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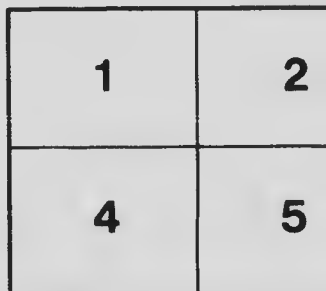
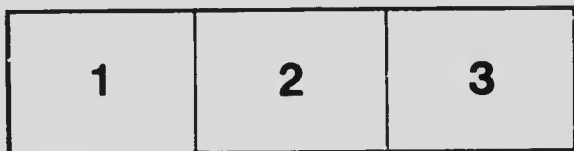
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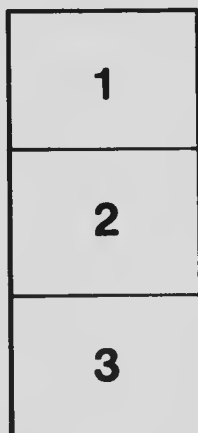
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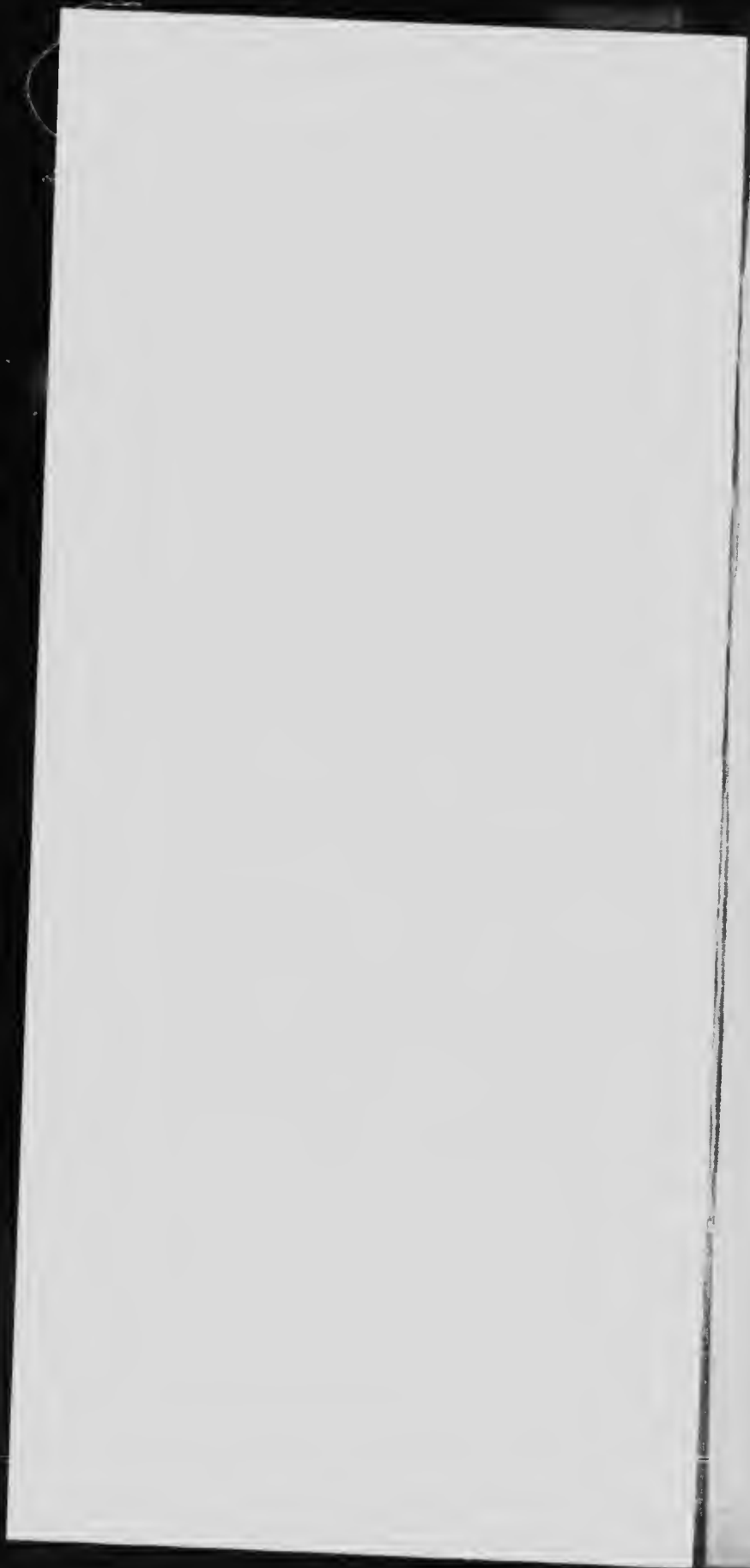
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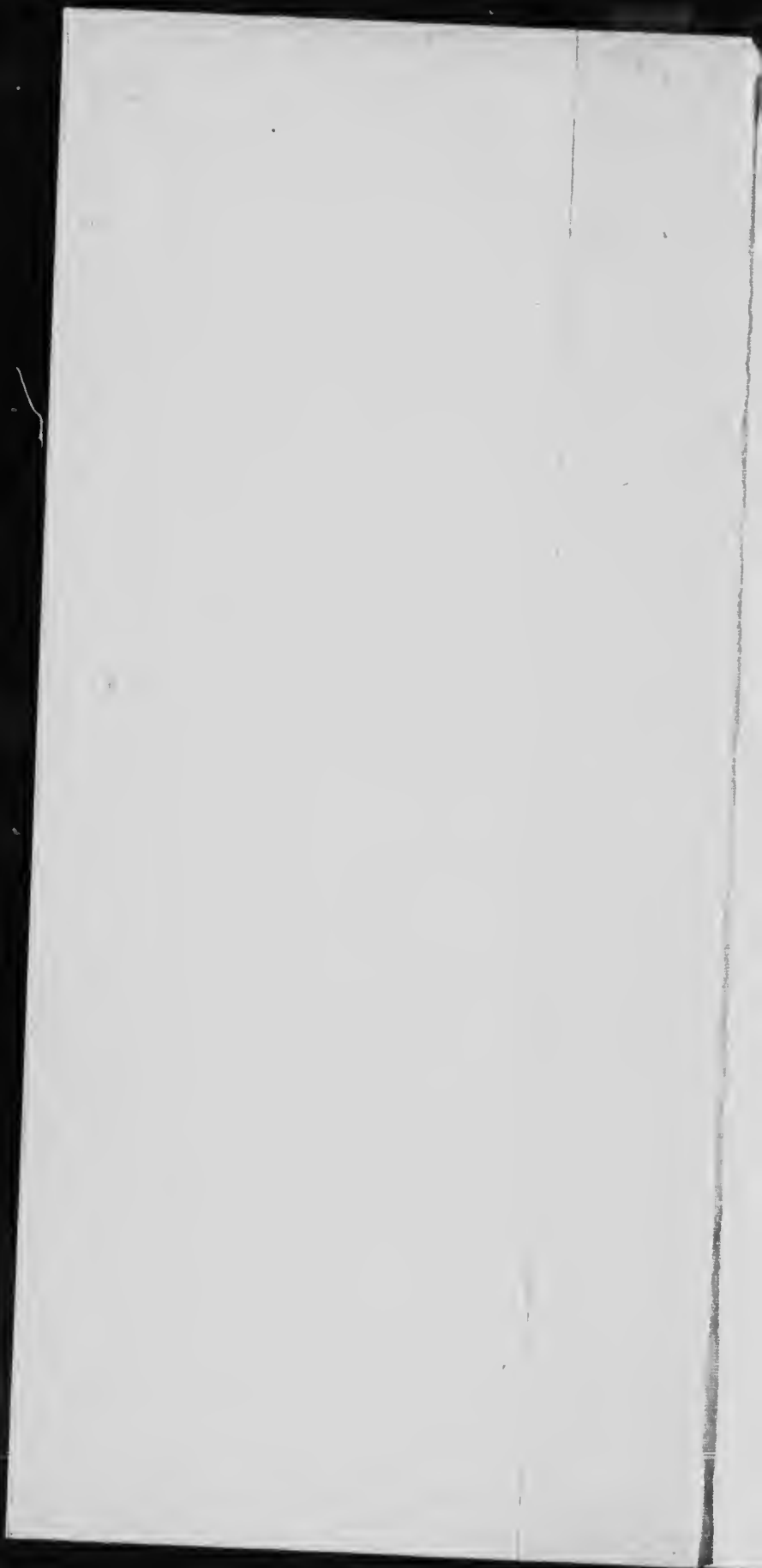
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XLIX C

# The Marriage of Music

Annie C. Dalton













# The Marriage of Music

Annie C. Dalton

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in  
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VANCOUVER, B. C.  
EVANS & HASTINGS, PRINTERS  
1910

# The Marriage of Music

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## THE MARRIAGE OF MUSIC.

Idly piping down a lane,  
Once I heard a dulcet strain  
Floating o'er the thicket high  
Like some siren's lullaby.  
Straightway fell my smitten reed—  
Stricken mute by Pan, indeed—  
Glancing round with startled eye,  
Then did I a wicket spy.

A hidden wicket, well concealed,  
'Twixt hanging bush and climbing brake,  
But, swinging on its stake,  
Just on the jar to me  
It hung revealed,  
And past its tiny port afar  
Music on Music's shoulders clashed and  
pealed,  
Until the very dew-drops shook congealed  
In crystalline and shimmering melody.

Then came a symphony,  
So sweet and low,  
As though  
The flower of harmony  
Had just begun to blow,  
And was unfolding all its petals one by one,  
To lilt of lute or soft melodeon.

Rapt in sweet sounds, I, all unconscious wise,  
Inanimate,  
Beyond the gate  
Passed into Paradise.  
Alas! Words fail and memory's aids are  
few  
To tell of all the blest delights I knew—  
The golden light that sunk in one broad hue,  
The emerald land, the mountains blue,  
The rolling streams, the rolling cloud-wracks  
too,  
And steeped them all in glory through and  
through.

