

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1996**



The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

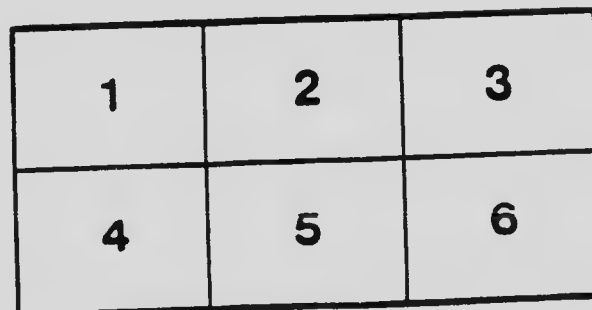
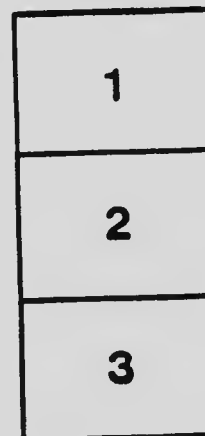
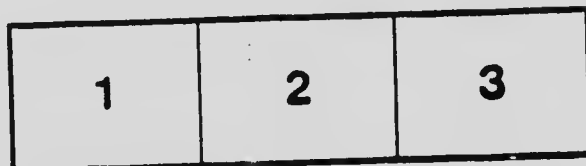
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche sheet contains the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

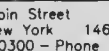
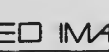
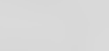
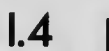
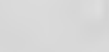
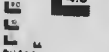
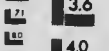
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaît sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

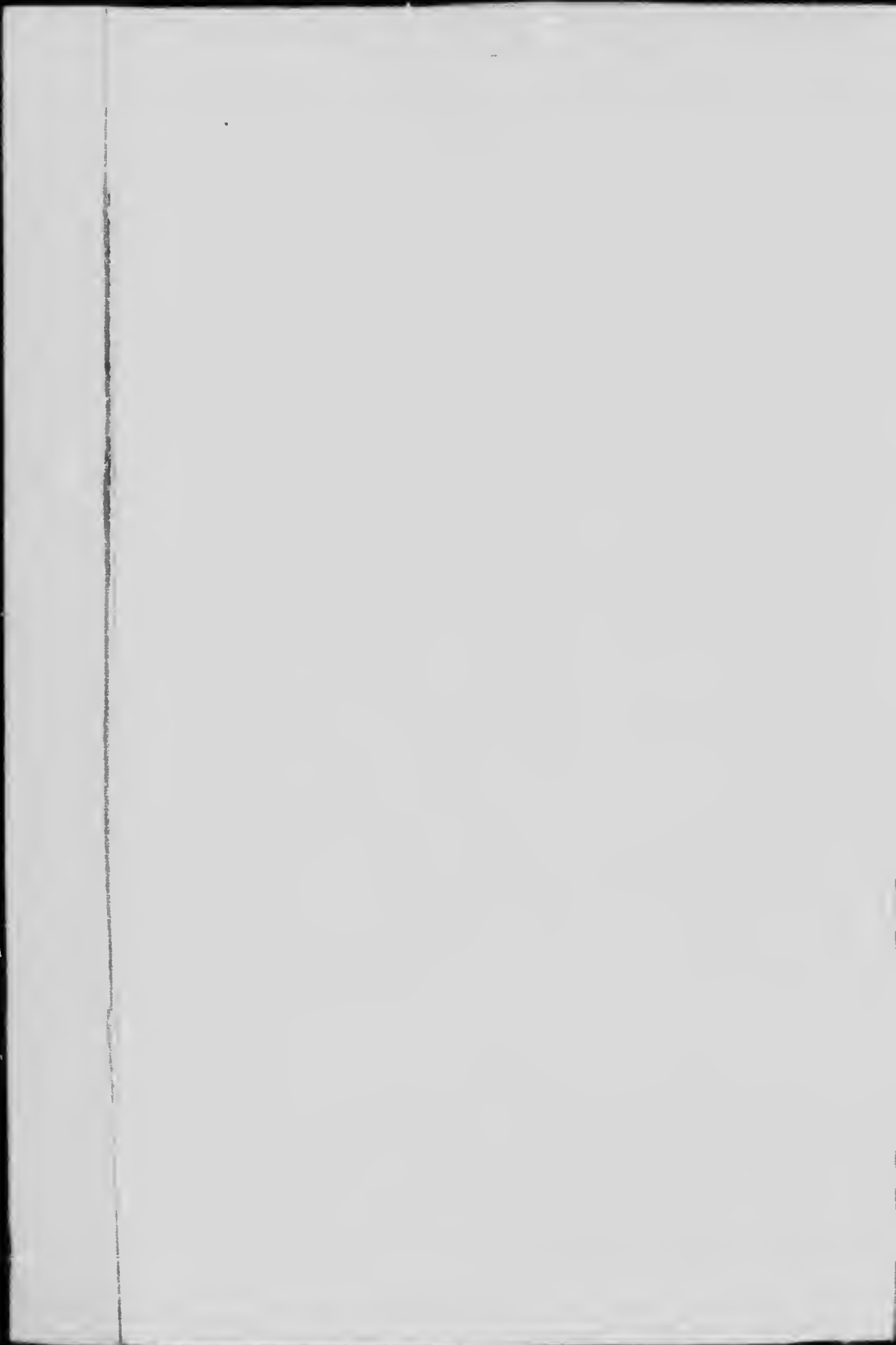
# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax



