

AN ILLUMINATED SYMPHONY.

APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN

A POEM ON IMMORTALITY

BY

HERBERT TRENCH

SET AS A DRAMATIC SYMPHONY

WITH CHORAL EPILOGUE

BY

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.
" (OP. 51.)

FULL SCORE.

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DIRECTIONS

FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF THE ORCHESTRAL SCORE OF "APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN"

I.

The following Symphony with Choral Epilogue has been called "An Illuminated Symphony," and is intended for performance in a large Hall or Theatre, either with a lighted display of the words, or without them, in the ordinary manner. In the former case the object to be attained is an effect of dignity, mystery and solemnity, by a combination of poetry and music simultaneously concentrated upon the same ideas. *It is particularly to be noted that for full effect EITHER the Poem OR the Music should be known well beforehand.* Their combination will not then be found otherwise than harmonious during the actual performance.

The Theatre or Hall should be in darkness, if possible, both previous to and during the performance of the Orchestra. The Orchestra is intended to consist of 85 to 100 performers, together with about 150 to 200 Men's Voices,* and should, as far as possible, be invisible, behind a screen of plants, palms, or foliage—or thin, extremely lofty, decoratively hung festoons and columns of dark, richly-coloured veillings designed not to destroy the sound—and behind the Screen upon which the Poem is projected.

The lights on the music-stands should be closely and heavily shaded. The choir should learn their short part by heart, in order to dispense with lights; or their lights should be heavily shaded also. Otherwise the eyes of the audience will be fatigued by distraction between the bright lettering on the Screen and the brightness behind the Screen.

II.

The Screen for the Poem should be about 17½ feet square, in a large hall such as the Queen's Hall, in London.

From the Galleries, or some other position behind the Audience, Limelight or Electric Light from Dissolving Lanterns should cast the words of the poem on the Screen, *in exact time with the changes of the music of the Orchestra*, as the Symphony proceeds. The words should slightly precede the corresponding music. An expert musician will be required to take his place and read the score beside the lantern, and signal the changes to the lantern operator.

The Audience should if possible be ushered, at the opening of the performance, into semi-darkness.

It is important that the whole *mise-en-scène* should be so arranged as to present a scene of decorative beauty, even if the lights are turned up at the close. *It would be artistic (where possible) to design supports and decorative framings of the text, by an arrangement of dark, simple draperies round the text on the Screen.*

The lantern slides will probably be found to contain, as a rule, two stanzas or from eight to twelve lines; and when the lantern is, say, eighty-six feet from the Screen, the magnified type should be about eight inches high on the Screen. White lettering on a black ground is far the most effective. In changing the slides, great care should be taken to do so in smooth and easy fashion, avoiding awkward jerks.

Other details respecting the proper manner of performance may be obtained upon application to Messrs. Novello. Veillings and slides may be obtained from the Owner of the Proprietary Rights, through Messrs. Novello. The Poem may be obtained separately, price 1s. 6d. in paper, and 2s. 6d. in boards, from Methuen & Co., Essex Street, London; Mr. Henry Holt publishes it in the U.S. America.

The Symphony was first performed, before Royalty, at the Queen's Hall on January 20, 1908, together with the Symphonic Poem "The Shepherd," by Herbert Trench and W. H. Bell, which served as Prelude, and the Song, "Come, let us make love deathless," by Joseph Holbrooke, which served as Interlude. This Concert was repeated on January 27, 1908.

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As all the Proprietary Rights of both Music and Text of the Poem (which may not be used without permission upon any Lantern Slides, as such use constitutes an Act of Publication and Violation of Copyright) are vested in the Author, Herbert Trench, any person whatever desiring publicly to perform either part or the whole of "Apollo and the Seaman," whether as Illuminated Symphony or otherwise, must apply to Messrs. Novello, 160, Wardour Street, London, W., who also publish the above-named Song.

* These Voices will not be required for performance in Abridged Form. For performance in Abridged Form, see Note on Title-page of Part I.

APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN.

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THE ORCHESTRA.

STRING'S	Violini I., Violini II., Viole, Violoncelli and Contra-Bassi.
WOOD-WIND	Piccolo, 3 Flauti, 3 Oboi, Corno Inglese, 2 Clarinetti, Clarinetto in E flat, Alto Clarinetto, Clarinetto Basso, 3 Fagotti and Contra Fagotto.
BRASS	4 (or 8) Corni, 4 Trombe, 3 Tromboni, Contra Tuba, Euphonium, 2 Saxophones (<i>ad lib.</i>), 2 Sarrusophones (<i>ad lib.</i>).
PERCUSSION	3 Timpani, Gran Cassa, Piatti, Side Drum, Triangle, Tambourine, Bells, Glockenspiel, Gong and Tabor. 2 Harps, Celesta and Xylophone.

*APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN.

I.

APOLLO through the woods came Apollo's coming.
down
 Furred like a merchant fine,
 And sate with a Sailor at an Inn
 Sharing a jug of wine.

Had sun-rays, spilled out of a storm,
 Thither the God conveyed?
 Or some green and floating cloudlet
caught
 On the fringes of a glade?

For none had known him by his gait
 Descending from the hills,
 Though far and wide before him blew
 The friendly daffodils;

No shepherd had discovered him
 On upland pasture bare
 By dew-pond or green Roman camp;
 No voice aloft in air

Along lone barrows of great downs
 With kine in rolling coombes,
 Where bells blow up from all the plain
 To headlands spring perfumes,

Proclaimed him to those coombes and
fold

Of little lambs unyeaned,
 Or sung him to the billowy woods
 With spray of buds begreened,
 Where spreads in haze the snowy maze
 Of orchards deep-ravined—

Telling the dingles of the thrush
 To overflow with sound,
 Warning the grassy commons all
 In vales for miles around:

“Wake! shād̄y forest-coverts wide!
 Wake! skylit river-sward!
 Chases and meres and misty shires
 Be ready for your lord!”

But he would not stay nor tarry there
 On the blithe edge of the down,
 To the sea-coast his errand was
 And the smoke-hanging town.

Far off he saw its harbours shine
 And black sea-bastions thronged
 With masts of the sea-traffickers
 For whom his spirit longed.

Far off he heard the windlass heaved
 And the creaking of the cranes,
 Gay barges hailed and poled along,
 And the rattling fall of chains,

Till by the windows of that Inn
 He sate and took his ease
 Where the bowsprits of the swarthy
ships
 Came thrusting to the quays.

II.

Apollo. “And why are you cast down, sailor? The rumour.
 And why are you cast down?
 With lapfuls of the guineas light
 Come you not back to town?”

Your feet that must have run in air
 Aloft the slippy mast
 Are they not glad to land, my lad,
 On steady ground at last?”

Up from his brown and branded hands
 A heavy chin he raised,
 And sidelong through the harbour bluffs
 Looked out like man amazed.

Seaman. “If you had cruised as I have cruised
 The world for many a year,
 Your blood like mine it would have
 struck

At the strange news I hear.

O the Moon went riding high last night
 And the dance along the quays,
 But I could not find it in my heart
 To care for shows like these;

For while still I felt the rollers' lift
 Bear on through the dark land
 And the little houses here still rock
 And sway—they would not stand—

I heard them calling in the streets
 That the ship I serve upon—
 The great ship Immortality—
 Was gone down, like the sun. . . .”

III.

Apollo. “And whence did that craft hail, sailor, The Ship.
 Of which you seem so fond?”

Seaman. “It was some harbour of the East,
 Back o' beyond, back o' beyond!”

Apollo. “What shipwrights' hammers rang on
 her,
 The stout ship and the leal?
 In what green forest inlet lay
 Her cradle and her keel?”

