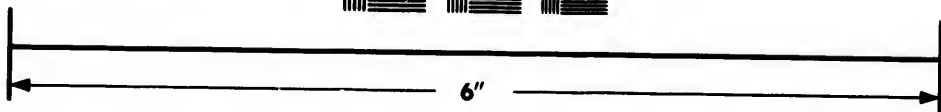
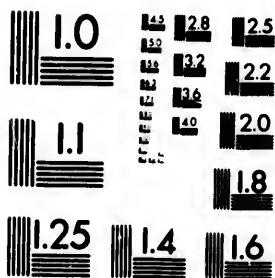


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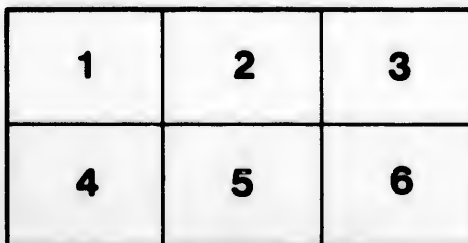
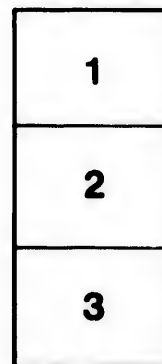
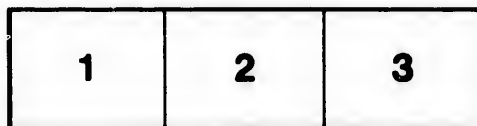
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to

pelure,
on à





ROSE LEAVES.



