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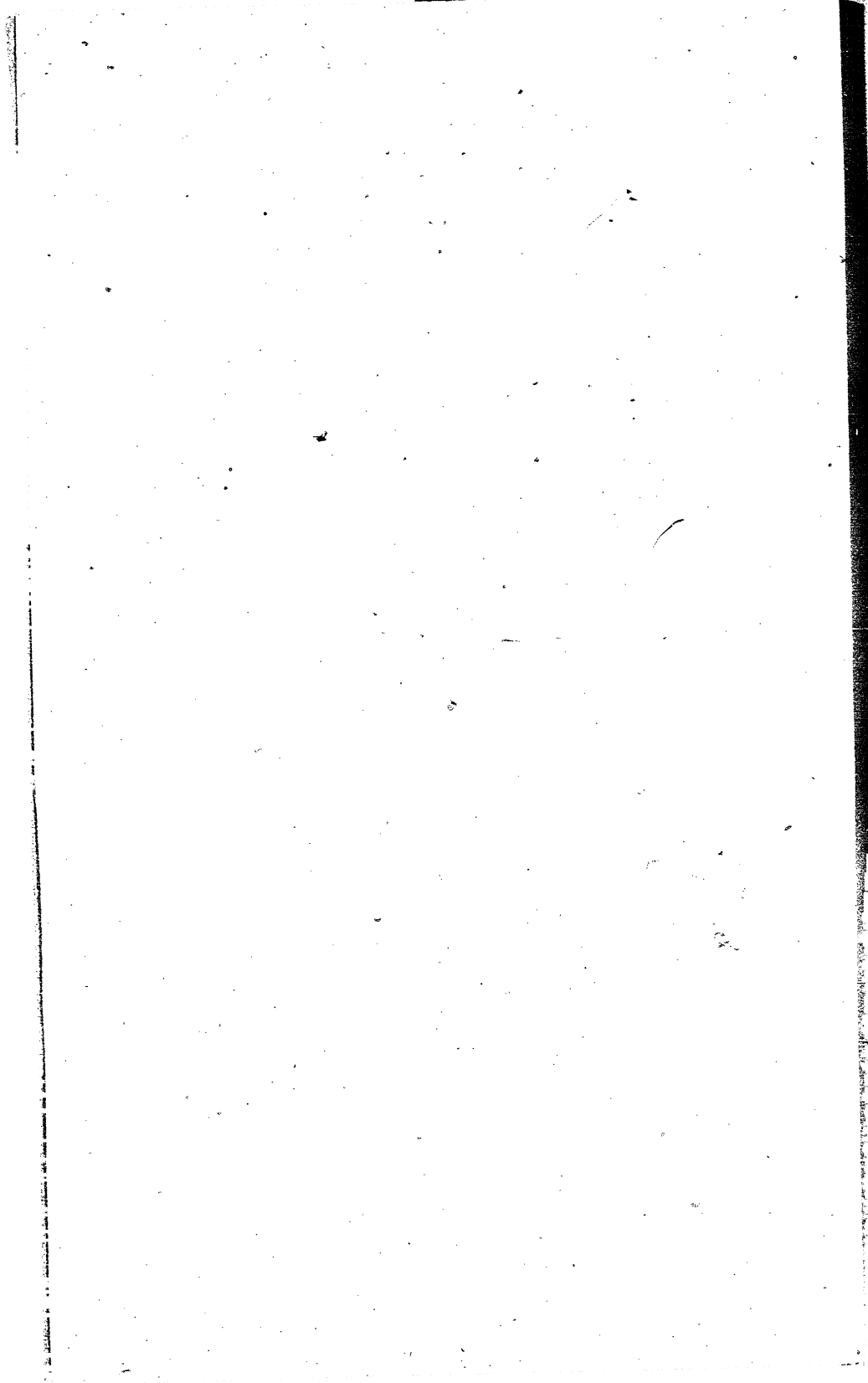