Seaman. “I think some arm of the sea-gods
 Framed us her stormy frame,
 And ribbed and beamed and stanchioned
 her,
 And gave her strength a name.
 Never, Sir Traveller, have you seen
 A sight the half as fine
 As when she hove up from the East
 On our horizon-line!”

Apollo. “I have seen a dead god on the Nile,
 Paddled by tribes of bronze,
 Under mud-built villages of palms
 Glide, statelier than swans,
 And Isis' frail moon-golden skiff
 Restore him to that barque of life
 Whose years are millions.

* From “*New Poems*, including Apollo and the Seaman, The Queen of Gothland, Stanzas to Tolstoy, and other Lyrics, by HERBERT TRENCH. (Methuen & Co.)

I have seen Jason and his men
 Into bows of Argo piece
 Oak of Dodona, ere she slid
 To find the golden fleece ;
 Ay, and triremes of the marble isles
 Pursue from Salamis.

I have seen master-galleys rise
 Dipping in mass the oar,
 And centaur-carven caravels,
 And galleons big with ore,
 Dromonds, and mountain'd argosies
 That sack the globe no more :

Great sails, like yellow weeping clouds,
 Heap'd thunder, roaring squall—
 And their fadings, like the fleet of stars
 That floateth over all."

Seaman. " Well—ask all navies such as these—
 Was she not more divine
 Who, challenged by Death's muffled
 drums,
 Gave Death the countersign ?
 Ah, to serve on her in time of war !
 Why it set aflame your blood
 To feel her in the slack of peace
 Come booming up the flood,

Thousands of wings about her bows
 As she cast away the deep,
 The morning star swung from a spar
 And every sail asleep.

And her masts ! Land-locked and shut
 away

From the sea-winds' scud and psalm,
 Her masts, they trembled in a leash—
 You laid on them your palm,
 And they quivered over with great life
 That never could be calm.

No frothings in your purple wake
 On the lone path to the pole
 White as the spread of sail on her
 That lent wings to your soul—"

Apollo. " What was her build, that boat of yours
 So proud upon the sea ?
 What was her make of hull and deck,
 What suit of sails had she ? "

Seaman. " O her stretch of sail so white, so white,
 By no man's hand unfurled,
 Was Heaven ! "

Apollo. " And the decks you kept so bright ? "

Seaman. " Were like this bustling World. "

Apollo. " And the hold and cockpit out of sight,
 Pitch dark and ill to smell,
 Full of the friends of your delight ? "

Seaman. " That was the pit of Hell ! "

IV.

Seaman. " How think of her, gone down, gone The
 down ! tidings.
 How think of her decayed !
 Or that the maker of that ship
 Could let his creature fade !
 More unbridled — unforgettable — was
 never creature made.

Gone by the board, those swinging spars
 That seemed through storm to climb !
 Sent down, like any cockle-shell,
 To the tangle and the slime !

Did he that takes the narrow sounds
 His monstrous hands between
 Whirl her among his crazy locks
 Into an eddy green ?

Was it fog-bound, on a foul coast,
 With not enough sea-room,
 Or clear of land that she was lost,
 Where the hard gale can blow home ?

Was it ice-floe in the sheeted foam
 Ambushed her ? or some ledge
 Of false lights—or uncharted reef—
 Broke her back upon its edge ?

Perhaps even she was seized at last
 Off some island precipice
 With weariness, like man's weariness,
 Of everything that is,

And stranded so till the fresh flood
 That through the channel swings
 Crumbled that side like a sea-cliff
 As one crumbles little things." . . .

Apollo. " Her end was none, my lad, of these ;
 But first, if you must know,
 Mutiny of those friends of yours
 In irons down below."

Seaman. " And how got you, Sir Merchantman,
 This news—or bitter jest ? "

Apollo. " Sir, my trade is bringing light to all
 From the East unto the West.