ROSE LEAVES

A COLLECTION OF SIMPLE VERSES
WRITTEN ON VARIOUS
OCCASIONS

BY

ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY, M.A

LONDON

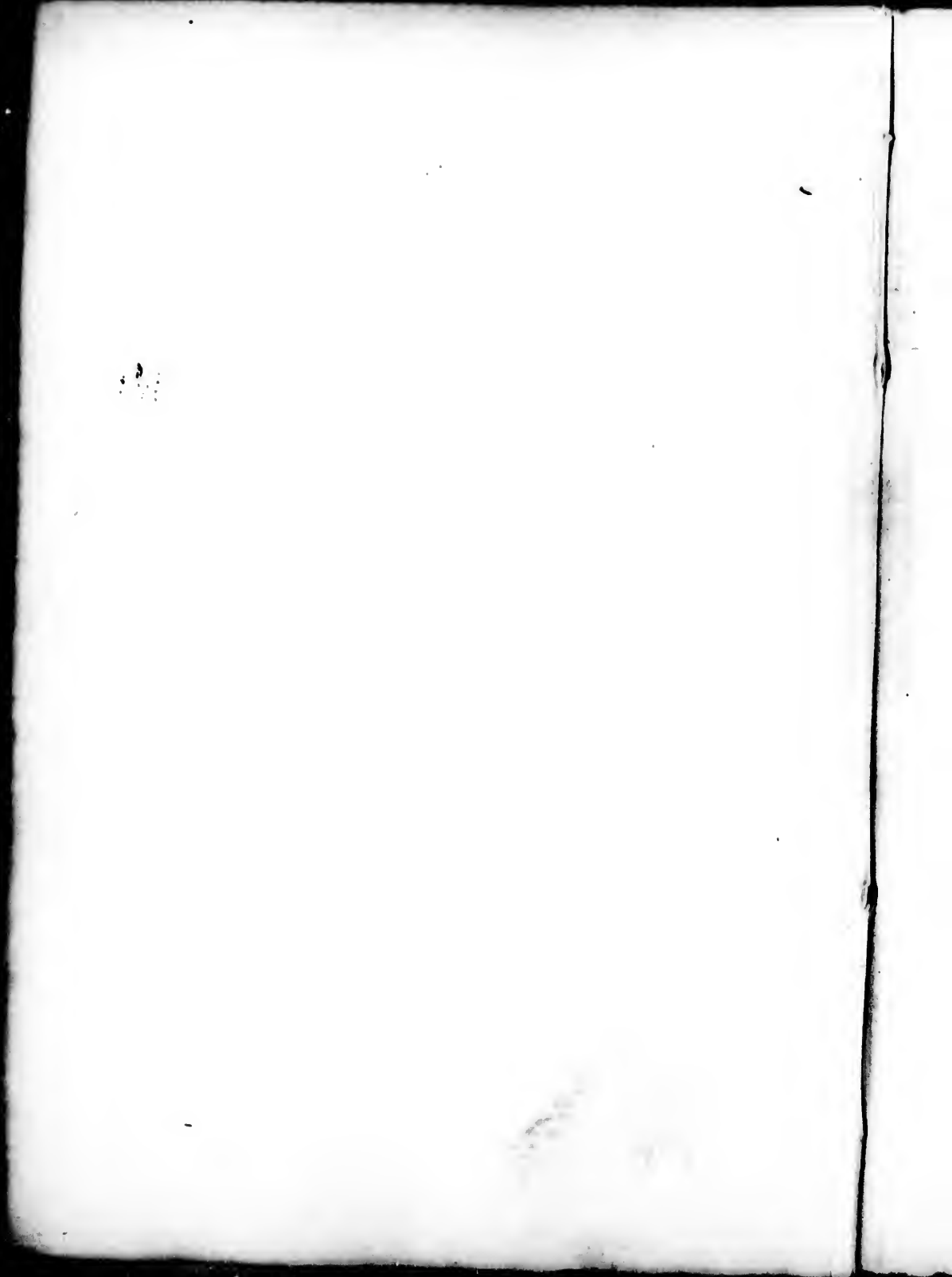
THOMAS MORING

52 HIGH HOLBORN W.C

1894


CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.,
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TO
MRS. F. W. NEWMAN
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS INSCRIBED
IN
FAITHFUL REMEMBRANCE.





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DEDICATION.



HE rose leaves falling, quickly fade
And vanish from our sight ;
And, lest these thoughts sink into
shade,
I bring them forth to light.

Of little value leaves that fall
From off a withered tree,
But, since they may a friend recall,
I gather them for thee.



AN IDYLL.



PRING comes, and trembling listens

For youth and maiden's voice,

Her gorgeous mantle glistens

With flowers of lovers' choice.

The green sward spread beneath them

Of brightest em'rald hue,

Invitingly reminds them

'Twas kissed by morning dew.

AN IDYLL.

3

In vales and groves of beeches

“The pensive lovers rest,”

In many broken speeches

Their true love is confessed.

Light hearts and beaming faces,

Love songs and tender sighs,

And queenly maiden graces,

The light of lovers' eyes.

By brook and rippling river,

By broad and open lake,

Where weeping willows quiver,

Their silent walks they take.

AN IDYLL.

In gardens filled with roses,
In orchards gay with bloom,
They bind in garlands, posies,
Nor think of coming gloom.

The shadows o'er them stealing
Creep on to deeper night,
A tender, saddened feeling,
Subdues their vision bright.

They roam in tender sadness,
By silvery moonlight pale,
And hear, in tones of gladness,
The warbling nightingale.

AN IDYLL.

5

Dreaming of love for ever,
The moments quickly fly,
They vow to love for ever,
And part with pensive sigh.

But Spring has past for ever,
The leaves begin to fall,
And youth and maiden never
That spring-time may recall.





WHY WEEPEST THOU ? WHOM
SEEKEST THOU ?



ONCE in a holy garden glade
A woman sorely wept,
For One so precious to her soul,
Who in death calmly slept.
Dear to that faithful soul was He,
Dearer than brother far,
The very sun of Life and Love,
Her Hope, her Guiding Star.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

7

“Why weapest thou?” an Angel breathed
 Into that woman’s ear,
For Angels often nestle near
 The silent, secret tear.

“Why weapest thou? whom seekest thou?”
 Thy Lord? thy Hope? thy Love?
Rejoice! He, vanquisher o’er Death,
 Now dwells in Light above.

* * * *

Once, on a bright September morn,
 A maiden fell asleep—
A lily ’mid those lilies fair,
 That ever fragrant keep—
“Why weapest thou?” an Angel sang,
 The maiden rests awhile ;

Already in her Father's home

I see her sweetly smile.

"Whom seekest thou?" by that new grave,

'Neath heaven's majestic dome !

The soul of Ethel dwells with Him,

In a refulgent home.

Weep not, seek not, but rather strive

To reach that perfect rest,

And live for ever with those flowers

The sweetest,—and the best.





SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN.



HE bravest of the brave, Sir Lancelot,
The goodly knight, famed most in
Arthur's court

At Camelot for chivalry, and loved
Beyond all other knights, had from the world
Withdrawn, and in a distant country sought,
To calm within himself the still small voice
Of Conscience, which in ever-murmuring tones,
Like those borne on the breeze float o'er the
sea,

10 *SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN.*

As wave beats, or recedes, against the rocks,
And never ceasing, never tire.

So Lancelot heard, and strove to silence, one,
A voice that ever called in accents mild,
Tho' reaching far as horn across the mount.

And the sound was of the voice
Of Arthur, speaking as in the days of yore,
"Is it then so well?" "Is it then so well?"

And Lancelot in the shades of Avignon
Retired at eve, and, falling in a dream,
Revolved the many scenes of Camelot.
And first there came before the weary knight
The happy month of May, when love sprang
 forth,
And flourished, and the Spring and Guinevere
 were one.

For this was ere the breath of slander fell,
Linking the fairest of the fair with those
Who flourish in the garden of this world
As doth the noxious weed, whose touch is death
And pestilence, and foul and sore disease.

