

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of Lyrics of Earth

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](http://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.

Title: Lyrics of Earth

Author: Archibald Lampman

Release date: June 1, 2004 [eBook #12664]

Most recently updated: December 15, 2020

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Andrew Sly.

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LYRICS OF EARTH \*\*\*

This htm version produced by Thierry Alberto, Jana Srna and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by the Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions ([www.canadiana.org](http://www.canadiana.org)))

# LYRICS OF EARTH

BY

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN



BOSTON  
COPELAND AND DAY  
MDCCCXCV

Copyright by Copeland and Day, 1895.

## CONTENTS

The Sweetness of Life	<a href="#">5</a>
God-speed to the Snow	<a href="#">7</a>
April in the Hills	<a href="#">8</a>
Forest Moods	<a href="#">9</a>
The Return of the Year	<a href="#">10</a>
Favorites of Pan	<a href="#">11</a>
The Meadow	<a href="#">14</a>
In May	<a href="#">17</a>
Life and Nature	<a href="#">19</a>
With the Night	<a href="#">20</a>
June	<a href="#">21</a>
Distance	<a href="#">24</a>
The Bird and the Hour	<a href="#">25</a>
After Rain	<a href="#">25</a>
Cloud-break	<a href="#">27</a>
The Moon-path	<a href="#">28</a>
Comfort of the Fields	<a href="#">29</a>
At the Ferry	<a href="#">32</a>
September	<a href="#">35</a>
A Re-assurance	<a href="#">38</a>
The Poet's Possession	<a href="#">39</a>
An Autumn Landscape	<a href="#">39</a>
In November	<a href="#">40</a>
By an Autumn Stream	<a href="#">42</a>

Snowbirds	<a href="#">44</a>
Snow	<a href="#">45</a>
Sunset	<a href="#">46</a>
Winter-store	<a href="#">48</a>
The Sun Cup	<a href="#">56</a>

---

## TO MY MOTHER

Mother, to whose valiant will,  
    Battling long ago,  
What the heaping years fulfil,  
    Light and song, I owe;  
Send my little book a-field,  
    Fronting praise or blame  
With the shining flag and shield  
    Of your name.

---

## THE SWEETNESS OF LIFE

[5]

It fell on a day I was happy,  
    And the winds, the concave sky,  
The flowers and the beasts in the meadow  
    Seemed happy even as I;  
And I stretched my hands to the meadow,  
    To the bird, the beast, the tree:  
"Why are ye all so happy?"  
    I cried, and they answered me.

What sayest thou, Oh meadow,  
    That stretches so wide, so far,  
That none can say how many  
    Thy misty marguerites are?  
And what say ye, red roses,  
    That o'er the sun-blanced wall  
From your high black-shadowed trellis  
    Like flame or blood-drops fall?  
    "We are born, we are reared, and  
        we linger  
    A various space and die;  
We dream, and are bright and  
    happy,  
    But we cannot answer why."

What sayest thou, Oh shadow,  
    That from the dreaming hill  
All down the broadening valley  
    Liest so sharp and still?  
And thou, Oh murmuring brooklet,  
    Whereby in the noonday gleam  
The loosestrife burns like ruby,

[6]

And the branchèd asters dream?

"We are born, we are reared, and  
we linger

A various space and die;

We dream and are very happy,

But we cannot answer why."

And then of myself I questioned,

That like a ghost the while

Stood from me and calmly answered,

With slow and curious smile:

"Thou art born as the flowers, and wilt  
linger

Thine own short space and die;

Thou dream'st and art strangely happy,

But thou canst not answer why."

---

## GOD-SPEED TO THE SNOW

[7]

March is slain; the keen winds fly;  
Nothing more is thine to do;  
April kisses thee good-bye;  
Thou must haste and follow too;  
Silent friend that guarded well  
Withered things to make us glad,  
Shyest friend that could not tell  
Half the kindly thought he had.  
Haste thee, speed thee, O kind snow;  
Down the dripping valleys go,  
From the fields and gleaming meadows,  
Where the slaying hours behold thee,  
From the forests whose slim shadows,  
Brown and leafless cannot fold thee,  
Through the cedar lands aflame  
With gold light that cleaves and quivers,  
Songs that winter may not tame,  
Drone of pines and laugh of rivers.  
May thy passing joyous be  
To thy father, the great sea,  
For the sun is getting stronger;  
Earth hath need of thee no longer;  
Go, kind snow, God-speed to thee!

---

## APRIL IN THE HILLS

[8]

To-day the world is wide and fair  
With sunny fields of lucid air,  
And waters dancing everywhere;  
The snow is almost gone;  
The noon is builded high with light,  
And over heaven's liquid height,

In steady fleets serene and white,  
The happy clouds go on.

The channels run, the bare earth steams,  
And every hollow rings and gleams  
With jetting falls and dashing streams;  
The rivers burst and fill;  
The fields are full of little lakes,  
And when the romping wind awakes  
The water ruffles blue and shakes,  
And the pines roar on the hill.

The crows go by, a noisy throng;  
About the meadows all day long  
The shore-lark drops his brittle song;  
And up the leafless tree  
The nut-hatch runs, and nods, and clings;  
The bluebird dips with flashing wings,  
The robin flutes, the sparrow sings,  
And the swallows float and flee.

I break the spirit's cloudy bands,  
A wanderer in enchanted lands,  
I feel the sun upon my hands;  
And far from care and strife  
The broad earth bids me forth. I rise  
With lifted brow and upward eyes.  
I bathe my spirit in blue skies,  
And taste the springs of life.

[9]

I feel the tumult of new birth;  
I waken with the wakening earth;  
I match the bluebird in her mirth;  
And wild with wind and sun,  
A treasurer of immortal days,  
I roam the glorious world with praise,  
The hillsides and the woodland ways,  
Till earth and I are one.

---

## FOREST MOODS

There is singing of birds in the deep wet  
woods,  
In the heart of the listening solitudes,  
Pewees, and thrushes, and sparrows, not  
few,  
And all the notes of their throats are true.

The thrush from the innermost ash takes on  
A tender dream of the treasured and gone;  
But the sparrow singeth with pride and cheer  
Of the might and light of the present and  
here.

There is shining of flowers in the deep wet  
woods,  
In the heart of the sensitive solitudes,  
The roseate bell and the lily are there,  
And every leaf of their sheaf is fair.

