



Tui on a Spray of Kowhai

The Elfin Dell

...ses ...

Johannes Andersen



This eBook is a reproduction produced by the National Library of New Zealand from source material that we believe has no known copyright. Additional physical and digital editions are available from the National Library of New Zealand.

EPUB ISBN: 978-0-908328-83-3

PDF ISBN: 978-0-908331-79-6

The original publication details are as follows:

Title: The elfin dell and other verses

Author: Andersen, Johannes Carl

Published: A. H. & A. W. Reed, Dunedin, N.Z., 1934

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF NEW ZEALAND

THE ELFIN DELL AND OTHER VERSES

by . . .

JOHANNES ANDERSEN



Published by

A. H. and A. W. REED
33 Jetty Street, Dunedin, and
182 Wakefield St., Wellington.

THE ELFIN DELL
AND OTHER VERSES

1934

PRINTED IN NEW ZEALAND
BY COULLS SOMERVILLE WILKIE LTD.,
WELLINGTON.

FEB 1 1937

. . CONTENTS . .

	Page
Coronation Song of Empire	5
The Elfin Dell	8
Not from the Dew	10
Kowhai Gold	11
Morning Chorus of Tui and Korimako	13
The Shining or Bronze Cuckoo	16
To a Young Girl	18
Morn-glad	21
The Dune-King	23
The Reaper of Dreams	25
The Spirit of Beauty	26
A Minor Third	29
The Morn-flower	30
Moonhalls	33
The Rata	35
The Venturers	36
Te Rere	39

Coronation Song of Empire.

Set to music by Ernest Empson, L.R.A.M., and sung by
Albert L. Cropp, at Christchurch.

On the Coronation of King George V.
22nd June, 1911.

(THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE SINGS).

*Children, know ye your Motherland?
Sing, then, where lies that belovèd land?
This is the hour, and this the day of days,
That calls your love to flower in song of praise;
Yea, in your hearts is your love astir,
It leaps with a rose to death for her;
As young men fired
By hopes inspired
For peace desired of nations.
In lofty ideal, as one ye stand—
Sing, then—where is your Motherland?*

(YOUNG NEW ZEALAND SINGS).

Where is that land, our Motherland?
Well, well we know that belovèd land!
A warful wild, our fathers say,
Where our home lies, in their youth lay;
A leal young land whose laws shall be
As the voice of a trumpet of prophecy,
Till England smiles
Re-born in isles
With their mountain piles of grandeur;
With heaven ensphered, and with blue sea spanned,
New Zealand—she is our Motherland.

(YOUNG AUSTRALIA SINGS).

Where is that land, our Motherland?
Well, well we know that beloved land;
 In Indian sea and Pacific swirl,
 A desert, but ringed with gold and pearl;
Treasure and joy she holds unknown—
To man she is living, to youth she is lone,
 A wild, wild bride,
 Her trust untried
 And her heart denied, but yielding:
How shall ye bless whom first ye banned—
Australia—she is our Motherland.

(YOUNG CANADA SINGS).

Where is that land, our Motherland?
Well, well we know that beloved land;
 In glimmer of forest, or gleaming plain
 The trapper dreamed not of waving grain,
Nor dreamed the banner of wintry snow
Should quicken a thousand hearths to glow
 In a Continent
 Where our bow's unbent
 And still unspent our quiver.
Though winds blow cold, heart-fires are fanned
For Canada—our Motherland.

(BRITAIN THE BELOVED SINGS).

Where is that land, our Motherland?
Well, well we know that belovèd land;
Where queens and kings secure in rest
Sleep with their brave, their wise, their best,
Whose sons new Britains have founded far
With a hope that burns as a wingèd star,
For queens and kings
Have plumed its wings
Till it soars and sings for ever:
With her bleeding heart, and healing hand—
Britain, Britain—our Motherland.

(THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE SINGS).

*Where is that land, your Motherland?
Well, well ye know that belovèd land:
More wide by far than land or sea,
No bound nor bar to your land shall be,
Nor speech shall sever, nor sect divide,
For hope shall bear you on wing well-tried
When swords and spears
Dissolve in tears
And no land fears its neighbour.
By no coast hemmed, and by no sea spanned—
World-Empire—that is your Motherland.*

The Elfin Dell.

