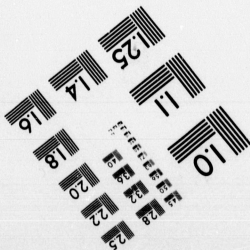
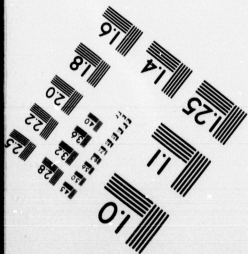
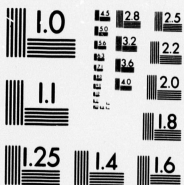


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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10



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1980

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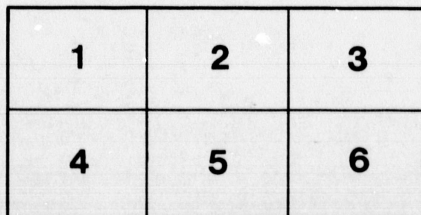
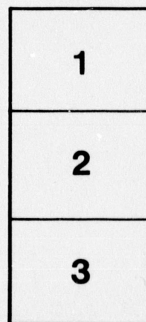
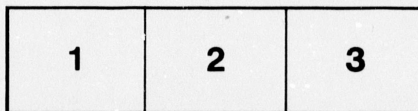
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A MEMORY

BY

E. J. C.

Prof. E. J. Chapman, U. of T.

“Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein.”—*Heine.*

TORONTO :

LOVELL BROTHERS, PRINTERS, VICTORIA HALL, MELINDA ST.

JULY, 1874.

C

Chapman, Edward John

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JULY, 1874.

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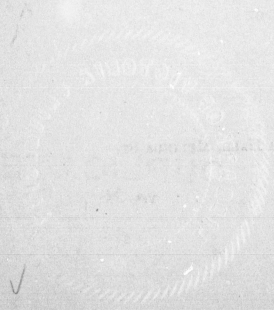
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A MEMORY.

—
By E. J. C.
—

—
"Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein."—*Heine.*
—

I.

The water-lilies gleam them fair,
In the black ooze their roots I see—
If pulseless thou wert lying there,
Dost think that she would weep for thee
The weeping of a single tear ?

No gleam of tears the proud eyes know—
The proud lips meet with icy press,
Keeping the whisper'd words so low
The dead alone may hear their hiss—
Thou hadst thy warning : be it so !

II.

O Dream, that darkens Hope's eclipse !
It was our bridal prime, methought—
Day purpled into Night—our lips
Each other in the darkness sought,
And meeting silently were press'd
In one long clasp, that clung, and drew
Soul into soul ! If false or true,
I heeded not—I only knew
Thou wert all mine in that unrest
That held me with its vampire spell,
Till fled the faithless dream away—
And on my heart the dead hope fell
As falls upon a corpse the clay !
And through the night, and through the day,
Ever it came, the voice that said
With ceaseless mock—it better were,
O Fool, for thee, that thou wert dead,
Than live to fix thy iove on her !

III.

Around the broad pine-belted hills
The pale cloud-phantoms come and go :
The Night's fast deepening shadow fills
The silence of the woods below.

The wide mere glimmers far away,
Betwixt its dark isles' plumed tops—
On its far edge, with waning ray,
The moon's red crescent drops and drops.

The outlines of the Abbey wall,
Gable and turret, grey and sere,
Across the blue-starred irids fall
That fringe afar the lonely mere.

I linger by the sculptured gate,
Now tassell'd thick with odorous spray,
Beside the moss-grown fount where late
She stood within the dying day—

And o'er the darkening waters threw
The magic of her voice—whose tone
Comes back no more—or comes anew
In Memory's mocking dreams alone.

IV.

The boat is loosen'd from the land :

With harsh clang sounds the signal bell—

And so, we take each others hand,

And say our cold farewell !

O month of tender memories,

Liv'st thou in *one* heart, or in *two* ?

I look into her cruel eyes,

And murmur " would I knew.

Y.

She sang a little German song—

Du bist wie eine Blume—

My heart responded, all along,

Du bist, ja, eine Blume!

Now she is gone—but though, no more,

Our hearts exchange their greeting—

My own keeps ever, o'er and o'er,

Those old fond words repeating :

Du bist wie eine Blume!

Du bist wie eine Blume!

[It may not perhaps be unnecessary to remind the English reader that the words *eine Blume* are dissyllables.]

VI.

The tumbled rocks lie thick between
The mountains grey and the forest green,
Where we two wander'd, long ago—
We sat upon an old grey stone,
And saw the dropping moon go down
Among the pointed pines below.

The wind, with forest odours fraught,
Across my lips' mute longing brought
The tresses of your loosen'd hair—
Your voice it took a softer tone—
Your hand lay lightly on my own,
And lingered for a moment there.

So endeth our poor dream, you said—
The moon has dropt, the day is dead,
The cold gleam of the stars alone,
Is left us now ! Then silence fell
Again upon our hearts—and well
Mine knew its one great hope was gone !

YII.

Dost thou remember how I gave to thee
A little flower on that far-off shore
Where the wild Danube dashes evermore
Through its cleft chasm to the distant sea.
And how, as we returned at eventide
Through the cool woods, with our companions
gay,

I missed the flower—and said, O Cruel, say,
That which I gave thee, hast thou cast aside ?
And how with low quick whisper you replied
Non, je l'ai gardé !—All the go'den sky,
The rustling pine-boughs and the reeling ground,
And all my heart within me, then went round
In one wild dance and thr'll of ecstasy !
Through its cleft rocks the river rushes on—
The pine woods darken to the twilight still—
But where art thou—and where the wondrous
thrill
That fill'd my heart in those old days agoe !