Careless and bold, without dream of woe,  
The trilliums scatter their flags snow;  
But the pale wood-daffodil covers her face,  
Agloom with the doom of a sorrowful race.

[10]

---

## THE RETURN OF THE YEAR

Again the warm bare earth, the noon  
That hangs upon her healing scars,  
The midnight round, the great red moon,  
The mother with her brood of stars,

The mist-rack and the wakening rain  
Blown soft in many a forest way,  
The yellowing elm-trees, and again  
The blood-root in its sheath of gray.

The vesper-sparrow's song, the stress  
Of yearning notes that gush and stream,  
The lyric joy, the tenderness,  
And once again the dream! the dream!

A touch of far-off joy and power,  
A something it is life to learn,  
Comes back to earth, and one short hour  
The glammers of the gods return.

This life's old mood and cult of care  
Falls smitten by an older truth,  
And the gray world wins back to her  
The rapture of her vanished youth.

Dead thoughts revive, and he that heeds  
Shall hear, as by a spirit led,  
A song among the golden reeds:  
"The gods are vanished but not dead!"

[11]

For one short hour; unseen yet near,  
They haunt us, a forgotten mood,  
A glory upon mead and mere,  
A magic in the leafless wood.

At morning we shall catch the glow  
Of Dian's quiver on the hill,  
And somewhere in the glades I know  
That Pan is at his piping still.

---

## FAVORITES OF PAN

Once, long ago, before the gods  
Had left this earth, by stream and forest  
glade,  
Where the first plough upturned the clinging  
sods,  
Or the lost shepherd strayed,

Often to the tired listener's ear  
There came at noonday or beneath the  
stars  
A sound, he knew not whence, so sweet and  
clear,  
That all his aches and scars

And every brooded bitterness,  
Fallen asunder from his soul took  
flight,  
Like mist or darkness yielding to the press  
Of an unnamed delight,—

A sudden brightness of the heart,  
A magic fire drawn down from  
Paradise,  
That rent the cloud with golden gleam apart,  
—  
And far before his eyes

[12]

The loveliness and calm of earth  
Lay like a limitless dream remote and  
strange,  
The joy, the strife, the triumph and the  
mirth,  
And the enchanted change;

And so he followed the sweet sound,  
Till faith had traversed her appointed  
span,  
And murmured as he pressed the sacred  
ground:  
"It is the note of Pan!"

Now though no more by marsh or stream  
Or dewy forest sounds the secret reed  
—

For Pan is gone— Ah yet, the infinite dream  
Still lives for them that heed.

In April, when the turning year  
Regains its pensive youth, and a soft  
breath  
And amorous influence over marsh and  
mere  
Dissolves the grasp of death,

To them that are in love with life,

Wandering like children with  
untroubled eyes,  
Far from the noise of cities and the strife,  
Strange flute-like voices rise

At noon and in the quiet of the night  
From every watery waste; and in that  
hour  
The same strange spell, the same unnamed  
delight,  
Enfolds them in its power.

[13]

An old-world joyousness supreme,  
The warmth and glow of an immortal  
balm,  
The mood-touch of the gods, the endless  
dream,  
The high lethean calm.

They see, wide on the eternal way,  
The services of earth, the life of man;  
And, listening to the magic cry they say:  
"It is the note of Pan!"

For, long ago, when the new strains  
Of hostile hymns and conquering faiths  
grew keen,  
And the old gods from their deserted fanes,  
Fled silent and unseen,

So, too, the goat-foot Pan, not less  
Sadly obedient to the mightier hand,  
Cut him new reeds, and in a sore distress  
Passed out from land to land;

And lingering by each haunt he knew,  
Of fount or sinuous stream or grassy  
marge,  
He set the syrinx to his lips, and blew  
A note divinely large;

And all around him on the wet  
Cool earth the frogs came up, and with  
a smile  
He took them in his hairy hands, and set  
His mouth to theirs awhile,

[14]

And blew into their velvet throats;  
And ever from that hour the frogs  
repeat  
The murmur of Pan's pipes, the notes,  
And answers strange and sweet;

And they that hear them are renewed  
By knowledge in some god-like touch  
conveyed,  
Entering again into the eternal mood,  
Wherein the world was made.



## THE MEADOW

Here when the cloudless April days begin,  
    And the quaint crows flock thicker  
        day by day,  
Filling the forests with a pleasant din,  
    And the soiled snow creeps  
        secretly away,  
Comes the small busy sparrow, primed with  
    glee,  
    First preacher in the naked  
        wilderness,  
    Piping an end to all the long  
        distress  
From every fence and every leafless tree.

Now with soft slight and viewless artifice  
    Winter's iron work is wondrously  
        undone;  
In all the little hollows cored with ice  
    The clear brown pools stand  
        simmering in the sun,  
Frail lucid worlds, upon whose tremulous  
    floors  
    All day the wandering water-bugs  
        at will,  
    Shy mariners whose oars are never  
        still,  
Voyage and dream about the heightening  
    shores.

The bluebird, peeping from the gnarlèd  
    thorn,  
    Prattles upon his frolic flute, or  
        flings,  
In bounding flight across the golden morn,  
    An azure gleam from off his  
        splendid wings.  
Here the slim-pinioned swallows sweep and  
    pass  
    Down to the far-off river; the  
        black crow  
    With wise and wary visage to and  
        fro  
Settles and stalks about the withered grass.

Here, when the murmurous May-day is half  
    gone,  
    The watchful lark before my feet  
        takes flight,  
And wheeling to some lonelier field far on,  
    Drops with obstreperous cry; and  
        here at night,  
When the first star precedes the great red  
    moon,

[15]

The shore-lark tinkles from the  
darkening field,  
Somewhere, we know not, in the  
dusk concealed,  
His little creakling and continuous tune.

Here, too, the robins, lusty as of old,  
Hunt the waste grass for forage, or  
prolong  
From every quarter of these fields the bold,  
Blithe phrases of their never-  
finished song.

The white-throat's distant descant with slow  
stress

Note after note upon the noonday  
falls,  
Filling the leisured air at intervals  
With his own mood of piercing pensiveness.