Broad as the light, the glorious music surged,  
The seas of light and seas of sound con-  
verged,  
And filled the whole of that enchanted world  
With eddying waves,  
That leaped and danced, and madly curled,  
From lowly earth to all celestial things,  
From chöiring stars to dull, resounding caves,  
So heaven rained light and music, and the  
earth  
In answering birth  
Brought forth its golden springs.

Then to that sphere of fluent light  
A host of words in spotless beauty came,  
Came showering free and bright,  
Like golden leaves to spread a sybil's fame,  
And as a groom to greet his bride,  
A note of music to the side  
Of every word in sweetest transport sprang  
And all his love and joy ecstatic sang;  
While everywhere, O far and wide!  
An universal marriage feast began,  
And note and word in perfect wedded bliss  
Sealed each their compact in one soul-  
absorbing kiss—  
Was ever sweeter vision borne to man?  
Then, floating on the air,  
I saw faint shadows hang,  
The shades of poet-prophets hovering there  
In intermingled envy and despair,  
Yet mute approval, while the rapture rang  
And sang its triumph everywhere.

Then said a voice, "O write!  
Aye, for astonishment of men indite  
Some fragment of this wonderful delight."  
Alas, while yet it spoke  
The glorious vision broke,  
And trailing after me a stream of light,  
I touched a dark and silent earth—and woke.

Tell me, Music, O shall I  
In some golden bye and bye,  
Idly piping down the lane,  
Find that wicket-gate again?

### IS LOVE A DREAM?

Is Love a dream? then let me dream,  
And may I never more to life awake.  
Love, clasp me close, let others truth esteem,  
Thou art my all—I, all for thee forsake.  
Pain, grief, despair—are they not dream  
words, too?  
Shall truth but slay the lovely and the  
bright—  
If hate and selfishness, alas, be true,  
Is Love alone a vision of the night?

### RESOLUTION.

I will be strong! then let the billows roll  
Far o'er my head—they cannot hurt my soul:  
Deeper the swell, the higher soars the crest—  
I reach my haven on its bounding breast.

I will be strong! but Thou, O Lord, canst say  
Where weakness lies, in night or summer day:  
Wilt Thou but hold me—let me not retreat,  
Then am I strongest in my soul's defeat.

I will be good! not Lord through mine own  
grace,  
But through the virtue of Thine anguished  
Face:

Make me now pure in every strong intent—  
So shall my journey be one long ascent.

I will be loved! if Thou, the Fount of Love,  
Wilt show Thy gentle Presence from above,  
That, like a mirror, I may shadow Thee,  
And all men love Thy loveliest form in me.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

I ask of Life one simple boon;  
'Tis this, that she would spare  
The dainty beauties of my dreams—  
They grow so very fair.

I ask of Death no boon, nor crave  
Redemption from his schemes;  
I know his dusky galleons guard  
The homeland of my dreams.

Ah, those reflective moods  
When soul and mind turn round to gaze with  
    awe  
And wonder at themselves, and through the  
    mist  
And glamour of long years arise rebuking eyes  
Of mute appeal, sad wistfulness, surprise—  
How sweet they are, how swiftly swept aside!  
Time's folded curtains fall from Memory's  
    hand,  
Tears fill the eyes; a numbness clasps the  
    throat;  
We feel as souls thrust forth from Paradise;  
And yet we know, it is but peopled  
With the ghosts of our dead selves.

## SUNSET IN THE INLET.

A purple glory flushes on the hills;  
The sea takes on a deeper, softer blue;  
The autumn sunset in gay transport fills  
Each bush and brake in flaming, crimson hue.  
Their white wings rosy in reflected light,  
The sea gulls perch upon the drift that floats  
Where later, dusky pinions of night  
Will fold around the gaudy Indian boats.

## A WILD SEPTEMBER DAY.

Oh, the joy of life, when the horses white  
Ride into the sheltered bay,  
And the murky mischiefs of the mind  
Far inland flee away.

On the wings of a free and blustering breeze,  
That shakes all the showers from the glittering  
trees

On a bright, September day.

Oh, the joy of life when the surf rolls in,  
And its frothing bubbles blow

On the shimmering sands where the seaweeds  
lie

And the sea-gulls come and go;

When the autumn leaves on tiptoe fly

With the merry, merry wind,

With the straining grass and the straggling  
sedge

Left fettered far behind.

Oh, life is gay! Oh, life is bright!

And the pulses bound in a blest delight—

No care can cloy this fearful joy

This wild September day,

When the staggering steps beat a wayward  
path,

When the scattering garments stray,

When the shrieking wind in its playful wrath

Roars many a roundelay;

When the live trees bow,

And the dead trees plough

Through the fields of hissing foam—

Each battered wreck

At the whirlwind's beck

Flung back to its ancient home.

Oh, the joy of life when the horses ride

In the foaming, tossing bay,

And the white-winged couriers do scud

O'er the blue hills far away;

When the unseen legions race and scour

From the deepest den to the loftiest tower,

And a lifetime glows in a speedy hour

This rare September day.

## DAFFODILS.

Oh daffodils, ye blow  
The bugle-call of Spring,  
Green lance in rest,  
Ye stand a-breast  
In glorious marshaling!  
While golden trumpets blow  
And dainty pennons fly,  
Ye flaunt above your ancient foe,  
And bid old Winter die.

## LOVE COMES RIDING.

A rosy streak, and a morning gay,  
The golden dawn of a golden day,  
The breath of Spring, and the flowers of May,  
For Love comes riding along the way.

The hum of bees in a breathless noon,  
The lisp of ripples beyond the dune,  
The scent of lily, the rose of June,  
And Love singing low his tenderest tune.

The bees hive-sheltered at close of day,  
The flowers asleep and the ripples away,  
The silver moon and the nightingale's lay,  
For Love still tarrieth nor rideth away.

No silver streak in the morning grey,  
The hopeless dawn of a hopeless day,  
The frosts of Spring, and the mists of May,  
For Love hath tarried and ridden away.

A stolen jewel Love's casket to fill,  
A broken lily beside a rill,  
A rose-strew'd grave upon a hill,  
For Love must follow his own sweet will.

## THE ROMANCE OF VANCOUVER.

Over prairies bare,  
Over mountain rocks,  
Wandered Beauty fair,  
With dishevelled locks,  
Till, she, wearied, fell asleep  
Near-by where mountain-lions watch do keep.

Long she slumbered there,  
And her fairy dreams  
Crowded all the air  
With enchanted gleams—  
Wing-wafted seeds they fell abroad,  
And sprang to life, fair miracles of God.

In this Paradise,  
Ages Beauty slept,  
And the lions wise  
Still their vigils kept,  
They watched the thrones of Beauty grow  
About their fastnesses of sculptured snow.

From the azure tide,  
Lapping golden shores,  
Close to Beauty's side  
Swept swift flashing oars;  
And commerce from her magic barge  
Leapt forth and set her darling—Man—at  
large.

Then she, too, did sleep  
Wrapped in Beauty's arms,  
And in her slumbers deep  
Muttered wizard charms,  
Man, grasping all her wildest themes,  
Re-fashioned them into his goodliest schemes.

But not for long she lay—  
Leaving Beauty there.  
She hewed her pregnant way,  
Through the forest fair,  
And delving deep for gold and gem  
She wrought Columbia's richest diadem.

Beauty slumbers still,  
Weaving subtle dreams;  
Commerce speaks her will;  
Man works out his schemes;  
And in the bright and dream-filled sky,  
The radiant angel, Hope, is hovering nigh.

O home of all we love!  
O city, dear and fair!  
Now by this Hope above,  
Hear, oh hear us swear.  
To guard thine honour as our own,  
And keep thee pure and firm on Beauty's  
throne!

#### IN DREAMS.

In dreams thou lovest me—  
The love thou givest all,  
Alone, within the land of dreams,  
Is mine beyond recall.

In dreams thou lovest me—  
What though when I awake,  
Thou spurnest me in high disdain,  
This joy thou canst not take.

In dreams thou lovest me—  
Thy lips are on my brow,  
The gentle pressure of thy arm—  
Methinks I feel it now.

In dreams thou lovest me—  
And they have made me glad,  
Thy sweet, slow smile is still with me  
To cheer me when I'm sad.

In dreams thou lovest me—  
My head is on thy breast,  
I would that evermore in dreams  
My tired soul could rest.



## MELANCHOLY.

These are thy fancies, gentle melancholy;  
The past's sweet cult revered and kept most  
holy;

Sad, pensive thoughts on love's and life's de-  
ception;

Songs, still unsung, and sweet beyond con-  
ception;

Pale, shivering ghosts of baffled, fond desires;  
The silver ashes of extinguished fires;

Frail, withered leaves, once crimson-hearted  
blooming,

Gaunt, naked trees 'gainst stormy starlight  
looming;

White sails that skim Utopian oceans wholly;  
These are thy fancies, gentle Melancholy!

## A HOT AFTERNOON.

It is so still—the earth is like a room,  
Where children gather in their games, and  
hush

Their joyous voices, lest their mirth should  
break

Into that upper silence, where there lies  
The tired mother in a dreamless sleep.

It is so still—is God asleep?

For see, across His quiet heavens are drawn  
His snowy blinds, and His pale mountains

creep

Like weary spaniels at His shrouded feet.

The faded ocean sleeps, the forest dreams,

All desolation broods in blinding glare.

Time waits—no flitting life, no throbbing  
love.

Nothing but light—a madness breeding light—

That beats and battens everywhere and seems

The outcast brilliance from His shaded room.

It is the hour of spirit-weariness,

It is the hour of deepest loneliness—

Does God then tire—is He asleep?

## ACQUIESCENCE.

We acquiesce in all that is,  
And wonder with a cold surprise,  
That life should keep her promises  
Or death decree things otherwise.

The miracles that yesterday  
Hung far beyond our feeble reach,  
Descend, as 'midst the boys at play  
Falls down the over-ripening peach.

