

**THE WANDERER
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The wanderer and other poems by Henry Bryan Binns

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HENRY BRYAN BINNS

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AND OTHER POEMS**

The Wanderer
and other Poems
Henry Bryan Binns
111

With a photograv-
ure after Botticelli

London : 1910
A. C. Fifield
13 Clifford's Inn

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NOTE.—*The Wanderer* was first printed in *The Albany Review*; a few of the poems made a first appearance in *The Academy*, *The New Age*, and other periodicals, and I thank the editors for allowing me to republish them. I have reprinted three from an earlier volume (now out of print) which was accredited to "Richard Askham." Mr. Rutland Boughton has written choral music for *The Building of the City*.

Is it Knowledge that Wakens Song ?

*Is it knowledge that wakens Song,
Or wisdom bred of the Past?—
Though her eyes are eagle-strong,
And her flying eagle-vast,
Is it knowledge that wakens Song,
Or wisdom out of the Past?*

*Nay, but Thou that hast wings,
Thou that hast eyes for far,
Spirit of Living Things
Who singest and lo, they are—
Nay, it is Thou hast wings,
Thou that hast eyes for far!*

Wind and Rain

Written during a storm in the Jura

WHO would not ride on the Shadowy Plain
Horsed with the Host of the galloping Rain?
Ride, ride
Over the wide
Leagues of the forest, the corn-land, the meadows,
Blotting together the lights and the shadows?
With the wind, the wind in his heart, in his brain,
Who would not ride?

Into the dark that is black, that is blind,
Sped by the tempest that thunders behind—
(Hark, hark!
Loud through the dark
Roaring, he urges us into the denser
Thick of the pines where the night is intenser!)
With the Rain, the Rain on the galloping Wind
Who would not ride?

An Apollo at the Vatican 9

An Apollo at the Vatican

I SAW the eagle joy of things
A captive, drooping down his wings,
While his dawn-enkindled eyes
Sickened for forgotten skies.

I felt the godlike heart of man—
Ceasing from its stellar span—
Draw instead a broken breath
And resign itself to death.

Strode of a sudden, summer-bright
As a towering cloud of light,
Through that drear imprisonment,
Apollo, playing as he went.

He is Manhood, setting forth
With his face toward the north,
With his radiant head on high,
And his feet upon the sky,

Mirth of morning for his mien ;
While the exultant strings, between
His divine young fingers, play
The beginning of the Day.

The Wanderer

The Building of the City

I SEE a City being wrought
Upon the rock of Living Thought.
It was a bloodless dream until
It quickened in a good man's will,
Became a hope, became a vow,
For one, for many, until now
Upon the rock of Living Thought
I see the City being wrought.
City of Thought, City of Dream,
Standing beside the ancient stream
Of Progress, all thy fields are free
To the wide winds of Liberty !
Builded thou art, but yet forever
We build thee with our heart's endeavour
Upon the border of that Stream
Beautiful City of our Dream !
Colour and music, fancy, song,
To our enduring toil belong :
Naught shall be wanting that can free
Our spirit : there shall ever be
Goblets of laughter at the lip
Of this exultant fellowship,
Because our hands together frame
A City unbedimmed by shame.
Foursquare our City, taking all
The winds with heart heroical :
Ay, blow or buffet, groan or gride,
She takes them, for she is the bride
Of a free people who have sold
No liberty of hers for gold,
Nor for poor prudence did transgress
The pure love of her loveliness.