish  
With fire in his skull for torch.  
And the ringing wires resound ;  
And the unearthly lovely weep,  
In lament of the music they make  
In the sullen courts of sleep.

Whose marble flowers bloom for aye,  
And—lapped by the moon-guiled tide—  
Mock their carver with heart of stone,  
Caged in his stone-ribbed side.







### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

**T**HE scent of the bramble fills the air,  
Amid her folded sheets she lies,  
The gold of evening in her hair,  
The blue of morn shut in her eyes.

How many a changing moon hath lit  
The unchanging roses of her face ;  
Her mirror ever broods on it  
In silver stillness of the days.

Oft flits the moth on filmy wings  
Into his solitary lair ;  
Shrill evensong the cricket sings  
From some still shadow in her hair.

In heat, in snow, in wind, in flood,  
She sleeps in lovely loneliness,  
Half-folded like an April bud  
On winter-haunted trees.





### BEWITCHED

I HAVE heard a lady this night,  
Lissom and jimp and slim,  
Calling me—calling me over the heather,  
'Neath the beech boughs dusk and dim.

I have followed a lady this night,  
Followed her far and lone,  
Fox and adder and weasel know  
The ways that we have gone.

I sit at my supper 'mid honest faces,  
And crumble my crust and say  
Nought in the long-drawn drawl of the voices  
Talking the hours away.

I 'll go to my chamber under the gable,  
And the moon will lift her light  
In at my lattice from over the moorland  
Hollow and still and bright.

And I know she will shine on a lady of witchcraft,  
Gladness and grief to see,  
Who has taken my heart with her nimble fingers,  
Calls in my dreams to me :

Who has led me a dance by dell and dingle  
My human soul to win,  
Made me a changeling to my own, own mother,  
A stranger to my kin.

## THE ENCHANTED HILL

FROM height of noon, remote and still,  
The sun shines on the empty hill.  
No mist, no wind, above, below ;  
No living thing strays to and fro.  
No bird replies to bird on high,  
Cleaving the skies with echoing cry.  
Like dreaming water, green and wan,  
Glassing the snow of mantling swan,  
Like a clear jewel encharactered  
With secret symbol of line and word,  
Asheen, unruffled, slumbrous, still,  
The sunlight streams on the empty hill.

But soon as Night's dark shadows ride  
Across its shrouded Eastern side,  
When at her kindling, clear and full,  
Star beyond star stands visible ;  
Then course pale phantoms, fleet-foot deer  
Lap of its waters icy-clear.  
Mounts the large moon, and pours her beams  
On bright-fish-flashing, singing streams.  
Voices re-echo. Coursing by,  
Horsemen, like clouds, wheel silently.

Glide then from out their pitch-black lair  
Beneath the dark's ensilvered arch,  
Witches becowled into the air ;  
And iron pine and emerald larch,  
Tents of delight for ravished bird,  
Are by loud music thrilled and stirred.  
Winging the light, with silver feet,  
Beneath their bowers of fragrance met,  
In dells of rose and meadowsweet,  
In mazed dance the fairies flit ;  
While drives his share the Ploughman high  
Athwart the daisy-powdered sky :  
Till far away, in thickening dew,  
Piercing the Eastern shadows through,  
Rilling in crystal clear and still,  
Light 'gins to tremble on the hill.  
And like a mist on faint winds borne,  
Silent, forlorn, wells up the morn.  
Then the broad sun with burning beams  
Steeps slope and peak and gilded streams.  
Then no foot stirs ; the brake shakes not ;  
Soundless and wet in its green grot  
As if asleep, the leaf hangs limp ;  
The white dews drip untrembling down,  
From bough to bough, orblike, unblown ;  
And in strange quiet, shimmering and still,  
Morning enshrines the empty hill.







### THE RIDE-BY-NIGHTS

UP on their brooms the Witches stream,  
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam ;

One foot high, and one foot low,  
Bearded, cloaked, and cowled, they go  
'Neath Charlie's Wane they twitter and tweet,  
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet.  
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,  
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.  
Betwixt the legs of the glittering Chair  
They hover and squeak in the empty air.  
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion  
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion ;  
Up, then, and over to wheel amain,  
Under the silver, and home again.



