

## THE SOMETHING THAT SAVED HIM

It was when  
Whirls of thick waters laved me  
Again and again,  
That something arose and saved me;  
Yea, it was then.

In that day  
Unseeing the azure went I  
On my way,  
And to white winter bent I,  
Knowing no May.

Reft of renown,  
Under the night clouds beating  
Up and down,  
In my needfulness greeting  
Cit and clown.

Long there had been

Much of a murky colour  
In the scene,  
Dull prospects meeting duller;  
Nought between.

Last, there loomed  
A closing-in blind alley,  
Though there boomed  
A feeble summons to rally  
Where it gloomed.

The clock rang;  
The hour brought a hand to deliver;  
I upsprang,  
And looked back at den, ditch and river,  
And sang.