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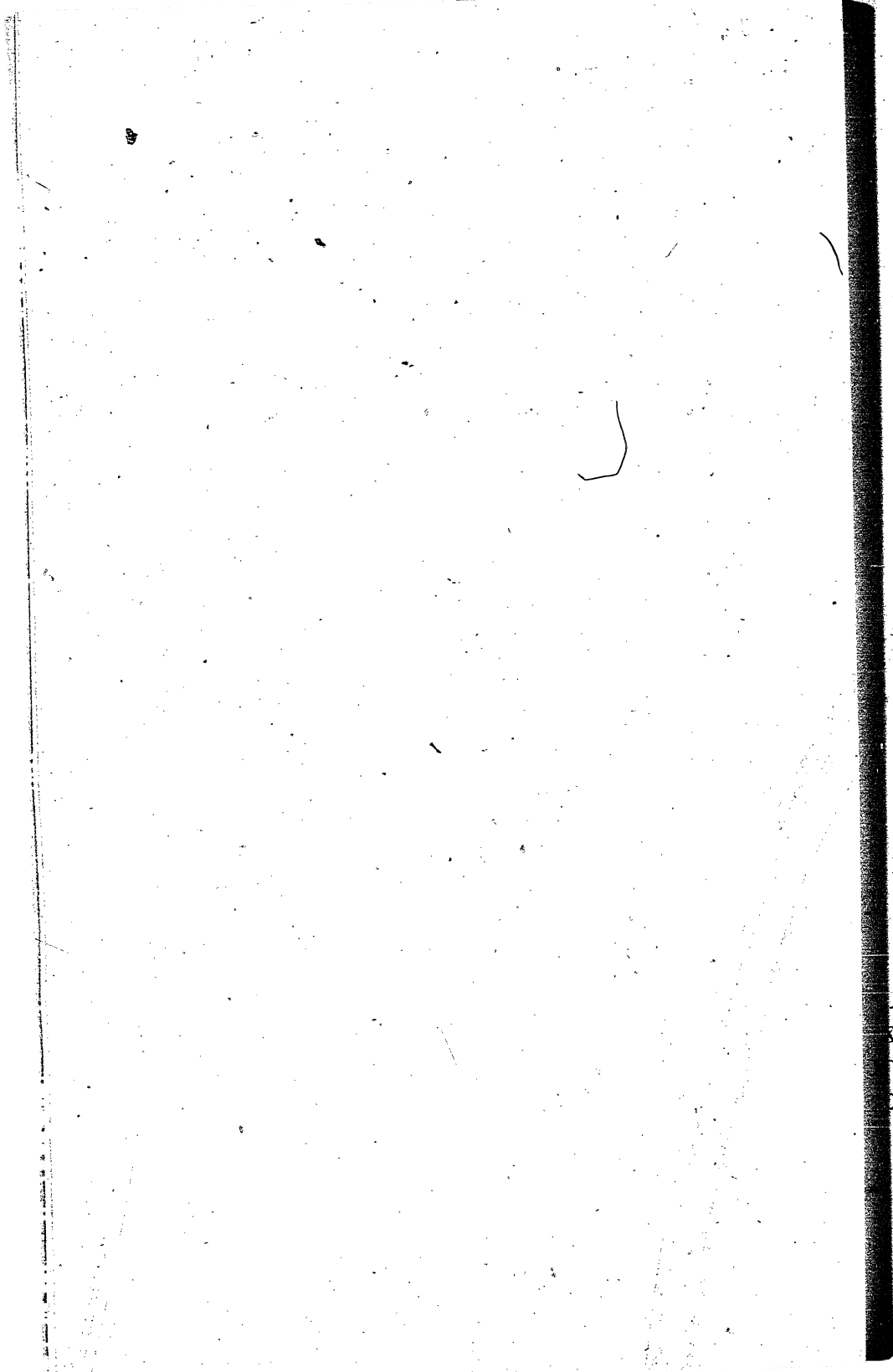
# VERSICVLII

