

FAME

ERNEST FEWSTER

How do you sleep, my Brothers,
You of the "deathless fame"?
You were the poets of Babylon,
You were the seers of Askelon,
Your words men built their altars on,
But—we have forgotten your name!

How do you sleep, my Brothers,
Who won the world's acclaim?
You were the Sword of Nineveh,
You were the Spear of Kerbella,
You were the Voice of Ellesa,
But—we have forgotten your name!

Are these your mounds, my Brothers?
There are thousands around the same.
While the desert winds are heavy,
With dust of the grave-worm's levy,
Though the pen of the years write steady,
It writes in the air your name!

Should you return, my Brothers,
Your visions to tell again,
And sing through the spice-sweet mornings
Your loves, your joys and your scornings,
And men bring the old adornings,
Would you trouble your heart for fame?

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW

Once you went questing, Brothers,
And what did you win of earth?
"A Name": Did she know you after?
"A Fame": Was it aught but laughter,
That rang to a cobwebbed rafter
In a house of bubble's worth?

You may rejoice, my Brothers,
That once you breathed the air,
Knew beauty and love's sweet clinging,
Saw dawn as a life's beginning
And sang, for the joy of singing,
That death was a night as fair.

So sleep you well, my Brothers,
Who won so well of fame.
You were the Spear of Chalcedon,
You were the Sword of Barcelon,
You were the Lance of Avelon,
But—we have forgotten your name!