WHERE the water tumbles,
 Into shadow turns,
Where the dead tree crumbles,
 Bound about with ferns,
Hark ! a sound of distant beating—
 Ting ! Ting ! Ting !
The busy elfin smiths are meeting,
Hidden sunlit forges heating—
 Ting ! Ting ! Ting !
Where tuis in the sunlight swing
 We hear the anvils ring.

Tread you ne'er so lightly,
 Stand you ne'er so still,
Two bird-eyes watch brightly—
 A robin from the hill :
That's their watchman ; still you hear them—
 Ting ! Ting ! Ting !
Fairies clearly : why then fear them?
But, when now you think you're near them,
 Ting ! Ting ! Ting !
The watchman bird has taken wing—
 No more the anvils ring !

First they seem behind you,
 Then they seem before ;
Withes loop round and bind you,
 Struggling binds you more :

Far and far away as ever—

Ting! Ting! Ting!

Yes, the elfin smiths are clever ;

You know they're near, but see them ?—never !

Ting! Ting! Ting!

Beating in a magic ring

The unseen hammers swing.

If only once you could be

With those fairies far ;

They're always where you would be,

But never where you are !

Perhaps the ferns and flowers they're making,

Ting! Ting! Ting!

Soon as day from night is breaking,

Hark ! the elfin smiths are waking—

Ting! Ting! Ting!

Clear as birds that round them sing

The elfin anvils ring.

Not from the Dew.

NOT from the dew the amethyst
That burns there catches fire,
Not from the heart the virtues ray
That concentrate desire ,

But life and light through heart and dew
Pour their persuasive beam
That in prismatic beauty breaks
To colour, shape, and dream.

Deep unimpoverishable fount
Of phantoms and events,
Immortals dimly guessed at through
Their mortal lineaments ;

Unmisered hoard of life and light
Invisible, till stayed
And broken, so the perfect through
The imperfect is displayed.

Veil after glowing veil divides,
To faith-eyed hope reveals
The dim-forth-shadowed ultimate
Mortality conceals.

Inscrutable the emanence
Of light, eternal-rayed ;
How much more life, that gathers light
As its eventful shade.

Kowhai Gold.

FLASHING through September,
 Burning beacon fire,
Slowly up the rocky vales
 Thy yellow ranks retire,
Flashing out the warning
 To thy sister trees—
Foes come thronging over once
 Innavigable seas.

Oak and elm supplant thee,
 Threat thy far stronghold;
Ho! the thronging white-winged ships
 That rob the land of gold!
Axe and fire assail thee,
 Rough gold-seekers come—
Tuis leave thy honey-wells
 And singing vales grow dumb.

Kowhai, yellow kowhai,
 On the murmuring plain
Falls the new Danae gold,
 The gleaming miles of grain;
Thou in golden burning,
 Now the skies are grey,
Comest like an autumn leaf,
 A presage of decay.

Cold the winds are droning
From the naked hills,
Till the Spring's cloud-hidden sun
The world with wonder fills:
Flashing through September
Burns thy beacon fire,
Luring, but avoiding men
As bliss avoids desire.

Morning-chorus of Tui and Korimako

(On Kapiti Bird-sanctuary)

SONG of the morning
Dong . . . dong . . .
There, where the east is brimming,
The morning star !
Or near ? . . . or far ? . . .
Flushing the sea-shell gray,
What dawn ? . . . what day ? . . .
Transterrestrial hymning,
Bright stars dimming,
Hark ! from the temple raised in ages gone,
Reared ere the Parthenon,
Pillared with palm and tree,
Enriched with self-renewing tracery,
Ethereal singing ;
Wildwood minstrelsy ;
Choir of the listening darkness,
Dusk-veiled ringing—
What bells ? . . . what paeon ? . . .
Chorus wildly swelling,
Faint far belling,
What dawn ? . . . what day ? . . .

In heathenesse afar
The Eastern Star !
From lone Iona borne
And Lindisfarne, unfailing
Through the wild North's assailing
Raven, and rune, and norn,
Bells of a brighter morn,—

Is it their chants we hear
Echoing clear . . . so clear . . .
From time's remoteness calling,
Faintly falling
In elfinry of song,
Dong . . . dong . . .
To a new morning star
Or near ? . . . or far ? . . .

