

## JUBILATE

"The very last time I ever was here," he said,  
"I saw much less of the quick than I saw of the dead."  
- He was a man I had met with somewhere before,  
But how or when I now could recall no more.

"The hazy mazy moonlight at one in the morning  
Spread out as a sea across the frozen snow,  
Glazed to live sparkles like the great breastplate adorning  
The priest of the Temple, with Urim and Thummim aglow.

"The yew-tree arms, glued hard to the stiff stark air,  
Hung still in the village sky as theatre-scenes  
When I came by the churchyard wall, and halted there  
At a shut-in sound of fiddles and tambourines.

"And as I stood hearkening, dulcimers, haut-boys, and shawms,  
And violoncellos, and a three-stringed double-bass,  
Joined in, and were intermixed with a singing of psalms;  
And I looked over at the dead men's dwelling-place.

"Through the shine of the slippery snow I now could see,  
As it were through a crystal roof, a great company

Of the dead minueting in stately step underground  
To the tune of the instruments I had before heard sound.

"It was 'Eden New,' and dancing they sang in a chore,  
'We are out of it all!--yea, in Little-Ease cramped no more!'  
And their shrouded figures pacing with joy I could see  
As you see the stage from the gallery. And they had no heed of me.

"And I lifted my head quite dazed from the churchyard wall  
And I doubted not that it warned I should soon have my call.  
But--" . . . Then in the ashes he emptied the dregs of his cup,  
And onward he went, and the darkness swallowed him up.