



SYMBOLS

SPLENDOUR of dawn on the hills, in the rose-coloured blossom of morn ;
Splendour of moonlight unmuffled and glassed in the shimmering sea ;
Splendour of melody rolling on surges of harp and of horn :

But the splendour of sunset on cloud is the symbol of splendour to me.

Glory of legions embattled, with wind-blown banners for wings ;
And of brows that are laurelled and lit with the vision of glories to be ;
Glory of birth, and the blazon of heralds and triumph of kings :
But the glory of grass on the grave is the symbol of glory to me.

Beauty of noon in the cloudless blue and the full-blown flower ;
Beauty of minds that are pure, and beauty of souls that are free ;
Beauty of woman unveiled in the bloom of the Lesbian bower :
But the beauty of love in the bud is the symbol of beauty to me.

Sorrow of hopes unfulfilled in the blight of unholy desire,
And voices of love that are hushed in the shade of the church-
yard tree ;
Sorrow of sins that grow black in the flame of the cleansing
fire :
But the sorrow of wasted youth is the symbol of sorrow to me.

Mystery of wings that are furled in the flesh of the grovelling
worm ;
Mystery of wisdom that slumbers embalmed in the cell of the
bee ;
Mystery of fragrance and colour congealed in the core of a
germ :
But the mystery of life from the dead is the symbol of mystery
to me.

W. J. ROBERTSON.

