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# The Worship of the Serpent

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

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Author of "The Modern Arthur, and other Poems,"



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## PREFACE.

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In 1912 I published, in London, a volume of verses entitled "The Modern Arthur, and other Poems." They dealt with a variety of topics, and included metrical versions of a few Maori legends, which, so far as I know, had never been done into English verse before.

Since 1912 the world has been convulsed by a war in which almost every civilized nation took part. It may rightly be described as a titanic struggle from which Titans were absent. The size of the armed forces engaged was without precedent in history. Numberless deeds of valour were performed, and the heroism displayed was not confined to the soldiers or sailors of any one of the combatant nations; battles raged, men fell in multitudes like autumn leaves before a gale; nevertheless the conflict lacked poetic grandeur—that grandeur which has immortalized battles wherein far smaller numbers of combatants participated. Even the wonderful achievements of the British Navy during the war have covered it with the glory of the golden mist rather than with that of the sun in full splendour. The hymnings of a marvellous epic were heard; but the imperious figures of kings of men were not seen. The gods no longer visit the Earth; and even in war men's individual capacities count for less and less than heretofore.

The Second Part of this book contains poems relating to the war. Some were published in New Zealand newspapers while the war raged; others are new. Having been composed during the conflict the

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## PREFACE

colour of the passing time may cling to them, but this may not be a defect. The war has stamped its mark indelibly upon the history of New Zealand, and the people of this Dominion may justly pride themselves upon the assistance which they gave to the Mother Country in the mighty contest. Our young men proved, on many a hard fought field, that they inherit the valour of their forefathers.

I publish these poems because the spirit bids me to do so, but one cannot help speculating for how long men will continue to find pleasure in poetry. The public taste for this form of literature (I say literature, because, whatever its origin, poetry must now be so regarded) is markedly waning, nor do the productions of any living English poet kindle enthusiasm. Quantities of verse issue from the press in various forms, much of it penetrated by genuine poetic feeling; but where is the true inspiration—the “divine madness” of Socrates? When, and through what oracle, does the god speak? Our poet laureate, who should be our chief bard, is a past master of the grammar of poetry, but there he halts. His poems do not express the emotions of the nation. They may be treated rather as metrical exercises than as true poetry. In contrast, the rugged and patriotic ballads of Rudyard Kipling justly express the national sentiment on the topics with which he deals, yet his verses seldom fulfil the requirements of poetry in a noble garb.

In truth, the raw material of poetry, if I may use the term, is disappearing. Mystery is vanishing from the world. The formerly unknown regions of the globe are becoming familiar routes of travel. Science has dispelled the belief in the constant interposition

## PREFACE

of Divinity in the working of the visible Universe. Ghosts, fairies, gnomes, djinn—every kind of being not daily visible to the corporeal eye—have shrunk away before the hard, cold light of materialism. Nature remains the same, but we do not now veil her with mystery. Perhaps we have lost the power to perceive her at all. The great problems of birth, life, and death are still unsolved, but men no longer place their faith in ecclesiastical systems, or rely upon the doctrines propounded by teachers of religion as absolute truths. Religion must always deeply stir man's soul, but religious beliefs wax and wane. Old beliefs are waning; and men strive to grasp the Infinite in other ways than heretofore, but as yet without success. I endeavoured to express these mental strivings in some of the poems in my former volume; further pieces of the same character will be found in the present.

To us residents in the Southern Seas the physical aspects of Nature reveal themselves in a different light from that which they offer to the residents of Europe. Our principal English poets who have treated of these aspects—Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and Tennyson—have figured scenes wherein man's works are commingled with Nature's, and Nature's wonders and beauties are illuminated by great human deeds. But in the Southern globe, when civilized man first came upon the scene, Nature was still unchanged by human works; she showed herself in her pristine state, and still retains much of her primitive aspect. The European Alps are robed with a thousand legends of men's actions. The Southern Alps loom grandly in their own majesty.

