

[*The London Mercury*]

## THE EVENING SKY IN MARCH

BY JOHN FREEMAN

Rose-bosom'd and rose-limb'd,  
With eyes of dazzling bright,  
Shakes Venus mid the twined boughs  
of the night;

Rose-limb'd, soft-stepping  
From low bough to bough,  
Shaking the wide-hung starry fruitage  
— dimmed  
Its bloom of snow  
By that sole planetary glow.

Venus, avers the astronomer,  
Not thus idly dancing goes  
Flushing the eternal orchard with wild  
rose.  
She through ether burns  
Outpacing planetary earth,  
And ere two years triumphantly re-  
turns  
And again wavelike swelling flows;  
And again her flashing apparition  
comes and goes.

This we have not seen,  
No heavenly courses set,  
No flight unpausing through a void  
serene:

But when eve clears,  
Arises Venus as she first uprose  
Stepping the shaken boughs among,  
And in her bosom glows  
The warm light hidden in sunny snows.

She shakes the clustered stars  
Lightly, as she goes  
Amid the unseen branches of the night,  
Rose-limb'd, rose-bosom'd bright.  
She leaps: they shake and pale; she  
glows —  
And who but knows  
How the rejoiced heart aches  
When Venus all his starry vision  
shakes:

When through his mind  
Tossing with random airs of an un-  
earthly wind,  
Rose-bosom'd, rose-limb'd,  
The mistress of his starry vision arises,

And the boughs glittering sway  
And the stars pale away;  
And the enlarging heaven glows  
As Venus light-foot mid the twined  
branches goes.

## THE FLEETS

BY M. G. MEUGENS

Are you out with the Fleets through  
the long, dark night,  
Admiral Drake?  
Are you keeping watch, when with  
never a light  
They patrol the seas and wait for a  
fight?

In that far South Sea were you stand-  
ing by,  
Admiral Drake?  
Did your masthead catch that wireless  
cry?  
Did you in sorrow watch them die?

Once more at the guns do your gun-  
ners strain,  
Admiral Drake?  
Do their voices ring o'er the decks  
again,  
'Have at them, boys!' in the old re-  
frain?

When the shining death leaps through  
the wave,  
Admiral Drake,  
Are your boats all out in a rush to save?  
Do you stand to salute the death of the  
brave?

Are there others out on the heaving  
blue,  
Admiral Drake?  
Are Collingwood, Blake, and Nelson,  
too,  
In their high-decked ships, along with  
you?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates  
Swing wide to let you through,  
And out o'er the seas your galleons  
sweep  
To fight for the flag anew.