We acquiesce in all that is,  
And question with a cold surprise,  
When life unveils her mysteries,  
"Shall Death uncloseth our dreaming eyes?"

We hear of divers deeds and doubt  
The reality that happens thus,  
Then turn we softly and about—  
They could not happen unto us!

When they do happen, through a mist  
We see but dimly what is there;  
The bolt hath fallen—the god hath kissed—  
And we are almost unaware.

We acquiesce in all that is,  
And wonder with a cold surprise,  
"Can it be I who suffers this,  
Or dream I in another's guise?"

## TRUE LOVE.

True Love is born of Pain,  
And bringeth forth sweet Pain again.  
Sweet Love! Sweet Pain!  
O bitter Love! O bitter, bitter Pain!  
Alas! 'twere all in vain  
To part them—Time must prove  
That Death may vanquish Love  
And slay her with his dart,  
Ere Pain and Love do part.

## JUDGMENT.

Lo, Jehovah takes His pen,  
And He writes the doom of men,  
Comes the Lamb, and murmurs then,  
"Pity, peace and pardon."

Law thus driven out by Love,  
Seeks in vain for power above;  
Man enthrones the outcast of  
Pity, peace and pardon.

Crying, "Lord forgive my sin.  
Lamb of God! Thy work begin,  
Though my brother shall not win  
Pity, peace and pardon.

Law for him, Lord, Love for me—"  
Cries the Lamb, "It may not be,  
As thou givest, give I thee,  
Pity, peace and pardon."

## A TENDER TEAR.

A tender tear  
In swimming eyes of blue,  
Will strengthen Love anew,  
And cast out fear.

A merry gleam  
In dusky orbs of brown  
Defies Love's haughty frown  
And bids him dream.

Sweet eyes of grey—  
As grey and true as steel,  
They will from Love's appeal  
Not turn away.

But eyes of green  
That flash with envy's spite,  
And glisten in the night  
Slay Love, I ween.

## TO A ROBIN.

How cam'st ye here, sweet Robin?  
What demon of unrest  
Hath lured so far from England's shores  
Thy swelling crimson breast?  
What fairy dreams and airy schemes  
Came to thy humble nest  
To send thee from thy gabled eave  
A-wandering in the West?

Had I thy wings, sweet Robin,  
This moment I would fly  
From golden sunsets' Western glow  
To England's colder sky,  
Where chiming bells their mellow notes  
Ring out from belfries high,  
And floating o'er a hoary world  
Through leafless glades do sigh.

But hearts are warm, sweet Robin,  
Within the dear, old land,  
They with true, honest impulse give  
True grip of honest hand.  
Across the seas dividing gulf  
Love waves his magic wand,  
And hearts at home reach hearts that beat  
Upon this distant strand.

Why linger here, sweet Robin?  
Oh, soon it will be Spring  
When all the hedge-rows will be gay  
With blue-bells blossoming.  
Then primrose, daisy, violet sweet  
Lurk where the lark doth spring  
From lowly nest to sunlit skies  
With dewdrops on his wing.

Alas, alas, poor Robin!  
Perchance thy restless eye  
Hath never seen those meadows green  
Where drowsy cattle lie  
Through summer days when purling streams  
To whispering winds reply,

And countless birds and murmuring bees  
Join in the lullaby.

Then fly away, sweet Robin,  
Thy wings and crimson breast  
In thought had borne me o'er the seas  
To seek a moment's rest—  
To dream again within my home.  
Alas, a fruitless quest:  
'Twere vain to dream—my heart returns—  
My home is in the West.

### ENNUI.

Who has not felt, some still, hot afternoon,  
A wild and maddening impulse to explore  
Some new sensation, anything, to leave  
The stifling glare, the fierce monotony behind?  
The languid air folds like a silken gauze  
Around the fluttering senses, and holds down  
Their feeble struggles into transient death,  
The limbs are lapped, inert, in heavier folds  
And slacken, listless, till a swift disgust  
Wakes all the swooning faculties, and stirs  
The stagnant blood to life. Then comes that  
wild

Rebellion against all that is; the cry  
Of prisoned life for liberty; the rage  
For swift, untrammelled motion. Oh, to race,  
Or, like the ostrich, chase the tireless wind  
On boundless plains, or, dizzy joy! to scale  
Laboriously some precipice's brow!  
The fever passes, and a numbness falls,  
Like shadows from a cloud that crushes out  
The diamond sparkle from some shallow  
stream,

So flies the dream, the race remains unrun;  
The mountain still unscaled; once more we  
sink

Into that narrow groove where we are trained  
To gently run in harness, or in chains.

## PAIN.

Through the fringed gates of sleep, the angel  
Pain  
Swept on his heavy wing,  
He brooded over slumbering men,  
Holding his cross of suffering;  
Then, harshly, to each one he said,  
"Awake, here is thy daily cross—the dawn  
is red—  
And there is much to be remembered."

Thereon I saw each sleeper rose and sighed,  
And some with peevish gesture, cried,  
"Another cross for us who are so sorely  
tried!"

Then some cast down the only cross they held,  
From all, save one, a bitter plaint upwelled—  
Save one, whose heavy load was laid,  
Cross upon cross, on shoulders bowed and  
weighed  
Unto the very ground;  
Yet whose bright face  
Shone with sweet hope and steadfast grace.

Him, Pain long scanned, impatient frowned,  
Then softly, softly to himself he said,  
"Brave soul, *thou* needest, if any, to be com-  
forted,  
And yet, I, pitying, can but choose  
To cast another cross to bruise  
Afresh, thy proud, undaunted head."

## HOPE.

Bright, buoyant Hope is ever on the wing:  
She lives, though seeming lost in pathless  
gloom,  
She tears the hopeless from the teeth of doom,  
Within the frozen heart plants flowers of  
Spring,  
And fills the halls of death with caroling.  
So doth she bid our silver days resume  
The cast off joys of youth's gold pleasuring.

## LOVE'S REVELATIONS.

If only Love were good and true  
How sweet this life would be,  
If you loved me as I love you,  
Earth would be heaven to me.  
The angels should their joy impart  
And sound the trumpet seven—  
If only earth were heaven, dear heart,  
If only earth were heaven!

If only Love were good and kind,  
In sorrow as in bliss,  
To faults and follies loving-blind,  
In patience nought remiss,  
Love would be 've's own counterpart,  
Forgiving as forgiven,  
And earth would then be heaven, dear heart,  
And earth would then be heaven.

But Love is cold and very proud,  
In every torture vers'd—  
He hides his face behind a cloud,  
And from its thunders burst  
On gaping wound and shrinking smart  
The fateful vials seven—  
If only earth were heaven, dear heart,  
If only earth were heaven!

Oh Love has broken many seals—  
With thunder, one by one,  
He, war and plague and Death reveals—  
All Hell his will hath done,  
The stars have fallen, the heavens dispart:  
He breaks the seal of seven,  
And silent is the earth, dear heart,  
And silent is the heaven.

Oh Love is good and kind and true,  
Oh, Love is as the sun,  
And you love me as I love you—  
Love's victory is won.  
Now life and death have played their part,  
And hark—the trumpet seven!  
For Love is Lord of earth, dear heart,  
As Love is Lord of Heaven.

## HYLDA.

Hylda! Hylda! Hylda!  
Oh, how she doth bewilder  
Me with the turquoise in her dreamy eyes,  
Then, in the noontide of my sweet surprise,  
A dancing diamond in the circlet of the blue,  
With fiery glances dares my heart to woo.

O cruel, cruel Hylda!  
What imp of mischief filled her,  
While she stood waiting at the gates of life,  
And angel-questants searched in holy strife  
For that soul-loveliness whose pure and peer-  
less grace  
Should match so fair a form, so sweet a face?

O fair, O fairest Hylda!  
Had that sweet soul enthralled her,  
She had been stayed, the saintliest saint  
above,  
And I had never known the pangs of love;  
A crown for her, sweet peace for me, yet who  
would dare  
To wish so rare a gem were set elsewhere?

## MY HAND IN THINE.

My hand in thine—the tender silence stealing  
From each full heart the sweet unspoken  
thought,  
Deeper and truer passion-notes revealing  
Than harmonies of language ever taught.

My life in thine—eternal bonds unbroken  
Knit soul to soul, as dearest, thine to mine,  
Love gives no pledge, no troth, no outward  
token,  
Yet Love and I, Love's slave, are wholly  
thine.



## SPRING.

Sing, oh my heart, this glorious, glorious day;  
Sing to the music of the wildly dashing spray;  
Sing to the rhythm of the faintly moving  
cloud;

The newly wakened spirits of the springtime  
cry aloud,

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Riding on bracing winds the loitering spring  
has come,

Her flashing fingers lightly curl the hissing  
tips of foam,

From sea-fringed laughing vales the joyful  
tidings blow

To purple hill-crests marble-veined with  
streaks of purest snow,

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Sweet Nature's freshest colours on her brown  
palette are seen

Gold, white and blue, and tender, living green;

Crocus and snow-drop, fair, oh fair thou art,

But fairer blossoms, buds of hope, are spring-  
ing in my heart!

Rejoice! Rejoice!

## A YORKSHIRE BOY.

Far out across the little, gloomy bay,

A spar-set shadow glideth grey and tall,

It is the boat that beareth far away

My Yorkshire boy, the grandest lad of all.

Full sweet and tender were my boy's good-  
byes,

But bright with visions of the life to be;

I would, I would not have it otherwise,

But—heavy is the heart in me.

My boy, he is a Yorkshire boy,

Though he sails upon the sea;

He is my heart's own darling, pride and joy,

O boy! come back to me.

Far, far away the swelling Yorkshire moors,  
And far away the bracing Yorkshire hills,  
Only in dreams, when day had closed her  
doors,

I heard and saw the gushing Yorkshire rills.  
But with a Yorkshire lad across the seas  
There came again the purple heather-bloom;  
His laughter rippled like a moorland breeze  
And drove away the gathering clouds of  
gloom.

