

POEMS



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By

Robert Beacon, B.A. Lond.

With Portrait

London

J. Nicholson-Smith

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FOLIA CADUCA I.

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FOLIA CADUCA II.

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Foreword

The Author wishes to say that he has somewhat reluctantly consented to the inclusion of some of his earlier verses. He also hopes that none will object to the very mixed nature of the book, an incongruity of which he is acutely conscious. Were it his province to criticise, he imagines he could do so with the best.

BOURNEMOUTH,

4th June, 1910.

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King Edward VII.

Folia Caduca

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KING EDWARD VII.

O KING beloved, whose passing chimes
With the new breath of spring,
I weave for thee my mournful rhymes
Who fain would gaily sing.

For greener is the meadow-grass,
The sky is deeper blue,
But thou art gone from us, alas!—
Our King so kingly-true.

So, tho' the trees burst into leaf,
And tho' the lilacs bloom,
Reviving hope is turn'd to grief,
And happiness to gloom—

The while we mourn 'mid falling tears,
And thy brief reign deplore—
The number of thy kingly years
But nine, and swiftly o'er.

Thy name recall'd the legend high
Of old Edwardian days,
The historic past—then thou didst die,
And vanish from our gaze.

But, O belovèd King thou art
For evermore enshrined
Within thy sorrowing people's heart,
Who knew thee wise and kind.

Thus with thy widow'd Queen we weep,
And with thy Royal son,
For thou art fallen upon sleep,
Ere yet thy work seem'd done.

God rest thee with eternal peace
(Who aye didst peace ensue),
Where earth's discordant voices cease,
And Christ makes all things new,

Folia Caduca

DEDICATORY

TO MY MOTHER

TO thee, my Mother, whom no words of mine
Are adequate to honour and to praise,
I dedicate, and with thy name entwine
The fading leaves of my ephemeral lays.

ACROSTIC BY J. A.

READ, gentle singer of the fallen leaves,
Of life grown sere and yellow with the frost ;
Be mindful that a radiant richness weaves
Each web of cherished memory never lost.
Read life, breathe life, make gorgeous death give
 way
To light the morning of a glorious day.

But dull the bud that meets the wintry morn,
E'en though it hold the light of summer past :
And hope and promise, of the sunshine born,
Can tempt and wreck while skies are overcast.
Oh, tell us, what the fallen leaves must know,
Not what we are, but what we must forego.

NUNC DIMITTIS

January 22, 1901

THE sceptre falleth from her failing hand,
And on her queenly brow
Death's pallor sits, and all her stricken land
Is mourning now.

Nor island-realms alone—the wide world o'er,
Where her benignant sway
Was so beloved, is lamentation sore,
And e'en dismay.

The tidings flash'd to India's dusky race—
The Empress-Queen is dead !
To Afric's troubled Continent apace
The sad news sped.

FOLIA CADUCA

And grief is felt on sunny Austral plains,
And 'mid Canadian snows—
A startled grief, because the best of reigns
Must have a close.

O Sovereign Lady, reverend for thy years,
Loved for thy woman's grace—
E'en so conspicuous above thy peers
In Royal place—

It will be told of thee in history's page,
As Mother and as Queen,
How sorrow smote thee in declining age,
Else thou hadst been

Still with thy people, and the Southern spring,
With wealth of purple hours,
Once more the gladness to thine eyes would bring
Of earlier flowers.

Such now are laid upon thy lifeless form,
And thou dost calmly sleep,
While, still exposed to struggle and to storm,
Thy children weep.

NUNC DIMITTIS

But thou, who once didst weep to wear a Crown,
Who for the Right hast striven,
How couldst thou weep to lay thy burden down,
To rest in heaven?

And *Nunc Dimittis* hath a music sweet,
When earthly course is run ;
For, Lady, God hath made thy work complete
With setting sun.

*(Graciously accepted by H.M. Queen Alexandra and by
H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.)*

KING EDWARD VII.

THE veil of time seem'd lifted, and methought
I saw in ghostly sequence, one by one,
Our Royal Edwards (so my fancy wrought)
Revisiting the glimpses of the sun.

First came the likeness of that elder King,
Who, a millennium since, o'er England ruled,
And chiefly memories to my mind did bring
Of his illustrious sire, who nobly school'd

His infant realm—a monarch whose fair fame
(Like hers whom we have lost) must aye endure ;
Than whom no Prince has earn'd a dearer name,
So simply great, and so benignly pure.

Then came a Martyr-King in youthful bloom,
But pallid with Elfrida's cruel wound ;
So doth the reaper with untimely doom
Mow crimson poppies drooping to the ground.

KING EDWARD VII.

The next, half monk, for sanctity was styled
Saint and Confessor in advancing age ;
Blue-eyed and silver-hair'd, with visage mild,
He glideth like a shadow from the stage.

A lengthen'd interval, and then I saw
A stalwart King, who sapiently began
To range his realm with wisely order'd law,
To history known as our Justinian.

Then came a hapless King, whose faltering mind
The portents of his time could ill discern ;
Caressing to his minions, he was blind
To England's weal—he gave her Bannockburn !

That smart is heal'd—Saxon and Scot are one,
And both in honour Bruce and Wallace hold ;
The dauntless deeds by those great heroes done
Are writ in letters of unfading gold.

And thou, Carnarvon, hast thy lawful pride ;
'Tis known where'er the British race prevails :
When Cambria was a native chief denied,
Thou first didst bear the title " Prince of Wales."

FOLIA CADUCA

Let Berkeley's horror pass, for now appears
That famous King who ravaged Northern France,
Whose name is link'd with Cressy and Poitiers,
To whom were dear war's pomp and circumstance.

Thou, too, his "lion's whelp," though never crown'd,
Must be remember'd in my lowly lay ;
In glowing annals is thy story found,
Yet somewhat tarnish'd in thy later day.

Once more a break, till York's White Rose prevail'd,
And feudal England fell on Towton field ;
What time the ruddy star of Henry paled,
"Time-honour'd Lancaster" was forced to yield.

Now came in view a comely King and tall,
Of courteous presence and of knightly mien ;
Nathless his real merits were but small,
His graces but of selfishness the screen.

He ruled his kingdom with despotic sway,
For checks and safeguards there were few or none ;
The wars that for the nobles meant decay,
Had lent increasing lustre to the throne.

KING EDWARD VII.

So when with ruthless axe the woodman fells
The wood's rank growth, perchance some central
tree,

But lately hidden in the tangled dells,
Emerges into fuller majesty.

Pass, brilliant King ; yet we may not forget
The gauntlet flung at fair young Edward's face,
The tears and woe of high-soul'd Margaret,
And Gloucester's daggers, Clarence's disgrace.

The next was but a child of tender years,
Whose tragic story darkens Richard's fame ;
'Tis all compact of pathos and of tears ;
For two brief months he bore the kingly name.

But Bosworth's rout full soon avenged the crime,
That stain'd a fortress-palace, grey with eld ;
Ere summer sun gave place to wintry rime,
The last Plantagenet's decline had knell'd.

Eight Kings had pass'd before me, and the claim
Of rival Roses now was set at rest ;
With keener mind I waited till there came
A noble Prince who ranks with England's best.

FOLIA CADUCA

I mark'd the jewell'd cap with Tudor plume,
Nor less the thoughtful brow, the bright young eyes,
But seem'd to read a note of early doom,
That stamp'd the face of one too early wise.

Like the famed scion of the Julian line,
Shown to the earth, nor there permitted long,
Whose ancient virtue, seeming half divine,
Great Vergil lauds in his immortal song.

The vision faded, though I fain had seen
The statelier figures of those courtly times ;
The sweet presentment of the " Nine Days' Queen "
Had half redeem'd from blame the dullest rhymes.

(L'ENVOI)

Far, far away those mediæval days
From us had seem'd—so much the world had
changed ;
Their thoughts were alien, alien too their ways
From ours to-day, whose thoughts so widely ranged,

KING EDWARD VII.

Till thou, my Liege (whom God protect alway !),
Till thou, succeeding to thine ancient throne,
To bind the nation to that distant day,
Didst make a great, historic style thine own.

For this thy people love thee, while they greet
Thee and thy gracious Consort with acclaim ;
And I would lay this tribute at thy feet,
Remembering her who leaves a deathless name.

DESCRIPTIVE

STANZAS ON GUERNSEY

*(On reading over some early verses in Spenserian stanza
on Guernsey)*

THESE fragments of Spenserian verse I penn'd,
When hardly past the springtime of my days,
When life was dreamier—them I now commend
To transitory notice—little praise
They merit, even if the verse displays
Due rhyming sequence and true rhythmic flow ;
But aye to me were dear the woodland ways,
And vernal flowers, and winds that softly blow,
And sunlit crags and rocks with summer sea below.

And often in the sequel, as the years
Have roll'd their rapid flight, I have again
Beheld those haunts, that Memory endears,
And binds up with her in a golden chain ;

FOLIA CADUCA

And often still those skies are void of stain,
Nor less intense the waves of rippling blue ;
But some, who then were living, long have lain
Beneath the dreamless sod, and said adieu
To this world's transient glory, and have found the
true.

PATTERDALE HALL, ULLSWATER

VISTAS of lordly hills,
Waves of enchanted blue,
Fed by a hundred rippling rills,
And woods of varied hue.

And blooming at my feet
Are terraces of flowers ;
What spot could be devised more sweet
To spend the summer hours !

And further from the Hall
The babbling of a brook,
And murmur of a waterfall
From its sequester'd nook.

AT DERWENT ISLE

I SIT on Derwent's islet green,
The blue wave ripples at my feet,
The light leaves rustle, and the scene
Is wondrous fair and passing sweet.

The sunbeams dance upon the blue,
And flash like gems in gladsome play
And fairer spot I never knew,
Nor worthier of a poet's lay.

And graceful trees on either hand
Or crest the waves or crown the hills;
All beauty has this favour'd land—
Woods, waterfalls, and gleaming rills.

Blencathra and Skiddaw behind,
Before me Glaramara's brow,
Against the southern sky defined,
And radiant in the summer glow.

AT DERWENT ISLE

A hundred hills surround the lake,
Peak upon peak, rejoicing, free—
The gentle sound the ripples make
Is sweet as music unto me.

Most lovely, mountain-cherish'd mere,
That bearest many a fairy isle
Upon thy bosom far and near,—
Fair Lake, where all things seem to smile.

Far on thy southern marge Lodore,
Famed torrent, falls 'mid wealth of green ;
I fancy how its waters pour
In flood, when winter rules the scene ;

Then think of Southey in due course,
And of his gay fantastic rhymes,
Which for their marvellous resource
Have been admired a thousand times.

O Lake majestic, fair, and sweet,
That dost the palm of beauty claim,
In lowly lay I gladly greet
Thy loveliness, and sing thy fame.

AIRA FORCE, CUMBERLAND

A FRAGMENT

WILD waterfall in a wild glen,
With sombre boskage richly grown,
Secluded from the ways of men,
Yet to sad legend not unknown.

Unchanged as in the times of eld,
When he that own'd Excalibur,
And all that goodly country held,
Bade his true knight without demur

Fling the all-glittering sabre low
Beneath Ullswater's waves profound :
Perchance thy melancholy flow
Mix'd with the echo of that sound.

PENBRYN, BRECON

BEARING a kindred name, I gaze on the Beacons
of Brecknock
From the greensward of Penbryn, the sweet and
delectable homestead,
And, as I scan the heights, so calm and immutably
steadfast,
Whether 'neath summer suns, or blanch'd with the
snows of the winter,
Hidden in ragged mist or shining effulgent in splendour,
Swiftly uprises the thought, so trite yet so often
recurrent,
Brief is the life of man, when compared with their
lasting dominion,—
E'en the long age of the forest trees appearing but
transient ;
Briefer the deepening gold of the fitful leaves in their
fading,

FOLIA CĀDUCA

Briefer the blue and purple, the scarlet and white of
the flowerets,
Gracing the lawn of Penbryn, the sweet and delect-
able homestead,
Gay with the musical babel of birds in meadow and
coppice,
Gay with the sunny smiles and lightsome laughter of
children,—
Laughter lent to the whispering glades and slopes of
the woodland,
Which in its vesture of green from the brow of Penbryn
dependeth ;
Where the varying hues of the oaks and beeches are
blended
With the feathery larch, with sycamore, maple, and
elder,
Hornbeam, and ash, and wych-elm, and all the wealth
of the woodland,
Crowning the whole hillside with leafy profusion and
verdure ;
Whereby windeth a path, affording the grateful be-
holder
Exquisite views of headlong groves and murmuring
streamlet,

PENBRYN, BRECON

As the Honddhu pursues its way far down in the
valley,
Till the landscape is bounded and closed by the
eminent mountains.
But on the left, lo, stretcheth afar the verdurous
upland
Dominating the valley below, where cheerily
rippleth
Usk with his silver tide 'twixt the peaceable dwellings
of Brecon,
Flowing by ancient homes, and churches, and College
of Brecon,
And all around are the hills in an ever-widening
circle.
Such is the noble view to be seen from the verdurous
upland,
Whence the scent of the new-mown hay is deliciously
wafted
E'en to the lawn of Penbryn, the sweet and delectable
homestead ;
While every leaf is stirr'd by the balmy breath of the
South-wind,
Making music sweet—not Æolian harp in the
twilight

FOLIA CADUCA

Sweeter may seem, as in lines that profane the hexa-
meter's grandeur,
Destined to die ere long like the leaves, I record my
impressions
Of the fair summer days I have spent in a Cambrian
homestead.

SPRINGFIELD, I.W.

'T WAS in the month of May, which the poets
love and the children,
When the awaken'd earth is gayest with leaf and with
floweret,
And with the "beauty of promise," that in the island
of Vectis
I was a guest for a while in a beautiful and a se-
quester'd
Home by the sea—wherefore with the aid of the
metre of Homer,
In our harsher tongue now reft of much of its music,
And deform'd and marr'd with many a barbarous
licence,
I shall attempt to describe it, as far as memory
serveth ;
For the scene was fair to behold from the lawn and
the terrace.

