

Glassing it--where?

THE VOICE OF THINGS

Forty Augusts--aye, and several more--ago,

When I paced the headlands loosed from dull employ,
The waves huzza'd like a multitude below
In the sway of an all-including joy
Without cloy.

Blankly I walked there a double decade after,

When thwarts had flung their toils in front of me,
And I heard the waters wagging in a long ironic laughter
At the lot of men, and all the vapoury
Things that be.

Wheeling change has set me again standing where

Once I heard the waves huzza at Lammas-tide;
But they supplicate now--like a congregation there
Who murmur the Confession--I outside,
Prayer denied.

"WHY BE AT PAINS?"

(Wooer's Song)

Why be at pains that I should know

 You sought not me?

Do breezes, then, make features glow

 So rosily?

Come, the lit port is at our back,

 And the tumbling sea;

Elsewhere the lampless uphill track

 To uncertainty!

O should not we two waifs join hands?

 I am alone,

You would enrich me more than lands

 By being my own.

Yet, though this facile moment flies,

 Close is your tone,

And ere to-morrow's dewfall dries

 I plough the unknown.

"WE SAT AT THE WINDOW"

(Bournemouth, 1875)

We sat at the window looking out,
And the rain came down like silken strings
That Swithin's day. Each gutter and spout
Babbled unchecked in the busy way
 Of witless things:
Nothing to read, nothing to see
Seemed in that room for her and me
 On Swithin's day.

We were irked by the scene, by our own selves; yes,
For I did not know, nor did she infer
How much there was to read and guess
By her in me, and to see and crown
 By me in her.
Wasted were two souls in their prime,
And great was the waste, that July time
 When the rain came down.