

Which were the strings, musician,
That shrouded these Paradise?

Which in Part I. 101

Idylls

3

That
Which we
That

She passed, with the wind in her hair,
And the
But my heart
of its

Her body is
Wherein
The breezes
Have scooped
And dances
And chases
A constellation
Has quick
For me also

She passed as
With her
Peach, just
Up the

She brought with careless hand
Rosesweet, cherry,
Honey-suckle, berry,
Lily, lily, lily,
And left them in my room
As a token planned.

Flashed blue
And the de
But I stood
What a

So that the room was rich
With her memorials,
A store of festivals
For my undoing,
And this bestrewn
Did helpless me bewitch.

Keep thy
And,
They are he
And

Make to
When
Time is the
She -

She should have brought
Enchantment's Nightshade,
A mandrake's root,
And out of sight fruit,
And thus have made
Me turn to naught;
But with such innocent
And wayside blooms
Should not have wrought
Such havoc in my room
Or in my heart.
No, I protest
She should have used her utmost art
And magic best.

No less did I deserve
Who scrupled am, and feared,
If she would have in serve
In love arrived.
She should not tangle me

"Jenny, Jenny, Jenny,
Whither wilt thou wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber."

He shall watch my lady
When she goes at night
Carrying her candle
And her roses white

He shall see my lady
When she sits her fingers
Down before her mirror
In the secret hours

He shall watch her gently
Pierced upon a chair,
He shall watch her raise her arms
And loose her yellow hair.

He shall watch my lady
When her mirror gleams
And she before her looking glass
Slips her shift & dreams.

Onyx is counted black, and marble white;

Part II

Sagitta, seen you say between the heavens,
There comes a murmur down the glade
It is the hunting-horn, it is the bee

Part II

Put on your smock, Princess; let satirical
Put all the world to sleep and all the world to wake

Why hast, Princess? for all your grand pretence
You're nothing better in the world to do

Part II

Princess
Come
See

Is he

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He quarts into with golden eyes
Stare at between the dance
Beasts are there, and different shoes,
And night with different stars
They hold the aromatic hill,
And wait as fiercely as they kill,
And hold the freedom of their will
To roam, to live, to dwell their fill,
That thus beyond their wit know I
Man loves a little, and for long shall die.

There kind across the desert range
Where tulips spring from stones,
Not knowing they will suffer change
Or violence find their bones
Their strength's eternal in their right,
They rule the stars of the night,
They watch the deer in flight,
And in their arrogance they smile,
But I am sure, if they are strong:
Man's love is transient as his death is long.

Let it be known to dearest!
My wit is turned to faith,
And at this moment I believe
In love, and scorn at death
I am from nowhere, and shall be
Strong, steadfast, swift, eternally;
I am a lion, a stone, a tree,
And as the Polar star in me
Is fixed my constant heart on thee.
Ah, may I stay forever blind
With lions, tigers, leopards, and their kind.

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"Gossey gossey gander,
Whither will you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber."

He shall watch my lady
When she goes at night
Carrying her candle
And her roses white.

He shall see my lady
When she sets her flowers
Down before her mirror
In the secret hours.

He shall watch her gravely
Perched upon a chair,
He shall watch her raise her arms
And loose her yellow hair.

He shall watch my lady
When the mirror gleams
And she before her looking glass
Slips her shift & dreams.

Which were the strings, musician,
That showed thee Paradise?

Which we Part I, VII

Idyll,

That

Which we
That

She passed, with the wind
And the sun in her hair

But my heart was unaware
Of its own surprise

Her body is
Whereas in
The breezes
Have scooped
And dance
And chase
A constellation
Has flick
For me also

She passed among blossoms
With her milking for
Peach, jindas, anemones
Up the river vale.

Flushed blossom as sun
And the delicate sky;
But I stood and watched
What a fool was I.

Keep thy
And,
They're here
And
Make her
When
This is the
She is

James

She brought with careless hand
Roadsweeper, cherry,
Honeysuckle, berry,
Agrimony, broom,
And left them in my room
As a token planned.