FOLIA CADUCA

Glimpses of summer sea, that girdles the "Garden of
England,"

White wings dotting the azure beneath, while above
me are sailing

Clouds of purest white in the upper blue, and around
me

Stretches of rising sward, and aisles of bowery
leafage,

Where the grass is pied with marguerites and with the
saffron

Buttercup blooms, while the paler gold of the graceful
laburnum

Droopeth above 'mid the blossoms pink and white of
the hawthorn ;

Nor the fainter scent do we miss of the delicate
lilac,

While rhododendron clumps are ablaze in the glory
of crimson,

Girt with laurel shade, and the pride of the oak and
the ash-tree,

Dark-hued pine, and larch with its verdurous banners
extended,

Rising anear the ampler girth of the towering chest-
nuts,

SPRINGFIELD, I.W.

Tossing their blanch'd blossoms of utter white with a
central
Island of scarlet bloom, as the noblest Laureate
called it :
Such in the early prime of the year is the pleasaunce
of Springfield.

SEA MEMORIES

(*From Sark to Guernsey*)

FAIR was the stainless sky, and the winds were
low, and the waters,
Laving the rock-bound coast of Sark, the gem of the
Channel,
Hush'd with the dying day in an almost absolute still-
ness,
When the *Alert* was making her way to the west
and to Guernsey,
Homeward across the placid blue, while, bathed in the
splendour
Of the declining sun, cliff, headland, and crag were
rejoicing,
Boulder and pebbled beach of Sark, the gem of the
Channel,
Lit by the level rays of the glorious orb of the day-
spring—

SEA MEMORIES

Autelets and Port du Moulin and Brecqhon "Isle of
the Traders,"

Standing out clearly defined in the air so pure and
pellucid.

Such was the aspect of Sark, which I was regretfully
leaving,

Fairest of islands fair, that are set in the Bay of St.
Michael—

Sark, with its verdant vales and prone and precipitous
headlands,

Stretches of upland meadow and lanes of luxuriant
leafage,

Island of tranquil bays and wild and resonant hollows,
Caves of ancient night that teem with crude and
fantastic

Forms of life in their ghostly depths of desolate
twilight,

Where down below swift rushes the tide with angriest
foaming ;

Rushes it thus by the Creux Derrible, on whose
grassy expansion,

Crowning the threatening cliff, we had sat and look'd
upon Jersey,

FOLIA CADUCA

Lying away to the right like a vision of glory and
beauty,
Where the protracted line of its northern border is
rounded
By Grosnez' steep height, and the Bay of St. Ouen's,¹
with its gleaming
Sands and azure main far away to the rocks of the
Corbière,
Shining white and gold in the dazzling sheen of the
sunlight,
E'en as the fairer gates of pearl in the City Celestial.
But, as I mused, we were speeding along to Sarnia's
island,
Passing between the rugged islets of Herm and of
Jethou,
Homes of the wild sea-bird, of the wintry storm and
the sunshine,
On to the larger isle of my birth and home of my
childhood,
Wash'd by the sounding surge of the lone and mighty
Atlantic—
Grateful we reach'd the land, and the flight of fancy
was ended.

¹ Pronounced *St. Wan's*.

FROM FRESHWATER TO ALUM BAY

O BEAUTY of the summer day,
With radiance flooding land and sea,
And sunbeams dancing merrily
Upon Freshwater's placid bay.

O beauty of the summer day,
With sea and sky of vivid blue,
And greensward dappled with the hue
Of fragrant wild thyme, making gay

The "noble down" that lifts its head
Above the elms of Farringford,
Whose leafy avenues are stored
With memories of the mighty dead.

Oh, pleasant is the summer day,
And pleasant the caressing wind,
With friends congenial to your mind,
Across the Down to Alum Bay.

IN LYME BAY

AZURE above, a deeper blue beneath,
And all around the west wind's quickening
breath.

Sea, land, and sky one realm of radiant light,
Earth in this sweet July is richly dight.

And as I sail across this glinting blue,
Fancies of childhood throng my soul anew.

Then Life holds out her cup of honey'd sweets,
And all is bright that the bright spirit greets.

Then flowers are gay as with unfading bloom,
And gladsome morn portends no evening gloom.

But this old land is still as bright and fair
As when Sir Richard Grenville flourish'd there ;—

IN LYME BAY

Grenville, who dared the vengeful pride of Spain,
And flouted her sea-captains o'er the main.

Still fair and bright, as when, at near Torbay,
There dawn'd on England a securer day :

When, landing late upon Devonian ground,
William of Orange English welcome found.

And many another gallant heart and strong,
Whose deeds are chronicled in deathless song,

Hath gazed upon these waters, though too fraught
With matters of high state to give much thought

To dreams of poets : in such stirring times
Scant leisure had they save for martial rhymes.

Not theirs to plough with steam the placid blue ;
Their mode of life but little idlesse knew ;

More like to list the sudden bugle-call,
To fight for England, and perchance to fall.

They long have gone, and we must follow soon ;
For noon treads fleet on morning, eve on noon.

FOLIA CADUCA

But still this rippling bay within its range
Of circling hills hath suffer'd ne'er a change.

Unchanged these skies, athwart whose azure way
No cloud, not e'en of silver, seems to stray.

And yet these steadfast heavens must like a scroll
Be folded ; these bright waters cease to roll ;

These elements with fervent heat dissolve ;
This planet a lone, desolate star revolve.

But Peace !—Too sad these verses are to seem
The simple outcome of a summer dream ;

Peace, Peace !—for a new heaven and earth will be
In that high world, where there is “no more sea” ;

Where life is everlasting and serene,
And joy unclouded by what once hath been.

So I—— But we had reach'd the pleasant lea
Of ancient Dartmouth by the summer sea.¹

¹ The above was written before the Boer War.

IN SWANAGE BAY

BALMY the breezes blow,
Soft the blue waters flow,
While in the west
Golden the glory streams
Of the sun's sinking beams,
Sinking to rest.

And on this pleasant lea
Each sun-illumined tree
Hath brighter sheen ;
All the fair hills around
With their green-golden ground
Gladden the scene.

FOLIA CADUCA

Gladden us while you may,
O passing summer day,
 Passing so fleet ;
So sweet this mellow light,
We would delay the flight
 Of your swift feet.

DRYBURGH ABBEY

“Tempus edax rerum.”

OVID.

BEAUTY is here of wood and silver stream
And Scotia's blue-bells with austerer pride
Of swelling hills, and over all the wide
Blue of the bounteous sky—a poet's dream.

Beauty is here, though near the springing flower
The ancient arches stand forlorn and grey ;
For earthly things have but their little day ;
Relentless Time at length must all devour.

And here the great Enchanter chose to lie,
In the romantic land he loved so well,
O'er which he threw a glamour and a spell,
That, while the earth endureth, ne'er may die.

AT THE KYLES OF BUTE

O BEAUTY lavish'd on a fallen world,
Beauty of island-sea, and fell, and flood,
And swirling loch and mystery of shade,
Lovely as light, which o'er the hills doth brood.

Enchanting beauty, suited to some fair
And purer planet, free from earthly stain
And fret of fever'd centuries, and free
From lamentation and from mortal pain.

And bright afar from the great city's roar,
The sunlight falls on cliff and crag, the sea
Is studded with fair islands, and the hills
Together joy in lasting comity.

AT FORT AUGUSTUS, N.B.

'T WAS night within the circle of the hills—
Soft summer night, and through the casement
came,

Incessant on the ear with murmuring sound,
The music of the waters ; and, more sweet
With intermittent minors, while the Hours
Pursued their darken'd way, the silver chimes
Rang pure and clear of the monastic bells,
Marking the solemn passage of the night.

Wakeful I lay, nor heeded—so to be
Awake was sweet as sleep in that profound
Calm of the brooding hills, and where no voice,
Save what was sweet as silence, might intrude ;
'Twas one of Nature's sanctuaries, now
So ruthlessly encroach'd on—but my mood
No alien thoughts molested, while I mused,
Encompass'd by the mountains and the streams.

SCOTLAND.—I.

A DIEU, romantic land of flood and fell,
Late visited! How ardent my delight,
If in life's young exuberance I might
Have seen thee! Even now the potent spell,
That beauty, link'd with legend, knows so well
To weave for dreaming eyes, has moved me quite
To ecstasy, when pass'd before my sight
In rich succession mountain, mere, and dell.

For every form of beauty—moor and stream,
With rocky isle and whispering wood, is thine;
How sweet through summer days to sit and dream
Amid thy silvan shade of oak and pine;
And, dreaming, think how fair that world must be,
Where sin is not, nor sad mortality!

SCOTLAND.—II.

A GAIN thy varied loveliness has pass'd
Before my eyes that, now familiar grown,
Know less of ecstasy than when unknown
Thy primal beauty dawn'd. Fair foliage glass'd
In lochs of placid blue anear the vast
Girth of the awful hills, and overshadowed
By azure skies, with evermore the lone
Murmur of rushing rills adown those mass'd
Æonian mountains, by young winds o'erblown;
And here and there a waterfall's white sheen,
Ensnared in green, and homing to the burn,
That windeth on below. Such sights, I ween,
Greeting the expectant eye at every turn,
Make memory's banquet, when no longer seen.

Fort William, N.B.

TOTLAND BAY, I.W.

'T WAS eventide—the low sun lit the trees,
Enhanced the whiteness of the hawthorn sprays,
That fill'd the air with fragrance, and the blaze
Flooded the gleaming Down, the western breeze
Blew gentlier, so the lark's high litanies
Might peal more clearly thro' the woodland ways—
I listen'd, and I could not choose but gaze—
Such song, such prospect, could not fail to please.

O blessed mood of Nature, whose repose,
For a brief moment tasted, makes amends
For days of joyless labour! He who knows
Such solace knows her for the best of friends—
What if too soon the dear enchantment ends?
One day the waste will blossom as the rose.

COBO, GUERNSEY

A PEBBLED beach with sandy marge,
A shining sea of brilliant blue,
On either hand grim shapes of large
Granitic rocks, complete the view.

The rocks are dash'd with snow-white spray,
When break those waves of lifted sea ;
No bluer waters lave, they say,
The sunny shores of Italy.

Across the bay blows pure and sweet
The sea-wind to the wooded hills,
That compass round this fair retreat,
And feed it with their running rills.

And in the verdant fields anear
Red poppies grow amid the corn ;

FOLIA CADUCA

With every gorgeous colour here
Boon Nature doth the scene adorn.

O solace of the summer sea !
O gladness of the wilding flowers !
O spot, where it was joy to me
To dream away the golden hours !

DURLSTONE, DORSET, IN JUNE

FLOWERING fields and skies of blue
Come once more ;
Summer doth her charm renew
As of yore.

Though Spring's early blooms are shed
Or are sere,
Though the sweet mayblossom's dead,
June is here.

June, when kindly Nature shows
At her best ;
June, with blossoms of the rose
Gaily drest.

FOLIA CADUCA

E'en this coast, so grim and gaunt,
 Iron-bound,
Can its purple flowerets vaunt,
 Sweetly found

High above the foaming blue,
 Which below
Sways, till dusk the wind subdue,
 To and fro.

All is beautiful and fair,
 Seems no trace
Or of sin or sordid care
 In this place.

Seems no room for groan, or sigh,
 Or for tear,
While the jocund lark on high
 Carols clear.

Ah! 'tis but a fleeting boon :
 Nought endures ;
Earthly beauty, gone so soon,
 Only lures—

DURLSTONE, DORSET, IN JUNE

Lures and fades away, yet e'er
Sure it tells
Of the glory otherwhere,
That excels.

MUSICAL

TO MY PIANO

O POTENT with thy soothing sounds to cheer
My spirit in its weariness, whene'er,
At bidding of the dominant emotion
(Mine change as much, methinks, as waves of ocean),
My fingers wander o'er the obedient keys,
And seek to interpret subtle harmonies
Of the chief Master ¹—or again, as sway'd
By varying impulse, I invoke the aid
Of a less daring and impetuous seer,
And Mendelssohn's sweet dreamings please mine ear ;
Or Chopin's wildly mournful melodies,
Adorn'd with most fantastic *Syncopès*,
Who knew to touch the chords of poignant grief ;—
And then again to Schubert for relief,
A happier minstrel, grave, majestic, gay,
In turn, and most resembles, so they say,

¹ Beethoven.

FOLIA CADUCA

Beethoven's manner—nor too much forget
The Master's great coequals pass'd away,
Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and grander yet
The might of Handel, though my fancy set
Less to that stately minstrel's classic themes,
But still prefers the more romantic dreams,
And the sublime, incomparable strain
That ne'er from mortal may be heard again,
Of great Beethoven. Yet must one be named,
For whom the highest place is often claim'd,
The weird Titanic strength of Wagner's song,
Inwrought with rarest melody among
The most austere and strangest harmonies,
Which, heard anew, inspire a new surprise.
But I will not the arduous task essay,
From which the wisest might with just dismay
Shrink back, nor settle the precedence high
Of men born under a diviner sky :
'Tis simply mine to charm a vacant hour
With music's magical prevailing power.

N.B.—An early effort.

BEETHOVEN

O POET-MINSTREL, who hast gauged the
springs

Of human life in all their varied range,
To whom all joy is known, no sorrow strange,
That is the heritage of serfs and kings,
Thou risest often on the rose-tipp'd wings
Of smiling morn. Anon we note a change
To grief (like hers who in the Moated Grange
Sat desolate) subdue thy sadden'd strings.

But the deep "sense of tears in mortal things,"
(To quote great Maro's line, now made our own
By Arnold's¹ poet-soul) for ever clings
To thine immortal music, not alone
Heard in the dying fall, or funeral chant,
But all-pervading, mystic, dominant.

¹ Matthew Arnold.

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC

ON HEARING SONATA XVII.

“Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.”

VERGIL.

ALL life is in it, with an undertone
Of oft-recurring pathos, not alone
Heard in the dying cadence or the dear
Refrain of sorrow, falling on the ear
(Attuned to such deep meaning) like the balm
Of Gilead, or some comfortable Psalm
In Holy Writ, where joy and sadness blend—
Such sadness as promotes some gracious end—
All life is in his music, and the pain
That underlies this life hath in his strain
Its own far echo, present in the flow
Of winsome melodies, as in the glow
And crash of mighty chords, when'er he sings
The deathless deeds of heroes, and on wings,

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC

The rose-tipp'd wings of morning, mounts to heaven
(No loftier flight was e'er to minstrel given),
And, soaring high to greet the smiling day,
He, like the lark full-throated, chants his lay.