BY

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

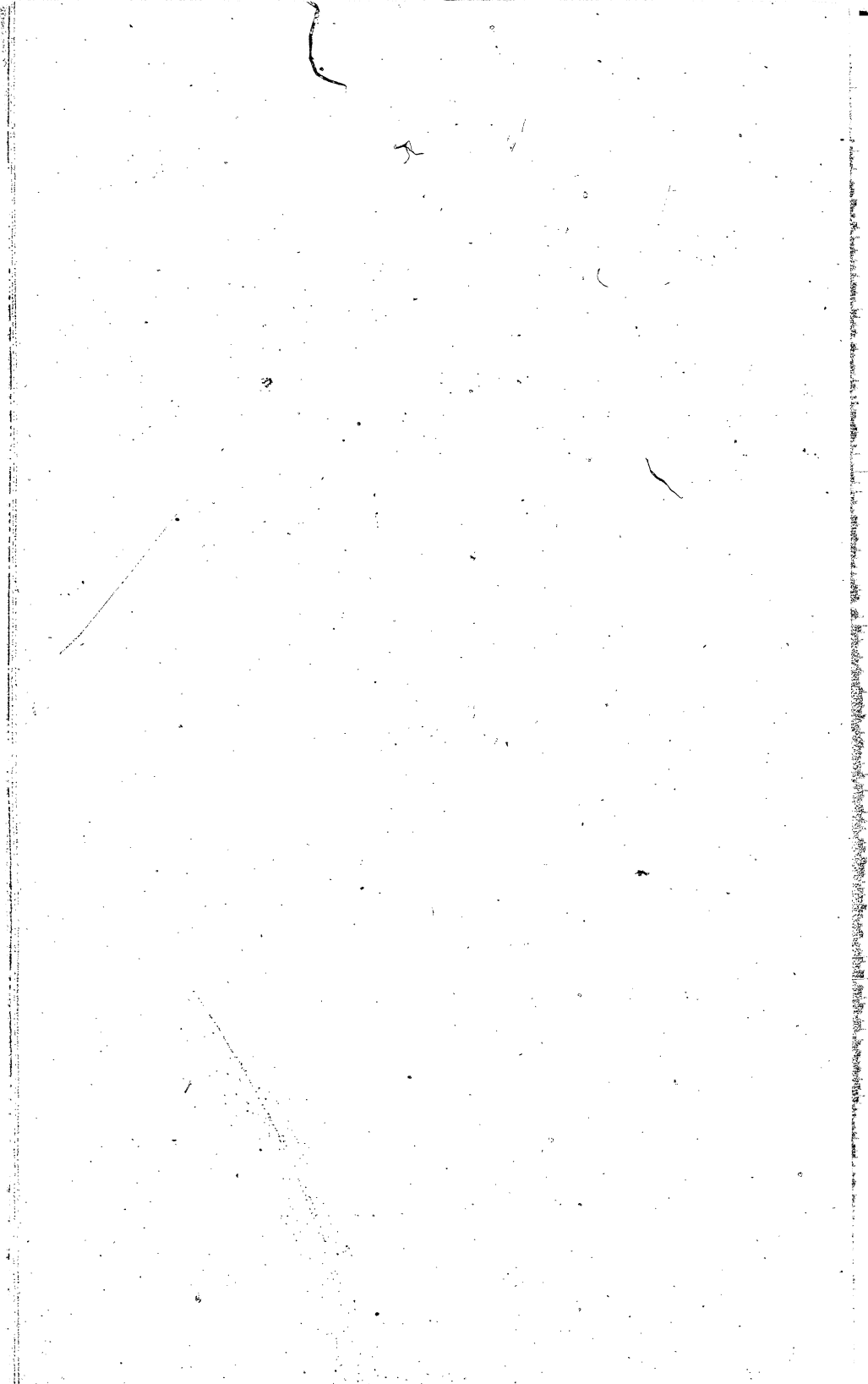
TORONTO

1893



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## BEFORE DAWN.