So that the room was rich
With her memorials,
A store of festivals
For my undoing,
And this bestrewn
Did helpless me bewitch.

She should have brought
Enchanter's Nightshade,
A mandrake's root,
And out of Egypt fruit,
And thus have made
No turn to naught;
But with such innocent
And wayside blooms
Should not have wrought
Such havoc in my rooms
Or in my heart.

No, I protest
She should have used her utmost art
And magic best.

No less did I deserve
Who scornful am, and proud,
If she would have me serve
In love avowed.
She should not tangle me

Stave off the moment when the meddling tick
Of clock will make her say, 'I must be gone.'
Such four- and - twenty - hours arithmetic
Is but of bliss a wanton jettison.

How can she better be employed than here
In dalliance with one who finds her fair?
What business calls her, that she's so severe
And sets her errands over my despair?

What does she hope to meet, if so she will?
A swan with cygnets walking down a lane?
Two fighting hedgehogs, fierce with prickly quill?
An adder waking to the sun again?

Five sights! a charm of finches in a brawl;
A string of elves hurrying from the sea;

Part II. III

Put on your smock, Princess; let satins lie.
Put all your plumes and all your velvets by;
Pull on your gauntlets and your country sandals,
And leave the city to its summer scandals.

Princess, you played at fashion long enough;
Your lover sickens of this Blind-man's-buff.
Come, drop your fan, and if you need a screen
Seek it behind a branch of myrtle green.

I'll swear, - and you may take my oath for a
You have no need to peep behind a curtain
For in my eyes you'll far more lovely be
If you'll but dodge me round a forest tree.

Long Barn
1929

Onyx is count
Peaches that
Are counted

So may they be
Her heart to
Nor say, 'Be
She is herself

Although the
He, and her
I'll draw no
She has no st

If she's black
If she's white
If in my ar
Why then, I

Why haste, Princess? for all your grand pretence
You've nothing better in the world to do;
So stay with one who'd change for faltering fence
One hour against the riches of Peru.

Sagitta, lean your ear between the leaves,
There comes a murmur down the glade.
It is the hunting-horn, it is the bee
That from the fox-glove thieves;
It is the echo of the caves,
The populous temple of the tree;
It is love's very danger and its sound;
Sagitta, stay your flight aseason the shade.

All's green within this wood; the very light
That falls through leaves on moss, is green;
The dark-green yew-trees split the lichened rocks,
The silver birches slight
As naked fountain's leaf in air;
The climbing hewer's emerald mocks
The emerald dapplet of the dappled ground;
No greener under sea, than this ravine.

Sagitta, cool and fair, be not deceived.
Careless Sagitta, ^{as a mermaid} ~~as a mermaid~~ fair.
This glaucous innocence is full of threats;
Lost hearts are ill retrieved!
There's menace to your light-foot grace,
Your muslin sprigged with violets.
Braid, braid your pearls between your fingers, for
Ruskin and mischief make a pretty pair.

Long Barn
21-22 March
1929

The quarter cats with golden eyes
Stare out between the bars.
Deaths are there, and different deaths,
And night with different stars.
They find the aromatic hill,
And mate as fiercely as they kill,
And hold the freedom of their will
To roam, to live, to drink their fill,
That this beyond their wit know I:
Man loves a little, and for long shall die.

Their kind across the desert range
Where tulips spring from stones,
Not knowing they will suffer change
Or vultures pick their bones.
Their strength's eternal in their sight,
They rule the stars of the night,
They vault the deer in flight,
And in their arrogance they smite,
But I am sage, if they are strong:
Man's love is transient as his death is long.

Let do what powers to deceive!
My wit is turned to faith,
And at this moment I believe
In love, and scorn at death.
I come from nowhere, and shall be
Strong, steadfast, swift, eternally;
I am a lion, a dove, a tree,
And as the Polar star in me
Is fixed my constant heart on thee.
Ah, may I stay forever blind
With lions, tigers, leopards, and their kind.

Long Barn
21-22 March 1929