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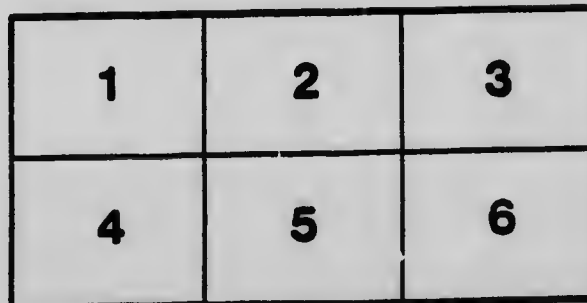
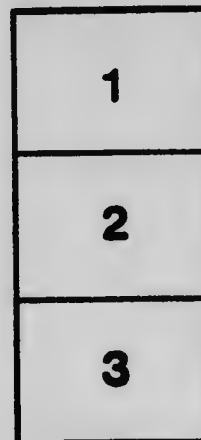
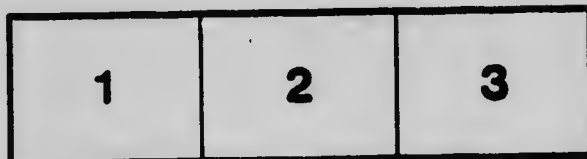
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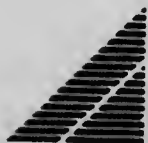
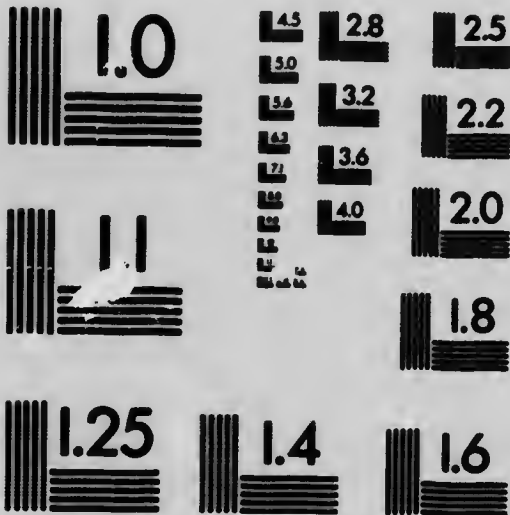
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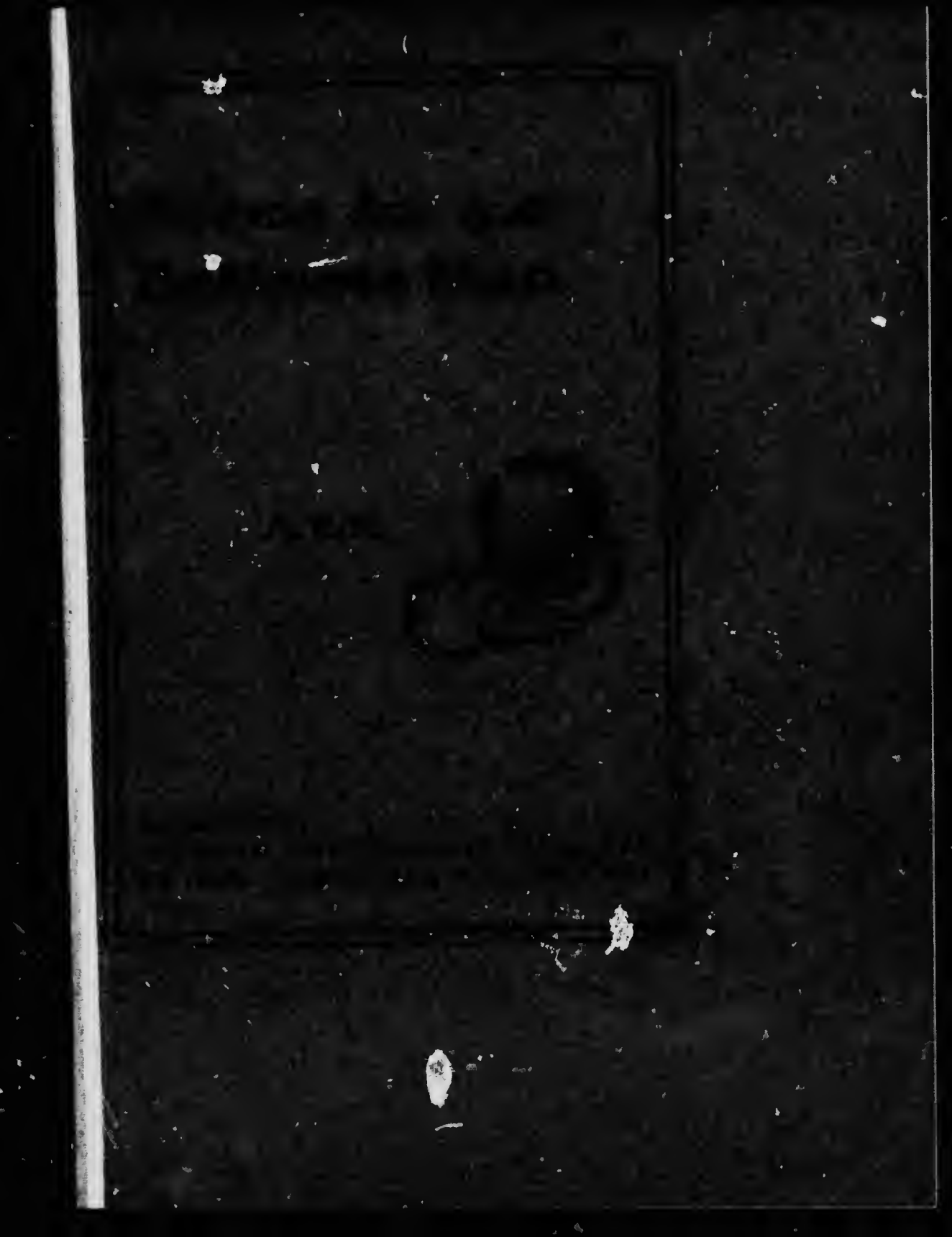
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Poems by a Business Man