How often from this windy upland perch,  
Mine eyes have seen the forest  
break in bloom,  
The rose-red maple and the golden birch,  
The dusty yellow of the elms, the  
gloom  
Of the tall poplar hung with tasseled black;  
Ah, I have watched, till eye and  
ear and brain  
Grew full of dreams as they, the  
moted plain,  
The sun-steeped wood, the marsh-land at its  
back,

The valley where the river wheels and fills,  
Yon city glimmering in its smoky  
shroud,  
And out at the last misty rim the hills  
Blue and far off and mounded like  
a cloud,  
And here the noisy rutted road that goes  
Down the slope yonder, flanked on  
either side  
With the smooth-furrowed fields  
flung black and wide,  
Patched with pale water sleeping in the  
rows.

So as I watched the crowded leaves expand,  
The bloom break sheath, the  
summer's strength uprear,  
In earth's great mother's heart already  
planned

The heaped and burgeoned plenty  
of the year,  
Even as she from out her wintry cell  
My spirit also sprang to life anew,  
And day by day as the spring's  
bounty grew,

[16]

[17]

Its conquering joy possessed me like a spell.

In reverie by day and midnight dream  
     I sought these upland fields and  
         walked apart,  
 Musing on Nature, till my thought did seem  
     To read the very secrets of her  
         heart;  
 In mooded moments earnest and sublime  
     I stored the themes of many a  
         future song,  
     Whose substance should be  
         Nature's, clear and strong,  
 Bound in a casket of majestic rhyme.

Brave bud-like plans that never reached the  
     fruit,  
     Like hers our mother's who with  
         every hour,  
 Easily replenished from the sleepless root,  
     Covers her bosom with fresh bud  
         and flower;  
 Yet I was happy as young lovers be,  
     Who in the season of their  
         passion's birth  
     Deem that they have their utmost  
         worship's worth,  
 If love be near them, just to hear and see.

## IN MAY

Grief was my master yesternight;  
     To-morrow I may grieve again;  
     But now along the windy plain  
         The clouds have taken flight.

The sowers in the furrows go;  
     The lusty river brimmeth on;  
     The curtains from the hills are  
         gone;  
     The leaves are out; and lo,

[18]

The silvery distance of the day,  
     The light horizons, and between  
     The glory of the perfect green,  
         The tumult of the May.

The bobolinks at noonday sing  
     More softly than the softest flute,  
     And lightlier than the lightest lute  
         Their fairy tambours ring.

The roads far off are towered with dust;  
     The cherry-blooms are swept and  
         thinned;

In yonder swaying elms the wind  
Is charging gust on gust.

But here there is no stir at all;  
The ministers of sun and shadow  
Horde all the perfumes of the  
meadow  
Behind a grassy wall.

An infant rivulet wind-free  
Adown the guarded hollow sets,  
Over whose brink the violets  
Are nodding peacefully.

From pool to pool it prattles by;  
The flashing swallows dip and  
pass,  
Above the tufted marish grass,  
And here at rest am I.

[19]

I care not for the old distress,  
Nor if to-morrow bid me moan;  
To-day is mine, and I have known  
An hour of blessedness.

---

## LIFE AND NATURE

I passed through the gates of the city,  
The streets were strange and still,  
Through the doors of the open churches  
The organs were moaning shrill.

Through the doors and the great high  
windows  
I heard the murmur of prayer,  
And the sound of their solemn singing  
Streamed out on the sunlit air;

A sound of some great burden  
That lay on the world's dark breast,  
Of the old, and the sick, and the lonely,  
And the weary that cried for rest.

I strayed through the midst of the city  
Like one distracted or mad.  
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,  
And the very word seemed sad.

[20]

I passed through the gates of the city,  
And I heard the small birds sing,  
I laid me down in the meadows  
Afar from the bell-ringing.

In the depth and the bloom of the meadows  
I lay on the earth's quiet breast,

The poplar fanned me with shadows,  
And the veery sang me to rest.

Blue, blue was the heaven above me,  
And the earth green at my feet;  
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,  
And the very word seemed sweet.

---

## WITH THE NIGHT

O doubts, dull passions, and base fears,  
That harassed and oppressed the day,  
Ye poor remorsees and vain tears,  
That shook this house of clay:

All heaven to the western bars  
Is glittering with the darker dawn;  
Here with the earth, the night, the stars,  
Ye have no place: begone!

[21]

---

## JUNE

Long, long ago, it seems, this summer morn  
That pale-browed April passed  
with pensive tread  
Through the frore woods, and  
from its frost-bound bed  
Woke the arbutus with her silver horn;  
And now May, too, is  
fled,  
The flower-crowned month, the merry  
laughing May,  
With rosy feet and fingers dewy  
wet,  
Leaving the woods and all cool gardens gay  
With tulips and the scented violet.

Gone are the wind-flower and the adder-  
tongue  
And the sad drooping bellwort,  
and no more  
The snowy trilliums crowd the  
forest's floor;  
The purpling grasses are no longer young,  
And summer's wide-set  
door  
O'er the thronged hills and the broad panting  
earth  
Lets in the torrent of the later  
bloom,  
Haytime, and harvest, and the after mirth,

The slow soft rain, the rushing  
thunder plume.

All day in garden alleys moist and dim, [22]  
The humid air is burdened with  
the rose;  
In moss-deep woods the creamy  
orchid blows;  
And now the vesper-sparrows' pealing hymn  
From every orchard  
close  
At eve comes flooding rich and silvery;  
The daisies in great meadows  
swing and shine;  
And with the wind a sound as of the sea  
Roars in the maples and the  
topmost pine.

High in the hills the solitary thrush  
Tunes magically his music of fine  
dreams,  
In briary dells, by boulder-broken  
streams;  
And wide and far on nebulous fields aflush  
The mellow morning  
gleams.  
The orange cone-flowers purple-bosomed are  
there,  
The meadow's bold-eyed gypsies  
deep of hue,  
And slender hawkweed tall and softly fair,  
And rosy tops of fleabane veiled  
with dew.

So with thronged voices and unhasting flight  
The fervid hours with long return  
go by;  
The far-heard hylas piping shrill  
and high  
Tell the slow moments of the solemn night  
With unremitting cry;  
Lustrous and large out of the gathering  
drouth  
The planets gleam; the baleful  
Scorpion  
Trails his dim fires along the droused south; [23]  
The silent world-incrusted round  
moves on.

