

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Poems, 1914-1919, by Maurice Baring

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, 1914-1919

Author: Maurice Baring

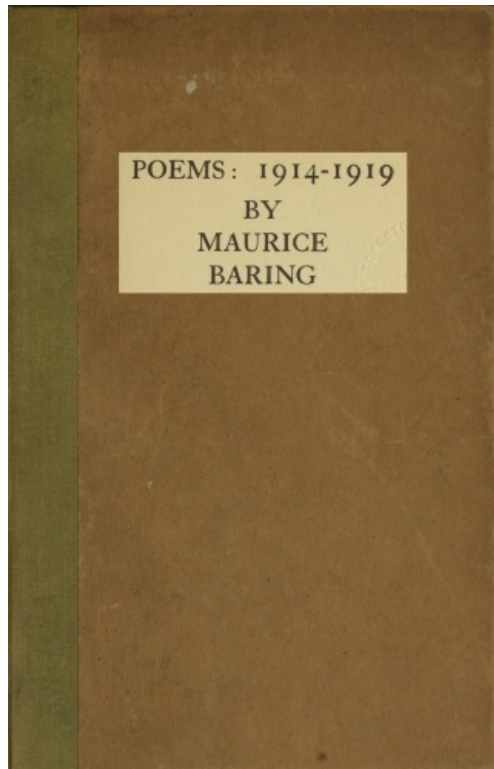
Release date: June 4, 2016 [EBook #52236]

Most recently updated: January 24, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Chuck Greif, Bryan Ness and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images available by The Internet Archive/Canadian Libraries)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS, 1914-1919 ***



POEMS: 1914-1919

*OTHER WORKS BY
MAURICE BARING*

WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA
A YEAR IN RUSSIA
THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE
THE MAINSPRINGS OF RUSSIA
LANDMARKS IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE
RUSSIAN ESSAYS AND STUDIES
AN OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE
ORPHEUS IN MAYFAIR
DEAD LETTERS
DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS
LOST DIARIES
FORGET-ME-NOT AND LILY OF THE VALLEY
THE GLASS MENDER
THE GREY STOCKING
COLLECTED POEMS
ROUND THE WORLD IN ANY NUMBER OF DAYS
R.F.C. H.Q.

POEMS: 1914-1919

BY

MAURICE

BARING

LONDON
MARTIN SECKER

LONDON: MARTIN SECKER (LTD) 1920

To
N.L.

CONTENTS

In Memoriam A.H.,	11
Diffugere Nives, 1917,	19
Julian Grenfell,	22
Pierre,	23
Icarus,	24
Epitaph,	25
August, 1918,	26
Vita Nuova,	29
Italy,	31
Seville,	32
Greece,	33
Russia,	34
A June Night in Russia,	35
Harvest in Russia,	36
Dostoyevsky,	37
Beethoven,	38
Mozart,	39
Wagner,	40
Shelley,	41
Phèdre,	42
The Wounded,	43
Sonnets: 1913-1914,	47
Elegy on the Death of Juliet's Owl,	55
Le Prince Errant,	57

ERRATA.

Page 19, line 13 for, read;
Page 25, line 2 for latest, read last
Page 43, line 13 for obedient to, read remembering

The Sonnet on page 24 has been translated from the French.

1915-1918

έν Τροίη απόλουντο, φιλης από πατρίδος αίης

IN MEMORIAM, A.H.

(Auberon Herbert, Captain Lord Lucas, R.F.C.; killed November 3, 1916.)

Νωμάται δ'έν άτρυγέτω χάει

THE wind had blown away the rain
That all day long had soaked the level plain.
Against the horizon's fiery wrack,
The sheds loomed black.
And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,
The streaming clouds, shot-riddled banners, wet
With the flickering storm,

Drifted and smouldered, warm
With flashes sent
From the lower firmament.
And they concealed—
They only here and there through rifts revealed
A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,
A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said:
That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread
Were like the fanciful imaginings
That the young painter flings
Upon the canvas bold,
Such as the sage and the old
Make mock at, saying it could never be
And you assented also, laughingly.
I wondered what they meant,
That flaming firmament,
Those clouds so grey so gold, so wet so warm,
So much of glory and so much of storm,
The end of the world, or the end
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my friend.

Alas! it meant not this, it meant not that:
It meant that now the last time you and I
Should look at the golden sky,
And the dark fields large and flat,
And smell the evening weather,
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.

