

## Two Songs

By John Davidson

### I—London

**A** THWART the sky a lowly sigh  
From west to east the sweet wind carried ;  
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;  
His light in all the city tarried :  
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed  
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

“ Oh, sweetheart, see, how shadowy,  
Of some occult magician's rearing,  
Or swung in space of Heaven's grace,  
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,  
Afloat upon ethereal tides  
St. Paul above the city rides ! ”

A rumour broke through the thin smoke  
Enwreathing Abbey, Tower, and Palace,  
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,  
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,  
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,  
The heart of London beating warm.

## II—Down-a-down

FOXES peeped from out their dens,  
Day grew pale and olden ;  
Blackbirds, willow-warblers, wrens,  
Stauched their voices golden.

High, oh high, from the opal sky,  
Shouting against the dark,  
“ Why, why, why must the day go by ? ”  
Fell a passionate lark.

But the cuckoos beat their brazen gongs,  
Sounding, sounding so ;  
And the nightingales poured in starry songs  
A galaxy below.

Slowly tolling the vesper bell  
Ushered the stately night.  
Down-a-down in a hawthorn dell  
A boy and a girl and love's delight.