And on this morn of May, joyous as May,
Fair Guinevere arose, decked in May's flowers ;
And over all the sun of May, in all
His molten glory, reigned ; and tree and herb,
Robed in the verdure of the Spring, rejoiced,
As doth the barren heart of man when Love,
The fount eternal, fills his soul with bliss.

And from her casement eyes of love she cast
On all the beauteous world beneath her feet,
Made beauteous by high God, for those who keep
Pure hearts and undefiled, and free from ill ;

As those whose ever faithful souls ascend,
As clouds of incense, to the great white throne.

And musing on this scene so fair, the queen
Bethought her of that knight, more godlike, more
In harmony with him, the blameless king ;
Who from his aerial height, to her frail sight,
Seemed as the sun in heaven, too full of light,
And unapproachable, for those of earth :
Yet beauteous in its sphere, and fit to move
In orbit more ethereal ; whence the suns
Of lower worlds may borrow radiance, warmth,
And life.

So seemed the king to her.
But not so he, her knight ; to her he was
But as the shadow of that finer light,
Which, as a cloud at noon, will flit across

SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN. 13

The pathway of the sun, only to make
A welcome shade, then passing leave the sun,
Alone, in lonely splendour.

And happy in this dangerous love, she moved
Through household ways, and quiet converse
drew

Two souls of noble birth, and courtly grace,
Together. And as yet their love was pure ;
Nor dreamed they then, that ere another May
The sun would shine, and storms would sweep
away

Their love, their trust, and the fair Table Round,
And all its glorious imagery, to dust.
And ever and anon the vision changed :
And from the midst of Camelaird arose,
A garden fair as ever painter drew ;

SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN. 15

Turned towards the prize, and so towards
Guinevere.

And then there followed calmer moods, and high
Beyond the confines of the lower world,
In uncreated grandeur, loomed the sign
Of vision blest, known as the "Holy Grail."

And Lancelot saw, or thought he saw, around
His form three maidens fair, all clothed in white,
And in their hands they bare a victor's crown,
Yet not of laurels, but composed of thorns.

And one, more beauteous than the twain, in
tones

Surpassing sweet, bade him arise, and gird
Him with celestial armour for the quest,
And leave behind the world and Guinevere.

Then silence reigned, and o'er his weary soul

There softly stole, as steal the purple shades
Across the golden mantle of the sun,
A flood of holy light, so calm and still,
That all the world seemed hushed at its sweet
will,

Or sleeping, only slept to do its will.

And strong in strength of other worlds, the
knight

Behind him cast the thoughts of earth, and strove
Alone to gain the crown of thorns, which seemed
Of more entrancing worth than gold, or those
Which in the tourney fall from ladies' hands.

And so there passed in rapid order, all
The many scenes, in Arthur's court the while,
Had filled the sum of human life and love.

Then waking from his dream he pondered well

SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN. 17

Of what her life had been since that fell day,
When banished from her presence he, as she,
Had sought in exile to redeem the past.
And still again a voice rang in his ears
That bade him turn again to his own land,
And to the queen, who in great danger stood.
And Lancelot on these thoughts arose, and
mused.

Then seeking solace by the lonely shrine
In prayer he sought to learn the will of heaven.
And as he prayed, before his mind there came
A picture of the dying, blameless king,
Slain by his own, who, faithless to their vows,
Had, in the midst of virtue, sown but vice.
And Lancelot saw the face of Arthur, cold
As chiselled marble, in the sleep of death ;

And read thereon a gentle, mute reproach.
Then pondering deeper on that noble life,
That calmly in unruffled calmness slept,
The knight bethought him of his own brief life,
And of the contrast to that nobler one.
Yet once again he thought of her whose life
Had ever been the glory of the King's
Until across her pathway he had come,
And robbed her of her peace for evermore.
Then, dreaming of her beauty, and their love—
The living bond of two bright souls—yet dead
Unto each other, severed by their choice,
As ill-according with those laws which seem
So oft on earth man's glory and his bane,
He vowed once more to see her, and once more
To claim her as the brightest gift of heaven.

SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN. 19

And strong in this resolve he took to horse,
And rode o'er mount and valley till he came
Unto the deep-set woods of Camelot.
How changed the greeting to the days of old !
When at his entry silver trumpets blared,
And silken tokens waved from lily hands !
Now all was gloom, and desolation fell,
And ruin, marred the pride of Arthur's court.
No more the stately walls and bastions stood,
Erect, defying sword, or onward march
Of belted legion, or of heathen host.
Where once the flower of virtue reigned supreme,
And Truth and Honour bound all loyal hearts
In bond of union to a noble cause,
Now grew the noxious weed where reptiles hide ;
And from the lofty throne whence Arthur's word

Fell on his knights as law, and brilliant wit
Flashed as a meteor 'cross the sky, now dwelt
The bat, as lord, amid that ruin dire.