Veiled in the velvet night
Scarcely the mahoe breathes ;
Unseen, the kohia wreathes
Loops of fragrant light—
Clematis-whorl, or star ?
Or near ? . . . or far ? . . .
Tui and korimako ! thoughts are winging
Buoyant and wild and free
On jongleur minstrelsy,
Unfettered and unfetterable singing.

But hark !—a new-voiced ringing
Comes floating far, a peal
From ghostly campanile ;—
Was it a false dawn lit those turbulent seas
Around Iona's sister Hebrides ? . . .
Verdun . . . and Mons . . . and Marne . . .
What then of Lindisfarne,
The long denial, the care,
The thousand years of chanting and of prayer,

The vesper-bell, the psalm,
The sanctifying calm ?
Was that a barren flowering, like sea-foam,
With no God's harvest -home ?

Yet hark !—still beats the ringing ;
Now from another sanctuary comes singing ;
The Cross supplants the Wain, . . .
Again . . . again . . .
A thousand years this matin too has sung—
Yes, since the world was young ;
Nor shall its benediction fail
Till men with barbarous hand assail
As did wild warring men
The sanctuaries then.

A gospel sinks . . . and swells . . .
O birds . . . O bells . . .
The voices in the ringing,
Dawn-birds singing—
Dark heathenesse of doubt shall melt away,
As starry night in azure day ;
Fragrance, and light, and song,
Dong . . . dong . . .
The wildwood song of morning.

The Shining or Bronze Cuckoo.

(Pipiwharauoa)

THE sunbeams in a northern wind
Have quickened, and behold,
Thou comest in a shining flight
Of bronze and green and gold.

Kui, kui, tiu-u-u—thy voice
Comes from the bowery tree ;
Dost thou the summer call, O bird,
Or calls the summer thee ?

For, clad in gold and silver drifts
Of bloom she comes, and spills
From some hoard inexhaustible
Her wealth on windy hills,

We see her gifts, but see not her
Through glimmering days, O bird ;
Unseen art thou, thou shy delight,
But oh, how gladly heard.

Kui, tiu-u-u ;—but who regards
Thy singing on and on ?
Till soon they know the autumn days
With thee and summer gone.

Without farewell, and thou'rt away,
Thy valentine who knows ?
They mourn it more who only prize
Thy summer when it goes.

Tiu-u-u ;—and somewhere lies a land
In an unwintered sea ;
A trembling takes the heart, O bird,
To come and go with thee.

To a Young Girl.

HOW many hearts, O young Warmth of these cold
days,
Have silently beaten their glowing anvils to fashion you ?
Warm and unremitting strokes of love have they beaten,
Shaping the precious alloy, softened in lambent fire of
lovers' glances.

Backward and back I look to dim days, when vacant eyes
Saw unresponsive the star and the moonbeam ; saw
without wonder
The living petalled flame of rubies in roses enkindled,
Nor saw in the tall chaste lily
The whiteness of bosoming virgins by love unawakened :

Backward, till bright thought star-like dwindles, illumines
no longer
The rayless void of Time, from whose far twilight emerges
A dusky line of dim artificers, their hearts' blood
sacrificing
And moulding in mingled love of life and beauty,
Desire and hope, a tangible aspiration.

The vacant eyes of the long, unlitte years
Grow gentler, deeper, gracious spirit tenanted,
Till the lustreless orb of earth, sun-fired, mist-veiled, and
spirit-informed,
Glows with the soul that irradiates your warm eyes,
Pure as the deep dewed eyes of violets.

Upon you, delightful, not of the yester-day nor
yester-year,
Their long-still, long-cold hearts have lovingly laboured,
Their earnest hopes a lofty aspiring spirit revealing,
A spirit never quenched, transmuting to conscious life
The petal and burning crystal in palpitant dust enfolded.

Pulses within you from that visionless, ageless past,
Urge you, yes vex you ; but they model you after a
pattern
Beheld by none though imagined by keen-eyed poets,
vision-inspired,
Brokenly singing of lofty ideals whose shadows only
Falling athwart their dreams have muted them almost,
And almost blinded with exaltation.