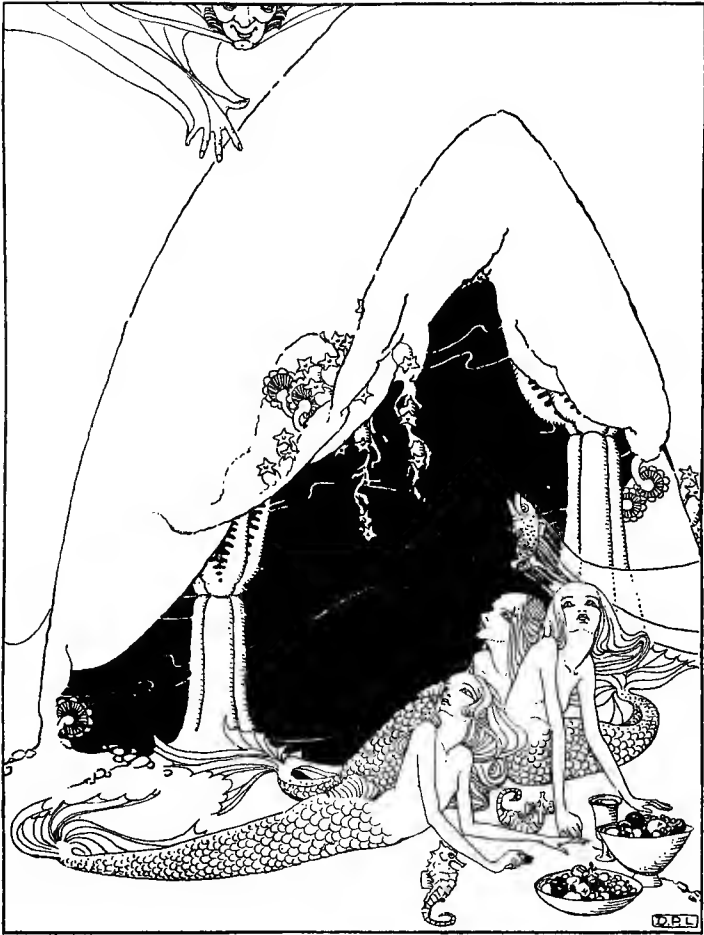
## OFF THE GROUND

THREE jolly Farmers  
Once bet a pound  
Each dance the others would  
Off the ground.  
Out of their coats  
They slipped right soon,  
And neat and nicesome  
Put each his shoon.  
One—Two—Three !—  
And away they go,  
Not too fast,  
And not too slow ;  
Out from the elm-tree's  
Noonday shadow,  
Into the sun  
And across the meadow.  
Past the schoolroom,  
With knees well bent  
Fingers a-flicking,  
They dancing went.  
Up sides and over,  
And round and round,  
They crossed click-clacking,  
The Parish bound,  
By Tupman's meadow  
They did their mile,

Tee-to-tum  
On a three-barred stile.  
Then straight through Whipham,  
Downhill to Week,  
Footing it lightsome.  
But not too quick,  
Up fields to Watchet,  
And on through Wye,  
Till seven fine churches  
They 'd seen skip by—  
Seven fine churches,  
And five old mills,  
Farms in the valley,  
And sheep on the hills ;  
Old Man's Acre  
And Dead Man's Pool  
All left behind,  
As they danced through Wool.  
And Wool gone by,  
Like tops that seem  
To spin in sleep  
They danced in dream :  
Withy—Wellover—  
Wassop—Wo—  
Like an old clock  
Their heels did go.  
A league and a league  
And a league they went,  
And not one weary,  
And not one spent.

And lo, and behold !  
Past Willow-cum-Leigh  
Stretched with its waters  
The great green sea,  
Says Farmer Bates,  
‘ I puffs and I blows,  
What ’s under the water,  
Why, no man knows ! ’  
Says Farmer Giles,  
‘ My wind comes weak,  
And a good man drowned  
Is far to seek.’  
But Farmer Turvey,  
On twirling toes  
Ups with his gaiters,  
And in he goes :  
Down where the mermaids  
Pluck and play  
On their twangling harps  
In a sea-green day ;  
Down where the mermaids  
Finned and fair,  
Sleek with their combs  
Their yellow hair. . . .  
Bates and Giles—  
On the shingle sat,  
Gazing at Turvey’s  
Floating hat.  
But never a ripple  
Nor bubble told

Where he was supping  
Off plates of gold.  
Never an echo  
Rilled through the sea  
Of the feasting and dancing  
And minstrelsy.  
They called—called—called :  
Came no reply :  
Nought but the ripples'  
Sandy sigh.  
Then glum and silent  
They sat instead,  
Vacantly brooding  
On home and bed,  
Till both together  
Stood up and said :—  
' Us knows not, dreams not,  
Where you be,  
Turvey, unless  
In the deep blue sea ;  
But axcusing silver—  
And it comes most willing—  
Here 's us two paying  
Our forty shilling ;  
For it 's sartin sure, Turvey,  
Safe and sound,  
You danced us square, Turvey,  
Off the ground ! '





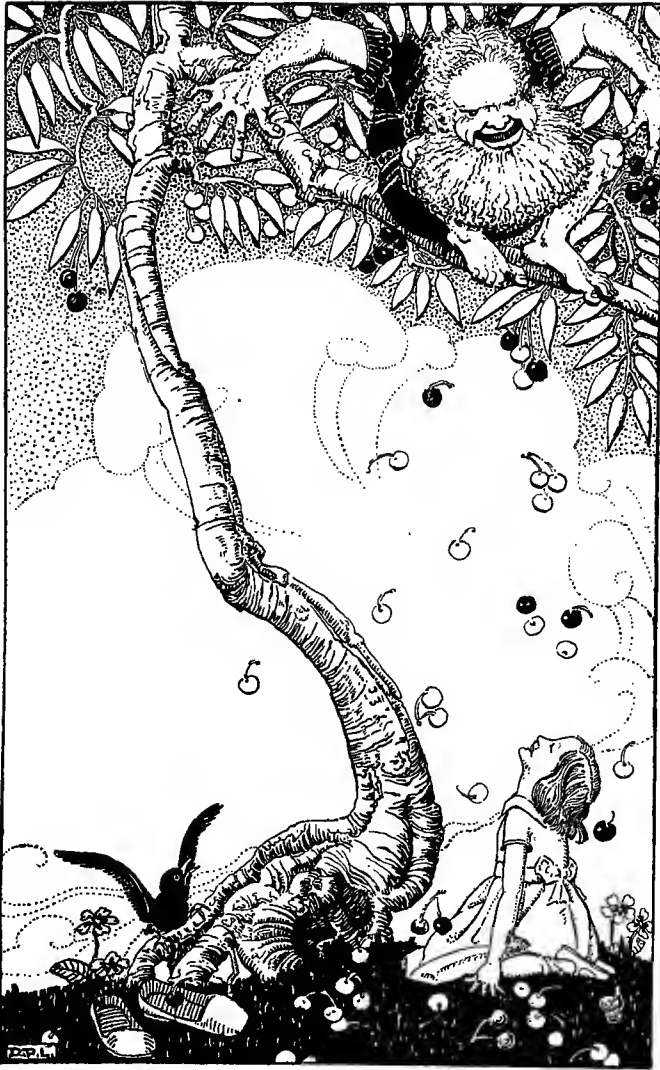


SADLY, O, SADLY

SADLY, O, sadly, the sweet bells of Baddeley  
Played in their steeples when Robin was gone,  
Killed by an arrow,  
Shot by Cock Sparrow,  
Out of a Maybush, fragrant and wan.

