

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Poems, by Maurice Maeterlinck

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Poems

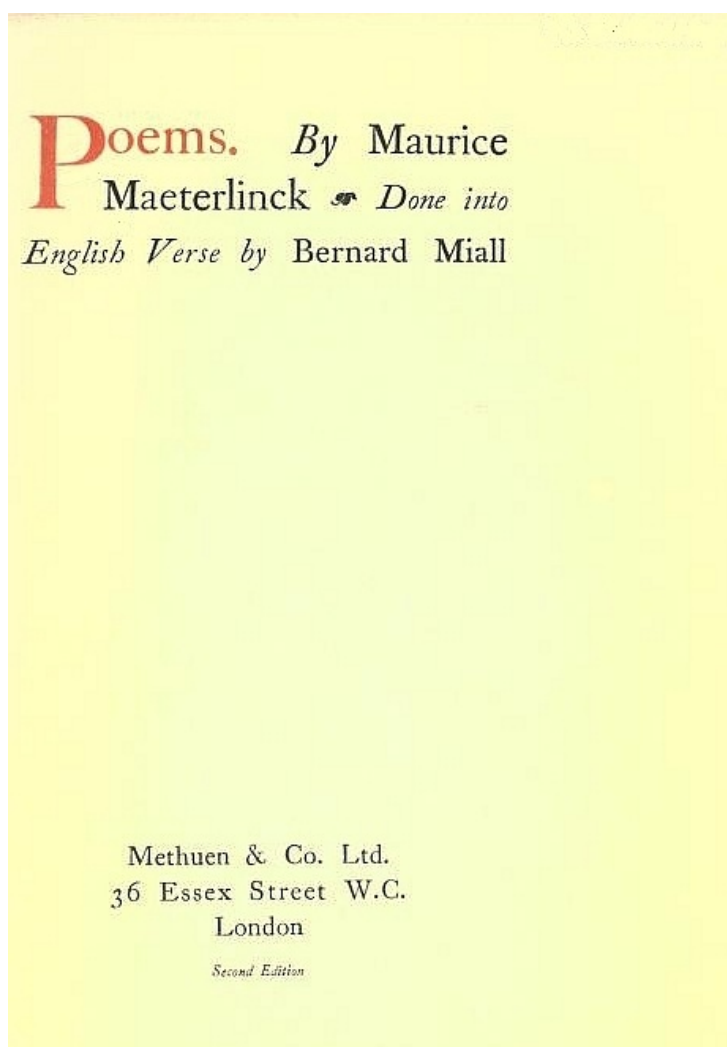
Author: Maurice Maeterlinck
Translator: Bernard Miall

Release date: September 23, 2015 [EBook #50043]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Marc D'Hooghe at <http://freeliterature.org>
(Images generously made available at the Internet Archive.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS ***



POEMS

By

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

—Done into English Verse—

by **BERNARD MIALL**

Methuen & Co. Ltd.

London

1915

Translator's Preface

I

Once in a generation an author surpasses the bounds of nationality. Of such cosmopolitan artists Maurice Maeterlinck is perhaps the most shining example. Twenty years ago I was vainly endeavouring to interest English publishers in his plays. To-day I am asked to produce a version of one of his earlier and less familiar works, because the time is approaching for that monument to his fame which so few writers enjoy in their lifetime—namely, the complete edition. He is not a Belgian writer merely or chiefly; above all he is an English, an American author. His readers in England and the United States far outnumber those who read the original French. His books are published in England and America almost as soon as they appear in France and Belgium, and in at least one case the English publication was the earlier. More and more do his lovers demand every word that his pen has formed. Sooner or later, therefore, it was inevitable that these "Poems" should appear in translation.

II

The poems contained in this volume form part of a movement long defunct—the Belgian Symbolist movement, an offshoot of that Belgian renaissance which produced so remarkable a body of great and noble poetry. I cannot say, however, that perusal of the other poets of the period will assist the reader to appreciate the volume in hand. Eekhoud, Elskamp, Gilkin, Rodenbach, Verhaeren—none of these wrote verse which could possibly be confounded with that of Maeterlinck; twenty years ago the latter was no less original than he is to-day.

Many poets of the late nineteenth century were, without being symbolists, affected by the Symbolist movement—a movement very loosely named, since the actual symbolists connected with it could be counted on the fingers of one hand. More particularly were they influenced by the tendency to put music before matter, beauty before sense, which is expressed by the so familiar lines of Verlaine:

De la musique avant toute chose,
Et pour cela préfère l'Impair,
Plus vague et plus soluble dans l'air,
Sans rien en lui qui pèse ou pose...
De la musique encor et toujours!

But musical as Maeterlinck's verses are, and rich in sheer beauty, we are very seldom in doubt as to what the poet says, however little we may in some cases understand what he means. His statements are concrete and lucid; it is the inner meaning, the soul of his verse, that sometimes threatens to elude us. Had this volume been cast upon the late Victorian world this preface would perhaps have been longer. But I cannot believe that these poems will present any difficulties to a generation which has degusted such phenomena as Cubism and its kindred manifestations.

III

It is safe to assert that the writer of these poems had read his Verlaine, his Rimbaud, his Mallarmé, and his Baudelaire, and of English-speaking poets Emerson, Poe, perhaps Rossetti, and above all Whitman. But he is no disciple; and his essential originality, and the keynote of his aesthetics, is a system of symbolism.

Now here at once we are on dangerous ground. When a poet makes use of a symbol it is because that symbol enables him to say something that he cannot say so well, or so beautifully, or perhaps at all, in plain language. He is a rash man, therefore, who will attempt to elucidate another's symbolism. However, I have already been rash, in venturing to translate, not a few selected lyrics, but an entire volume of verse from cover to cover, than which there is no more appalling task in literature. But I am not, therefore, disposed to court disaster by attempting any detailed or positive explanation. I could indeed have asked M. Maeterlinck for such; but at the moment of writing his country is being crucified by the powers of darkness, and he has other and sterner matters to think of.