## PREFACE

It may be that the day of the epic and nobler strains of the poetic lyre are past; and that the poet, if he hopes to be heard, must touch lighter strings than of old. Tragedy and comedy are quitting the stage, and the song and dance taking their place. A similar change in public taste may be affecting poetry. After all, if a poet cannot move the hearts of his hearers or readers, he is but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, although it may be that, while not the poet of the present age, he will prove to be the poet of the future. Whether or not my own metrical compositions are justly entitled to be called poems, or whether they are but harmonious verse, will be for my readers to decide.

CHAS. W. PURNELL.

Ashburton, September, 1922.

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PART I.

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The Worship of the Serpent.

---

I.

A moon, full orb'd, hangs in the ebon sky,  
'Mid countless stars that burn most lustrously,  
Whose fires were lit ere Time its course began,  
Or Earth became the home of sinful man,  
While slumbering 'neath a veil of silver sheen  
Repose the wonders of an Eastern scene,  
A land of eld, the first-born of the sun,  
When life was from the womb of Chaos won,  
And all its marvels in a cell compressed  
To be through ages long and strange expressed;  
Here rules th' Assyrian with iron sway,  
And war's sad slaves toil through the sultry day;  
Some wear the port that marks the nobly bred,  
And some are offspring of the humble bed,  
In gangs they labour at their tyrants' will,  
On lowly tasks or works of utmost skill,  
They mould the clay, erect the massive wall,  
The monolith with crafty engines haul.  
Or raise the columns of a glorious fane,  
The sanctuary of some god profane,  
Whose haughty priests, with eyes of pride and scorn,  
Contemptuous look upon a crowd forlorn,  
Prostrate and broken with the world's fierce strife,  
Who refuge seek from care and woes of life  
In long-drawn prayers and offerings to the skies,  
Gross rites obscene, and bloody sacrifice.  
Thus man, resolving what high heaven requires,  
Imagines gods filled with his own desires,

## THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT

Who ever lust for sycophantic praise,  
And incense love, and glorifying lays.

### II.

The sun uprises, fiery red,  
Majestic from his saffron bed,  
And, by the golden billows shown,  
That emanate from his bright throne,  
There suddenly bursts into view,  
Begemmed with sparkling morning dew,  
A region prosperous and fair,  
Fanned by a warm, voluptuous air,  
Where proudly sits a city old,  
By Nimrod founded, so 'tis told  
In legends, writ on stone and screed,  
With many a tale of warlike deed,  
So that the conqueror's triumphs great  
May be for ever celebrate;  
Here men drink deep the wine of life,  
Fiercely they love, cruel their strife;  
Whene'er the tide of battle rolls  
A dauntless courage nerves their souls.  
Their martial fame about the world  
Floats like a crimson flag unfurled,  
In peace they seek delights extreme,  
And bathe in pleasure's tropic stream;  
Their bosoms throb with passion's zest,  
A boisterous ocean ne'er at rest.  
This fierce and warlike race obey  
A monarch of despotic sway,  
Whose ancient throne is girdled by  
Religion's awful panoply,  
For to the royal diadem  
He adds the pontiff's purple hem,

## THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT

And oft his dire predictions make  
Of Nineveh the people quake,  
In language ominous and dree,  
He guides the nation's destiny,  
By wondrous lore, in holy place,  
He meets the great gods face to face ;  
And learns the secrets of the deep  
Through which the endless ages sweep,  
The terrors of the dread unknown,  
O'ercanopy his mighty throne,  
And compassed by a pomp that clings  
Unto a sovereign king of kings,  
He dwells in palaces immense,  
Whose strange and weird magnificence  
Looks on a far outspreading maze  
Of crowded avenues and ways,  
Where all day long, in ceaseless flow,  
A human surge laps to and fro.