A.E.R.



m.v.

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DEDICATION

**WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT AND ADMIRATION
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME, WRITTEN IN
MY BRIEF LEISURE HOURS, TO**

**EDWARD EVANS, JUNIOR, ESQUIRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND,**

**WHO, THOUGH A BUSY BUSINESS MAN OF EX-
CEPTIONAL ABILITY, HAS YET FOUND TIME, IN
HIS QUIET MASTERFUL WAY, TO DO A GREAT
AND NOBLE WORK IN THE CAUSE OF HUMAN
LIBERTY.**

A.E.R

1



THE LAMENT OF THE SOUL.

WHEN the dusk was slowly creeping, then they
laid me, softly weeping,

In the grave which hid my body from their sight.
O 'twas sad to lose the laughter and to know that
ever after

I should pass away alone into the night.

'Tis a mortal said they crying, we have left so
quietly lying ;

Calcutty

Just a mortal doomed to crumble and decay,
But the soul with all its story has passed away in
glory

To the kingdom of a never ending day.

For they knew not of the sadness, nearly verging
into madness,

Of the haunting and the undiscerning dread,
Which the soul left lone to languish in its bitter,
bitter anguish

Felt when gazing on the body lying dead.

For my soul stood wildly weeping when I passed
from out its keeping,

Stood and waited by the dreariless empty clod ;
Though it knew its holy duty not to mourn the
empty beauty

Of the grand and lovely image of its God.

But the soul is half a mortal till it passes through
the portal,

Of the gates which lie across the hills of care,
For it feels the passion crude and the awful solitude
Of the human overshadowed with despair.

All the quivering emotion in the bosom of the ocean
When it beats upon the desolated shore,
E'en can scarcely be compared to the soul that hath
despaired
For the body passed away for evermore.

While my soul awaited dreaming, lo! a brightness
swiftly streaming,
Like the brightness of a splendid falling star,
Burst the fleecy clouds asunder, and my soul in awe
and wonder
Heard the sound of music floating from afar.

Then there sudden swept a singing, sweet as bells
of silver ringing,
Through the twilight of the softly waking night
With a gentle echo falling, 'twas the spirit voices
calling
To my soul to flee away into the light.

And a voice low, sweet and tearful, whispered " Be
no longer fearful,
But arise and bravely conquer thy despair."
Then my soul arose, and slowly with a yearning
strong and holy
Cried aloud to God in penitential prayer.

TO MY WEE WIFE.

SIT beside me little cheerer,
Whisper "I am thine,"
Let me feel thee nearer dearer
Sweetheart mine.

Let thy love a holy fetter
Round my heart entwine,
Then my life will be the better
Sweetheart mine.

All my homage do I render
Dear before the shrine
Of thy love so true and tender
Sweetheart mine.

Of the joys we follow after
None are so divine,
As to hear thy happy laughter
Sweetheart mine.

Look, the stars are shining brighter,
Let us not repine,
All our labor groweth lighter,
Sweetheart mine.

