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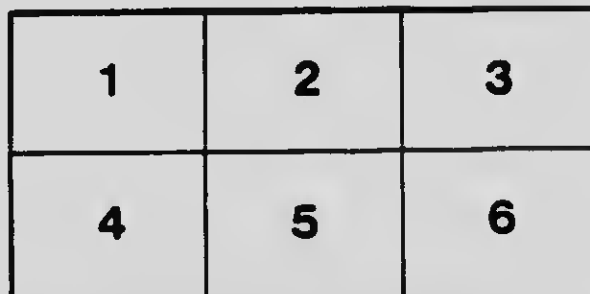
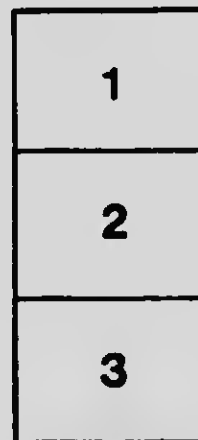
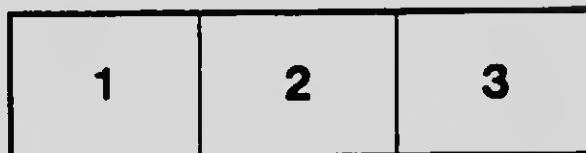
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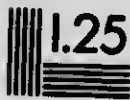
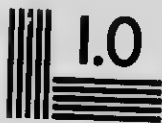
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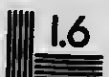
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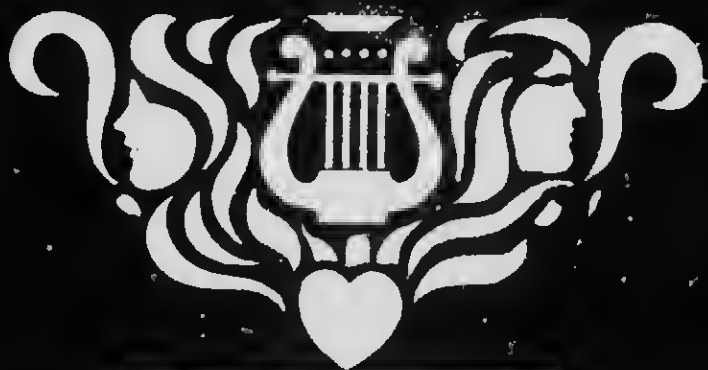
