

**TO LEDA, AND  
OTHER ODES**

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To Leda, and Other Odes by T. Sturge Moore

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**T. STURGE MOORE**

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BY · T. · STURGE · MOORE

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TO MICHAEL FIELD





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TO LEDA

Wiselest confirmed of river bathers, thou,  
Most nobly wooed of any god loved queen,  
That oft didst swimming, like a snow-white plough,  
The swiftest crystal furrow, then didst lean,  
A panting majesty, on willow arms  
Which, yielding, cradled thee, while all thy charms  
Lay, open-bloomed, beneath the eye of heaven ;  
Thus lapped serene, through many a summer even,  
Consenting to the silence, thou wast seen—

Not only of white swans and cygnets gray,  
Dove-coloured cygnets, swans of arching pride  
That passed thee in abstraction ; clouds of day  
Sail azure as such birds o'-r waters glide,  
And clouds will no more pause near kings' fair homes,—  
Though queens watch at the casements while their combs  
Gleam indolently drawn through perfumed tresses—  
Than those swans loitered ; tell me ! had thy guesses  
Soared trembling towards Olympus, wonder-eyed ?

Frail though the empyrean, hadst thou sent  
Some fond surmise ?  
Or had conjecture, with mere swans content,  
In fowler wise  
Stolen on islet lone

■