May the God of all grow dearer
As the years decline,
May we feel His presence nearer,
Sweetheart mine.

THE QUEEN IS DEAD.

SON of Britain, bow your head ;
Listen to the passing bell
Echoing in its solemn knell :
The Queen, our blessed Queen, is dead.

All our joy is turned to gloom,
Now we know that she has gone ;
She whose life so brightly shone
Resteth in the silent tomb.

Gentle mother, loving wife,
Ever mindful of the right,
Humble in her splendid might,
Looking to eternal life.

Bitter tears the nation shed,
For they loved her for herself ;
Loved the gentle Lady Guelph,
Sleeping with the peaceful dead.

Son of Britain, bow your head ;
Listen to the passing bell
Echoing in its solemn knell :
The Queen, our blessed Queen, is dead.

TO THE SPARROW.

THOU poor despised songless bird,
Scorned member of the common herd,
No soul for thee will say a word
Of commendation.

Thou hast no voice to pipe thy lay,
Nor gaudy plumage bright and gay
Before thy fellows to display
For consolation.

But just a wicked mite art thou,
Above me I can see thee now
So fiercely fighting on the bough
For devilment.

I hear thy tiny twits of scorn.
Alas! I cannot help but mourn
To see thee off to yellow corn
On mischief bent.

Oh thou who art so strong and brave,
Thou brown and dirty little knave,
Why dost thou ever thus deprave
Thy tiny self?

And yet I love thee, plump and sleek,
I love the noisy, wicked squeak,
Which issues from thy dumpy beak
Thou naughty elf.

THE COLLEEN'S RETURN.

THEY told me she would come to me no more,
But lo! I waited through the throbbing night
And called to her my love, my heart's delight,
O Colleen Bawn machree, mine own asthore,
Come back to him who waits upon the shore
Of life's dark river flowing to the light
Of God's own haven where resplendent, bright,
An angel thou art dwelling evermore.

And while I waited oh so patiently,
And called until my trembling lips were dry,
I heard the sound of running feet, and she
In breathless eager haste drew swiftly nigh.
No solemn ghostly thing she came to me,
But laughing with a glad and happy cry,
Was folded to my heart in ecstasy.

TO BERNARD MCEVOY.

WE bless thee, kind and generous-hearted friend,
For many weary souls hast thou bade rise,
With cheerful heart and struggle for the prize
Which patient labour gaineth in the end—
The sad unknown thou ever didst defend.
The gentle smile from out thy kindly eyes,
The God of all will surely recognize,
And let His blessing on thy head descend.

True poet art thou ; thy cheerful happy song
Uplifts the soul beyond the scoffing cry
Of those who oft would make the right seem
wrong,
The wrong seem right. Thy brave and sweet reply
Reminds us how on earth the Master trod,
And straight the longing soul of man sees God.

Christmas, 1900.

TO W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

HAIL ! to thee poet, interpreter of souls.
In splendour like a meteor from the sky
Flash thy glorious melodies, swift they fly
From sphere to sphere and wondering man beholds
A new poet risen, who like a god controls
The hearts of all, and lo ! we gladly cry
Th^t ruth shall live for truth can never die
Whi^{ch} poetry, God's unwritten law, unfolds.

The sacred thoughts of one true poet will save
His fellows from the taint of sordid gain
Which they so madly follow to the grave,
The golden shadow with its ugly stain
Called greed ; but when the poet his message sings
The shadow melts before eternal things.

A VISION AT SEA.

FROM out the waters that great host arose
Of men and women lost upon the sea,
Chained souls who had regained their liberty
Forever from their unbesought repose.
But as I gazed my very heart strings froze,
For on those faces wan there seemed to be
No light of joy as one might hope to see
Upon a face that dreams no more but knows.

In blinded eyes methought I did behold
Strange secrets wrested from the silent deep.
Ah me ! when God His purpose doth unfold,
And we shall wake, if wake we do from sleep
Shall we be happier when the truth we know
Than when we were but children here below

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

FROM human souls there rings a bitter cry
Quivering in a broken-hearted tone
"O, hear our longing prayer thou Great
Unknown."

It shivers trembling to the far blue sky,
Then slow and mournful fades away to die.
Echoing into space a weeping moan.
Is God then cold and cruel as a stone
Just looking on our woe and passing by?

Perhaps He grieves He cannot now undo
Old Nature's weary pain and ancient wrong.
Perhaps He grieves when He beholdeth you
And me so weak yet striving to be strong,
As blindly through the dark we struggle on
With fainting hearts, and faces woebegone.