Yet aye "the sense of tears in mortal things"
Pervades his mystic tones with whisperings
Of infinite compassion, and 'tis heard
E'en when to joyousness our hearts are stirr'd
Amid the children's laughter at their play,
Toying with wild flowers in the month of May,
And fair as are the flowers, whose petals flame
With vivid tints of multifarious name—
Of white and violet and heavenly blue,
And sunny gold and scarlet's gorgeous hue—
Or when at peaceful eventide we see
The mellow radiance and the pageantry
Of summer twilight, and the crimson sheen
Reflected in clear rivulets, that between
Fields clad with verdure glide—or when we hear
The gladsome songs of villagers anear,
Tripping it gaily in light-hearted dance,
Or in Provence in the fair land of France,

FOLIA CADUCA

Or in the Tyrol, when some festival
Cheers life's monotony with grateful call
To momentary joyance, and they sing ;
For life is full of mystery, though the spring
Revive with gracious breath, and with the bloom
Of daffodil and primrose, gleam with gloom,
For ever alternating, dark with clear—
But all is imaged in thy music, mighty Seer.

ON HEARING PADEREWSKI

THE beautiful is one—in sculptured stone
And glowing canvas and the poet's mind,
And music's magic rushing like the wind
With mystic harmonies there is but one
Ideal of attainment, one alone,
That travails till it due expression find—
The beautiful and true are aye entwined,
Though on this planet never fully known.

So mused I, while the fancies, passion-fraught,
Of Chopin and Beethoven charm'd my soul ;
For wondrously the power of genius wrought,
As o'er the senses the sweet thraldom stole.
More potent far than a magician's wand
Such music render'd by a poet's hand.

MUSIC

WHEN sweetest music wakes, the soul expands,
Breathing a finer ether, and the sands
Of life, as in life's glad and wondering dawn,
Run golden—so we evermore are drawn
To list those purer accents, when the jar
And fret of aimless noise recede afar ;
And, favouring silence falling, the prone ear
Drinks in some haunting melody, more dear
Even than silence, when it comes most blest—
When with the waning day the hush of rest
Distils like amber ; or, whene'er to feud
Of striving tongues and to the encounter rude
Of clashing minds succeeds a grateful interlude.

Is it the whisper of a heavenly wind,
Borne to a troubled planet to remind

MUSIC

The tenants of this transitory clay
Of a securer tenure far away?
A wandering echo from the distant skies
Of heaven's supreme, truth-solving harmonies?
For not the loveliness of vernal flowers,
Nor light on summer landscape, when the hours
Speed purple-wing'd and gay, nor, "arm'd with
gold,"¹
When Night her solemn splendour hath unroll'd,
Orion's peerless pride, can more inspire
The soul, nor lift above all base desire,
Than music's mystic tones, and more than earthly
fire.

¹ "Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona."
(Vergil.)

FRAGMENT

THE music sleepeth in each silent string
Of harps Æolian, till the swift wind blow,
And wake ethereal sweetness, rivalling
All tones that from more earthly sources flow.

OCCASIONAL.

ON BROWNING

EVER purely,
 Though obscurely,
Writ, his poems are the mould
 For designing
 And enshrining
Verses oft of purest gold ;

For propounding
 Some deep sounding,
Maybe, in that lonely sea,
 Call'd (so seeming
 To one dreaming)—
Call'd the human soul. And he,

FOLIA CADUCA

Spite of crudeness,
Hath such shrewdness,
And he hath such insight rare,
That the dower
Of this power
Makes his reputation fair.

'Twould be fairer,
If his rarer
Gifts were link'd with faultless rhyme ;
If a plastic,
More elastic
Rhythm had match'd his thoughts sublime ;

If his story
Had the glory
And the " form " of Tennyson,
To whose splendour
All must render
Tribute, while the ages run.

ON BROWNING

Yet we read him,
And we heed him,
For those tones so high and clear,
With the magic
Of some tragic
Old Hellenic bard and seer.

AN ANAGRAM

TRUE courage is to tenderness allied,
The merciful is aye the valiant soul ;
And, fancy straying free from pole to pole,
I thought of her whose rule august and wide
Ranged from the icy north till one descried
By Afric's marge the tideless waters roll—
Urbi et orbi the imperial goal
Of her behests, which none might dare deride.

And, lo, it seem'd a strange coincidence
That *Roma*, meaning "strength," reversed should
be
"Love," *Amor*—so the age of chivalry
Drew velvet glove o'er iron hand—immense
The might of equipoise, as when we see
A forceful will guided by Charity.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

I ENTER'D by the "low-brow'd" northern door,
And stood in the great Abbey, whose renown
Is that of England; and, while looking down
The glorious transept's old historic floor,
Where sleep the illustrious dead, I ponder'd o'er
Life's utter mystery—whether fortune frown
Or human hopes with high attainment crown,
The place that knew them knows them soon no
more.

The thought was chilling, but I turn'd my gaze
Upward to the great oriel,¹ iris-dyed,
And seem'd to read in its enchanted blaze
Of gorgeous colour, streaming through the wide,
Colossal arches, promise of a day,
When God, "in Christ," will wipe all tears away.

¹ Really an apse.

YORK MINSTER

NO splendour faileth or of storied sheen
Or fluted column, whose stupendous height,
By man devised to awe and to delight
(Proof of a godlike eminence, I ween),
Marketh his insignificance, most seen
Amid his mightiest works—so strange the sight
Of genius doom'd to die and vanish quite,
Soon number'd with the things that once have been.

Yet, since the sacred stones so long a day
Are granted, and this most poetic fane
Entrances generations with its grey
Sky-pointing arches, and the brilliant stain
Of countless rainbow glories, how august
Its maker, though his body turn to dust !

THE STARS

E THERREAL stars, familiar as the place
Where we were nurtured, yet so alien,—we
Can call you by your names, know where to see
Your blazonry in heaven, perchance can trace
In the illimitable fields of space
Your flaming pathways ; but no scrutiny
Avails to probe the blank obscurity
That guards your secret from the human race.

So are ye alien ; yet methinks there lie
Potentialities of bliss untold
Within you. Are your orbs, that deck the sky,
Some of the mansions in the heavenly fold ?
What of Orion ? And what mysteries
Hide in the cluster of the Pleiades ?

NIGHT

“Young night divine crown'd dying day with stars.”
TENNYSON.

BRIGHTLY the moonbeams play
Upon the shimmering sea ;
The night is fair as day,
And far more free.

White cloudlets fleck the sky,
Now gemm'd with burning stars,
And no discordant cry
The silence mars.

Only the muffled moan
Of the unresting sea
In endless monotone
Speaks unto me.

NIGHT

And while with golden gleams
The constellations shine,
Unquench'd by Cynthia's beams,
Night is divine.

Now, too, each fragrant flower
Is wet with kindly dews,
And this reposeful hour
Invites to muse.

It is the hour to pray,
Or holy vigil keep,
When with departing day
The low winds sleep.

TO VERGIL

O PUREST bard of ancient Rome,
Great Maro, sung in stately strain
By him who made his island-home
By Wight's cærulean main ;

Whose spirit to thine own was kin,
Who equall'd thee in charm and grace—
'Twas thine and his the palm to win
Of high poetic place.

And, though the lowly Muse is mute,
Revering the great Laureate's lay,
There is what humbler pens may suit,
What lowly lips may say.

TO VERGIL

For, Vergil, ever must belong
To thee this noble meed of praise,
That thou, who wast a king of song
And worthiest of the bays,

Didst little reckon the crown to lose
Due to thine own consummate art :—
How much is here whereon to muse !
How much to take to heart !

July, 1901.

NOTE.—The allusion is, of course, to the well-known story
concerning the *Æneid*.

WINTER

THE pale earth lies in her winding-sheet,
Sweet Summer long has flown,
And with leaves all sere of the waning year
Red Autumn too has gone.

Lie still, tired earth, and await thy time ;
If it be not always May,
Yet as brief the doom of thy wintry gloom,
There shall come a fairer day.

Be strong, tired heart, and await thy time ;
Thy winter too will end,
And the golden rays of brighter days
Thy God to thee will send.

A DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

O H, chant a requiem for the year ;
Its leaves, once green, are dead or sere,
And, lo, its end approacheth near !

December's sun is faint and pale,
The sea foam-crested, and the wail
Rises and falls of the fitful gale.

Spent is the light of golden hours,
Faded the bloom of vernal flowers,
The doom of the year before us lowers.

Only the other day 'twas Spring,
Each joyful bird was on the wing,
Each poet, too, made haste to sing.

FOLIA CADUCA

But now the minstrel's art is low,
Illusive fancies come and go,
The Muse disdains to grant a "flow."

Perhaps that fickle maid hath found
A lodgment on some fairer ground
To utter her harmonious sound ;

And hied her to Italian skies,
'Neath which a smiling landscape lies,
And sweet as are her melodies.

But we have known the gracious hue,
That sea and sky display to view,
Deck'd in the pride of summer blue ;

When o'er the dancing waves we sped,
White cloudlets sailing overhead,
What time the roses blossom'd red.

But now the roses are all gone,
The summer past, the harvest done ;
Now all a dream to muse upon.

A DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

Then chant a requiem for the year,
And gather cypress for its bier,
For, lo, its end approacheth near.

Meantime we wait till "winter wild"
Is past, and Spring, ethereal child,
Comes back to greet us, sweet and mild.

IN BLANK VERSE

I

SUNSET IN WINTER

THE wintry day is dying, and the pole
Of palest azure fleck'd with fleecy cloud ;
The frosty air is still, and vapours grey
Brood o'er the land and o'er the sleeping sea
Beneath the wan chill sky—save that the west,
Flush'd with the fading sunlight, is aflame
With crimson, and anear the evening star,
Earth's sister, rolling in concentric curve,
Venus, the glory of the western sky,
Shines with a large effulgence, sweet and mild ;
And in the east the giant orb of Jove

SUNSET IN WINTER

Flashes to earth his bright opposing beams,
Lit with the self-same lustre—these on high
All-paramount, until the growing dark
Reveal the nearer mysteries of heaven.

December, 1893.

II

“WHAT IS MAN ?”

AND yet, though it proclaim the handiwork
Of the Supreme, this cosmic beauty ne'er
Can solve a single questioning, nor lift
One sorrow from the breast, nor chase the gloom
That, born of earth's long mystery and pain,
Darkens the soul—nay, rather, as we gaze,
Instructed in the science of the skies,
Into yon vast abyss, where countless worlds
Roll their unmeasured orbits (nor alone
Jove's star and Cytherea's, spheres that hold
With our sad earth coequal company),
The spirit faints, and “What is man,” we cry,
“That Thou, O Lord, shouldst look on such an
one ?”

"WHAT IS MAN?"

And, spite of coruscating stars, and rays
Of cloven light, and scarlet and pale gold,
Kindling the burning west, there is no voice,
From Nature none, to still our constant cry.

III

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

O LIGHT above the brightness of the sun !
Light of that holy throne, which round
about

Is compass'd by the flaming Cherubim ;
Light shining in His blessed Face, Who wore
For man a crown of sorrow and of thorn—
O mighty Daysman, Mediator kind,
Whose Life was forfeit for a guilty world,
Whose Voice Divine, alone articulate
With mercy and with majesty, proclaims
Grace reconciled with justice, Thee we praise—
Thee, Sovran Light, but dimly symbolized
In the high splendour of this vernal noon ;
Thee, Sovran Love, known faintly in the fair
And tender twilight hues of dying day,
Or in the radiance of the rosy dawn.

April, 1894.

MEMORIAL



ON THE DEATH OF TENNYSON

THE "high Muse" mourns ; for he who nobly
wore

And added lustre to the laurel crown

Through many privileged years, and won renown
Among earth's foremost bards, will weave no more
The stately verse from all his affluent store.

He sang of highest virtue, and his frown

And censure e'er on evil lighted down,

Which his true heart did utterly abhor.

O sweet world-singer, sweet as thou wast strong,

And sweeter for thy strength, methinks the day

Is distant when to equal thee in song

A poet can arise. If faith decay,

No art or culture can redress that wrong,

Make wheat of chaff, though polish'd be the lay.

LIGHT AND SHADE

IN MEMORY OF H.I.M. THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH
OF AUSTRIA

THE sunbeams play'd on the pellucid blue
Of Lemán's lake, and Autumn's primal gold
Just touch'd the quivering leaves, while the soft
winds

Whisper'd of fragrant flowerets, and across
The waves' expanse the lordly mountains rose
Rejoicing, dominated by the peak
Of mighty Blanc, and all was passing fair.

But now the sparkling waves delight no more,
On flower and leaf the magic light has died ;
The wind's breath woos no longer, the blanch'd
peaks

Of the sky-pointing mountains seem austere.
One hour has sped, one execrable deed
Has outraged heaven, and on an ancient throne
The shadow falls that maketh desolate.

September 10, 1898.

ON THE LOSS OF THE *STELLA*,
NEAR ALDERNEY

MARCH 30, 1899

SOMETIMES, when skies are blue, and when the
flowers

That deck the Summer don their purple bloom,
Enhancing the delights of the glad hours,
Leaving scant place for sorrow or for gloom,
Life seemeth but a bright and pleasant dream,
And all is happy in its healing beam.

Sometimes, when skies are grey, and when the flowers
That deck'd the Summer droop and fade away,
Earnest of Winter's reign and dreary hours,
Leaving sad memories of their swift decay,
Life seemeth but a scene of welling tears
And bitter pain, that groweth with the years.

FOLIA CADUCA

S ereene it was, when on that fatal day
T he *Stella* glided down the Solent's tide,
E re entering the Channel, where dismay,
L oss, agony with Death's dread form allied,
L oom'd menacing. Alas ! that this should be,
A nd pulsing life be still'd beneath the sea !

S tricken and foil'd, she sank beneath the wave,
T hat long had borne her in her hour of pride ;
E xceeding piteous so to make her grave
L ow 'neath the main 'mid desolation wide !
L ord, what is life, when mists Thy sunshine veil,
A nd rocks are grim, and whelming floods assail ?

S uch tragedies are common to our dust ;
T here is no long immunity from ill ;
E xceeding blessed then to have our trust
L aid upon One Who bade the waves be still.
L ord, grant us rest beyond life's troubled sea,
A t home, on high, for evermore with Thee !

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN

NOVEMBER, 1899

O HAPLESS lot of frail humanity,
Determined by a span of four score years,
And all between, for high and low degree,
Touch'd with potentiality of tears.