In the eyes of the poet as in the eyes of the child dwells
wonder ;
The world, an ever-unfolding flower never unfolded,
Fills them with lore, and a trembling apprehension
Of half-revealed glories, of vocal hues, dim voices,
Splendid imaginings, and presences ethereal.

I see in your eyes the presences ; see behind them
Their upbuoying, quivering aspiration, thousand-winged,
Plumed with the hopes of human hearts—unnumbered
death-defiers,
Upon whose swelling and billowing heart-beat you are
borne
Unvanquishable, higher than constellations.

How many souls, O young Dream of these starred nights,
Have bent their high wills, schooled their great hearts, to
illuminate

Your eyes now gaily dancing?—not all the suns
In opal and sapphire concentrated glow with such fire,
Or with such radiance sparkle.

The warmth of ages of love wells up from invisible springs,
norn-guarded ;

The fires from the ancient hearths borne on, ever
immortally on,

Rekindle in you, purified, ardent, desiring, source of
high hopes and keen joys,

Rising above the earth and its dubious autumn days,
As the burning eastern star above nebulous sea-mists.

Morn-glad.

IN early morn she wandered
From her baby bed ;
By the lawn I found her
And dewy-plashed, she said :

“ There, on the wet grass,
See, the pretty beads
Blue, and clear, and yellow,
Like rainbow seeds,

“ Shining and changing ;
They do it all for me
Though not one will let me
Pick it up to see.

“ Just when I touch them—
Out shakes the star ;
Little drops of water ;
That is all they are.”

.

Never mind, Morn-glad ;
Every new day
Will bring you joys as many
As night can take away ;

Even though you lose them,
Bliss enough to see ;
Bliss enough to know, dear,
How lovely they can be.

What though when you touch them
Each has lost its star ?
Shining in your heart, dear,
That is where they are

' Never mind, Morn-glad '
What is this I say ?
Who has need of comfort ?
Oh my dear away —

. , . . .

Long-and-long-ago-time,
Is she near or far ?
Can I catch delight, then ?
Can I hold a star ?

The Dune-King.

THERE'S a voice in the night from the blown sand
dunes,

There's a voice in the wild sea wind,
"Come out, come out, you shall find my arms,
Though you with tears are blind :

"Come out, come out, though the spume is blown
To the clouds of the broken skies,
There is warmth, there is love, there is keenest bliss
For her in my arms who lies."

The sea leaps up, the clouds are torn,
They shudder athwart the moon ;
The sand is whirled till it meets the spray
Of the river-mouth lagoon.

There's a lover who loves with a tempest heart,
His cry is for love or for death ;
He would whirl her up in his passionate arms,
Drink love from her eyes and breath.

She hears ; nor the night, nor the sea, nor the rain,
Nor the wind in the lifted dunes,
Can calm the heart that has fired her eyes
With a lure as of misted moons :

There's a storm in her heart that surges up,
There's a cry from her parted lips
That comes like the cry from the tyrannous wave
As it seethes upon broken ships.

“Come out, come out :”—she has come, she has gone,
On the waves of the dunes she is borne,
Like a gull that is tossed with flying scud
From eve through night till morn.

There's a voice in the night from the blown sand dunes,
There's a voice in the wild sea wind :

“Come out, but my arms you never shall leave
And peace you never shall find :

“Tossed up, tossed down, like the sand and the cloud,
You never shall pause nor stay,
Though your body lie cold at the edge of the wave
At dawn of the haggard day.”

The Reaper of Dreams.

INEXORABLE, passionless,
Unpitying he seems, —
Yet who can fear to mate with Time
Who reaps all our dreams ?

Till we create him, where is he ?
In our oblivion, where ?
'Tis we who speed him with our joy,
Delay him with our care.

Twin-born with us, our mirror-self,
With us he droops and dies ;
Our happiness laughs from his heart,
Our sorrow dims his eyes.

Inexorable, passionless,
Unpitying ?—the sleeper
Are we, who call the dreams to life,
And call to life the reaper.