The last, last time. We nevermore should meet
In France or London street,
Or fields of home. The desolated space
Of life shall nevermore
Be what it was before.
No one shall take your place.
No other face
Can fill that empty frame.
There is no answer when we call your name.
We cannot hear your step upon the stair.
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.
Something is broken which we cannot mend.
God has done more than take away a friend
In taking you; for all that we have left
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.
There is none like you. Yet not that alone
Do we bemoan;
But this; that you were greater than the rest,
And better than the best.

O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song,
The forest's nursling and the favoured child
Of woodlands wild—
O brother to the birds and all things free,
Captain of liberty!
Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown;
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet;
We wondered could you tarry long,
And brook for long the cramping street,
Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn
The crowded market-place—and not return?
You found a sterner guide;
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,
Your dreams were laid aside;
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire
Upon a burning pyre;
You gave your service to the exalted need,
Until at last from bondage freed,
At liberty to serve as you loved best,
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,
After the winter of war,
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,
After such night of ravage and of rain,
You shall not come again.
You shall not come to taste the old Spring weather,
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.
We shall be there, alas!
But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth.

Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew
More fiercely for us than the need of you?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said
That you were missing, "missing, missing—dead":
I cried when in the morning I awoke,
And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak;
But when I saw the sun,
And knew another day had just begun,
I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot
The nightmare's ugly blot.
So was the dream forgot. The dream came true.
Before the night I knew
That you had flown away into the air
Forever. Then I cheated my despair.
I said
That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.
Alas! I knew
Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,
There came the certain news that you were dead
You had died fighting, fighting against odds,
Such as in war the gods
Æthereal dared when all the world was young;
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,
Nor Hector nor Achilles never knew;
High in the empty blue.

High, high, above the clouds, against the setting sun,
The fight was fought, and your great task was done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last
The bravest was and best;
Meet ending to a long embattled past,
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,
Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,
And diadem of honourable death;
Swift Death aflame with offering supreme
And mighty sacrifice,
More than all mortal dream;
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate;
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.
Surely with soul elate,
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,
And surely your prophetic spirit knew
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,
No burning Might-have-been,
No bitter after-taste,
None to censure, none to screen,
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent;
Only content, content beyond content,
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, Who had made you valiant, strong and swift,
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,
Gave back your youth to you,
And packed in moments rare and few
Achievements manifold
And happiness untold,
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.
He let you leave a name
To shine on the entablatures of truth,
Forever:
To sound forever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags
Of clouds, like tattered flags,
Concealed; you reached the walls of chrysolite,
The mansions white;
And losing all, you gained the civic crown
Of that eternal town,
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you
In that high place;
You met there face to face
Those you had never known, but whom you knew;

Knights of the Table Round,
And all the very brave, the very true,
With chivalry crowned;
The captains rare,
Courteous and brave beyond our human air;
Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,
Now free from the world's touch.
And with them were the friends of yesterday,
Who went before and pointed you the way;
And in that place of freshness, light and rest,

Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep
Over their King's long sleep,
Surely they made a place for you,
Their long-expected guest,
Among the chosen few,
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall
You hear the trumpet's call,
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,
Re-echo through the deep
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,
And with a shout to hail
The sunrise on the city of the Grail:
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell
Missed more than all the joys that he forwent.
You hear the solemn bell
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled;
And then you know that somewhere in the world,
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,
They think of you, and when you think of them
You know that they will wipe away their tears,
And cast aside their fears;
That they will have it so,
And in no otherwise;
That it is well with them because they know,
With faithful eyes,
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,
That it is well with you,
Among the chosen few,
Among the very brave, the very true.

DIFFUGERE NIVES, 1917

The snows have fled, the hail, the lashing rain,
Before the Spring.
The grass is starred with buttercups again,
The blackbirds sing.

Now spreads the month that feast of lovely things
We loved of old.
Once more the swallow glides with darkling wings
Against the gold.

Now the brown bees about the peach trees boom
Upon the walls;
And far away beyond the orchard's bloom
The cuckoo calls.

The season holds a festival of light,
For you, for me,
The shadows are abroad, there falls a blight
On each green tree.

And every leaf unfolding, every flower
Brings bitter need;
Beauty of the morning and the evening hour
Quickens our need.

All is reborn, but never any Spring
Can bring back this;
Nor any fullness of midsummer bring
The voice we miss.