Grievedly, grievedly, tolled distant Shieveley,  
When the Dwarfs laid poor Snow-white asleep on the hill,  
    Drowed by an apple,  
    The Queen, sly and subtle,  
Had cut with her knife on the blossomy sill.







## THE DWARF

‘ NOW, Jinnie, my dear, to the dwarf be off,  
That lives in Barberry Wood,  
And fetch me some honey, but be sure you don’t laugh,—  
He hates little girls that are rude, are rude,  
He hates little girls that are rude.’

Jane tapped at the door of the house in the wood,  
And the dwarf looked over the wall,  
He eyed her so queer, ’twas as much as she could  
To keep from laughing at all, at all,  
To keep from laughing at all.

His shoes down the passage came clod, clod, clod,  
And when he opened the door,  
He croaked so harsh, ’twas as much as she could  
To keep from laughing the more, the more,  
To keep from laughing the more.

As there, with his bushy red beard, he stood,  
Pricked out to double its size,  
He squinted so cross, ’twas as much as she could  
To keep the tears out of her eyes, her eyes,  
To keep the tears out of her eyes.

He slammed the door, and went clod, clod, clod,  
But while in the porch she bides,  
He squealed so fierce, 'twas as much as she could  
To keep from cracking her sides, her sides,  
To keep from cracking her sides.

He threw a pumpkin over the wall,  
And melons and apples beside,  
So thick in the air that to see them all fall,  
She laughed, and laughed, till she cried, cried, cried ;  
Jane laughed and laughed till she cried.

Down fell her teardrops a pit-a-pat-pat,  
And red as a rose she grew :—  
' Kah ! kah ! ' said the dwarf, ' is it crying you 're at ?  
It 's the very worst thing you could do, do, do,  
It 's the very worst thing you could do.'

He slipped like a monkey up into a tree,  
He shook her down cherries like rain ;  
' See now,' says he, cheeping, ' a blackbird I be,  
Laugh, laugh, little Jinnie, again—gain—gain,  
Laugh, laugh, little Jinnie, again.'

Ah me ! what a strange, what a gladsome duet  
From a house in the deeps of a wood !  
Such shrill and such harsh voices never met yet  
A-laughing as loud as they could, could, could,  
A-laughing as loud as they could.

Come Jinnie, come dwarf, cocksparrow, and bee.  
There 's a ring gaudy-green in the dell,  
Sing, sing, ye sweet cherubs, that flit in the tree ;  
La ! who can draw tears from a well, well, well  
Who ever drew tears from a well !

## LONGLEGS

(TO E. T.)

LONGLEGS—he yelled ‘Coo-ee!’  
And all across the combe  
Shrill and shrill it rang—rang through  
The clear green gloom  
Fairies there were a-spinning,  
And a white tree-maid  
Lifted her eyes, and listened  
In her rain-sweet glade.  
Bunnie to bunnie stamped; old Wat  
Chin-deep in bracken sate;  
A throstle piped, ‘I’m by, I’m by!’  
Clear to his timid mate.  
And there was Longlegs straddling.  
And hearkening was he,  
To distant Echo thrilling back  
A thin ‘Coo-ee!’



H





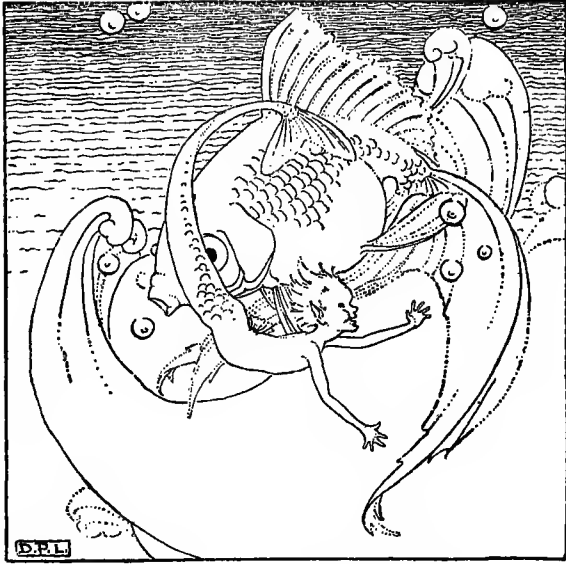


## THE MERMAIDS

SAND, sand ; hills of sand ;  
And the wind where nothing is  
Green and sweet of the land ;  
No grass, no trees,  
No bird, no butterfly,  
But hills, hills of sand,  
And a burning sky.

Sea, sea ; mounds of the sea,  
Hollow, and dark, and blue,  
Flashing incessantly  
The whole sea through ;  
No flower, no jutting root,  
Only the floor of the sea,  
With foam afloat.

Blow, blow, winding shells ;  
And the watery fish,  
Deaf to the hidden bells,  
In the waters splash ;  
No streaming gold, no eyes,  
Watching along the waves,  
But far-blown shells, faint bells  
From the darkling caves.







### THE LITTLE CREATURE

TWINKUM, twankum, twirlum and twitch—  
My great grandam—She was a Witch.

Mouse in wainscot, Saint in niche—  
My great grandam—She was a Witch ;  
Deadly nightshade flowers in a ditch—  
My great grandam—She was a witch ;  
Long though the shroud, it grows stitch by stitch--  
My great grandam—She was a Witch ;  
Wean your weakling before you breech—  
My great grandam—She was a Witch ;  
The fattest pig 's but a double fitch—  
My great grandam—She was a Witch ;  
Nightjars rattle, owls scritch—  
My great grandam—She was a witch.

