

## EROS — OCTOBER

I cannot tell rude listeners  
 Half the tell-tale South-wind said, —  
 'T would bring the blushes of yon maples  
 To a man and to a maid.

## EROS

THEY put their finger on their lip,  
 The Powers above :  
 The seas their islands clip,  
 The moons in ocean dip,  
 They love, but name not love.

## OCTOBER

OCTOBER woods wherein  
 The boy's dream comes to pass,  
 And Nature squanders on the boy her pomp,  
 And crowns him with a more than royal crown,  
 And unimagined splendor waits his steps.  
 The gazing urchin walks through tents of gold,  
 Through crimson chambers, porphyry and pearl,  
 Pavilion on pavilion, garlanded,  
 Incensed and starred with lights and airs and shapes,  
 Color and sound, music to eye and ear,  
 Beyond the best conceit of pomp or power.

## PETER'S FIELD

[KNOWS he who tills this lonely field  
 To reap its scanty corn,  
 What mystic fruit his acres yield  
 At midnight and at morn ?]

That field by spirits bad and good,  
 By Hell and Heaven is haunted,  
 And every rood in the hemlock wood  
 I know is ground enchanted.

[In the long sunny afternoon  
 The plain was full of ghosts :  
 I wandered up, I wandered down,  
 Beset by pensive hosts.]

For in those lonely grounds the sun  
 Shines not as on the town,  
 In nearer arcs his journeys run,  
 And nearer stoops the moon.

There in a moment I have seen  
 The buried Past arise ;  
 The fields of Thessaly grew green,  
 Old gods forsook the skies.



## PETER'S FIELD

I cannot publish in my rhyme  
 What pranks the greenwood played ;  
 It was the Carnival of time,  
 And Ages went or stayed.

To me that spectral nook appeared  
 The mustering Day of Doom,  
 And round me swarmed in shadowy troop  
 Things past and things to come.

The darkness haunteth me elsewhere ;  
 There I am full of light ;  
 In every whispering leaf I hear  
 More sense than sages write.

Underwoods were full of pleasance,  
 All to each in kindness bend,  
 And every flower made obeisance  
 As a man unto his friend.

Far seen, the river glides below,  
 Tossing one sparkle to the eyes :  
 I catch thy meaning, wizard wave ;  
 The River of my Life replies.

## MUSIC

LET me go where'er I will,  
 I hear a sky-born music still :  
 It sounds from all things old,  
 It sounds from all things young,  
 From all that 's fair, from all that 's foul,  
 Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,  
 It is not only in the bird,  
 Not only where the rainbow glows,  
 Nor in the song of woman heard,  
 But in the darkest, meanest things  
 There always, always something sings.

'T is not in the high stars alone,  
 Nor in the cup of budding flowers,  
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,  
 Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,  
 But in the mud and scum of things  
 There always, always something sings.