

SONGS

I

(thee will i praise between those rivers whose
white voices pass upon forgetting [fail
me not] whose courseless waters are a gloat
of silver; o'er whose night three willows wail,
a slender dimness in the unshapeful hour
making dear moan in tones of stroked flower;
let not thy lust one threaded moment lose:
haste) the very shadowy sheep float
free upon terrific pastures pale,

whose tall mysterious shepherd lifts a cheek
teartroubled to the momentary wind
with guiding smile, lips wisely minced for blown
kisses, condemnatory fingers thinned
of pity—so he stands counting the moved
myriads wonderfully loved,
(hasten, it is the moment which shall seek
all blossoms that do learn, scents of not known
musics in whose careful eyes are dinned;