### III.

With feet lightly tripping,  
Glancing and flitting,  
To the throb of the trumpet and drum,  
Fair women, all blessed  
With beauty, and dressed  
In garments seductive and rare,  
Dance circling around a strange god,  
A god who is dumb,  
Yet they, overcome  
By the spell of his magnific nod,  
Feel the quickening fire  
Of a passionate ire,  
As they girdle the crystal shrine,  
Where the serpent's eyes glow,

*THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT*

And his body below  
Lies fold upon fold,  
Its scales shot with gold,  
Like ore from a fairy mine,  
While about his head  
A hood is outspread,  
Rich hued as the bubbling wine,  
Through his sinuous frame,  
Flows a shuddering flame,  
Shot down from a spirit on high,  
A gift from the far off sky,  
From Ishtar\*, whose form is unknown,  
Who views from her pearl-clad throne  
In the moon the children of Earth,  
The vassals of woe from their birth,  
For, through the vast measureless space,  
Where the planets pursue their long race  
And the music that wells from the spheres  
Has charmed immemorial years,  
The power of her being divine  
Flows strong like a vigorous wine,  
Till the frame of the serpent is filled  
With passion, by Ishtar instilled,  
And the serpent's eyes gleam  
Crimson red, like the stream  
Gushing out from the thrilling lyre  
When it kindles desire,  
While the women's young blood  
Foams in a full flood,  
As the fierce lightnings flash from his eyes,  
Their bodies keep time  
To a musical rhyme,  
And they utter unwitting cries;

\*See page 15.

*THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT*

The pontiff, proud eyed,  
In robes purple dyed,  
To the serpent inspired makes prayer,  
His voice, clear and strong,  
In an orison long,  
Resounds through the listening air,  
Suffused with the light  
Of the moonbeams white,  
That sleep on the walls of the fane,  
Where sculpture and hieroglyph vain  
Tell the tale of the gods who were Powers  
When the Chaldæan, through the night hours,  
Saw the stars and the comets pursue  
Old paths in the boundless blue,  
And down the dim avenues lone  
The winged lions, carven in stone,  
Stand awesome and grave in their might,  
Half shadow, half-light,  
Like the gods whom we dimly discern  
When the fires of strong piety burn,  
While the throb of the drum's rhythmic beat  
Is heard in the hallowed retreat.  
From afar comes its ominous moan,  
A fateful, divine monotone,  
A presence unseen, but profound,  
A soul interfused with a sound.

IV.

The women now, beneath the moon,  
Sway slowly past, in languorous swoon,  
Their black hair, from its fillets free,  
Floats loose, and waving wantonly,  
A ruby, on their leader's brow,  
Upon Serua's noble brow,  
Flames like a restless Satyr's eye,

*THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT*

Its facets flashing splendidly ;  
The serpent's sinuous folds lie wound  
In shimmering beauty on the ground,  
Whose ceaseless quiverings enhance  
The mazy movements of the dance,  
And from his soul, profound and dree,  
Wells forth a flood of sympathy,  
That makes each woman, hour by hour,  
Grow more submissive to his power,  
And, like wan planets round the sun,  
The dancers glide in unison,  
Until each woman's panting breast  
Is by the serpent's charm possessed,  
Her nature yields unto the snake  
As flows the stream into the lake,  
A chorus nigh, from sight concealed,  
Whose presence is by song revealed,  
With chants and hymns assail the sky  
Like fires that flare up fitfully,  
The varied strains pervade the night,  
Some utter prayer, some wake delight,  
But, floating 'mid the glorious din,  
Is heard supreme this fervent hymn :—

## TO ISHTAR\*

---

O Ishtar, goddess of the night,  
Enthroned above this mortal sphere,  
Amid a sea of silver light,  
Unto our orisons give ear.  
O goddess! let thy spirit move  
Our frigid breasts to thoughts of love.

