

# Seven Lunacies

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*Of The World's Last Day*

And the world is gone,  
And the world is gone,  
And the sun is bright,  
And the moon is bright,  
And the moon is dead.

*The Song Of The Nightingale*

Sings on the mountain's nest,  
And the stars are dim,  
And the sun is clear,  
The moon is bright;  
And the stars are bright,  
The sun is bright,  
And the moon is still  
With the light of the moon.

*The Song Of The World*

The world is done, and the world is done,  
And the world is the same, and the world is good.  
The world is still, and the light is gone,  
The night is the sun, and the world is o'er.  
And the world is all the world's begun,  
And the wind is the sun, and the winds are bright;  
The sun is the moon, and the stars are dim,  
And the stars are the stars, and the stars are dim,  
And the stars were flecked in the sea, and the moon  
Is the snow-red, dark, and the moon's blue glow.

*How Many A Thousand Years Are Gone*

And, with a cry of hope and pain,  
The stars that wash the polar sky,  
And make a sound of joy and woe.  
And now the day is gone away,  
And now the snow is on the sky,  
And still the sun is wide and dim,  
The wind is gleaming and the snow;  
And one is in the sea, and the sun  
Is in the sky,  
And the moon is in the sun.

*Housed In The Light Of The Sun, And The Moon-pale Star*

Before the sky, and the stars and the stars,  
The hoar-moon's shadow, the waters, and the stars,  
And the soft hours of cold delight,  
And the children of heaven with a sigh and sound  
That saw the light of the sea for him,  
And the storm of the night, and the wind of the sky.

*Twas The Moon's Snow, And The Rose*

And the dark wave-drops,  
The fish's breast,  
The golden billows  
Swept thro'the morning,  
The stars, as hoary,  
The heavens with its hot daughters,  
At last the bright surf  
Did wash the blue sunshine,  
And the light-trembling  
Drops of the light  
That lit the sun,  
And lay his father's face;  
Their waters sweeping  
The broad sea-track.  
The children that have gone  
For the horses of the night,  
And rode the street,  
And heard the breath of the light  
That stirs the sunbeams,  
And the sun was low,  
On the cold sea's field.  
And the mountain sails  
Of the tide,  
And the light of the smoke  
From the blue sand,  
And the sand and the white,  
And the wind to the sky.

*And The Azure Strand Of Sky*

And The Azure Strand Of Sky  
Shall hold a single gaze of high,  
To mingle with the earth.  
And so, as on the winged brow,  
The ghosts have drawn the fire,  
The winds of nature like a stain  
Where their green surface rise.  
The ancient winds are open by,  
The waves stretch down in gold;  
Their sails, quick, the weather is done,  
In the moonlight air.