Oh! none but those who hunger oft in vain  
For Yorkshire voices and old Yorkshire ways,  
Can guess the weary void—the aching pain  
That mingles with the sunny, joyous days.  
And when the olden laughter and the smile,  
And all the olden frank and hearty joy  
Come with a boy to bide with us a while,  
Oh! then, be sure he is a Yorkshire boy.

Low glides the boat beyond the ocean's rim,  
And low upon the West the shadows fall;  
God and Our Father now be good to him  
And us who for Thy loving care do call.  
So keep him that no tenderness we miss,  
When, meeting once again, our hearts are  
glad,

For earth has not a fairer sight than this,  
A noble and a gallant Yorkshire lad.

My boy, he is a Yorkshire boy,  
And he's sailing on the sea,  
But he has brought and left a lasting joy  
Within the heart of me.

It is a fearful thing  
To crush another's joy—  
Its ruby-plumed wing  
An infant might destroy.  
Yet hosts of earth and hosts of heaven should  
strive in vain  
To speed it on its flight again.

Sweet as the theme of Adam's bridal song  
In Eden's blissful grove,  
The treasured joy whose vocal memories  
    throng  
Past hours of cloudless love!

But ah, the magic of unspoken words,  
Dim music of the soul,  
Whose muffled waves, like distant cries of  
    birds  
Reverberating roll.

Far where our hidden memories sleep  
With long years inter-twined,  
And life's sunk hope, and stranded wreckage  
    keep  
The caverns of the mind.

### DEATH.

Death came to me, and said,  
"A compact new  
I make with you.  
You shall in nowise dread  
Me, as all others do,  
But live instead  
Your life anew."  
Then slowly into view  
Rose ghosts of years long dead:  
I shuddered, shook my head,  
To Death right quickly said,  
"I go with you."

### PRESENTIMENT.

Wind-witches wailing upon the lone sea,  
Churning the fury that yet is to be,  
Calling the spirit which slumbers in me.

Hark to the thunder-artillery roll—  
Resonance rumbling from pole unto pole,  
Rending this fathomless silence of soul.

Flashes the lightning—where, none may fore-  
know,  
Lifting the sunken hill-crests in its glow,  
Cleaving the heart's hidden chasms of woe.

Wild is the spirit which stalks on the sea,  
Wild the foreboding of *that* yet to be,  
And wilder the terror which crouches in me.

Outwardly—conventional calm;  
Inwardly—a life  
Of never-ceasing strife!

O Christ! What healing balm  
Can human arm  
Wrest from the soil?  
What boots the spirit's toil?

Canst Thou hear from Thy Throne,  
The heavy groan  
Of labouring earth,  
Racked with incessant birth?

Men say Thou wert but man—  
My heart cries out, "Oh, then,  
If man could rise  
To such transcendent skies,  
All men were gods, all gods were men."

We know Thee as Thou wert,  
We feel Thee as Thou art,  
'Tis to our grievous hurt  
If we from Thee depart.

## THE POETS.

One said to me, "The poets dwell  
For aye in heavens blue"—  
I answered, "Tongue can never tell  
The storms they struggle through;  
They sing of grief they know too well,  
Of joy they never knew.

Low as the phosphorescent glow  
Down in the sunless deeps,  
High as the mountain's virgin snow  
The poets' pleasure sleeps;  
Close as a serpent's sinuous flow  
The poets' sorrow creeps.

The sign of suffering's baleful star  
To them is surely given,  
The veil that shrouds Shekinah's awe  
For them is truly riven;  
And welcome is the suffering for  
The fleeting glimpse of heaven.

## TO PASSION.

O bridled passion! concentrated joy!  
That sleeps within these calm and temperate  
veins!

O life in death! now silently deploy  
Thy slumbering flood of immemorial rains.

Now pseudo-stoic, live thy life misdeemed;  
Now boldly leap thy frail, conventional dam;  
Now front me with this problem—"What I  
seemed  
Hath surely been the spot of what I am."

Mild Peace and Reason, half-distracted, fly  
Above this swirl of wild, chaotic flood;  
And Hope, with hand on rock, and sobbing  
sigh,  
Craw', fainting from this tumult of the blood.

## LOVE.

'Tis Love, Love, Love,  
Throbbing through the universe,  
Lifting lightly,  
Oh, so lightly,  
Man's curse.

See, he comes with azure wing,  
And each heart remembering  
Hours of unconfined bliss,  
Waits a-tip-toe for his kiss.

Brush by softly, gentle Love,  
Sacred are the thoughts which move  
At thy fragrant breath.

Hasten not, Love, with thy wooing!  
At thy going, cometh death.

## BURNS.

O land of Burns!  
The tempting cup that cheers,  
That flows to honour Scotland's bard  
Is mixed with blood and tears.

Burns, loving heart!  
Thy erring spirit knew  
The subtle snare which lurked for thee  
Within that devil's brew.

Mary in Heaven  
Could shed no purer tears,  
Than those which marked thy manly cheek  
And mourned thy wasted years.

Bitter thy lot,  
More bitter still the wrong,  
Which honours with thy name the cup  
That quenched thy noble song.

## TWILIGHT.

Be still, dear heart, and rest,  
The shades of even fall,  
And from the temple of the west  
I hear my Father call.

He calls—have you not heard?  
He calls us to His knee;  
I would not miss one precious word  
So comforting to me.

He speaks as to a child,  
And I would gladly stay,  
To listen to such accents mild—  
And thou wouldst turn away.

O still, my heart, that sigh,  
Let worlds and worldlings wait;  
The King of Heaven and Earth is nigh,  
And resting at His gate.

## THE FLOWER.

Earth hi her joys;  
Justice was dead;  
Life's counterpoise  
Did seem unhallowed;  
For truth and light  
Forsook the right;  
In pride and wrath  
I paced the garden-path,  
And near the mellow ground  
A simple sermon found.  
There bloomed a lovely flower,  
Half broken 'neath a shower  
Of crystal dew. Unshed,  
The drops bowed down its head  
And almost snapped its stem;  
Yet from each tearful gem  
The laboring flower so bent  
Withdrew its nutriment—  
Through parching hours fed  
Did blossom comforted.

## A SICK MAN'S DAY.

The weird medallions on the carven bed  
Frowned like the gargoyles of a buttress'd  
church,  
And long he watched the walls' gay festoons  
lurch  
And dance a mazy whirl above his head.

The landscape, like a painted picture shone,  
Lined, as an atlas in the window frame,  
In form, in character, for aye the same,  
But many moods writ each its tale thereon.

A double streak shot by, half light, half shade,  
The flash of swallow's flight that swiftly took  
A sick man's thought, a sick man's longing  
look,  
Far from the bed where his straight limbs  
were laid.

At times he sank into a fitful sleep,  
All honeycombed with dark and fevered  
dreams,  
To waken, uttering faint, half-stifled screams,  
And bathed in sweat, thro' gulfs of thought  
to creep.

Dim echoes travelled from the outside world,  
Anon, a fierce discordant bolt of sound  
That made his startled, tortured pulses bound,  
Till every limb with silent anguish curled.

Cool drinks, delicious fruits, the d'oyled tray,  
The Doctor's call, with increased pain  
attached,  
Friends' visits—hours from ravening Leathe  
snatched—  
These were th' events that made the sick man's  
day.

And when the shades of ripening even fell,  
Bright faces gathered round the household  
board;



Above, with every costly comfort stored,  
Oh, God, how dreary then that cloistered cell!

### THE MOORLANDS.

Ye glorious skies and sunsets,  
Ye crystal creeks and bays,  
Ye mountain crests where daily  
The snowy cloudling plays.

How fair ye are, but vainly  
Ye strive to stir my heart;  
Today in all thy glory  
I feel to have no part.

My mind, distraught, is wandering  
O'er bleak, empurpled moors,  
Where sleeting winds and tempests  
Shake all the farm-house doois.

I see the peaty uplands,  
With many a rugged scarp,  
And many a low-browed cottage,  
Where weaves the linsey's warp.

I see the tiny churches,  
Set high upon the hill;  
The little, modest Bethels,  
The pews the farmers fill.

I see the lazy cattle  
On lowland pastures roam;  
The ruddy, shingled gables,  
That sheltered once my home.

Breathe low, oh gentle west wind,  
I have no thought for thee,  
For a breeze of purple moorlands  
Is passing over me.

BALLAD OF THE LILLYE-WHITE  
FLOWRE.

"Fayre ladye, in thy latticed bowre,  
A kindlinesse I crave;  
Nowe, prithee doe give to me some flowre  
Toe strowe my mother's grave.

"My mother dear lyes still and cold—  
Fearsome and lone is she,  
And I wold hide the dark, damp mold  
With blossoms fayre to see.

"My mother doth sore moanin' make  
Downe on her sorrowfulle bed,  
Nowe for our blessed Ladye's sake  
Grant she be comforted.

"Till soft, greene grasse shall grow in Spring,  
And daisies white shall peep,  
And warme benethe her covering  
My mother falls asleep."

Then did the ladye forward lean  
And, with fayre gentillesse,  
Looke kindlye on that mayde so mean  
Benethe her lattices.

And sayde, "This flowre thou shouldst have,  
This lilly-white flowre shouldst take,  
To laye upon thy mother's grave  
For our deare Ladye's sake,

"But, wel-a-way, the minstrels playe,  
The roystering guests doe shoute;  
The lord who celebrates this daye—  
He gives a merry rout;

"And not one flowre bedecks my haire,  
But one lyes at my breast,  
The maydens who wold the feast prepare  
Have gathered in the reste.

“But when I’ve tripped the merrye rounde  
To merrye minstrelsie,  
If haply this lillye may be founde  
I’ll throwe it, childe, to thee.

“And I will strip the comelye halle—  
Of posies thou shalt have  
More than thou canst be think withal  
Toe strowe thy mother’s grave.”

“Gramercy, ladye, fare ye weile!  
Nowe by my mother’s side  
I’le sit and sing, and alle night telle  
What mornynge shall betide.”

The ladye smiled, and in her haire  
Did put her lillye-white flowre,  
And little she recked the lillyes fayre  
Wold bloome for her no mowre.