Nay, he that built your famous boat
 From the old coasts to fly
 And bear you ever out and on,
 Was I, and none but I ! "

With that the sailor clutch'd the board ;
 Wine spilt out of his glass
 Dripp'd to the floor, but not a sound
 From his parch'd mouth would pass.

V.

Apollo " There was no whisper out of space, The tale
 (musing). Scarcely a ripple ran of Apollo.

From thine incommensurable side
 O dim leviathan,

When from afar I came in flight,
 Rumours 'gainst thee to probe,
 Leaving far off, engraved in shade,
 Many a dreaming silver globe
 And approaching thee on the middle
 sea

Wrapt in my darkling robe.

From that Ship becalm'd, that triple-
 tier'd

Of Heaven and Earth and Hell,
 Spread strange commotion as I near'd
 Over the starred sea-swell.

Arcturus, I remember, shone—
That rebel! mirror'd bright,
And Saturn in his moat of moons
Glass'd in unsounded night;
All the million-litten vault below
Breathed, in a slumber light.

As in some mountain forest glade
When frosts ere dawn are brisk
And early spring boughs knitted close
Across the red moon's disk,

And the rimy turf rings hard to hoof
Of the light branch-feeding deer,
One sees upflushing some glen's brow
Camp-fire of mountaineer

Bivouack'd below; shag-bearded pines,
All gnarled, loom down estranged
At the wanton fire about their knees
With the moon-fire interchanged—

So strange her gaunt dishevelled spars
Loomed down out of the sky;
Sails that had drunk Earth's soul
immense
Hung pierced and slung awry,

My inwoven eternal blazonries
An idle tattered shame.
Was this the keen fire-spirited prow
Ark of the heaving flame

That sun-stampt and illumined ship,
That keel of mystery,
Loosed, after toilings beyond count,
To plunge from the Daedalian mount
And to stem futurity?

Now, because mine own insignia
badged
Each white celestial vail,
Rage seized me, like your emperor
Trajan—how goes the tale?—
Who on Tigris, twice defeated, tore
His gold wolves from the sail. . . .

And as from forge doors in her decks
Escaped, lulled, rose again,
Confused blasts—insolent uproar
From torch'd and naked men,
As it were some wind from Africa's
Tropic and demon'd fen.

And beast-like shadows ran and
flashed;
Knotted at grips they swayed
And writhed. Unkennelled Hell was
loose
And swarmed in escalade.

Hard-pressed my righteous stood at
bay;
But when Hell's desperate brood
Saw me, they shouted, '*Lord of light,
Release!*' And ruinous strew'd,
Fell on their faces on the decks
In breathless multitude.

But their leader, with inverted torch,
Stepp'd through them. Stern he
comes,
Stirring their night-bound forest hearts
Like distant savage drums,

And cries aloud, '*In this, in this—
Shaking his torch—is peace!
Not thou, tardy deliverer,
But I, confer release!*

*Mighty shall be the high sea-flame!
Superb the funeral pyre
Of Heaven and Earth! . . . Kindle it,
Hell!*

To glut this God's desire!'

He paused, with black distorted arms
Rear'd, long before the crash—
Like some hollow oak that long
outliveth

Coil of the lightning's lash;

Then fell. Majestic enemy,
Time with thy falling rang!
He, first of all the ship, was free
And fled without a pang.

Out of the throng'd expanse, skull-bare
Heads rose and dropped again.
They quailed, they flinched before my
gaze,

My light to them was pain.
Shadows of wreckage on the masts
Went streaming down the main.

Stooping above one cowering shape,
I raised it by the chin,
Upturned the pallid chronicle
And read the tale therein;
Read the thing purposed, by the bone,
And the thing done, by the skin.

The lecherous, wan, with eyelid lined,
Heavy-soul'd, torn with vice,
The murderous with the flitting smile,
The drunkard blue as ice;
Incomplete and colourable things
Whose breathings must be lies.

All the sweet neighbours that men take
Within their breasts to thrive
Had blown like glass the body's case
Or stamped its clay alive.
So I mused—(All hung upon a hair!)
Why need the dead survive?

