

**AS THE  
WIND BLOWS**

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As the Wind Blows by Eden Phillpotts

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BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AUTHOR OF "THE GIRL AND THE FAUN," "DANCE OF THE MONTHS,"  
"EVANDER," ETC.

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### ON EYLESBARROW

HITHER, at set of autumn sun,  
Each golden child of Hesper flies  
From gardens of old deities,  
Where Zeus the maiden Hera won.

Their footsteps kindled stone by stone  
The time-worn barrow, where it stands,  
Above wide, valley border-lands,  
Austere and imminent and alone.

Their fingers smoothed each granite frown  
And blossomed where no flow'r may live,  
And gave, what never flow'r can give,  
Of living flame-light for a crown.

And from their flickering kirtles fell  
A gleam upon its stubborn ways,  
To touch their nakedness with rays  
Of amaranth and asphodel.

O Hesperids, remember him  
Whose sun is westering to the change,  
Along uneven paths and strange,  
By shadowed aisles and frontiers dim.

Flash but one token, pure and rare,  
From the abundance of your grace,  
For many a storm hath stripped the face  
Of this, his life, and left it bare.

## ON EYLESBARROW

Dance but one measure in a heart  
Sad and unprofitably proud,  
Ere to your chariots of cloud  
Ye leap again and so depart.

## NOCTURNE

TWILIGHT and falling dew ; a little bell  
And answering bell, from campanile far,  
Chime and are silent ; one triumphant star  
Conquers the after-glow, that like a shell,  
Nacreous and rose, vibrating as it dies,  
Faints on the lifted forehead of the snow,  
Falls from the deepening purple of the skies  
And falling fades upon the hill below.  
Unnumbered olive-trees, like hooded wights,  
Stand solemn in their companies and grey ;  
Mule-mounted men go clattering down the way  
To yonder galaxy of earth-born lights.  
The crepuscule from sea and radiant land  
Hath drunk the colour ; night lifts up her hand  
For peace before the coming of the moon—  
All darkling heaven will be silver soon.

---

### THE HUNTING

WHEN red sun fox steals down the sky,  
And darkness dims the heavens high,  
There leap again upon his tracks  
The eager, starry, hunting packs.  
    They glitter, glitter, gold and green,  
    With sparks of frosty fire between,  
    And Dian bright as day ;  
    While in the gloaming, far below,  
    Brown owl doth shout " Hi! Tally Ho  
    Sun fox hath gone away !"

To music of the spheres they sweep  
Over the western world asleep ;  
Then in the east, with sudden rush,  
Sun fox shall whisk his white-tipped brush.  
    The field is fading, gold and green,  
    With sparks of frosty fire between,  
    And Dian growing grey ;  
    While morning leaps the hither hill  
    And herald lark shouts with a will,  
    " Sun fox hath gone away !"

Oh, Huntress fond and silly stars—  
White Venus, fiery, futile Mars,  
In vain your pack ye whirl and cast  
Upon the marches of the vast ;