



## In Memory

Serene and beautiful and very  
wise,  
Most erudite in curious Grecian  
lore,  
You lay and read your learned  
books, and bore  
A weight of unshed tears and  
silent sighs.  
The song within your heart could  
never rise  
Until love bade it spread its  
wings and soar.  
Nor could you look on Beauty's  
face before  
A poet's burning mouth had  
touched your eyes.  
Love is made out of ecstasy and  
wonder;  
Love is a poignant and  
accustomed pain.  
It is a burst of Heaven-shaking  
thunder;  
It is a linnet's fluting after rain.  
Love's voice is through your  
song; above and under  
And in each note to echo and  
remain.  
Because Mankind is glad and  
brave and young,

Full of gay flames that white and  
scarlet glow,  
All joys and passions that  
Mankind may know  
By you were nobly felt and nobly  
sung.  
Because Mankind's heart every  
day is wrung  
By Fate's wild hands that twist  
and tear it so,  
Therefore you echoed Man's  
undying woe,  
A harp Aeolian on Life's  
branches hung.  
So did the ghosts of toiling  
children hover  
About the piteous portals of your  
mind;  
Your eyes, that looked on glory,  
could discover  
The angry scar to which the  
world was blind:  
And it was grief that made  
Mankind your lover,  
And it was grief that made you  
love Mankind.  
Before Christ left the Citadel of  
Light,  
To tread the dreadful way of  
human birth,  
His shadow sometimes fell upon  
the earth  
And those who saw it wept with  
joy and fright.  
"Thou art Apollo, than the sun  
more bright!"

They cried. "Our music is of little  
worth,  
But thrill our blood with thy  
creative mirth  
Thou god of song, thou lord of  
lyric might!"  
O singing pilgrim! who could love  
and follow  
Your lover Christ, through even  
love's despair,  
You knew within the cypress-  
darkened hollow  
The feet that on the mountain are  
so fair.  
For it was Christ that was your  
own Apollo,  
And thorns were in the laurel on  
your hair.



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