

GLIMPSES OF ENGLAND

BY H. A.

Once looking downward from an attic
high

Above the roaring street, I wondered
long

If this were England's dim reverberant
sigh,

That floated upward from the dusk-
lit throng?

Trade chanted ever to her cold machine,
And there were men who had no
hope to own,

And gray unending hovels line on line
Beneath the smokebank, shadowed
by a frown.

There grows an ancient tree that comes
to bloom

But once a hundred years: in that
great hour

Death comes to weeds that perish in
the light:

Then o'er the woodland, drifting
into flow'r,

Her old awakened splendor breaks the
gloom,

Standing alone, queen of the forest
night.

The clouds roll back; the breadth of
heaven clears;

Those tired and darkening waters in
the lock

Foam out, a flood of silver, down the
weirs

And tear the moss from faces of the
rock!

She is become the calm that once was
ours;

A ray above the havoc; hope; a
friend;

A blessed quietude, when battles end;
An old house rising, like a cliff, from
'flow'rs;

A vagrant beauty round the world that
blows,

Awander with her sons; a pulse that
thrills:

So men have seen among far Polar
snows

Helvellyn's misty shape and glisten-
ing gyhills:

Beside the brown Euphrates Avon
flows,
And Bredon shines beyond Ægean
hills.

The river flowing calm beneath her
swallows

Sucking the king-cup downward at
her brink;

The trout that dart and shudder
through the shallows,

And eddying weeds that rise, and
swirl, and sink;

Cloud-shadows floating over wide hill-
faces;

Pastures of England; light on wold
and fell:

By shell-starred battlements, in desert
places,

All these they love, who have loved
England well!

These will remain: they will not be
outworn;

A mother's eyes, they fail not nor
depart!

Beyond this world's dominion thou art
borne,

Who sway the misty channels of the
heart!

Mother of men! To what dim estuary?
To what far bay? To what uncharted
sea?

The Spectator

A SONG

BY JOAN THOMPSON

Down in the little valleys,
Before the cutting's over,
I will gather sweet, red clover
And taste its honey dew:
Then, Love o' my Dreams, I will give
My lips to you.

Down in the little valleys,
When the cutting's over,
I shall hear the calling plover:
'The summer days are few.'
Then, Love o' my Life, I will give
My soul to you.

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