

**BROOKE  
RUPERT**

1914, AND  
OTHER POEMS

# Rupert Brooke

## 1914, and Other Poems

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*1914, and Other Poems:*

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# 1914, and Other Poems

1914

## I. PEACE

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

## II. SAFETY

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest  
He who has found our hid security,  
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,  
And heard our word, 'Who is so safe as we?'  
We have found safety with all things undying,  
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,  
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,  
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.  
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.  
We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.  
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,  
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;  
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;  
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

### III. THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopéd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

## IV. THE DEAD

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

## V. THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

# THE TREASURE

When colour goes home into the eyes,  
And lights that shine are shut again  
With dancing girls and sweet birds' cries  
Behind the gateways of the brain;  
And that no-place which gave them birth, shall close  
The rainbow and the rose: —

Still may Time hold some golden space  
Where I'll unpack that scented store  
Of song and flower and sky and face,  
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,  
Musing upon them; as a mother, who  
Has watched her children all the rich day through  
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,  
When children sleep, ere night.

# THE SOUTH SEAS

## TIARE TAHITI

Mamua, when our laughter ends,  
And hearts and bodies, brown as white,  
Are dust about the doors of friends,  
Or scent ablowing down the night,  
Then, oh! then, the wise agree,  
Comes our immortality.  
Mamua, there waits a land  
Hard for us to understand.  
Out of time, beyond the sun,  
All are one in Paradise,  
You and Pupure are one,  
And Taiï, and the ungainly wise.  
There the Eternals are, and there  
The Good, the Lovely, and the True,  
And Types, whose earthly copies were  
The foolish broken things we knew;  
There is the Face, whose ghosts we are;  
The real, the never-setting Star;  
And the Flower, of which we love  
Faint and fading shadows here;  
Never a tear, but only Grief;

Dance, but not the limbs that move;  
Songs in Song shall disappear;  
Instead of lovers, Love shall be;  
For hearts, Immutability;  
And there, on the Ideal Reef,  
Thunders the Everlasting Sea!

And my laughter, and my pain,  
Shall home to the Eternal Brain.  
And all lovely things, they say,  
Meet in Loveliness again;  
Miri's laugh, Teïpo's feet,  
And the hands of Matua,  
Stars and sunlight there shall meet,  
Coral's hues and rainbows there,  
And Teïra's braided hair;  
And with the starred *tiare's* white,  
And white birds in the dark ravine,  
And *flamboyants* ablaze at night,  
And jewels, and evening's after-green,  
And dawns of pearl and gold and red,  
Mamua, your lovelier head!  
And there'll no more be one who dreams  
Under the ferns, of crumbling stuff,  
Eyes of illusion, mouth that seems,  
All time-entangled human love.  
And you'll no longer swing and sway  
Divinely down the scented shade,  
Where feet to Ambulation fade,

And moons are lost in endless Day.  
How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,  
Where there are neither heads nor flowers?  
Oh, Heaven's Heaven! – but we'll be missing  
The palms, and sunlight, and the south;  
And there's an end, I think, of kissing,  
When our mouths are one with Mouth...

*Taii here, Mamua,*  
Crown the hair, and come away!  
Hear the calling of the moon,  
And the whispering scents that stray  
About the idle warm lagoon.  
Hasten, hand in human hand,  
Down the dark, the flowered way,  
Along the whiteness of the sand,  
And in the water's soft caress,  
Wash the mind of foolishness,  
Mamua, until the day.  
Spend the glittering moonlight there  
Pursuing down the soundless deep  
Limbs that gleam and shadowy hair,  
Or floating lazy, half-asleep.  
Dive and double and follow after,  
Snare in flowers, and kiss, and call,  
With lips that fade, and human laughter  
And faces individual,  
Well this side of Paradise!..  
There's little comfort in the wise.

*Papeete, February 1914*

# RETROSPECT

In your arms was still delight,  
Quiet as a street at night;  
And thoughts of you, I do remember,  
Were green leaves in a darkened chamber,  
Were dark clouds in a moonless sky.  
Love, in you, went passing by,  
Penetrative, remote, and rare,  
Like a bird in the wide air,  
And, as the bird, it left no trace  
In the heaven of your face.  
In your stupidity I found  
The sweet hush after a sweet sound.  
All about you was the light  
That dims the greying end of night;  
Desire was the unrisen sun,  
Joy the day not yet begun,  
With tree whispering to tree,  
Without wind, quietly.  
Wisdom slept within your hair,  
And Long-Suffering was there,  
And, in the flowing of your dress,  
Undiscerning Tenderness.  
And when you thought, it seemed to me,  
Infinitely, and like a sea,  
About the slight world you had known

Your vast unconsciousness was thrown...

O haven without wave or tide!  
Silence, in which all songs have died!  
Holy book, where hearts are still!  
And home at length under the hill!  
O mother quiet, breasts of peace,  
Where love itself would faint and cease!  
O infinite deep I never knew,  
I would come back, come back to you,  
Find you, as a pool unstirred,  
Kneel down by you, and never a word,  
Lay my head, and nothing said,  
In your hands, ungarlanded;  
And a long watch you would keep;  
And I should sleep, and I should sleep!

*Mataiea, January 1914*

# THE GREAT LOVER

I have been so great a lover: filled my days  
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,  
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,  
Desire illimitable, and still content,  
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,  
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear  
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.  
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife  
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,  
My night shall be remembered for a star  
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.  
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise  
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me  
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see  
The inenarrable godhead of delight?  
Love is a flame; – we have beaconed the world's night.  
A city: – and we have built it, these and I.  
An emperor: – we have taught the world to die.  
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,  
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming...

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,

Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust

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