

## A CENTURION OF THE THIRTIETH

Cities and Thrones and Powers,  
Stand in Time's eye,  
Almost as long as flowers,  
Which daily die:  
But, as new buds put forth,  
To glad new men,  
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth,  
The Cities rise again.

This season's Daffodil,  
She never hears,  
What change, what chance, what chill,  
Cut down last year's;  
But with bold countenance,  
And knowledge small,  
Esteems her seven days' continuance  
To be perpetual.

So Time that is o'er-kind,  
To all that be,

Ordains us e'en as blind,  
As bold as she:  
That in our very death,  
And burial sure,  
Shadow to shadow, well-persuaded, saith,  
'See how our works endure!'

#### A CENTURION OF THE THIRTIETH

Dan had come to grief over his Latin, and was kept in; so Una went alone to Far Wood. Dan's big catapult and the lead bullets that Hobden had made for him were hidden in an old hollow beech-stub on the west of the wood. They had named the place out of the verse in Lays of Ancient Rome.

From lordly Volaterrae,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold,  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For Godlike Kings of old.

They were the 'Godlike Kings,' and when old Hobden piled some comfortable brushwood between the big wooden knees of Volaterrae, they called him 'Hands of Giants.'