And Lancelot turned his horse close by the
 shrine,

Where in the Virgin's honour he had knelt,
And vowed to serve one only, him, the King.
And still before the crumbling altar stood
The eastern wall, filled with its storied glass,
Thro' which in purple and in crimson rays
Streamed down the golden light, which erstwhile
 fell ·

In softened shadow on the blazoned forms
Of saints, illumined by the hand divine,
Who sleep in everlasting sanctity.
Then all around him in oblivion sank ;

SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN. 21

And musing on the scene, the moments flew,
Till in his ears a plaintive echo rang,
Proceeding from an old and withered man.

“Whom seek ye here? Why pause to dwell
Where ruin reigns as lord?
Here Virtue wore the cloak of hell,
And Truth the demon's sword!

“Here on the bended knee they swore
In holiness to die!
And yonder, by the rocky shore,
They gave their vow the lie.

“And I, alone, this altar tend,
And pray that soon the day

May come, when I my body lend
With it to pass away."

And Lancelot, turning towards the voice, beheld
The ancient form and face of Mage Merlin.
Then spake the sage, and in a sterner voice
He bade the knight to flee, and seek out one
Who lived as witness to this ruined shrine.
And Lancelot fain had spoken with the sage,
And somewhat learned of that which followed
 since
The days when he and Merlin walked the
 woods,
Or tarried in the shades of Camelot ;
But ere the knight his purpose could fulfil,
The sage had vanished, and was seen no more.

SIR LANCELOT'S RETURN. 23

Then Lancelot, pausing, lost himself in thought,
And tears fell fast, and faster, as he saw
The glory that had been, and was no more.

Then taking up his sword the knight rode
forth

Until he reached the gate of Almesbury.

And there within the silent cloister walked,
With drooping head, the queen of Camelot.
And as he saw that beauteous form, and all
The sorrow of her life, there sank into his soul
But one desire, to live with her in heaven.
Yet, as she turned and saw that face, which once
Had been to her as life, a gleam of light
Shone from her eyes, which fell on him, and then
The love of old returned once more, and he,
So strong of old, felt as a little child.

Then in a faltering voice he told the queen
Once more of his deep sorrow, and his love,
And bade her turn again with him, and live
Together, as one life, to part no more.

Then Guinevere, as sweetly as of yore,
Bade him once more to leave her to that peace
By prayer and fasting, she might one day gain :
“ For thro’ thy love,” she said, “ I am undone.
Yet think not that thy love I do despise,
But rather pray with me, that thro’ that love
I purify my soul to higher love.
And then hereafter, when the time shall come
Where love is undivided, and we share
In all its fulness an undying love,
Thy soul may mate with mine, and I shall know,
As now I know not, love’s deep mystery.

But turn thee to thine own again, and wed
Some maiden whom thou may'st, for I wed not,
Except the sorrow of thy love and mine."

And Lancelot bowed before the queen, and
said,

"If by God's grace thou hast so vowed to live,
Apart from all the world, in sanctity ;
Then here, before God's altar, I declare,
That I, henceforth, will give myself to prayer.
Farewell, sweet rose of womanhood, farewell !
Farewell, beloved dream, my long-lost love :
I see thy face on earth no more, farewell !"
And parting with these words he left the queen,
And as a hermit lived for six brief moons,
Till prayer and fasting turned his soul to God.
Then, taking on the habit of a priest,

In holiness he lived, near Almesbury :
And when, at length, the fair queen left this
 world,
To share eternal and undying peace,
The knight, whom once on earth she deeply
 loved,
Sang o'er her tomb the Requiem of the Dead.





THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

*Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine;
et homo factus est.*



THE sun has sunk behind the hills,
The birds and beasts now calmly
rest ;

The murmur of the ocean trills
A lullaby to heaven addressed.

The solemn midnight hour creeps on,
The world is hushed in slumber deep ;

When lo ! a heavenly radiance shone
 Upon the shepherds with their sheep.

Ten thousand harps of music bright
 Are touched as by the hand of one,
A quivering thrill of pure delight
 Steals o'er the earth as doth the sun.

What means this pure ecstatic theme !
 These strains that from the Angels flow ?
Why thus their glorious faces beam
 With brilliance of celestial glow ?

It is a message strange they sing,
 These spotless souls in garments white ;
The message that the Heavenly King
 In Bethlehem is born to-night.

Hush ! softly tread, and peep within
The cot where yonder sweetly lies
The Blessed Babe, the Saviour King,
The ruler of the earth and skies.

Oh, blessed calm to rest beneath
The roof where heaven and earth are one !
Come ! let us with the angels wreath
A garland for the Virgin's Son.





“IN MEMORIAM.”