In one face, stony, white and bleak,
Had passions scooped their bed;
Old lavas down the rigid cheek,
Meseemed, were still unshed;

And I read the eyes of him that thirsted
Only for things beyond;
Whose strata, tossed in molten dreams,
Would never correspond
With things about him, for he willed
To die unparagoned.

Unseen above them so bowed down
Like bent and sodden corn,
Should I cast them with derision back,
That throng of the forlorn,

Herding them with derision cold
As with a hand of steel,
Condemn them to endurance back
And still to think and feel,
While the tears that might not fall for
them

Did on my cheek congeal?

And in that pause their mournful hope
Swelling like the undertone
That dins within the wildest gale
Utter'd aloud mine own.

Blindly they stretched their scarry
hands,

Their piteous hands, to me :
"Since bonds we cannot bear, nor sight
Be thou our sanctuary!
Open again the narrow gate—
Let us no longer be!"

Then lo! my righteous, whose wounds
still

With bitter conflict bled,
Veer'd in their wrath, hoarsely unjust,
Arraigned me for these dead—
Spat on their own high bliss, and craved
To stand in Hades' stead.

Had all white-priested Egypt, then,
Not taught thee to perdure,
My Boat of Years? Lo, in man's dust
So mixed—so long impure—
Came light! Then I summoned up each
soul

And round its neck secure
Fastened this token: '*Judge thyself*,'
That justice might be sure.

Aloft, long since, I saw, had fled
That viewless sanhedrim
Of presences starry-cresseted
Who erst through waters dim
Had breathed the towering sails along,
My faithful seraphim.

And I turned about in mournfulness
Steadfastly to behold
Bulwarks charred, ay, and drunken
masts

And slow deep-labouring hold,
And the heeling of age-crumbled beams
And helmless spars divine—
Beheld the horror of those decks
Bloodied with mystic wine;
Even the little fluttering genius reft
From the wrecked and flameless shrine.

And I cried to the white shape on the
prow

Ascendant by my skill,
'O winged ardour, headless now,
To sound what wild sea-victory

Swing'st there, triumphant still?
Why spared they wholly to shatter thee?
Thy rippling veils from feet to breasts
Winds from the future fill

But I know my handiwork outworn,
And this bolted fabric vast
That disciplined through many wars
Man's courage in the past,—
And well, well, hath she served her
Lord—

Unseaworthy at last!

Then from ocean's frothy hazardous
Dream-element I caught
Her crew—every half-foundered soul
Wherewith her hold was fraught;

And I sang them back to steady Earth
After their wanderings long,
Both quick and dead. Hangs on thy
breast

The token of my song?"

(He fumbled in his hairy breast
Yes—the '*Judge thyself*' hung there)

"And remembering then their mad out-
burst

Of quaint hope and despair

Who deemed each puny life should last
When nothing else escapes,
And the nations and the planets melt
Like breakers on the capes,

From laughter, from tears unquench-
able,

Scarce able to forbear,
I smote the great hull to a ghost
And the mighty masts to air."

Seaman. "What! is there not even left enough
Of that so noble craft,
A gang-board or a plank or two,
To lash into a raft?"

Apollo. "No, lad; you shall not ride in her;
But then you shall not weep;
Nor hear aloft her pipes of cheer
Nor the wail under the deep.

Yet sometimes like the Northern Lights
Hull-down—a radiance dim—
Loftier than air of Earth, up-sprung
To planes beyond its rim,

At hours when you are fever-struck
A phantom you may see,
Derelict—drifting out of hail—
Lost Immortality!"

VI.

When the man knew the ship he loved **The**
Had melted to a lie **rebuke.**
He fronted him upon his feet
As who should Gods defy—
Syllables choked not in his throat,
He met him eye to eye.

Refreshed was he through long forborne
 Anger. His spirit swelled
 Manful—the stronger in his grief
 By all that he had quelled.