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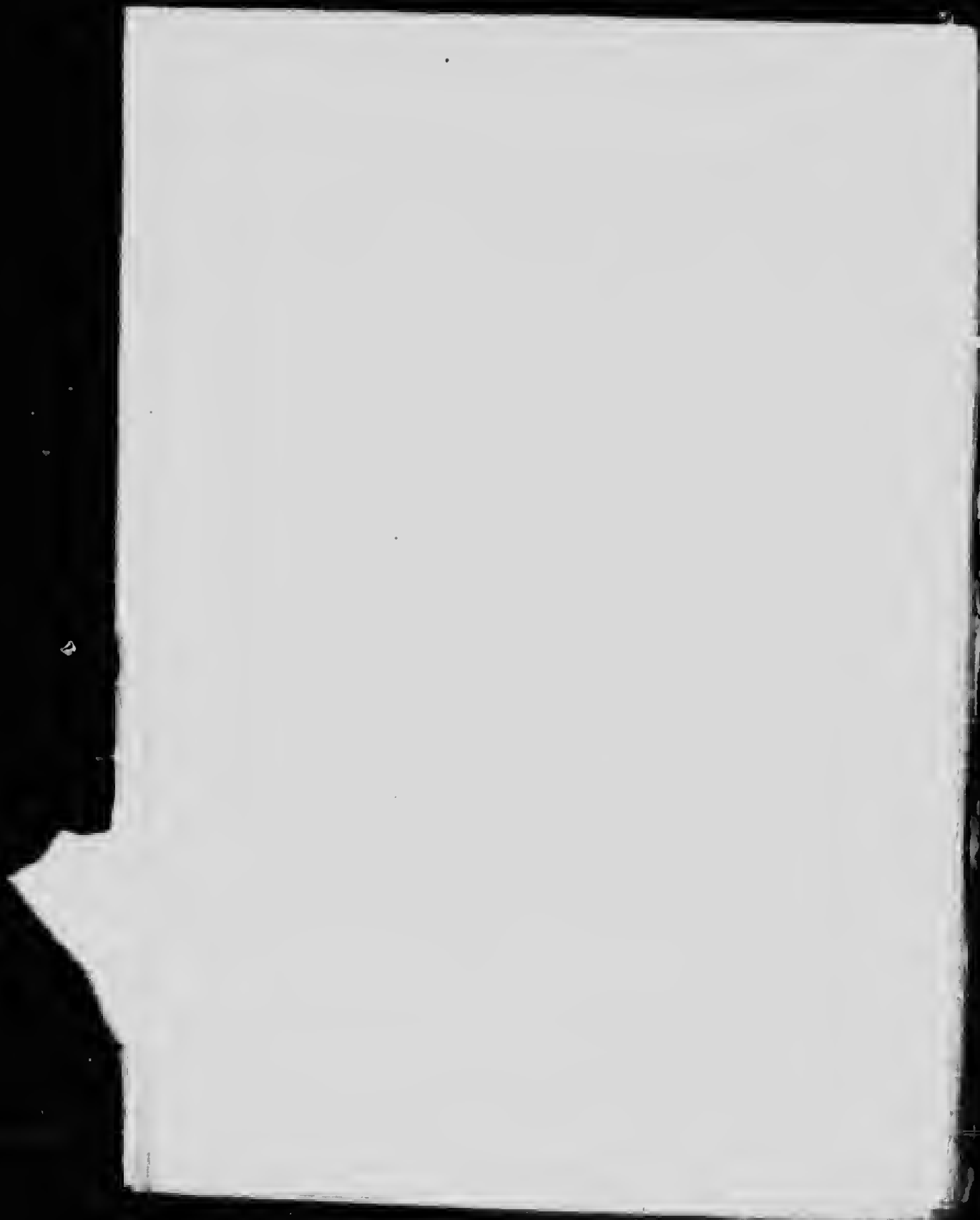
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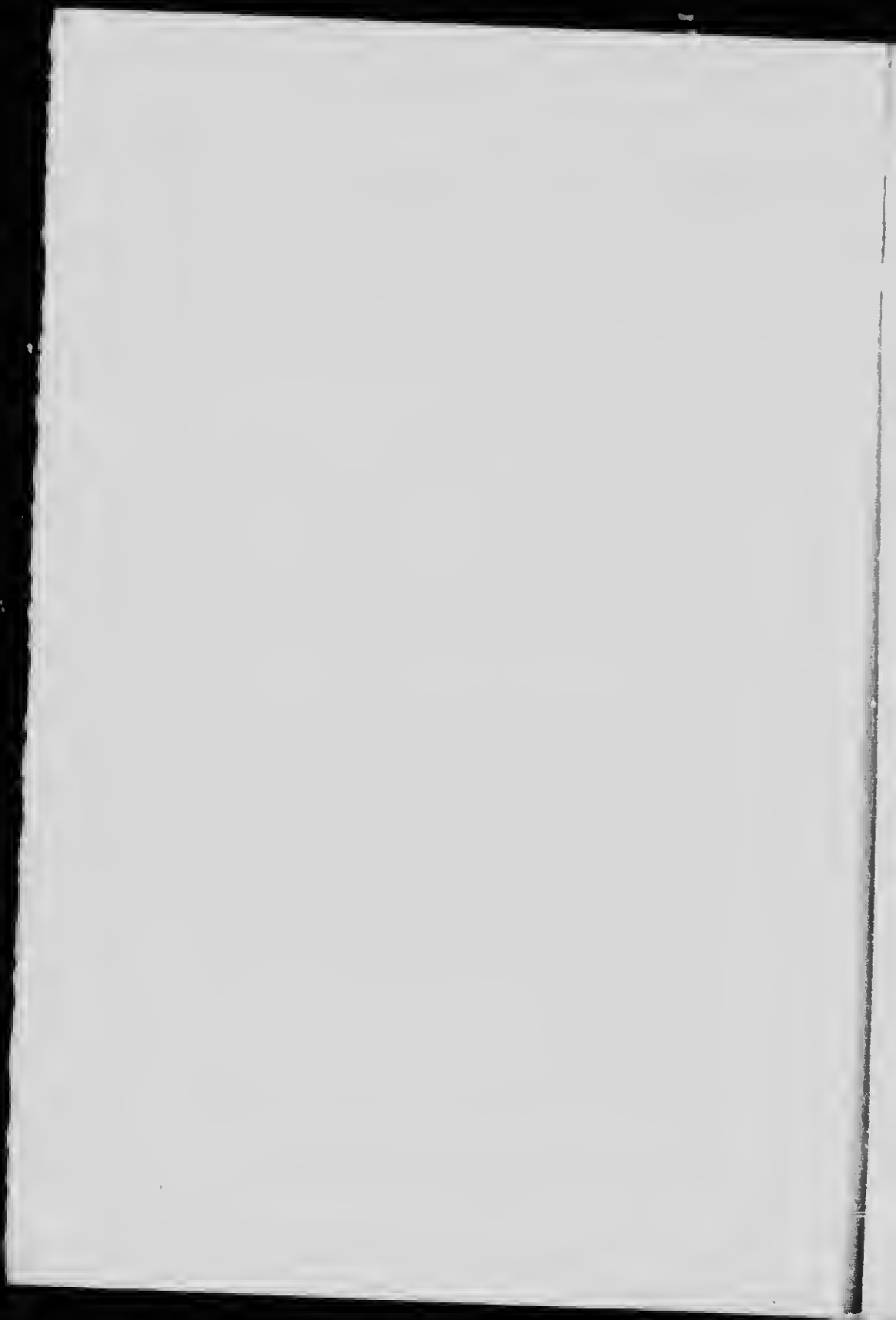
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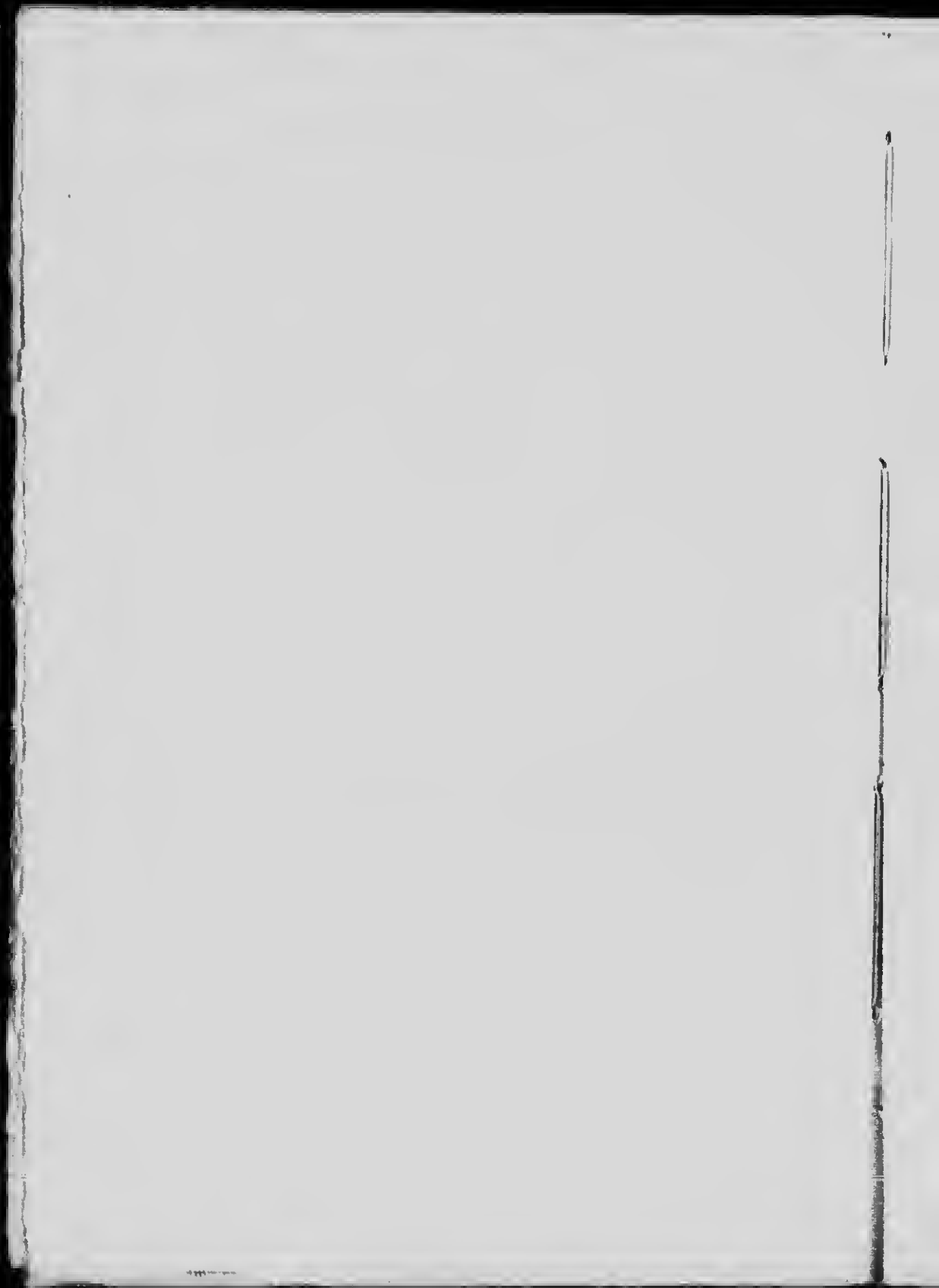
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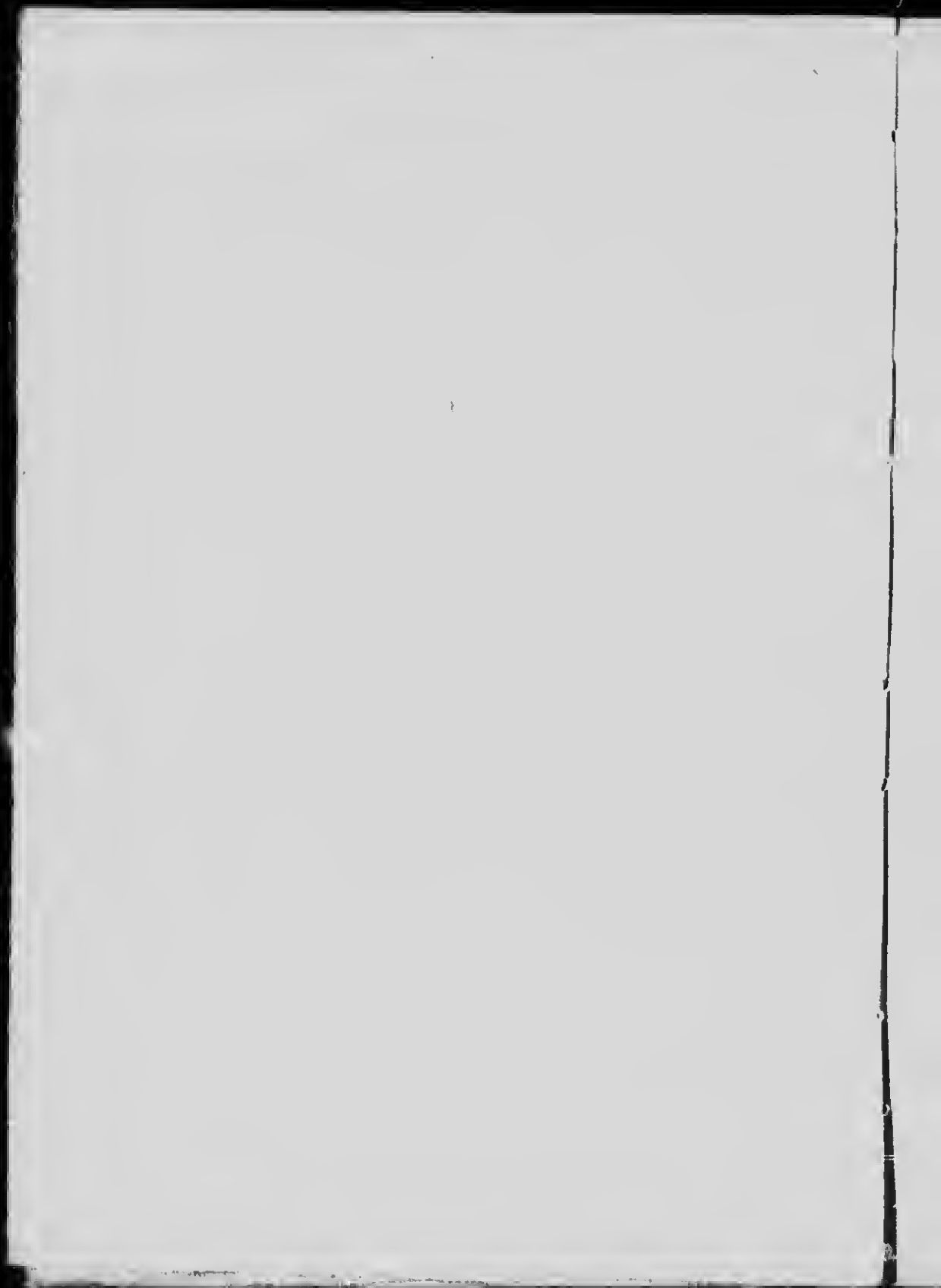
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TO
MY MOTHER