WILD cries of doubt : by grief opprest
And angry waves uptost,
My soul is wreck'd, and in my breast
All hope is wellnigh lost—
Until far off a kindly light,
The beacon star of faith, is seen,
Whose gentle beams illumine night,
The hallow'd orb of e'en.

"IN MEMORIAM."

31

Ah ! loving symbol of my God,
My spirit yearns to cross the bourne,
And reach, e'en through a vale of tears,
A deathless peace, in ampler morn.





SOLITUDE.

Nox erat, et cælo fulgebat luna sereno

Inter minera sidera.



WHEN darkness veils the splendour of
the skies,

In solitude deep pensive thoughts
arise ;
Thoughts freighted with divine, mysterious
power,

That come as solace to man's lonely hour :
Melodious thoughts, that fain thro' welling tears
Would harmonize with those of nobler spheres.

Touched by the fire of heaven's inspiring glow,
In stillness oft celestial fancies flow !
When, Arab-like, our kindling souls expand
Beyond the confines of the desert sand,
And range, in boundless flights, in purer air,
Above the din of earth, of mortal care.

No mortal breath disturbs that joyful peace :
No mortal minstrel bids those voices cease :
Their echo rolls along the midnight sky,
The echo of the angels' harmony.
Serene and happy, he who thus hath viewed,
And heard those strains in deepest solitude.
Ecstatic joy, which sometimes here is given,
To gaze in rapture on the bliss of heaven.
Man's lonely hour ! nay, rather, perfect bliss,
For what is heaven on earth, if 'tis not this ?



TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

(*May 24, 1891.*)



ICTORIA, Imperatrix !
Queen ! Thy name will long remain
By deeper ties than Sovereignty
Bound. Throughout England's vast domain
Loved ! and served with loyalty
Far off by Krishna's angry tide,
Name dear to Britons far and wide,
Victoria, Imperatrix !

CDR



LINES WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.



YOU ask me on your natal day
To pen a little song ;
Fair child, I hasten to obey,
My thoughts to you belong.

But what to say to one so fair?
Or how thy charms express !
They're surely more than I would dare
In language to confess ;

36 *LINES WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.*

For deep within those violet eyes—
Fit mirrors of thy soul,
Whose softly flashing depths arise
And innocence extol—

There dwells that sweet and kindly light
Which Eros sometimes showers
On those whose lives are pure and bright
And fragrant as the flowers.

Take then, dear child, these lines from one
Whose words like weeds must be
Amid the flowers of thought the sun
Warms into life for thee.





ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN A
MACDONALD.



UFFLED peals, and drooping banners,
Bated breath and measured tread,
Emblems of a Nation's mourning
For her great and noble dead.

Solemnly the cortége passes,
Bearing now the lifeless Chief,
While a country bows in silence—
Silence that proclaims its grief.

38 *DEATH OF SIR J. MACDONALD.*

Gone ! the solemn bells are tolling,
Gone ! the minute guns reply ;
Gone ! though still in memory living,
For thy name will never die.

Farewell ! brave and dauntless Leader,
Nobly hast thou done thy part,
Earning for thyself the guerdon
Of the loyal and true of heart.





“CROSSING THE BAR.”

(In Imitation of Tennyson.)



UNSET of golden hue !
Lo ! 'tis the call for me !
And may there be no storm, nor clou
in view
As I approach the sea.

Then on the ocean's calm, unruffled tide,
My feeble bark may roam,

For faithful on all seas hath been the guide
Who now steers home.

Twilight, and silvery bell !
And soon the deeper shades !
And may no tear-drop mingle in farewell
As my bark fades :


For tho' I may have drifted in life's race,
And ofttimes wandered far,
I know my Pilot's loving face
Is watching 'cross the Bar.





JESU, AMATOR ANIMARUM.

(In imitation of Eugene J. Hill.)

“ESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.”

Words like these, to music sweet,
Sang a little children's band
As they tripped with airy feet
Lightly o'er the glistening sand,

42 *JESU, AMATOR ANIMARUM.*

Heedless of the ocean's roll,
Careless of the danger nigh,
"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."
As the lengthened shadows creep
Towards the close of summer night,
Lay a maiden half asleep
Filled with visions pure and bright ;
Softly, all unheard, she sighed,
As a day-dream quickly passed,

“ Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”

“ Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me,”
To the mother comfort brought
As the echo of her prayer,
Of a soul that solace sought,
Robbed of all that made life fair.
Thou, oh Lord, my son hast known,
Dead !—he liveth yet with thee,
“ Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.”

44 *JESU, AMATOR ANIMARUM.*

“All my trust in thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
'Neath the shadow of thy wing.”

Thus it was a little child,
Tossed upon a fever bed,
Lisp'd to Him, the meek and mild,
Ere its tender spirit fled
Where they need no more to sing,
“Cover my defenceless head
'Neath the shadow of thy wing.”

“Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.”

JESU, AMATOR ANIMAEUM. 45


Thou canst still the angry wave,
 Thou canst calm the troubled breast,
Thou, O Lord, art strong to save,
 Grant us thine eternal rest
Where no angry billow rolls,
 There, beyond the starry sky,
Then—O Lover of our souls—
 “Let us to thy bosom fly.”






ETHEL ———.

(In Memoriam.)

“UST are our frames,” and all the deep-
set pride
Of boasted riches, or ambition’s
dream,

Are but as passing vapour, vanishing,
Like clouds which seem “pavilions of the sun.”

Deep mystery of life ; and deeper still
The fell enigma of black-hooded Death ;
Which in its hideous, ever-onward march,



Despoils the beauty of that image fair
Whereof we boast as most resembling Him
In whose immortal likeness we are cast.
In vain the human heart would strive to solve
The Wisdom of High God, Who in His love
Calls to Himself our dearest ones thro' Death.

O, all Eternal Wisdom, from whence flows
The secret fountain of all human love,
Grant that the golden link of friendship pure,
Which bound two souls on this bright earth as
 . . . one,

May be the foretaste of a holier bond,
Where all is pure, and love is understood.
Of such a friendship now my Muse would sing,
And fain the prelude of its glory swell.

Fair maid, as fair as ever maiden grew,

Or tender flower kissed by the morning dew,
How lovely in her own unsullied life
She dwelt as lily midst the lilies fair !
And as the blossom its sweet fragrance sheds
The more when warmed to life by summer sun,
So in all purity the maid increased,
As day by day the sun of Love divine
Cast o'er her soul the mantle of His light.
And ever more the maiden grew, and more
The beauty of her soul shone in her eyes,
The fire of truth dwelt ever on her lips,
Till she, in virtue gaining, and in grace,
United in one form, divinely pure,
A perfect type of lovely maidenhood.
Yet scarce the glorious orb its course had run,
And set perfection's seal upon her lips,

A shadow stole across the golden clouds,
And dimmed the splendour of the radiant light.

Then, slowly, as the fading orb of day
In matchless grandeur sets beyond the hills,
Intense in amber or in crimson hue,
Yet brightest seems ere yet it sinks to sleep,
And darkness follows quickly, and then night,
So passed the maiden in her joyous youth,
To youth perpetual in a fairer clime.






VITA NUOVA.

“**T** IS o'er : the dreary night of restless
sleep,
Dark with its phantoms, clouded by
despair,

Is past ; and Spring, the gentle messenger
Of hopes undying, and of joys sublime,
With all her pent-up treasures, wakes again,
And smiles on one whose wearied eyes
Well-nigh had closed for ever to the light.
O beauteous land ! O soul-enchanting earth !



Melodious with the hum of mortal life :
O stately hills ! O lowly vales ! that wear
The lovely garments of the opening spring ;
How sweet the music of your voice, that bids
Me rise again, and free myself from bonds
That bind my soul in fetters to the flesh !
For lo ! the winter of my grief is o'er,
And I, exuberant in the joys of health,
Once more, with budding spring, return to life ;
Once more I mingle in the strain of praise
That from a thousand lips ascends the throne
Of that great Power Beneficent who holds
The key of human life, its joys its woes,
And into one eternal strain attunes
The discord of our ever-varying life.
The past is o'er : yet would I of the past

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One strain divine would mingle with my lot,
To raise the haunted darkness from the mind,
And paint a living memory in those hues,
Companions of the air of vernal morn.
But Love is dead : why seek again to raise,
On ruined altars, idols of the past !
Or vainly strive with mortal breath to fan
Its whitened ashes into Love's white flame !
But rather, listen to the lyre of life,
Attuned afresh to kinder themes than Love,
That moves in stately cadence to the pulse
And throb of everything that lives and breathes,
Resolving all of mortal dissonance,
Of mortal sorrow, love, of mortal woe,
"To one immortal and most perfect strain"—
The sum of human suff'ring, and of Love.



TO ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

*(On reading his reply to the Committee of the
World's Fair.)*



P OET sublime, yet with one song,
Ere yet in sleep thou fade away,
A nation seeks to voice its throng,
On fair Columbia's natal day.

Sweet songster, favoured of the Muse,
On whom sweet Clio's laurel dwelt,
While genial spring did thee infuse
With grace and power, since keenly felt

54 *TO ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.*

The fragrant rose and myrtle wreath,
The flambeau of Erato's love,
Are with thee still, though all beneath
A higher wisdom from above.

Sing on, nor dream that time can wrest
The laurel from thy noble brow,
'Tis thine, e'en when among the blest
A fairer crown shall thee endow.





ON A DEAD VIOLET.



HE fragrance from the flower has flown,
No more its sweetness breathes of
thee,

The little life it lived has gone :

It lived, and died, and but for thee.

