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Felt the winds round him shake and shower

The rose-red and the blood-red leaf,  
Delight whose germ grew never grain,  
And passion dyed in its own pain.

Then he stood up, and trod to dust

Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,  
And dreams of bitter sleep and sweet,

And bound for sandals on his feet  
Knowledge and patience of what must

And what things may be, in the heat  
And cold of years that rot and rust

And alter ; and his spirit's meat  
Was freedom, and his staff was wrought  
Of strength, and his cloak woven of thought.

For what has he whose will sees clear

To do with doubt and faith and fear,  
Swift hopes and slow despondencies?

His heart is equal with the sea's  
And with the sea-wind's, and his ear

Is level to the speech of these,  
And his soul communes and takes cheer

With the actual earth's equalities,  
Air, light, and night, ~~lands~~ winds, and streams,  
And seeks not strength from strengthless dreams.

## PRELUDE.

His soul is even with the sun  
Whose spirit and whose eye are one,  
Who seeks not stars by day, nor light  
And heavy heat of day by night.  
Him can no God cast down, whom none  
Can lift in hope beyond the height  
Of fate and nature and things done  
By the calm rule of might and right  
That bids men be and bear and do,  
And die beneath blind skies or blue.

To him the lights of even and morn  
Speak no vain things of love or scorn,  
Fancies and passions miscreate  
By man in things dispassionate.  
Nor holds he fellowship forlorn  
With souls that pray and hope and hate,  
And doubt they had better not been born,  
And fain would lure or scare off fate  
And charm their doomsman from their doom  
And make fear dig its own false tomb.

He builds not half of doubts and half  
Of dreams his own soul's cenotaph  
Whence hopes and fears with helpless eyes,  
Wrapt loose in cast-off cerecloths, rise

And dance and wring their hands and laugh,  
And weep thin tears and sigh light sighs,  
And without living lips would quaff  
The living spring in man that lies,  
And drain his soul of faith and strength  
It might have lived on a life's length.

He hath given himself and hath not sold  
To God for heaven or man for gold,  
Or grief for comfort that it gives,  
Or joy for grief's restoratives.  
He hath given himself to time, whose fold  
Shuts in the mortal flock that lives  
On its plain pasture's heat and cold  
And the equal year's alternatives.  
Earth, heaven, and time, death, life, and he,  
Endure while they shall be to be.

"Yet between death and life are hours  
To flush with love and hide in flowers ;  
What profit save in these ?" men cry :  
" Ah, see, between soft earth and sky,  
What only good things here are ours !"  
They say, " what better wouldst thou try,  
What sweeter sing of ? or what powers  
Serve, that will give thee ere thou die

## PRELUDE.

More joy to sing and be less sad,  
 More heart to play and grow more glad?"

Play then and sing; we too have played,  
 We likewise, in that subtle shade.

Have twisted through our hair  
 as the wild Loves wear,  
 what mirth the Mænads made,  
 All the wind blew our garlands bare  
 left their roses disarrayed,  
 smote the summer with strange air,  
 and discrowned  
 locks that vine-wreaths bound.

by star-proof trees  
 the Thyiades  
 loud night on hills that hid  
 blood-feasts of the Bassarid,  
 their song's iron cadences  
 Fright the wolf hungering from the kid,  
 Outroar the lion-throated seas,  
 Outchide the north-wind if it chid,  
 And hush the torrent-tongued ravines  
 With thunders of their tambourines.

But the fierce flute whose notes acclaim  
 Dim goddesses of fiery fame,