



GHOST'S HOLLOW

O VER the bridge and athwart the stream
 In a land that I call my own
 Is another land that I visit in dream,
 And dreamers term it the world unknown.
 The paths are clouded, the hollows are dim,
 And a pallid and misty host
 Is moving there with a vacant air,
 For this is the Land of Ghost.
 As a Land of Ghost is the Land of Soul,
 O Wraiths of the viewless bourne!
 Do you hear, as I hear, the waters roll
 In the rain of the tears of those who mourn?
 The darkness deepens, the darkness spreads:
 We shrink from the downward track
 Which far through the hollow takes those who follow,
 For who that descends comes back?
 But there dawns a day or there falls a night
 When a hand unseen lays hold
 And into the hollow we slip from sight,
 Over the grey lawns shrouded and cold.
 Over the brook by the bridge we go,
 Sorrowing voices still'd behind;
 But dole or laughter, who knows what after,
 Or what of the end assign'd?
 Who knows? Who knows? From the further side,
 Perchance, on a spectral host,
 Far over a resonant, splendid tide,
 Back we shall gaze on a Land of Ghost;
 For a Land of Ghost is this land of life,
 With its phantom joys and woes;
 From a great pure dream upon pomps which seem—
 We shall gaze at that last—who knows?