1.211

LOVER LYRICS  
AND OTHERS

BY  
A. R. MUNDAY



Printed for the Author by  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
TORONTO  
1916

Copyright, Canada 1916.  
by A. R. MUNDAY.

880280

**To Mother**

**WHO WILL BE NOT MORE  
PLEASED THAN DISAPPOINTED  
IN THESE POEMS**





## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
VISION . . . . .	9
WEATHER SONGS—	
LAST NIGHT THE SKY . . . . .	10
OUT-OF-DOORS . . . . .	11
FROM DAWN TO DAWN . . . . .	12
THE LION'S GATE . . . . .	13
VAGRANCY . . . . .	14
VISITORS . . . . .	15
ABSENCE . . . . .	16
THE NARROWS . . . . .	17
THOUGH MUCH I FEAR . . . . .	18
TIMES I HAVE SEEN THEE . . . . .	19
FOR POWER . . . . .	20
SONNETS—	
TO ONE WITH THE WHOOPING-COUGH AT SCHOOL . . . . .	23
I DO NOT FIND . . . . .	24
OH, IS IT VAIN . . . . .	25
DEPRESSION . . . . .	26
WEARINESS . . . . .	27
CONFESSION . . . . .	28
WHEN I AM WEARY . . . . .	29
SWEET . . . . .	30
HE SPEAKS IN PRIDE . . . . .	31
SUMMIT OF WHITE MOUNTAIN . . . . .	32
FOR HEALING . . . . .	33