Seaman. “ This is your world-discovery !
 This is the great landfall !
 This coil of warehouses and quays
 And taverns—this is all !

Well was it that we trusted you !
 Else—how had we achieved
 Good luck ? But then we had a friend
 Wholly to be believed.

This is the country we have gained,
 This land of milk and balm !
 For this our innocent took wounds
 And died without a qualm,
 Drawn on as by a ghost, that ends
 Like a catspaw in a calm !

Stay ! I have heard, how in action's
 heat

A captain in his tent
 Sealed a despatch ; and the rider died
 That with the letter went ;
 But the letter—saved—was found a
 blank.

You, who the message sent,
 Say, how will you now make amends
 For what was vainly spent ! ”

Fell off, fell off the enshrouding furs—
 The beamwork of the room
 To its last crevices was lit ;
 So terribly illumine
 The God's eyes—all his presence
 seemed
 Outwardly to consume.

As though all burning sovranities
 And throbbings of the mind,
 Condensed into a single flame,
 Across that board confined
 Shot the human shade, a skeleton,
 Clean on the wall behind
 The man.

Apollo. “ Ah, fragment of my soul,
 When I invented thee
 To utter Mind, as guest and mate
 Of a voiceless family,
 And gave thee selfhood, barred with
 sleeps,
 On yon ship's heaving shelves,
 Selfhood that never can contrive—
 However lightning-like it strive—
 To escape, in its inmost, deepest dive
 My Self *beneath* your selves,

I built through demiurgic powers,
 Myriad human hopes and fears,
 And laboured at this shipwright's task
 A hundred thousand years.

Think'st thou I framed a vessel vain
 As earthly ships of wood ?
 Or that thy voyage never was,

And wasted all your blood ?
 What ! Hast not felt the invisible
 Nor faintly understood ?

Thou hast seen armies serve a name,
 A rag, a tomb forlorn ;
 And the tides of men obey a ghost,
 The ghost of the unborn.

Thou hast felt the Passions' blindest
 roots

Quake up man's silly crust,
 And rock thy reason from its state
 And crack its towers to dust.

Thou hast seen the Gods figure forth
 races,

Surging out of the vast
 On the crest of wave after wave, for aye
 To sweep till time be past :—

Feel'st thou no wind *behind* those waves
 All washing on one way ?
 Organs of the invisible
 Yes, thou hast felt their sway !

Deem'st those old faceless images,
 ' Truth,' ' Justice,' ' Liberty,'
 Heralding symbols *thou* employ'st ?
They are employing thee !

Organs of the invisible
 Yes, thou hast felt their sway.
 All the buried city of thy heart
 Knows thou art less than they.

But now get back upon high seas
 Unknown and drear indeed,
 Thou, the adventure of my cloud
 And sailing of my seed ! ”

Seaman. “ Lord, I confess the things unseen
 Closer the fountain-head
 Than the wooden table in my grasp
 Or yonder loaf of bread ;
 But must we, ever-living one,
 Go out when we are dead ?
 When the arms that held us close and
 dear,
 When the love that we are used
 To mingle with, are wrenched away
 And the body's kiss is loosed ? ”

The God smiled, and with 'haviour soft
 Leaning across the wine
 Heavily took those shoulders young
 Into his grasp divine.

Apollo. “ Harken ! I put you to the touch
 My son, my prodigal—
 Since every brave song hath its close
 Your own life, end it shall ;
 Yes, utterly shall meet an end.
 Be it heroical !

And, born aboard, my rover stark,
 Dread you to die aboard ?
 To lay you down beside your love
 With the sunset on your sword ? . . .

VII.

Apollo (con-
tinuing). "Voyage after voyage, how else, how else **The New Ship.**
Should I man's soul prepare
For the new venture, bolder yet,
On which he now must dare?—

See! from the voyage whence you come
now

You come not back the same;
Behind the door of your dull brow
Hath sprung up doubt and blame—

Defiance of me. That I praise.
This once low-cabined pate
Hollows deep-chambered—is become
Tribunal—hall of state
For the assembled thrones of angels—
roof
For an assize of fate!