And all the dim night long the moon's white  
beams  
Nestle deep down in every  
brooding tree,  
And sleeping birds, touched with a  
silly glee,  
Waken at midnight from their blissful  
dreams,  
And carol brokenly.

Dim surging motions and uneasy dreads  
Scare the light slumber from  
men's busy eyes,  
And parted lovers on their restless beds  
Toss and yearn out, and cannot  
sleep for sighs.

Oft have I striven, sweet month, to figure  
thee,  
As dreamers of old time were  
wont to feign,  
In living form of flesh, and striven  
in vain;  
Yet when some sudden old-world mystery  
Of passion fired my  
brain,  
Thy shape hath flashed upon me like no  
dream,  
Wandering with scented curls that  
heaped the breeze,  
Or by the hollow of some reeded stream  
Sitting waist-deep in white  
anemones;

And even as I glimpsed thee thou wert gone,  
A dream for mortal eyes too  
proudly coy,  
Yet in thy place for subtle  
thought's employ  
The golden magic clung, a light that shone  
And filled me with thy  
joy.

Before me like a mist that streamed and fell  
All names and shapes of antique  
beauty passed  
In garlanded procession with the swell  
Of flutes between the beechen  
stems; and last,

[24]

I saw the Arcadian valley, the loved wood,  
Alpheus stream divine, the sighing  
shore,  
And through the cool green  
glades, awake once more,  
Psyche, the white-limbed goddess, still  
pursued,  
Fleet-footed as of yore,  
The noonday ringing with her frightened peals,  
Down the bright sward and  
through the reeds she ran,  
Urged by the mountain echoes, at her heels  
The hot-blown cheeks and  
trampling feet of Pan.

---

## DISTANCE

To the distance! Ah, the distance!  
Blue and broad and dim!  
Peace is not in burgh or meadow,  
But beyond the rim.

Aye, beyond it, far beyond it;  
Follow still my soul,  
Till this earth is lost in heaven,  
And thou feel'st the whole.

---

## THE BIRD AND THE HOUR

[25]

The sun looks over a little hill  
And floods the valley with gold—  
A torrent of gold;  
And the hither field is green and still;  
Beyond it a cloud outrolled,  
Is glowing molten and bright;  
And soon the hill, and the valley and all,  
With a quiet fall,  
Shall be gathered into the night.  
And yet a moment more,  
Out of the silent wood,  
As if from the closing door  
Of another world and another lovelier mood,  
Hear'st thou the hermit pour—  
So sweet! so magical!—  
His golden music, ghostly beautiful.

---

## AFTER RAIN

For three whole days across the sky,  
In sullen packs that loomed and broke,  
With flying fringes dim as smoke,  
The columns of the rain went by;  
At every hour the wind awoke;  
The darkness passed upon the  
plain;  
The great drops rattled at the pane.

Now piped the wind, or far aloof  
Fell to a sough remote and dull;  
And all night long with rush and lull  
The rain kept drumming on the roof:  
I heard till ear and sense were full  
The clash or silence of the leaves,  
The gurgle in the creaking eaves.

[26]

But when the fourth day came—at noon,  
The darkness and the rain were by;  
The sunward roofs were steaming dry;



And all the world was flecked and strewn  
With shadows from a fleecy sky.

The haymakers were forth and  
gone,  
And every rillet laughed and  
shone.

Then, too, on me that loved so well  
The world, despairing in her blight,  
Uplifted with her least delight,  
On me, as on the earth, there fell  
New happiness of mirth and might;  
I strode the valleys pied and still;  
I climbed upon the breezy hill.

I watched the gray hawk wheel and drop,  
Sole shadow on the shining world;  
I saw the mountains clothed and curled,  
With forest ruffling to the top;  
I saw the river's length unfurled,  
Pale silver down the fruited plain,  
Grown great and stately with the  
rain.

Through miles of shadow and soft heat,  
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,  
Were all one world of greenery,  
I heard the robin ringing sweet,  
The sparrow piping silverly,  
The thrushes at the forest's hem;  
And as I went I sang with them.

[27]

---

## CLOUD-BREAK

With a turn of his magical rod,  
That extended and suddenly shone,  
From the round of his glory some god  
Looks forth and is gone.

To the summit of heaven the clouds  
Are rolling aloft like steam;  
There's a break in their infinite shrouds,  
And below it a gleam.  
O'er the drift of the river a whiff  
Comes out from the blossoming shore;  
And the meadows are greening, as if  
They never were green before.

The islands are kindled with gold  
And russet and emerald dye;  
And the interval waters outrolled  
Are more blue than the sky.  
From my feet to the heart of the hills  
The spirits of May intervene,  
And a vapor of azure distills

Like a breath on the opaline green.

Only a moment!—and then  
The chill and the shadow decline,  
On the eyes of rejuvenate men  
That were wide and divine.

[28]

---

## THE MOON-PATH

The full, clear moon uprose and spread  
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;  
A light-strewn path that seemed to lead  
Outward into eternity.  
Between the darkness and the gleam  
An old-world spell encompassed me:  
Methought that in a godlike dream  
I trod upon the sea.

And lo! upon that glimmering road,  
In shining companies unfurled,  
The trains of many a primal god,  
The monsters of the elder world;  
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,  
Scarce touched the ocean's thronging  
floor,  
The phantoms of old tales, and things  
Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demi-gods who once  
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,  
And they who from Deucalion's stones,  
Rose men without an infancy;  
Beings on whose majestic lids  
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,  
Tritons and pale-limbed Nereids,  
And forms of heaven and hell.

[29]

Some who were heroes long of yore,  
When the great world was hale and  
young;  
And some whose marble lips yet pour  
The murmur of an antique tongue;  
Sad queens, whose names are like soft  
moans,  
Whose griefs were written up in gold;  
And some who on their silver thrones  
Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,  
And come into some after-land,  
I saw them pass me, and take heed,  
And touch me with each mighty hand;  
And evermore a murmurous stream,  
So beautiful they seemed to me,  
Not less than in a godlike dream

I trod the shining sea.