Beside thy throne twin serpents lie,  
Rich flames of beauty interlaced,  
Their coils vibrate with ecstasy,  
In loving sympathy embraced.  
O goddess, etc.

O, Lady of all joy and song,  
O mistress of the dance and lyre,  
To thee all happy hours belong,  
The hours that kindle soft desire.  
O goddess, etc.

When, angered by war's horrid blast,  
Wrath flashes from thy burning eyes,  
Look not on us; thy glances cast  
Upon thy raging enemies.  
O goddess, etc.

\*Ishtar, a moon goddess, was worshipped in Nineveh, and her worship seems to have spread into Egypt. She was not only the goddess of love and beauty but also of war. In Egypt she was identified with the other forms of Hathor, the goddess of love and beauty.

*THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT*

O, Ishtar, from thy seat divine,  
From thy imperial moon behold  
The fanes and altars that are thine,  
Where rise beseechings manifold.  
O goddess, etc.

Let now thy lustrous sheen descend,  
A mantle soft of heavenly dew,  
That with our sluggish blood will blend,  
The vigour of our hearts renew.  
O goddess, etc.

O gracious queen of woman's breast,  
O empress of the joyous clime,  
Where love gives life the fullest zest,  
And beauty decks the wings of Time.  
O goddess, etc.

But, while the golden thread stretched taut  
Vibrates with one enhancing thought,  
There issues from the grove of Baal  
A loud, prolonged, distressing wail,  
The tremor of a maiden's cry,  
Replete with mortal agony,  
For in this grove an altar stands,  
Which long ago, by crafty hands  
Was built, while priest and acolyte  
Intoned the hymn, and solemn rite  
Gave reverence and sanctitude  
Unto the massive structure rude,  
Dark blocks, from Earth's recesses wrung,  
By some volcano skywards flung,  
Composed this altar, dour and dread,  
There often is the virgin led

*THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT*

By ruthless priest, whose thirsty knife,  
Consumes the blood of her young life;  
Unwilling victim, weeping eyed,  
Yet proud to be the war god's bride,  
She has but snatched a passing view  
Of life's seductive avenue,  
And felt her eager bosom move,  
At whispers of a spring-tide love,  
When sudden rise, from out the dark,  
The mists that quench the vital spark.  
O, superstition, gaunt and old!  
Thy lethal embraces enfold  
With horrid and relentless clutch  
The young, the beautiful, and such  
As dare to quit the beaten road,  
Or question th' accepted code,  
When searching for the truths that hide  
Where Nature's mysteries abide;  
Dark are thy deeds—in many a clime,  
In many a land, in many a time,  
Thy spirit, walking like a ghoul,  
Has filled with cruelty man's soul,  
Taught him to slay his brother man,  
Unless perchance that brother can  
Discern the pathway to the skies  
Which seems so patent to his eyes.

V.

The dance sweeps on, the frenzy grows,  
The lissome feet seek no repose,  
A life superior, intense,  
Exalts and quickens every sense,  
The limbs unconsciously express  
The soul's exceeding wantonness,

*THE WORSHIP OF THE SERPENT*

Tall braziers, standing here and there,  
With perfumes saturate the air,  
Their fires are fed with ample food  
Of fragrant nard and cedar wood,  
Their radiance is the radiance fell  
That slumbers in the lowest hell,  
Where brood the shapes of things forlorn,  
And wicked thoughts are ever born,  
The soul of Ishtar fills the snake,  
Supernal lights and glories break  
About him, till the reddening sky  
Betokens that the morn is nigh.

# The Lights of London.

---

1912.

## I.

The lights of London shine full bright,  
With tresses floating on the night,  
A burning sign.

The lamps electric make the air  
Illustrious with their flash and glare.  
A glowing mine.

Like spirits bursting through the gloom,  
On mighty wings of dazzling bloom,  
The strong lights shine,

They seize the darkness with fierce hands,  
Their radiance gleams in splendid bands,  
Glistening and fine.

