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Poems.

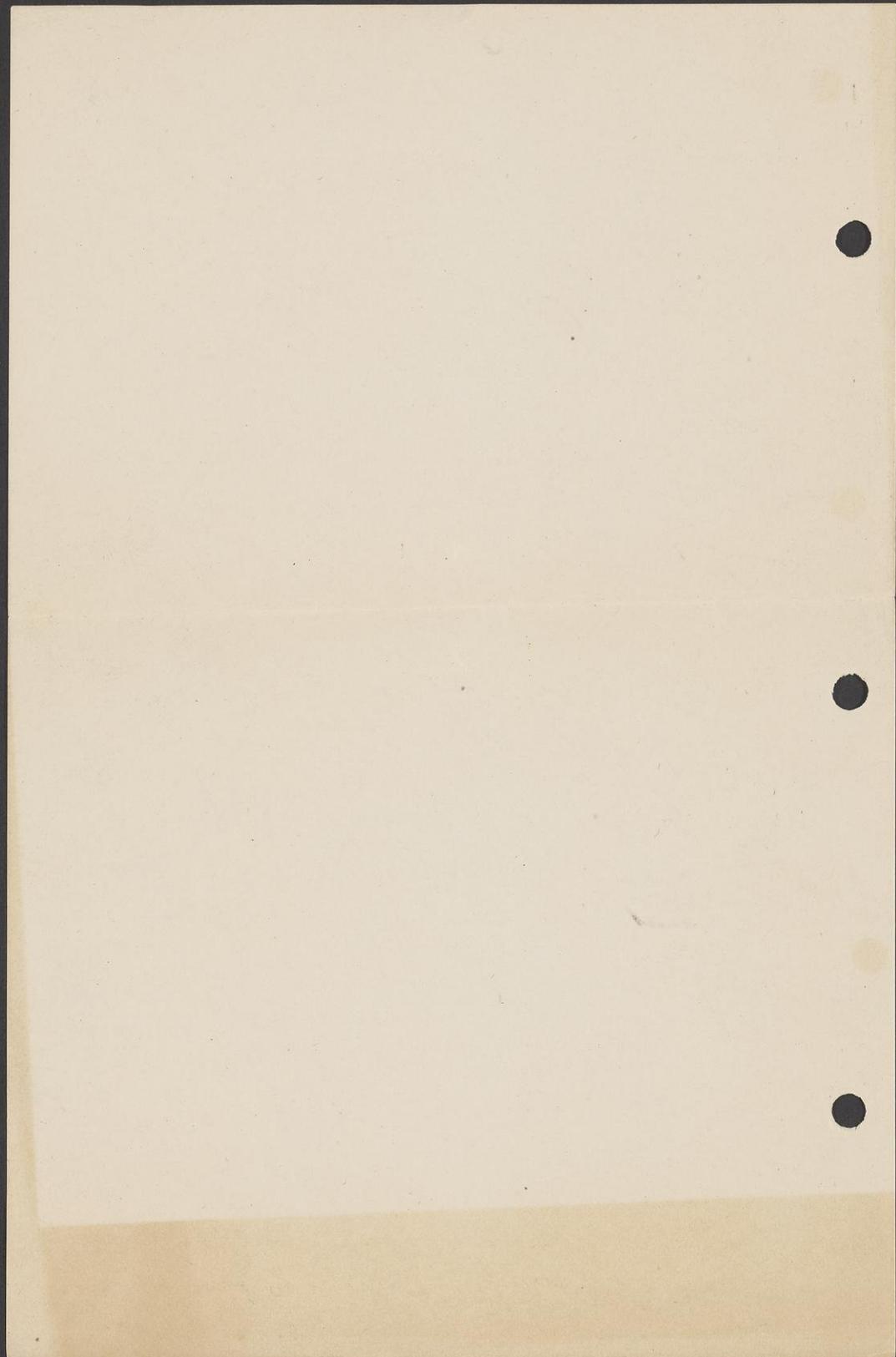
Paris: M. Lavergne, 1916

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Reims.

I heard the rountling gears, I saw the
smoke,
The unintelligible shocks of hosts that still,
Far off, muscuing store & store again;
And Beauty flying naked down the hill
From wron Dene; and the storm might cried
Peace!
And shut the stuff in darkness; all was still.
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
And I heard Beauty singing on the hill.

The Cathedral.

A winged death has smitten dumb thy bells,
And poured them molten from thy tragic towers;
Now are the windows dust that were thy flowers
Patterned like frost, petalled like asphodels,
You are the angels and the archangels,
The saints, the little launt above thy door,
The shepherd Christ! They are not, any more,
Save in the soul where exiled beauty dwells.
But who has heard within thy vaulted gloom
That old divine insistence of the sea,
When music flows along the sculptured stone
In tides of prayer, for him thy windows thron
Like faithful sunset, warm immortally!
Thy bells live on, and Heaven is their tone.