

**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

**THE HOLY WELL,
AND OTHER POEMS**

THE HOLY WELL

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

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THE HOLY WELL

ARE they coming soon? Athwart the lichenèd
arch the beetle drones ;
All gentle inarticulate things are vocal in this cool.
Hark ! creeping through the moss that wraps the
weather-stainèd 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 lilièd fords,
An agrimony's richly-jewellèd 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.

The Holy Well

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 ;

The Holy Well

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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
yon 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
yon 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 ;