\* \* \*

The moone shone bright, into the night  
The lillye-white flowres fell—  
The wearie ladye, richllye dight,  
Yawned sleepily, “’Tis welle!”

The ladye shutte the lattice tight  
And doffed her fine arraye,  
And kneeling by her bed soe white  
To Mary she did praye.

For all good church-folks she did praye,  
Then to her bonnye bed;  
And as she laye, moone-white raye  
Played softly rounde her heade.

The moone shone bright and through the  
nighte,  
And through the lattice came,  
Some thing which trailed its garments white  
And bore a spere of flame.

It glode up to the quiet bedde,  
And tossed its arms about—  
One forme stole in with silent tread,  
But two wan formes wente out!

\* \* \* \*

When with the dawne, there came the mayde,  
She heard that household greet,  
And gathering up the flowres she layde  
Them at the ladye's feet.

And cryde aloude, "O ladye, deare,  
Wrapt in thy broidered palle!  
My mother bids me strowe them here  
For thou dost need them all."

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The year is dead.  
I backward scan its track, with fearful eye:  
Bestrewn with wrecks, dead hopes, lost joys—  
O God,  
For once with shuddering sigh, I gladly cry,  
"The year is dead."

The year is dead.  
False pledge, false vow, blow after blow beat  
down  
Each feeble hope I dared to raise: how oft  
I longed to say 'neath heavy cross and broken  
crown,  
"The year is dead."

The year is dead.  
And now, O Lord, I see Thy purpose true;  
Through chaos, wrong, injustice, tears, Thy  
Hand  
Was with me—Faith, Hope, Love still live—  
the year is new;  
Despair is dead.

Oh, kiss but the blossom which grows on the  
thorn  
And yieldeth its sweetness to thee—  
Unkissed tho' my lips—tho' our vows be un-  
sworn,  
I'll dream that sweet kiss is for me.

Oh, press but the lilies which hide in thy  
breast,  
And whisper my name as of yore.  
I'll live with my love and my joy unexpressed  
Contented to ask for no more.

My joy is so sweet and my hope is so low,  
So lovely and bootless they seem,  
I fear lest a whisper of mine should o'erflow  
To shatter my beautiful dream.

Neglected the blossom and lilies so pale—  
The fair one moved, wanton, along;  
And mournfully lovers repeat the sad tale  
Of one who died singing this song:

"Ah, kiss not the blossom which blows on the  
thorn,  
For roses of Sharon I see,  
And thou on the wings of a seraph upborne—  
Art calling? art calling? for me!"

### LOVE IS ETERNAL.

Love is eternal!  
Love is immortal!  
Separation and death shall have no power  
To stay one moment of that rare, transcendent  
hour  
When men and angels raise one mighty shout,  
And terror's dusky legions, rabble-rout,  
Fold o'er the gold horizon in one sable wing;  
And love, all-glorious,  
Is, all-triumphant, king.

## CHANGE.

It is in vain they pass along the street—  
Their souls—they touch not, though their  
    hands—they meet,  
Though in all love and kindness they greet,  
    It is in vain.

They strive to sit and spin with broken  
    thread,  
But memory loves not languages long dead;  
And silence falls about each drooping head—  
    It is in vain.

In vain among the withered years they grope,  
The rustling bares no buried leaves of hope,  
The stars have cast their fateful horoscope—  
    It is in vain.

For one, the sun sets on a sullen shore,  
For one, the dawn peeps from a curtained  
    door,  
A world divides them, and they meet no  
    more—  
    It is in vain.

## THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine—  
    They are warm in the fold,  
But my heart, it is aching  
    For the lamb in the cold.

There are ninety and nine—  
    And the shepherd is nigh,  
But my heart, it is breaking  
    For the one that must die.

There are ninety and nine—  
    I must hasten away,  
For my heart, me forsaking,  
    Is with one far astray.

A LUNATIC'S WILL DONE INTO  
VERSE.

I, Charles Lounbery,  
Of disposing memory,  
Being of sound mind,  
Have myself designed  
This, my latest Will and Testament.

*Item.*

God owns the world—  
We are heirs of God—  
Herewith I bequeath  
My portion . . . I have trod  
Full softly through this so-called vale of tears  
And found it good.  
Now of sound mind, and being full of years,  
My Will I would  
Devise, and leave  
Not gold, nor yet the right to live—  
I hold these not—  
But, all good, endearing names  
That childhood-grace and beauty claims,  
All little, quaint, pet names of love  
I give to all good parents for  
The children who their darlings are,  
And for the benefit thereof,  
Sweet praise, encouragement, in trust,  
And I charge them to be generous, just.

*Item.*

Again I leave to children (but  
Only whilst they, children still,  
Dance and dance with heedless foot),  
The harebell on the windy hill,  
The heather on the sweeping moor,  
The daisy at the cottage-door,  
The willows, and the little brooks  
With shining sands and mossy nooks,  
The primrose on the steep, green bank,  
(Oh, warn them of the nettle rank,  
The thistle and the treacherous thorn),  
And all the dew-gems of the morn—

Lowly things that please the poor.  
Unlimited, the right to play  
Throughout each golden summer day,  
To glean the dropping ears of corn,  
To blow upon the young Moon's horn,  
And in the long and sweet twilight  
To crowd the crackling fire bright;  
To listen to the tales of old  
Of sleeping ladies, princes bold;  
Dragons fierce, and treasure trove,  
Guerdon of the truest love;  
And the right to sweetly sleep  
While the angels watch do keep,  
Lanterns from the milky way  
Guiding them lest they should stray,  
And the moonbeams weaving white  
Counterpanes of soft delight.  
But I do charge you that the boon  
Of starlight and the silver moon,  
Must no lover's rights impugn.

*Item.*

Now of sound mind, I do devise  
All useful fields for exercise,  
All pleasant waters good to swim  
To every boy; also, to him  
The bracing hills, the fishing streams,  
The meadow where the hawk-moth dreams;  
The secret woods and all their joys  
Of squirrels, birds, and living toys,  
Of echo, shadow, and strange noise;  
Adventures, and all distant places too,  
All weird, wild quests, O boy, I give to you.  
At night  
The fireside shall have a place  
For you, and you shall trace  
All pictures that in burning wood delight;  
Nor let, nor hindrance,  
Nor care-encumbrance,  
Shall you annoy,  
O happy, happy boy!



*Item.*

To lovers all I would devise  
The rapture of the dreaming skies,  
The red rose 'neath the sheltering wall,  
The hawthorn snows that softly fall;  
Sweet strains of gentle music, and  
All beauteous things their love demand;  
The tender touch,  
The thrill, and such  
Delights the world scorns overmuch;  
In short, all budding joys that lie up-curved  
Within their own imaginary world.

*Item.*

To young men, jointly, I bequeath  
The glory of the victor's wreath,  
The sports of rivalry, and true  
Disdain of weakness, and a due  
Confidence in their own strength,  
Friendships of a life-long length;  
Companionship and merry songs,  
Brave choruses, all that belongs  
To lusty voices; and a life  
Of healthy joy and strenuous strife.

*Item.*

To those who can no longer wage  
Life's war, nor give a lover's gage;  
Who tread no more the happy heath  
With careless footstep, I bequeath  
All fond memory of the past;  
The strength of the enthusiast,  
And sober pleasures that do last  
And bring the olden days again  
With freshened joy and chastened pain;  
And, what many hold more dear,  
Precious volumes of Shakespeare,  
Burns, and if it can be told  
There are others, I with-hold  
None of them if they but raise  
The glamour of the by-gone days.

*Item.*

Lastly, to each loved one,  
With folded hands and labour done,  
With snowy wreath  
And faded eyes,  
I do bequeath,  
I do devise,  
Their children's love and gratitude to keep  
Till He shall give His own beloved sleep.

### THE THREE GRAVES.

The three lone graves shone green,  
The sky shone blue  
Beyond the yew;  
A shadow fell between . . . .  
Sight grew in me . . . .  
'Twas Misery.

A Second Shadow came . . . .  
Open with spade  
The graves she laid.  
She came . . . . Hate was her name . . . .  
To wrest anew  
Her direful due.

She propped with frigid glee,  
'Gainst three headstones,  
Three skeletons.  
She cursed those three . . . . Ah me.  
Each thing of bone  
Made piteous moan . . . .

Seven times she cursed those three . . . .  
The sky still blue  
Above the yew.  
. . . . .

## SING LULLABY, O HEART!

Sing lullaby, O heart, to all thy fears,  
The birds and beasts are sleeping,  
And thou alone with grief and tears  
Art ceaseless vigil keeping,  
Sing lullaby, O heart, sing lullaby!

Sing lullaby, O heart, to grief and pain;  
Love's slumbering angels waken,  
And in thy dreams shall live again—  
Old joys be over-taken.  
Sing lullaby, O heart, sing lullaby!

Sing lullaby, O heart, and lay care down;  
Of old sweet Beauty bore thee;  
Her joyous saints, with palm and crown,  
Throw down their harps before thee.  
Sing lullaby, O heart, sing lullaby!

Sing lullaby, O heart, grief's silence win;  
Love, Joy and Beauty woo thee,  
Their triple spousals do begin,  
All plight their troth unto thee.  
Sing lullaby, O heart, sing lullaby!  
O heart, heart, heart, sing lullaby,  
Sing lullaby!

—And oh, those lovely fields of snow  
Where none but spirits come and go,  
Pale gold, they lie beneath the dawn,  
Which steals around the ragged, torn,  
And heavy clouds,  
That hang like shrouds  
Above those golden fields.  
Oh lonely, golden fields!  
Ye gleam, enchanted slopes,  
'Tween gloom of cloud and gloom of pine  
Like human hopes,  
Half earthly, half divine.

## THE ANGELS.

Down to the fading West,  
To their eternal rest,  
Day's weary hours are creeping,  
The evening star hangs low,  
Within its silver glow,  
The angels watch are keeping.

As darkening even bends,  
As the spent sun descends,  
Down the horizon flinging  
His red and gorgeous car.  
Now from yon glittering star  
The angel-bands are winging.