DEDICATION

THOU who dost ever kiss the tears from woe,
And with thy Mother-wings protecting, chase
Afar all terrors by thy deep embrace;
From whose dear lips doth tender wisdom flow
And true philosophy: thou who dost show
The power possessed by those who self efface
And do their duty strong in Heaven's grace;
On whose warm hearth love's embers ever glow,
And round whose steps like dulcet music stealing
Linger, of kindly deeds, sweet memories.
Thou charm'st away life's fears with loving arts,
And ever in thy presence there is healing;
For as a rainbow arched o'er stormy seas
Thy Mother-love encompasseth all hearts.



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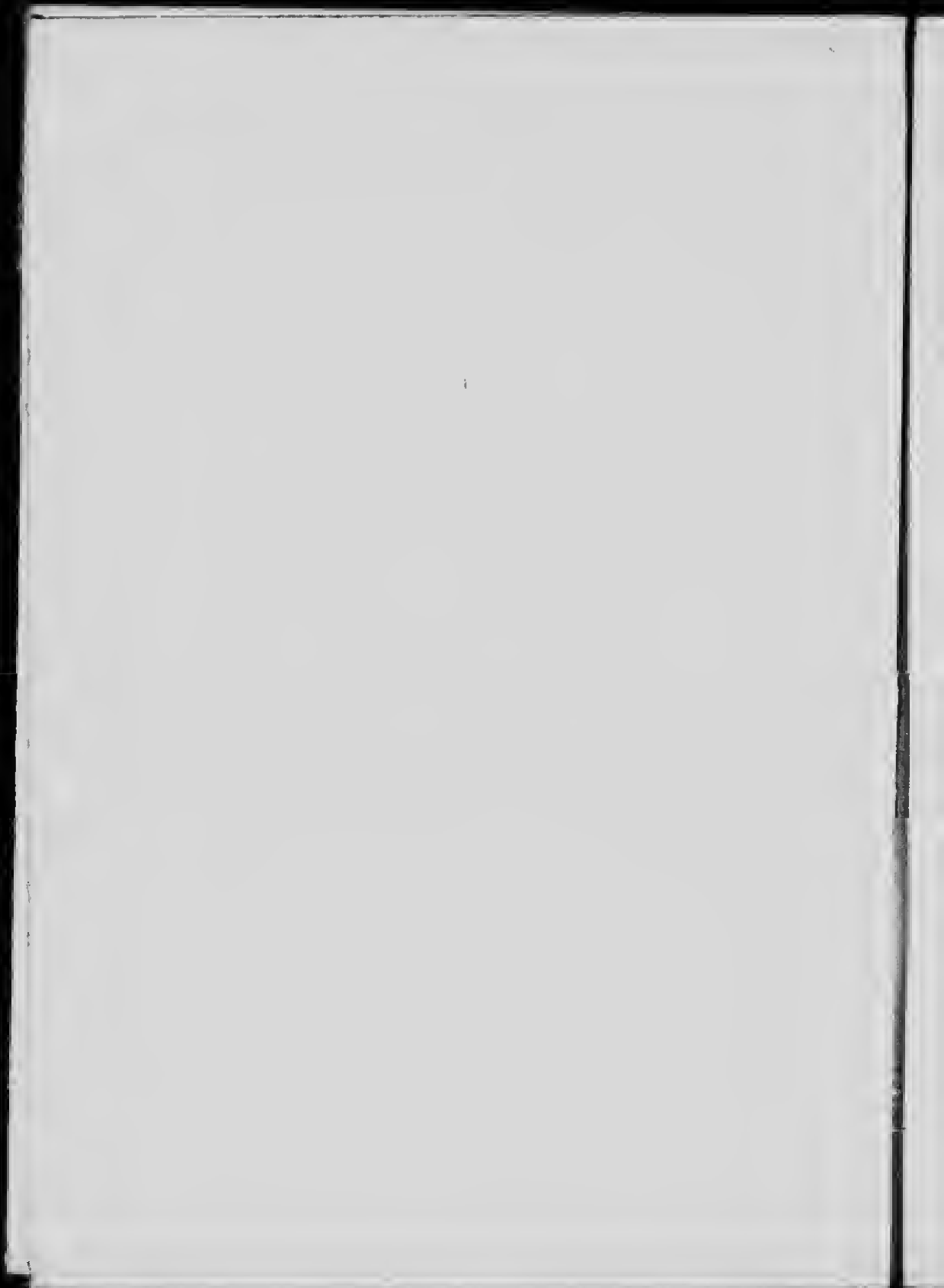
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THE SOUL OF SONG

WITHIN thy bosom deep are pent
The ghosts of sound,
Embers of song, whose sparks are sent
Fluttering forth and whirling round
In tones that never may recur,
Like shadow-dreams, whose faint murmur
Sea-shells have found.

Clear as a diamond drop of dew
Thy melody
Flows ever, and is ever new
Like tears of weeping Niobe.
O tear aside the misty veil
And show thy face all passion-pale,
Spirit of phantasy.

An amber flame of living fire
Runs in thy vein,
With quivering nerves is strung thy lyre
Cross-barred by shadows of pale pain

THE SOUL OF SONG

That walks by night, insatiate,
Haunting men's souls till they vibrate
Unto thy strain.

As pure white flakes of falling snow
Fall but to die
Upon the darkened earth below,
Thy myriad tongues of crystal sigh;
Soft float the notes on folded wing
Of aerial sound, faint, echoing,
Spirits that fly.

Where purple springs of sunrise gleam
In dawn's bright sky,
Thou hast poured forth thy soul's glad stream
Of starry sound. The waters lie
Beside the earth, mysterious, hushed,
As though an angel's wing had brushed
Them from on high.

White with the heat of passion's power,
Thy voice divine.
Like drops of silvered spray thy shower
Of tender tones, translucent shine;
Ere into memory's arms they creep
To sleep, as tired children sleep
Beloved of time.

LOVE—THE GOD

LOVE is a god, before whom all must kneel,
 Whether they beggars be, or mighty kings,
 And with his shaft divine he hurts to heal,
 While at his feet are laid strange offerings.
 Wondrous in power, his harp of divers strings
 Is tuned to sorrows of men's souls that ache,
 His is the rapture in the voice that sings,
 Made sweet by pangs borne gladly for his sake,
 And his, mysterious eyes that smile, though hearts may break.

Love is as old as is eternity,
 Is lord of heaven and of the secret deep,
 In the beginning was, shall ever be ;
 And his compassionate control will keep
 Touch on the pulse of time, till all things sleep
 And wake to hear the songs of Paradise.
 He changes tears to smiles in eyes that weep,
 And though men drain Death's cup with groans and sighs,
 Love comes with outstretched wing to cheat him of his prize.

Love hath no part in what is bought or sold,
 No sordid barter will his flame survive,
 Nor pearls, nor jewels rare, nor Midas' gold,
 Nor fame, nor all the power for which men strive

Will add one spark, to keep his torch alive.
In all these things his spirit hath no part.
And not for mammon will he men's souls thrive.
For his blest arrows that so swiftly dart
Claim as their single guerdon but the tender heart.

Love is the king of life, and by his breath
Inspired all things live. He vanquished pain,
Then rose victorious over fear and death,
And stands triumphant while his foes lie slain.
But still the mighty conqueror will deign
To stoop to those who languish in distress,
Pale watchers of the night, they who would fain
Sink all their sorrows in his tenderness
And blend their hearts with his in a divine caress.

And sometimes Passion joins with Love, and swift
His flaming heart flings o'er Love's wings the glow
Of his desire. Their voices they uplift
In song celestial, that from earth below
Soars to the heaven of heavens—and lo!
The wondering maid, slowfooted, listening,
Holds out her arms, and all things comes to know,
For Passion clasps her closely as they sing,
And round about her Love's fair wings are fluttering.

When Love joins hands with Friendship then a spark
Divine is kindled on the altar bare,

LOVE—THE GOD

5

Serene its rays shine lucent through the dark,
As when the moonbeams stream in beauty rare
From out a gloomy cloud; so, passing fair,
Friendship is seen through the effulgent light
Of Love, illumined, warmed and freed from care.
While on his crownèd head gleam jewels bright
Like sparkling stars that lend their glory to the night.

And ever close to Love, a spirit pale,
Steals silently, her tablets by her side,
Her soft gray eyes seen through a misty veil;
She of Love's handmaids longest doth abide.
In depths of dusky night or noonday's pride
She comes to all who yearn again to see
The treasured hours remorseless Time would hide,
Assuager of our griefs, Mnemosyne,
Remembrancer of joys, mysterious Memory.

THE FOREST FIRE

GRANDLY gleams
The forest-fire,
Leaping wildly
Higher and higher,
Shooting, darting,
Hither, thither.
Sparks a-flying
Who knows whither?
Crackling branches
Lightning sped,
Swift turned ashes
Black and dead.
Flaming, fearsome,
All devouring;
Dark the clouds
In heaven are glowering.
Cruel passion
At its height,
Hateful law
Whose might means right.

THE FOREST FIRE

7

Flushed the sky
Deep copper-red,
Shamed the stars,
No light they shed ;
And the pure moon's
Quivering beam
Sullied lies,
Like a holy dream
Hid in horrid
Clouds of night,
Enveloping
Its shimmering light ;
While the flames
Dance higher, higher,
To the glory of the fire.

Hark! wild Boreas
Joins the chasing,
All destroying,
All embracing.
Fauns and dryads,
Terror stricken,
Race through clouds
That ever thicken.
Echo hears
The forest cry,
Swift she answers,
Sigh for sigh:
"Send, great Zeus,

THE FOREST FIRE

Thy punishment.
Let the clouds
In twain be rent,
Loose the flood-gates,
Roll the thunder,
Fill the earth
With awe and wonder.
Make all impious
Spirits cower
With thy majesty and power."

Zeus the mighty
Bent his head;
Swift as thought
Each flame lay dead.
Boreas gently
Fell to moaning,
Fauns and dryads
Ceased from groaning;
Crushed to earth
In penance dire
Lay the spirit of the fire.

* * *

Then the pale-faced
Moon looked down
On dying trees
All seared and brown,
Which yesterday

THE FOREST FIRE

9

Were wondrous fair
And gladsome
In the summer air.
Like some sweet maid
Once beauty decked
Whom passion has wrecked in flaming hour.

THE SOUTH WIND

IT was the dawn of things when thou wert blest,
 When day and night entwined and were as one,
 Breathing each other's sighs through lips close pressed,
 Folded so close their life's blood seemed to run
 And pulse together in each fiery vein;
 While o'er them there was thrown a canopy
 Of clouds, all broidered in gems numberless.

Ah! then would Nature fair.

Have stayed their parting; and her sympathy
 Gave thee thy life, thou breath of happiness.

Thy breeze bears odours of the honied south,
 Wild music hast thou heard of silver strings,
 Whose lingering notes the coral of some mouth
 Shapes into song, which to the memory brings
 Pale thoughts of former lives, like strings of pearls
 Each perfect separate, and yet the whole
 Making a thing of beauty unsurpassed.

As the slow voice unfurls

It falls on hidden meshes of the soul,
 And strange dreams rise, of other worlds long past.

THE SOUTH WIND

11

Of mystic lotus-isles thou hast the charm,
Of swaying dances timed to ankle-bells,
Of burning champak where a waving arm,
Seen through the blue haze of the spices tells
A tale of soft enticement or delight;
Where eyes gleam like a phosphorescent star
That comes and goes upon the ocean's breast
Enrapturing the night.

Thou bring'st caressing whispers from afar
Where men seek peace, to find but love's unrest.

Naught is there harsh or dissonant in thee,
And thy light breath fans all the dreaming flowers
As fluttering wings of birds droop o'er the sea;
And where thou art, the enraptured scented hours
Steal lingering by in languid sweet content.
The desert's torrid mantle hast thou brushed
And when its burning face besought the sky
Trembling, hast swiftly bent
And with eye-kissing peace its fever hushed
And cooled its forehead's pain with thy faint sigh.

Thou art a messenger from unknown skies,
That perfumest the world with promised bliss,
When stubborn winter fills the heart and eyes,
Thou art memorial of summer's kiss
And golden touches of spring's dancing feet.
Thy laughter ripples over all the earth,

THE SOUTH WIND

And butterflies are seen to spread their sails,
And star-eyed flowers to greet
The spring and thee, who heralded his birth,
And shed his fragrance o'er the hills and vales.

