

# ECLIPSE

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It was middle afternoon  
When we climbed the little hill  
And stood still:  
Clouds shrouded the meagre moon  
And the vehement sun, and soon  
The August air grew chill.

The mountains ranged about  
Were gaunt against the sky;  
Bodingly  
Daylight became a doubt,  
Darkening, dying out:  
Silent, we watched it die.

Some grave, momentous change  
Troubled the firmament:  
Fires were spent,  
Yet fires flamed, rimming the range  
With coruscations strange,  
Blazoning the event.

So there we were on the height,  
Waiting the great God's word,  
But we heard  
Nothing in that tense night,  
Nothing. . . . . Then dawning light  
Brought the sweet note of a bird.

And a symphony straightway outbroke  
From sky and meadow and tree,  
Until we,  
Hearing those rapturous folk,  
Stirred from our stupor, awoke,  
Resumed mortality.

Old Earth was Earth, yet bore  
A meaning revised: the view  
Was made new  
Of valley and distant shore  
And summits evermore  
Charged with a novel hue.

Vast travaileth in Void,  
Whirling His worlds to the goal  
Of pure Soul,  
Proving each pattern employed  
In atom and asteroid,  
Shaping, re-shaping the Whole.