Pretty and small,  
A mere nothing at all,  
Pinned up sharp in the ghost of a shawl,  
She 'd straddle her down to the kirkyard wall,  
And mutter and whisper and call,  
And call. . . .

Red blood out and black blood in,  
My Nannie says I 'm a child of sin.  
How did I choose me my witchcraft kin ?  
Know I as soon as dark's dreams begin  
Snared is my heart in a nightmare's gin ;  
Never from terror I out may win ;  
So dawn and dusk I pine, peak, thin,  
Scarcely beknowing t' other from which—  
My great grandam—She was a Witch.



### SAM

WHEN Sam goes back in memory,  
It is to where the sea  
Breaks on the shingle, emerald-green,  
In white foam, endlessly ;  
He says—with small brown eye on mine—  
‘ I used to keep awake,  
And lean from my window in the moon,  
Watching those billows break.

( And half a million tiny hands,  
     And eyes, like sparks of frost,  
 Would dance and come tumbling into the moon,  
     On every breaker tossed. )  
 And all across from star to star,  
     I 've seen the watery sea,  
 With not a single ship in sight,  
     Just ocean there, and me ;  
 And heard my father snore. And once,  
     As sure as I 'm alive,  
 Out of those wallowing, moon-flecked waves  
     I saw a mermaid dive ;  
 Head and shoulders above the wave,  
     Plain as I now see you,  
 Combing her hair, now back, now front,  
     Her two eyes peeping through ;  
 Calling me, " Sam ! "—quietlike—" Sam ! " .  
     But me . . . I never went,  
 Making believe I kind of thought  
     'Twas some one else she meant . . .  
 Wonderful lovely there she sat,  
     Singing the night away,  
 All in the solitudinous sea  
     Of that there lonely bay.  
  
 ' P'raps,' and he 'd smooth his hairless mouth,  
     ' P'raps, if 'twere now, my son,  
 P'raps, if I heard a voice say, " Sam ! " . . .  
     Morning would find me gone.'







## THE WITCH

WEARY went the old Witch,  
Weary of her pack,  
She sat her down by the churchyard wall,  
And jerked it off her back.

The cord brake, yes, the cord brake,  
Just where the dead did lie,  
And Charms and Spells and Sorceries  
Spilled out beneath the sky.

Weary was the old Witch ;  
She rested her old eyes  
From the lantern-fruited yew trees,  
And the scarlet of the skies ;

And out the dead came stumbling,  
From every rift and crack,  
Silent as moss, and plundered  
The gaping pack.

They wish them, three times over,  
Away they skip full soon :  
Bat and Mole and Leveret,  
Under the rising moon ;

Owl and Newt and Nightjar :  
They take their shapes and creep  
Silent as churchyard lichen,  
While she squats asleep.

All of these dead were stirring :  
Each unto each did call,  
' A Witch, a Witch is sleeping  
Under the churchyard wall ;

' A Witch, a Witch is sleeping . . . '

The shrillness ebbed away ;  
And up the way-worn moon clomb bright,  
Hard on the track of day.

She shone, high, wan, and silvery ;  
Day's colours paled and died :  
And, save the mute and creeping worm,  
Nought else was there beside.

Names may be writ ; and mounds rise ;  
Purporting, Here be bones :  
But empty is that churchyard  
Of all save stones.

Owl and Newt and Nightjar,  
Leveret, Bat, and Mole  
Haunt and call in the twilight  
Where she slept, poor soul.





## THE JOURNEY

**H**EART-SICK of his journey was the Wanderer ;  
Footsore and parched was he ;  
And a Witch who long had lurked by the wayside,  
Looked out of sorcery.

‘ Lift up your eyes, you lonely Wanderer,’  
She peeped from her casement small ;  
‘ Here ’s shelter and quiet to give you rest, young man,  
And apples for thirst withal.’

And he looked up out of his sad reverie,  
And saw all the woods in green,  
With birds that flitted feathered in the dappling,  
The jewel-bright leaves between.

And he lifted up his face towards her lattice,  
And there, alluring-wise,  
Slanting through the silence of the long past,  
Dwelt the still green Witch’s eyes.

And vaguely from the hiding-place of memory  
Voices seemed to cry ;  
‘ What is the darkness of one brief life-time  
To the deaths thou hast made us die ?

' Heed not the words of the Enchantress  
Who would us still betray ! '  
And sad with the echo of their reproaches,  
Doubting, he turned away.

' I may not shelter beneath your roof, lady,  
Nor in this wood's green shadow seek repose,  
Nor will your apples quench the thirst  
A homesick wanderer knows.'

' " Homesick," forsooth ! ' she softly mocked him :  
And the beauty in her face  
Made in the sunshine pale and trembling  
A stillness in that place.

And he sighed, as if in fear, that young Wanderer,  
Looking to left and to right,  
Where the endless narrow road swept onward,  
Till in distance lost to sight.

And there fell upon his sense the brier,  
Haunting the air with its breath,  
And the faint shrill sweetness of the birds' throats,  
Their tent of leaves beneath.

And there was the Witch, in no wise heeding ;  
Her arbour, and fruit-filled dish,  
Her pitcher of well-water, and clear damask—  
All that the weary wish.



And the last gold beam across the green world  
Faltered and failed, as he  
Remembered his solitude and the dark night's  
Inhospitallity.

And he looked upon the Witch with eyes of sorrow  
In the darkening of the day ;  
And turned him aside into oblivion ;  
And the voices died away. . . .