## CONTENTS.

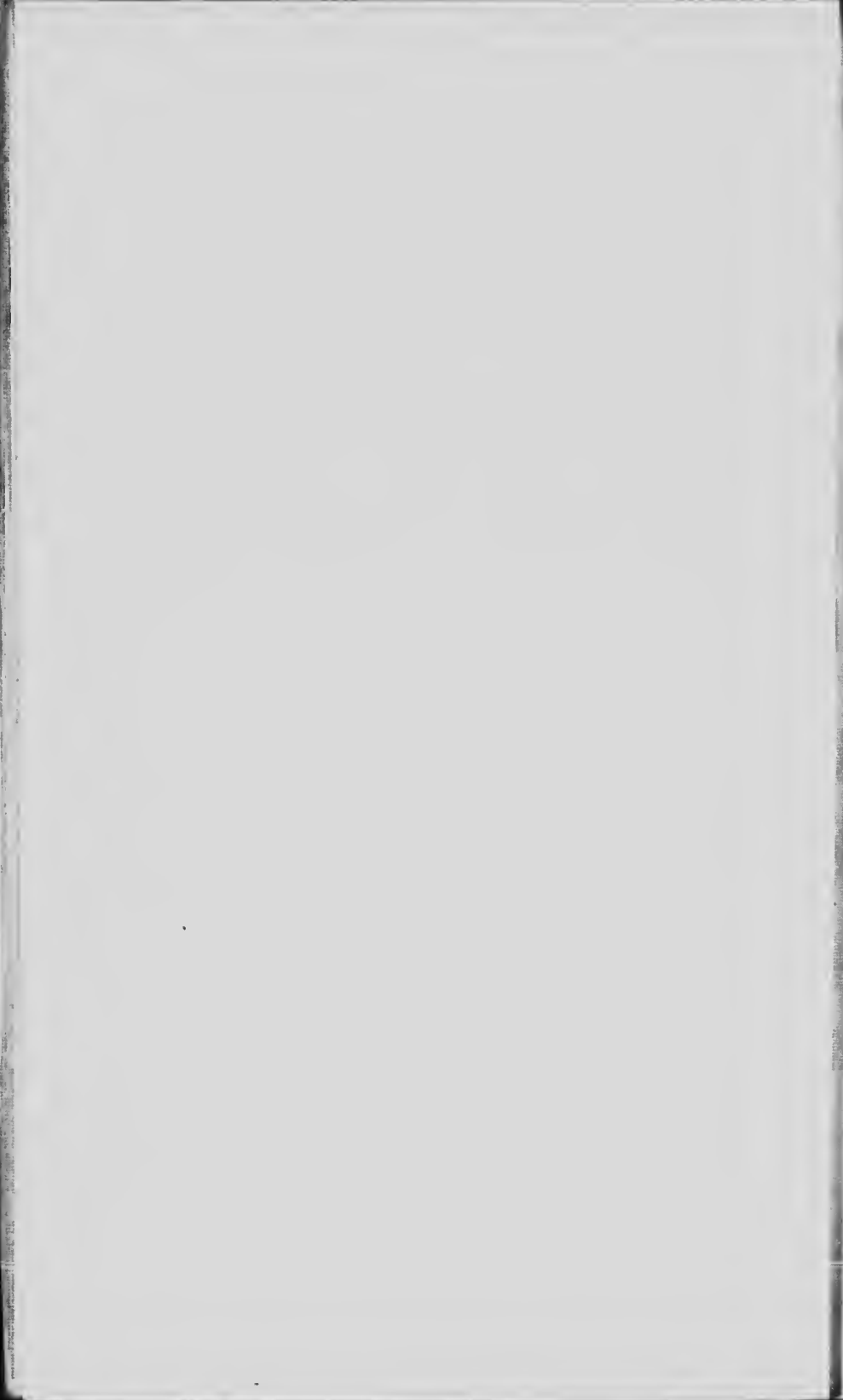
---

---

A SERIES	PAGE
I. SWEET, I HAVE FOUND NO RESTING-PLACE . . .	37
II. LIFE MIXES UP THE THOUGHTS OF DEATH . . .	38
III. OH, WHAT KNOW I OF LEARNED THINGS! . . .	30
IV. BEHOLD, I WRITE MY PALTRY RHYMES . . .	40
V. THE MEADOWLARK SINGS THROUGH THE DAY . . .	41
VI. THAT PET NAME ROSE UNTO MY TONGUE . . .	42
VII. SUCH LONG, SAD YEARS I HAVE RETRACED . . .	43
JUST FANCIES--	
I. "GOODNIGHT" . . . . .	44
II. LOVE CALLS . . . . .	44
FRAGMENTS . . . . .	45
DESPAIRFUL MOOD . . . . .	46
THE CYNIC SINGS . . . . .	47
TO MYRTLE . . . . .	48
"AI, AI, APOLLO"! . . . . .	48
THE "SLACKER" . . . . .	49

7  
8  
9  
0  
1  
2  
3  
4  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
8  
9

LOVER LYRICS



# Lover Lyrics and Others

---

## VISION.

I WALK with eyes bent on the road ;  
My soul is seeing the mind of God.

I raise my eyes to pass a man—  
There is a soul in the face I scan.

I look to the sky that I see fair ;  
I see again that God is there :

God is with me, and I with God :  
Again my eyes are on the road.

## WEATHER SONGS.

## I.

LAST night the sky was thick with clouds,  
The streets were wet with rain ;  
And, struck with gusty showers, the crowds  
Shrunk glad indoors again.

To-day, the sky is brightly blue,  
And silvery bright the clouds,  
And brightly decked in summer hue  
Throng, in the park, the crowds.

Aye ; but for me the rain or sun—  
Lover of Nature, I—  
Call, and I come, forever won,  
Wooing, or wet or dry ;  
Sucing, and never my suit is done,  
Wooing the Ever-Shy.

II.

OUT-OF-DOORS.

I, WHO love to lie in the sun,  
Should I be softened so  
To count the easiest the best won,  
To dread the rain or snow?

Nay: forth I fare into the wind,  
Its buffets, twists and blows;  
The rain is welcome: good I find  
The chill; and then suppose

Out of the body's warmth and thrill,  
Stiffened against the storm,  
Some sense of conquest made should fill  
The soul, and keep it warm?



## FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

With puffs that make the dew-drops flash  
The dusky dawn draws into day;  
Cloud driven from the clover gay  
On cedarn depths the sunbeams dash.

The drowsy day drags into night,  
And ocean sunsets, glimmering, sink  
On apple-orchards touched with pink,  
And elder bushes tipped with white:

Till Halley's comet, in the flush  
Twinkling like Jove, a mighty star,  
Glow in the dawn, and drives afar  
As morning birds break up the hush.

---

---

THE LION'S GATE.

CLOUDS, peaked like mountains, cluster on the sea  
Low down, like islands; and the Island lies  
A streak of darkest blue beneath the blue  
Of clear December skies.

And, climbing up from long slopes darkly green,  
Ridged black against the sky,  
Tall snow-crowned summits from scarred cliffs stand  
fair,  
Precipitously high.

The level bay beneath them rolls and slops;  
And, finger-like, stretched steadfast out to sea,  
The Point lies, hazy in this air of noon,  
Sun-gleaming drowsily.

And far within the spreading city lies;  
And through this seething Lion's Gate the ships  
Steam blackly; all their laden commerce pours,  
Gold-laden, 'round her hips.

She, diademed and regal, fronts the sea,  
His long arms thrust within and clasping her;  
While his strong voice, or quiet or stormily,  
Sweeps strangely through the stir,

And still, as she looks inland, pleads—in vain?  
He seems to woo, as lovers do—to win?  
His deep voice in her streets a voice of pain  
Soon deadened in her din.