A little, lifeless, vacant flower,

It lies forgotten and forlorn,

Its colour faded, and its power

To please for evermore is shorn.

Mute emblem of a deeper love,
That sleeping lies within my breast ;
I'll tend thee, even as my love,
For thou wert once by love cared.

OXFORD, 1884.





TO MISS JULIA MARLOWE

AS

ROSALIND.



IN Shakespeare's art a noble portrait
stands—

A type of pure and simple maiden-
hood—

In Rosalind, the lovely maiden whom
In one are woven all those varied charms
Which lift the gentler sex to higher plane,
As in the golden age of chivalry.

58 *TO MISS JULIA MARLOWE.*

Fair daughter of a Prince, born to command
The reverence, and the homage, claimed by
birth ;

Yet ever faithful in adversity,
And royal, even as a village maid,
When ruled by the all-powerful prince of Love.
Vivacious, courtly, pure, courageous, and
In wit abounding ; in all pleasures versed ;
Nor saint ; nor sinner ; but a perfect type
Of woman, in a woman's place in life.

Such was the maiden Rosalind of old,
And such again, once more, we see in her
The modern model—fairest Rosalind—
Fair model of the ancient ; living still
As monument of the great poet's skill
To fashion minds like thine to his strong will.

TO MISS JULIA MARLOWE. 59

O lovely maiden, sweet simplicity,
Yet deep enigma—and for ever true !
O fair dissembler ! crushing with thy frown
The buoyant hopes that live but with thy smile.
Live on, and reign, and lend to art that charm
Of beauteous nature, which uplifteth art ;
Till art and nature, merged in one, unite
All lovely themes, and thou on virgin Dawn,
As morning star doth softly, sweetly gleam
With somewhat of that pure, ethereal hue,
“The light that never was on land or sea.”





“SILENT VOICES.”

(In imitation of Tennyson.)




WHEN, hushed in deepest slumber,
Angels smile around my bed,
O mar not their sweet number,
Silent Voices of the Dead !
To soft music let them lead me,
Through nocturnal gloom to Light,
Where still echo clearer voices,
Luring towards the Vision bright ;
Yes, and onward, far beyond me
Onward, on to Life.



TO H. S. H. PRINCESS VICTORIA
MARY OF TECK.

(*July 6, 1893.*)

“HE bridal garland falls upon the bier,”
So sang the plaintive voice of
England's bard
E'er yet he passed to that pure light
Where vanish all the shadows cast by Death.

Princess, for you that garland blooms again,
And falling on a brother's love, in one

Shall bind the loves of lost and living love.
And on this morn, when joyous marriage bell
Makes tuneful music over hill and dale,
Its echo rolls along th' eternal shore
Where, happy in the love he bare to you,
His soul, in finer light, now shares with him,
His brother, in the mystic bond of love ;
Until, hereafter, when the Sun of Love
Shall wreathe in garlands fairer flowers than
earth's,
The soul of brother, husband, and of wife,
Shall dwell as one, where no discordance reigns,
And love, in an Eternal Harmony.





A FAREWELL.



BEFORE the Virgin's altar-shrine,
Laden with flowers of purity—
Meet off'rings to the Maid divine—
I knelt at noon, and thought of thee.

The tender blossoms filled the air
With fragrance sweet as sanctity,
And even mingled with the prayer
I prayed for thee, I prayed for thee.

I prayed the Ever-Gracious Son
To keep thee in His loving care,
Until, the final victory won,
He bid thee all His glory share.

I therefore leave thee in His hands
Whose wisdom is made manifest ;
And simply say, " He understands,
Who knoweth best, who knoweth best."

Farewell ! farewell ! but for a day !
I will forget thee never,
And tho' on tide of time I stray,
Forget me not, forever.

A FAREWELL.

65

Farewell ! farewell ! for evermore !

For ever, and for ever ;

Farewell ! I see thy face no more,

For ever, and for ever.

MONTREAL, 1893.





FRAGMENT.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.



O me thou wert all that was sweet,
Most lovely and divine,
A light to guide my erring feet
To purity's white shrine,
Fair flower of perfect petals formed
For which my soul did pine.

Ah ! happy dream, too bright to last,
Ethereal ray of light ;

FRAGMENT.

67

How soon the shadows overcast
And noon-day turned to night !
O Lady, from thy lovely home,
Teach me to live aright.

LONDON, 1883.



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ast,



SLEEP.

Fair Rose of Dawn! Promise of golden day,
O shed thy gracious beams on man's dark way.



SLEEP, sleep, to sleep! sleep on and
dream in peace,

For loving angels their sweet watch
increase

In sleep, in sleep.

Sleep, happy soul, while silver moonbeams play
In halo round thy head, till dawn of day,

Sleep, sleep, to sleep.

