

[*The English Review*]

RITUAL HYMN TO APOLLO LUKEIOS

BY BENVENUTA SOLOMON

The white wolf through the whist wood
goes,

And who shall dare to follow?
He hunts a prey none other knows —
Apollo, ai, Apollo!

By ways that wind 'neath shadowing
boughs,

Through tangled brake and hollow,
The tireless chase no pause allows —
Apollo, ai, Apollo!

Blindly the panting quarry flies,
All sense by terror blunted.
And now a blood-red moon espies
The hunter and the hunted.

The destined hour is come at last
For these who flee and follow —
My God! my God! thou hast me fast!
Io Paian, Apollo!

Thy fangs are bared above my breast,
Thine eye glows in its hollow.
Strike and destroy! This doom is best,
Lukeian lord, Apollo!

Why did I shun thy fierce pursuit,
Though fiercer was my yearning
To lie before thee, smiling, mute,
Victim on altar burning?

I know thee to my bitter dole.
Thee lacking all is hollow.
Thy gifts are tortures, yet my soul
Is glad of thee, Apollo!

And should'st thou turn from me to fly
My lot were then to follow;
The hunted thou, the hunter I —
Lukeios, ai, Apollo!

Ne'er shall the chase divine have end.
From hilltop, grove, and hollow
The wild rapt cry shall still ascend —
Io Paian, Apollo!

[*The Venturer*]

NIGHT MUSIC

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Enchanted as those days in Caliban's
isle,
A music from the night falls on my hill,
And variously played.
In the hushed moonrise many sounds
there are,
Inaudible but to the moods of prayer,
Into one music made.

Over the foothills from the valley
comes
The lowing of some straggler from the
herd,
Roaming in pastures deep.
A sheep-dog's challenge through the
dark is met
By the ewe-mothers and their lambs
that now
Are muffled flocks of sleep.

Sweeping across the fern twin measures
go,
Toward Worcester one, and Hereford,
where weave
Glooming, a pair of jars.
Faintly, afar, a brown owl speaks the
night,
And hears high up, from out these hill-
top pines,
His mate among the stars.

And, under all, the wind about the
gorse
Creeps, or as fire rushes, and burns up
All sound into one song.
And in the night it flows about my
grief,
Healing a little, as on Setebos
Was eased that older wrong.

So in my heart beauty with beauty
strives,
And good slays good. O spirit of wis-
dom, run,
As the wise wind to-night,
Through me, and make my crazy
tunes all one;
Upon the trouble of my blindness bring
Light, and forever light.