Thou hast enchantment for a world forlorn,
At thy behest, the merry dancing leaves
Make music for thee. The late angry storm
Forgets his fury, and the deep-drawn heaves
Of waves hysterical grow less, then cease.
For thou knowest all the amorous arts that woo,
Unlike wild Boreas, who with rudest breath
Affrights whom he would please.
Thy kiss ripens the harvests, and anew
Lulls life with poisoned charm to sweetest death.

When summer glows in riotous excess,
Thy mirth like sunshine spreads from leaf to leaf.
The azure-lidded sky bends but to bless,
The waves break soft in bubbling laughter brief,
And play at hide and seek with the soft veil
Of haze amorphous wrapped about earth's limbs
In ever changing folds with beauty rife.

All eager-eyed and pale
The moon o'erflows her crystal wine that brims
And spills o'er summer's iridescent life.

Thou bring'st exotic breaths of sensuous flowers
And poignant dreams, that form and break again,

THE SOUTH WIND

13

Like tears prismatic to the eye that showers
Its sorrows forth in dewy drops of pain.
Our vibrant hearts throb in response to thee ;
Waste not thy sweet seductions on the night,
But breathe thy benediction on the soul,
 Bringing mysteriously
Dream visions of the forms that once were bright
Dim now, as mists of absence o'er them roll.

ANGEL-FACE

ANGEL-Face—Angel-face,
 Whence springs all your charm and grace?
 And the radiance that your presence brings in gladness to
 each place?
 For the world seems glorified,
 As when in cathedral wide
 The light through mullioned windows breaks in colours
 sanctified.

Angel-face—eyes so deep,
 Such were never meant to weep,
 But to charm the tears from others till they fold their hands
 and sleep.
 For the magic of your gaze,
 Seems like sunshine through the haze,
 Recalling bright elusive hopes of long-forgotten days.

Angel-face—cheeks of rose,
 Like the faintest blush that flows
 O'er the hill's breast when Aurora's rosy fingers touch its
 snows.
 Nature must have kissed you too,
 Leaving as away she flew
 A dimple, mark of grace, bestowed but on her favoured few.

ANGEL-FACE

15

Angel-face—lips so dear,
Whence your voice comes soft and clear,
As your mouth in tender love-lines fashions words of sweet-
est cheer.

And pure joyaunce when you sing
Rises like a breath of Spring,
And makes this time-worn world seem free of sin and suffer-
ing.

Angel-face—brows serene,
There no frown can come between.
Do the spirits whisper to you of the joys that are unseen?
For around you like a prayer
There is breathed diviner air
As though in hovering near you they had left their aura there.

LOVE'S POWER

THERE lies a silence on the earth,
A heart-felt silence most profound,
And happiness is hushed at birth
Although the sounds of mirth abound.

For you the world must still rejoice
And music make mysterious thrill,
For me the cadence of your voice
Is lost, and so life's song is still.

There steals a blindness o'er my sight,
A darkness never felt before,
And yet, blest moon, your tender light
Shines still on lovers evermore.

I only see an upturned face
And tears that glittered as they fell;
My inward vision haunts one place,
I hear one word, the word "Farewell."

Oh! bitter sense of loneliness
When hearts must ache and ache again,
When whirling thought brings no redress,
And Time's slow steps ease not the pain.

LOVE'S POWER

17

Though eve give place to morning light,
And sunshine glow till twilight hour,
Still in that soul dwells endless night
Who casts out love, yet feels its power.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY

THINGS are hard to understand!
 Oft I kissed her little hand,
 Thought her fairest in the land,
 Sweet as fair.

Blue her eyes were, deep and blue;
 That she was not wise, 'tis true,
 All day long she'd nothing do,
 Not a care!

And she'd flout me, flirt and mock,
 All the sober-minded shock,
 Till they said, "her heart's a rock."
 Then I'd plead:

"Let the lassie laugh and sing,
 Toss her head, and hanna her fling,
 For the years may sorrows bring."
 True, indeed!

All the world she found so fair,
 Who so cruel as to dare
 Catch a butterfly so rare,
 Pin it down?
 Fill that pretty curly head
 With dull learning, live or dead,
 All the sages wrote or said,
 Make her frown?

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY

19

No! I loved to see her go
Dancing through life on tip-toe,
Not sedately, *comme il faut*,
 Anxious-eyed,
But with careless, happy grace,
Shedding sunshine. In life's race
Scarcely had she sought her place,
 Ere—she died.

So, the world seems gray and cold,
Fled the sunshine and the gold,
Gone my ewe-lamb from the fold,
 Sad my heart.
Sunbeams always dance away,
Butterflies will never stay,
Sweetest flowers have briefest day,
 All must part.

RESURGAM

MAN is a prisoner, all alone
 Although his prison is not of stone.

He dwells within his body frail
 And it is for him a lifelong jail.

His eyes the windows are, no doubt,
 At which he stands as he looks out.

Tormented still with the bitter thought,
 Apart from his prison he is naught.

For let his jailer call it a shrine
 Still craving his freedom, he will pine

To have no bonds and to feel no fret,
 No afterwards and no vain regret.

Fain would he shake his shackles' rust
 And soar like a butterfly from the dust.

* * * *

But you, dear Lord, perchance you gave
 This body frail for death and grave.

RESURGAM

21

For sickness and sorrow, so that we
Might merit the heaven which is to be,

There to find freedom. This prison shrine
Is but a shell for the pearl divine.

Though it be naught when the spirit flies,
A temple it seems to loving eyes.

So reverently we lay it deep
In earth's soft bosom, to rest and sleep.

THE FOREST LOVERS

DO you remember how the eve was sweet,
 Brimming with heaven-sent peace, while all around
 The drowsy waters lay in shadow deep,
 Claspng the virid shore with ne'er a sound?
 Dark pine-trees fringed and broidered 'gainst the sky
 Stood sentinel upon a crest apart,
 Above the mossy couch where you and I
 Lay folded heart to heart.

Like some strange opiate drifted the dull scent
 Of balsam-branches swaying green above;
 The sun, in parting benediction, lent
 His hallowed gold to light our ways of love.
 And as we dreamed there on the water's brink,
 Our spirits intertwined in sorcery,
 Our very souls together seemed to sink,
 As we lay, silently.

The mother earth wrapped coverlet of sleep
 O'er all the wakeful sky in misty veil
 Diaphanous, while twilight's mantle deep
 Shielded expiring day. Languid and pale

THE FOREST LOVERS

23

The silver moon flagged tired, and it seemed
As though the stars glanced shyly at the night
In ardent homage, as they proudly streamed,
 Jewels to deck his might.

The crimson puls : of day then ceased to beat
And every nodding flower drooped its head;
The trembling waves danced forth the shore to greet,
Dimpled and kissed and murmured as they fled;
The vague south wind breathed his faint incense round
About our weary limbs with many a sigh,
Till soft-eyed sleep with webs our eyelids bound
 And sang her lullaby.

IF I WERE FAIR

IF only I were fair,
 Or had some charm to bind
 In tender loving ways
 The passing of the days,
 Life would seem less unkind,
 Less hard at times to bear,
 If I were only fair.

If only I were fair
 And had blest Beauty's dower,
 I should hear flutterings
 Of Love's mysterious wings
 And feel his kisses shower
 On lips and brow and hair,
 If I were only fair.

If only I were fair,
 A child, whose heart beat free,
 Would lay its cheek on mine,
 Our arms would intertwine,
 Sweetly, caressingly—
 A child that I might bear,
 If I were only fair.

IF I WERE FAIR

25

If only I were fair,
As I passed down the street
Some weary waiting eyes
Might smile in glad surprise,
As though the sun to greet.
How I could banish care,
If I were only fair!

If only I were fair,
I would be generous too;
In my love-laden eyes
Forgiving tears would rise.
And, finding one man true,
I might then all things dare,
If I were only fair.

YOUTH

YOUTH has cheeks rosy red,
Life! smile on him,
Nor dim
The halo round his head.

Youth does not fear to fall,
Away with fears
And tears,
Until Age throws its pall.

Youth chants love's rhapsodies,
With glowing eyes
He sighs
And sings fair melodies.

Youth quaffs life's golden wine;
When this has fled,
Far sped,
'Tis time enough to pine.

Youth lightly treads on flowers,
Birds sing for him,
Skies bring
The sunshine, not the showers.

Youth dances on his way
With golden light
Bedight,
Ah! who can say him nay?

LOVE'S REQUIEM

LOVE, thou art sad and strangely pale,
Love, art thou dead?
Without a single tear or wail
Or farewell said?
Gone all thine ancient fire
And passionate desire
That followed where I led.

How can I in earth's bosom cold
Dig thee a tomb,
That shall in one embrace enfold
All of life's gloom?
For at thy side will lie
Dear hopes that passed me by,
Buds that will never bloom.

Rest, rest then, Love, within my heart,
Living though dead,
For thee, a sanctuary apart,
A bridal bed,
Fragrant of spices rare,
Of rosemary, and lavender,
Ashes—that once burnt red.

CHANGE

TO-DAY was born within a clinging mist
Which round her wrapped a mournful cloke of rain;
Dear yesterday was born to be sun-kissed;
To-morrow's child is pain.

To-day the dismal shadows haunt the shore
That yesterday were rippled by the breeze
And broidered by the sun. Ah! now no more
To-morrows may bring ease.

To-day the clamorous chorus of the birds
Is mute, although they sang their gayest tune
But yesterday. My heart can find no words
To help to-morrow's gloom.

LOVE'S FAREWELL

I CANNOT say farewell
 And lose the music of your voice,
 For then, what silvery bell
 Would make my heart rejoice,
 If I should say farewell?

I cannot say farewell,
 For when I kissed your tender face,
 The tears that softly fell
 Recked naught of time or place;
 Then dare I say farewell?