And the Witch stepped down from her casement :  
In the hush of night he heard  
The calling and wailing in dewy thicket  
Of bird to hidden bird.

And gloom stole all her burning crimson,  
Remote and faint in space  
As stars in gathering shadow of the evening  
Seemed now her phantom face.

And one night's rest shall be a myriad,  
'Mid dreams that come and go ;  
Till heedless fate, unmoved by weakness, bring him  
This same strange by-way through :

To the beauty of earth that fades in ashes,  
The lips of welcome, and the eyes  
More Beauteous than the feeble shine of Hesper  
Lone in the lightening skies :

Till once again the Witch's guile entreat him ;  
But, worn with wisdom, he  
Steadfast and cold shall choose the dark night's  
Inhospitallity.



## AS LUCY WENT A-WALKING

AS Lucy went a-walking one morning cold and fine,  
There sate three crows upon a bough, and three times three  
is nine :

Then ' O ! ' said Lucy, in the snow, ' it 's very plain to see  
A witch has been a-walking in the fields in front of me.'

Then stept she light and heedfully across the frozen snow,  
And plucked a bunch of elder-twigs that near a pool did  
grow :

And, by and by, she comes to seven shadows in one place  
Stretched black by seven poplar-trees against the sun's bright  
face.

She looks to left, she looks to right, and in the midst she  
sees

A little pool of water clear and frozen 'neath the trees ;  
Then down beside its margent in the crusty snow she  
kneels,

And hears a magic belfry a-ringing with sweet bells.



AS LUCY WENT A-WALKING ONE MORNING COLD AND FINE.



Clear sang the faint far merry peal, then silence on the air,  
And icy-still the frozen pool and poplars standing there :  
Then lo ! as Lucy turned her head and looked along the snow  
She sees a witch—a witch she sees, come frisking to and fro.

Her scarlet, buckled shoes they clicked, her heels a-twinkling  
high ;  
With mistletoe her steeple-hat bobbed as she capered by ;  
But never a dint, or mark, or print, in the whiteness for to  
see,  
Though danced she high, though danced she fast, though  
danced she lissomely.

It seemed 'twas diamonds in the air, or little flakes of frost ;  
It seemed 'twas golden smoke around, or sunbeams lightly  
tossed ;  
It seemed an elfin music like to reeds and warblers rose :  
' Nay ! ' Lucy said, ' it is the wind that through the branches  
flows.'

And as she peeps, and as she peeps, 'tis no more one, but three,  
And eye of bat, and downy wing of owl within the tree,  
And the bells of that sweet belfry a-pealing as before,  
And now it is not three she sees, and now it is not four.

' O ! who are ye,' sweet Lucy cries, ' that in a dreadful ring,  
All muffled up in brindled shawls, do caper, frisk, and  
spring ?'

' A witch, and witches, one and nine,' they straight to her  
reply,  
And looked upon her narrowly, with green and needling eye.

Then Lucy sees in clouds of goldgreen cherry trees upgrow,  
And bushes of red roses that bloom above the snow ;  
She smells, all faint, the almond-boughs blowing so wild and  
fair,  
And doves with milky eyes ascend fluttering in the air.

Clear flowers she sees, like tulip buds, go floating by like birds,  
With wavering tips that warbled sweetly strange enchanted  
words ;  
And, as with ropes of amethyst, the boughs with lamps were  
hung,  
And clusters of green emeralds like fruit upon them hung.

' O witches nine, ye dreadful nine, O witches seven and three !  
Whence come these wondrous things that I this Christmas  
morning see ? '  
But straight, as in a clap, when she of *Christmas* says the word,  
Here is the snow, and there the sun, but never bloom nor  
bird ;

Nor warbling flame, nor gloaming-rope of amethyst there  
shows,  
Nor bunches of green emeralds, nor belfry, well, and rose,  
Nor cloud of gold, nor cherry tree, nor witch in brindled shawl,  
But like a dream that vanishes, so vanished were they all.



When Lucy sees, and only sees three crows upon a bough,  
And earthly twigs, and bushes hidden white in driven snow,  
Then ' O ! ' said Lucy, ' three times three is nine—I plainly  
see  
Some witch has been a-walking in the fields in front of me.'



## **THE WORLD OF DREAM**

**BEWARE !**

**A**N ominous bird sang from its branch,  
‘ Beware, O Wanderer !  
Night ‘mid her flowers of glamourie spilled  
Draws swiftly near :

‘ Night with her darkened caravans,  
Piled deep with silver and myrrh,  
Draws from the portals of the East,  
O Wanderer near.

‘ Night who walks plumèd through the fields  
Of stars that strangely stir—  
Smitten to fire by the sandals of him  
Who walks with her.’







### SOME ONE

**SOME** one came knocking  
At my wee, small door ;  
Some one came knocking,  
I 'm sure—sure—sure ;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night ;

Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owl's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.





K

## MUSIC

**W**HEN music sounds, gone is the earth I know,  
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow ;  
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees,  
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise  
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,  
Rapt in strange dream burns each enchanted face,  
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am  
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came ;  
While from Time's woods break into distant song  
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.



### HAUNTED

FROM out the wood I watched them shine—  
The windows of the haunted house,  
Now ruddy as enchanted wine,  
Now dark as flittermouse

There went a thin voice piping airs  
Along the grey and crooked walks,—  
A garden of thistledown and tares,  
Bright leaves, and giant stalks.

The twilight rain shone at its gates,  
Where long-leaved grass in shadow grew ;  
And black in silence to her mates  
A voiceless raven flew.

Lichen and moss the lone stones greened,  
Green paths led lightly to its door,  
Keen from her lair the spider leaned,  
And dusk to darkness wore.

Amidst the sedge a whisper ran,  
The West shut down a heavy eye,  
And like last tapers, few and wan,  
The watch-stars kindled in the sky.