This machinery of hot-houses, bell-glasses, hospitals, and what not—what are we to make of it? I do not think we shall go far wrong in supposing the hot-house, the bell-glass, the diving-bell, the hospital, to typify the isolation and insulation caused by a false civilization and an unreal religion, so productive of hypocrisy, fear, and confusion that each man is a prisoner within himself, unable to reach his fellow. And the inmates of the hot-house—the strange growths, the fantastic visions, the violent antitheses and incongruities—these, we may take it, are the morbidities fostered by a life which protects us and them from the agencies by which Nature makes her own children

perfect in strength and beauty and service. That is my reading of it; the reader is perfectly free to differ from me, and will lose little by so doing if I have succeeded in preserving a tittle of the original beauty of the verse.

If here and there—more particularly in the unrhymed pieces—the violent and intentional incongruities and antitheses seem startling and incomprehensible, and a little apt to tickle the risibility of the frivolous Anglo-Saxon, let us remember that to read a symbolic poem literally is as foolish as to seek for a cipher in Shakespeare, or to set about interpreting a melody in terms of its notation, in the hope of spelling out a message.

One peculiarity of Maeterlinck's which may at first confuse the English reader is only a simple convention. All poetry is full of similes; the simile confuses no one. If a poet tells us that his heart is like a singing-bird we do not seriously suppose him to mean that his heart has feathers and two legs; but merely that it possesses some other essential quality of a singing-bird. Now Maeterlinck constantly, in his verse, uses what is merely a modification of the simile, which has precisely the same significance, but which takes the form of a positive assertion of identity. He would say: My heart *is* a singing-bird or a plant in a green-house, or anything else that seemed to be illuminating; and this apparent literalness of statement, which is carried very far, is, and must always be understood as, a mere variant of the familiar simile.

IV

A word as to the work of translation. Most of the lyrics in *Serres Chaudes* are written in the metre familiar to English readers as that of "In Memoriam." It is, in English, rather a dull metre, the stanza being in reality no stanza at all, but merely a line of thirty-two syllables with interior rhymes. It is greatly improved and enlivened by the omission of four syllables, or rather by their replacement by pauses of one syllable's value. This change I have sometimes made; and in one case I have, in order to avoid a verbal obscurity, extended the line to ten syllables. Apart from these exceptions all the poems in this volume are translated into their original metres, and it has always been my first object to produce a literal, almost a word for word, translation. Whatever the faults of my version, it is strictly faithful. If I am deemed to have also preserved something of the beauty of the original I shall feel more than rewarded for a task that has presented many difficulties.

BERNARD MIALL

Ilfracombe,
September 1914.

CONTENTS

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

HOT-HOUSES

THE HOT-HOUSE
PRAYER
THE HOUSE OF LASSITUDE
TEMPTATIONS
BELL-GLASSES
THE HUMBLE OFFERING
THE HEART'S FOLIAGE
THE FEVERED SOUL
THE SOUL
LASSITUDE
THE WEARY HUNTING
THE PASSIONS
PRAYER
STAGNANT HOURS
THE WHITE BIRDS
THE HOSPITAL
NIGHT PRAYER
WINTRY DESIRES
LISTLESSNESS
AMEN
THE DIVING BELL
AQUARIUM
THE BURNING-GLASS
REFLECTIONS
VISIONS
PRAYER
GLANCES
VIGIL
AFTERNOON
THE SOUL
INTENTIONS

CONTACTS
NIGHT

FIFTEEN SONGS

- I. SHE CHAINED HER IN A CAVERN FRORE
- II. IF HE ONE DAY COME AGAIN
- III. THREE LITTLE MAIDS THEY DID TO DEATH
- IV. MAIDENS WITH BOUNDEN EYES
- V. THE THREE BLIND SISTERS
- VI. THERE CAME ONE HERE TO SAY
- VII. ORLAMONDE HAD SEVEN DAUGHTERS
- VIII. SHE HAD THREE CROWNS OF GOLD
- IX. TOWARD THE CASTLE SHE MADE HER WAY
- X. HER LOVER WENT HIS WAY
- XI. MOTHER, MOTHER, DO YOU NOT HEAR?
- XII. NOW YOUR LAMPS ARE ALL ALIGHT
- XIII. SISTERS, SISTERS, THIRTY YEARS
- XIV. THERE WERE THREE SISTERS FAIN TO DIE
- XV. I HOLD, TO EVERY SIN

The right to reproduce these poems or to set them to music is reserved by the translator, and application must be made to him or to Mr J. B. Pinker of Talbot House, Arundel Street.

"AND IN HIS HAND A GLASS WHICH SHOWS US MANY MORE"
SHAKESPEARE

"ET TORPENTI MULTA RELINQUITUR MISERIA"
"DE IMITATIONE"

HOT-HOUSES

THE HOT-HOUSE

O Hot-house deep in the forest's heart!
O doors forever sealed!
Lo, all that lives beneath thy dome,
And in my soul, and the likeness of these things!

The thoughts of a princess who is sick with hunger,
The listless mood of a mariner in the desert,
And brazen music at the windows
Of men who are sick to death!

Seek out the coolest corners—
And you think of a woman who has swooned
on a day of harvest.

Postilions have entered the courtyard of the hospital,
And there passes yonder an Uhlan, who has turned sick-nurse.