The night-breeze chill blew cold across the mere,  
The sullen mist, slow-creeping up the dale,  
Enshrouded all the land with clammy veil,  
The clouds stood still, the trees bent low with fear.

At last, far in the eastern heavens drear,  
A little stranger ray, trembling and pale,  
Afear'd lest he to find his way should fail,  
Took courage on the dismal scene to peer.

The trees look up, the grasses tip-toe rear  
Their tiny heads, the clouds mount up and scale  
The topmost sky to gain an outlook clear;

The waves awake, aroused by rising gale,  
The mist shrinks back, and all combine to hail  
The dauntless little harbinger of cheer.

## TRUE WORSHIP.

BEND down thine head, stoop down to me, my love,  
To me, thy loved one, kneeling at thy feet ;  
Show me by outward gracious symbol sweet,  
That thou, my loved one, though so far above

My utmost thought, art yet within my reach,  
Within my love. Alas! thou canst not see.  
How utterly beyond all thought to me  
Thou seem'st. But yet I ask thee thus to teach

Thy loved one, for because my love for thee  
Exceeds all thought, thus do I dare to pray  
That thou would'st stoop to me, wouldst take my  
part,

That by this precious sign I so may be  
Emboldened to believe I may some day  
Be, through thine aid, made worthy of thine heart.



ON READING KEATS'S "FANCY."

Ah Keats! 'tis hard for me—so far away  
From all I love and long to see again—  
To "let the fancy roam" and not complain  
That my commands, alas! she'll ne'er obey.

No boist'rous ocean towered from shore to shore  
Between you and your own sweet English home;  
You knew all flowers, long winter lost, would come  
As fresh and lovely, smiling as before.

No primrose here; no whitening hawthorn trees  
Vie with soft scent of violets unseen  
That shyly steals through hedge of moss-  
banked lane.

No daisies gleam; . . . . Ay me, the thought of these  
These meekest "beauties" of my island green  
Brings sadness, since I seek for them in vain.

TO THE PLENILUNE.

I pity thee thy grief when far above

Thy paling brilliancy thy meekest maid

Unwittingly shall shine. Soon must thou fade,

Cold, silent Queen; too soon for frightened Love

To lose all fear of thine austerity.

But if excessive beauty thou should'st screen

Beneath diaphanous veils of softest sheen,

What will Love say of thy humility?

Then love grown soft because a single ray

Is hidden from his gaze, will soon forgive

Thy haughty mien, delighted thou should'st  
deign

To stoop to him. "Tis only" Love will say,

"That she may cheer the pale, wan stars and give

Them rest e'er they shall wait on her again."

## INNOCENCE.

Not on the crowded plain she grew, this flower,  
This lily-stem as yet not burst in bloom,  
Where hot and heavy-scented vapours fume,  
And crush of many toiling feet o'erpower

And all too ruthlessly besmirch the few,  
The fairest; but this lily-stem in peace,  
In deepest quiet glade of forest trees  
Sheltered, bloomed. Of love, of hate, 'tis true,

She heard; but the polluting breeze, that brought  
To her so innocent ear these sounds, was reft,  
In that pure forest glade, of all that sought

To mar her thoughtless purity, and left  
No sight, no sound, no slightest tainting air,  
No speck to strike her fleckless sepals there.

AT DUSK.

So noiseless! nestling in the slumb'rous couch  
My willing hands had placed, reclining-wise  
My lady lay and looked into my eyes.

'Twas sweet, though, in the shade, nor sight, nor touch

Revealed a charm; save when, soft as a dove,  
She moved, her tender neck and gleaming brow  
By gentlest turn regretfully would show  
She might, yet might not, understand my love.