I cannot say farewell;
 Our hearts would never cease again
 Beating for love the knell,
 And naught would ease their pain.
 How could we say farewell?

I cannot say farewell,
 For I should turn my longing eyes,
 As Orpheus, when from hell
 He bore his precious prize.
 Love may not say farewell.

WHENCE DOES IT COME?

THE sleep that kisses baby's eyes,
 Enchanted sleep with outstretched wing,
 Invisible yet hovering;
 Whence does it come?
 From fairy glades 'neath starry skies,
 When all the world in dreamland lies,
 And hushed are sobs, and tears, and sighs;
 Thence does it come.

The smile that rests on baby's lips,
 That dancing smile like sunshine's ray,
 Mysterious as dawn of day;
 Whence does it come?
 Where humming-bird the honey sips
 And nodding flower gently tips,
 Till day is lost in night's eclipse;
 Thence does it come.

The dewy bloom on baby's skin,
 Unearthly fragrance heaven-lent,
 Ineffable and innocent;
 Whence does it come?

WHENCE DOES IT COME?

31

Where there is neither care nor sin,
Sorrow or strife, or anger's din,
Where love dwells tenderly within,
Thence does it come.

TRIOLET

THE Spring is here with us to-day
Although it flies upon the morrow.
But, let that be just as it may,
The Spring is here with us to-day,
So we will give our joy full sway
And banish far heart-aches and sorrow.
The Spring is here with us to-day
Although it flies upon the morrow.

TRIOLET

WHO dares say men are equal born?
Life is inequality.

Crowned e'en at birth with gold or thorn,

Who dares say men are equal born?

Some hearts rejoice, some are forlorn;

Some souls have strength, some frailty.

Who dares say men are equal born?

Life is inequality.

SHUT NOT THINE EYES

SHUT not thine eyes, dear love,
 Shut not thine eyes;
 Deep in them from above
 The shadow lies
 Of the celestial fire,
 Lit there by my desire.

Shut not thine eyes, dear heart,
 Shut not thine eyes;
 I see in them my part
 Of Paradise,
 And as my lips meet thine,
 Deeply they gloom and shine.

Shut not her eyes, dear Death,
 Shut not her eyes;
 Breathe not on her thy breath,
 Thy chilling sighs.
 The while the light grows dim,
 Alas! she smiles on him.

* * * *

Death was her lover too,
 Fond was he, fond and true.

THE DEATH OF DAY

THE day is dying—once so blest,
Now her wild spirit seeks its rest,
And, as she passes hence, a cloud
About her wraps a shroud.

The day is dying—in a mist
Of sapphire, pearl, and amethyst.
The careless waves with golden hair
Are playing here and there.

The day is dying—but her fire
Granted to me my soul's desire
And memories that I will keep
Till I, too, sink to sleep.

MOODS

UPON the summit of the world I stand,
 And touch high heaven with uplifted hand.
 The dawn her roseate banner has unfurled,
 A glowing canopy of flame, and hurled
 Afar its wonders o'er the weary earth.
 Burning with ardour of heroic birth
 I feel such power as unto gods belong,
 Yearning to free mankind from ancient wrong;
 Valiant, unconquered, strong.

Darkly the shadows fall; heavy and slow
 Deepens the gloom. Freight with all earth's woe
 Sunk in the dust I crouch, for men to see
 And mock at, fallen miserably;
 Crushed down by desperate doubts and craven fears,
 O'erwhelmed beneath life's burdens and life's tears,
 Blinded and baffled by the mists that roll
 Their poisonous vapours in upon my soul;
 Ab God! hast thou control?

THE POET'S DESIRE

FAIN would I shackle beauty's flying feet
And wrest the shears from out the hand of Fate,
Steal from the heart of love his secret sweet,
Follow old wisdom through his close-barred gate.

Fain would I sing earth's haunting melody
To sleeping stars, that tremble as they wake,
And like Narcissus look down tenderly
On their own image, mirrored in the lake.

Fain would I tread in quivering golden light
The path that beckons onward to the moon,
Or tear the filmy veil away from night,
Or ride the sun's swift chariot at noon.

Fain would I listen, when the whispering rain
Sheds o'er the patient earth its trembling tears,
And hear the harper wind breathe out his pain
As murmuring trees make music of his fears.

Fain would I in the breathless hours of night
Float on sleep-walking clouds which idly stray
Like memory's ghosts that vanish with the light,
Pale dreams of love the dawn will drive away.

DEATH

“Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the
golden bowl be broken . . .

“Then shall the dust return to the earth as
it was.”

AH! let me live, I must not die,
I do not want to sleep
Out in the dark, and hidden lie
Deep in the earth where no faint sigh
Will stir my slumbers deep.

I may not see the morning sun,
Or evening's tender light.
The sands of life so swiftly run
That soon, alas, they will be done,
And then will come . . . the night.

The sunset lingers o'er the sea
Like to a radiant dream
Breathing a sweet tranquillity.
When I am dead will memory
Bring back its roseate gleam?

DEATH

39

Remorseless Fate stalks to and fro
 Within life's garden. There
He plucks the fairest flowers that blow,
Nor stays for any tears that flow
 Nor stays for any prayer.

And, like the rose, I too must fade,
 And know the loneliness
Of lying 'neath the cypress shade
With ne'er a sunbeam in the glade
 To lighten my distress.

Heedless alike of sun or rain,
 Poor withered rose, full-blown.
When life is over, love is vain,
And I shall never know again
 The things that I have known.

I think of all my wasted hours
 And memory now seems
To bring me naught but faded flowers
From her once beauty-laden bowers,
 So must I dream . . . sad dreams.

Life, I have loved thee over-much
 Now thou hast me betrayed
To Death, who lays his icy touch
Upon me with a look of such
 Import, I am afraid.

DEATH

O Hope and Destiny at strife,
Was it planned thus to be?
In this bright world where joy is rife
Where my glad heart is thrilled with life
Was there no room for me?

AEQUANIMITAS

LET my soul keep its calm.
 Though all around
The restless world may seek to thwart my will,
 But be my spirit
 Ever calm and still.
Like to the tranquil moon which hears the sound
 Of thunderous clouds,
 But knows that when they weep
 And pelt the earth with tears,
 They fret away.
Let my soul keep its calm,
 Nor strive to seek
The praise of men, nor for their plaudits pray.

SNOW-FLAKES

SNOW-FLAKES

Are touching the face of the earth
 With light fingers,
 Wrapping a coverlet
 Tenderly.
 Sleep o'er her lingers,
 Bringing sweet dreams of the summer,
 Of sunshine and showers,
 Of Spring, the fair Prince,
 Whose first kiss will awaken the flowers.

Snow-flakes
 Are souls disembodied
 That from heaven falling
 Noiselessly
 Stifle the voices of earth that are calling.
 Pale spirits
 Loosed from the skies
 And their wintry way threading,
 Drowsily falling,
 With pinions of slumber outspreading;
 Hiding all ugliness in their soft mantle of glamour,
 Saintly and pure,

SNOW-FLAKES

Their strange loveliness muffling all clamour;
Haunting,
Mysterious,
Floating o'er shadows terrestrial,
Shrouding the world with white veils
In a glory celestial.

THE LAMENT OF SAPPHO

SOUL of mine, thy tears ever sadly flowing
Speak of love and grief to the tender twilight,
Spendthrift dew that eyes dim with sorrow scatter,
Soothing the heart's pain.

When the night's dark wings over earth are brooding,
And the trees' bare arms for the spring are yearning,
Sadly sing the haunting melodious voices,
Where is thy lover?

Moon divine and lovely in night's arms hanging,
Silver brow-bound moon, thou that watchest ever,
Lighting lovers' vows with thy gaze eternal,
Tell me of Phaon.

Clouds that lean regretful when day is dying,
Floating towers diaphanous, tipped with amber,
Bend low over my love in his dreams, and whisper
All that I suffer.

IN MITYLENE

MEMORY brings me
Pale dreams mysterious,
Things long since hidden
Now are remembered.

It was the Spring-time
In Mitylene;
We were fond lovers;
Have you forgotten?

There, as we wandered
Through the soft twilight,
Sounds of wild flute-notes
Floated and wavered.

Strange notes appealing
When all was silent.
Have you e'er fancied
That you could hear them?

O, my lost lover,
I seek you ever
But never find you;
Are you not near me?

THE STORM

THE flaming sun sinks ringed about with gold,
 While clouds unjealous shroud departing day,
 Castles of snow, whose hearts of fire have told
 Night's message to the hills,
 While all the dancing rills
 Murmur and laugh in never-ending play.

The golden service of the sun-god o'er,
 He breathes celestial blessing on the earth,
 Which lies majestic, waiting for the birth
 Of purple-fringed night
 Whose mantle is bedight
 With jewelled stars that gleam to prove his worth.