## II.

The human flotsam, to and fro,  
Along the streets and highways go,  
A ceaseless tide,

Man, woman, child, pass flitting by,  
Some with quick step, some saunteringly,  
On pavements wide,

Their voices make a bubbling din,  
Some mutter prayers, some mutter sin,  
Their thoughts some hide.

*THE LIGHTS OF LONDON*

Upon the atmosphere that clings  
About the city with dank wings,  
The wild winds ride,

The folk go past, an endless rout,  
Some richly dressed, some slunk from out  
Where paupers 'bide.

The soldier, waiting war's alarm,  
His love reclining on his arm,  
Walks proudly by,

A vagrant nigh the kerbstone bawls,  
The strains that wake the music halls.  
With lusty cry,

His raucous voice gets little heed,  
The crowd, full busy with its need,  
Goes careless by,

And rolling past, with noisy blab,  
Come motor 'bus, and taxi-cab,  
Unceasingly,

Their lamps, with clear and brilliant ray,  
Illume the smooth asphalted way  
Right merrily.

The muffled thunder of great wheels,  
Falls on the ear in endless peals,  
Dull, sullenly.

The spectres of the night unclean  
Commingle with the throng unseen  
By mortal eye,

*THE LIGHTS OF LONDON*

Anon resounds from high church tower  
Chimes musical that tell what hour  
    Has shed its bloom,

The shadow of a sacred fane,  
With spire surmounted by a vane,  
    Peers through the gloom,

An organ's voice is heard within,  
Beseeching, lest the nation's sin  
    Should bring dark doom.

III.

From out the city's ardent soul,  
Where restless passions ever roll,  
And hopes tumultuous, strugglings dire,  
Fan smouldering rage to sudden fire,  
    The lights are shot,

Their lustre from great thoughts is born,  
The eager strifes of men forlorn,  
Who seek through many a winding maze  
To find a charm amid the haze  
    To ease their lot.

The fever of the city's brain,  
The anguish of its grief and pain,  
Create a furnace of white heat,  
Where throbbings shaking reason's seat  
    Are oft begot.

The lightning in the cloud is bred,  
And like a phantom of the dead  
Its bright eyes gleam more brightly when  
A blackness shrouds the dreadful den  
    Where it is got.

## THE LIGHTS OF LONDON

### IV.

What lights are these that blink and stare  
Coruscant in the evening air?  
They flash and flame with colours gay  
Above the busy, crowded way,  
Where steps the dame, in splendid dress,  
Her escort beaming happiness,  
These lights bedeck, with tinted glow,  
The Thespian temple's portico,  
The temple where the merry mime  
With song and dance redeems the time,  
And lively music, wondrous feat,  
More quickly make the pulses beat,  
The grave event, the silly maid,  
Are hit in harmless pasquinade;  
From pit and circle, box and stall,  
Th' applause rings through the crowded hall,  
Till back the player comes with art,  
Performs again the welcome part,  
Thus gaily speed the idle hours,  
And life's rough road is strewn with flowers.

### V.

#### THE THAMES.

Upon a river's banks the burners glow,  
The ancient Thames, whose turbid waters flow  
In regal volume, rolling full and free,  
As if it bore old England's destiny  
Upon its surges, whose majestic force  
Compels the flood on an imperial course,  
What multitudes have watched this glorious  
stream,  
Have viewed its waves pulsating, and the gleam