Far through the sombre night  
They stream in golden flight,  
Their pinions softly beating.  
To mortals' careless gaze  
They seem but shooting rays  
Of starlight, fitful, fleeting.

They fly from sunny lands,  
To shield with gentle hands  
Our children from night's sorrow;  
To soothe each fretful plaint,  
To strengthen bosoms faint  
With dread of drear to-morrow.

They hover round each bed,  
To cool each fevered head,  
With dews of Heaven's distilling;  
They waft with healing wings,  
Love-laden thought whence springs  
Dream-sleep with rapture thrilling.

They hear the orphan bairn,  
With heaving bosom, yearn  
To lie once more beloved  
Within his mother's arms,  
From chill and wild alarms  
By soft embraces covered.

They soothe his piteous cries,  
They close his weary eyes,  
Themselves in pity weeping;  
They sing with silver tongues  
His angel-mother's songs  
Till he is softly sleeping.

So through the longest night  
The angels wing their flight,  
With love and pity hover;  
Till from the morning star  
A message shines afar—  
Their loving tasks are over.

Oh when, with reverent care,  
We lisped our infant prayer,  
Eyes shut and hands uplifted,  
We all believed in truth  
Our fresh and trusting youth  
With angel-guards was gifted.

Those happy days are gone,  
Now sadder wisdom's won  
Our childish faith is sleeping;  
Oh, could we all believe—  
Our infant creed retrieve—  
That angels watch are keeping!

### A REBEL IN HEAVEN.

The silver trumpets pealed from Heaven,  
As through the starry cloud-space sped  
The seraphim to whom was given  
The passing of the dead.

And as the souls in hushed suspense  
Rose softly to the judgment-place,  
Each wore a veil of penitence  
About its stricken face.

But one passed on so proudly stern  
The fore-most shining angel fell  
Out from the host, and bade her turn  
Unto the shades of hell.

"Thou hast not won the pledge," he said,  
That brings thee to Thy Father's Throne;  
This is the Pleading of the Dead  
For penitents alone."

She turned upon him, full and fierce,  
With splendid passion in her eyes,  
"What penitence," she cried, "Can pierce  
The flesh man petrifies?"

Then open wide she threw her breast,  
And showed her heart of polished stone,  
And round it there was manifest  
A serpent woven zone.

"These playmates sucked my brain," she said,  
"And trifled with their dainty food;  
Then, pampered epicures, they fed  
And battered on my blood.

And sloughing here, they too congealed,  
And rightly shared the common doom,  
When Death in Life's coarse sexton sealed  
My soul's granitic tomb.

Within this stone lie sepulchred  
All-glorious Beauty, Love and Truth;  
They perished, uninterpreted  
To my misboden youth."

She pressed her clenched, white-knuckled hand  
Upon her riven bosom hard,  
And from the listening seraph-band  
One sigh went up to God.

Again she bared her breast, and cried,  
"Let this stone symbol speak for those

Who lashed my spirit ere it died,  
And scourged the heart they froze."

The angel wept, "At whose commands,"  
He cried, "was wrought this thing to thee?"  
"Fair women, with soft, gentle hands,"  
She said, "did this to me."

"They bought me for a pittance small,  
I coined for bread my very blood,  
I gave my life, my soul, my all—  
They urged the bread was good!

I bartered for the right to live,  
My heritage of joy divine,  
And for that bare prerogative  
A life in death was mine!

Or life—or death—it mattered not—  
Each might have equal claims to me,  
But life in death—O God! ye wot  
"Tis bitterest agony!"

She spoke no more; her fingers strayed  
About the serpents on her heart;  
With one fierce glance to heaven she made  
As if she would depart.

She cast her scathing eye along  
The souls that stayed in dumb array,  
And some there were within that throng  
Who, shivering, shrank away.

With scornful laugh, she turned about,  
As one who shuns a shameful sight;  
They went their way, and she passed out  
Into the silent night.

The silver trumpets blared from Heaven,  
And through the starry cloud-space sped  
The seraphim to whom was given  
The passing of the dead.

## BREAK, O HEART!

Break, O heart! on the silent ranges of the  
Absolute!  
Nought will avail—the bars of fate are strong.  
Mourn, mourn no longer this life's mute and  
shattered lute,  
Heaven harvests all thy heritage of song.

Is it nothing to you, O men! O passers-  
by!  
The stifled sigh  
Of those whose grief is proudly mute?  
Of those who hide i' the caves of dark  
despair,  
Or, hanging on the trembling wings of  
hope,  
Grasp faintest glimpses of the boundless  
fields of scope,  
Immeasurable beauties everywhere;  
Of those, whose sickness is the sickness  
of the soul,  
Of those, whose life is but a fragment of  
the whole?

Break, O heart! on the rocky ranges of the  
Absolute!  
Freedom soars far beyond heaven's boundless  
blue.  
Time, Immortality alone may bring thee  
balm—  
Is it nothing to you, O men?  
Is it nothing to you?

## THE RETURN OF LOVE.

Now, thou art gone, and empty is thy throne,  
And Wisdom cries, "Love comes no more."  
But oh, my love, I wait thee here, alone,  
For Wisdom lies. . . . wide is the door.



Thy throne is set as sumptuous as of old. . .  
And Wisdom sighs, "It is in vain."  
But oh, my love, I smooth each purple fold,  
Wisdom is wise. . . .but love shall reign.

Love, thou art there. . . .I feel thy fragrant  
breath. . . .

Ah, Wisdom's eyes would frown thee down,  
But oh, my love, it is the frown of death. . . .  
Old Wisdom dies. . . .here is thy crown!

I have no fond desire  
To treat of blood or fire,  
To be a connoisseur in pain,  
Or to arraign  
All human agonies.  
Virtue, upon her knees,  
Vice, vaunting victories,  
Have little charm for me,  
For these  
Have all the brutish taint  
Of brutish revelries.

But oh! that I might paint  
The beauty of the soul,  
The grandeur of its goal,  
And all the strenuous irksomeness of strife  
That stays its flight from death to life.  
Its pure desires,  
Its purifying ices,  
Then might I fairly show  
What it is good to know.  
How much of virtue each man hath,  
How nobly still he keeps the path  
Insown with pit and artful snare;  
For every fall, I, then, might tell  
How long man struggled ere he fell,  
With what remorse and bitter pain,

He rose unto his feet again,  
And, wrestling bravely with despair,  
Rose higher still on wings of prayer.  
What gain to show a man how deep  
His soul may fall—nay, let him sleep.  
In sleep his feet may safely skirt  
Th' abysm's verge and know no hurt,  
But, pricked with knowledge born of sin,  
He will look down and fall therein.  
Oh for inspired power to chant  
A paeon of joy, so jubilant,  
That all men, listening, might but see  
Not what they are, but ought to be.  
Not what foul caves they may explore,  
But to what heights their souls shall soar;  
Not what distempers sin may breed,  
But what pure wholesomeness we need.  
Sin is a parasite, indign,  
Having no part in God's design,  
Birth, life and death, all are divine.

### LOVE AND DUTY.

Love brought sweet flowers, but Duty said,  
To Life, "These are prohibited."  
Love flung them down and flounced away—  
Unravished sweetnesses they lay.  
Oh, with what passion and despair  
Life left them vainly withering there.

Love took a torch and lit the same  
With glee at his own altar-flame;  
Then in a bosom fanned a fire  
Of innocent and soft desire.  
But Duty quenched the sacred spark  
And roundly scolded in the dark.

Love sang a song—its echoes clung  
About an untaught, stammering tongue,  
Till, all unknowing, through the day  
It crooned Love's happy roundelay.

Straightway did heedful Duty come  
To strike the careless singer dumb.

Love tossed into a brooding heart  
A tiny, but a cunning dart;  
Midst faded roses there it lies  
Hoping to hide from Duty's eyes;  
While sparkless ashes, misered sound  
Keep watchful silences profound.

### A SONG OF OPPORTUNITY.

We sing a golden land where the rose's laden  
bough

Tosses crimson petals by a silver sea,  
But there grows a grander flower in this sunny  
land of Now—

'Tis the glorious flower of Opportunity!

*Chorus—*

How it grows, how it flows!  
Never grew a flower so fresh, so free,  
For time may bring his plough,  
In this happy land of Now,  
We grasp the golden flower of liberty.

'Tis the very flower of freedom, for it blossoms  
free for all,

On the lonely mountains, round the loggers'  
camp,

On the barren, stony reaches where the glittering  
minerals fall

To the clamour of the miners' crushing  
stamps.

Where the hidden coalfields lurk, where the  
giant timber towers,

Where the torrent through the mighty can-  
yon leaps;

Where the jewelled humming bird flits through  
green Arcadian bowers,

And the quarry of the crafty hunter sleeps.

Floating on the shimmering waters of the blue  
Pacific seas,  
Where the mountain and the ocean surges  
meet;  
Where the sun-enamelled produce bows the  
groaning orchard-trees  
In the busy workshop, store and crowded  
street.

In the settler's thriving patch, in the teeming  
fields of grain,  
'Midst the harbours' dusty din and busy  
swing,  
Opportunity still blossoms—to its glory once  
again—  
To its everlasting glory let us sing.

But a moment let us pause, let us pray that all  
the fruit  
May be worthy of our country and our men,  
That the harvest may be honour, pure and  
bright beyond dispute,  
So the flower may not have blossomed once  
in vain.

Be it so! May we grow  
Fruits of honour, truth, integrity,  
Let us make a solemn vow  
In this happy, happy Now,  
We will win a happier future for the free.

### THE LIE.

A lie that is half of a lie—  
How it sips through the dubious gloom.  
It never was born, and it never can die  
For it knows not the grave, as the womb.  
It slithers in slime round the dove—  
What weapon can crimson a side,  
Whose length is a festering sliver thereof,  
And headless and tail-less can glide?