GOLDEN HAIR.

BRIGHT tresses of hair, shining golden hair,
Soft clinging round a stately form laid low
In death. Cold and still, never more to know
Life's joy and sorrow and its endless care.
Her wide blue eyes that did so wildly stare
I closed, dear eyes, Ah God ! they hurt me so,
Pleading in their dark, unutterable woe,
So helpless in their anguish and despair.

I had cursed her in my angry madness,
And weeping at my feet she prayed in vain,
Then at last to desperation driven
She arose and with a lingering sadness
Left me with a black and everlasting stain
Upon my soul forever unforgiven.

A STORM.

AROUND there lay a vast and endless sea,
Heedless it swept with herculean might
Neath the shadowy moonbeams' lurid light,
Deep in its lonely heart there seemed to be
Endless pain and awfulest misery.

As a lion wounded in a deadly fight,
Moaning it rolled in anguish through the night,
Ever restless in its lone immensity.

Earth trembling quaked in hushed and fearsome
dread

Lest it should burst the chains which held it bound;
And devastation o'er her valleys spread,
And leave her but a barren lifeless mound,
Strewn with the helpless dying and the dead,
Hushed in eternal silence all around.

THE REPLY.

YE ask me do I love thee dearest heart,
Alas ! no words my strongest love can tell ;
I love thee more than heaven itself, and hell
Is but an empty fear, for where thou art
There lies my heaven, and should we, dearest, part,
There, there indeed, would be my hell, to dwell
Without thee. God Himself, could ne'er dispel
The anguish from my soul, mine own sweetheart.

Wert thou no longer here to shyly glance
Into mine eyes and hold me with thy love ;
Wert thou, oh little sweetheart, really gone,
The God of Mercy, would I hope perchance
Take pity on my woe from heaven above
And grant me death's sweet hushed oblivion.

REALIZATION.

To know I ne'er can be what I would be,
To know the inmost longings of my life
Are hushed in silence. All the deadly strife
Of thoughts in anguish, seeking to be free
Are chained, imprisoned as the lonely sea
Enclosed by jagged rocks, and wildly rife
With holy peace. No gentle soothing life
Can lull my mourning soul's despondency.

But I must thus remain unknown, unheard,
The wistful hope, unfashioned into word
Of song, on mute, enfeathered lips must stay,
And folded in my breast my stricken voice,
In broken accents striveth to rejoice
That I at last in humbleness can pray.

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

My beloved, why art thou so weary and sad?
One heart thou dost always make joyous
and glad.

The light of thy presence is dearer to me,
Than the gold of the earth, or the pearls of the sea.

My beloved, I care not what ill may betide,
So I can be near thee and watch by thy side;
We will conquer together the pain and the strife,
So be not down hearted then, life of my life.

My beloved, I give thee my soul and my all;
I am thine, I am thine till Death's Angel shall call;
And should God in heaven forbid thee to dwell,
I will follow thee down to the shadows of Hell.

TO PARNELL.

O SADLY we mourn thee our penitent chief,
O sadly we think of the close of thy years,
Our hearts are o'erladen with passionate grief
Which lieth too deep for the shedding of tears.

T'was not for thy sin we condemned thee the most,
We loved thee, we loved thee in spite of it all,
And fiercely we hated the clamouring host
Who brutally cheered at thy terrible fall.

Alas, 'twas to know thou wert only a slave,
To know that our idol had crashed from its height.
We looked to thy leadership dauntless and brave
To help us, so helpless to win in the fight.

For we trusted thee, hoped in thee, e'en to the end,
A Saviour, we called thee to raise the oppressed,
The cause of thy people to staunchly defend,
And lo! thou wert human and weak as the rest.

O God, it was bitter to think of thee soiled,
To hear thee condemned as a creature of lust,
O willingly, willingly, would we have toiled
To save thee from dragging thy name in the dust.

But there ! thou art dead and forever ~~has~~ ^{at} past
Away from thy people who mourn thy decease,
O Chief, we forgive thee, are glad that at last
Thy heart with its sorrow is resting in peace.

A TRIBUTE.

[While the Bourgoyne was sinking three Roman Catholic priests stood unmoved on her deck granting absolution to those who sought it.]

HEROES they died at their post,
Brave and true till the last ;
Helping the weak to abide
Till the darkness had past.

Alone they stood and were strong
When the Angel swept by ;
Comfort they gave to the souls
Who were waiting to die.

Nobly they offered their lives
To the God they loved best,
And humbly awaited the end,
Then sank to their rest.