*THE LIGHTS OF LONDON*

Reflected from them, when its royal breast  
Has trembled, by some noble thought oppressed ?  
In days of yore, beneath the moonbeams sad,  
The Briton roamed, in rugged garments clad,  
Amongst the sedges where the white swan had  
Concealed her cygnets, till their pinions came  
To waft them westward like a silver flame ;  
But as the centuries passed slowly by,  
A city rose, in splendid panoply,  
The home of commerce, art, and many things,  
An Empire's boast, the pride of mighty kings ;  
Palatial buildings cluster on each bank,  
And where the marshy herbage grew most rank  
Now to the wondering traveller is displayed  
The glory of a spacious esplanade.  
Behold the senate house, where burns the light  
That tells how senators, far into the night.  
Debate the measures whose effects will make  
The fabric of a mighty empire shake,  
The listening world awaits, with mind intent,  
Decretals of this ancient Parliament,  
Whose laws have taught the nations to be free,  
And principles of ordered liberty.  
Along the broad embankment, to and fro,  
The tram-cars, with their flashing lanterns, go,  
Brilliant as stars the lamps electric shine  
On either hand, in long continuous line,  
And like a surf the human surges beat  
Upon the highway, and about each seat  
Where oft the hungry waif recumbent lies,  
His bed the planks, his roof the lofty skies,  
Sad is the wretch who, lonely and forlorn.  
A straw upon the waters idly borne,  
Has sunk beneath the city's rush and roar,

*THE LIGHTS OF LONDON*

For fate decrees that such shall rise no more.  
The lights are glittering up and down the stream,  
From barge and ship, whose misty outlines seem  
Dim spectres coming from a region wan,  
That mortal eyes have never looked upon.

Deep glow the lights, they stud the river o'er,  
Pervade the darkness with their petty fires,  
Their restless eyes will sleep again no more  
Until the sun shoots up his golden spires.

VI.

Like stars each night the lights come out,  
The darkness gathering round about,  
The busy hive and noisy rout  
Of London town.

The lights are bred within the dark,  
The coal gives forth a tiny spark,  
The glow becomes a splendid mark  
For many a mile.

It is a furnace where desires,  
Ambitious hopes, all that inspires  
Men's hearts to be sonorous lyres,  
By matchless force of zealous fires  
Are melted down.

Throughout the night the sky is red  
With the reflection that is sped  
Back from the passionate fiery bed,  
The furnace weltering in its bed,  
In London town.

VII.

THE FIFER.

In the street, in the street, a fifer 'gan play,  
A vagrant unkempt on the king's highway,  
The tune that he fided was mournful and weird,  
The lay of a saddened soul and seared;  
I looked at his face, where a sunken eye  
Told the tale of a wan life, silently,  
It shone through the fabric of want's pale shroud  
As a cold star peers through a sombre cloud,  
The fifer walked on with the footsore tread  
Of a man oppressed with sandals of lead,  
Till he paused where the lights of a mansion glowed  
Through its windows gay to the cold, hard road,  
Then he halted there, while a woman sang  
A canticle strange with accents which rang  
Down the street, down the street, and each passer by  
Felt the thrill of the unknown melody,  
And the chords of his heart were strongly stirred  
As if by the strains of a wondrous bird—  
Some wandering sprite from a secret bourne  
In a planet old, in a world forlorn.

The song which she sang might have charmed the  
dead,  
But the woman sang for her daily bread;  
And her eye waxed bright when she heard the  
chink  
Of the penny thrown from the footpath's brink,  
By some kindly hand that would help the need  
Of a street waif flung like a ragged weed  
On the billows wild of an ocean vast,  
Where shudders for ever the storm winds' blast,  
And darkness hovers, nor is seen the sun,

*THE LIGHTS OF LONDON*

Through the flying mists and the shadows dun ;  
And a little hope made her heart rejoice,  
While a tenderer note pervaded her voice ;  
From memory's depths there suddenly sprung  
Kind thoughts of the days when the world was  
    young,  
And life seemed a garden with rosy bowers,  
Where pleasures commingled with sunny hours ;  
Her voice by the fifer was scarcely heard,  
Nor by its sweet strains were his feelings stirred,  
For his comrade's soul was the soul of one  
Who dwelt in a region far from his own ;  
Like the bird that soars on swift wings of fire,  
While the insect gropes in the mud and mire,  
The twain were shackled by a bond of lust,  
She looked to the sky, he looked to the dust ;  
The man was begotten in misery,  
But the woman sprang from a noble tree ;  
She suffered the fate which befalls the strong  
When they walk elate in the paths of wrong ;  
Thus dismally linked by the chain of sin,  
They wandered together in hope to win  
The guerdon of life in the city's dark fen,  
From love of sweet music in hearts of men.