## THE HAVEN OF THE HEART.

Give me one heart—  
One heart to love me dearly:  
Give me two lips—  
Two lips to kiss sincerely:  
No more I ask  
For greater boon  
By man was never craven,  
One fond true heart  
To be his only haven,  
And two fresh lips  
By love's sweet kisses laven.  
So shall my barque  
Dance on life's troubled ocean,  
And fear no dark  
Tempest or rude commotion;  
But face the blast,  
Then anchor fast  
With cords that part  
No more, until in Heaven  
True heart to heart  
Find their eternal haven.

## SLANDER.

Abel is dead—how hath he died?  
O silent Death! none may divine.  
Not as of old, hath *this* blood cried—  
It ebbed away and gave no sign.

Now as of old, Cain goeth free  
Into the forest and the mart,  
Shame on his brow no man may see,  
The brand is buried in his heart.

The world is full of winking eyes,  
And itching ears, and humming tongue—  
Hush! Slain by Slander?—the assize  
Of silence keeps the record strung.

In unutterable loneliness I sit  
And quaff the bitter dregs of my own spirit,  
And none may drink with me, nor share my  
vigil,  
But, when my drinking's done, I look into the  
eyes  
Of pangless death—he, who forever waits on  
pain,  
And from his hand I take the deadly potion,  
That numbs the agony of grim, returning life,  
And sends me calm and sobered back to men.

### MOTHERLESS.

The old world rang with its cries of wrong,  
And the echoes came to me  
In this glorious land of the free and strong,  
And I said to myself, "O Lord, how long  
Is this suffering yet to be?"

. . . . .

In the lonely bay rowed the pilot's man,  
With his iron thews and his cheek of tan,  
Oh, a brawny man was he!  
And he shot along, as he only can  
Whose life is free, and he began  
To sing of liberty.  
In a boat hard by, stood a tiny row  
Of babies, one, two, three,  
With a younger still in the heaving bow,  
And they all four watched their father go  
On his daily errantry.  
As I marked each towzled head of tow,  
My heart did burn, and I longed to know  
Its tiny history.  
I asked aloud of the dashing foam,  
"Their mother—where is she—  
Why leaves she thus her babes to roam?"  
And somewhere from heaven's cloudless dome,  
A voice did answer me:—  
"Their mother bides in her quiet home,

She is cradled deep in the good, brown loam  
Beneath a maple tree.

Fair mother of these four, white buds—  
And a lovely flower was she!

She blossomed here in the piny woods  
Where the wolf and the wild-cat rear their  
broods

In lone security.  
And a child herself—life scarce begun,  
She died of misery—

Her years were but one score and one  
When her laborious flight was done  
With toil and poverty."

. . . . .  
And she of many is but one—  
Oh, hardly is thy glory won,  
Proud land of liberty!

### THE VISION AND THE VOICE.

While Earth upon her trembling axis swings,  
While wisdom hides the stars with rushing  
wings,

Thou tellest of unutterable things,  
O Vision! and  
O Voice!

Like loops of angels stretching far to space,  
Thy beauties hang, a shimmering bridge of  
grace,

Thy echoes guide where Love unveils His  
face,  
O Vision! and  
O Voice!

Alone, we grope about this whirling dome,  
Yet through its clouds and gulfs of blinding  
foam,

Thou wilt at last, we doubt not, call us home,  
O Vision! and  
O Voice!

O CANADA, GOD BLESS THEE!

O Canada! God bless thee and thy sons,  
Thy daughters, and thy loving little ones!  
Steadfast and brave, long may they wave  
Thy standard borne of old  
For truth and right, for freedom's might,  
Pride of our fathers bold!

And now we sing,  
"God save the King;  
God bless thee, Canada! God bless the King!  
God bless thee, Canada! God bless the  
King."

O Canada! The haughty Nations frown—  
Come forth, O Champion of the Cross and  
Crown,  
Our swords are bright, our hearts are light,  
Our banners are unfurled,  
The trumpets call—true Britons, all,  
We boldly front the world.  
Dear Motherland!  
At thy right hand  
Thy loyal sons, we true allegiance bring,  
For Cross and Crown, for Christ and Britain's  
King!

O Canada! Thy glory we adore,  
Should sorrow fall we will but love thee  
more;  
O proud young race! let no disgrace  
Her stately beauty bow.  
In thy just laws make common cause  
To keep her vestal vow,  
And proudly sing  
God bless the King!  
God save dear Canada! God save the King!  
God save dear Canada! God save the King!

Our Father! God! Now hallowed be Thy  
Name,  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will we would  
acclaim



In this our dear, beloved land,  
As it is done in Heaven;  
And to us and our children, Lord!  
Our daily bread be given.  
Forgive all men,  
O save us when  
Temptation comes to us and ours again;  
Thine is the Kingdom and the Power.  
A-Men!

O Canada! We echo with accord,  
"Thine be the glory and the Kingdom, Lord!"  
Lest we should thrust aside our trust,  
And pride should bring her fall;  
Hold Thou our land in Thy strong hand,  
O Mighty Lord of all!  
Once more we sing,  
"God save the King!  
God bless dear Canada! God bless the King!  
God bless dear Canada. God bless the  
King!"

## FRIENDSHIP

Thy friendship, like a lovely dream  
That lit the sombre hours of night,  
Hath come and gone, and yet I deem  
Its transience more than lasting light.

The passing fragrance of the rose  
Hath ever more of joy than pain,  
When Memory's caskets soft unclose  
Love's withered roses live again.

Thy friendship, like some rosy dream  
That glowed through all the hours of night,  
Hath come and gone, and still I seem  
To dream forever in its light.

SONNET.

We do not chide sweet Nature, when her  
face  
She hides in yellow mist and dripping  
leaves;  
Nor when she roughly grants no more reprieve  
Unto her children taking heart of grace,  
But sweeps them swiftly from their well-  
loved place.  
No lover true of Nature, murmuring, grieves  
When Spring and Summer glories, Autumn  
sheaves,  
Are tightly locked in Winter's cold embrace.  
  
But when we peep out at the cold, grey dawn,  
Our brows encircled with the cords of pain,  
Our bodies trembling 'neath protracted strain,  
Our hearts with bitter anguish bleeding, torn—  
In calm indifference past all human ken,  
How cold, how unresponsive seems she then!

ON READING E. A. POE'S SONNET  
TO SCIENCE.

Nay, tender poet, keep thy golden dreams,  
Thy beauteous visions dear to all the earth,  
Thy timid wood-nymphs, naiad-dotted streams,  
Thy magic groves that give the god-like birth.  
Keep all thy jewels, all the irised pearls  
Swift-dropping from the sunset's saffron cloud  
For thee, whilst countless mermaids' amber  
curls  
Weave for the drowsy sea a molten shroud.  
  
Science may rob thee not—her ruthless hand  
Thy treasure, all thy summer-dream restores;  
Armed, all earth's wisdom at her high command,  
She may not force thy heaven's enchanted  
doors,  
Baffled, she can but own thy shadowy land,  
Sweet symbol of divine Elysian shores.

## SONNET.

We nothing know but that we are, and long  
To be—what we are not. We strive and  
yearn

For the unknown celestial lights that burn  
For purer souls whose wings are swift and  
strong.

Thoughts, hopes, and fears distract us, but the  
tongue

Is mute; we cannot speak, we cannot learn;  
Sad, unexpressed, unsatisfied, we turn

To life again with bitter sense of wrong.

When, lo, comes trilling through the magic sky,  
Full tale of our ideals, wants and woes.

Wondering, we hear a silver voice disclose

The treasured joy, the hidden grief, the sigh

Suppressed, and see our very souls laid bare

By some strange Minstrel's soft, melodious air.

## RECONCILIATION.

What trembling hope, what speculative joy,  
Glow in the heart, when seeds by angels  
shaken

From lily hands, its tenderest cares employ,

And, swift to root, to sunny thoughts awaken.

Like asphodels, they feed departed souls,

And bring again some semblance of emotion,

That blown to cold oblivion's frigid poles

Retrieves its flight o'er Memory's troubled  
ocean.

Kind thoughts! sweet thoughts! ye bring once  
more a dream

Of steadfast love, of love beyond temptation.

Your fragrance breathes this sweet, heart-  
healing theme,

"With Love, true Love, can be no condemna-  
tion."

Oh, flower-like thoughts, in purposeful success-  
sion,

Bring fruits of peace, forgiveness, interces-  
sion!

## SONNET.

The gentle rain with shower of crystal drops  
Brings soothing balm and quickens life again,  
The tender blades of grass intensely strain  
Up to the nebulous sky; the sprawling hops  
Shoot up their tendrils; thirstily tree-tops  
Do suck, rejoice, and bud and blow. The  
plain,  
The hill and valley teem with joy—its soft  
refrain:  
Babbling of rills that thread the dreamy copse.

Ah love, dear love, e'en as the gentle showe.s,  
Thy memory falls across the weary years,  
Quickening my soul with fresh unbittered tears,  
And drawing thought up to thy heavenly  
bowers;  
So shall my soul when thy sweet cloud appears  
Make happier growth than e'en in sunnier  
hours.

## MOTHERHOOD IN POVERTY.

They told her, in her darkest hour, of bliss  
That soon would crown the agony of pain,  
And patiently she turned her face again,  
And prayed to God in her wild loneliness.  
Ages before her yawned a wide abyss,  
Worlds rocked and rolled: it seemed that she  
had lain  
Forever in the clutch of demons, then—  
They brought her first-born for his mother's  
kiss.

Low hovered in the silent, darkened room,  
The pall of woman's world-wide, crushing  
woe,  
And poverty's lone sufferer, trampled low,  
Lay wan and trembling in the stifling gloom.  
Then from her lips out burst a fearful cry,  
"O God, our doom is endless, let me die."

Corydon



## CORYDON'S PRELUDE.

Of old when Master Campion sung,  
And good Queen Bess did reign,  
The Minstrel's harp was finer strung  
To an immortal strain.

Now all who love sweet Poesy cry,  
"The art of song is lost,"  
And they who would with old bards vie,  
Adventure to their cost.

The minstrel in his lightsome mood  
His sprightliest ditties made,  
When piping shepherds pranced and wooed  
Fair Cynthia in the glade.