The Spirit of Beauty.

THE first leaves fall from the birches silver-enamelled;
Soon will the mists of the Hydra quench even
Orion,
And the Alp-loosed rain-winds swathe thee in sleeted
cloud,
Spirit of Beauty !

There where the young ash leans, where the withy birch
trembles
Beautiful under thy touch, shall be thine altar,
The slender sacred mallow with graven grails
Ministrant standing.

Wreathed in thy roses I worshipped thee, breathed thine
odours,
Dreamed wild dreams 'neath the opiate white magnolia;
But now thou tellest thy beads, lilac-bloomed and black,
Barberry, laurel.

Thee did the vines of the honeysuckle shadow from
sunlight,
Thy presence was breathed in the lulling and beeless
perfume ;
Fall'n are the honey-wells ; fled in the night art thou,
Linked by the asters.

How art thou sweet in the mellowing fruits, soon
garnered !
Hidest thou close in thy leaves from the glittering
Scorpion,
Or hast thou gone 'mid the burning of autumn fires
Smoke-wreath enveloped ?

Thee I saw with the crocus reborn, by the primrose
Pale and virginal ever fragrantly heralded ;
Now doth the silver-clarioned woodbine blow
Hasty departure.

Thou with the red sun goest ; yet burning still, sad
Clytie
Waits the return of the aureoled one, the scornful Apollo ;
And Mary-virgin's gold-rayed flower like her too burns,
Ardent and hopeful.

Thou wilt return ; thou wilt return ere the winter
Quite has resumed his throne, wind-built on the glaciers,
Tempest-surrounded, crowned with his solitary days,
Avalanche-welcomed.

Clear is thy call in thy going, promise-bestower !
Never thy rosy promises lack their fulfilment ;
Dreams thou gavest first, and then, keener than dream,
Singest at waking.

Ardent lover of youth, of youth the inspirer, maintainer,
To thee, as flowers to the sun, young hearts have opened ;
Them thou hast filled with thy sweetness, the balm of
thy breath,
Magical spirit !

Their eyes have burned for thee, their lips have quivered,
Their breasts have throbbed, they have sought for thee
summer by summer ;
Ever elusive, still hast thou called to them, called
Faithful as Echo.

Thou in the oak art the dryad, the young, never-aging ;
Thou in the stream art the nymph, pure, fresh as its
waters ;

Thou in the star art the voice that calls to the heart,
Ever immortal.

Thee have I seen when far in the east, o'er dark billows
From Hesper have fallen misty silver beams,
Till the rising arch of the moon rayed out in gold
Paving a sea-way.

There have I met thee, my spirit walking the waters,
Met thee a moment, whose magic, a moonbeam in
darkness

Gave me a quiet world where sight was sound,
Colour was melody.

Thee have I heard, thee have I seen, for thee have
quested,
Sought, though I knew not what, knew not to name thee,
Till deep in thy haunts have beamed thine eyes, and Truth
Clear in their glances.

The first years fall from thy lover ;—exquisite goddess,
Still unaverted thy beauty, nor veiled thine inspiring
glances ;

Tenderer growest thou ever, growest more perfect, more
loved,
Spirit of beauty !

A Minor Third.

“LISTEN,” I said ; and the ferns
Bent their heads lower to hear me ;
(Now, O my heart, as she turns,
Tell her what urges and burns,
Now, with her flower-face near me.)

But an immelodious tui
Lit on a spray, making glisten
The gold of the kowhai —
Then, heart-sore as I, how he sang !
Through my breast flew a pang
As, bending to me, *she* said—“ Listen !”

The Morn-flower.

(A Carolling Thrush)

*See to it ! We knew it !
In springtime we rue it
If singtime we squander
And wander apart ;
Kneedeep blow the clovers,
Kneedeep go the lovers,
And clingtime is ringtime
Sweetheart—
See to it !*

Sing ho ! then ; young day is
Shell-pearled as the may is
On benty hedge whitely
Fall'n lightly as dew ;
The wide east uncloses ;
While dawn gathers roses
Bird-singing comes ringing
Anew—
Sing ho ! then.