“God’s in His heaven,” the poet¹ sings, “and all
Well with the world ;” but well it cannot be
Till, rescuing earth from sin and grief and thrall,
The Prince of Peace upon His throne we see.

'Tis early Summer, and her fragrant breath
Is freighted with the sweets of countless flowers ;
But that glad wakening is marr'd by death,
And over all the gloom of battle lowers.

¹ Robert Browning.

FOLIA CADUCA

'Tis early summer : over hill and plain
At morn and eventide, the sky is fair
With crimson glory ; but earth's deeper stain
Telleth of England's noblest fallen there,

Who went at duty's call, nor counted dear
The vigorous life-blood coursing in their veins ;
And, going hence what time the leaf was sere,
Found early graves 'neath those reviving plains.

For they were scions of a lordly race,
And denizens of an Imperial isle ;
For Queen and country resolute to face
The stubborn foe beyond the streams of Nile.

And some were living but for selfless deed,
As fair as in Elizabethan days,
When knightly Sidney, succouring in need
A lowly comrade, won undying praise.

No greater fame than theirs on stricken field ;
No nobler they who lead a hope forlorn ;

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN

Not wholly black the bitter strife that yields
Proof that to Britain still such sons are born.

So musing, while November's light is grey,
We, safe at home within the guarding seas,
Forget not those by whom the toilsome day
Is borne, defending England's destinies.

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN

SUGGESTED BY THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

NOT theirs to triumph—on that lonely veldt
They lie so still ;
Our joy and pride by them is all unfelt,
Yet to their skill

And dauntless manhood England oweth now
Security,
And binds anew on her Imperial brow
The legend “ Free ”—

Free to fulfil her Heaven-appointed trust,
Defend the weak ;
Ah, not in vain those gallant hearts are dust ;
Though dead, they speak.

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN

Nay, theirs the greater triumph, who in death
 So nobly fell ;
Faced toil and moil, the cannon's lurid breath,
 The murderous shell.

But thee thy country greets with loud acclaim,
 Heroic soul,
Who with thy patriot band didst guard her fame,
 And keep it whole.

May, 1900.

IN MEMORY OF E. E. K. (MRS. K.)

SHE is where birthdays are not counted
By the sad roll of waning years ;
She has all pain and grief surmounted,
With their concomitant of tears.

She is where every earthly burden
Is lifted from the laden breast ;
“ With Christ,” Who is her soul’s dear Guerdon,
She has obtain’d the promised rest.

And where the blissful day is shrouded
By no approach of early night ;
And where the joy is never clouded
She waits a morning still more bright ;

IN MEMORY OF E. E. K.

When at the voice of the Archangel
The blessed dead again shall rise,
And "we be changed" (oh, sweet Evangel !)
For glad reunion in the skies.

There many a flower, untimely folded,
If earth were all, again shall bloom,
Where all by Jesus' Hand is moulded,
No more obnoxious to the tomb.

IN MEMORY OF J. C. B. (MRS. B.)

THE year was smiling with the flowers of May,
The trees were green,
When thou wast summon'd to that fairer day
In the Unseen.

And, as thy life was gentle, so to thee
Death gently came,
To set thy spirit from all weakness free
Through His great Name,

Who vanquish'd Death by dying, lit the way,
So dark before,
That leads from twilight unto heavenly day
For evermore.

THE PASSING OF THE CENTURY

THE Century is passing, dark with pain
And loss, and lurid with the glare of war,
And late it seem'd our England's ancient star
Was fading, and her splendour like to wane ;
For, fallen upon Afric's fatal plain,
Her bravest bit the dust, and crag and scar
Were crimson-dyed ; but help came from afar,
And God befriended Britain once again.

The Century is passing, with its pride
Of Science, impotent to heal the mind ;
For knowledge may be accurate and wide,
Yet leave the moral being wholly blind ;
Ah, help and light come from One Source alone ;
One Name avails, when Time is past and gone.

AD PATREM MORTUUM

'TIS thou, my Father ! As the western sky
Catches the setting sun's empurpled ray,
So even Death permits us to descry
Some spirit-traces in the lifeless clay.

But, ah ! no more thine earthly sun may rise,
And those dear features hasten to decay ;
Already folded are the kindly eyes
That with such true affection beam'd alway.

It is not thou : only the vacant shrine,
Where sojourn'd the immortal soul awhile ;
Thou now hast cross'd the narrow border-line,
Now met the Master's welcome and His smile.

And if we strew no garlands o'er thine head,
No fragrant pomp of evanescent bloom,

AD PATREM MORTUUM

We know thy spirit home to God has sped—
A golden glory breaketh through the gloom.

So while the zephyrs still serenely blow,
And with autumnal flowers the earth is gay,
With God we leave thee, and in hope we go
From thee, await in hope the coming day.

DEVOTIONAL

THE SERAPHIM

THEY veil'd their faces with their glowing wings,
Whose whiteness was but shadow, when the
rays

Of that Essential Light with blinding blaze
Smote their prone pinions ; for created things
Are nought in presence of the King of Kings,—
E'en blessed Seraphim, whose exalted ways
Are high above our dust : not theirs to gaze
Upon Jehovah, throned 'mid thunderings.

Yet was He "seen of angels," when He came,
Jehovah-Jesus, Man with men to dwell,
And they were keener to discern His fame
Than men, who knew not that Emmanuel
Himself was there to die a death of shame,
As He was come of "grace and truth" to tell.

ST. STEPHEN

HE stood, the earliest Martyr crown'd,
Nor fear'd to face the "viper brood,"
And Pharisees' infuriate mood,
Who, breathing hate, beset him round.

Confronting that high Sanhedrin
With steadfast and undaunted gaze,
He thus rehearsed the former ways
Of Israel's faithlessness and sin ;

Jehovah's ways of grace Divine ;
Man's ways of folly and of shame,
Who soon forsook the holy Name,
And to vain idols did decline.

Awhile they heard, but pictured there
Their sin they could not choose but see ;
'Twas more to hear such verity
Than Pharisaic pride could bear.

ST. STEPHEN

Cut to the heart, with lawless hand
They aim'd at him the murderous stone,
On whom the radiant glory shone,
Down-streaming from the sinless land.

And gnash'd upon him even so,
Restrain'd not by that holy glance,
Who late had seen his countenance
As with angelic beauty glow.

O blessed Martyr, glory-crown'd,
The Master's smile was guerdon fair,
And "an abundant entrance" there
Where wrath of men nor sin is found !

VIA CRUCIS

“The way of the Cross is the way of Light”

VIA Crucis, via Lucis !

Ringeth so the true refrain ;
Not the glory first, nor gladness,
But the darkness and the pain.

Via Crucis, via Lucis !

Even so for Him Who died,
Crown'd with glory and with honour
After He was crucified.

Via Crucis, via Lucis !

First the burden and the shame ;
Then the fruit of His sore travail,
Who by dying overcame.

VIA CRUCIS

Via Crucis, via Lucis !

From the Cross the glory streams,
And the eyes that look to Jesus
Brighten in its healing beams.

Via Crucis, via Lucis !

Son of God, Emmanuel,
For the merits of Thy Passion
We should surely love Thee well.

Via Crucis, via Lucis !

Ringeth so the high refrain ;
Thou wilt rise, O Star of Morning,
And the dark come not again.

HYMN

ST. JOHN XVIII. 37

KING, Whose great might was veil'd,
Of patience without end,
By obloquy and scorn assail'd,
How low didst Thou descend !

King of the piercèd Hand,
King of the thorn-crown'd Brow,
Rejected once in Judah's land,
Great King above, below !

King, where bright Seraphs fall
Before the sapphire throne ;
Acclaim Thee, Jesus, Lord of all
The tried and living Stone !

HYMN

King of the world to be
In the Millennial day,
When all shall own Thy majesty,
And bow beneath Thy sway !

King of our hearts e'en now,
We love Thee and adore,
Our Saviour, Lord and Master Thou,
Our Hope for evermore.

ON MOUNT HERMON

“By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation.”

U P O N the plain below
Demonian power was rife,
And helplessness and hopeless woe,
And deadly strife.

High on the Mount, above
Earth's tumult and its blight,
The Son of Man, Incarnate Love,
Stood clothed with light.

Exceeding white as snow
His royal raiment shone,
And dazzling was that heavenly glow
To look upon.

The fashion of His Face
Was alter'd : the Divine
The loveliness of lowly grace
Did quite outshine.

ON MOUNT HERMON

And now no shadow lies
Upon that radiant brow ;
Although, methinks, His kingly eyes
Are sad e'en now.

For, lo, of His decease
Those favour'd Prophets spake—
His Passion, making for our peace,
Borne for our sake.

List, 'tis no idle tale,
No fond poetic dream ;—
From shining cloud a Voice doth hail
Him as supreme.

And still Thou reignest, Lord,
Shrined in Thy people's love,
As when (so read we in Thy Word)
Apart, above,

Upon the "holy Mount,"
Reveal'd to human sight,
Thou, Son of God, Love's Source and Fount,
Wast clothed with light.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE

Οὐκ οἶδασι τῶν ἀλλοτρίων τὴν φωνήν.—ST. JOHN X. 5

THERE is no voice like Thine,
O Shepherd kind and true,
Whose accents, human and Divine,
Still call Thy sheep anew.

The stranger's voice is loud,
And confident his tone ;
But, Lord, to Thee our hearts have bow'd,
To Thee, Whose love is known.

So when with siren song
That alien voice would lure,
Thy steadfast Word shall keep us strong
And peaceful and secure.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE

For though a hundred creeds
Seek favour in our eyes,
Yet Thou, Who meetest all our needs,
Alone canst make us wise.

Thy story, ever young,
Is still as true to-day
As when at dawn the angels sung
And heralded Thy way.

O Voice most sweet and clear
Above earth's Babel cries ;
Blest Voice, which it is life to hear—
True life, that never dies !

Oh, may we hear Thy call,
And heed each gracious Word,
While low before Thy Feet we fall,
And own Thee Christ and Lord !

THE ALABASTER BOX.—I

ST. MATT. XXVI. 12

“SHE did it for My burial !” So He
Declared, Who prized the gift, although
perchance,
The while slow-hearted followers look’d askance,
Grudging the tribute, as if aught could be
Too lavish for the Christ, she fail’d to see
A tithè of all the tragic circumstance
That darkly loom’d (such knowledge must enhance
Such love), nor could she ween of Calvary.

She did it for His burial ! It stands
Recorded in the Scripture’s holy page ;
And wheresoe’er, in near and distant lands,
That Gospel shall be preach’d from age to age,
There shall the story of her love be told ;
For love alone of all things ne’er grows old.

THE ALABASTER BOX.—II

SHE did it for His burial ! She fill'd
The house with fragrance, and His holy Feet
Anointed with the perfume she distill'd.

She did it for His burial ! 'Twas meet
That He, in Whom illumination broke
Upon her night, should have such offering sweet ;

For in His light her soul to light awoke,
And, link'd with love, light shone upon her way ;
No doorpost ¹ moved, no cloud of blinding smoke

Obscured that glory, when, with keen dismay,
Knowing the crisis nearing, thus she came
With suited homage for a mournful day.

Oh, be our hearts like hers with love aflame !
Though here no longer walk those piercèd Feet,
We have His unseen Presence and His Name.

¹ Isaiah vi.

BEYOND

BEYOND this globe of intermittent light,
Of smiles and tears,
Remain, where there shall be no shade of night,
The changeless years.

Beyond the beauty and the fragile bloom
Of earthly flowers,
Beyond the fleeting joys, beyond the tomb,
Are fairer hours.

Here mirthful laughter oft hath quickly changed
To heavy sighs ;
Here o'er earth's mournful plains have often ranged
Regretful eyes.

BEYOND

Here sullen clouds to skies of brilliant blue
Succeed too soon ;
Here purest gladness often only knew
Her golden noon.

Beyond this changeful planet is a land
Of endless day,
And where all tears by God's own gracious Hand
Are wiped away.

There holy pleasures are that far exceed
What poets tell
Of rose-embower'd lawn or shining mead
Of asphodel.

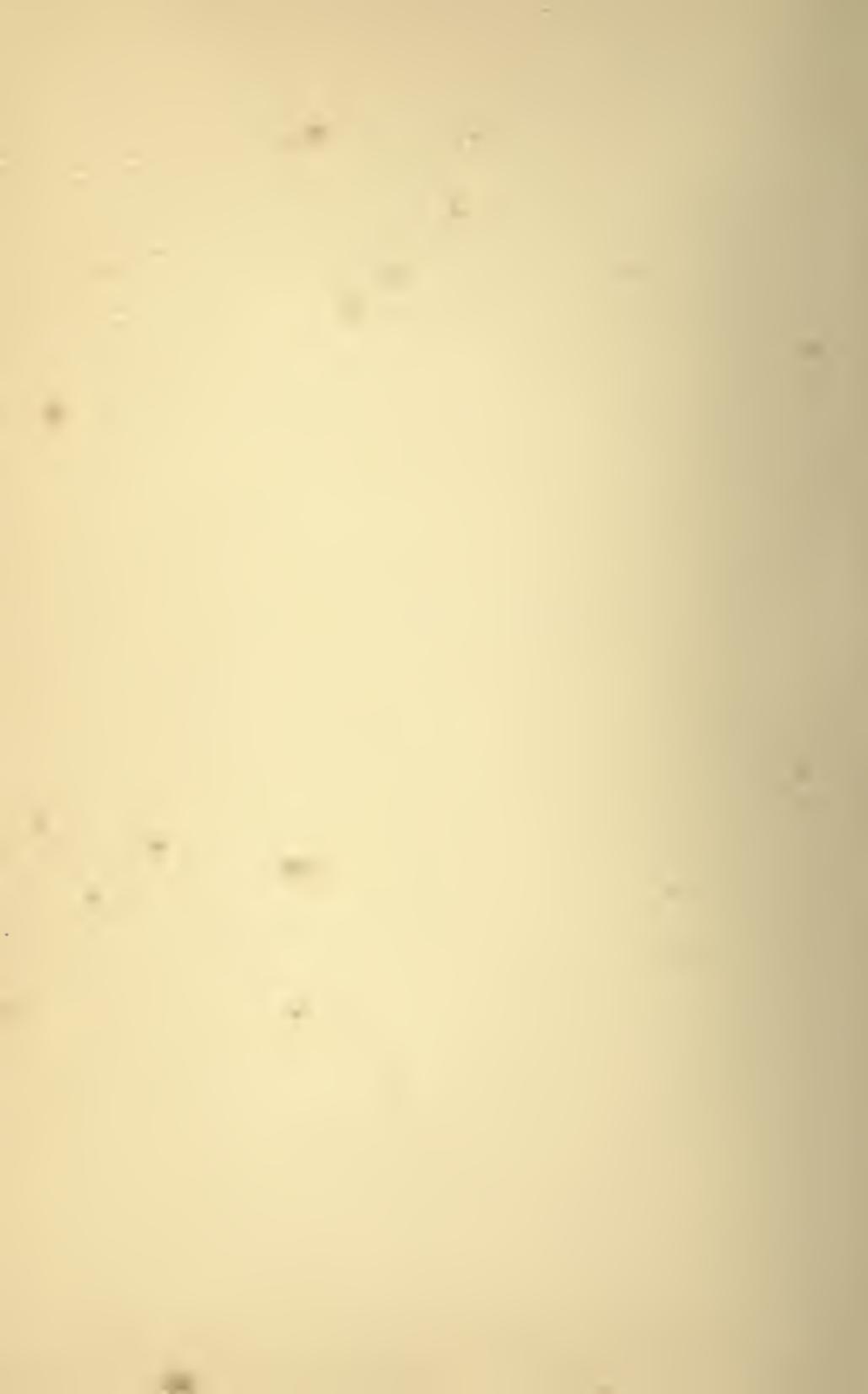
One Presence fills that land, to One belongs
The sovran throne ;
One is the theme of the triumphal songs,
And One alone.