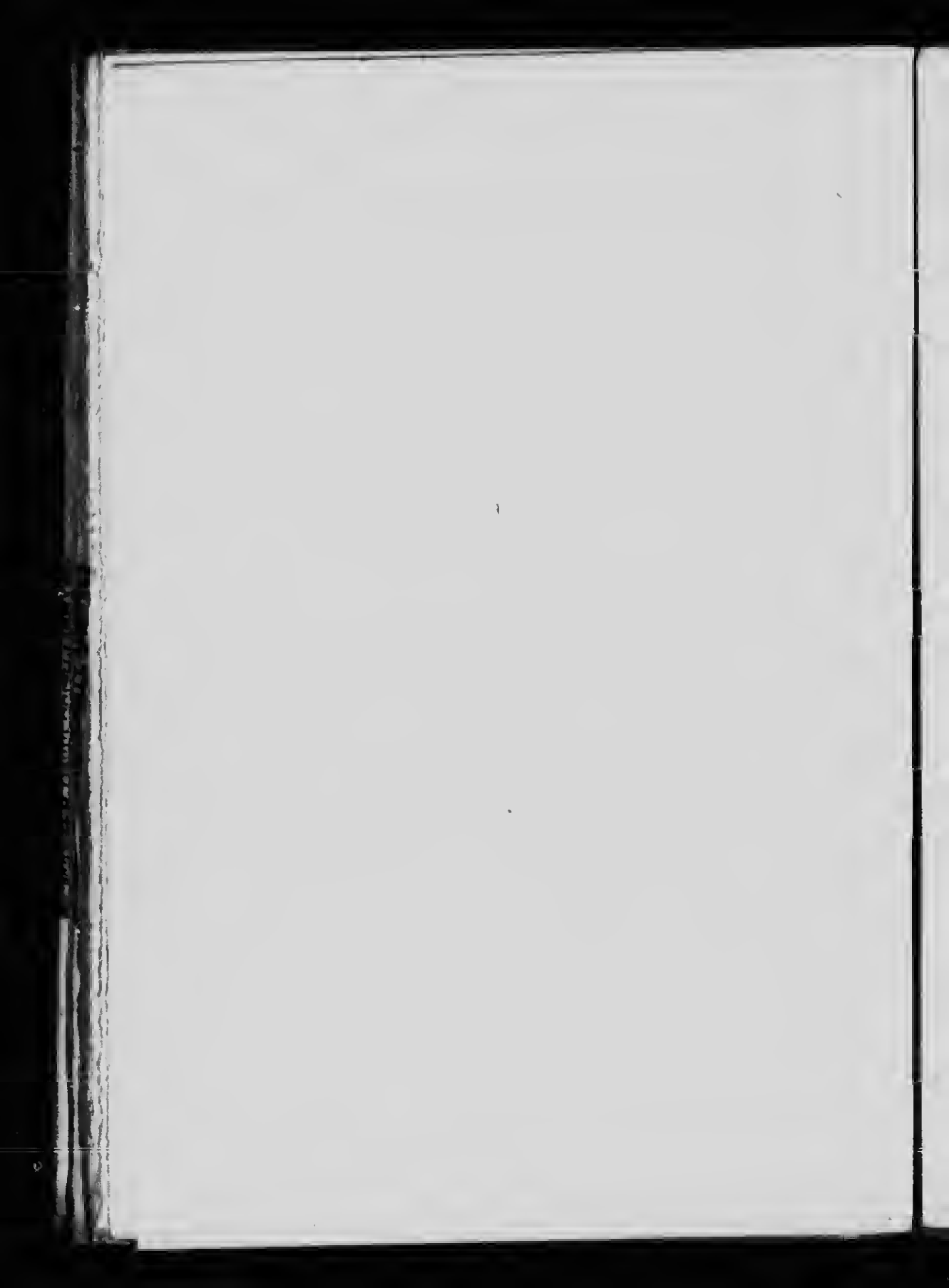
Now the sad air hangs heavy as in fear,
 The clouds fantastic form themselves in weird
 And curious shapes—there is a monarch's bier,
 Those horrid monsters dwell
 In stormy caves of hell,
 While over all streams Neptune's snow-white beard.

THE STORM

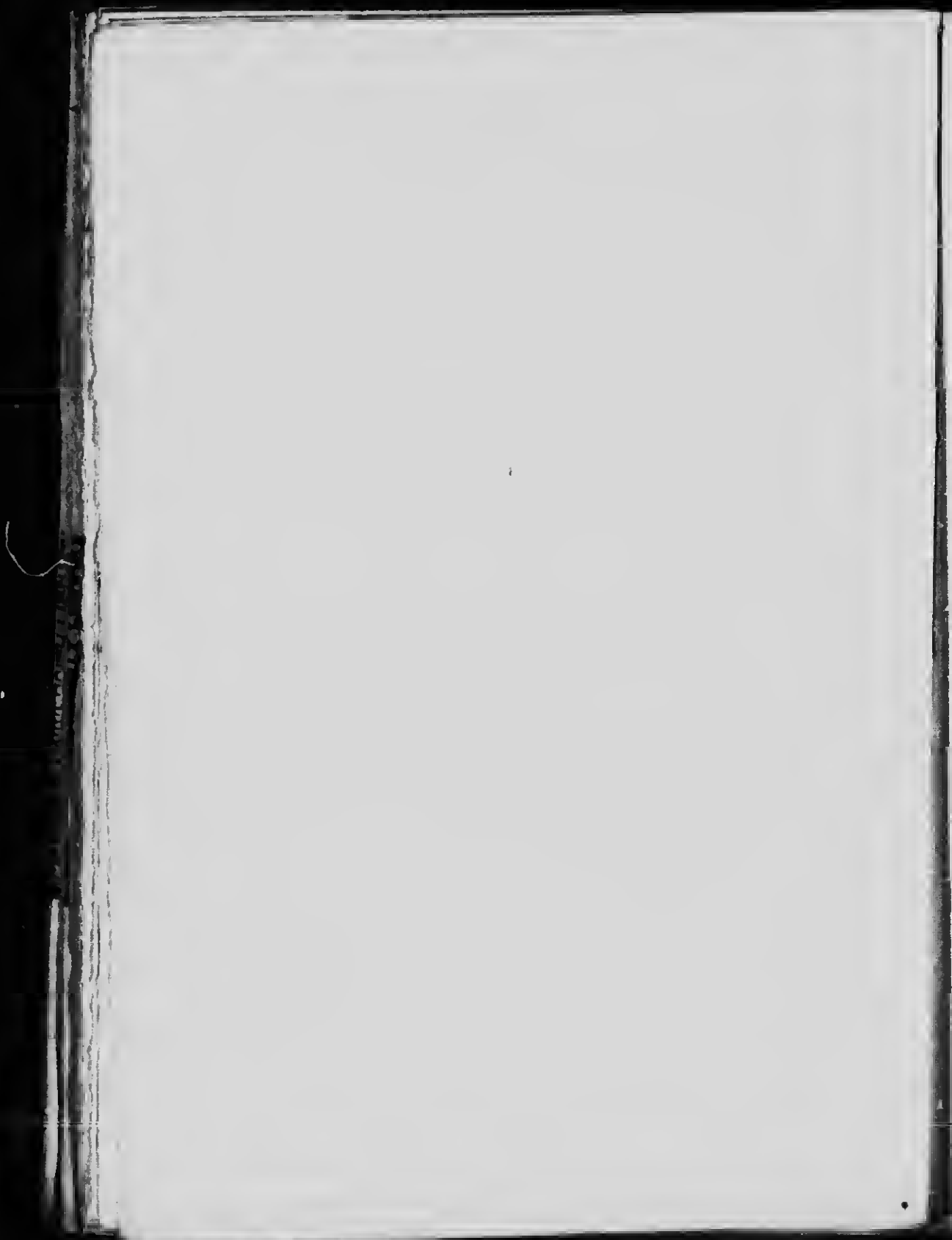
47

The night with dark wings broods upon the sea
Whose every heart-pant looses swift a wave
And flings it on earth's breast, while angrily
 The winds embrace the trees
 And bend them to their knees
All save the pines, which stand the earth to save.

The maddened lightning leaps from out its lair
Of thunderous clouds, with forked and frenzied flame
The brutal rains with stinging whips now dare
 Insult earth from on high
 Till on her dark eyes lie
The tears of those that suffer, without blame.



FAIRY VERSES FOR CHILDREN



THE FAIRY IN THE WOOD

I SAW a fairy in the wood,
Sitting, as only a fairy could,
Perched on the top of a tall blue-bell.
Please do not tell.
And she swung to and fro so prettily,
It was a wonderful sight to see,
And she smiled as she swung, and nodded at me,
Then laughed with glee.

She had a mouth like cherries red,
Her eyes were blue as the sky o'er-head.
I sat quite still and I looked at her,
Afraid to stir.
For a cap she'd a fox-glove on her hair;
She fluttered about, now here now there,
And I never before saw a fay so fair,
Beyond compare.

She loved the flowers, they loved her too;
She sipped their honey and drank their dew,
Then deep in the blossom she liked the best
She took her rest.

THE FAIRY IN THE WOOD

Her hair with flowers was intertwined,
It brought filmy gossamer to my mind,
That is blown far and near by the careless wind,
All unconfined.

She had a pink cloud for a gown,
Trimmed with the finest thistle-down,
The best to be had in Fairy-Town,
Of great renown.

On her feet were twinkling golden shoon,
Dazzling and bright as the sun at noon;
And they tapped to the time of a little tune,
Sung to the Moon.

A wand she held in her little hand,
She waved it thrice, and a fairy band,
Mounted on grasshoppers, swiftly came;
Each one the same.

Gaily they rode round the fairy ring;
They laughed as they pranced and I heard them sing
Little songs with a curious lilt and swing
Ting-a-ling-ling.

She played with moonbeams in her lap,
Tossing them up and down like a Jap,
Sometimes as high as the tallest tree,
Too far to see.

Butterfly wings from her shoulders grew,
Shaded in pink and yellow and blue

THE FAIRY IN THE WOOD

53

And they waded to and fro, in and out, as she flew;
This is quite true.

She had a chariot drawn by bees,
A spider's web to cover her knees,
The wheels were wings of a gay blue-bird;
It was absurd.

I hoped against hope that she would stay,
To catch her I tried—but she drove away
And vanished from sight on a moonbeam's ray;
Ah, well-a-day!

SHOPPING DAY

LET us go to the Moon,
We must buy from her soon
Some good wishes, but you must be wary,
And please shut fast your eyes
If you want a surprise,
To be given you by the Good Fairy.

Next, come quick to the Sun
Ere his day's work be done;
We must buy some sunshine in a bottle,
So there it will be
When we need it, you see?
For with sunshine the Blues we can throttle.

The last place is a Star;
It is not very far.
From the Star we buy bright rays of love;
They will shine every day
At your work, in your play,
Just the same as they do up above.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

YES! it was Puck!
 Who whispered, it seems,
 We should sail in a boat, just I and he,
 Away in a boat on a shoreless sea,
 Drifting around so lazily;
 While the mermaids would sing to us drowsily
 Of all the wonderful sights to see.
 "Do not bring your purse or any money
 For the moon and stars always pay," said he,
 "In the curious land of dreams."

