

**BY YOUR LEAVES, GENTLE MEN!
A POEM, IN REPLY TO MR. W.
WATSON'S "APOLOGIA", AND
SOME OTHER POEMS AND
FRAGMENTS**

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By Your Leaves, Gentle Men! A Poem, in Reply to Mr. W. Watson's "Apologia", and Some Other Poems and Fragments by Bertram

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BERTRAM

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By "BERTRAM."

MY HEART TO THE PEOPLE,
MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY,
AND MY SOUL TO GOD.

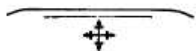
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A POEM,

IN REPLY TO MR. W. WATSON'S "APOLOGIA."

By "BERTRAM."

Friend and brother, fellow-poet,—“ I would lean my
spirit o'er you,”

If I may claim “ fellow ” with you, with your spirit,
for a span :

Though I rather fear that with a fleshly grapple I may
moor you

To a less ' divine ' creation,—to a heart, the *heart*
of man.

Yet I would not to your spirit's hurting urge the
heavy sinew

Of my less-aspiring nature; nor intrude my simple
rhyme

On the region of your subtlest mastership of force
within you,

If I thought not I might teach you what may make
a man *sublime*:

What may stir his heart's pulsations to such rare and
radial music,

As might reach remotest orbits far beyond the
nebulous spheres;

What can draw from all Creation that abounding
wealth infusic,

Which we find within th'Angelic Minstrelsy of
Human Seers.

Listen then, but not as *poet*,—lest but echoes, "million-
billowed,"

Seem to calm my storm-wave into wavelets of a
level plan.

Rest your laurelled pen, and with your lyre upon your
heart-strings pillowed,
Listen to me, not as poet; lend the *poet* to the
man.

Thus you'll learn,—your heart will teach you,—how,
to Milton's ardent spirit,
What he turned to "hallowing dews," were tears
that laved his sightless eyne:
Learn how, in the "echo" of the Masters' music you
"inherit,"—
Without thews and sinews of it, Titan's groan
becomes a *whine*.

What is scansion, what is movement, but as moon-
warmth to palaver,
If your intellect and your emotion run not in one
vein?
If your thought be to'ard a war-charge, can you think
of Balaclava
Without battle-lighted eye and snorting breath and
hurling brain?