

POEMS OF PERSONALITY

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Poems of personality by Reginald C. Robbins

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REGINALD C. ROBBINS

**POEMS OF
PERSONALITY**

POEMS
OF
PERSONALITY

THIRD SERIES

REGINALD C. ROBBINS



— *“to speak beyond the book”* —

CAMBRIDGE
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1917

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POEMS OF PERSONALITY

THIRD SERIES

HOMER

THE mighty morning wakes! Earth, heaven and
ocean

Leap to the touch of sweet, swift-footed light
Adown yon orient atmosphere dawn-dancing,
Quick-shafted from the Asian mountain-ridge
Distant upon the lordly continent!
And this green isle with cliffs surf-circled standeth,
A gem amid the many-murmuring waters,
White-ring'd with the wine-wonder of the sea.
And ever 'twixt mine isle and that far shore
The shimmering wind-rows of the wave advancing
Come gleaming onward at a wide approach,
Feeding the eye of the mind with impulse urgent
(Out of the new-born day and fountain'd Ida,
Out of the swift-oncoming air and ocean
Or hither-streaming, sweet, quick-footed light)
To sing to-day once more, as many a day
I sang; as none before mine hour have sung-it
In palace or in herdsman's hut, in ship
On ocean beaten or the rocky place
Of some high altar mountainward; to sing
The strife of men and gods (sith gods impel

POEMS OF PERSONALITY

And alway shall impel the light of morning,
The sweep of the air and ocean's foamy rage
Storm-stricken), to sing of ancient, mighty men
Like ocean, air and earth high-powerful
Yet in a strife the gods had stirr'd them to
Shatter'd and suffering, wasted through the years
(Unless in suffering be best herohood!)
Like as a day were wasted when no song
Issues from lips upon the promontory
Nor pæan at the dawn-tide poureth on
The hurrying impulse wine-hued of the wave!
For, many a year, told I the tale of Troia
And of the hero-wanderer seeking home
Against Poseidon, Troia being destroy'd,
In Chios singing who was youthful then
And hale, but now (an aged man white-hair'd)
Feel, by the morning-wind in northern Lesbos,
The singing-hour upon me once again! —
Thou, Zeus, hast felt as when Homeros singeth:
When from thy front full-arm'd Athene sprang
(Goddess of couraged foresight to the strife)
Perchance at morning, when the silver shafts
Of Phoibos through thine high Olympian hall
Woke thee to rapture and thou borest her!