### THEY TOLD ME

**T**HEY told me Pan was dead, but I  
Oft marvelled who it was that sang  
Down the green valleys languidly  
Where the grey elder-thickets hang.

Sometimes I thought it was a bird  
My soul had charged with sorcery ;  
Sometimes it seemed my own heart heard  
Inland the sorrow of the sea

But even where the primrose sets  
The seal of her pale loveliness,  
I found amid the violets  
Tears of an antique bitterness.



### THE SUNKEN GARDEN ✓

**S**PEAK not—whisper not ;  
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot ;  
Softly on the evening hour,  
Secret herbs their spices shower,  
Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh,  
Lean-stalked, purple lavender ;  
Hides within her bosom, too,  
All her sorrows, bitter rue.

Breathe not—trespass not ;  
Of this green and darkling spot,  
Latticed from the moon's beams,  
Perchance a distant dreamer dreams ;  
Perchance upon its darkening air,  
The unseen ghosts of children fare,  
Faintly swinging, sway and sweep,  
Like lovely sea-flowers in the deep ;  
While, unmoved, to watch and ward  
Amid its gloomed and daisied sward  
Stands with bowed and dewy head  
That one little leaden Lad.



## SNOW

NO breath of wind,  
No gleam of sun—  
Still the white snow  
Swirls softly down—  
Twig and bough  
And blade and thorn  
All in an icy  
Quiet, forlorn.  
Whispering, nestling,  
Through the air,  
On sill and stone,  
Roof—everywhere,  
It heaps its powdery  
Crystal flakes,  
Of every tree  
A mountain makes ;  
Till pale and faint  
At shut of day,  
Stoops from the West  
One wintry ray.

And, feathered in fire,  
Where ghosts the moon,  
A robin shrills  
His lonely tune.







THE WORLD OF DREAM ✓

**N**OW, through the dusk  
With muffled bell  
The Dustman comes  
The world to tell,

Night's elfin lanterns  
Burn and gleam  
In the twilight, wonderful  
World of Dream.

Hollow and dim  
Sleep's boat doth ride,  
Heavily still  
At the waterside.  
Patter, patter,  
The children come,  
Yawning and sleepy,  
Out of the gloom.

Like droning bees  
In a garden green,  
Over the thwarts  
They clamber in.  
And lovely Sleep  
With long-drawn oar  
Turns away  
From the whispering shore.

Over the water  
Like roses glide  
Her hundreds of passengers  
Packed inside,

**To where in her garden  
Tremble and gleam  
The harps and lamps  
Of the World of Dream**

## QUEEN DJENIRA

WHEN Queen Djenira slumbers through  
The sultry noon's repose,  
From out her dreams, as soft she lies,  
A faint thin music flows.

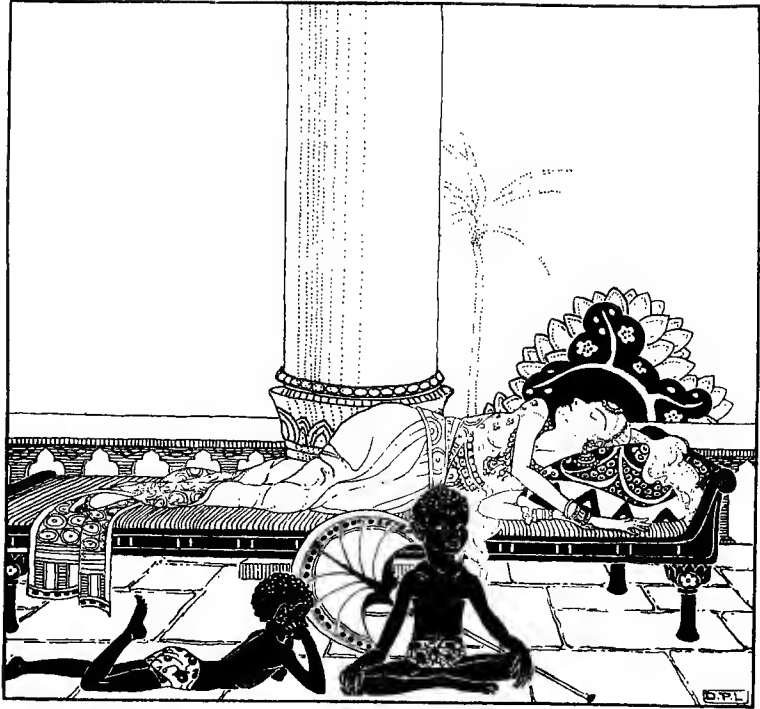
Her lovely hands lie narrow and pale  
With gilded nails, her head  
Couched in its banded nets of gold  
Lies pillowed on her bed.

The little Nubian boys who fan  
Her cheeks and tresses clear,  
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful voices  
Seem afar to hear.

They slide their eyes, and nodding, say,  
' Queen Djenira walks to-day  
The courts of the lord Pthamasar  
Where the sweet birds of Psuthys are.'

And those of earth about her porch  
Of shadow cool and grey  
Their sidelong beaks in silence lean,  
And silent flit away.









## NIGHTFALL

THE last light fails—that shallow pool of day!  
The coursers of the dark stamp down to drink,  
Arch their wild necks, lift their wild heads and neigh;  
Their drivers, gathering at the water-brink,  
With eyes ashine from out their clustering hair,  
Utter their hollow speech, or gaze afar,  
Rapt in irradiant reverie, to where  
Languishes, lost in light, the evening star.

Come the wood-nymphs to dance within the glooms,  
Calling these charioteers with timbrels' din ;  
Ashen with twilight the dark forest looms  
O'er the nocturnal beasts that prowls within.  
' O glory of beauty which the world makes fair !'  
Pant they their serenading on the air.