The smiling eyes shall smile on us no more;
The laughter clear,
Too far away on the forbidden shore,
We shall not hear.

Bereft of these until the day we die,
We both must dwell;
Alone, alone, and haunted by the cry:
"Hail and farewell!"

Yet when the scythe of Death shall near us hiss
Through the cold air,
Then on the shuddering marge of the abyss
They will be there.

They will be there to lift us from sheer space
And empty night;
And we shall turn and see them face to face
In the new light.

So shall we pay the unabated price
Of their release,
And found on our consenting sacrifice
Their lasting peace.

The hopes that fall like leaves before the wind,
The baffling waste,
And every earthly joy that leaves behind
A mortal taste.

The uncompleted end of all things dear,
The clanging door
Of Death, forever loud with the last fear,
Haunt them no more.

Without them the awakening world is dark
With dust and mire;
Yet as they went they flung to us a spark,
A thread of fire.

To guide us while beneath the sombre skies
Faltering we tread,
Until for us like morning stars shall rise
The deathless dead.

BECAUSE of you we will be glad and gay,
Remembering you, we will be brave and strong;
And hail the advent of each dangerous day,
And meet the last adventure with a song.
And, as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,
We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,
Nor falter on that path where, all too swift,
You led the way and leapt the golden stile.

Whether new paths, new heights to climb you find,
Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,
We know you know we shall not lag behind,
Nor halt to waste a moment on a fear;
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,
And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

PIERRE

I SAW you starting for another war,
The emblem of adventure and of youth,
So that men trembled, saying: "He forsooth
Has gone, has gone, and shall return no more."
And then out there, they told me you were dead,
Taken and killed; how was it that I knew,
Whatever else was true, that was not true?
And then I saw you pale upon your bed,

Scarcely two years ago, when you were sent
Back from the margin of the dim abyss;
For Death had sealed you with a warning kiss,
And let you go to meet a nobler fate:
To serve in fellowship, O fortunate:
To die in battle with your regiment.

ICARUS

HERE fell the daring Icarus in his prime,
He who was brave enough to scale the skies;
And here bereft of plumes his body lies,
Leaving the valiant envious of that climb.
O rare performance of a soul sublime,
That with small loss such great advantage buys!
Happy mishap! fraught with so rich a prize,
That bids the vanquished triumph over time.

So new a path his youth did not dismay,
His wings but not his noble heart said nay;
He had the glorious sun for funeral fire;
He died upon a high adventure bent;
The sea his grave, his goal the firmament.
Great is the tomb, but greater the desire.

EPITAPH

HERE murdered by the frenzied, not the free,
Lies the latest monarch of a star-crossed line;
Anointed Emperor by right divine,
From Arctic icefields to the Aral sea,
From Warsaw to the walls of Tartary.
His country's travail claimed a high design;
Too stubborn to respond, he shrank supine
Before the large demand of destiny.

Bereft of crown, and throne, and hearth and name,
Grief lent him majesty, and suffering
Gave him a more than regal diadem.
His people kissed the desecrated hem
Of robes not now of splendour but of shame,
And knelt before their undiminished King.

AUGUST, 1918

(In a French Village.)

I HEAR the tinkling of the cattle bell,
In the broad stillness of the afternoon;
High in the cloudless haze the harvest moon
Is pallid as the phantom of a shell.
A girl is drawing water from a well,
I hear the clatter of her wooden shoon;
Two mothers to their sleeping babies croon,
And the hot village feels the drowsy spell.

Sleep, child, the Angel of Death his wings has spread;
His engines scour the land, the sea, the sky;
And all the weapons of Hell's armoury
Are ready for the blood that is their bread;
And many a thousand men to-night must die,
So many that they will not count the Dead.

POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE THE WAR

VITA NUOVA

I WATCHED you in the distance tall and pale,
Like a swift swallow in a pearly sky;
Your eyelids drooped like petals wearily,
Your face was like a lily of the vale.
You had the softness of all Summer days,
The silver radiance of the twilight hour,
The mystery of bluebell-haunted ways,
The passion of the white syringa's flower.

I watched you, and I knew that I had found
The long-delaying, long-expected Spring;
I knew my heart had found a tune to sing;
That strength to soar was in my spirit's wing;
That life was full of a triumphant sound,
That death could only be a little thing.