One Name prevails to gain an entrance there,
One peerless Name ;
And all who would in that high glory share
Nought else may claim.

FOLIA CADUCA

Beyond this globe of changing day and night,
Of hopes and fears,
Remain, when shall arise the Light of Light,
The changeless years.

Earlier Verses



IN MEMORIAM FRANCIS BEACON

OBIIT NONIS SEP. 1876

“ And I within that holy sphere—
Those holy songs would greet my ear,
As day by day within that throng
I listen to the sacred song.”—F.B., aged 12.

FULL soon, more soon than we had thought,
R eceived into the holy throng,
A nd that sweet music thou hadst sought,
N ow to thine home eternal brought,
C all'd up to hear, and sacred song,
I n the seraphic choir divine—
S o on thy Saviour's breast recline.

B ehind thee now are earthly woes—
E 'en earthly joys were small and vain
A nd empty, when compared with those
C elestial joys the just obtain;
O lot more bright than aught below,
N one blest as those who Jesus know.

A CRY

'MID the discord, the snares, and the sin
Of this world that in darkness lies,
Spite of subtler foes within,
Unto Thee we lift our eyes—

Unto Thee, O Christ, the Way,
Unto Thee, the Truth and the Life,
Who controllest the feet, prone to stray,
Speakest peace 'mid the dissonant strife.

Failing, and foolish, and weak,
But to Thee for strength we pray,
And Thou guidest in judgement the meek,
And such Thou wilt teach Thy way.

A CRY

O Lord, to this growing night
Send down a guiding ray
From Thy throne, Who art Love and Light,
To shew Thy beloved the way.

Soon where there is no more night,
In that serener day,
We shall need no guiding light,
Where the Lamb is the Light alway.

For Thyself, the Morning Star,
Thou hast given unto Thine own,
And it signalleth from afar
That the night is almost gone.

IN MEMORIAM

LORD TENNYSON

“SUNSET and evening star,”
And pale the laurell'd brow,
The magic voice is hush'd that near and far
Was loved below.

Oh, gently moved the tide,
Without or sound or foam,
When Christ, thy Pilot (He the only Guide)
Guided thee home.

Home to enduring day,
Whose sun can ne'er go down ;
And, after evening bell, and twilight grey,
A nobler crown.

No veil beyond the bar,
But past the trackless flood,
And dawn of beatific vision far
“ Within the light of God.”

PRAYER

FATHER, we come to Thee
In one prevailing Name—
In His, Whose love must be
Our only claim ;

In Whom Thou art reveal'd,
In Whom the dark is clear,
And secret things unseal'd,
And distant near.

These burning stars are Thine,
And Thine this goodly frame,
Form'd by Thy hand divine
To praise Thy Name.

PRAYER

But not in starry skies,
And not in vernal flowers,
True consolation lies
For needs like ours.

For we are frail and weak,
And so we come to Thee ;
Thy face, O God, we seek
On bended knee.

O guide us with Thine eye,
The work of faith fulfil,
Until we rest on high
On Zion's hill.

This 'Prayer' is really a pendant to 'Night' in the *Folia Caduca*.

HYMN

O LORD Jesus, Thou hast worn,
Thou a crown of cruel thorn,
But far other crowns are now
On Thy many-circled brow.

Thou hast borne the ribald jeer,
And the soldier's ruthless spear,
Saviour, pierced Thy sacred side,
Calling forth a cleansing tide.

Son of God, Who stoop'd so low,
Gladly at Thy feet we bow ;
Son of Man exalted high,
Never more for sin to die.

HYMN

Lamb of God, pathetic name,
Telling of Thy death of shame ;
Lamb of God, the Glorified—
Now we bless, who once denied.

Lamb of God, when Thou shalt see
Of Thy soul's sore agony,
Thou wilt then be satisfied,
Welcoming Thy glorious Bride.

Son of God, we then shall gaze
On Thy face for endless days ;
And our brows shall wear the fame
Of Thy great and wondrous Name.

A CONTRAST

A DARKENING night, and then a morn serene,
A stormy main, and then the crystal sea,
This fading day, and then the pearly sheen
Of heavenly brightness for eternity.

Earth's mingled songs, and then the melodies,
Glad as in Jesu's presence, that beseem
The land, where hush'd for aye are sorrow's cries,
A bliss that far transcends earth's highest dream.

A weary wandering, then most easeful rest,
Irreverent strife, and then most holy calm,
Vouchsafed to sinners saved, so richly blest,
Exchanging conflict's sword for victory's palm.

Robes travel-stain'd, but then divinely pure,
And bright with radiance the tear-dimm'd eyes,
And heavenly bliss for earthly vain allure,
The wilderness, and then God's Paradise !

AN ELEGY

O DEEPER fall the shadows, and the night
Becomes more dark as loved ones pass away;
But we would turn our eyes to catch the light
That soon will usher in a cloudless day.

Oh, all is darkness here—those greatly known
Are fading one by one from earthly eyes;
The “Reaper, Death,” with his fell scythe has mown
Young lives with whom were link'd our destinies.

And ties that had endured the changing years
Are rudely snapt by a resistless power;
Not once, but twice that darkening shade appears,
And life is still'd tho' in the opening flower.

AN ELEGY

And one with whom I trod life's early ways,
Love deepening with our growth to manhood's prime,
Love but maturer for the length of days,
Love growing lovelier with the lapse of time,

Has pass'd away, and one 'neath alien skies,
And both have reach'd the everlasting shore ;
But Jesus gently closed the tired eyes
To open them where crying is no more.

For Death is slave, not lord—the Father's hand
In tender love removes each perfect child ;
They are but summon'd to the sinless land,
Nor left to wander longer in the wild.

O deeper fall the shadows, but the day
Is fast approaching when the Lord shall come,
And we with them shall wing our upward way
To dwell for ever in the eternal home.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION

'TIS not as once it seem'd,
Altho' the same bright glow bedeck
the sky,
What time the kindly light of day may die,
As when my childhood dream'd.

Then Death was but a name,
And at some coming day I was to rise
To meet the gracious Master with glad eyes,
To meet His eyes of flame.

I did not think to lie
Within the lap of all-receiving earth,
The house ordain'd for all of human birth,
But to ascend on high.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION

But youth's elastic tread
Is now exchange'd for manhood's graver mood,
And often sombre fancies will intrude,
And not unmix'd with dread.

And so, tho' roses bloom,
And skies are tinged with scarlet as of yore,
The light that is on leaf and cloud no more
Prevails to banish gloom.

O Father, aid Thy child,
Restore the joy of Thy salvation, Lord ;
O shed within the comfort of Thy Word—
So life shall seem less wild.

SUBMISSION

WHEN wandering in devious ways,
Thy love, O Lord, did still pursue,
And Thou, the Author of my days,
Didst draw me to Thyself anew.

Thine, Saviour, is the faithfulness,
The patient grace, O Lord, is Thine,
Which waiteth this poor heart to bless,
And on its doubt and gloom to shine.

The bliss of earthly gladness born
With earthly gladness ebbs and flows ;
The heart of such delights forlorn
A double depth of darkness knows.

SUBMISSION

The heart that rests on love Divine
Hath ever an unfailing peace—
A light that doth the brighter shine
When earthly blandishments decrease.

O ever gentler are led
The feet that tread the heavenly way ;
O ever swifter is sped
The soul that waits the perfect day.

O ever cheerier the gaze
Directed to the coming day ;
O ever sunnier the rays
That flash along the heavenly way.

Then, Lord, to Thy thrice holy will
Give me the grace to gladly bow ;
Knowing 'tis Thine may I be still,
This be for me sufficient now.

ULLSWATER

AUGUST 1st, 1887

(Lines written in Dejection)

LONG years ago
In pleasure or in pain,
When in my spirit burn'd a kindlier glow,
I had not gazed on thee, fair Lake, in vain.

E'en now I've found,
What time with placid blue
Thy waters shine, and the grand hills around
Sunlit enclose thee, joy that once I knew

In fuller life—
Some strain I then had sung ;
But now, aweary with life's lengthen'd strife,
To praise thee I may hardly find a tongue.

ULLSWATER

For death seems near,
Tho' thou art bright and gay,
And ere the green leaves redden, even here
May death unwelcome enter in one day.

'Tis not because
I do not love thy rare
And radiant beauty, for I ever was
Entranced with beauty, all that's bright and fair.

Then grant one strain,
O Muse, so long neglected,
That I may not have sojourn'd here in vain,
Nor friends in vain some grateful verse expected.

Patterdale Hall.

THE INVOCATION

MANY a day has pass'd away
Since I wrote my latest rhyme,
And the slighted Muse may now refuse
To inspire another chime.

But I greatly long to compose a song
That may please a childish ear,
And therein to blend for my little friend
Things simple and sweet to hear.

Then come, sweet Muse, for I now would choose
Thy guidance to secure ;
I need no proof, if thou keep aloof,
That my lines will not allure.

THE INVOCATION

Though there be excuse that might induce
Thee to shun my lowly page,
Yet to have my part in the poet's art
Was my wish from my tenderest age.

I have not the dower of Kingsley's power,
Yet spurn me not, sweet Muse ;
But give the flow and the genial glow—
Come, breathe thy kindly dews.

Come, grant a lay both sweet and gay—
Come, kindly Muse, O hear !—
That I may send to my little friend
What will please his childish ear

SPRING SONG

(MOTHER TO CHILD)

COME, dear my child, to where the early flowers
Bedeck the ground with flakes of drifted snow,
Though winds be rude and chill, the brightening hours
Make gay the earth where'er we chance to go.
Flowerets of springtime, flowerets so bright,
Ever and ever a source of new delight.

Snowdrops are sweet, but sweeter in its blooming
Peeps forth the violet with purple eye
Scenting the air; and sweet the unassuming
And pale primrose that we shall soon descry.
Flowerets of springtime, flowerets so bright,
Ever and ever a source of new delight.

SPRING SONG

Soon, fringed with pink and white, the pretty daisies,
And cowslips tall that droop their cups of gold,
All in the sunshine will declare the praises
Of God the Lord Whose glories are untold.
Flowerets of springtime, flowerets so bright,
Ever and ever a source of new delight.

Jesus it is Who made each lovely flower,
For He made all things beautiful below,
And He will guard my sweet one by His power
Till to the fairer land on high we go.
Flowerets of amaranth, flowerets more bright,
Ever and ever will bloom for new delight.

L'AURORE

MANY a mystic influence urges,
Not less strong because obscure,
Rarely leads me to play dirges
Which at times my soul allure.

More to choose the exaltation,
And the sternly-stirring tone,
The enrapt, serene elation
That is most Beethoven's own.

When he soars on wings of morning,
A triumphant pæan sings,
E'en the name of sorrow scorning,
Telling of all wondrous things.

L'AURORE

Yet pervades a softer madness
Oft the master's potent lyre,
A most musical sweet sadness
Of the most intense desire—

Tells of early blossoms fading
We at times would fain recall,
Of some early sorrow shading
Youthful joys with sombre pall.

Then again his notes are sprightly,
Quaint conceit and merry play
Sweetly link'd, and not more brightly
Sunbeams glance in month of May.

Thus, as my stray fancy changes,
I select the tuneful score,
And, for that Beethoven ranges
All so wide, I scarce need more.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY

SWEET Poesy, that hast not fail'd to shed
A gleam of gladness on my darkest day,
And tho' the blast were bitter, and the way
Were wild and thorny that I had to tread,
Still by thine effluence bright hast comforted ;
And I sank not with overmuch dismay,
Since, stored with many a rhyme, sweet, grand, or gay,
Fond Memory deems herself not cumberèd.
And many a fragment of sublimer song
Doth oft await but suitable recall,
And without search I find myself among
The noblest of earth's minstrels, for they all—
Oh! not to books, but to the heart belong
That finds thus rest from labour, joy from thrall.

HOPE

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER)

AH! mortals ever speak and dream
Of better days that are coming;
They chase a fleeting golden gleam
Of bliss for ever looming;
The world may grow old, and grow young again,
To hope for the better man ever is fain.

Hope takes by the hand the merry lad,
And round his young life hovers;
And youth is made by her witchery glad,
And the old man hope discovers;
Tho' he close in the grave his weary race,
Not there, e'en there, doth she hide her face.

Oh! 'tis not the birth of the madman's brain,
No flattering, empty notion;
To the heart it reveals itself loud and plain,
'Tis our best and prime emotion;
With the dream that hope like a wreath doth weave,
The trusting soul she will not deceive.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER)

THE oakwood roars 'neath the darkening skies,
By the verdant bank sits a maiden and sighs ;
The waves are dashing with might, with might,
Her sighs are laid bare to the gloomy night,
Her eyes are tear dimm'd and sadden'd.