---

## COMFORT OF THE FIELDS

What would'st thou have for easement after  
grief,  
When the rude world hath used thee  
with despite,  
And care sits at thine elbow day and  
night,  
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?  
To me, when life besets me in such wise,  
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the  
chain,  
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant  
earth,  
To roam in idleness and sober mirth,  
Through summer airs and summer lands,  
and drain  
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

[30]

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,  
To wander by the day with wilful feet;  
Through fielded valleys wide with  
yellowing wheat;  
Along gray roads that run between deep  
woods,  
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed  
slopes of pine,  
Where the long daylight dreams,  
unpierced, unstirred,  
And only the rich-throated thrush is  
heard;  
By lonely forest brooks that froth and shine  
In bouldered crannies buried in the  
hills;  
By broken beeches tangled with wild vine,  
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with  
mills.

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and  
sweet  
With the keen perfume of the ripening  
grass,  
Where wings of birds and filmy  
shadows pass,  
Spread thick as stars with shining  
marguerite;  
To haunt old fences overgrown with brier,  
Muffled in vines, and hawthorns, and  
wild cherries,  
Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched  
elderberries,  
And pièd blossoms to the heart's desire,

[31]

Gray mullein towering into yellow  
bloom,  
Pink-tasseled milkweed, breathing  
dense perfume,  
And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To hear at eve the bleating of far flocks,  
The mud-hen's whistle from the marsh  
at morn;  
To skirt with deafened ears and brain  
o'erborne  
Some foam-filled rapid charging down its  
rocks  
With iron roar of waters; far away  
Across wide-reeded meres, pensive  
with noon,  
To hear the querulous outcry of the  
loon;  
To lie among deep rocks, and watch all day  
On liquid heights the snowy clouds  
melt by;  
Or hear from wood-capped mountain-brows  
the jay  
Pierce the bright morning with his  
jibing cry.

To feast on summer sounds; the jolted  
wains,  
The thrasher humming from the farm  
near by,  
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,  
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;  
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray,  
To watch, as through a mist of light and  
dreams,  
The far-off hay-fields, where the dusty  
teams  
Drive round and round the lessening squares  
of hay,  
And hear upon the wind, now loud,  
now low,  
With drowsy cadence half a summer's day,  
The clatter of the reapers come and go.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with  
showers,  
The murmur of cool streams, the  
forest's gloom,  
The voices of the breathing grass, the  
hum  
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers:  
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,  
And cool fair fingers radiantly divine,  
The mighty mother brings us in her  
hand,  
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and  
wan,  
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine:

[32]

Drink, and be filled, and ye shall  
understand!

---

## AT THE FERRY

On such a day the shrunken stream  
    Spends its last water and runs dry;  
Clouds like far turrets in a dream  
    Stand baseless in the burning sky.  
On such a day at every rod  
    The toilers in the hay-field halt,  
With dripping brows, and the parched sod  
    Yields to the crushing foot like salt.

But here a little wind astir,  
    Seen waterward in jetting lines,  
From yonder hillside topped with fir  
    Comes pungent with the breath of  
        pines;  
And here when all the noon hangs still,  
    White-hot upon the city tiles,  
A perfume and a wintry chill  
    Breathe from the yellow lumber-piles.

And all day long there falls a blur  
    Of noises upon listless ears,  
The rumble of the trams, the stir  
    Of barges at the clacking piers;  
The champ of wheels, the crash of steam,  
    And ever, without change or stay,  
The drone, as through a troubled dream,  
    Of waters falling far away.

[33]

A tug-boat up the farther shore  
    Half pants, half whistles, in her  
        draught;  
The cadence of a creaking oar  
    Falls drowsily; a corded raft  
Creeps slowly in the noonday gleam,  
    And wheresoe'er a shadow sleeps  
The men lie by, or half a-dream,  
    Stand leaning at the idle sweeps.

And all day long in the quiet bay  
    The eddying amber depths retard,  
And hold, as in a ring, at play,  
    The heavy saw-logs notched and  
        scarred;  
And yonder between cape and shoal,  
    Where the long currents swing and  
        shift,  
An aged punt-man with his pole  
    Is searching in the parted drift.

At moments from the distant glare

The murmur of a railway steals  
Round yonder jutting point the air  
Is beaten with the puff of wheels;  
And here at hand an open mill,  
Strong clamor at perpetual drive,  
With changing chant, now hoarse, now  
shrill,  
Keeps dinning like a mighty hive.

[34]

A furnace over field and mead,  
The rounding noon hangs hard and  
white;  
Into the gathering heats recede  
The hollows of the Chelsea height;  
But under all to one quiet tune,  
A spirit in cool depths withdrawn,  
With logs, and dust, and wrack bestrewn,  
The stately river journeys on.

I watch the swinging currents go  
Far down to where, enclosed and piled,  
The logs crowd, and the Gatineau  
Comes rushing from the northern wild.  
I see the long low point, where close  
The shore-lines, and the waters end,  
I watch the barges pass in rows  
That vanish at the tapering bend.

I see as at the noon's pale core—  
A shadow that lifts clear and floats—  
The cabin'd village round the shore,  
The landing and the fringe of boats;  
Faint films of smoke that curl and wreath,  
And upward with the like desire  
The vast gray church that seems to breathe  
In heaven with its dreaming spire.

And there the last blue boundaries rise,  
That guard within their compass furled  
This plot of earth: beyond them lies  
The mystery of the echoing world;  
And still my thought goes on, and yields  
New vision and new joy to me,  
Far peopled hills, and ancient fields,  
And cities by the crested sea.

[35]

I see no more the barges pass,  
Nor mark the ripple round the pier,  
And all the uproar, mass on mass,  
Falls dead upon a vacant ear.  
Beyond the tumult of the mills,  
And all the city's sound and strife,  
Beyond the waste, beyond the hills,  
I look far out and dream of life.

## SEPTEMBER

Now hath the summer reached her golden  
close,  
And, lost amid her corn-fields, bright of  
soul,  
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose  
How near, how swift, the inevitable  
goal:  
Still, still, she smiles, though from her  
careless feet  
The bounty and the fruitful strength are  
gone,  
And through the soft long wondering  
days goes on  
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

The kingbird and the pensive thrush are fled,  
Children of light, too fearful of the  
gloom;  
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,  
The mouldering woods grow silent as  
the tomb;  
Even the fields have lost their sovereign  
grace,  
The cone-flower and the marguerite;  
and no more,  
Across the river's shadow-haunted  
floor,  
The paths of skimming swallows interlace.