Yes! it was Puck!
 I took his wee hand
 And we started forthwith upon our quest.
 The daylight soon died away in the west
 As each bird sought its little nest,
 And folded its wing ere it sank to rest.
 We found the boat waiting at his behest,
 So we floated away on the ocean's breast
 And our lanterns light were the moon beams blest,
 On the way to fairyland.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

Yes! it was Puck!
With voice like a bell,
As he sailed the boat in the moonbeam's ray;
And sang to me softly till break of day;
Strange were the words I heard him say,
"Come, see all the wonders with nothing to pay,
But if mermaids tempt you to join in their play,
You must shake your head and answer them, 'Nay
Or they'll keep you forever and a day.
And the rest—I dare not tell."

THE LILY-POND

'T WAS on a summer's afternoon
When all the world was fair,
For overhead was heaven's blue,
I stepped into my light canoe,
And paddled farther than I knew,
And to a lily-pond came soon,
O! it was quiet there,
Upon that summer's afternoon,
When all the world was fair.

And there on water-lily white
All in the noonday's heat,
I spied a fairy, fast asleep.
The shadows hardly dared to creep,
The birds flew by with ne'er a peep,
The trees' green leaves made shaded light,
For she was very sweet,
Just lying on a lily white
All in the noonday heat.

I paddled soft without a sound
And left her sleeping there.

THE LILY-POND

I had no heart to wake her, I,
For then I should have made her cry,
Or frightened her; but by and by
I'll seek again that lily-pond,
And, if the day be fair,
I'll paddle soft without a sound
And find her, sleeping there.

THE KING OF THE GOBLINS

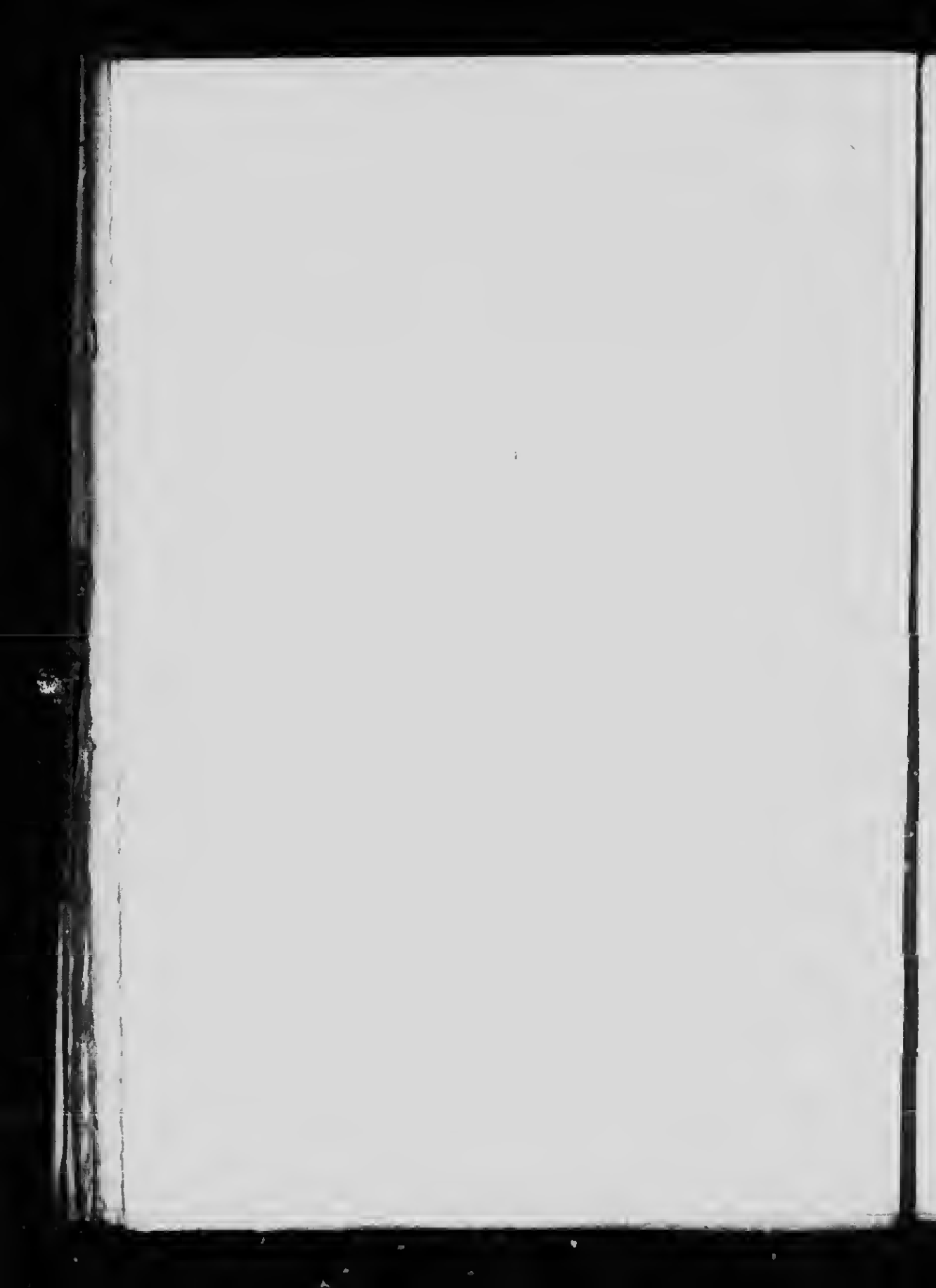
IT was the king of the goblin crew
Who paid a visit to me,
He was so fat that you hardly knew
The place where his waist ought to be.
And he laughed, ho-ho! te-he!
And from his head two ears stuck out,
He said they were ears when I ventured to doubt,
So—ears they had to be.

And as he sat on my trundle bed
I saw he was laughing at me.
Diamonds bright he had in his head
In the place where his eyes ought to be.
How he capered and danced with glee!
He had two rubies for his lips,
And he pelted me with apple-pips
Without an apology.

Then he put his foot right into his ear,
And danced on a single toe.
I never before saw a sight so queer
As he shrieked, "Don't tickle me so,

Little foot, te-he! ho-ho!"
And he sang, "My life is always jolly,
I laugh and dance and prance in my folly,
Until the cock doth crow."

SONNETS



WILLIAM OSLER

NOT with such glad assurance sought the shrine
Of him who snatched Hippolytus from death
The sick of ages gone, as doth the breath
Of hope in sufferers quicken and incline
Their eager footsteps to the famed confine
Of Epidaurus now in Albion,
Where dwells Apollo's latest mortal son
In bowered temple rich with eglantine.
There, too, come countless friends with single quest
To see the man whose simple human art
Is to bestow with generous thought and free
On fellow-man, his ever-welcome guest,
The golden treasures of his mind and heart,
Of ancient lore, and life's philosophy.

IN ABSENCE

BELOVED, since I said farewell to thee,
The splendour and the glory of my days
Have passed away like mists of summer haze
That leave but bygone dreams in memory.
In all the chains of love so dear to me
Each forged link was thine, and served to raise
To freedom, not to fetter in love's ways,
Inscrutable it evermore will be
That the weak tendrils of the clinging vine
Of charmed love which twined about us twain,
Caressing tendrils that but late did pine
To fasten on love's lattice, all in vain,
Have in thy wind-swept absence, bound at length
In growth divine, and proved their hidden strength.

KEATS

FAME comes with tardy footstep to the grave
Bearing aloft a withered laurel wreath;
But the brave spirit in the mould beneath
Has ceased from striving. Too late now to save
The tender heart from gnat stings of contempt,
That vexed the great soul dwelling 'mid the stars;
Whose wings of fancy beat against the bars
Of his frail earthly cage, yet never dreamt
Parnassus had been reached. What profit now,
When high ambition's parting knell has tolled,
To bring these symbols for the world to see?
Place no more mortal bays upon his brow;
His epitaph is in his works of gold,
His recompense is immortality.

THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY

A GODDESS she, who brings us Nature's dower,
Blest Beauty, clad in veils of summer's glow,
Autumn's barbaric pomp, or winter's snow,
Or spring's fair promises. Hers is the power
To spread a panorama, changed each hour
For those that worship her, for minds that know
And eyes that see the mysteries below
The upturned face of every little flower.
Yet, if with eyes we see, but not with hearts,
If filled with sordid aims we only pine
To toil for ever in the cruel marts
And bind with prison chains the soul divine,
Then Beauty wraps her mantle and departs,
And Mammon steps into the empty shrine.

THE PIPES OF PAN

TROLL, Pan, thy pipes with eager shrill delight,
Trilling thy tremolo by night and day
In rivulets of song, that cascade gay
O'er Arcady. Yet when in gleeful spite
Against mankind, Nature thou dost incite
With treacherous violence, bidding her lay
A ban on kindly laws, thou dost betray
The earth with thy unholy strains till night
Turns whispering zephyrs into howling winds,
Uprooting pine-trees they but late caressed;
And every heart a panic terror finds
In craven fears by horror close oppressed.
Such are thy pipes, O Pan, and in men's minds,
Goat-footed, traitorous god, thou art confessed.

TO ISABEL

IN very truth she hath a lovely face,
So reigns she queen of social pageantries;
While no false thought, no hint of strategies
Finds birth in her blest eyes and heart of grace.
Ever she sheds a glory on each place
Like sweetest flowers, that do not strive to please
But please without the striving, and like these
A memory leaves, that time may not efface.
Unto her friends that love, a goddess she,
Not proud, but with untarnished heart of gold.
Deep glowing eyes and lips that seem to be
E'en as the petals of a rose unrolled.
Rare tender soul, the future waits for thee;
Sweet, may it bring thee treasures yet untold.