Ω Κάλα, ὦ χάριεσσα

I saw you by the Summer candlelight:—
You put to shame the sparkle of the gems,
The lights, the flashing of the diadems,
The moon and all the stars of Summer night.
I saw you in the radiant morning hour:—
You put to shame the white rose and the red;
Your chiselled lips, your little lovely head,
Were fairer than the petals of a flower.

And on the shaven surface of the lawn,
You moved like music, and you smiled like dawn,—
The leaves, the flowers, the dragon-flies, the dew,
Beside you seemed the stuff of coarser clay;
And all the glory of the Summer day
A background for the wonder that was you.

ITALY

THE almond trees of Tuscany in flower,
Narcissus and the tulip growing wild;
White oxen; and like a lily undefiled,
Beyond the misty plain, the marble tower;
The roses and the corn upon the hill,
The Judas-tree against the solid blue;
The fire-flies, and the downy owl's too-whooh,
Thy Aziola, Shelley, plaintive still.

The lisp of Baiæ's phosphorescent foam;
And Venice like a bubble made of dew,
A shell transfigured with the rainbow's hue;
The Appian Way beneath a sullen sky,
(The shepherd's pipe is like a seagull's cry)
And in a silver rift, eternal Rome.

SEVILLE

THE orange blossoms in the Alcazar,
Where roses and syringas are in flower;
The blinding glory of the morning hour;
The eyes that gleam behind a twisted bar;
The women on the balconies,—a smile;
The barrel-organs, and the blazing heat;
The awning hanging high across the street;
A dark mantilla in a sombre aisle.

A fountain tinkling in a shady court;
The gold arena of the bull-ring's feast;
The coloured crowd acclaiming perilous sport;
The sudden silence when they hold their breath,
While the *torero* gently plays with death,
And flicks the horns of the tremendous beast.

GREECE

THE Spring had scattered poppies on the land,
The Spring was saying her secret to the breeze;
In the translucent shallows of green seas,
A fisherman, a trident in his hand,
Was casting shining fishes to the sand,
And wading in the water to his knees;
And still I hear the crickets and the bees,
The hidden hoofs, the ringing saraband.

I see the temples above the breaking foam,
The pillars pink as dawn in the silver dust;
The Parthenon at sunset large and dim,
Smouldering against the purple mountain's crust;
And far away on the ocean's blazing rim,
The phantom ship that brought Ulysses home.

RUSSIA

WHAT can the secret link between us be?
Why does your song's unresting ebb and flow
Speak to me in a language that I know?
Why does the burden of your mystery
Come like the message of a friend to me?
Why do I love your vasts of corn or snow,
The tears and laughter of your sleepless woe,
The murmur of your brown immensity?

I cannot say, I only know that when
I hear your soldiers singing in the street,
I know it is with you that I would dwell;
And when I see your peasants reaping wheat,
Your children playing on the road, your men
At prayer before a shrine, I wish them well.

A JUNE NIGHT IN RUSSIA

A CONCERT. Hark to the prelude's opening bar!
Played by the sheep bells tinkling on the hill;
Dogs bark and frogs are croaking near the mill,
The watchman's rattle beats the time afar.
Like water bubbling in a magic jar,
The nightingale begins a liquid trill,
Another answers; and the world's so still,
You'd think that you could hear that falling star.

I scarcely see for light the stars that swim
Aloof in skies not dark but only dim.
The women's voices echo far away.
And on the road two lovers sing a song:
They sing the joy of love that lasts a day:
The sorrow of love that lasts a whole life long.

HARVEST IN RUSSIA

THE breeze has come at last. The day was long;
And in the lustrous air the dark bats fly;
And Hark! It is the reapers passing by,
I hear the burden of their peaceful song.
A voice intones; and swift the answering throng
Take up the theme and build the harmony;
The music swells and soars into the sky
And dies away intense, and clear and strong.

Now through the trees the stately shapes I see
Of women with the attributes of toil,
Calm in their sacerdotal majesty;
And backward, through the drifting mist of years,
I see the festal rites that blessed the soil,
As old as the first drop of mortal tears.

DOSTOYEVSKY

YOU healed the sore, you made the fearful brave,
They bless you for your lasting legacy;
The balm, the tears, the fragrant charity
You sought and treasured in your living grave.
The gifts you humbly took you greatly gave,
For solace of the soul in agony,
When through the bars the brutal passions pry,
And mock the bonds of the celestial slave.