Sweet? Yea. For memory, my love, can keep  
In mind thine every, tremulous, changing tint  
On softest cheek; can trace each varying curve  
Of loveliest lip, perchance with bliss more deep  
Than if they flashed upon me without stint,  
Full seen at sunniest noon without reserve.

## THE NYMPHS' GROTTO.\*

Beside the Euxine sea, beneath a hill,  
There is a dell; here grows a laurel staid;  
And, clinging to its boughs, a laughing maid  
With timid foot plays with the waters chill.

Her comrades gay, at conchal trumpet's sound,  
Dive 'neath the dancing wave; the foamy brim  
Shows here a body white, and there a limb,  
Here shining hair, there rose of bosom round.

A gleesomeness divine fills all the wood.—  
But see! two eyes through sombre shadows gleam;  
The Satyr's laugh breaks in upon their play.

The nymphs, they flee!—So when, of sinister brood,  
A raven swart croaks o'er the snowy stream  
Of Caystrus, he frights the swans away.

---

\* Translated from M. José-Maria de Heredia's "Sonnet Antique," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1890.

## BEAUTY.

*κλύων μὲν ἀλλήν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὄρων τὸ σόν.*

EURIPIDES.

Fair are others ; none beholds thee,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And all feel yet see thee never.

SHELLEY.

Das Schöne ist ein Urphanomen, das zwar nie selber zur  
Erscheinung kommt.

GOETHE.

Only in dreams she appears to me,  
In dreams of the earth and the sky and the sea ;  
In the scent of the rose, the breath of the spring,  
The cloud of the summer, glistening ;  
In the sound of an orient forest dim,  
Scarce heard far off on ocean's rim  
By wondering traveller who descries  
Naught of all its mysteries ;  
In the wash of the wave, the sigh of the sea,  
The laughter of leaves on the wind-tossed tree.

Her hair is the dusk of an autumn night,  
Her brow the moon-beam's pallid light,

Her voice is the voice of the wind and the wave,  
When the breeze blows low and the ripples lave  
The feet of a wooded mountain hoar  
Rising on southern 'storied shore.  
The breath from between her hallowed lips  
Is the breath exhaled from a rose that sips  
The dew on a lucid April day,  
Soft as the spring, as summer gay.  
In the flush of the early-morning mist,  
Which the fervid sun has barely kissed,  
Far down in the balmy-breathing dale,  
I get a glimpse of her flimsy veil.  
In the glow of the lurid sun-set hue  
I see the robe which her limbs shine through.  
On the grass-blade wet I see the tears  
Her eyes have shed for our hopes and fears.  
Her eyes....her eyes....the infinite deeps  
Of the holiest heavens where God he keeps  
All that is beautiful, good, and true—  
Her eyes are the infinite heavens blue,  
Gazing in sad serenity  
On restless, frail humanity.

On softly-breathing evening still,  
Alone, where the whispering wayward rill  
To the love-sick leaves, which gently dip  
Low down to kiss<sup>e</sup> it, lip to lip,  
Tells secrets strange of love and pain,  
Which the leaves lisp back to it again;—  
Ah! then I dream that my love comes nigh,  
And think that I hear her softly sigh.

Or when, on a windy summer day,  
(The golden sunshine-gleam on the bay)  
To me, ensconced far out on the high  
And rocky weed-strewn promontory,  
Come multitudinous sights and sounds—  
The rush of the boisterous wave which bounds  
Far up the cliff, the sea-bird's call,  
The flying spume, the cloudlets small  
That dance through the ether hand in hand—  
The joy suffused o'er the sea and the land,—  
Then, too, I dream that my love is near,  
And think that I catch her laughter clear.

Only in dreams she appears to me,  
In dreams of the earth, and the sky, and the sea.