Sound the loud hooves, and all abroad the sky  
The lusty charioteers their stations take ;  
Planet to planet do the sweet Loves fly,  
And in the zenith silver music wake.  
Cities of men, in blindness hidden low,  
Fume their faint flames to that arched firmament,  
But all the dwellers in the lonely know  
The unearthly are abroad, and weary and spent,  
With rush extinguished, to their dreaming go.  
And world and night and star-enclustered space  
The glory of beauty are in one enraptured face.



### THE LITTLE GREEN ORCHARD

SOME one is always sitting there,  
    In the little green orchard ;  
Even when the sun is high  
In noon's unclouded sky,  
And faintly droning goes  
The bee from rose to rose,  
Some one in shadow is sitting there,  
    In the little green orchard.

Yes, and when twilight is falling softly  
    On the little green orchard ;  
When the grey dew distils  
And every flower-cup fills ;  
When the last blackbird says,  
‘ What—what ! ’ and goes her way—S-sh !  
I have heard voices calling softly  
    In the little green orchard.

Not that I am afraid of being there,  
    In the little green orchard ;  
Why, when the moon ’s been bright,  
Shedding her lonesome light,  
And moths like ghosties come,  
And the horned snail leaves home :  
I ’ve sat there, whispering and listening there,  
    In the little green orchard.

Only it ’s strange to be feeling there,  
    In the little green orchard :  
Whether you paint or draw,  
Dig, hammer, chop, or saw ;  
When you are most alone,  
All but the silence gone . . .  
Some one is waiting and watching there,  
    In the little green orchard.

## THE OLD KING

WOKE—the old King of Cumberland :  
Yet breathed not nor stirred,  
But crouched in the darkness, hearkening after  
A voice he had heard.

He leaned upon his foursquare bed,  
Thumb beneath bristling chin ;  
' Alas, alas !—the woeful dream—  
The dream that I was in ! '

The old, old King of Cumberland  
Muttered, ' 'Twas not the sea  
Gushing upon Schlievlisskin rocks  
That wakened me.

' Thunder from midmost night it was not,  
For yonder at those bars  
Burn fiercely toward the Eastern deeps  
The summer stars.'

The old, old King of Cumberland  
Mused yet, ' Rats ever did  
Ramp, rustle, clink my spurs, and gnaw  
My coverlid.

' Oft hath a furtive midnight breeze  
    Along this valance skirred ;  
But in this stagnant calm 'twas not  
    The wind I heard.

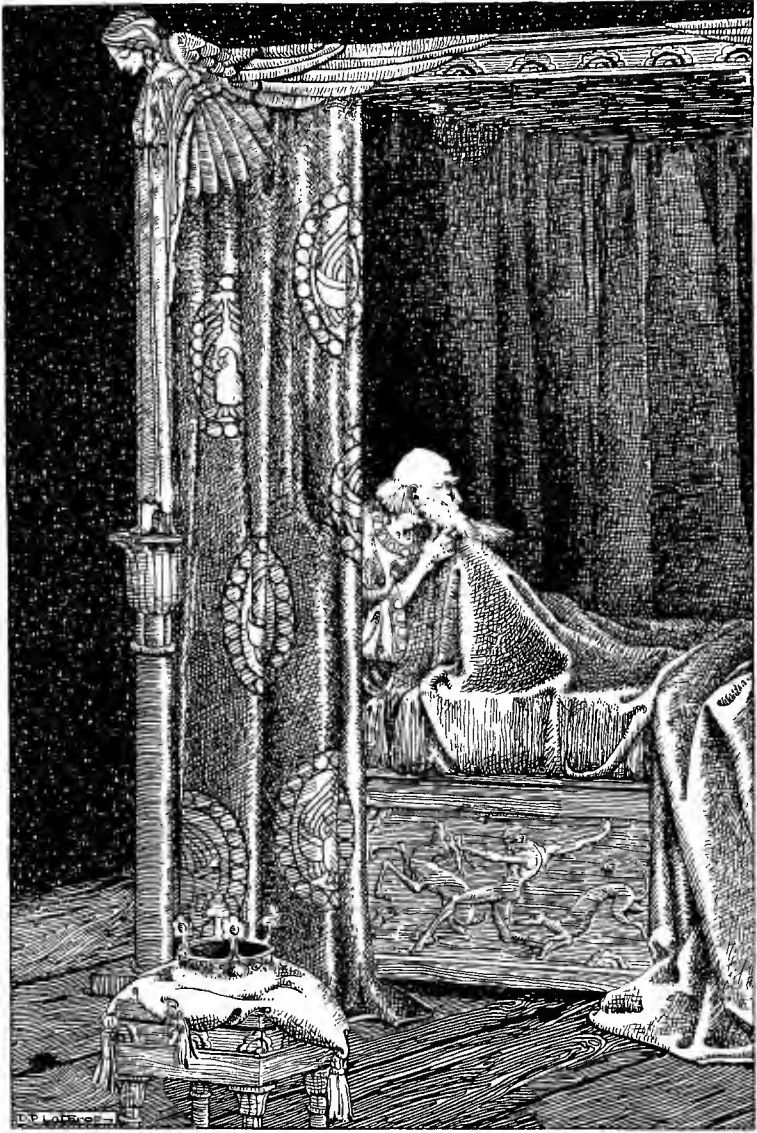
' Some keener, stranger, quieter, closer  
    Voice it was me woke . . . '  
And silence, like a billow, drowned  
    The word he spoke

Fixed now his stare, for limned in dark,  
    Gazing from cowl-like hood,  
Stark in the vague, all-listening night,  
    A shadow stood.

Sudden a gigantic hand he thrust  
    Into his bosom cold,  
Where now no surging restless beat  
    Its long tale told.

