

Beauty Come Dancing

By Gordon Getty

Beauty come dancing, beauty come apace,
Beauty and spring are full, come dancing lest
They lapse unharvested, the hour is pressed,
Dianas's hounds are gathered for the chase,
Orion puts his shoulder to the trace,
And drives the stars to pasture in the west.

Where will the lapwing go, and where the lawn?
Over to windward, over and away,
Too soon the curfew sounds, too soon we pay
Passage to where the seeps of time are drawn,
Song ends, the dancer curtseys, all is gone
To mist and mystery and yesterday.

Beauty come dancing now, the world is young,
Set foot upon the springtime, all the world
Is loud with music; mirth and music spill
And set the sky to dancing, rung by rung
Stars in their lattice dance to music sung
By owl and cricket, jar and whippoorwill.