## A FACE.

I saw a face to-night—were I to see  
A thousand faces, each so beautiful  
No words of subtlest poet could describe  
Its beauty, I could not forget. Ask you,  
Light-hearted friend, "A pretty face you saw?"  
No, not a pretty face;—or yes, if so  
You will. If sinless Eve's, if Mary's face,  
Down-looking on her sinless babe,—if such  
Were "pretty," then was this I saw to-night.  
Describe it," say you, my light-thoughted friend?  
—See you those clouds above yon setting sun?  
Who will describe them? Now a pearly white,  
Now pink, now gold translucent, flaming soon  
With crimson fires, purple, black, then lost  
At last in night's concealing canopy.  
—See you those boughs, wind-blown in yonder tree?  
Who will describe them? Why, were I, my friend,  
I'd attempt to paint for you those clouds, those boughs,—  
Each scattered edge, each shaking leaf, each light,  
Each shadow, and the endless play of light  
And shadow o'er those ever-changing clouds,

Those bent, quick-moving boughs,—the while I say  
“’T is thus,” ’t is otherwise. And will you ask  
A portrait of that face, that face through which  
That young girl’s growing, changing soul looked forth,  
As changeful, mobile, as those clouds, those boughs,  
Lit by an as inexplicable light,  
Swayed by as subtle airs? Believe me, friend,  
Of all sad thoughts this is the saddest, that  
From me to you my thought can never go:  
I may tell you that face was beautiful;  
The thought that beauty roused remains with me.

Her clear, frank eyes looked soft on me, as looked  
They at the flower that at her elbow grew,  
Or at the landscape fair that lay beyond—  
With interest, with pleasure;—nothing more.  
No thought, no slightest tremour of a thought,  
Was in those lids that aught she gazed on—me,  
The flower, the landscape, men and women, all  
The sun-warmed, wind-swept, rain-washed world, was not  
As pure and spotless as her spotless self.—  
But fourteen years she’d lived. Too short a time  
To learn, alas! what much I fear too soon  
She’ll learn, that differently she soon must gaze

On men from how she gazed upon that flower.

Ah! bitter moment when she learns that men

And women rouse in men and women loves,

And hates, and jealousies, and envyings,

And petty strifes for mastery, and rage.—

—Stay, no; let me not think on loves, or hates,

Or passions while I can recall that face.

To me may always be that fair young face

An emblem sweet of utter passionless

And flower-like beauty, like that flower that grew

Beside her elbow, or that landscape fair

That lay beyond.

—Beautiful face, sweet face,

On me no longer look. No; turn thine eyes

To thy loved flower, thy landscape fair. Forget.

And, beautiful, sweet face, lest there should creep

E'en into thine own heavenly calm some day

A cloud of disappointment, wistfulness,

Or fear, let me remember thee as I

To-night did see thee, looking soft at me,

That flower, that landscape fair that lay beyond.

A BALLAD OF RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

The skies are blue  
With the crystal hue  
Of a limpid April morn;  
The clouds are white,  
The sun shines bright,  
The birds have twittered since dawn.

2

The tulips are red  
In the southern bed  
Where the butterfly first appears;  
The grass is wet,  
For the sun not yet  
Has kissed away earth's tears.

3

Blue are her eyes  
As April skies  
When the sun after rain shines clear;  
Blue eyes so gay—  
But yesterday  
They were wet with many a tear.

4

Red are her lips,  
As a rose that sips  
The dew on a bright May morning;  
Red lips so gay—  
But yesterday,  
They were blanched by a night of mourning.

5

White little hands  
She claps as she stands  
Like a flower bright flowers among;  
She claps so gay—  
But yesterday  
Loose at her side they hung.

6

The mist in her eyes—  
Like the mist that flies  
O'er the vale in its depth and blueness,  
But half concealed  
And half revealed  
Her look of love in its trueness.

19

7

No art was there—  
From her shining hair  
To the tips of her fingers sweet;  
Tender and staid  
As God her made—  
For God's own service meet.

8

All nature smiled,  
And, like a child,  
She smiled, not knowing why;  
She only felt  
Her heart could melt  
At the beauty of earth and sky.