Thou hast forgotten, whom I took
From lap of things inform
And flung to embraces of the sea
And caresses of the storm!
Now electrified, subtler-energied,
Starker-willed, battle-warm
Thou comest, thou comest again to
me! . . .
Son of tumult, gloom enorm,
I have new jeopardy for thee
And new eyes yet to form!

O wrestler into consciousness
Stand upon Earth! Away!
Long hath the journey been by night,
But roseate breaks the day;
Like a scroll I unfold the mountain-tops
And the windings of the bay.

Awake! thou'rt already on the cruise
And shalt not see its end.
Earth is the ship! Thou shalt have
time
To find the Earth thy friend!"

Seaman. "Is there a hand upon her helm?"

Apollo. "Weigh thou thine own heart-fires,
And her wash of overwhelming dawns,
And her tide that never tires—
Her tranquil heave of seasons—flowers—
All that in thee aspires!

How like an eagle on the abyss
With outspread wing serene
She circles!—thought rolls under her
And the flash from the unseen.
Here's to her mission, wingéd rock,
Bluff-bowed and heavy keel'd
Through the night-watches swinging on
Still under orders sealed!

No crystal gives a peep, my son,
Of her errand far and surgy;
No witch's magic brew of sleep
Nor smoke of thaumaturgy;
Nor, for the future, shall you reap
Much benefit of clergy.

But if thy former priestly ship
Failed of the port assigned,
The overwhelming globe takes on
Her altar-flame of mind.
See that the oils that feed the lamp
Fail not!"

Seaman. "What are those oils?"

Apollo. "Heroic, warm, abounding souls!
These are the sacred oils
On the fragrant thin-flamed thyme
Lost on the deep like melody—
They who, as I My Self disperse
In them through the tragic universe,
Scatter themselves in toils.

And I shall stream into their life
Waking—sense after sense—
New understandings—endless, no,
But more and more intense.
Till joy in the will that wafts the world
Buoyant as swimmers be
Makes thee divine, perhaps at last
Wholly delivers thee."

Seaman. And the man exclaimed, "Delivers me!
How, if this death descends?
I am a man and not a race.
What matters, if self ends?
Speak! quick, my brain is worn and
cold,
Little it comprehends."

Apollo. "I shall tell thee, but as music tells.
I too, like thee, have striven.
I too am launched from the profound
And past; I too am driven
In turn upon the stream of storms
From fountains beyond heaven;
And to me, too, light is mystery
And the greater light half-given.
How can I make plain the goal obscure
Of thy journey but begun?
And again the God smiled on the man
And asked, "Hast thou a son?"
He nodded. "And never yet hast
guessed

That thou and he are one!
Yet leaf shall of leaf become aware
On the selfsame bough and stem,
Whose branches are murmuring every-
where
And the heaven floods all of them!
Between you—*between all that love*—
Runs no gulf wide nor deep,
But a sheen'd veil, thinner than any
veil,
Thin as the veil of sleep.

Through the death-veil—looming
silverly—
Through the self-veil's subtle strand,
Dawns it not? For that dawn thy
heart
Hath eye—shall understand;
Before its seeing rock-walls melt
And cracks the mortal band.

For when once the whole consummate
 strength
 Of thy slow-kindling mind
 Can see in the *heart's* light at length
 All the strange sons of mankind,
 Then the Earth—that else were but a
 strait
 Rock-sepulchre—is new :
 Of what account to it is death ?
 It is glowing, through and through,
 It moveth, alive with a God's breath,
 Translucent as the dew !”

VIII.

The last words in the rafters rang
 And the bright haze sounded on ;
 Walls, air and shadows vibrant still,
 But the God himself was gone.

The
 embar-
 kation.

