



***CHARLES  
G. D. SIR  
ROBERTS***

***SONGS OF THE COMMON  
DAY, AND, AVE!:  
AN ODE FOR  
THE SHELLEY  
CENTENARY***

**Charles G. D. Sir Roberts**

# **Songs of the Common Day, and, Ave!: An Ode for the Shelley Centenary**

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# ACROSS THE FOG THE MOON LIES FAIR

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ACROSS the fog the moon lies fair.  
Transfused with ghostly amethyst,  
O white Night, charm to wonderment  
The cattle in the mist!

Thy touch, O grave Mysteriarch,  
Makes dull, familiar things divine.  
O grant of thy revealing gift  
Be some small portion mine!

Make thou my vision sane and clear,  
That I may see what beauty clings  
In common forms, and find the soul  
Of unregarded things!

## ***THE FURROW***

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How sombre slope these acres to the sea  
And to the breaking sun! The sun-rise deeps  
Of rose and crocus, whence the far dawn leaps,  
Gild but with scorn their grey monotony.  
The glebe rests patient for its joy to be.  
Past the salt field-foot many a dim wing sweeps;  
And down the field a first slow furrow creeps,  
Pledge of near harvests to the unverdured lea.

With clank of harness tramps the serious team—  
The sea air thrills their nostrils. Some wise crows  
Feed confidently behind the ploughman's feet.  
In the early chill the clods fresh cloven steam,  
And down its griding path the keen share goes:  
So, from a scar, best flowers the future's sweet.

## ***THE SOWER***

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A BROWN, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil  
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,  
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,  
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,  
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,  
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;  
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,  
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride  
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy  
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind  
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,  
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;—  
Godlike, he makes provision for mankind.

## ***THE WAKING EARTH***

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WITH shy bright clamour the live brooks sparkle and run.  
Freed flocks confer about the farmstead ways.