9

She gazed at that sky  
In its purity,  
At the rose, at the tulip red;  
They seemed to her  
To bring God near,  
And she bowed in prayer her head,

20

10

And prayed in thought  
For him who fought  
    Many a mile away,  
Her brother bold—  
She had been told  
    He fell in the dreadful fray.

11

But yester night  
She heard of the fight  
    In which her soldier fell;  
How he had fared,  
How he had dared  
    Death, there was none to tell.

12

Her heart was rent.  
But a message sent  
    From the battlefield came to-day,  
He lived, to tell,  
Was strong, was well,  
    Would return to her some day.

21

TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

Wherefore, Morris, paint for us  
The glorious gods, the fairness of fair maids,  
And godlike men,  
And all the hues of regions meet for these?

There are beauties dim the eye that looks on them;  
There are deeds that wither all the strength  
Craves opportunity of doing;  
There are thoughts that pale  
Who strive to conquer their unutterableness;  
And there are those  
Who in their grasp of all these things,  
Soar, ah! so far beyond the hope of those  
That faintly try to seize the light  
Which floods the sun-lit dome of Beauty's sphere.

—I sometimes wish the king of birds  
Were merely mythical; that we might never see  
The eye that gazes on the ancient sun.  
Not as here, where all the race  
Of ordinary mortals has beclouded it,  
But clear, and as when men did worship.



Surely, surely, such a singer sweet,  
That can so utterly entrance himself  
And us, can pour such opiate calm  
On all life's questioning restlessness,  
Has drained, ere childhood's mirth had died,  
From Hebe's ever-youthful hand a cup,

Such perhaps as that in which the laughter-loving  
queen  
Would pledge the grave Apollo.

ΑΔΥΝΑΤΟΝ. ΕΙΔΕΝΑΙ.\*

Far in the purple air,  
Among the mountains proud,  
Like a child's low-whispered prayer,  
When angry dangers crowd,  
Innocently fair,  
Floated a fairy cloud ;

2.

Reflecting the colours gay  
Thrown by the sun above,  
Blue and silver and grey,  
Like a fearless, trusting dove,  
A messenger sent to say  
There lived an all-seeing Love.

3.

"Love's messenger," cried I,  
"And canst thou really teach

\* ἐμοὶ γὰρ δοκεῖ, ὦ Σώκρατες, περὶ τῶν τοιούτων ἴσως ὥσπερ  
καὶ σὺ τὸ μὲν σαφές εἰδέναι ἐν τῷ γόν βίῳ ἢ ἀδύνατον εἶναι ἢ  
παγγάλεπὸν τι.

— PLATO, *Phaedo*, 85 c.

That there is tranquillity  
For me, for thee, for each ?  
Nothing will I not try  
That will help me Love to reach."

4.

Silently sank the sun ;  
Vanished that cloud in gloom.  
"Is there no answer ? None ?"  
All was silent as the tomb.  
Silently sank the sun.  
Ah, God, what a hopeless doom !

## THE LATMIAN.

Asleep on Latmos' top thou liest,  
Dreaming the daylight hours away,  
Till Cynthia's lips again thee wake,  
Ah, happy, happy Carian Prince.

Thou know'st not toil, thou know'st not pain;  
Earthly cares disturb thee not;  
Selene's kiss alone thee wakes;  
Who would not thus forever sleep?

Above—no searching garish sun;  
Around—no prying eyes of men;  
Beneath—no footworn, dusty path.  
Above—the still and silent stars;  
Around—the tired and sighing boughs;  
Beneath—the scented sleeping grass.  
No fears perturb thee, no regrets;  
Cynthia loves thee—that is all  
Thou knowest or hast need to know.  
Ah happy, happy Carian Prince,  
Who would not thus for ever sleep,  
For ever and for ever thus?

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES PELHAM

MULVANEY, M.A., M.D.