Behold it all by moonlight!
(Nothing, nothing is in its rightful place!)
And you think of a madwoman haled before the judges,
A warship in full sail on the waters of a canal,
Birds of the night perched among lilies,
And the knell of a passing-bell at the mid-day hour of Angelus.
And yonder—beneath those domes of glass—
A group of sick folk halted amid the meadows,
An odour of ether abroad on the sunny air!

My God, my God, when shall we feel the rain,
And the snow, and the wind, in this close house of glass?

PRAYER

O Pity me that wander hence
To haunt the threshold of intent
My soul is pale with impotence,
Colourless and indolent.

A soul for action all too weak,
Pallid with tears, it vainly heeds
The weary hands that idly seek
To grapple with abortive deeds.

Forth from my slumbering heart exhale
The purple bubbles of its dream;
My soul, with waxen hands and frail,
Pours forth a drowsy lunar gleam,

A listless light that dimly shows
The faded lilies of days unborn;
A languid light that only throws
The shadows of those hands forlorn.

THE HOUSE OF LASSITUDE

O Blue monotony of my heart!
Blue with languor are my dreams,
When the mournful moonlight seems
Clearer vision to impart:

Blue as is the house of shade,
Close within whose lofty green
Casements whose pellucid screen
Seems of crystal moonlight made,

Mighty vegetations rise,
Whose nocturnal shadow deep
Silent as a charmed sleep
Over passion's roses lies;

Where slow-rising waters gleam,
Mingling moon and heaven, and throb
In one eternal glaucous sob,
Monotonously as in a dream.

TEMPTATIONS

Green as the sea, temptations creep
Through the shadows of the mind,
Where with flaming flowers entwined
Dark ejaculations leap—

Stems obscure that coil and thrust
In the moon's unhallowed glow,
And the autumnal shadows throw
Of their auguries of lust.

And the moon may hardly shine
Through their fevered fast embrace:
Limb and slimy limb enlase,
Emerald and serpentine.

Sacrilegiously they grow,

And their secret will reveal,
Dismal as regrets that steal
O'er men dying in the snow;

And their mournful shadows hide
Tangled wounds that mark the thrust
Of the azure swords of lust
In the crimson flesh of pride.

When will the dreams of earth, alas,
Find in my heart their final tomb?
O let Thy glory, Lord, illumine
This dark and evil house of glass,

And that oblivion nought may win!
The dead leaves of their fevers fall,
The stars between their lips, and all
The visceræ of woe and sin!

BELL-GLASSES

O Domes of crystal!
O curious plants forever sheltered,
While the wind stirs my senses here without!
A valley of the soul forever undisturbed!
O humid warmth at noon!
O shifting pictures glimpsed in the crystal walls!

Never lift one of these!
Some have been set upon ancient pools of moonlight.
Peer through the prisoned foliage:
There you may see a beggar upon a throne,
Or maybe pirates, lurking upon a pond,
Or antediluvian beasts about to invade the cities!

Some have been set on ancient drifts of snow,
And some on pools of rain long fallen.
(O pity the imprisoned air!)
I hear them keeping Carnival on a Sabbath in time of famine;
I see an ambulance in the midst of the fields of harvest,
And all the king's daughters, on a day of fast,
Are wandering through the meadows!

Mark more especially those on the horizon!
Carefully they cover the tempests of long ago.
Somewhere, I think, you will see a great armada, sailing across a swamp!
And there the brooding swans have hatched a nest of crows!
(It is hard to see through the veil of moisture.)
And a maiden is watering the heath with steaming water,
A troop of little girls is watching the hermit in his cell,
And I see my sisters asleep in the depth of a poisonous cavern!

Wait until the moonlight, wait until the winter
Shall cover these domes of crystal set amid ice and snow!

THE HUMBLE OFFERING

I bring my piteous work, in form
Like the dreaming of a corse,
And the moon illumines the storm
O'er the creatures of remorse.

There the purple snakes of dream
Writhing twine till sleep be done;
Crowned with swords, my longings gleam;
Lions are whelmed in the sun,

Lilies in waters desolate,
Clenched hands that may not move,
And the ruddy stems of hate,
Bearing verdant woes of love—

Lord, pity our mortal speech!
O that my prayers, morose and dim,
With the dishevelled moon may reach
And reap the night to the world's rim

THE HEART'S FOLIAGE

Neath the azure crystal bell
Of my listless melancholy
All my formless sorrows wholly
Sink to rest, and all is well;

Symbols all, the plans entwine:
Water lilies, flowers of pleasure,
Palms desirous, slow with leisure,
Frigid mosses, pliant bine.

'Mid them all a lily only,
Pale and fragile and unbending,
Imperceptibly ascending
In that place of leafage lonely,

Like a moon the prisoned air
Fills with glimmering light wherethro'
Rises to the crystal blue,
White and mystical, its prayer.

THE FEVERED SOUL

The dark brings visions to mine eyes:
Thro' my desires they seek their goal.
O nights within the humid soul,
O heart to dreams that open lies!

With azure reveries I bedew
The roses of attempts undone;
My lashes close the gates upon
The longings that will ne'er come true.

My pallid indolent fingers plant
Ever in vain, at close of day,
The emerald bells of hope that lay
Over the purple leaves of want.

Helpless, my soul beholds with dread
The bitter musings of my lips,
Amid the crowding lily-tips:
O that this wavering heart were dead

THE SOUL

My soul!
O, my soul, verily too closely sheltered!
And the flocks of my desires, imprisoned in a house of glass!
Waiting until the tempest break upon the meadows!

Come first of all to these, so sick and fragile:
From these a strange effluvium rises.

And lo, it seems I am with my mother,
Crossing a field of battle.
They are burying a brother-in-arms at noon,
While the sentinels are snatching a meal.