## VAGRANCY.

I HAVE no rest at all to-day  
In town where people are,  
Resistless impulse calls away,  
And I must follow far ;

Yet, goalless, leads my wandering  
To no familiar spot,  
For restlessness to-day is king  
And known scenes suit me not :

And as I'm bid let me away  
At whim to forge afar ;  
I'll have no rest at all to-day  
Where any people are.

VISITORS.

WHEN Kathleen's friends come up to stay,  
And laugh and talk in charming way,  
Her folks seem pleased with them to be,  
And join the circle readily.

But when I come to see Kathleen,  
(And often long away I've been),  
They kindly leave we two alone—  
What makes the difference, is it known?

## ABSENCE.

I WAS with thee last night  
But this morning thou'rt far,  
And sad and discouraged  
My weary thoughts are.

Could I but meet thee  
And hear thy word tell  
Of thy love, if thou carest,  
This parting were well :

But I know not, and hear not,  
Nor meet with thee, dear ;  
And distressed is my sad thought,  
My heart heavy with fear.

THE NARROWS.

HERE the sea's straitened, landward strained to win ;  
Here my heart's straining, thy heart to get in :  
Rolled 'round this city levels the great sea,  
As my heart's, over-eager, wrapping around thee.

## THOUGH MUCH I FEAR.

THOUGH much I fear to meet thee, knowing not  
How thou dost take my gift,  
There lies much hope to comfort me in thought  
And fear's weight lift.

But worse than all that holds me back in fear  
Is sense of my unworth;  
For I am not much worthy of thee, dear—  
I'm "base of earth."

Yet still I go, drawn on by wistful love  
That would look in thy face,  
Though fearing, doubting, still so fain to prove,  
To feel, thy love, thy grace.

**TIMES I HAVE SEEN THEE.**

TIMES I have seen thee, and repaid  
For nights and days of brooding pain,  
Have gloried in thy grace and stayed  
In hope thou'dst pass again.

To-day I've seen thee, and thy head  
Was drooped; thy eyes cast down, though still  
The splendour of their light was spread  
And seemed thy face to fill;

And sweet expressions nimbly crossed  
And touched thy lips; thy look was mild;  
And yet through eager hope is lost  
My peace, my heart is wild.

I'll seek thee, Sweet, until I find  
My soul's look in thine eyes, and see  
A perfect passion teach thy mind—  
And thou comest back to me.



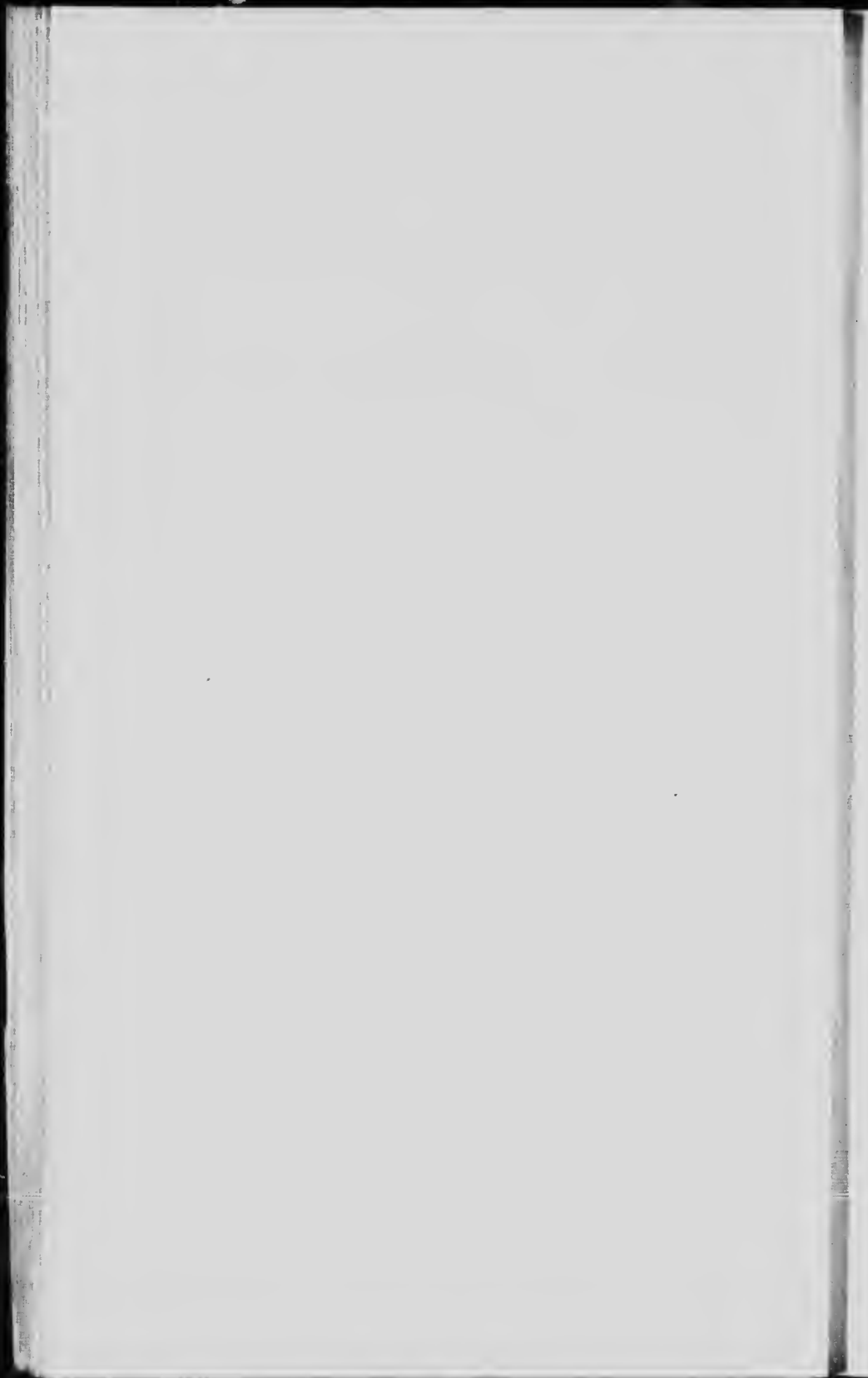
## FOR POWER.

