THE HOLY WELL, AND OTHER POEMS

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The Holy Well, and Other Poems by William Moore

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WILLIAM MOORE

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AND OTHER POEMS

BY

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AUTHOR OF "EYES IN SOLITUDE," ETC.

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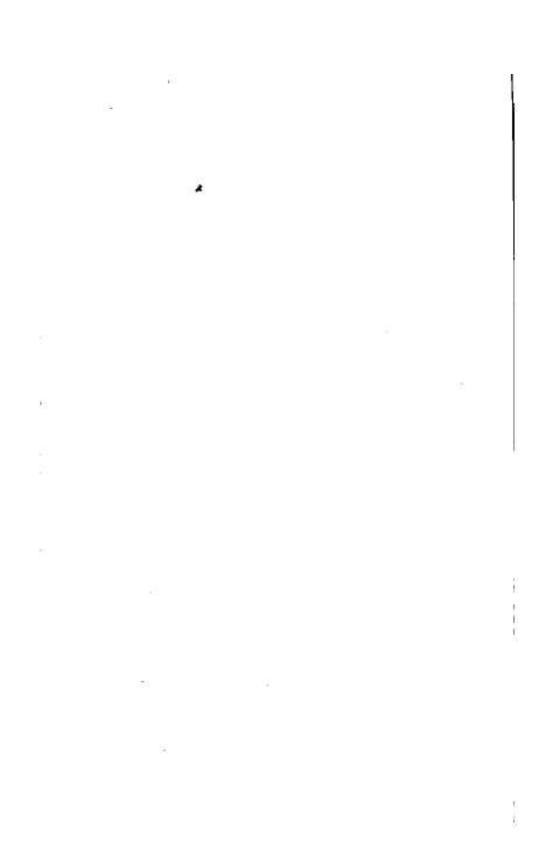
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THE HOLY WELL

- Are they coming soon? Athwart the lichened arch the beetle drones;
- All gentle inarticulate things are vocal in this cool.
- Hark! creeping through the moss that wraps the weather-stained stones
- The breeze itself is murmuring something o'er the holy pool.
- Are they coming? On the Well's high brink, a spike against the sky
- That crowns the hills and vale where Isis shows the lilied fords,
- An agrimony's richly-jewelled finger seems to lie
- On that far golden harp of eve and all its crimson chords.
- Those crimson chords are quivering now as if they could not wait;
- Too long just for a human voice their prelude is delayed.

- Ah! if indeed into sound a hand such colour did translate,
- How sweet, how rich, how diverse deep would be the music made!
- And the cascade by the willows creeping through the wooden sluices
- Ever lends its falling music which through the night will fall:
- Sweet, each with other blended, are all its many voices;
- Yet one tender human voice would be sweeter than them all.
- The sunset bars were red as yonder long ago;
- And the beetle droned as now he drones, by the cavern of the well,
- And Isis with his smooth gleam flashed where the pollards bend below;
- And slumberous tones of his many weirs came on the breeze's swell.
- Up from the boat that plied them o'er, up from the stream they came;
- Their voice was heard among them; articulate their word;

- They sang of the wells of Baca, the loved and changeless name;
- They sang of their appearing in their Zion to the Lord.
- And then they halted by this living font, a joyous band;
- Priest, hooded nun, and peasant meek knelt round you carven cup;
- While the lucid depth where bubbles burst in silver from the sand
- Matched in some singer's heart life's fount eternal welling up.
- Blest brotherhoods that blended in this peaceful pilgrim lane
- The souls of men whose sires had fought beside you border water;
- The Holy Child did lead them then, the Saxon and the Dane;
- They knelt together on the sod once reddened with their slaughter.
- Ah God! that so in union sweet might end this modern feud,
- That side by side as brothers men knelt where once they strove;