

**THE BRIDGE
OF FIRE: POEMS**

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The Bridge of Fire: Poems by James Flecker

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JAMES FLECKER

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OF FIRE: POEMS**

THE BRIDGE OF FIRE

POEMS

BY
JAMES FLECKER



LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1907

TO
JACK BEAZLEY

Poetae tenere, meo sodali

GENTLE Poet, only friend,
Lover of the stars and sun,
Since our days are at an end,
Since the older days are done ;
Since it seems that nevermore
May I hope to trail my gown
Rapturously, as before,
With my friend in Oxford Town ;
Since I so regret a time
So unprofitably spent,
Let me send a little rhyme
From a king in banishment,—
Send a wish that we may see
Better days, and braver days :—
Floreas, amice mi !
Floreat Praxiteles.

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I

A New Year's Carol

AWAKE, awake! The world is young,
For all its weary years of thought :
The starkest fights must still be fought,
The most surprising songs be sung.

And those who have no other Gods
May still behold, if they bestir,
The windy amphitheatre
Where dawn the timeless periods.

Then hear the shouting-voice of men
Magniloquently rise and ring :
Their flashing eyes and measured swing
Prove that the world is young again.

I was beyond the hills, and heard
That old and fervent Goddess call,
Whose voice is like a waterfall,
And sweeter than the singing-bird.

O stubborn arms of rosy youth,
Break down your other Gods, and turn
To where her dauntless eyeballs burn,—
The silent pools of Light and Truth.

II

Rioupéroux

HIGH and solemn mountains guard Rioupéroux,—

Small untidy village where the river drives a mill:

Frail as wood-anemones, white and frail were you,

And drooping a little like the slender daffodil.

Oh I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,

And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,

And work with the mill-hands of black Rioupéroux,

And walk with you and talk with you like any other boy.