THOU hast a potency  
To give new life to me;

Hast thou the charm to give  
Would make me quiet live?

Or else quell love outright,  
Or make me of love free  
By dowery of might  
Subjecting it to me.

SONNETS



TO ONE WITH THE WHOOPING-COUGH AT  
SCHOOL.

'Tis strange to feel within the upper throat  
That gentle tickling which incites to cough;  
Not very loud, nor all too plain nor rough,  
But gentle "Hems" that die in leaping out.  
These are the heralds of the coming rout:  
And all too soon, oh, hapless Whooper, thou  
Shalt heave and swell, and even cough enow  
To drown the racket in the room about.

Most hapless Wretch, condemned to whoop, and pass  
In noisy misery the long woeful day,  
Not very soon shall pass that cough away,  
Nor very soon shall cease thy whoop, alas!  
And we who hearken thee in silent hate,  
That whoop that we must whoop's our certain fate.

## I DO NOT FIND.

I do not find in all my rounds of thought  
The safest, surest goal of just desire,  
Nor see wherefor my spirit should aspire  
To bounds unknown and by ambition wrought,  
Save that by nature are impulses given  
To seek discernment and to conquer fame;  
And base of earth is he who has not striven  
If his the yearning for a glorious name.  
And yet through mighty sorrows we explore  
To found a title that shall never end,  
A brighter glory that not evermore  
Vain-passing days nor destiny shall spend.  
Oh, I have taught my hope to feed on this,  
And striving for it doth sum up my bliss.

OH, IS IT VAIN?

OH, is it vain aspiring days to chain  
To hot ambition but to forward pride?  
To make of love and love's more secret pain  
The servants of desire? to abide  
No seeming waste of what my spirit deems  
The powers that shall compass its desert?  
And thought to bring in aid of fitful dreams  
To give them music ere their glow depart?  
The lust of fame consumes my shortening days,  
And fear that death shall hide me in his dark  
Without the meed of glory's tireless praise,  
Where never time my unknown end may mark,  
And all the beauty that my spirit knows,  
Unwritten, with mortality shall close.

## DEPRESSION.

I FOLD my heart up in this wilderness,  
Although the sounds of human voices come,  
And city traffic and commercial hum;  
Yet for all mortal noise do I not less  
Fold up my heart in a long weariness,  
Too tired to despoil me of my grief;  
All comforts in all interests too brief,  
All interests, desires, comfortless.

Oh, if to me my life must be like this,  
Resembling sullen waters, may some wind,  
Some stormy tempest, rouse me up to feel  
With stinging emphasis this I conceal,—  
Some sudden striking ecstasy of bliss,  
Or some sharp pain to smite the shrinking mind.

## WEARINESS.

How tired I am! too tired even to grieve,  
With matter for it, for despondency;  
Tired of sad thoughts, such as have birth by thee;  
So tired the thought of thee fails to relieve:  
No joy in watching how the garden grows,  
Nor children playing, but with tired sight  
Blurring and spotted, waiting for still night  
To bring quiet sleep, one refuge from my woes.

Now that one star has risen gloriously,  
And sunset's mauve is fading; a dull glow  
Rises before the moon; in one grand row,  
Marked even in darkness, rising one by one,  
Quiet, sombre mountains as a mock to me  
Keep earth's serenity now day is done.



## CONFESSION.

WHEN I did sue thee in my earnest love  
That picked thy compliment to find thy worth,  
I was unworthy and of basest earth  
To earn affection and such sweetness prove;  
For all I sought thou gavest me in grace;  
And now I search myself, who did not then,  
To find my place and power among men,  
And see such faults as I can scarce efface.