But few days since and I was at thy house—  
No spacious mansion, yet methought it held—  
Like to our perishable tenement—  
A lofty and immortal habitant.  
Thou hadst completed half a century,  
Yet kindly looked on those whose term of life  
Was scarce half thine; and all unconsciously  
By these thy kindly looks and cheering words  
Made them to hope they might in some small way  
By thought or act show they had been with thee.  
If somewhere still thou livest—as in truth  
In many many mournful hearts thou dost—  
Ah! help us so to live that those we leave  
May wish to show that they have been with us.

AFTER DAY IS OVER.

After day is over,  
    But ere the night begins,  
When the sunset glory  
    A gentler colour wins—  
When the winds of summer,  
    O'er-heated, dusty-browed,  
Stay their haste and loiter  
    Where fruits and flowers crowd—  
When the waves of ocean,  
    Wild, aimless, wind-impelled,  
With the resting breezes  
    Their restlessness have quelled—  
When the city's turmoil  
    The evening bell has stayed,  
And folk, weary, care-worn,  
    Their daily dole have paid—  
Then 'tis sweet to linger  
    Where evening shadows fall,  
Side by side and silent  
    Ere black night hide it all.

## NIGHT AT SEA.\*

How vast the ocean lies about us twain!  
Our barque a wandering weed among the waves.  
The night-wind wan blows cold across the sea,  
The waters tremble, as tremble our hearts.  
Like sea-birds brooding on their nests afloat  
The billows rock us exiles of the deep.  
Betwixt the height and depth of sea and sky  
The night encloses us,—but not our hearts.  
The boundless blue unrolls itself above,  
Nor sees our little ship with swaying sails;  
And yet the worlds of love in this black speck  
Give forth more light than all that sky of stars.  
Ah! hold me close and tell me as your lips  
Breathe forth my name, your arms enlock with mine,  
How 'tis our star-like hearts can be so great,  
Bliss so unbounded in so small a space.

---

\* Translated from Edmond Harancourt's sonnet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Feb. 1st, 1891.

## EPITHALAMION.

At last thou'rt mine, my very own, my blushing bride,  
Who wert so many months in only name my own.

At last thy sweet, sweet lips are mine to kiss as oft  
As thou and I can choose; thy warm soft arms to twine  
About my neck in fearless undisturbed joy.

Ah! love, my love, what thing can separate us now—  
Nor day nor night; for ever and forever mine.

—What? Look'st thou sad? what thought is this  
which e'en

For one short moment dims thy eye? Thou whisperest  
“Death”?

Ah! no. Pray death may be but as some short adieu,  
Such as we have to one another often said.



## FLOW, BROOKLET, FLOW.

A SONG FOR CHILDREN.

Flow, brooklet, flow,  
Haste you below,  
Plenty of work awaits you and your rills :  
You must not play  
All the long day,  
Leaping and loitering here on the hills.

Sweet it may be,  
Purling so free,  
Here where the roses and violets bloom ;  
But you must go  
Where, down below,  
Many a plain lies in flowerless gloom.

Waiting for you  
Much there's to do—  
Meadows and gardens to keep fresh and green ;  
Mill-wheels to wind,  
Barley to grind,  
Cities and hamlets to make sweet and clean.

Haste, then, below,  
Gather and grow,  
You were not made but for play and for dreams ;  
Mill-wheels are wound,  
Barley is ground,  
Only by brooks that have grown into streams.

## AT CONEY ISLAND.

Sing on, great sea, sing on thy cosmic song,  
Which thou hast sung from all eternity,  
So solemn, slow, and most majesticall,  
Thine own insistent, slow, susurrant song.

Thou washest England, sea ; a link thou art  
Between sweet England and her lonely son.

Sing on ; the earth these men may mar, the sea  
They cannot mar, Thou art not always calm ;  
But is thy blackest night, rent by thy most  
Tempestuous hurricane to be compared  
To storms that toss the heart and soul ?—Enough  
Thou singest on ; grant me so too to sing.

