

Lord God of Battles, hear!

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE.

(From Many Inventions).

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die:
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garments' hem:
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.

Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of Thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts;
But we that love, but we that prove
Thine excellence august,
While we adore discover more

Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred

Beyond his belly-need,

What is is Thine of fair design

In thought and craft and deed;

Each stroke aright of toil and fight,

That was and that shall be,

And hope too high, wherefore we die,

Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee

To gild his dross thereby,

And knowledge sure that he endure

A child until he die--

For to make plain that man's disdain

Is but new Beauty's birth--

For to possess, in loneliness,

The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech,

And Life all mystery,

So shalt Thou rule by every school

Till love and longing die,

Who wast or yet the lights were set,

A whisper in the Void,

Who shalt be sung through planets young
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,
Across the pressing dark,
The children wise of outer skies
Look hitherward and mark
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,
Rekindling thus and thus,
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide
The servant of Thy will;
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme
The ranging stars stand still--
Regent of spheres that lock our fears
Our hopes invisible,
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees
We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
That lacks thy morning-eyne,
And captains bold by Thee controlled
Most like to Gods design;
Thou art the Voice to kingly boys

To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night--

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
And Man's infirmity,
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die;
A sum to trick th' arithmetic
Too base of leaguings odds,
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,
Thou handmaid of the Gods!

Oh Charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scaith!
Oh Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats
Yet drops no jot of faith!
Devil and brute Thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
The careless angels know!

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I may not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor meet Thee till I die.

Yet may I look with heart unshook
On blow brought home or missed--
Yet may I hear with equal ear
The clarions down the list;
Yet set my lance above mischance
And ride the barriere--
Oh, hit or miss, how little 'tis,
My Lady is not there!

THE FLOWERS.

"To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rathe primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush."--The Athenæum.

Buy my English posies--
Kent and Surrey may,