Was the thing dreamed ? The Tavern
 wall
 Solid ? Still it rang.
 Feverish he threw the lattice back :
 Outside fluttered and sang
 Trees of a tract of narrow yards
 Behind dark tenements,
 The nearest garden vacant—rope
 Eked out its broken fence.
 Naked it lay—brown mould bestrewn
 With refuse crockery—yet
 A pear-tree in its darkest nook
 Bowered it in delicate
 Whiteness. Beyond its further pale

Above a wall-flower bed,
 Women were hanging linen out :
 One stoop'd a kerchief'd head.
 In lime trees idle rooks were cawing ;
 Even to his upper room
 Came wafted from some distant plot
 Fragrance like thyme's perfume ;
 And, adrift from zigzag chimney-stacks
 And ancient courtyards, soft
 Blue smoke was breathed amongst the
 trees ;

Dazzling clouds moved aloft ;
 Even to the window where he stood
 A cherry stretched its limb,
 Half the diaphanous clusters clear
 Enlumined, and half dim.
 Green swift immortal Spring was here—
 Spring in her lovely trim—
 And whether it were ship or no,
 The Earth seemed good to him.
 Had he been Greek, or nurtured well
 In lore of sages gone,
 He would have felt her like that ship
 Ascribed to Hieron
 Which, beside its deck-house luxuries
 Of baths and bronzes fine,
 Carried a pergola's green walk,
 Shade-galleries of vine,
 And for awnings fruit-espaliers
 From buried urns in line.

Quitting the Inn he made for home,
 And by many a cobbled wynd
 Behung with mariners' wares, uphill
 He strode with seething mind.
 Above in the shady market-place
 Unwonted silence reigned.
 Under their patched umbrella stalls
 Few flower-sellers remained ;
 But one, with old face like a map
 Wrinkled by good and evil hap,
 Stretched forth her palm. It rained.
 Ah, yes, it rained—sudden acold
 The sky loured overcast.
 Soon the pavements leapt with plashing
 drops ;

And as he hasty passed
 He heard a burst of chanted sound,
 And glanced up at the vast
 Shadow that over huddled roofs
 Loomed, pinnacled and grey. . . .
 The spired cathedral thundrously
 And widely seemed to sway ;
 Like Earth upon her pilgrimage
 Buffetted on from age to age
 It still was under way.

And on he trudged with peace at heart,
 Rain pelting on his cheek,
 But the shower half-ceased before he
 found
 The bourne he seemed to seek.

A small house in a by-way dark
 Beneath that April cloud,
 And nigh the doorway he looked up
 Keen-eyed. He could have vowed
 It was his wife stood shining there,
 Yon, where the lintel dripped.
 With soft, profound, familiar look,
 Low-laughing forth she slipped ;

Her mute nod warned him (while her
 hair
 Released bright drops that fell)
 And bade him watch, but not disturb,
 A happy spectacle.

Now vapour'd were the cobble-stones,
 And the runnel where they stood
 Fleeted adown the middle street,
 Rays gleaming on its mud,
 When lo ! he saw a boy, their son,
 Squatted beside the flood,

Like the city's sole inhabitant
 And lost to aught beside,
 Wholly absorbed, aloof, intent.
 Upon that ruffling tide

The boy embarked a faery ship
 Of paper, white and gay,
 And watched, with grave ecstatic smile,
 Its glories whirled away.

THE END.

THEMES.

"APOLLO." *Allegro maestoso. fff* etc.

Cl. etc.

"THE SEAMAN." *Allegro con brio.* etc.

"THE RUMOUR." *Andante espress.* *p* *Vla.*

"THE SHIP." *Allegro.*

"THE TIDINGS." *Molto allegro leggiero.* *Wood. pp.* etc.

"THE REBUKE." *Larghetto espress.* *p* etc.

"THE NEW SHIP." *Allegro.* *Cor.*

"THE EMBARCATION." *Adagio sostenuto.* *Str. p.* etc.