“My heart is dead, the world, it is vain,
Nor more will it flatter my wishes again ;
O, Holy One, call thy child away,
I have had my portion of earth's bright day—
By life and by love been gladden'd.”

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT

Oh! well may the tears of sorrow flow,
Yet complaint does not waken those sleeping below;
But say, what enables the wounded breast,
When sweet love is gone, to return to its rest?
I, the Heavenly One, will be availing.

“Nay, give sorrow’s tears full freedom to flow,
Tho’ complaint may not waken those sleeping below!
The sweetest bliss for the mourning breast,
When the love-lorn soul has lost its rest,
Are the griefs of love and its wailing.”

FRAGMENT

THE sweetest earthly songs, they say,
Are those that tell of saddest thought,
But those by faith to Jesus brought
Sing sweetest in their brightest lay.

AT EASTBOURNE

THE sea is sparkling in the sunlight sheen
With golden jewels on its fragile spray,
The sky is blue, and if a cloud be seen,
'Twill soon so lightsome, airy, flit away—
Pass into “airy nothing,” and the day
Is pure, the sun with kindly-genial glow
Diffuses grateful warmth, the air is gay
With skylarks' joyful warblings, and below
The grass gleams in the sunshine—Spring is
dower'd so.

GUERNSEY PICTURES

I. MOULIN HUET

SWEET Moulin Huet, where their brightest blue
Both sky and water evermore display,
Whose cliffs are garnish'd with the lustrous hue
Of vivid green—I recollect a day,
Two springs ago, I visited the bay,
By youthful friends companion'd—we sat down
Upon that cliff, for green and gold array
Conspicuous, and Nature veil'd her frown,
For Spring, that careless fay, would have it all her
own.

We gazed upon the freshly-springing green,
With beauteous wild flowers spangled, then the blue
Of sky and ocean, and the expanse between,
And heard the wilder'd shriek of the sea-mew,
And mark'd the skylark's rapture, where it flew
In airy heights, uncumber'd with earth's pain,
Soaring aloft till falls the evening dew,
Nor intermitting its ecstatic strain
Except to take it up in cheerier note again.

GUERNSEY PICTURES

II. L'ANCRESSE

OF L'Ancrese now in brief, the Anchorage,
So named 'tis said of old, for here befell
What is perchance in Anglo-Norman page
All duly chronicled—I cannot tell
It rightly, nor the tale remember well,
How for his fleet Duke Robert here did find
A haven—weird the spot with many a spell
Of Druid mystery now all unshrined—
But I forbear to sing of deeds so dark and blind.

A moorland wild and waste commands the bay,
With heath and gorse o'ergrown, and you may see
All lichen-stain'd, and beaten by the spray
Of centuries, the rude solemnity
Of unhewn stone—how much may chance to be
There hidden, it were better naught to know ;
But vocal now with nature's minstrelsy,
Dark rocks, blue waves, white foam, and golden glow,
Grey stones, on ye I would a passing word bestow.

EARLIER VERSES

III. SAINTS' BAY

HOW bright must Icart be this first of June,
All mantled in its spring apparel gay,
And now the sun is high, for it is noon—
It is as I have seen it many a day,
When its high rocks with happy childish play
Have rung, when play was all it means and more,
When loss of pebbled seat was our dismay,
Reach'd by the flowing tide, and bathing o'er,
We sought some higher ledge, and ate our luncheon
store.

SUNSET AT ICART, GUERNSEY

BELT upon belt of sunlit cloud
Bedeck'd the western sky,
And the high dome of heaven glow'd
With crimson blazonry,
While paths of tenderest blue between
The gorgeous sun-wrought piles were seen.

But who the ever-changing hue
Of that fair sky might tell,
Where softest green and purest blue
Vied in bewitching spell?
Not easily could it be guess'd
Which brightening ray was loveliest.

But gradually the beauteous rays
Of rainbow-tinted light
Died out in heaven, tho' the blaze
Before had been so bright;
For Sol had hasten'd down to lave
His chariot low in ocean's wave.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE CHANNEL

ERE June was o'er, when Nature wore
One morn her brightest smile,
We sail'd away for a flying stay
At fair Aurigny's isle.

It is the prime of the summer time
In the leafy month of June,
When the sun's warm rays gild the glowing days,
And all things seem in tune.

And the water's hue match'd heaven's true blue
That morn, unfleck'd with foam ;
With a sky so clear no storm could be near ;
It was just the day to roam.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE CHANNEL

Oh! the mind is free on the wide, wide sea!
The very air is balm;
There is joy afar from the daily jar
Of life, and a sweet, sweet calm.

Unlike a friend, whose love may end,
Its smiles are e'er renew'd;
And the summer wind is ne'er unkind,
Its breath is never rude.

So we cross'd the bay on our outward way,
And we call'd at Swanage first;
And fair it gleam'd as the sunshine stream'd
On meadow, and hill, and hurst.

For at morn and eve the sunbeams achieve
The fairest effects of light;
Most the colour doth show when the sun is low,
And when day succeedeth night.

Then south we steer'd till afar appear'd
The storied hills of France,
Where the famous crag of Cape la Hague
Crowneth the wide expanse.

EARLIER VERSES

And we came full soon in the afternoon
 To the wild Norman isle,
Not without its glory in ancient story,
 And there for a little while

We saunter'd at will and rambled until
 The hour arrived to leave ;
But in my tale I must not fail
 Our landing adventure to weave.

Not by the aid of a gangway staid
 Did we gain the little isle ;
The mode was heroic enough for a Stoic,
 And meet to provoke a smile.

For we climb'd each rung of a ladder that hung
 (As it were) 'twixt the boat and our haven ;
And some, tho' dismay'd, yet to scale it essay'd—
 They misliked to be thought weak or craven.

But the peril at last was over and past,
 At half-past four we sail'd,
Well pleased to return to Albion's bourne,
 Which at last we gladly hail'd.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE CHANNEL

And the sunset blaze with its golden rays
 Made a glory in the west,
The pathetic light of approaching night,
 Tender and sweet and blest.

And its broadening sheen o'er the waves was seen,
 While nature look'd divine,
As o'er the blue the sunset threw
 A radiance opaline.

Then near Tilly Whim, when the light grows dim,
 We see the Pharos-flare,
Not needed now, while the afterglow
 Of the twilight lingers there.

Meantime we had come to our pine-clad home,
 And our favour'd trip was ended ;
And so is this verse, in which I rehearse
 What is now to my friends commended.

ON PUNS

O F puns, I am sick of them,
We dwell in the thick of them,
No more can they be endured ;
Yet all seems inadequate
This bane to eradicate—
Alas! will it ever be cured ?

The air, it is faint with them
(So runs my complaint with them),
They are part of the breath we draw ;
They infest the community,
And are made with impunity,—
'Tis a sad and ridiculous flaw.

E'en those we thought free from them
Derive now much glee from them,
And, alas! sad to say, they accuse
With painful persistency,
And strange inconsistency
(Since they love them), the one whom the Muse

ON PUNS

Now invests with authority
To declare the majority
Of people are hostile to puns ;
That now there is urgency—
So great the emergency—
To consign them to Vandals and Huns.

To say that he started them,
When he fain would have parted them
From himself and all that he knows,
Is the greatest audacity,
And sad pertinacity,
And gross imbecility shows.

These rhymes he must terminate,
Though he fail to exterminate
This noxious and troublesome growth ;
But he tells all society
He has had a satiety
Of such stuff—so he writes, nothing loath.

FARRAGO

O HARD is verse-making,
When your cranium's aching,
And eyes are too heavy and weary to read,
When dull pain is wearing
Your nerves with a tearing
And tremulous "thrum" that is "trying" indeed.

Were my brow even coolish,
It still might be foolish
To endeavour to write without ever a thought;
Without ever a fancy
'Twere only by chance a
Few feeble rhymes could be possibly wrought.

FARRAGO

Were the fountain Castalian
Free to Greek and to alien
Just now, as it once was to simple and sage,
From its sparkle and bubble
I might draw a double
Advantage to profit both forehead and page.

For those dews that are purest
Must be truly the surest
And best to relieve the most agonised brow ;
And a bard's quite appointed
When he has been anointed
With the dews that made verses so readily flow.

O fountain poetic,
Lending force energetic
To the simple and fanciful children of song,
With a sacred afflatus
And the whole apparatus
By which poets are raised far above the mad throng.

But Castalia's distant,
If even existent ;
In some nearer fountain my brow I must lave ;

EARLIER VERSES

And a mean wash-hand basin,
Ah, to bathe my pale face in,
Must be substitute sad for Apollo's bright wave !

And, ah! no invitation
May allure inspiration
To a poet in straits from Pieria's spring ;
To be poetaster
Is but courting disaster ;
More than measures and words are required to *sing*.

Yes, if thoughts be prosaic,
Let verse be trochaic,
Or in anapæsts gay let it evenly flow ;
'Tis but metrical folly,
All the more melancholy,
For pretending to be what it is not, you know.

Oh! that bard is blameless
Who, endued with the nameless
Ineffable breath and fancy divine,
Of necessity singeth,
And from out of him bringeth
The jewels of song as from diamond mine.

FARRAGO

Then his rhymes and his measures
Fit in with the treasures
He draws from sweet poesy's versatile store ;
Men are rapt in attention,
And hush'd is dissension
Till the glad voice of melody quivers no more.

But now with these verses
My head all the worse is,
And my *quantum* of rhymes, too, seems now to have
flown ;
Not much for my use is
Bestow'd by the Muses,
But since poetry fails, I'll try—Eau-de-Cologne !

PIERCEFIELD PARK

THROUGH a pleasaunce old and stately,
Such as crown our fair old land,
Our pathway now lay greatly,
With high hills on either hand.

The ash and the beech contended
For the prize of its leafy bloom,
And the ivy and sycamore blended
With the laurels' deeper gloom.

And the yews, with their ruddy berries,
Making darker their deep, deep shade,
Were as clusters of rosy cherries
Enchain'd in a leafy braid.

EARLIER VERSES

And the tints of the chestnuts fading
Vied with masses of changing fern,
And arches of leaves o'ershading
Were encounter'd at every turn.

And arbours in green embower'd
Met the traveller on his way,
Where the oaks and the lindens tower'd,
And the breezes gently play.

And the perfume of yews was blended
With the delicate scent of the limes;
And now, reader fair, I have ended
This tale of the trees in my rhymes.

But the "winding Wye" ran ever
To join the voiceful sea,
A silver-flowing river,
And calm as eternity.

'Twas a vision of beauty and glory
As we trod that winding way,
But, ah me! this stuttering story
Cannot tell what we saw that day.

PIERCEFIELD PARK

Soon we left the stately pleasaunce,
But not the silver Wye,
Nor lost the glorious presence
Of the hills that reached the sky.

And we follow'd the bend of the river,
As it winds to its mountain home,
But—a place to remember ever—
To Tintern's walls we have come.

And a Muse less gay and sprightly
Must guide my fancies now,
My pen has run fast and brightly,
Let it now be grave and slow.

TINTERN ABBEY

O FAIR, fair fane, sublime and desolate,
And being desolate the more sublime,
And eloquent with voices of old time
That still have might to awe and captivate,
As in the days of thy departed state,
When to desert his fellows seem'd the prime
And sacred call of man in Christian clime,—
To make perpetual prayer within thy gate.
The calm monastic life, the ceaseless round
Of fast, and toil, and vigil is no more ;
The former inmates sleep beneath the ground,
But each majestic arch stands as of yore,
And thou art musical with song-birds' trills,
And compass'd by the everlasting hills.

A BAGATELLE

ATTRACTED by melodious sound
That from the drawing-room proceeded,
Thither my way I forthwith found
To get such solace as I needed.

Just light enough to see 'twas dark,
The moon her fitful radiance shedding—
But a new song commences—hark!
With noiseless step I should be treading.

And down I sat me thereupon
To list the music, list the singing,
While on us from her queenly throne
Her softest light was Cynthia flinging.

A BAGATELLE

All was conducive to repose,
The vocal sounds and instrumental.
Such frame of mind suits evening's close,
Nor altogether accidental.

And if I fanciful appear,
The moon must answer for the illusion,
But further to explain, I fear,
Might end in my condign confusion.

FRAGMENT

THEY lose their time
Who try to rhyme
With ne'er the power to do it,
Who verses halting
And defaulting
Pour forth, while others rue it.

Later Verses

TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR

O'ER Britain's realm the shadow of deep pain
Was brooding low and ever-growing fear,
That we might nevermore behold again
The gracious Lady whom we held so dear.

No crashing bolt that fell from bluest sky
Was e'er more startling than the whisper'd word;
Soon, soon the best beloved Queen may die,
The dolorous end may not be long deferr'd.

Then as a sunbeam from the gates of morn
Will streak a leaden sky with sudden gold,
So when our hearts were saddest, most forlorn,
Thy coming, Sir, afforded joy untold.

LATER VERSES

We knew thee sprung from an illustrious line,
Right kingly, fearless, of Imperial mould,
A prescient Prince who cherish'd the design
His country's weal to foster and uphold.

But now we know that ne'er a truer heart
Has pulsed 'neath royal purple, and we hail
The Sovereign Kinsman who so bore his part,
Mourning the great Queen, now within the veil.

January, 1901.

LORD BEACONSFIELD

(ON READING HIS POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENT)

MASTER of mordant wit, exuberant mind
Of keenest temper, I peruse thy page,
Mark'd by no token of declining age,
But by the sparkling fancy that we find
In all thy lucubrations—left behind
A moment's eager interest to engage,
The last words of a great Victorian sage,
Outstanding in the annals of mankind.

PEACE

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.—Horace.

SHE comes, the olive-crown'd — her pure white
pinion

Seems whiter in the dawning summertide,
And doubly grateful is her mild dominion,
Whose gracious presence was so long denied.

She comes at last, and all the land rejoices,
While peer and peasant hail the brightening day;
Borne on June's fragrant air are gladden'd voices,
Because War's withering cloud has pass'd away.

Oh, timely comes the blest surcease of sorrow
(Tho' Love forlorn may not forget her slain),
For with imperial pomp upon the morrow
They crown the King within Westminster's fane.

PEACE

So, Peace, we hail thee—to that pageant splendid
Can come no dearer or more welcome guest ;
For, telling of protracted warfare ended,
Thou breathest into all a sense of rest.