Come soon, for the hours
Go flashing in flowers ;
The petals are flittering
In glittering white drifts ;
Where song-larks have revelled,
The young morn dishevelled
Wind-raptured, sun-captured
Uplifts—
Come soon then.

The pale stars forsaking,
Dream silvers to waking
When widens the morn-flower
 Cornflower-blue ;
Swift sunbeams give greeting,
Light sea-winds, as fleeting,
Assembling, come trembling
 The dew—
 My dream-flower.

Give love then, that sorrow
May dim not to-morrow
When singing and flowering
 Come showering delight ;
When young pulses tingling
Urge loverward, mingling
Day's fleetness with sweetness
 Of night—
 Give love then.

Come soon and delay not ;
The lovemoon will stay not,
The lovecroon half spoken
 Is broken with sighing ;
Green bowers the bird wings to,
Bright flowers the dew clings to,
Fleet pleasures, yield treasures
 Undying—
 Come soon then.

Dream flashes to being
And flowered eyes to seeing
While snowed from the day-blossom
 May-blossom falling
Bids you—oh delay not
For throbbing love may not ;
His word-song, pure bird-song
 Is calling—
 My dream-star.

*See to it ! We knew it !
In springtime we rue it
If singtime we squander
 And wander apart ;
Kneedeep blow the clovers,
Kneedeep go the lovers,
And clingtime is ringtime
 Sweetheart—
 See to it !*

Moonhalls.

(The moon-moth *Dasypodia cymatoides*)

MOO NHALLS and mothways and unzoned flowers,
Where dim emerald light veils the glow-worm
bowers,

Who breathes the odours that impregnate the dusk,
Nameless as hangehange, fugitive as musk ?

Ghostly forms and silent, out from shade to shade,
Dusk-wove your bowers are, viridine inlaid ;
What is your day-star who make a gloom of light ?
Holds the dark a pearl-core that makes day of night ?

In minever and sendal folded and enswathed,
You flutter on the night-air in scent-seas bathed,
Vagrant as fancy that mocks the mesh of thought,
Like elf-light apprehended, like water-flicker caught.

Masked in the darkness colours glow unseen,
Pirouetting Columbine, fuchsia red and green,
Yellow rata, crimson, poroporo blue,—
What more enchrysalized in darkness lies perdu ?

What thrills the grey coils, the palpitating vines,
To flower-light and berry-glow and silver-whorled bines ?
Whence comes the fiat that bids the script burn
Charactered rosetta-clear could we the clue discern ?

Do spirits yearn for bodiment in quiet grey eyes ?
Shape to their perfection the flower-grails and leaves ?
Unembodied essences the quiet glades that throng,—
We belong to earth-light ; to what do they belong ?

Moon-moth !—the iris concentric on your wings
Waxing to the full, what unimagined things
Populate the ghost-light, dowering the hours
In moon-halls and moth-ways with unzoned flowers !

The Rata.

O RATA, proudly borne on high
Thy crimson treasure swings,
Thou hast usurped the royal dye
Of cardinals and kings ;
They through the years have borne the brunt
Of tempest and of flood ;—
The crimson on thy vaunting front
Is drawn from royal blood.

O rata, not thy might alone
Hath raised thee up from earth ;
The king thou mad'st a stepping-stone
Lifts thee above thy worth ;
Through others' greatness thou art great,
Through others' fairness fair ;
Had kings laid by their royal state
Thou, rata, wert not there.

What centuries of growth have built
Thou seizest as thine own ;
It is the blood that thou hast spilt
That drapes thine aery throne ;
Death from thine arms' embracing springs,
The monarchs are no more ;
True type of tyranny of kings,
No heart is at thy core.

The Venturers.

(A Chorus)

THROUGH the foam (*Sing fair*), from our home
(*Sing fain*),

We shall sail for the farthest sea (*Yo ho !*)

We shall steer (*Sing fair*), nor a fear (*Sing fain*),

'Twixt our hearts and our hopes may be (*Heave ho !*)

Then set the course O venturers ; follow in your pride,

Turning not faint-heartedly though hurricanos blow ;

Onward in your doggedness that will not be denied,

For where the winds have thoroughfare, thither ye
may go.