Swept on him then, as there he sate,  
    Terror icy chill :  
'Twas silence that had him awoke—  
    His heart stood still.









### THE TRUANTS

ERE my heart beats too coldly and faintly  
To remember sad things, yet be gay,  
I would sing a brief song of the world's little children  
Magic hath stolen away.

The primroses scattered by April,  
The stars of the wide Milky Way,  
Cannot outnumber the hosts of the children  
Magic hath stolen away.

The buttercup green of the meadows,  
The snow of the blossoming may,  
Lovelier are not than the legions of children  
Magic hath stolen away.

The waves tossing surf in the moonbeam,  
The albatross lone on the spray,  
Alone know the tears wept in vain for the children  
Magic hath stolen away.

In vain : for at hush of the evening,  
When the stars twinkle into the grey,  
Seems to echo the far-away calling of children  
Magic hath stolen away





THE LITTLE SALAMANDER

TO MARGOT

WHEN I go free,  
I think 'twill be  
A night of stars and snow,  
And the wild fires of frost shall light  
My footsteps as I go ;  
Nobody—nobody will be there  
With groping touch, or sight,  
To see me in my bush of hair  
Dance burning through the night

## VOICES

WHO is it calling by the darkened river  
Where the moss lies smooth and deep,  
And the dark trees lean unmoving arms  
Silent and vague in sleep,  
And the bright-heeled constellations pass  
In splendour through the gloom ;  
Who is it calling o'er the darkened river  
In music, ' Come ! ' ?

Who is it wandering in the summer meadows  
Where the children stoop and play  
In the green faint-scented flowers, spinning  
The guileless hours away ?  
Who touches their bright hair ? who puts  
A wind-shell to each cheek,  
Whispering betwixt its breathing silences,  
' Seek ! seek ! ' ?

Who is it watching in the gathering twilight,  
When the curfew bird hath flown  
On eager wings, from song to silence,  
To its darkened nest alone ?  
Who takes for brightening eyes the stars,  
For locks the still moonbeam,  
Sighs through the dews of evening peacefully-  
Falling, ' Dream ! ' ?





M



## SORCERY

‘ **WHAT** voice is that I hear  
Crying across the pool ? ’  
‘ It is the voice of Pan you hear,  
Crying his sorceries shrill and clear,  
In the twilight dim and cool.’

· What song is it he sings,  
Echoing from afar ;  
While the sweet swallow bends her wings,  
Filling the air with twitterings,  
Beneath the brightening star ? ’

The woodman answered me,  
His faggot on his back :—  
Seek not the face of Pan to see ;  
Flee from his clear note summoning thee  
To darkness deep and black !

‘ He dwells in thickest shade,  
Piping his notes forlorn  
Of sorrow never to be allayed ;  
Turn from his coverts sad  
Of twilight unto morn ! ’

The Woodman passed away  
Along the forest path ;  
His axe shone keen and grey  
In the last beams of day :  
And all was still as death :—

Only Pan singing sweet  
Out of Earth's fragrant shade ;  
I dreamed his eyes to meet,  
And found but shadow laid  
Before my tired feet.

Comes no more dawn to me,  
Nor bird of open skies.  
Only his woods' deep gloom I see  
Till, at the end of all, shall rise,  
Afar and tranquilly,  
Death's stretching sea.











## MELMILLO

THREE and thirty birds there stood  
In an elder in a wood ;  
Called Melmillo—flew off three,  
Leaving thirty in a tree ;  
Called Melmillo—nine now gone,  
And the boughs held twenty-one ;  
Called Melmillo—and eighteen  
Left but three to nod and preen ;  
Called Melmillo—three—two—one—  
Now of birds were feathers none.

Then stole slim Melmillo in  
To that wood all dusk and green,  
And with lean long palms outspread  
Softly a strange dance did tread ;  
Not a note of music she  
Had for echoing company ;  
All the birds were flown to rest  
In the hollow of her breast ;  
In the wood—thorn, elder, willow—  
Danced alone—lone, danced Melmillo.

## THE QUIET ENEMY

**H**EARKEN !—now the hermit bee  
Drones a quiet threnody ;  
Greening on the stagnant pool  
The criss-cross light is beautiful ;  
In the venomed yew tree wings  
Preen and flit. The linnet sings.

Gradually the brave sun  
Drops to a day's journey done ;  
In the marshy flats abide  
Mists to muffle midnight-tide.  
Puffed within the belfry tower  
Hungry owls drowse out their hour. . . .

Walk in beauty. Vaunt thy rose.  
Flaunt thy transient loveliness.  
Pace for pace with thee there goes  
A shape that hath not come to bless  
I thine enemy ? . . . Nay, nay !  
I can only watch and wait  
Patient treacherous time away,  
Hold ajar the wicket gate.







MISTLETOE ✓

SITTING under the mistletoe  
(Pale-green, fairy mistletoe),  
One last candle burning low,  
All the sleepy dancers gone,  
Just one candle burning on,  
Shadows lurking everywhere :  
Some one came, and kissed me there.

Tired I was ; my head would go  
Nodding under the mistletoe  
(Pale-green, fairy mistletoe),  
No footsteps came, no voice, but only,  
Just as I sat there, sleepy, lonely,  
Stooped in the still and shadowy air  
Lips unseen—and kissed me there.







NOT I! ✓

AS I came out of Wiseman's Street,  
The air was thick with driven sleet ;  
Crossing over Proudman's Square  
Cold louring clouds obscured the air ;  
But as I entered Goodman's Lane  
The burning sun came out again ;  
And on the roofs of Children's Row  
In solemn glory shone the snow.

There did I lodge ; there hope to die :  
Envyng no man—no, not I.