SLEEP.

69

The rosy dawn bursts forth in radiance rare,
Clothing the waking earth in garments fair,
But sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sleep till the golden beams rest on thy brow
In token of thy guardian angel's vow,
To bless thy sleep.

Dream on thro' life ; for well the angels love
Their charge on earth, and theirs once more
above,
In sleep, deep sleep.





THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

(October, 1892.)

THE moon in her own dying glory fades,
And from thy casement half withdraws
her light ;

The leaves of autumn, touched with golden hue,
Are softly sighing in the solemn night ;
Whilst thou, the glorious minstrel of our time,
Whose harp, Æolian toned, awoke such strains
As swell the choral anthems of the heavens,
Art calmly waiting in the moonlight pale

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON. 71

For dawn of golden sunlight that precedes
Thine entry to undying harmony.

Farewell ! beloved voice that sang of Truth,
In clearest tones, to ever noble themes ;
That mingled with the earthly song a strain
Of that immortal beauty which belongs,
Not to this earth, but an unfading land.
Farewell ! thy voice still lives, its echo lasts,
To swell the glory of undying fame.






CLEOPATRA.



F her I sing, who once the sceptre
swayed

From Alexandria's palace, in the might
Of Empire, over fair Egypta's realm ;
Of Cleopatra, beauteous, wanton queen
Who, ere the dawn of Christendom, arose,
Shone like a meteor in the sky, and lured
Men's souls thro' depths of vice to deepest hell.
Fair sorceress, whose charms enthralled and
bound



The lofty Cæsar in the bonds of Love—
The Dionæan Venus, rather than
The sweeter charms of sweet Eronian love—
Until with thine own sad departure fell
The ruin of thy kingdom o'er thy tomb.
Yet from the gorgeous pageantries that swelled
The pride of Egypt to its greatest height,
And thereby, ever grandly rose thine own,
Thou art enthroned in history's page, but not
On clouds of virtue, but on praise of vice.
Yet sadness mingles with thy name, for thou,
The crown of beauty and of brilliant wit,
Hast set before the world in vivid hue
The grandeur of the heights thy sex may gain
By contrast with thy life, which only shews
The startling depths to which it may descend.





NOTE.

CLEOPATRA.

“ Song makes great names immortal, cheats the tomb,
And hands down fame to ages yet to come.”

“ **B**EAUTY has raised more mortals to
immortality than all other virtues
together,” says Isocrates ; and surely
the most devoted champion of Egypt’s beautiful,
though wanton queen, could not mourn that her
fame and beauty were locked in the dark oblivion

of a tearless grave, for lack of consecrating song. The history of her day rescued her name from obscurity, while succeeding ages have sung her praises. The peerless Cleopatra, who reigned before the dawn of Christendom, appears to us in history as the "siren who lures men's souls to destruction," whose faith was passion, whose religion lust; who controlled the destinies of nations by a smile; who had philosophers and poets, kings and heroes grovelling at her feet as slaves. The lofty Cæsar lay captive in her arms, content to believe that there was no other world outside of their embrace, while the imperious Mark Antony thrust away a chance of wielding an imperial sceptre to bow before her shrine. It is true that Shakespeare, in his beautiful

picture of two women, allows the light to fall upon the virtuous Octavia, while the honourless Cleopatra is darkened by her shadow. But still, after all, the world loves Cleopatra best. No one has ventured to call Cleopatra a good woman, and few have been brave enough to withhold their admiration. The faults of the Egyptian beauty were those which society rarely pardons in the weaker sex, though it stands silent before the pyramidal prodigality of the Ptolemies. Although unable to weigh accurately, at this remote period, the proportions of truth and error in the traditions of the courtesan queen, she stands out to-day as the highest type of female beauty, combined with wit and intellectual vigor ; as the very incarna-

tion of the mythical Aphrodite, the apotheosis of sensuality. Such was the Cleopatra whom painters have painted, poets sung, essayists described.

Two thousand years have passed since she crossed that bourne from whose shores no traveller ever returns, and still her multitudinous vagaries, her gorgeous pageants, form the basis of one of the great dramas of modern days. Of her it may truly be said :

" Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

Cleopatra was colossal in all things, and this may be the justification for the universal palliation of her offences ; if, indeed, it is not due to a feeling born of pity—pity for one whose long

train of meteoric splendour vanished into darkness in the twinkling of an eye ; who paid so dearly for her triumph at the last. The poisonous asp was the signal for Cleopatra to retire ; her death-throes the knell of Egypt's grandeur. Cleopatra is dead. The pristine glory of Egypt is no more, but to-day its ruins serve to bring out in bolder relief the splendour of the land while it lay beneath her spell. Cleopatra showed by contrast what woman should be. She has raised her to an eminence she could only attain by showing the depths to which she could descend.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO.,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

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