But where wert thou, if heroes were not sleeping
Their last long sleep beneath the Southern Cross ?
O Earth, O chequer'd scene of joy and weeping,
Why must such gain involve such bitter loss ?

Yet have they meed of praise—historic pages
Will tell the story of that daring high ;
Theirs is a glory greater than of sages—
'Tis fair and sweet for fatherland to die !

But thou art fairest—so we would acclaim thee,
While stalwart foes seem like to be our friends ;
May Boer and Briton now, may all who name thee,
Ensue thee, Peace, to compass noble ends.

ON WRITING SOME UNSATISFACTORY
VERSES IN HONOUR OF A WEDDING

ABORTIVE verses have I writ,
Devoid of due coherence,
To please discerning friends unfit,
Whatever their forbearance ;
Verses that show my prentice hand
No worthy tribute can command.

A fatal fluency has made
A medley of my stanzas,
Whose oddness might cast into shade
E'en wild extravaganzas—
O callow bards, beware in time
Of rashly rushing into rhyme.

ON WRITING SOME UNSATISFACTORY VERSES

Yet I may urge by way of plea,
 And mild extenuation,
None of the Nine to succour me
 Displays much inclination ;
And even Culture's wing must fail
Unless the Muses fan the gale.

And then, and then—a good excuse
 I find me in the weather ;
For tho' it never lack'd abuse
 Since rhymes were strung together,
Yet now with reason we can say,
 “ When had we such a wretched May? ”

Meanwhile the trees with leaf are clad,
 The countryside rejoices,
The thrush and blackbird now are glad,
 And warble with their voices,
While high above this round of green
The lark lends rapture to the scene.

Now bloom the chestnut, lilac, may,
 And with its crimson lustre
Blazes throughout the vernal day

LATER VERSES

Each rhododendron cluster,
Near the laburnum's living gold,
A thing of beauty to behold.

And dainty cowslips in the dells
And bluebells crowd together,
With flaming gorse whose fragrance tells
Of coming summer weather ;
All things betoken 'tis the time
Of Nature's ever welcome prime.

And everywhere by lawn and field
Are myriads of daisies—
But he a potent pen must wield
Who duly sounds the praises
Of all the gracious gifts of Spring,
Which I have now essay'd to sing.

Oh! spite of the ungentle winds,
And a beclouded heaven,
The healthy spirit ever finds
That good with all is given,
Nor lays the blame of non-success
On aught but its own feebleness.

ON THE ROAD TO CHUDLEIGH

NOVEMBER sky, tho' little past the noon
Of summer, and upon the rolling hills
Unwonted gloom, while summer's golden rays
Grey light replaces—yet the scene is fair
With purple heather, and the wooded vale
Delights us with its opulence of green.
For e'en when skies are sombre, Nature wears
An aspect lovelier than the brightest sun
Avails to give to cities, e'en where art
Has rear'd the columns of enduring fanes,
Oft fairest when in eld the lapse of time
Has touch'd them with inevitable hand.
And I have loved such relics only less
Than Nature's handiwork, that e'er appeals
More strongly with my narrowing span of years.
And 'mid the changes, often fraught with pain,
That mark our passage to the changeless land,
'Mid loss and shadow of loss that overhang
This chequer'd life till Christ and rest be gain'd,
Earth weaveth still her net of potent charm,
And woos us with the promises of heaven.

AT CHUDLEIGH ROCKS

WE stood on the grassy summit,
And gazed on the vale below,
And the rolling sweep of the hills so steep
And the silver streamlet's flow.

We admired the wealth of foliage,
Crowning the deep ravine ;
It was good to look on the open book
Of Nature and such a scene.

Not yet has the purblind builder,
Nor ever a Vandal hand,
Sought to *civilise* in sorry wise
This pride of Devonian land,

Where the guarding hills encircle
A temple of winsome green,
And Nature weaves her myriad leaves
On the slopes of the deep ravine.

LISHEEN

SPACES of emerald lawn with sheltering woods
Encircled, and beyond the lasting hills
In long serrated sequence, and anear,
Reach'd thro' a wind-swept field where harebells grow,
The shining sea, forming a beauteous bay,
Land-lock'd and tranquil, tho' its ebbing tide
Links with the Atlantic's tumult, rolling far
And wide away to the great Occident,
Lending a sense of freedom to the land,
Unto this ancient and historic land.
Such is the view before me, but behind
The mansion (rising square and white with hall
Of stately beauty) lilies white and red
Bloom in their pureness, mix'd with marguerites
And crimson roses, while the solemn yews
And elders grow luxuriant, and make
A pleasaunce grateful to a poet's eye ;
And all is calm and restful—here no strife
Of tongues may mar the quietude, the voice
Of birds alone is audible amid
The low sweet murmur of the summer sea.

SENLAC

UNDULATING hill and dale,
Clad with hazel, beech and oak,
Which in summer's gentle gale
Wave where once fierce battle broke.

And the view is fair around
With the verdure of the trees,
Gracing this historic ground
With their leafy harmonies.

Day by day the golden sun
Shines upon the peaceful field ;
Sword and battle-axe are gone,
Gone the clash of lance and shield.

SENLAC

For nine centuries have roll'd
 Since the tumult of that day,
And our England has grown old
 With an ever-widening sway.

Yet 'twas here amid the din
 Waltham's canons chanted low,
Praying England's cause might win—
 For the Norman overthrow.

And 'twas here that Edith pray'd,
 Here that dauntless Harold fell,
Tho' no havoc war has made
 Lingers in the wooded dell.

Naught may tell of Saxon doom,
 Naught of foes' ensanguined strife ;
Earth for everything has room,
 Storm and calm make human life.

THE GLEN, KNOCKNAREA

A NARROW pathway, where man's footstep
falls

But rarely, 'twixt opposing limestone walls
That seem of human masonry, tho' made
Long ere man's troubled story, where the shade,
That else would be oppressive, is relieved
By graceful growth of ash and birch, achieved
With scanty solar radiance, and where clings,
With marvellous and wild meanderings,
Luxuriant ivy to the dripping stone,
And wealth of fern—a solitude more lone
Were inconceivable—for Nature reigns
Sombre and paramount, and here disdains
All aid of man—no vestige can we trace
Of human handiwork, yet 'tis no place
Wherein to trifle, but to feel the power
Of God, and to contrast man's little hour

THE GLEN, KNOCKNAREA

With Nature's dateless days, that yet must end ;
For all things to the consummation tend,
When flux will yield to fixity, and all
The sad results will vanish of the Fall,
And stable loveliness and joy succeed
This evanescent beauty—flower with weed
No more will mingle, nor the golden gleam
Of sunshine cast on mountain, lake, and stream,
Be follow'd by the storm—the transient
Will be transfigured by the great " Divine event."

Lisheen, Sligo.

LINES WRITTEN AT BALLYSODARE
BAY, CO. SLIGO

THERE'S a beautiful bay
 'Neath Knocknarea,
And it lies 'mid a landscape fair ;
 'Tis known to fame
 By the musical name
And soft of Ballysodare.

It flows by the green
 Of wooded Lisheen,
And the splash of its ambient wave
 Caresses the ear
 That listens anear,
When in far off Æolian cave

The tempest is chain'd,
 And the blue is unstain'd
Save by clouds that are whiter than snow

LINES WRITTEN AT BALLYSDARE BAY

And the sunbeams play
The livelong day,
And Nature is gay and aglow.

The farther strand
Is a mountainous land
With many a pleasant "place";
Carrowgarry is seen
With its vesture of green
And its atmosphere of grace.

And the nearer beach
Of one shining reach
Lies under the lee of a glen,
Where a homestead sweet
Invites retreat
From the restless ways of men.

A league away
At the head of the bay
The rapids culminate,
Where the arduous wall
Of the turbid fall
Thundereth "in full spate."

LATER VERSES

By the margin wide
Of its limpid tide
Was woven a fairy dream¹
That may ne'er grow old,
For in words of gold
It unveils by the things that seem

The things that are
On this earthly star,
And that which must ever be—
How mortals must
Be pure and just—
How the Truth can alone set free.²

He who wrote it saw
Each godlike law
That bindeth both serfs and kings ;
For his poet's eye
Scorn'd vanity,
And he look'd at the heart of things.

¹ The Water Babies.

² S. John viii. 32.

LINES WRITTEN AT BALLYSDARE BAY

He beholds no more
This winsome shore
In the light of the August sun,
But his words remain
For the children's gain—
For the old to muse upon.

Like him we pass,
For all flesh is grass,
And its glory fades as a flower,
But we list in faith
What the Scripture saith
Of the love of Christ and His power.

IN THE SURREY HILLS

THE everlasting hills are all around,
And 'neath the summer blue
A sylvan pleasance—on the nearer ground
Are flowers of every hue.

For tho' the year be waning, yet July
Is haply with us still ;
The purple heather blooms beneath the sky
Upon the windy hill.

Oh ! linger, summer day, nor haste to go,
The year is at its best ;
Too soon, too soon we'll see the sunset glow
Flame in the crimson west.

For toil of daily life is here forgot,
And things that daily vex ;
We feel a sweet contentment with our lot,
Nought near us to perplex.

IN THE SURREY HILLS

O welcome rest within the guarding hills,
O cast in pleasant lines,
Where Nature's peace all agitation stills
Beside the soothing pines.

O welcome rest afar from blatant cries
Of town or city drear—
Is nought around but what delights the eyes,
And charms the awaken'd ear—

The melody of winds amid the trees,
The tuneful note of birds,
The whispering shade wherein I sit at ease,
And read inspiring words.

Then linger, summer day, nor haste to go,
The year is at its best ;
Too soon, too soon we'll see the sunset glow
Fade in the crimson west.

Around me are the everlasting hills,
The summer blue above,
And in content that all my being fills
I read the songs I love.

Churt Lea, Farnham.

MUSINGS ON LAKE LEMAN

(AT CHILLON)

A GLIMPSE of world-famed beauty — I have
gazed

On Lemman's lake of blue, I have beheld
The snow-clad mountains in their steadfast pride,
And names long since familiar now are link'd
With local habitation, places now,
Not merely names, to be, while life endures,
A sweet abiding memory—Territet,
Montreux and Clarens, Vevay, Ouchy—all
That winsome *littoral*, which pass'd too soon
From my delighted gaze (like some fair dream
The vision came and vanish'd), and I saw
The dreary walls of Chillon, eloquent
Of human hate inhuman, strangely found
Where Nature's face is comeliest, but naught
To those rude chieftains was the glorious blue

MUSINGS ON LAKE LEMAN

Of lake and sky, or majesty of lone
Æonian mountains, and their snowy peaks
Bathed in the splendour of the breaking morn,
Or glow of setting suns, e'en as the gloom
And lurid light of tempest, naught avail'd
To quicken conscience—shade or shine the same,
And both unheeded in those lawless days,
Save as the brutes may heed them ; kindlier they.

Thus by those pillars rooted in the mould
Of Chillon's dungeons did I muse and mourn
For life's pathetic story, its brief page
So sorrow-freighted, and I turn'd away,
Almost with eagerness, to gaze once more
On the perpetual mountains—deep the blue
Of Lemman, dazzling was the virgin snow,
And sweet the western wind, if somewhat rough
For an ideal May-day—I was fain
To wish my stay protracted long, to woo
With daily-growing knowledge shore and lake,
And mountain height sublime—it might not be.
O mountains, lake and shore, by heedless eyes
So often seen, to me how much delight
Was unconceded, when I bade adieu,
That chimed with greeting, to fair Switzerland !

FOR A SILVER WEDDING

“And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.”

—JOSHUA AND JUDGES.

TWO days in wedded life in high relief
Stand out, of silver one, and one of gold,
Of all its gracious days the first and chief.

They mark its passage, and the years unroll'd
In sweet content since dawn'd the bridal day,
In shade and shine, sun's heat or winter's cold.

So now while leafy June succeeds to May,
And brings fulfilment of your silver year,
May choicest gifts, my friends, attend your way.

FOR A SILVER WEDDING

Nor nether springs alone (corn in full ear),
But heavenly ones, transcending place and time,
And heavenly guidance recognised as near.

Thus all the days (so I conclude my rhyme),
May joys increase to father, mother, son,
And then in that high world a fairer clime.

TO ALICE

WHENE'ER I list your singing, I am fain
To wish it lasted ever, to complain
When ceases the sweet voice ; for sense and sound,
Twin arts of speech and song, were never found
More duly married—utterance so clear
Must fall with pleasure on the favour'd ear ;
So with a touch of pathos in the gay,
And sadness lit with hope, oh ! sing away !

WINTER GARDENS, BOURNEMOUTH

DECEMBER 11TH, 1906

WITHOUT, the gloom of a December day,
 Within, soft music floating to the roof
Beguiled our senses, for no alien sound
Intruded, but deliberate silence fell,
Pervading all, that so inviolate
The pure, sweet tones might travel and perform
Their wonted ministrations—none but seem'd
To hail such solace of our hustling life.

IN MEMORY OF E. M. H.

REST, happy spirit, freed from earthly thrall ;
Twice blest are they whom God doth early call.

Rest, happier there, in Jesus fallen asleep,
Tho' for a moment eyes that loved must weep.

Untimely loss—but not for thee the tears,
Or disillusion of the lengthening years.

No sigh of autumn wind, no winter snow
(So brief thy span) was given thee to know.

Thy sun was far below its highest noon,
When came the summons—sharp, imperious, soon !

Yet, tho' thy passing be in early prime,
Earth is well lost for heaven's unfading clime.

IN MEMORY OF E. M. H.

For here the roses wither, and the night
Fast gathers o'er the day of our delight.

But now for thee all pain is overpast,
And in that blessed country joy doth last.

Then sleep, until the shadows flee away,
And in the morning breaks the endless day.

December, 1904.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF C. T. M., AGED 12

PSALM XVIII. 30

HIS way is perfect—so the sacred Psalm
In words of gold,
And o'er the spirit breathes a heavenly calm,
And peace untold.

His way is perfect—words of solace true
For hearts bereaved,
Distilling on the soul their holy dew
From Christ received.

His way is perfect—when He puts to sleep
Our best-beloved,
And 'mid our grief deep calleth unto deep
For one removed.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF C. T. M.

His way is perfect—when on childhood's bloom
The shadow falls,
And our dear treasures to some ampler room
The Saviour calls.