Oh, 'tis not love alone, nor thy love, Sweet,  
Perverting truth to riches give to love,  
That makes me see thus, but offences meet  
For punishment such baseness to reprove:  
Nor does that sophistry much shelter me,  
Which puts in love all worthiness of thee.

WHEN I AM WEARY.

WHEN I am weary of thy long delay  
To write the words I wait for, I am sad ;  
Yet soon comes memory to make me glad  
And give me hope, and then, dear love, I say  
Thou waitest but to test me and to prove  
If love that grew in pleasure can withstand  
A long withdrawal of thy kindly hand,  
For should love doubt much now 'twere weakly love.  
And strengthening myself with thoughts like these,  
I cast aside impatience and am strong  
To look upon my fear as on a wrong  
That I have done thee, though it does increase.  
And yet that fear I blame makes me love more,  
Love growing stronger as its pain grows sore.

## SWEET!

TEACH me each day to hold my own desert  
So worthy thee, thou canst not choose but come:  
That thy loved heart to my heart making home  
Shall find mine waiting with no coldness girt.  
And long I've loved thee, with love deep and strong,  
Setting my thoughts to enter into thine,  
To bring thy thinking to accord with mine;  
Oh, come to me! my heart has hungered long.  
Yet no set kindness; no, nor gratitude  
For service done thee, prompted but by love;  
Nor first love's readiness to answer love:—  
Nothing of these! But as my lover's-mood  
Is fixt, nor alters, on thee, let thy heart  
Fix upon mine with love not to depart.

*HE SPEAKS IN PRIDE.*

I CANNOT quiet this too passionate thought  
That dwells upon thee in intensest way,  
Nor in the care and business of the day  
Forget thee ever ; thou so well hast wrought,  
With potent loveliness, that love, o'erpowered,  
Recks but of thee, and its desire proud  
Will but have thee and thy sweet love avowed,  
Thy gifts of maiden love on my love showered.  
Yet I, from passion separate, and strong,  
Renounce thee ever, feeling need of thee,  
Quelling this love ; thou dost to those belong  
Whose vanity on lovers' vows is fed :  
Thou art not one whom I would have of me  
The mistress, of my love and home the head.

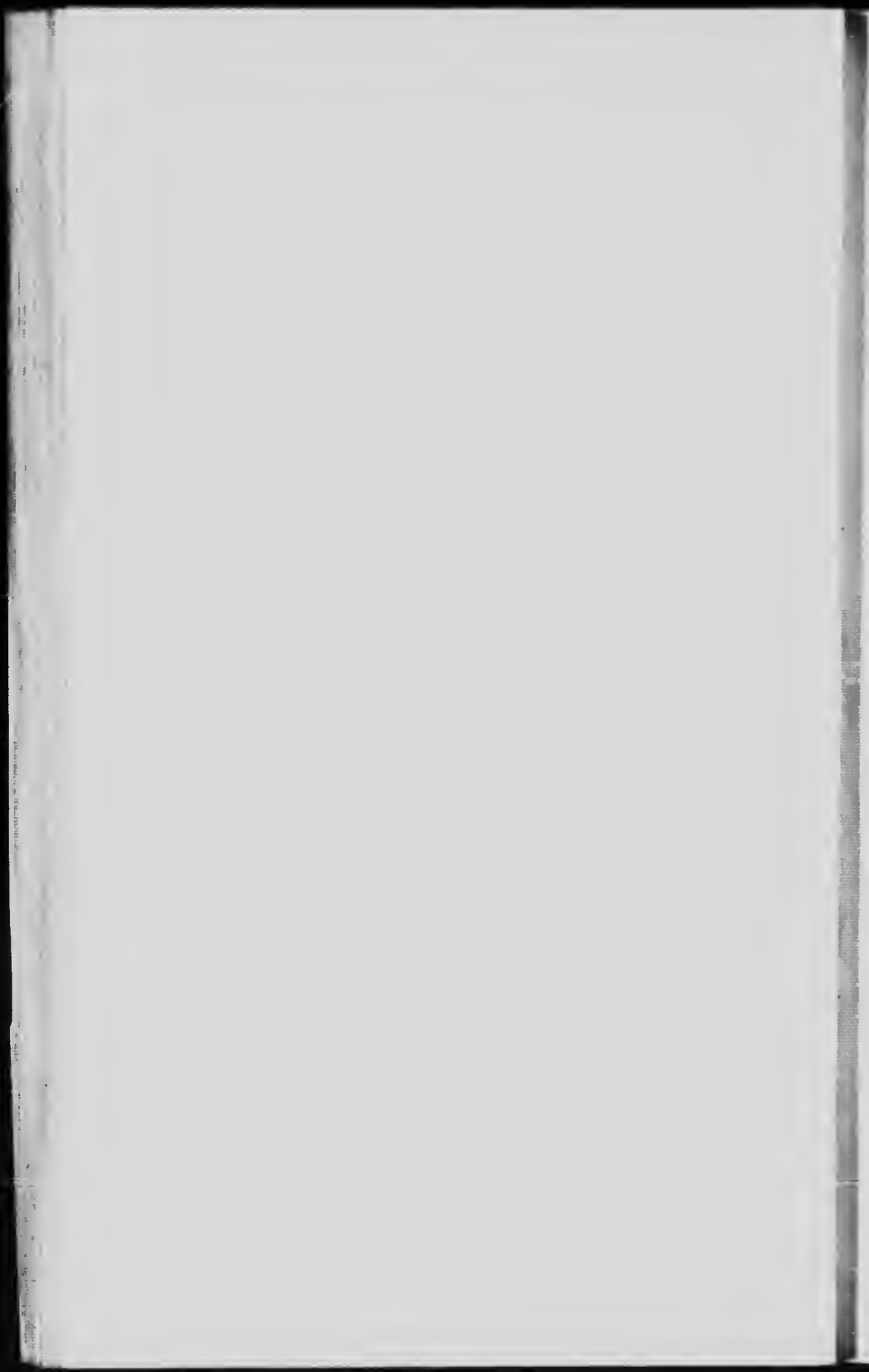
## SUMMIT OF WHITE MOUNTAIN.