Already in the outland wilderness  
The forests echo with unwonted dins;  
In clamorous gangs the gathering woodmen  
press  
Northward, and the stern winter's toil  
begins.  
Around the long low shanties, whose rough  
lines  
Break the sealed dreams of many an  
unnamed lake,  
Already in the frost-clear morns awake  
The crash and thunder of the falling pines.

Where the tilled earth, with all its fields set  
free,  
Naked and yellow from the harvest lies,  
By many a loft and busy granary,  
The hum and tumult of the thrashers  
rise;  
There the tanned farmers labor without  
slack,  
Till twilight deepens round the  
spouting mill,  
Feeding the loosened sheaves, or with  
fierce will,  
Pitching waist-deep upon the dusty stack.

[36]

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite  
pass,  
Our wandering steps and wistful eyes  
shall greet  
The leaf, the water, the beloved grass;  
Still from these haunts and this  
accustomed seat  
I see the wood-wrapt city, swept with light,  
The blue long-shadowed distance, and,  
between,  
The dotted farm-lands with their  
parcelled green,  
The dark pine forest and the watchful  
height.

I see the broad rough meadow stretched  
away  
Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,  
Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,  
Branches of aster, groves of goldenrod;  
And yonder, toward the sunlit summit,  
strewn  
With shadowy boulders, crowned and  
swathed with weed,  
Stand ranks of silken thistles, blown to  
seed,  
Long silver fleeces shining like the noon.

In far-off russet corn-fields, where the dry  
Gray shocks stand peaked and  
withering, half concealed  
In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,  
Full-ribbed; and in the windless  
pasture-field  
The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed  
ground  
Stand pensively about in companies,  
While all around them from the  
motionless trees  
The long clean shadows sleep without a  
sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant  
stream,  
Moveless as air; and o'er the vast warm  
earth  
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and  
dream,  
A liquid cool elixir—all its girth  
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,  
Whose lucid purple barely veils and  
fills  
The utmost valleys and the thin last  
hills,  
Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,



So soft we scarcely notice how they  
    wend,  
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,  
    The summer passes to her quiet end;  
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered  
    eaves  
Sly frosts shall take the creepers by  
    surprise,  
And through the wind-touched  
    reddening woods shall rise  
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

---

## A RE-ASSURANCE

With what doubting eyes, oh sparrow,  
    Thou regardest me,  
Underneath yon spray of yarrow,  
    Dipping cautiously.  
  
Fear me not, oh little sparrow,  
    Bathe and never fear,  
For to me both pool and yarrow  
    And thyself are dear.

---

## THE POET'S POSSESSION

[39]

Think not, oh master of the well-tilled field,  
This earth is only thine; for after thee,  
When all is sown and gathered and put by,  
Comes the grave poet with creative eye,  
And from these silent acres and clean plots,  
Bids with his wand the fancied after-yield,  
A second tilth and second harvest, be,  
The crop of images and curious thoughts.

---

## AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

No wind there is that either pipes or moans;  
    The fields are cold and still; the sky  
    Is covered with a blue-gray sheet  
    Of motionless cloud; and at my  
    feet  
The river, curling softly by,  
Whispers and dimples round its quiet gray  
    stones.  
  
Along the chill green slope that dips and  
    heaves

The road runs rough and silent, lined  
With plum-trees, misty and blue-  
gray,  
And poplars pallid as the day,  
In masses spectral, undefined,  
Pale greenish stems half hid in dry gray  
leaves.

And on beside the river's sober edge  
A long fresh field lies black. Beyond,  
Low thickets gray and reddish  
stand,  
Stroked white with birch; and near  
at hand,  
Over a little steel-smooth pond,  
Hang multitudes of thin and withering  
sedge.

Across a waste and solitary rise  
A ploughman urges his dull team,  
A stooped gray figure with prone  
brow  
That plunges bending to the  
plough  
With strong, uneven steps. The stream  
Rings and re-echoes with his furious cries.

Sometimes the lowing of a cow, long-drawn,  
Comes from far off; and crows in  
strings  
Pass on the upper silences.  
A flock of small gray goldfinches,  
Flown down with silvery twitterings,  
Rustle among the birch-cones and are gone.

This day the season seems like one that  
heeds,  
With fixèd ear and lifted hand,  
All moods that yet are known on  
earth,  
All motions that have faintest  
birth,  
If haply she may understand  
The utmost inward sense of all her deeds.

---

## IN NOVEMBER

With loitering step and quiet eye,  
Beneath the low November sky,  
I wandered in the woods, and found  
A clearing, where the broken ground  
Was scattered with black stumps and briers,  
And the old wreck of forest fires.  
It was a bleak and sandy spot,  
And, all about, the vacant plot

[40]

[41]

Was peopled and inhabited  
By scores of mulleins long since dead.  
A silent and forsaken brood  
In that mute opening of the wood,  
So shrivelled and so thin they were,  
So gray, so haggard, and austere,  
Not plants at all they seemed to me,  
But rather some spare company  
Of hermit folk, who long ago,  
Wandering in bodies to and fro,  
Had chanced upon this lonely way,  
And rested thus, till death one day  
Surprised them at their compline prayer,  
And left them standing lifeless there.

There was no sound about the wood  
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood  
Among the mullein-stalks as still  
As if myself had grown to be  
One of their sombre company,  
A body without wish or will.  
And as I stood, quite suddenly,  
Down from a furrow in the sky  
The sun shone out a little space  
Across that silent sober place,  
Over the sand heaps and brown sod,  
The mulleins and dead goldenrod,  
And passed beyond the thickets gray,  
And lit the fallen leaves that lay,  
Level and deep within the wood,  
A rustling yellow multitude.

[42]

And all around me the thin light,  
So sere, so melancholy bright,  
Fell like the half-reflected gleam  
Or shadow of some former dream;  
A moment's golden revery  
Poured out on every plant and tree  
A semblance of weird joy, or less,  
A sort of spectral happiness;  
And I, too, standing idly there,  
With muffled hands in the chill air,  
Felt the warm glow about my feet,  
And shuddering betwixt cold and heat,  
Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,  
While something in my blood awoke,  
A nameless and unnatural cheer,  
A pleasure secret and austere.