Now let us go to the feeblest:
These are covered with a strange sweat.
Here is an ailing bride,
And an act of treachery done upon a Sabbath,
And little children in prison,
And yonder, yonder through the mist,
Do I see there a woman dying at the door of a kitchen,
Or a Sister of Charity, shelling peas at the bedside of a dying patient?

Last of all let us go to the saddest:
(Last of all, for these are venom'd.)
O, my lips are pressed by the kisses of a wounded man!

In the castles of my soul this summer all the
 chatelaines have died of hunger!

Now it is twilight on the morning of a day of festival!
I catch a glimpse of sheep along the quays,
And there is a sail by the windows of the hospital.

The road is long from my heart to my soul,
And all the sentinels have died at their posts!
One day there was a poor little festival in the suburbs of my soul!
They were mowing the hemlock there one Sunday morning,
And all the maiden women of the convent
were watching the passing vessels,
On the canal, one sunny fast-day.
But the swans were ailing, in the shadow of the rotting bridge.
They were lopping the trees about the prison,
They were bringing remedies, on an afternoon of June,
And on every hand there were sick folk feasting!

Alas, my soul,

And alas, the sadness of all these things!

LASSITUDE

These lips have long forgotten to bestow
Their kiss on blind eyes chiller than the snow,
Henceforth absorbed in their magnificent dream.
Drowsy as hounds deep in the grass they seem;
They watch the grey flocks on the sky-line pass,
Browsing on moonlight scattered o'er the grass,
By skies as vague as their own life caressed.
They see, unvexed by envy or unrest,
The roses of joy that open on every hand,
The long green peace they cannot understand.

THE WEARY HUNTING

My soul is sick, in an evil mood;
 Stricken with many a lack it lies,
 Stricken with silence, and mine eyes
Illume it with their lassitude.

Arrested visions of the chase
 Obsess me; memory whips them on;
 The sleuth-hounds of Desire are gone
On fading scents—a weary race.

In misty woods the hunt is met;
 The questing packs of dreams depart;

Toward the white stags of falsehood dart
The jaundiced arrows of Regret.

Ah, my desires! For breath they swoon
The wearied longings of mine eyes
Have clouded with their azure sighs,
Within my soul, the flooding moon!

THE PASSIONS

Narrow paths my passions tread:
Laughter rings there, sorrow cries
Sick and sad, with half-shut eyes,
Thro' the leaves the woods have shed,

My sins like yellow mongrels slink;
Uncouth hyænas, my hates complain,
And on the pale and listless plain
Couching low, love's lions blink.

Powerless, deep in a dream of peace,
Sunk in a languid spell they lie,
Under a colourless desolate sky,
There they gaze and never cease,

Where like sheep temptations graze,
One by one departing slow:
In the moon's unchanging glow
My unchanging passions gaze.

PRAYER

A woman's fears my heart control:
What have I done with these, my part,
My hands, the lilies of my soul,
Mine eyes, the heavens of my heart?

O Lord, have pity on my grief:
I have lost the palm and ring, alas!
Pity my prayers, my poor relief,
Cut flowers and fragile in a glass.

Pity the trespass of my mouth,
And things undone, and words unsaid;
Shed lilies on my fever's drouth,
And roses on the marshes shed!

O God! The doves whose flights are gold
On heavens remembered! Pity too
These garments that my loins enfold,
That rustle round me, dimly blue!

STAGNANT HOURS

Here are the old desires that pass,
The dreams of weary men, that die,
The dreams that faint and fail, alas!
And there the days of hope gone by!

Where to fly shall we find a place?
Never a star shines late or soon:
Weariness only with frozen face,
And sheets of blue in the icy moon.

Behold the fireless sick, and lo!
The sobbing victims of the snare!
Lambs whose pasture is only snow!
Pity them all, O Lord, my prayer!

For me, I wait the awakening call:
I pray that slumber leave me soon.
I wait until the sunlight fall
On hands yet frozen by the moon.

THE WHITE BIRDS

Proud, indifferent, slow, they have fled, they have flown away,
The peacocks white as snow, lest weariness awake;
I see the birds of snow, the white birds of To-day,
The birds that fly away before my slumber break;
Proud, indifferent, slow, the white birds of To-day,
Winning with indolent flight the shores of the sunless lake;
The birds of listless thought, I hear them on their way,
Indolently waiting for the sunless day to break.

THE HOSPITAL

The hospital on the banks of the canal,
The hospital, and the month July!
They are lighting a fire in the ward,
While the Atlantic steamers are whistling on the canal!

(Do not go near the windows!)
Here are emigrants loitering through a palace,
And I see a yacht in a tempest!
And herds of cattle on all the ships!

(It is better to keep the windows fastened;
Then we are all but safe from the outside world!)

One thinks of a forcing-frame placed upon a snow-drift,
Or a woman being churched on a day of thunder;
One catches a glimpse of plants scattered over a blanket,
And a conflagration on a sunny day,
And I pass through a forest full of wounded men....

O, here at last is the moonlight!

A fountain is playing in the middle of the ward!
And a troop of little girls has opened the door!
And lo, a glimpse of lambs in an isle of meadows!
And beautiful plants on a glacier!
And lilies in a hall of marble!
There is a banquet in a virgin forest,
And the vegetation of the tropics in a cavern of ice!

Listen! They are opening the locks,
And the ocean steamers are churning the waters of the canal!

But see, the Sister of Charity is making up the fire!

All the lovely green rushes of the banks are in flames!
And a boat full of wounded men is tossing in the moonlight!
All the king's daughters are out in a boat in the storm!
And the princesses are dying in a field of hemlock!

Oh, do not unfasten the windows!
Listen—the ocean steamers are still hooting on the horizon!

They are poisoning someone in a garden!