A SEMICIRCLE this of naked rock  
Blown by the many storms of ancient years,  
Fronting the city, which from here appears  
As Nature's toy—a plaything, and a moek.  
Here winters have their will, and summer's wind  
A chill as of a storm; yet even here  
The hospitable earth gives fragile cheer  
And heather blooms and flowers has assigned.  
This prospect wide is not of worth to me  
As are these blooms upon a peak so bare;  
They are the tender orphans of the air,  
And supplicate forbearance; let them be!  
Wild nature best delights them: leave them there  
Where over earth and mountains they can see!

FOR HEALING.

DISTURBED and self-distressed, in thought diseased,  
With heart full of unrest—too apt to run  
In melancholy ways beneath the sun  
Of hot distemper—this one day released  
From helpful labour, I, who daily toil  
Closed in the city, find in wood and sky  
And the sweet air of forests, something high  
And nobler than my mood I too much soil.

Small flowers are 'round me, swarming with great bees ;  
And air that seems alive and twittering ;  
Each bough astir, and musical the breeze ;  
The sound of running waters ;—oh, all these  
Beget within me harmonies that bring  
A sense of power, of greatness not to cease.



**A SERIES**





A SERIES—1910.

I.

SWEET, I have found no resting-place  
For my affection ; even thou,  
Whom I so trusted, seemest now  
The mere remembrance of a face :

Yet, having loved, these lines are strung  
To fix my memories of thee ;  
And show thee, dear, there is in me  
Affection still, though sadly sung.

## II.

LIFE mixes up the thoughts of Death  
With Love and Power, precious things,  
And giveth to imaginings  
A realm beyond the boundary, Breath;

Yet neither thought nor fancy can  
Reveal the secret of distress,  
Which feels that life's real worth is less  
Than living men can show to man;

Yet blindly seeks to understand,  
And blindly owns that life is worth;  
A being blind bred of the earth  
That blindly guides my writing hand.

III.

OII, what know I of learnèd things?  
I con no skill of college lore;  
I only sorrow more and more,  
I only read imaginings.

What wonder, then, though I should fail  
Where other greater ones have caused,  
Pondering the power grief that caused—  
Pondered and thought without avail?

'Tis hidden all; I cannot trust  
For good where only ill I see:  
The end is hidden unto me;  
I am a being made of dust!

## IV.

BEHOLD, I write my paltry rhymes  
Uncaring if they be or no  
Things whereunto the age may grow,  
Or which fit in with modern times.

Oh, sorrow is of every age!  
My sorrow is my own, and I  
Care not, myself, to put it by,  
But rather let it run and rage:

For sorrow grows a part of me;  
Whate'er I am, I sorrow still:  
I have but knowledge of an ill,  
And sorrow is in all I see.

V.

THE meadowlark sings through the day  
With bubbling throat and tilted head;  
Across his breast the arc is spread;  
He sweetly sings and flits away.

He cannot understand a woe;  
His little heart's too full of joy;  
I loved him when I was a boy;  
I loved him then, and love him now.

His song delights me still; I mark  
Him in his music and his toil—  
Nest-building, searching in the soil—  
Until I lose him in the dark.

## VI.

THAT pet name rose unto my tongue  
Which I called thee one happy day,  
But half in earnest, half in play,  
In days when we in love were young,

And I repeated it, and grew,—  
For memory loosed the bonds of pain,—  
Into that passionate time again  
Ere I had cause to doubt thee true:

But when remembrancee brought the years  
Since thou wert false, unto my mind,  
Kind memory proved in this unkind,  
Renewing pain and bitter tears.

VII.

SUCH long, sad years I have retraced  
To find these memories again!  
And yet the old insistent pain,  
Years scarce have weakened with their waste,

Is near as strong: ah, time that takes  
So much of joy, can touch not grief,  
Or, touching, brings but scant relief,—  
Endurance—to the heart that aches.