THE DEATH OF LOVE

RELENTLESS hate dogs all my steps and thine,
And like an ocean dark between us rolls,
Though we but late were friends. Now for all time
Wave follows wave between our parted souls,
And discord clangs on discord. Never more
May we the flowered paths of friendship tread,
Or lean together conning o'er and o'er
Fair lines of poesie and prose, that led
In turn to swift discussion. Thou, all fire,
Didst flame once in thine anger with a flame
That kindled mine, till on his funeral pyre
Love burned to ashes. Where, ah where—the blame?
Henceforth thy sweet must be my bitterness,
My friendship's crown sharp thorns for thy distress.

LOVE'S ANGUISH

SHALL I with lethal draughts drowse every thought
And let the days pass by with silent tread ;—
Dream that the vanished hour I long have sought
Is once more mine, and you no longer dead?
How shall I grasp the skirts of happy chance
And calm my spirit in adventurous ways,
Like bold Don Quixote hold aloft my lance
Against the world, without thy meed of praise?
How can I live through long discordant days,
How cheat despair, or speed Time's lagging feet,
Since I have lost the fragrance of love's ways
That turned life's winter into spring-time sweet?
Come to me, Death, come, ere it be too late ;
Thy kiss alone can draw the sting of Fate.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER

ALAS! the opulent and flower strewed days
Of Summer, late the King munificent,
Lie in their ambient shrouds of autumn haze,
Mysterious veil for nature's sorrows lent.
Dear radiant Summer loved the Earth so well
He lavished on her gifts from out his store
Of sapphire and of gold. Toll, toll the bell,
While heaven hides in clouds to weep the more.
The flowers raise each trembling, tear-stained face,
Striving to tell the vagrant winds their grief;
The birds' gay song is hushed and, in its place,
A dismal requiem chants the falling leaf.
Summer, the King, lies dead. Let all things mourn,
For Autumn reigns instead, Autumn forlorn.

LOVE'S ENCHANTMENT

AS when two children, hand clasped fast in hand,
Explore the dimness of a fairy bower
In tremulous encroachment, each one fanned
To ardour by his playmate's fancied power;
Then see with wondering eyes the thing they sought,
Half feared, half hoped for, suddenly in view,
So we on tip-toe came, and dear Love wrought
Enchantments for us, long before we knew
Each other's heart; then led us gaily o'er
The flower-starred meadows, onward, eagerly,
Until we reached at length the open door
Of his domain—for thus it was to be;
There in one brimming kiss soul cried to soul
And found completion 'neath Love's aureole.

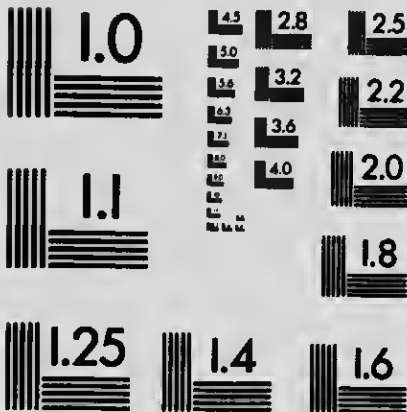
THE DEATH OF A THOUGHT

IN the renunciation of the night
When aureoled dawn with ever lengthening wings
Of opalescent splendour swiftly brings,
All tipped with orange fire and blazed in light,
The messages of day; a trembling thought
Came rustling to me on an errant breeze
And whispered soft, yet when I tried to seize
It, naught was there. "Stay with me!" I besought.
And to my eager eyes the thought took form
Unearthly in its beauty and its strength,
Then vanished, leaving me in tears, forlorn.
The hovering zephyr pitying me at length,
Murmured, "Wouldst thou have peace? From grief refrain;
Thy thought is dead, ne'er to be born again."



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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GREY WINGS

WITH grey wings sweeping onward from the north
The storm majestic crashes round the shore.
Loosing their fetters' hold, the gods of war
In distant thunders hurl their menace forth.
A feathered wanderer whirled before their wrath
On outstretched wing, breasts the unmeasured sea,
O'er mutinous waves that struggle to be free,
And loose the chains that bind their trackless path.
Shriek no more, pallid seagull, shriek no more,
Thou bird of presage ill. To nothingness
Wind-tossed, is brought thy cursing scream of hate.
'Tis but a warning voice to those on shore,
The harbinger of Nature's sore distress,
As brooding o'er her droop the wings of Fate.

LOVE

SEEK not to bind fair love with galling chain,
Fret not his heart with doubt and questioning,
And when about thee close he wraps his wings
And breathes o'er thee his rapture and his pain
Like fragrant incense, strive not to constrain
Him close with many vows. So when he sings
His song into thine ear, and o'er thee flings
His mantle, may no thought of self remain.
Love must be of the spirit and the soul
O'ershadowing passion, to make all things pure.
The eyes of women are his stars, his toll
Their kisses, with rose-petalled mouths for lure;
His jewels, tears at parting, and his dole
The anguished heart, which he alone can cure.

DESPAIR

THE darkness of the night bewildering
Falls on a world of chaos, and alone
I lie, and listen for the single string
Of Hope, with strained ears, but hear no moan
Nor any sound, save only the dull beat
Of my starved heart, that totters on the brink
Of abjectness, reason dethroned, her seat
Usurped by folly. Dear God! let me sink
For ever out of sight in nothingness,
As crazed stars fall from heaven. Woe is me!
Is death too merciful for my distress?
Or does my pain mean nothing unto Thee?
Life's stony road I've suffered passing well,
Now its lone sign-post points to my soul's hell.

TO LOVE

ALL that I am, and have, and hope, is thine,
For love's self has defeated self in me;
And in his hands a jewelled crown I see
Which he has lifted from his head for mine,
My halcyon days are coloured by his hues,
Tinted with gold, as when the rainbow fair
Shines in the heavens, and no storm may dare
Encroach upon the beauty it indues.
Since his enchanted finger : hed mine eyes,
I view life as it never was before;
And should we separate, I would be seen
As a lone cloud that useless roams the skies;
For love, once ours, departing, leaves us more
Of sorrow than if it had never been.

MEMORY'S GOLD

LIKE to a miser's wallet filled with gold
Each hour fulfilled with love, passed eager on,
Spilling in careless splendour manifold
Blest memories that I seek, now thou art gone,
Retracing footsteps for my soul's delight.
I am the miser, and I count each day,
From amethystine dawn to star-eyed night,
My golden coins of love, and fear to stray
Lest envious gods should steal from out my store
A single piece of sunshine. And I swear
That ever as I count, they grow the more,
More radiant seem, more gloriously fair.
But if thy cherished self I might enfold,
How gladly would I give up memory's gold.

RE-INCARNATION

WHEN I am dead, then will my spirit leave
Its earthly chrysalis, and soar away
To where the sunset broods o'er dying day
And clouds mysterious usher in the eve.
Who drinks Lethean waters cannot grieve
O'er life's satiety and the delay
Of fond hopes crushed in time's despotic sway.
Then turns the soul its footsteps to retrieve
And in a temple pure anew is born.
Filled with fresh vigour, heedless of decline,
It enters life once more through earthly portal.
Each dying night is harbinger of morn,
Each crimson west brings promises divine
That though the body dies, we are immortal.

THE EYES OF MY SPIRIT-LOVE

NEATH the close brooding pinions of the night
I see the pallid beauty of thy face
Shine through the darkness, and give silence grace.
Thine eyes gleam like a star, whose lambent light
Is viewed a moment's space then lost to sight,
Those piteous eyes that haunt my weary days
Apart from thee, leaving regret that flays
The tortured soul, with memory's wings that smite.
Yet, in night's press of shadows we are one,
Thy soul's bloom then is mine, to take and hold
Close to my heart, that aches to see thee come
With anguished gaze, and cheeks so wondrous cold.
Thy lips are dumb and thy beseeching eyes
Are wells of sorrow whence no tears may rise.

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE! my eyes are wet with sudden tears,
 Mirrors of grief bedewed by memory.
 And gazing through their crystals painfully,
 I view a darkened life beset by fears,
 Apart from thee and all that now endears.
 Look through my eyes into my soul and see
 Thy treasured face. Begone, philosophy,
 Love reasons not, though wiser than the seers.
 Good-bye to tender questions, low replies,
 Through which the liquid music of thy voice
 Interpreted its joy, while in thine eyes
 Shone soft the light that made my heart rejoice.
 Sweet! take thy lips from mine or I may try
 To hold thee 'gainst the world. Ah, no! good-bye!

LOVE'S GIFTS

BELOVED, can I make return to thee
For all the gifts which thy rich heart doth hold,
Gifts that have turned my life's gloom into gold
And opened wisdom's door with magic key.
My eyes enchanted see love's mystery,
And though I fear, yet would I fair be bold,
For thy voice thrills on ears no longer cold
And murmurs wondrous music, tenderly.
And though my hands hold naught, yet would I part
The curtains of my soul to give thee bliss,
Answer thee in the throbbing of my heart
And soothe thy fevered lips with one deep kiss.
Ah! let no shadow fall our souls athwart,
For life holds nothing greater, love—than this.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY

THE beauty of the world is never dead,
It breathes with Nature's breath, beats with her heart ;
Dwelling serene, and with unconscious art
Drawing to her all those whose souls are fed
Upon her loveliness. Poets are bred
When as a worshipper, man dreams apart
And as he dreams feels deep within him start
The knowledge of her spirit. Hearts have bled
And feet grown weary ere they reached the light
That beckons ever. Yet sometimes her strain
Breathes o'er the soul of genius thoughts divine,
Clear as the stars that pierce the gloom of night.
Then visions rare draw rapture out of pain
And art and beauty in one song combine.

THE HOURS OF MY BELOVED

PASS on dull dreary hours, until this gray
 And shadowy world is dowered again with gold.
 Speed forward time, and let me once more hold
 The hands of my Belovèd. Let me lay
 My cheek against her cheek, my fingers stray
 Amid the glories of her hair, enfold
 Her to my heart. Ah soon;—ere lips turn cold
 And mute with longing, and so cease to pray.
 My parchèd soul drank deep love's potion sweet
 And from that draught divine I came to know
 Sorrows and joys in intermingled strain.
 The hours of my Belovèd had wingèd feet;
 Now languid time treads mournfully and slow,
 And memory walks hand in hand with pain.