You wandered in the uttermost abyss;
And there, amidst the ashes and the dust,
You spoke no word of anger or of pride;
You found the prints of steps divine to kiss;
You looked right upwards to the stars, you cried:
"Hosanna to the Lord, for He is just."

BEETHOVEN

MORE mighty than the hosts of mortal kings,
I hear the legions gathering to their goal;
The tramping millions drifting from one pole,
The march, the counter-march, the flank that swings.
I hear the beating of tremendous wings,
The shock of battle and the drums that roll;
And far away the solemn belfries toll,
And in the field the careless shepherd sings.

There is an end unto the longest day.
The echoes of the fighting die away.
The evening breathes a benediction mild.
The sunset fades. There is no need to weep,
For night has come, and with the night is sleep,
And now the fiercest foes are reconciled.

MOZART

THE sunshine, and the grace of falling rain,
The fluttering daffodil, the lilt of bees,
The blossom on the boughs of almond trees,
The waving of the wheat upon the plain—
And all that knows not effort, strife or strain,
And all that bears the signature of ease,
The plunge of ships that dance before the breeze
The flight across the twilight of the crane:
And all that joyous is, and young, and free,
That tastes of morning and the laughing surf;
The dawn, the dew, the newly turned-up turf,
The sudden smile, the unexpressive prayer,
The artless art, the untaught dignity,—
You speak them in the passage of an air.

WAGNER

O STRANGE awakening to a world of gloom,
And baffled moonbeams and delirious stars,
Of souls that moan behind forbidden bars,
And waving forests swept by wings of doom;
Of heroes falling in unhappy fight,
And winged messengers from eyries dim;
And mountains ringed with flame, and shapes that swim
In the deep river's green translucent night.

O restless soul, for ever seeking bliss,
Thirsty for ever and unsatisfied,
Whether the woodland starts to the echoing horn,
Or dying Tristram moans by shores forlorn,
Or Siegfried rides through fire to wake his bride,
And shakes the whirling planets with a kiss.

SHELLEY

SINGER of cloud and star and rushing stream,
Let me bring but one garland to thy shrine,
For when a boy I drank of the dews divine
That in thy rainbow-coloured chalice gleam.
I scaled the silver ladder of thy dream,
And dizzy with the wonder of that wine,
I heard the song, and saw the eyes that shine
Unveiled, within the sanctuary supreme.

Then, like Actæon I became the prey,
The hunted quarry of remorseless hounds;
Hark! in the distance I can hear them bay!
But in my heart the vision and the voice
Endure; and though they slay me, I rejoice—
I saw that light, I heard those starry sounds.

PHÈDRE

HER gesture is the soaring of a hymn,
Her voice has robbed the spoil of Hybla's bees;
And like the frozen music of a frieze,
Calm, as she moves majestic, every limb.
Clear as a crystal beaker's sounding rim,
Her heart gives voice to sobbing melodies,
And her frame trembles, swept by passion's breeze,
And sultry clouds her blazing eyes bedim.

A faery caught in her own fatal snare,
A wounded eagle struggling to be free,
Whose Kingdom was the snow and the sun's flame
More queenly than all empresses is she,
Discrowned albeit, defeated and in despair;
The stricken lily puts the rose to shame.

THE WOUNDED

THE wounded lie and groan upon the plain;
And one there is whom it is vain to lift;
So give him water. It is the last gift,
And very soon he shall not thirst again.
All white and gold the Chief with a troop of horse
Trots by. The soldier opens smiling eyes;
And at the latest gasp of life he cries:
"Long live!" with all his feeble flickering force.
Before he said his say he died content.
And we, the wounded on life's battlefield,
Enrolled and sent to war to fight and die,
When conquered by our mortal wound, we cry
"Long live!" obedient to our sacrament,
When God with all His universe rides by.

Manchuria, 1904.

SONNETS: 1913-1914

I

I SAW you smiling over broken flowers,
Yourself a flower unbroken and more rare
Than petals that make sweet the moonlit air,
And load with scent the Summer's golden hours.
Your perfect head, the ripple of your hair,
Like the soft sun that shines through April showers,
Leans from a fairyland of twinkling towers,
And beckons me to an enchanted stair.

Your eyes, your eyes, divide me from my sleep;
The echo of your laughter makes me weep,
You fill the measureless world, you frailest thing!
And in the silence of my deepest dream,
Your beauty wanders like a whispering stream,
And brushes past me like an angel's wing.