They are holding a splendid festival in the houses of the enemy!
There are deer in a beleaguered city!
And a menagerie in a garden of lilies!
And the jungle of the tropics in the depths of a coal-mine!
A flock of sheep is crossing an iron bridge!
And the lambs have come from the meadows and are mournfully
entering the ward!

Now the Sister of Charity is lighting the lamps;
Now she is bringing the patients their supper,
She has closed the windows upon the canal,
And all the doors to the light of the moon!

NIGHT PRAYER

Below the somnolence of prayer,
Under languid visions I
Hear the passions surge and cry:
Lust with lust is warring there.

Thro' the lassitude of dreams
Shines the moon as thro' a mesh;
And the wandering joy of flesh
Still on pestilent beaches gleams.

Under ever-shrouded skies,
Thirsting for their starry fires,
Thro' my veins I hear desires
Toward the green horizon rise.

Evil fondnesses I hear
Blackly surging through my mind:
Phantom marshes vanish blind
Sudden on the sky-line drear.

O Lord, thy wrath will slay me soon!
Have pity on me, Lord, I pray!
Sweating and sick, O let me stray
Thro' pastures glimmering in the moon!

For now, O Lord, the time is nigh
To rase the hemlock with the steel,
Whose moon my secret hopes reveal
Green as a serpent in the sky:

And the plague of dreams mine eyes
Smites, and all its sins subdue,
And the rustling fountains blue
Toward the sovereign moon arise!

WINTRY DESIRES

I mourn the lips of yesterday,
Lips whose kisses are yet unborn,
And the old desires outworn,
Under sorrows hid away.

Always rain on the far sky-line;
Always snow on the beaches gleams,
While by the bolted gate of dreams
Crouching wolves in the grasses whine.

Into my listless soul I gaze:
With clouded eyes I search the past,
At all the long-spilt blood aghast
Of lambs that died in wintry ways.

Only the moon its mournful fires
 Enkindles, and a desolate light
 Falls where the autumn frosts are white
Over my famishing desires.

LISTLESSNESS

I sing the pale ballades of eld,
 Of kisses lost without reward,
 And lo, on love's luxurious sward,
The nuptials of the sick are held.

Voices thro' my slumber sound:
 Listlessly they gather near.
 Lilies bloom in closes where
Star nor sun hath blessed the ground.

And lo, these ghosts of old desire,
 These lagging throbs of impulse crost,
 Are paupers in a palace lost,
Sick tapers in the auroral fire.

When shall the moon my vision bathe,
 That seeks to plume the eternal streams
 Of darkness, and about my dreams
Her slow cerulean raiment swathe?

AMEN

At length the consecrating hour is here
 That sains the slave's extenuated sleep.
And I who wait shall see its hands appear,
 Full of white roses in these caverns deep.

I wait—at length to feel its cooling wind
 Strike on my heart, impregnable to lies,
A paschal lamb lost amid marshes blind,
 A wound o'er which the surging waters rise.

I wait—for nights no morrow shall defy,
 I wait—for weakness nothing shall avail;
To feel upon my hands its shadow lie,
 To see in peaceful tides its image pale.

I wait until those nights of thine shall show
 All my desires with cleansed eyes go by,
For then my dreams shall bathe in evening's glow,
 And then within their crystal castle die.

THE DIVING BELL

Lo, the diver, forever within his bell!
And a whole sea of glass, a sea eternally warm!
A whole motionless world, a world of slow
 green rhythms!
So many curious creatures beyond those walls
 of glass,
And any contact eternally prohibited!
And yet there is so much life in those bright
waters yonder!

Look! The shadows of great sailing-ships—
they glide over the flowers, the dahlias of

the submarine forest!
And I stand for a moment in the shadow of
whales that are voyaging to the Pole!

And at this very moment, I doubt not, my
fellow-men in the harbour
Are discharging the vessels that sail hither
laden with ice:
A glacier was there, in the midst of the July meadows!
And men are swimming and floating in the
green waters of the creek,
And at noon they enter shadowy caverns...
And the breezes of ocean are fanning the roofs
and balconies.

Lo, the flaming tongues of the Gulf-Stream!
Take heed lest their kisses touch the walls of
lassitude!
They have ceased to lay ice on the brows of
the fevered,
And the patients have lit a bonfire
And are casting great handfuls of green lilies
into the flames!

Lean your brows upon the cooler panes,
While waiting for the moonlight to enter the
bell from above,
And close your eyes tightly, to the forest of colour,
The pendulous blues and albuminous violets,
And close your ears to the suggestions of the
tepid water.

Dry the brows of your desires; they are weak
with sweat.
Go firstly to those on the point of swooning.
They have the air of people celebrating a
wedding in a dungeon,
Or of people entering, at mid-day, a long lamp-lit
avenue underground;
In festival procession they are passing
Thro' a landscape like an orphaned childhood.

Go now to those about to die:
They move like virgins who have wandered far
In the sun, on a day of fast;
They are pale as patients who placidly listen
to the rain in the gardens of the hospital;
They have the look of survivors, breaking their
fast on a battle-field;
They are like prisoners who know that all their
gaolers are bathing in the river,
And who hear men mowing the grass in the
garden of the prison.

AQUARIUM

Now my desires no more, alas,
Summon my soul to my eyelids' brink,
For with its prayers that ebb and pass
It too must sink,

To lie in the depth of my closed eyes;
Only the flowers of its weary breath
Like icy blooms to the surface rise,
Lilies of death.

Its lips are sealed; in the depths of woe,
And a world away, in the far-off gloom,
They sing of azure stems that grow
A mystic bloom.

But lo, its fingers—I have grown
Pallid beholding them, I who perceive
Them trace the marks its poor unblown
Lost lilies leave.

I know it must die, for its hour is o'er:
Folding its impotent hands at last,
Hands too weary to pluck any more
The flowers of the past!

