

THE SUNBOWS

SPRAY of song that springs in April, light of love that
laughs through May,

Live and die and live for ever: nought of all things
far less fair

Keeps a surer life than these that seem to pass like fire
away.

In the souls they live which are but all the brighter that
they were;

In the hearts that kindle, thinking what delight of old
was there.

Wind that shapes and lifts and shifts them bids perpetual
memory play

Over dreams and in and out of deeds and thoughts
which seem to wear

Light that leaps and runs and revels through the
springing flames of spray.

Dawn is wild upon the waters where we drink of dawn
today :

Wide, from wave to wave rekindling in rebound through
radiant air,

Flash the fires unwoven and woven again of wind that
works in play,
Working wonders more than heart may note or sight
may wellnigh dare,
Wefts of rarer light than colours rain from heaven,
though this be rare.
Arch on arch unbuilt in building, reared and ruined ray
by ray,
Breaks and brightens, laughs and lessens, even till eyes
may hardly bear
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the
springing flames of spray.

Year on year sheds light and music rolled and flashed
from bay to bay
Round the summer capes of time and winter headlands
keen and bare
Whence the soul keeps watch, and bids her vassal
memory watch and pray,
If perchance the dawn may quicken, or perchance the
midnight spare.
Silence quells not music, darkness takes not sunlight
in her snare ;
Shall not joys endure that perish ? Yea, saith dawn,
though night say nay :
Life on life goes out, but very life enkindles everywhere
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the
springing flames of spray.

Friend, were life no more than this is, well would yet the
living fare.

All aflower and all afire and all flung heavenward, who
shall say

Such a flash of life were worthless? This is worth a
world of care—

Light that leaps and runs and revels through the
springing flames of spray.