---

## BY AN AUTUMN STREAM

Now overhead,  
Where the rivulet loiters and stops,  
The bittersweet hangs from the tops  
Of the alders and cherries

Its bunches of beautiful berries,  
Orange and red.

And the snowbirds flee,  
Tossing up on the far brown field,  
Now flashing and now concealed,  
Like fringes of spray  
That vanish and gleam on the gray  
Field of the sea.

[43]

Flickering light,  
Come the last of the leaves down borne,  
And patches of pale white corn  
In the wind complain,  
Like the slow rustle of rain  
Noticed by night.

Withered and thinned,  
The sentinel mullein looms,  
With the pale gray shadowy plumes  
Of the goldenrod;  
And the milkweed opens its pod,  
Tempting the wind.

Aloft on the hill,  
A cloudrift opens and shines  
Through a break in its gorget of pines,  
And it dreams at my feet  
In a sad, silvery sheet,  
Utterly still.

All things that be  
Seem plunged into silence, distraught,  
By some stern, some necessitous thought:  
It wraps and enthralls  
Marsh, meadow, and forest; and falls  
Also on me.

[44]

---

## SNOWBIRDS

Along the narrow sandy height  
I watch them swiftly come and go,  
Or round the leafless wood,  
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,  
Revolving in perpetual flight,  
A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,  
And, scattering in a circled sweep,  
Rush down without a sound;  
And now I see them peer and peep,  
Across yon level bleak and gray,  
Searching the frozen ground,—

Until a little wind upheaves,

And makes a sudden rustling there,  
And then they drop their play,  
Flash up into the sunless air,  
And like a flight of silver leaves  
Swirl round and sweep away.

---

## SNOW

[45]

White are the far-off plains, and white  
The fading forests grow;  
The wind dies out along the height,  
And denser still the snow,  
A gathering weight on roof and tree,  
Falls down scarce audibly.

The road before me smooths and fills  
Apace, and all about  
The fences dwindle, and the hills  
Are blotted slowly out;  
The naked trees loom spectrally  
Into the dim white sky.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams  
Lie still without a sound;  
Like some soft minister of dreams  
The snow-fall hoods me round;  
In wood and water, earth and air,  
A silence everywhere.

Save when at lonely intervals  
Some farmer's sleigh, urged on,  
With rustling runners and sharp bells,  
Swings by me and is gone;  
Or from the empty waste I hear  
A sound remote and clear;

The barking of a dog, or call  
To cattle, sharply pealed,  
Borne echoing from some wayside stall  
Or barnyard far a-field;  
Then all is silent, and the snow  
Falls, settling soft and slow.

[46]

The evening deepens, and the gray  
Folds closer earth and sky;  
The world seems shrouded far away;  
Its noises sleep, and I,  
As secret as yon buried stream,  
Plod dumbly on, and dream.

---

## SUNSET

From this windy bridge at rest,  
In some former curious hour,  
We have watched the city's hue,  
All along the orange west,  
Cupola and pointed tower,  
Darken into solid blue.

Tho' the biting north wind breaks  
Full across this drifted hold,  
Let us stand with icèd cheeks  
Watching westward as of old;

Past the violet mountain-head  
To the farthest fringe of pine,  
Where far off the purple-red  
Narrows to a dusky line,  
And the last pale splendors die  
Slowly from the olive sky;

[47]

Till the thin clouds wear away  
Into threads of purple-gray,  
And the sudden stars between  
Brighten in the pallid green;

Till above the spacious east,  
Slow returnèd one by one,  
Like pale prisoners released  
From the dungeons of the sun,  
Capella and her train appear  
In the glittering Charioteer;

Till the rounded moon shall grow  
Great above the eastern snow,  
Shining into burnished gold;  
And the silver earth outrolled,  
In the misty yellow light,  
Shall take on the width of night.

---

## WINTER-STORE

[48]

Subtly conscious, all awake,  
Let us clear our eyes, and break  
Through the cloudy chrysalis,  
See the wonder as it is.  
Down a narrow alley, blind,  
Touch and vision, heart and mind;  
Turned sharply inward, still we plod,  
Till the calmly smiling god  
Leaves us, and our spirits grow  
More thin, more acrid, as we go.  
Creeping by the sullen wall,  
We forego the power to see,  
The threads that bind us to the All,  
God or the Immensity;  
Whereof on the eternal road

Man is but a passing mode.

Too blind we are, too little see  
Of the magic pageantry,  
Every minute, every hour,  
From the cloudflake to the flower,  
Forever old, forever strange,  
Issuing in perpetual change  
From the rainbow gates of Time.

But he who through this common air  
Surely knows the great and fair,  
What is lovely, what sublime,  
Becomes in an increasing span,  
One with earth and one with man,  
One, despite these mortal scars,  
With the planets and the stars;  
And Nature from her holy place,  
Bending with unveiled face,  
Fills him in her divine employ  
With her own majestic joy.

[49]

Up the fielded slopes at morn,  
Where light wefts of shadow pass,  
Films upon the bending corn,  
I shall sweep the purple grass.  
Sun-crowned heights and mossy woods,  
And the outer solitudes,  
Mountain-valleys, dim with pine,  
Shall be home and haunt of mine.  
I shall search in crannied hollows,  
Where the sunlight scarcely follows,  
And the secret forest brook  
Murmurs, and from nook to nook  
Forever downward curls and cools,  
Frothing in the bouldered pools.

Many a noon shall find me laid  
In the pungent balsam shade,  
Where sharp breezes spring and shiver  
On some deep rough-coasted river,  
And the plangent waters come,  
Amber-hued and streaked with foam;  
Where beneath the sunburnt hills  
All day long the crowded mills  
With remorseless champ and scream  
Overlord the sluicing stream,  
And the rapids' iron roar  
Hammers at the forest's core;  
Where corded rafts creep slowly on,  
Glittering in the noonday sun,  
And the tawny river-dogs,  
Shepherding the branded logs,  
Bind and heave with cadenced cry;  
Where the blackened tugs go by,  
Panting hard and straining slow,  
Laboring at the weighty tow,  
Flat-nosed barges all in trim,

[50]

Creeping in long cumbrous line,  
Loaded to the water's brim  
With the clean, cool-scented pine.