Boom-m-m Boom-m-m

Fall the billows thundering ;

Dong Dong

Bells of England toll ;

Into every secretness, all the earth for plundering,

Over ocean-waterways, where never fades the goal ;

Dong Dong

Earth is full of witchery and eyes are full of wondering,

Behind us seas are thundering

And seas around us roll.

You we leave (*Sing fair*), never grieve (*Sing fain*),

Though we fade as the stars at morn (*Yo ho !*)

We will bind (*Sing fair*) all we find (*Sing fain*)

As a jewel to be won for you and worn (*Heave ho !*)

Then trim the gallant galleons and caravels for sea,

Trimming too unblenchingly our hearts for wind and
weather ;

Thinking of the home-again that one far day shall be,
When eyes shall sparkle wonderly and hearts shall
beat together.

Zoom-m-m Zoom-m-m

Winds shall roar to aft of us,

Dong Dong

Bells of England toll ;

Water-wastes may howl about the buoyant dancing
craft of us,

Buffet us and battle us and hide from us our goal ;

Derring-do's the wine of life, a deeper draught is quaffed
of us,

Though roaring seas are aft of us

And seas around us roll.

As at dawn (*Sing fair*) are undrawn (*Sing fain*)

All the veils that have hidden a world (*Yo ho !*)

So shall rise (*Sing fair*) the veiled skies (*Sing fain*)

When our sails at the last are furled (*Heave ho !*)

Yea, all horizons vanishing as them we still pursue,

Draw the veil from wonderlands and yield them to
our ken ;

East beyond the Indies and west beyond Peru,

On till west is east again great-hearted sailormen !

Boom-m-m Boom-m-m

Through the forties labouring,

Dong Dong

A-dream in the atoll,

Where earth's unbodied voices are and spirit-fingered
taboring,

On we ply unceasingly with Yonder still the goal ;

Fighting hell-eyed savages or heaven-eyed sirens
neighbouring,

Through seas for ever labouring

As seas and seasons roll.

We shall rest (*Sing fair*) on her breast (*Sing fain*)
From whose heart we her lore have won (*Yo ho !*)
At the last (*Sing fair*) travail past (*Sing fain*)
To the earth will return her son (*Heave ho !*)
But ye who from our lovers' hearts for love of us have
sprung,
Long shall ye inherit it, the ocean and its gardens ;
There shall children's voices sing where sailors first
have sung,
We have won the seas for you and ye shall be the
wardens.

Zoom-m-m Zoom-m-m
Winds of night blow over us,
Dong Dong
Bells of England toll ;
There in utter fastnesses our sons shall rediscover us,
'Stablish for the home of them our windy-warded goal ;
Dong Dong
Hills of green with daisy-foam peacefully lie over us,
Lie for ever over us,
And no more oceans roll.

Te Rere.

(On Kapiti, To L.T.)

DEEP Te Rere's halcyon time,
Can I catch it up in rime ?
Hold it in a passing song
Where the thought may linger long ?
Vestibules of ferny gloom
Starred with fallen ngaio-bloom,
Rocky clefts and waterways
Twilit in the leafy maze.
Ardour of to-day's embraces
Yesterday's, as sweet, effaces,
But a single day like this,
Wells, a self-renewing bliss.
There the riven rock uprears,
Moulded with the touch of years ;
You its bowery top have gained,
Memory has the hour retained.
Year by year the myrtle strews
Blossoms, as the darkness, dews,
Swinging a perpetual scent
From its leafy firmament.
There, in unautumnal bower,
You have caged a flying hour,
Shedding an unfading light,
Flower by day, glow-worm by night
Filling with quiet ecstasy
Intromusing memory.

Overhead the whitehead calls
Through soft singing of the falls,
Parroquets in vested moss
Humorous interjections toss,
Bellbirds chime, and tuis sing,
Pigeons beat a wuffing wing,
Mingled sounds a music making
Memory's closes unforsaking.