II

TO-NIGHT the thoughts of you drift round my bed
Like thistledown; I weave them into rhymes;
And as I fall to sleep I hear their chimes
Building sweet music high above my head,
And prayers and poems all in praise of you;
And, happy in my fading dream, I say:
"There will be something ready with the day
To send to her, to speak for me, to sue."

But when the morning comes, the nimble words
Have fled into the air like frightened birds,
That answer my soft whistle with a scream;
And only the recalcitrant thoughts remain;
The baffled blind desire to find again
The accents that were docile in my dream.

III

I THINK God made your soul for better things
Than idly laughing with the noisy crew.
I think He meant the spirit that is you
To soar above the world with silver wings;
To hear the music of celestial strings;
To keep the flame within you always true
Unto your own high pole; and pure as dew
The fountain that within you sometimes sings.

I think you are an exile in the noise
Of busy markets; alien to the toys
That dazzle others, firing them with greed;
And, like a seagull, lost upon the land,
You long for the large breakers and the sand,
The strong salt air, the surf, the drifting weed.

IV

THE world was waiting for the thunder's birth,
To-day, and cloud was piled on sullen cloud:
Then strong, and straight, and clean, and cool, and loud
The rain came down, and drenched the stifling earth.
The heavy clouds have lifted and rolled by;
The riotous wet leaves with music ring,
And now the nightingale begins to sing,
And tender as a rose-leaf is the sky.

I wonder if some day this stifling care
That weighs upon my heart will fall in showers?
I wonder if the hot and heavy hours
Will roll away and leave such limpid air,
And if my soul will riot in the rain,
And sing as gladly as that bird again?

V

I PICKED this cornflower in the rustling rye,
These briar roses from a luscious hedge,
This purple iris in the woodland sedge.
It was the quaver of the dragon-fly,
Dropped like a piece of azure from the sky,
That led me to that pool amongst the trees—
And there I lay and listened to the bees,
And murmured sadly to myself: "Good-bye."

Good-bye! these perished petals that I send
Will tell you that this truly is the end;
Good-bye to you and to the golden hours.
These briar roses grew beside the stream—
No, no! I shall not send you faded flowers—
I need them for the grave of my lost dream.

Sosnofka, June 1914

1914-1915

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JULIET'S OWL

JULIET has lost her little downy owl,
The bird she loved more than all other birds
He was a darling bird, so white, so wise,
Like a monk hooded in a snowy cowl,
With sun-shy scholar's eyes,
He hooted softly in diminished thirds;
And when he asked for mice,
He took refusal with a silent pride—
And never pleaded twice.
He was a wondrous bird, as dignified
As any Diplomat
That ever sat
By the round table of a Conference.

He was delicious, lovable and soft.
He understood the meaning of the night,
And read the riddle of the smiling stars.
When he took flight,
And roosted high aloft,
Beyond the shrubbery and the garden fence,
He would return and seek his safer bars,
All of his own accord; and he would plead
Forgiveness for the trouble and the search,
And for the anxious heart he caused to bleed,
And settle once again upon his perch,
And utter a propitiating note,
And take the heart
Of Juliet by his pretty winning ways.
His was the art
Of pleasing without effort easily.
His fluffy throat,
His sage round eye,
Sad with old knowledge, bright with young amaze,
Where are they now? ah! where?
Perchance in the pale halls of Hecate,
Or in the poplars of Elysium,
He wanders careless and completely free.
But in the regions dumb,
And in the pallid air,
He will not find a sweet, caressing hand
Like Juliet's; not in all that glimmering land
Shall he behold a silver planet rise
As splendid as the light of Juliet's eyes.
Therefore in weeping with you, Juliet,
Oh! let us not forget,
To drop with sprigs of rosemary and rue,
A not untimely tear
Upon the bier,
Of him who lost so much in losing you.

LE PRINCE ERRANT

I AM the Prince of unremembered towers
Destroyed before the birth of Babylon;
And I was there when all the forest shone
While pale Medea culled her deadly flowers.
I heard the iron weeping of the King,
When Orpheus sang to life his buried joy;
And I beheld upon the walls of Troy
The woman who made of death a little thing.

I heard the horn that shook the mountain tall,
When Roland lay a-dying, and the call
That fevered Tristram whispered o'er the sea,
And brought Iseult of Cornwall to his side.
I saw the Queen of Egypt like a bride
Go glorious to her dead Mark Antony.

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.