Perhaps in some low meadow-land,  
Stretching wide on either hand,  
I shall see the belted bees  
Rocking with the tricky breeze  
In the spirèd meadow-sweet,  
Or with eager trampling feet  
Burrowing in the boneset blooms,  
Treading out the dry perfumes.  
Where sun-hot hay-fields newly mown  
Climb the hillside ruddy brown,  
I shall see the haymakers,  
While the noonday scarcely stirs,  
Brown of neck and booted gray,  
Tossing up the rustling hay,  
While the hay-racks bend and rock,  
As they take each scented cock,  
Jolting over dip and rise;  
And the wavering butterflies  
O'er the spaces brown and bare  
Light and wander here and there.

[51]

I shall stray by many a stream,  
Where the half-shut lilies gleam.  
Napping out the sultry days  
In the quiet secluded bays;  
Where the tasseled rushes tower,  
O'er the purple pickerel-flower.  
And the floating dragon-fly —  
Azure glint and crystal gleam —  
Watches o'er the burnished stream  
With his eye of ebony;  
Where the bull-frog lolls at rest  
On his float of lily-leaves,  
That the swaying water weaves,  
And distends his yellow breast,  
Lowing out from shore to shore  
With a hollow vibrant roar;  
Where the softest wind that blows  
As it lightly comes and goes,  
O'er the jungled river meads,  
Stirs a whisper in the reeds,  
And wakes the crowded bull-rushes  
From their stately reveries,  
Flashing through their long-leaved hordes  
Like a brandishing of swords;  
There, too, the frost-like arrow-flowers  
Tremble to the golden core,  
Children of enchanted hours,  
Whom the rustling river bore  
In the night's bewildered noon,  
Woven of water and the moon.

[52]

I shall hear the grasshoppers  
From the parched grass rehearse,



And with drowsy note prolong  
Evermore the same thin song.  
I shall hear the crickets tell  
Stories by the humming well,  
And mark the locust, with quaint eyes,  
Caper in his cloak of gray  
Like a jester in disguise  
Rattling by the dusty way.

I shall dream by upland fences,  
Where the season's wealth condenses  
Over many a weedy wreck,  
Wild, uncared-for, desert places,  
That sovereign Beauty loves to deck  
With her softest, dearest graces.  
There the long year dreams in quiet,  
And the summer's strength runs riot.  
Shall I not remember these,  
Deep in winter reveries?  
Berried brier and thistle-bloom,  
And milkweed with its dense perfume;  
Slender vervain towering up  
In a many-branchèd cup,  
Like a candlestick, each spire  
Kindled with a violet fire;  
Matted creepers and wild cherries,  
Purple-bunchèd elderberries,  
And on scanty plots of sod  
Groves of branchy goldenrod.

[53]

What though autumn mornings now,  
Winterward with glittering brow,  
Stiffen in the silver grass;  
And what though robins flock and pass,  
With subdued and sober call,  
To the old year's funeral;  
Though October's crimson leaves  
Rustle at the gusty door,  
And the tempest round the eaves  
Alternate with pipe and roar;  
I sit, as erst, unharmed, secure,  
Conscious that my store is sure,  
Whatsoe'er the fencèd fields,  
Or the untilled forest yields  
Of unhurt remembrances,  
Or thoughts, far-glimpsed, half-followed,  
these  
I have reaped and laid away,  
A treasure of unwinnowed grain,  
To the garner packed and gray  
Gathered without toil or strain.

And when the darker days shall come,  
And the fields are white and dumb;  
When our fires are half in vain,  
And the crystal starlight weaves  
Mockeries of summer leaves,  
Pictured on the icy pane;

[54]

When the high aurora gleams  
Far above the Arctic streams  
Like a line of shifting spears,  
And the broad pine-circled meres,  
Glimmering in that spectral light,  
Thunder through the northern night;  
Then within the bolted door  
I shall con my summer store;  
Though the fences scarcely show  
Black above the drifted snow,  
Though the icy sweeping wind  
Whistle in the empty tree,  
Safe within the sheltered mind,  
I shall feed on memory.

Yet across the windy night  
Comes upon its wings a cry;  
Fashioned forms and modes take flight,  
And a vision sad and high  
Of the laboring world down there,  
Where the lights burn red and warm,  
Pricks my soul with sudden stare,  
Glowing through the veils of storm.  
In the city yonder sleep  
Those who smile and those who weep,  
Those whose lips are set with care,  
Those whose brows are smooth and fair;  
Mourners whom the dawning light  
Shall grapple with an old distress;  
Lovers folded at midnight  
In their bridal happiness;  
Pale watchers by beloved beds,  
Fallen a-drowse with nodding heads,  
Whom sleep captured by surprise,  
With the circles round their eyes;  
Maidens with quiet-taken breath,  
Dreaming of enchanted bowers;  
Old men with the mask of death;  
Little children soft as flowers;  
Those who wake wild-eyed and start  
In some madness of the heart;  
Those whose lips and brows of stone  
Evil thoughts have graven upon,  
Shade by shade and line by line,  
Refashioning what was once divine.

[55]

All these sleep, and through the night,  
Comes a passion and a cry,  
With a blind sorrow and a might,  
I know not whence, I know not why,  
A something I cannot control,  
A nameless hunger of the soul.  
It holds me fast. In vain, in vain,  
I remember how of old  
I saw the ruddy race of men,  
Through the glittering world outrolled,  
A gay-smiling multitude,  
All immortal, all divine,

[56]

Treading in a wreathèd line  
By a pathway through a wood.

---

## THE SUN CUP

The earth is the cup of the sun,  
That he filleth at morning with wine,  
With the warm, strong wine of his might  
From the vintage of gold and of light,  
Fills it, and makes it divine.

And at night when his journey is done,  
At the gate of his radiant hall,  
He setteth his lips to the brim,  
With a long last look of his eye,  
And lifts it and draineth it dry,  
Drains till he leaveth it all  
Empty and hollow and dim.

And then, as he passes to sleep,  
Still full of the feats that he did,  
Long ago in Olympian wars,  
He closes it down with the sweep  
Of its slow-turning luminous lid,  
Its cover of darkness and stars,  
Wrought once by Hephæstus of old  
With violet and vastness and gold.

---

The first edition of this book consists of five hundred copies, printed by the Boston Engraving and McIndoe Printing Company, Boston, during March, 1896, with fifty additional copies on Arnold paper.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LYRICS OF EARTH \*\*\*

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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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.