## A Lock of Hair.

---

A lock of hair—what memories cling  
About this lissome, twining thing  
That clasps my finger like a ring!  
A lock of hair.

This soft brown tress that shimmers so  
Once made my heart leap like a doe,  
My pulses flutter to and fro,  
This lock of hair.

When love first wakened in his nest  
My trembling fingers oft caressed  
The wealth from which this lock was reft,  
This lock of hair.

I heard the song that no man hears  
Until he feels love's hopes and fears,  
When I beheld, in happy years,  
This lock of hair.

A lock of hair—it is not much,  
Perchance there may be many such,  
But it recalls a maiden's touch,  
This lock of hair.

A voice whose accents softly fell,  
Like music stealing from a dell  
Where fairies in green bowers dwell,  
This lock of hair.

*A LOCK OF HAIR*

This little keepsake is to me  
A dear and treasured memory  
Of days which never more can be,  
    This lock of hair.

Our hearts were true, we knew no speech  
Save words that ardent love could teach,  
We gave each other—each to each—  
    A lock of hair.

Each lock was deemed a pledge that we  
Should wander o'er life's pleasant lea  
With love beside us, lingeringly—  
    Each lock of hair.

We saw the purple lights that lend  
To life a beauty without end,  
But not the sorrows that attend  
    A lock of hair.

For this brown tress once graced a head  
Now numbered with the holy dead  
Who to the fields of heaven are sped—  
    This lock of hair.

## The Wandering Bird.

---

O wandering bird, would that thy gifted tongue  
Could tell, in tuneful words, what thou hast seen,  
In pleasant lands across the rolling seas,  
Where through the rugged winter thou hast been!

Oft have we mused what region might be blest  
With thy sweet presence, borne on graceful wing  
Through zephyrs that are but the shadows soft  
Of noisy winds, loud-voiced and blustering.

Didst thou, while roaming, give one thought to those  
Who, careless left, still held thy memory dear,  
A rift through sombre clouds that shows the blue  
Untarnished vault of heaven's celestial sphere?

Perchance, to view the wonders of strange realms—  
Impelled by some insatiate desire  
That broods, and flames, and sinks, and flames again,  
A strong unquenchable, and living fire—

Thy wings have waved where man has never trod,  
Down ravines vast, through giant mountains rent,  
Where dark-robed pines cling to the soaring cliffs,  
And silence with dread solitude is blent.

Or, poised upon the fresh and morning air,  
Thou hast beheld, on some far-reaching plain,  
Dew-clad, a lawny mist uprising slow,  
The breath of a young world that wakes again,

*THE WANDERING BIRD*

A noble city, proud with domes and towers,  
Of novel architecture, weird and quaint,  
Palace and mansion, gardens, richly planned,  
And temples old, and shrines of many a saint,

Sitting supreme, in royal garb arrayed,  
Enthroned upon this broad and fair demesne;  
A river bright, kine grazing on its banks,  
And green woods dappled o'er the varied scene.

O wandering bird, maybe in climes remote  
Thine ear hast heard a tender melody,  
The voice of love, a spirit breathing low,  
That languished for a mate's dear sympathy,

And 'midst the charms of that ecstatic hour,  
All friends and former happiness forgot,  
Thy little soul was wrapped in blissful dreams,  
So that the world became as it were not.

O wandering bird, once more the spring is nigh,  
The land is waking from its winter rest,  
Each bird that bravely bore the frosty air  
Seeks green retreat wherein to build a nest.

