

# The Noon of Love

By J. A. Blaikie

I

**E**ASTWARD each morning,  
Ever old, ever new,  
The radiant adorning  
Of day made for you  
Meets me, and lifts me, upspringing  
Over crag, over hollow,  
Over woodland and meadow,  
A glory all heaven, the earth its sun-shadow—  
I go with heart singing,  
And singing winds follow,  
I take my way winging,  
Where the gossamers fly, to the sun's gold clinging,  
My sweeting, my darling, my One !  
Into the gold and the sun.

II

Unbreathing Noon, the hour of love's dominion,  
Falls now, as yesterday, as 'twill to-morrow ;

Soft

## The Noon of Love

Soft as the amorous dove's uplifted pinion,  
Sweet as the fair first sleep of new-born sorrow.  
There's not the least small stir on yonder wall  
Of grass or fern ; hushed is the torrent's throat  
Within the dark ravine, and in yon oak  
The woodpecker his many-sounding stroke  
Has stayed ; the windless air bears not one note  
To vex the dreaming air this noontide fall.  
But we, my love, sleep not, but wake to prove  
The inconstant constancy o' the noon of love ;  
My kingdom lost ! which once more I regain,  
And then do lose with every evening's pain—  
A conqueror who takes his spoil, yet yields  
More than he wins of Love's ne'er-conquered fields—  
Some unimagined treasure there must be  
That I from you may draw, or you from me,  
Some joy which we from envious time may wrest  
That shall make droop the proud o'er-topping crest  
Of yesterday ; and so the exhaustless store  
Offers fresh marvels of love-lure and lore.  
Thus ours full harvest is ; our noon of love  
Nor afternoon nor aftermath may know,  
With changeless change it does our spirits move  
And of love's hours eternises the flow :  
Better than best of what is past, O Day !  
Until thou diest with thy last rose-ray,  
Better than best until to-morrow shines  
A-quivering through yon purple band of pines,  
Ever the best, beneath noon's ripened skies,  
O Spirit and Heart that me imparadise !

## III

Westward each nightfall  
When white lies the dew,  
Where the stream makes a bright fall  
Of moon-rays for you ;  
While the night wind goes sighing  
Over crag, over hollow,  
Like a ghostly replying  
To the snowy owl's crying,  
I the white waters follow ;  
With lips still sweet from sweet lips kist,  
Like a spirit I pass  
O'er the gleaming grass  
Into the moon and the mist.