THE BURNING-GLASS

I watch the hours of long ago:
Their blue and secret depths I set
Under the burning-glass, Regret,
And watch a happier flora blow.

Hold up the glass o'er my desires!
Behold them through my soul, a glass
At memory's touch the withered grass
Breaks forth into devouring fires.

Now above my thoughts I hold
The azure crystal, in whose heart
Suddenly unfolding start
The leaves of agonies borne of old,

Until those nights remote I see
Even to memory dead so long
That their sullen tears do wrong
To the green soul of hopes to be.

REFLECTIONS

Under the brimming tide of dreams
O, my soul is full of fear!
In my heart the moon is clear;
Deep it lies in the tide of dreams.

Under the listless reeds asleep,
Only the deep reflection shows
Of palm, of lily and of rose,
Weeping yet in the waters deep;

And the flowers, late and soon,
Fall upon the mirrored sky,
To sink and sink eternally
Thro' dreamy waters and the moon.

VISIONS

All the tears that I have shed,
All my kisses, lo, they pass
Thro' my mind as in a glass:
All my kisses whose joy is dead.

There are flowers without a hue,
Lilies that under the moonlight fade,
Moonlight over the meadows laid,
Fountains far on the sky-line blue.

Weary and heavy with slumber I
See thro' the lids that slumber closes

Crows that gather amid the roses,
Sick folk under a sunbright sky.

Of these vague loves the weary smart
Shines unchanging late and soon
Like a pale slow-moving moon
Sadly into my indolent heart.

PRAYER

Thou know'st, O Lord, my spirit's dearth
Thou see'st the worth of what I bring
The evil blossoms of the earth,
The light upon a perished thing.

Thou see'st my sick and weary mood:
The moon is dark, the dawn is slain.
Thy glory on my solitude
Shed Thou like fructifying rain.

Light Thou, O Lord, beneath my feet
The way my weary soul should pass,
For now the pain of all things sweet
Is piteous as the ice-bound grass.

GLANCES

O all these poor weary glances!
And yours, and mine!
And those that are no more, and those to be!
And those that will never be, and yet exist!
There are those that seem to visit the poor on a Sabbath;
There are some like sick folk who are houseless,
There are some like lambs in a meadow full of bleaching linen;
And O, these strange unwonted glances!
Under the vaults of some we behold
A maiden being put to death in a chamber with closed doors.
And some make us dream of unknown sorrows,

Of peasants at the windows of a factory,
Of a gardener turned weaver,
Of a summer afternoon in a wax-work show,
Of the thoughts of a queen on beholding sick man in a garden,
Of an odour of camphor in the forest,
Of a princess locked in a tower on a day of rejoicing,
Of men sailing all the week on the stagnant waters of a canal.

Have pity on those that come creeping forth
like convalescents at harvest-tide!
Have pity on those that have the air of children
who have lost their way at supper-time!
Have pity on the glances of the wounded man at the surgeon,
Like tents stricken by a hurricane!
Have pity on the glances of the virgin tempted!
(Rivers of milk are flowing away in the darkness;
And the swans have died in the midst of serpents!)
And the gaze of the virgin who surrenders!

There are princesses deserted in swamps that have no issue!
And lo, those eyes in which you may see ships
in full sail, lit up by flashes of the storm!
And how pitiful are all those glances which
suffer because they are not elsewhere!
And so much suffering, so indistinguishable
and yet so various!
And those glances which no one will ever understand!
And those poor glances which are all but dumb!

And those poor whispering glances!
And those poor stifled glances!

Amid some of these you might think yourself
in a mansion serving as hospital,
And many others have the air of tents, lilies of war,
on the little lawn of the convent!
And many others have the air of wounded men
tended in a hot-house!
Or Sisters of Charity on an ocean devoid of patients!

Oh, to have encountered all these glances,
To have admitted them all,
And to have exhausted mine thereby!
And henceforth to be unable to close mine eyes!

VIGIL

My soul her unused hands to pray
Folds, that hide the world away:
Lord, my broken dreams complete,
That Thine angels' lips repeat.

While beneath my wearied eyes
She breathes the prayers that in her rise—
Prayers that find my lids a tomb,
And whose lilies may not bloom:

While in dreams her barren breast
Hushes 'neath my gaze to rest—
Still her eyes from perils cower,
Such as wake by falsehood's power.

AFTERNOON

Mine eyes have snared my soul. But O,
Grant me, O Lord, my one desire:
Let fall Thy leaves upon the snow,
Let fall Thy rain upon the fire.

The sun upon my pillow plays,
The self-same hours they sound again,
And always falls my questing gaze
On dying men that harvest grain.

My hands they pluck the withered grass,
Mine eyes with sleep are all undone,
Are sick folk in a springless pass,
Or flowers of darkness in the sun.

When will my dreams unchanging know
The rain, and when the meadows brown
Along the far horizon, lo,
The lambs are herded toward the town.

THE SOUL

Dreams within mine eyes remain,
And beneath its crystal dome
Lights my soul it somewhere home,
Taps upon the azure pane.

Houses of the listless soul!
Up the panes the lilies creep;
Reeds unfold in waters deep,
Longings nought shall e'er make whole

Closing eyes it all but seems
Past oblivion I could hold
All the rosy flowers of old
Of my half-remembered dreams.

Their leaves are dead and scattered far.
Shall I not see them verdant soon
When with her azure hands the moon
In silence sets the gates ajar?

INTENTIONS

Have pity on the eyes morose
Wherein the soul its hope reveals
On fated things that ne'er unclose,
And all that wait what night conceals.

Ripples that rock the spirit's lake!
Lilies that sway beneath the tide
To threads the eternal rhythms shake!
O powers that close to vision hide!