His way is perfect, and this world is vain,
Tho' life is sweet,
And early dead means early freed from pain,
And blameless feet.

IN MEMORY OF F. E. P.

'TIS come at last, the call awaited long,
 In gentlest wise,
And now for her the triumph and the song
 In Paradise.

There will she feel the burden never more,
 And weight of years,
Whose tale, so great to number, yet when o'er
 So brief appears.

She resteth there, by Jesus put to sleep—
 Ah, this we know,
And we meanwhile must trust Him, tho' we weep,
 As on we go,

IN MEMORY OF F. E. P.

Who miss a gracious presence at the board,
A kindly face,
See in the garden by the verdant sward
A vacant place.

Yet would we not recall her if we might,
But day by day
Think of her dwelling with the saints in light,
And blest for aye.

Nor in an alien circle, in the same
Where Christ is Lord,
Who lived and died, rose and revived, with Name
By all adored.

Lord of the dead and living, hers and ours,
Oh ! grant that we,
Or in the sunshine, or when darkness lowers,
May live to Thee.

IN MEMORY OF E. M. H.

“The Master is come and calleth for thee.”

ST. JOHN XI. 28

THE Master call'd—He wanted thee above,
Tho' no tired feet were thine ;
And so thou wentest, summon'd by His love
Unto His home divine.

But stricken are two earthly homes, they weep
Who loved thee long and well ;
For in thy prime thou fellest upon sleep
With early passing-bell.

Nor kindred hearts mourn only—many a friend
Must drop a tribute-tear,
Because thy gracious life drew to an end
Now in the dawning year.

But tho' the casket breaks, its fragrance long
Will linger and endure,
Like the remembrance of a perfect song,
Or crimson sunset pure.

January, 1910.

IN MEMORIAM W. K.

STALWART soul and resolute,
Looking straight before thee,
Eager error to refute,
Still we must deplore thee.

Still we miss thy constant mind,
And that fine precision
With an outlook broad combined,
And a glowing vision.

Soon the days since thou wast left
To the tomb's deep slumber,
And our hearts were sore bereft,
Four full years will number.

LATER VERSES

Yet, methinks, they are but brief
 In the courts of heaven,
Where to sainted souls relief
 From earth's toil is given—

From her sorrow and her sighs
 Mingling with all gladness,
For that all creation lies
 In pervading sadness.

But we wait the coming day,
 And the bright unveiling,
Where Life's river winds its way
 'Mid the trees of healing—

We below, thou in repose,
 Thy long warfare ended
Thro' the might of Him Who rose,
 And is now ascended.

Stalwart soul and resolute,
 Truer none before thee,
Tho' thy voice on earth is mute,
 We will not deplore thee.

March, 1910.

A PRAYER

THOU Who hast ever blest me, bless me still
(Tho' all unworthy of the heavenly boon),
For age creeps on apace, with life's fair noon
Left far behind—the downward-sloping hill
Points to the sunset, while the East is chill,
And deep in shadow now, and every moon,
So swift to wax and wane, proclaims that soon
Life's pilgrimage must needs its course fulfil.
Then bless me, O my Saviour, and renew
Thy work of grace in my inconstant breast ;
Refresh me with Thy Spirit's holy dew,
And make me swift to heed Thy wise behest ;
And to my sky, Lord, lend a brighter blue,
Ere yet my sun declineth in the west.

HYMN

FATHER of lights Whose will divine
Has by Thy truthful Word
Begotten and has made us Thine,
For aye be Thou adored.

Thine, Father, was the wondrous grace
That sent Thine only Son
To show Thy glory in the Face
Of Thy beloved One.

He came Thy great and blessed Name
Of Father to declare—
The Just to meet Thine every claim,
The Sinless sin to bear.

HYMN

O matchless love—He came to die,
And deep to deep did call,
When He Who now is throned on high
Atoned for Adam's fall.

Thus only, Father, could'st thou raise
From depths of sin and shame
A chosen people for the praise
And glory of Thy Name.

Thus only could'st Thou make us meet
For the high guerdon, where
The saints in light before Thy feet,
That full fruition share.

O counsel all Divine to find
True worshippers in those
Who, once estranged by carnal mind,
Were Thine and Jesus' foes.

Then glory, Father, be to Thee
And to Thine only Son—
All glory to the One in Three,
And to the Three in One.

HYMN

O Son of Man, Whom our sad earth
Once as a stranger knew,
I hail Thee of the Virgin-birth,
The Holy and the True.

Thee Whom the distant East adored,
And hasten'd to behold,
When sages offer'd to their Lord
Myrrh, frankincense and gold.

I hail Thee, great upspringing Light,
Foretold by saintly seers,
Shining upon this planet's night
For three and thirty years.

HYMN

I hail Thee as the Living Bread
That cometh down from heaven ;
I hail Thee as the Church's Head
To Whom all power is given.

I hail Thee, only fruitful Vine—
Oh ! to abide in Thee ;
They only who on Thee recline
Know true felicity.

I hail Thee, ever-great I AM,
Ancient of endless days ;
I hail Thee as the lowly Lamb
That met the Baptist's gaze.

Greatest of women-born, he knew
Thee to himself preferr'd,
When dawn'd upon his reverent view
The glories of the Word.

Upon the Gospel page they gleam,
The glories of the Christ ;
Thy story is the sacred theme
Of each Evangelist.

LATER VERSES

I hail Thee, as I ponder o'er
 Thy suffering earthly way ;
I hail Thee, throned for evermore
 In heaven's eternal day.

O Son of God, Who still art man
 At God's right hand above,
Thy wondrous Being none may scan,
 But all may know Thy love.

Patris mei Versus

THE PATH OF LIFE

PSALM XVI. 11

THY pathway lay thro' suffering, shame, and
human woe,
'Mid sorrow deep that none beside could ever know;
Gethsemane's anticipative earnest prayers,
The bloody sweat, the agony, the cries and tears,
That deeper indignation and that fiercest wrath,
And all the terrors that God's holy judgement hath,
The draining of that bitter cup which none could
share,
Which only God could give, and only Thou could'st
bear—
All these were Thine, and Thou beneath the awful
weight
Of this world's load of sin, on darken'd Calvary's
height,

PATRIS MEI VERSUS

Hung on the cross, where mocking men could satiate,
In league with hell, their cruel scorn and fiendish
hate.

Thou there didst bend beneath the overflowing surge
Of human enmity—with Satan there to urge
With hellish haste, malignant prompter of the world,
Of all the scorn that at Thy sacred Head was hurl'd.

Such, Lord, Thy wondrous path of life—forsaken,
lone,

Uncheer'd thro' death's dark gate, where light had
never shone,

Bereft of all—whose eye but Thine could surely see
Right thro' the grave to Resurrection-Victory?

Whose power but Thine could then have borne sin's
heavy load,

And not be crush'd, but conquering find the way to
God?

Who else but Thou could now a mighty Victor stand
With glory, honour crown'd, Thou Man of God's
right hand?

Thy path of life to pleasures led, divinely given,
To joys that form and tune the highest joys of heaven;
For angels sing Thy mighty deeds on earth below,
And all the ranks of heaven with heighten'd rapture
glow;

THE PATH OF LIFE

The spacious plains of earth shall soon take up the
song,

And answering shouts the joyful chorus shall prolong,
From hill and dale shall rise throughout the wide
domain

Thy thrice repeated, Worthy, Worthy, Worthy Name.

And Thou for me the darksome power of death
hast quell'd,

The grave is light, its pitchy darkness all dispell'd ;
I follow on—if Thou shouldst call, triumphant sing,
Where now thy victory, O Grave—O Death, thy sting?

ECCLESIASTES XII. I

YOUTH is the time for gladness,
Youth shrinks from every sadness,
Indulges oft to madness
 In frantic mirth ;
As though spring-flowers for ever
Would bloom, and beauty never
From its young joys could sever
 While here on earth.

As if in pleasant bower,
Where ne'er a cloud could lower,
Nor storm's destructive power
 Were ever known ;
Alas! vain, baseless dream,
All pleasures phantoms seem,
Our years with sorrow teem,
 Our joys soon flown.

ECCLESIASTES XII. 1

Here disappointments swarm,
To spring the wintry storm,
And age to youthful form
 Succeeding swift ;
With nought to guide or stay,
Like bark on tidal way,
Of winds and waves the play,
 We onward drift.

Ere yet the evil days
Shall come with dread amaze,
Yield not to false delays,
 But in thy youth
Remember thy Creator
Who took on Him thy nature,
Of Love Divine Testator
 Of grace and truth.

HOSEA II, 14

GOD'S allurements—wondrous word,
Famine, pestilence, distress,
Brood of war, of fire and sword,
These in love and righteousness.

Not with trophies of the foe
Welcomed home with trumpet sound ;
Captive thou in saddest woe,
Fetters, chains upon thee bound.

Not with vineyards, corn and oil,
Not with harvest's richest yield,
Not with treasure, foeman's spoil,
Gather'd from the battle field.

Not with such wast thou allured,
Israel favour'd, false and fair,
But with bitterest shame endured,
All that Gentiles do and dare.

HOSEA II, 14

Not to spots of verdant green,
Not where sparkle crystal fountains,
Not where flowery meads are seen,
But to arid rocks and mountains.

Could no softer means avail,
Could not love in warning speak,
Could the holy prophets fail,
Warning thee thy God to seek ?

Nay, His love when thou wast young,
Sought to save thee from thy ways ;
Lewd thine eye, thy will so strong
Would on Gentile lovers gaze.

Judgement He was forced to send,
Faithful to His love of old ;
Thus to make thee apprehend
Love that never could grow cold.

God allures thee by His grace,
Anxious in His lovingkindness
To restore thee to thy place,
Lost through sin and utter blindness.

PATRIS MEI VERSUS

All thy sufferings here below
Change their hue and lose their pain ;
All His judgments only show
How He wooed thee back again.

To the wilderness thou goest,
There again to be betrothed,
Raised from depths the very lowest,
Raised by grace, no longer loathed.

Ishi—now He would be call'd—
Husband to the wife restored ;
Thou replaced, no more enthrall'd,
Welcomed by thy loving Lord.

Israel in the wilderness,
Comfortably speaks His voice :
“Thou, my people”—from that place
Say “My God,” and then rejoice.

Bright example of Thy love and grace,
Now, O Father, stronger, richer flowing,
Drawing forth a song of higher praise
From our souls to Thee in wonder bowing.

ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE

PSALM LXXXVII. 7

THOU Source Divine of joys that grow,
Eternal spring of endless peace,
And surest hope whose constant flow
Of highest bliss can never cease.

Oh, who among us all can tell
The unfathom'd depths of love Divine,
That brought Thee here with man to dwell,
And grace and righteousness combine!

From Thee flows forth the living stream
Whose waters gladden every heart,
Which fills the soul with joy supreme,
And heals its wounds and soothes its smart.

PATRIS MEI VERSUS

From earthly springs we turn away,
No more a broken cistern hew,
With heavenly draughts our souls we stay,
With living water strength renew.

In Thee are all our freshest springs,
Perennial sources never dry,
We long to spread our gladsome wings,
And mount to drink celestial joy.

ON A MOONLIT NIGHT

HIGHER, higher,
Brighter, brighter,
Up the starry hill inclining ;
The clouds are hoary
With the moon's glory,
In the whiteness of her shining.

Lies now on all
A peaceful thrall,
As if benumbing every power ;
In quietness
And passionless
The din of arms and tongues is o'er.

E'en if a cloud
Pale Cynthia shroud,
'Tis but a vapour light and airy ;

PATRIS MEI VERSUS

Itself is white
With heavenly light,
There's nothing gloomy, sad, or dreary.

And thus I wend
Unto the end
My path below, nor fear the cloud,
Which from the earth
Derives its birth
With strength and hope by Christ endow'd.

Or if a shade
On me is laid,
I'll find the side to me is bright
With the shining through
Of Him that's true,
Who dwells above the cloud in light.

Higher, higher,
Brighter, brighter,
Up the holy hill inclining ;
No cloud is seen
In the azure sheen
In a better light than Cynthia's shining.

ON A MOONLIT NIGHT

Higher, higher,
Nigher, nigher,
Sustain'd by faith as eagle's wing,
Unto that light
Beyond all night,
And Jesus' brighter glories sing.

PATER AD FILIAM

(DIE NATALI)

THE day has come once more
That metes thy years,
And gone are twenty-four,
Their joys and tears.

Not years ago, but days,
It seems to me,
I watch'd thy winning ways
Of infancy.

Not much of life has flown,
Scarce past the morn,
But finding there has grown
On rose the thorn.

PATER AD FILIAM

A wilderness or bower
This world may seem,
Or worthless weed or flower,
Yet both a dream.

The flowers of brightest hue,
So fondly nurst,
From our expectant view
Have faded first.

How soon the summer drought
The springtide scene
May wither, leaving nought
Of what has been.

A wild, a barren waste
All then appears ;
A cup of joy we taste—
The dregs are tears.

Is dark to thee this day ?
Comes it with pain ?
Or bright with holy ray,
And heavenly gain ?

PATRIS MEI VERSUS

As years roll on, canst thou
 With heavenly mind,
With calm and placid brow
 Leave all behind ?

Canst thou with faith-lit eye
 Behold thy crown ?
Or 'neath the things on high
 Thy gaze bent down ?

But soon this scene will change ;
 We pass away
Celestial plains to range
 In happier day.

Nor cloud, nor storm, nor night,
 Nor stony road ;
Nor cold, nor heat, nor blight
 In that abode.

A birthday then will dawn
 Whose sun ne'er sets,
All conflict, sorrow gone,
 All earth's regrets.

PATER AD FILIAM

And in their place a stream
Of pleasure flowing,
Of praise—God's love the theme—
For ever growing.

A birthday such as never
Dawn'd before,
Unbroken joys for ever,
A boundless store.

Let each successive year,
While here we stay,
So haste the coming near
Of nightless day.

In patience we will wait
The little while ;
In faith anticipate
Christ's welcome smile.

O happy birthday come,
When changed we rise,
Or risen from the tomb
To yonder skies.

Erratum

*(Omitted from 'In Lyme Bay' in 'Folia Caduca'
portion, page 34)*

Now golden summer dons her gayest dress,
Now she displays her lavish loveliness.

(This should have been stanza 3.)

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