Yet the lone will that cannot find  
An ally in the fevered soul,  
Builds slowly up the patient whole  
And fixes patience in the mind:

And though all life through pain be lower  
And dully hurt, the power to bear,  
Fixed in the heart, grows lovely there;  
And love leaps up in August flower.



## JUST FANCIES.

## I.

“GOODNIGHT”—

Sweet, take a goodnight!  
A word like a kiss,  
Half bursting in bliss  
If taken a-right:

And, for our delight  
Would the kiss  
Be amiss?

## II.

LOVE calls to our hearts:  
But answer there's none—  
Mine alone, mine alone!

Love's call I hear:  
When sorrow gives cry  
Crowds are full nigh—  
Joy's bye-and-bye.

## FRAGMENTS.

## I.

You thrust all good up to my finger-tips  
For me to take—my scruples said I shouldn't :  
You then withdrew that tender of your lips,  
So when *I* would, *you* wouldn't.

## II.

My heart is sad,  
Bring heart's ease, quick !  
My heart's love-mad,  
And I'm love-sick !

## III.

LOVE, that envelops me from head to heel,  
Keeps in my heart alive the eternal boy ;  
And more I love the more I feel  
The permanence of joy.

## DESPAIRFUL MOOD.

HUNG in the torment of despairful mood  
Most miserable thoughts hold sway in me ;  
I'm like the seaweed in the swell of sea,  
And rise or droop to my mood's ebb or flood ;  
Or like the moving mist in shade and sun,  
That's always changing, and is never done.

And as still waters, smooth and all at peace,  
Are blown to ripples with a gust of wind,  
So passionate thinking drives into my mind  
A host of miseries that never cease,  
That heap themselves upon my better thought  
And hold me helpless in my sad mood caught.

THE CYNIC SINGS.

How small, how mean, ambitions are  
That win the earth and want the star :  
And in the sum of human things  
Of what use to the soul are wings ?

As though a dragon-fly should lose  
The power of flight it yet could choose,  
So the soul's wings but beat the dust  
And have           ight to work its " must."

It pulses in its wish to try,  
As instinct wills, the way to fly ;  
but the earth-nature is too strong :  
Then doth the high soul suffer long.

## TO MYRTLE.

SWEET, in thy thoughts I dwell securely,  
Passionately, purely.

In my thoughts the want of thee is strong;  
For thee I long:

And soon thou comest, if no more delays  
Stretch out the days;

Let my close clasping then speak out to thee  
How dear thou art to me.

---

## "AI, AI, APOLLO"!

A song like the wind that comes, and is gone,  
And comes no more!

Like the sky in the dawn

In faintest delicate tints, gold-drawn,  
That come no more!

Even so my song in the April of youth,

Renewed no more,

Ne'er as before

Will gladden my soul in beauty and truth!

THE "SLACKER."

Is life that reaches me, and makes  
Me thrill and quiver, eager-eyed,  
What is the power? What, that shakes  
My own poor life and tears my pride?

Oh, this! that in these times there is  
A spirit greater than I knew  
Of flame-browed, noblest sacrifice,  
Whose breath these two years on me blew.

Yet tied to this dull daylong round  
I see two duties clash, and find  
What, oh so many have not found!  
Rebellion in my inmost mind.

Heed I the call? There seems no ease  
To fruitless questioning, aye or no:  
Must I then stay? There is no peace,  
Nor certainty to say, "'Tis so."

But now when thought could be more full,  
And God more near, and men more high,  
And the sweet life more wonderful,  
Can I not, too, go out to die?

You did not know, or else that word  
Had not been said, and I had gone—  
Yet keeps my heart the conflict on,  
And I have heard, yet have not heard,

And thought, yet with no end to strife,  
And seen, with studious vision blurred—  
You had not known and said the word  
That held me back from larger life.

Oh Heart, built up by love, love—stayed  
In bonds of life to meet and strive  
With dragging hands of fate, alive  
To meet with danger unafraid ;

Beat down thy flashings of high fire,  
Cast down thy spirit in the dust ;  
Love is thy lord, and love is just ;  
Love faces down thy great desire,

And on thy flaming hope builds up  
A round of dubious tasks, and sets  
Thee to dull duties ; love begets  
A dwindling little idle hope

That fain would in thy life arise,  
And in thy soul again increase  
Love, and thy song, and sad-eyed peace,  
And teach thee what thy sacrifice.

Restraining Duty, bear with me !  
And keep out of my eyes the flame  
Of battle, and the nobler name  
Of those who give their lives for thee,

---

---

Lest in the shock of battling days  
I lose my will and go with them :  
Do not my violent wish condemn ;  
Beat down my soul to suit thy ways !

High Duty, calling some to die,  
Thou givest unto them a name,  
Thy noblest ; to the end their fame,  
Their deeds, endure, bright for ay :

Oh, set our wills to mate with them  
In stirring conflict undismayed,  
By such high purpose kept and stayed  
They will not in the end condemn.