Behold, O Lord, unwonted flowers
Among the water-lilies' white!
Dim hands of Thine angelic powers
Trouble the waters of my sight:

At mystic signs the buds unroll,
Shed on the waters from the skies,
And as the swans take flight my soul
Spreads the white pinions of its eyes.

CONTACTS

The sense of contact!
Darkness lies between your fingers!
The cries of brazen instruments in a tempest!
The music of organs in the sunlight!
All the flocks of the soul in the depths of a night of eclipse!
All the salt of the sea on the grass of the meadows!
And the blaze of blue lightning on every horizon!
(Have pity on this human sense!)

But O these sadder, wearier contacts!
O the touch of your poor moist hands!
I hear your pure fingers as they glide between mine,
And flocks of lambs are departing by moonlight
Along the banks of a misty river.

I can remember all the hands that have touched my hands,
And again I see all that was protected by those hands,
And I see to-day what I was, protected by those cool hands.
I was often the beggar who gnaws his crust
on the steps of a throne.

I was sometimes the diver, who cannot evade the surging waters.
I was often a whole people, no longer able to escape from the town!
And some hands were like a convent without a garden!
And some confined me like a group of invalids in a glass-house
on a rainy day!
Until other cooler hands should come to set the doors ajar,
And sprinkle a little water upon the threshold!

O, I have known strange contacts,
And here they surround me forever!
Some were wont to give alms on a day of sun-shine,
Some gathered a harvest in the depths of a cavern,
And the music of mountebanks was heard outside the prison.
There were wax-work figures in the summer woods,
And elsewhere the moon had swept the whole oasis,
And at times I found a virgin, flushed and sweating,
 in a grotto of ice!

Pity these strange hands!
These hands contain the secrets of all the kings!
Pity these hands too pale!
They seem to have emerged from the caverns of the moon;
They are worn with spinning threads from the
distaffs of fountains!
Pity these hands, too white, too moist!
They are like princesses that slumber at noon
 all the summer through.

Avoid these hard harsh hands!
They seem to have issued from the rocks!
But pity these cold hands!
I see a heart bleeding under ribs of ice!
And pity these evil hands,
For these have poisoned the springs!
They have set young cygnets in a nest of hemlock!
I have seen the angels of evil open the gates at noon!
Here are only madmen on a pestilent river!
Here are black sheep only in starless pastures!
And lambs hasting away to graze in darkness!

But O these cool faithful hands!
They come to offer ripe fruits to the dying!
They bring clear cold water in their palms!
They water the battlefields with milk!
They have surely come from wonderful and
 eternally virgin forests!

NIGHT

My soul is sick at the end of all,
Sick and sad, being weary too,
Weary of being so vain, so vain,
Weary and sad at the end of all,
And O I long for the touch of you!

I long for your hands upon my face;
Snow-cold as spirits they will be;
I wait until they bring the ring.
I wait for their coolness over my face
Like a treasure deep in the sea.

I wait to know their healing spell,
Lest in the desolate sun I die,
So that I die not out in the sun;
O bathe mine eyes and make them well,
Where things unhappy slumbering lie.

Where many swans upon the sea,
Swans that wander over the sea,
Stretch forth their mournful throats in vain
In wintry gardens by the sea
Sick men pluck roses in their pain.

I long for your hands upon my face;
Snow-cold as spirits they will be,
And soothe my aching sight, alas!
My vision like the withered grass

Where listless lambs irresolute pass!

FIFTEEN SONGS

I

She chained her in a cavern froze.
She set a sign upon the door.
The key into the ocean fell:
The maid forgot the lamp as well.

She waited for the days of spring;
Year by year did seven die,
And every year one passed her by.

She waited thro' the winter's cold,
And her tresses, waiting too,
Recalled the light that once they knew.

They sought the light, they found it out,
Crept thro' the rocks and round about,
And lit the rocks with all their gold.

He comes at eve that passed of old:
Amazéd at the wondrous sight
He does not dare approach the light.

He deems it is a mystic sign,
Or else a spring that gushes gold,
Or angels at their sport divine:
He turns, and passes as of old.

II

If he one day come again
What shall then be said?
—Say that one awaited him,
Always, that is dead.

Ay, but if he ask me more,
Yet know me not again?
—Speak as any sister might,
Lest he be in pain.

If he ask where you are gone
What shall I reply?
—Give him then my golden ring,
Make him no reply.

If he asks me why the hall
Shows a silent floor?
—Show him then the smouldered lamp
And the open door.

If he ask me of the hour
When you fell asleep?
—Tell him, tell him that I smiled
Lest my love should weep.

III

Three little maids they did to death,
To see what hid within their hearts.

The first little heart was full of bliss,
And lo, wherever its blood might run,
Three serpents hissed till three years were done.

The second was full of gentlehood,
And lo, wherever its blood might run
Three lambs that fed till three years were done.

The third was full of pain and woe,
And lo, wherever the red blood crept
Archangels three their vigil kept.

IV

Maidens with bounden eyes
(O loose the scarves of gold!)
Maidens with bounden eyes,
They sought their destinies.

At noon they opened wide
(O keep the scarves of gold!)
At noon they opened wide
The palace in the plain:

There they greeted life
(Bind close the scarves of gold!)
There they greeted life,
And turned them back again.

V

The three blind sisters
(Hope is not cold),
The three blind sisters
Light their lamps of gold.

Up the tower go they
(They and you and we),
Up the tower go they
To wait the seventh day.

Ah, saith one, turning
(Still let us hope),
Ah, saith one, turning,
I hear our lamps burning....

Ah, the second saith
(They and you and we),
Ah, the second saith,
Tis the king's tread....

Nay, the holiest saith
(Still let us hope),
Nay, the holiest saith,
But our light is dead.