'Twixt the rugged bowery ridges
Fallen trees make ferny bridges,
Bridges such as memory flings
Linking well-remembered things,
So the arid in-between
Shrinks as if it had not been.
There, the gentle lapse of hours
Leaves no care beyond the flower's ;
Feverous recollection sears not,
Visioned hope the future fears not ;
Ripples of grey-templed care
On the brow are set not there ;
Fragrant-breathed earina clings,
Autumn-greeting, sweet as spring's ;
And when autumn's quiet nights
In the east the Scorpion lights,
Topsy-turvy star and flower
Grace this unfrequented bower—
Kohekohe and Orion ;
Earth, a happier linked Ixion,

Circled day and night in turn
With stars that flower and stars that burn,
Until winter seems a word
Hardly known, and seldom heard
Save in tales and forlorn rimes
Of ancient lands and hapless times.

Books are banished ; breezes turn
All the leaves from which we learn ;
Blooms in tendril-border set
Prank the page with coloured fret ;
Lichens unobtrusive hold
Glaucous crisps with dusted gold ;
Mosses, soft with feathery fledges,
Saffroned bronze, and emerald edges,—
Elfland wealth, the spirit-lure,
El Dorado in miniature ;
Apt it is this book of hours
Should be wrought of leaves and flowers,
Charactered and coloured new,
Yet as if remembered too,—
Writ in long-ago terrain
Somehow come to life again.

Yet, if we awhile would be
Fellowed with highborn poesy,
Communing with those who teach
Wider utterance to our speech,
In whose hands cold words are wrought
To gems of opalescent thought
Shedding on the future's pages
Varying lights for varying ages,—

Ferny glades though lorn of bee
Call up flowery Innisfree ;
Lemnos glimmers near at hand,
And the golden Samarcand ;
Almost the lost secret stirs
Of the quiet listeners ;
Love-wrought,—might that mood remain,—
Beeny lifts in irised rain ;
And, when night-airs lightly blow,
See, the young Star-captains glow.

Here, though sprightly Ariel
Does not seek the pohue-bell,
Though no elvish Puck beguiles
Wanderers with his pranks and wiles,
Fancy sees, in spirit-dawns
Polynesian leprechauns,
Sprung from gable-effigies
Like Greek dryads from Greek trees ;
And the same sea comes and goes
As the blue Aegean knows.

From the wave shall be retrieved
Prospero's wand, and that achieved,
Might we too his mantle borrow
We should so enchain to-morrow
That, " Behold !" our hearts should say
" Yesterday re-lives to-day,
Linking up the then and now
In our lilting—who knows how ?"

Hark ! the cuckoo's silver call ;
Veilings interstellar fall
O'er a moon of fancy risen
Loosing from oblivion's prison
Sweet Te Rere's halcyon time
Caught in amber of a rime.

Forthcoming Books of Verse in this Series.

By Johannes Andersen.

It is hoped to issue the following booklets, similar in size and price to "*The Elfin Dell*," at probable intervals of three months.

2. *The Daughter*, and other Verses, including the ballad-narrative *The Daughter*, the Dedication Ode on the Opening of the National War Memorial and Carillon, Wellington, 1932, and verses inspired by trees, birds, etc., of New Zealand.
3. *Kanawa and the Elves*, (telling how Kanawa was benighted in the bush, was visited by the elves, who carried off the shadows of his weapons).

Tama'Ra, Maui the sun-god (showing how the acts of Maui point to his being a solar deity).

The Loves of Tane (showing how Tane created first the trees, then the woman who became the mother of Tane's wife, and she in turn became the mother of Death).

4. *Toro and Aroha*, (the story of the spirit of a young man called back by the tohunga to speak with his relatives; and on his going his sweetheart shoots herself that she may accompany him).

The Underworlds (outlining the daily life, adventures and beliefs of a Maori warrior, from the cradle to the grave).

5. *Tura and the Faries* (the adventures of Tura among the faries, and how he taught them the use of fire, and the true way of child-birth).

The Overworlds (the story of the rebellion of Tu against the other Maori gods, his assault on the heavens, and his final fall).

The above booklets are to be published in limited editions and it is advisable to order immediately. Place your order now with any leading Bookseller, or order direct from the Publishers:

A. H. and A. W. REED,

33 JETTY STREET, and 182 WAKEFIELD STREET,
DUNEDIN, WELLINGTON,
NEW ZEALAND.

p-43

NZC
821
AND

1934

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

1952
AN
822
N2