

### *The Starlight Night*

LOOK at the stars! look, look up at the skies!  
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!  
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!  
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!  
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!  
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!  
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare! --  
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.  
Buy then! bid then! -- What? -- Prayer, patience, aims, vows.  
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!  
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!  
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house  
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse  
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

### *The Lantern out of Doors*

SOMETIMES a lantern moves along the night,  
That interests our eyes. And who goes there?  
I think; where from and bound, I wonder, where,  
With, all down darkness wide, his wading light?  
Men go by me whom either beauty bright  
In mould or mind or what not else makes rare:  
They rain against our much-thick and marsh air  
Rich beams, till death or distance buys them quite.

Death or distance soon consumes them: wind  
What most I may eye after, be in at the end  
I cannot, and out of sight is out of mind.

Christ minds: Christ's interest, what to avow or amend  
There, éyes them, heart wánts, care haúnts, foot fóllows kínd,  
Their ránsom, théir rescue, ánd first, fást, last fréind.

### *The Candle Indoors*

SOME candle clear burns somewhere I come by.  
I muse at how its being puts blissful back  
With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black,  
Or to-fro tender trambeams truckle at the eye.  
By that window what task what fingers ply,  
I plod wondering, a-wanting, just for lack  
Of answer the eagerer a-wanting Jessy or Jack  
There God to aggrándise, God to glorify. --  
Come you indoors, come home; your fading fire  
Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault:  
You there are master, do your own desire;  
What hinders? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault

In a neighbour deft-handed? Are you that liar  
And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?