VI

There came one here to say

(O child, I am afraid!)
There came one here to say
'Twas time to haste away....

A burning lamp I bear,
(O child, I am afraid!)
A burning lamp I bear,
And I draw near!

At the first door,
(O child, I am afraid!)
At the first door
The flame shook sore....

Then, at the second,
(O child, I am afraid!)
Then, at the second,
The flame spoke and beckoned....

The third door is wide
(O child, but this is fear!)
The third door is wide,
And the flame has died.

VII

Orlamonde had seven daughters
When the fairy died
The seven maids, the seven daughters,
Sought to win outside.

Then they lit their seven lamps;
Through all the towers they sought;
They opened full four hundred halls;
The day, they found it not.

They came to the echoing caverns deep;
Down, tho' the air was cold,
Went, and in a stubborn door
Found a key of gold.

They see the ocean through the chinks;
They fear to die outside;
They beat on the unmoving door
They dare not open wide.

VIII

She had three crowns of gold:
To whom did she give the three?

One she gave to her parents dear,
And they have bought three reeds of gold,
And kept her till the spring was near.

And one to those that loved her well:
And they have bought three nets of gold,
And kept her till the autumn fell.

And one she gave to those she bore,
And they have bought three gyves of iron,
To chain her till the winter's o'er.

IX

Toward the castle she made her way
(Hardly yet was the sun on the sea),
Toward the castle she made her way;
Knight looked at knight and looked away;
The women had never a word to say.

She came to rest before the door
(Hardly yet was the sun on the sea),
She came to rest before the door;
They heard the queen as she paced the floor,
And the king that asked her what would she.

"What do you seek, O where do you go?
(Have a care, it is hard to see),
What do you seek, O where do you go?
Doth one await you there below?"
But never a word, a word spake she.

Down she went to the one unknown
(Have a care, it is hard to see),
Down she went to the one unknown,
And round the queen her arms were thrown;
Never a word did either say;
Without a word they went their way.

The king wept on the threshold sore
(Have a care, it is hard to see),
The king wept by the open door;
They heard the footsteps of the queen,
And the fall of the leaves where she had been.

X

Her lover went his way
(I heard the gate),
Her lover went his way;
Yet she was gay.

When he came again
(I heard the lamp),
When he came again
Another made the twain.

And the dead I met
(I heard her spirit cry),
And the dead I met:
She who waits him yet.

XI

Mother, mother, do you not hear?
Mother, they come; there is news to tell!
—Give me your hands, my daughter dear:
Tis a tall ship that saileth well.

Mother dear, have a care, give heed!
—They go, my daughter, away they speed.
Mother, the danger is sore, alas!
—Child, my child, it will quickly pass.

Mother, mother, She draweth near!
—It is down in the harbour, daughter dear.
Mother, mother, She opens the door!
—Child, they go, to return no more.

Mother, She enters! I am afraid!
—Child, they now have the anchor weighed.
Mother, I hear Her speaking low.
—Child, my child, it is they that go.

Mother, She makes the stars go dark!
—Child, 'tis the sails of a shadowy bark.
Mother, She knocks at the casements still!
—Child, it may be they are fastened ill....

Mother, mother, my sight grows dim....
—Child, they sail for the open sea.
On every hand I can see but Him....
—Daughter, what is it, and who is He?

XII

Now your lamps are all alight,
—The sun's in the garden on every side
Now your lamps are all alight;
The sun through every chink is bright:
Open the doors on the garden wide!

The keys of the doors are lost one and all,
We must be patient what e'er befall;
The keys they fell from the tower on high.
We must be patient whate'er befall,
Wait and wait as the days go by.

The days to be will open the doors,
The keys are safe in the forest wide.
The forest blazes on every side;
The light of the dying leafage pours
Blazing bright beneath the doors.

The days to be already ail,
The days to be they fear and fail,
The days to be will never come;
For day by day will die as we,
Die as we in this our tomb.

XIII

Sisters, sisters, thirty years
I sought where he might be;
Thirty years I sought for him:
Never did I see.

Thirty years the way I trod;
Long the road and hot;
Sisters, he was everywhere,
He who yet is not.

Sisters, sad the hour and late,
My sandal's thongs unpick.
Even as I the evening dies,
And my soul is sick.

You whose years are seventeen,
Forth and seek him too;
Sisters, sisters, take my staff,
Seek the whole world through.

XIV

There were three sisters fain to die.
Her crown of gold each putteth on,
And forth to seek their death they're gone.

They wander to the forest forth:
"Give us our death, O forest old,
For here are our three crowns of gold."

The forest broke into a smile,
And kisses gave to each twice twain,
That showed them all the future plain.

There were three sisters fain to die:
They wandered forth to seek the sea:
They found it after summers three.

"Give us our death, thou ocean old,
For here are our three crowns of gold."
Then the ocean began to weep:

Three hundred kisses it gave the three,
And all the past was plain to see.
There were three sisters fain to die,

To find the city they sought awhile;
They found it midmost of an isle.

"Give us our death, thou city old,
For here are our three crowns of gold."

The city opened then and there,
And covered them with kisses dear
That showed them all the present clear.

XV

Canticle of the Virgin in "Sister Beatrice"^[1]

I hold, to every sin,
To every soul that weeps,
My hands with pardon filled
Out of the starry deeps.

There is no sin that lives
When love hath vigil kept;
There is no soul that mourns
When love but once hath wept.

And tho' on many paths
Of earth love lose its way,
Its tears will find me out
And shall not go astray.

[1] Reprinted from "Soeur Beatrice." The translation is reprinted, by kind permission of Messrs Geo. Allen & Unwin, from my version of "Sister Beatrice: and Ardiane and Barbe Bleue," published by them.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™

concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of

the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state’s laws.

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation’s website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support

and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.