It seemeth that of old the songs  
With rapture were entertain'd,  
That lovers had no lasting wrongs,  
And maids were ever kind.

If my Love's name was Thoralis,  
And mine was Corydon,  
Would she be kind, nor take amiss  
The love I live upon?

Led I some gentle sheep with me,  
And she a snow-white lamb,  
Would she be swifter then to see  
How loving-sick I am?

Then will I to the market hie,  
The fond fool for to play,  
A good fat sheep and pipes to buy,  
Then to my love—away!

And that sweet sheep shall nimbly spring  
A-down a cowslip glade,  
And I will pipe and gaily sing  
Unto mine own dear maid.

Yet I some minstrel-lay must make  
With music set therein;  
Now for dear Thoralis's sake  
Let Corydon begin.

1.

Cupid once was in a shower—  
He a jaunt had been  
Far away from his own bower  
So I took him in;  
Kissed his face and dried his wings,  
Then he sat and told me things;  
And he showed me how to toy  
With his tiny bow—  
'Tis not meet so young a boy  
Anything should know—  
He, to teach me every part,  
Shot, and clove me to the heart!

2.

I gave my love a lovely flower,  
A tender pledge of love to be,  
She crushed it in an idle hour,  
And flung the petals back to me.

Ah me, ah me, to love is but to sorrow,  
All lovers true, beware or rue,  
Beware! nor suffering borrow,  
But bid sweet Love a kind adieu  
Ere he may cry, "Good-morrow!"

I sent my love a faded rose  
With deadly thorns that pierced and stung,  
She pressed it to her bosom close,  
And blessed me with her dying tongue.

Ah me, ah me, to love is but to sorrow,  
All lovers true, etc.



## 3.

The rose that opens all her heart,  
 Spills half her glory on the lawn,  
 I love thee best as now thou art—  
 A mossy rosebud in its dawn.  
 O love, I would not have thee break  
 Thy calyx of reserve and pride,  
 And yet, alas, for sweet Love's sake  
 Ye may not always beauty hide,  
 Oh, now, that beauty breaks half-blown—  
 Ye cannot, dear, that blush recall!  
 I pluck thee for my very own—  
 Now love me, darling, all in all!

I wear thee proudly on my breast—  
 Was ever bliss so sweet as this?  
 Was ever lover e'er so blest—  
 Love's gifts transcend his promises!  
 And yet, my joy is incomplete,  
 Although I live alone for thee,  
 I fain would know in truth, my sweet,  
 That thou hast equal need of me.  
 It were enough for me to love—  
 On thee alone Love's loss would fall,  
 Should'st thou ne'er know what 'tis to prove  
 That Love is rapture all in all.

Then, love me, love me all in all,  
 Or love me, dearest, not at all!

## 4.

O Love, could ought more heartless be  
 Than thy whole conduct is to me?  
 Thou spokest me fair—O fie, for shame,  
 'Twas but to take a surer aim!  
 Nay, even as I soothe this smart,  
 Thou bendest thy bow—alas, poor heart!

## 5.

With hopeless love no longer burning,  
I see my hope of peace returning:

Fa la la!

Now will I play at outward scorning,  
And bear no more Love's inner mourning,

Fa la la!

Alas, I cannot cease to love her,  
But, lest she should my plight discover,  
With seeming hate now will I move her.

Fa la la!

Since hate like love is but a burning,  
Perchance 'twould seem a secret yearning—

Fa la la!

With cold indifference will I ply her,  
And with a freezing stare defy her,

Fa la la!

Alas, 'tis said false woman knows  
Fierce fires burn 'neath mountain snows—  
I'll love or hate just as I choose—

Fa la la!

## 6.

"O Love, what can Love proffer,  
What gift may he unfold,  
For one whose flowing coffer  
All riches seem to hold?"

"One pearl—and as ye love me,  
Come dear, and prove it true—  
The loveliest of the lovely,  
The gift of giving too."

## 7.

Do I love you—  
How can I tell?  
Or do I hate you—  
And that as well  
I know not how to answer.

If self-deceit  
No wit can move,  
How were it meet  
Self to reprove?  
Love, tell me if you can, Sir!

8.

I welcome blame  
And fear not shame,  
Into this world I came  
That I might love you,  
My love would wrest no toll,  
Save leave to weave my soul  
Into an aureole  
To shine above you,  
An 'neath your feet  
My heart should beat,  
Content if it might meet  
One chance caressing,  
My spirit like a wand,  
Set in a royal hand,  
Should wait at your command—  
So these possessing,  
Perchance you then  
Might deem it vain  
To leave me what is plain  
An echoing hollow.  
Could there be such rare bliss,  
Heaven's choirs might bend, I wis,  
To hear such grace as this,  
"Sweet body, follow."

9.

O love, how doubly vain to me—  
That I should cease from loving thee!  
How vain to tell me thou art false—  
I love thee! then, what matters else?  
The heart, that's all a heart should be,  
Can never love unworthily.

## 10.

Young Love had been all day a-fooling,  
 And as he lay at eve a-cooling,  
 He chanced to fall asleep.  
 Anon, began the stars to peep  
 Down at the pretty boy,  
 And wanting fair employ,  
 Each shot a silver dart  
 Straight at the urchin's heart!  
 Then Cupid woke up, with a quiver,  
 And to the stars he made his bow,  
 And said, "Poor archers, all, I trow!  
 Such archery doth make me shiver."

## 11.

## DUET.

(She)

Hey, nonny no!  
 Let us to the meadows go.  
 I would the olden days were new  
 When grass was green and skies were blue,  
 And lads' and lasses' loves were true,

Hey, nonny no!  
 I would the olden days were young,  
 When Phyllis to her shepherd sung,

Hey, nonny no!

(He)

Come, let us olden antics feign—  
 You be Phyllis and I, her swain,  
 And we will toss the hay-cocks tall—  
 You, the prettiest maid of all  
 With kirtle tucked trim heels to show,  
 And dimpling elbows all a-glow,  
 While all the rustics mop and mow—

Hey, nonny no!

Then shall you sit and sweetly sing,  
 And I will sit and be your king,  
 And I will make a pretty posy  
 To set it in your bosom cosy,

So shall I wish I were a flower  
To nestle in so sweet a bower,  
So shall I take it not a-miss  
To be consoled with a kiss,  
Then through the silent lanes we'd go.  
While soft and slow

Hey, nonny no!

To bed the sun the clouds would strow,  
Thus, having seen him to his couch,  
'Twould be my pleasure to a-vouch  
We owed the moon the same good-will;  
So would we wait with patience till  
She tossed her night-cap o'er the hill,  
Then, not to shame the modest orb,  
We would all peeping Tommies curb,  
And shutting both our eyes, would swear  
She was the chastest of the fair—

(*She*)

Thereon thy Phyllis would rebel,  
And cry ye had not spoken well,  
And eke, to show *she* had no lack  
Of modesty, would turn her back,  
And, flying through the glimmering green  
No more till sunrise would be seen—

(*He*)

Could Phyllis use her shepherd so?

(*Both*)

Hey, nonny no! No, no, no, no,  
Hey, nonny no!

12.

### CORYDON'S APOLOGY.

My love, your name is *Thoralis*,  
And I, a song *did* sing  
Unto a maiden named *Phyllis*,  
Yet 'twas a simple thing.  
I may have sung of coral lips  
Of teeth whiter than snow,

Yet poets have their little slips  
And troubles, too, you know.  
They must respect strict emphasis,  
Strict metre, scansion, time,  
And thus it happed that 'fair Phyllis'  
Just fitted to the rhyme.

13.

TO THORALIS.

I may not come a-near—  
Thou art no flower of mine,  
Yet much I love thee dear,  
My daily thought is thine.

The peach-bloom on thy cheek,  
The violet in thine eye,  
Are such as gods do seek,  
For such will mortals die.

Thy joy, thy sweet presence,  
Like scent of rose and thyme,  
Rise o'er thy heart's defence  
And dare a world to climb.

I do not wish to die,  
But death would surely be  
A trusty friend if I  
Should lose my love for thee.

14.

PRUE.

Love yawned and said, "Write me a song!"  
"No pens, no ink," quoth Prue, "I've seen  
for long."

Love took a dagger bright,  
And plunged it in her bosom white,  
And cried, as gushed the warm blood, red  
and strong,

"There is thy pen, thy ink—now write!"

Love. I have kept your trust,  
 You have not been betrayed;  
 Yet, loving much, why must  
 I suffering have made?

Had I but been less true,  
 Your servitor less bold;  
 I had not wounded you,  
 Nor my own pain foretold.

In loving thus too much,  
 I have been less your friend;  
 And yet the fault is such,  
 I may in nowise mend.

If love were but a sin,  
 It would be clear to me,  
 Why you have ever been  
 My only enemy.

## TRIOLETS.

## I.

No matter, love, whate'er you do—  
 My love for you but grows the stronger;  
 'Tis yours to flout, 'tis mine to woo;  
 No matter, love, whate'er you do,  
 Some day you will this coyness rue  
 And scorn my suit no longer,  
 No matter, love, whate'er you do,  
 My love for you but grows the stronger.

## II.

If I the hand of Time could stay  
 To pray for life and love and beauty,  
 One prayer, thy name, would rise away,  
 If I the hand of Time could stay,  
 One vision, thine, would I portray,  
 One saint should claim my duty.  
 If I the hand of Time could stay  
 To pray for life and love and beauty.

VILLANELLE.

Come pride, now break a lance,  
And lay Love in the dust—  
So end his merry dance.

Now court no vain mischance,  
But with a mighty thrust,  
Come pride, now break a lance.

With stately curvet prance,  
And sate your murderous lust,  
So end his merry dance.

O knight of arrogance!  
Behold, he stands robust—  
Come pride, now break a lance!

He lives by sufferance,  
Your deadly spear adjust,  
So end his merry dance.

Beware his dying glance—  
Love yields when yield he must—  
Come pride, now break a lance!  
So end his merry dance.



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