The pulses of the Earth begin to throb,  
With multitudinous sounds the air is rife,  
A gladness fills the land, inspires the sea,  
Nature is flushed with new and vigorous life.

O wandering bird, hast thou not brought with thee  
Some precious flower plucked in a bounteous clime,  
Some strain of music, note of woodland wild,  
Sweet lingering echo of a far-off time?

## The Birth of Song.

---

What bird first learned to sing a tuneful note,  
And felt the music issue from its throat  
To give the world surprise?

Its heart was thrilled by that new sound,  
And like a fountain from the ground  
Joy gushed from its glad eyes.

The clear notes lingered on the air,  
Which like an ocean everywhere  
With pulses beat

To this profuse, exuberant strain,  
Floating about the unseen main,  
A spirit fleet.

The beast that crouched within the brake,  
The reptile crawling by the lake,  
Stood suddenly to hear

A melody that ne'er before  
Had charmed the forest or the shore,  
Or desert drear,

But no man felt his spirit stirred  
By the sweet strain of that lone bird,  
Its cheerful lay,

Man had not come, with passions dread,  
Magnific visions o'er his head  
And garments grey,

*THE BIRTH OF SONG*

Perchance some passing visitor,  
The denizen of a planet fair,  
    A nobler clime,

Gave to his feet a moment's pause,  
Perpending what might be the cause  
    Of that strange chime,

Half-formed, the globe revolved in space,  
Competitor in that wild race  
    The swift stars run,

Its life was kindling day by day,  
It 'gan weird marvels to display,  
    From darkness won,

Some gracious Power unlocked the stream  
Of notes that soothe us like a dream  
    Of happy vein,

And filled the bird with passion strong  
That bursts unconscious into song,  
    A glorious gain,

The world, by this rich treasure dight,  
Took to itself a choice delight,  
    A pleasure new,

For music thus was first expressed,  
It welled from out the bird's soft breast,  
    A heavenly dew.

## The Fateful Chimes.

---

The clock is chiming now the passing hour,  
Once more I pause  
To 'list unto its melancholy power,  
Upsurging from the bitter thought and dour,  
The sombre cause,  
That makes the pulses of my heart to go  
In cadences unceasing to and fro  
Beating a rhyme,  
Whose mournful accents sorrowfully flow  
In lingering time,  
That moves reluctantly on weary feet  
Unto a shrine where I a vision greet  
Of her who holds my subject heart in fee,  
And fills its secret caves with melody.

The chimes are chanting now the sad refrain—  
'Think not to kiss your heart's fond love again,  
Or see her more.'

They shake the fibres of my tortured soul,  
Each stroke resounds with many a painful roll,  
And muffled roar.

Yet still I hear amidst the iron rain  
That falls upon the fabric of my brain  
A sound of hope,

The gentle sighing of a presence kind,  
That seems to grope  
About the tremors' suppleness to find  
Some avenue wherein its force may break  
Into a noble amplitude and take  
The form and fashion of my lost delight.

*THE FATEFUL CHIMES*

A silence comes, and with its mantle soft  
Wraps round and round with soothing folds and  
oft,

My heart, vibrating with the fateful strains,  
Floated from out the unconcernéd vanes,  
On me descends the calm of happy rest,  
Awhile I dwell in regions of the blest.

Once more the bells are chiming in the tower,  
Again they tell the ever passing hour,

The fateful note,

Which says my youthful love is lost to me.  
The chant proclaims with mocking voice and dree

From its hoarse throat—

“Gone are the days when love with magic brush

“Tinged every fleeting moment with a lush

“And golden vesture, while the minutes flew,

“Upborne on pinions of celestial hue.”

But lo! the portals of my wounded heart,  
With sudden impulse rend themselves apart,

Revealed in all her majesty is shown

The goddess Hope upon her golden throne,

Glorious her beauty, and her face divine

Gives me new courage with its smile benign.

## The New World.

---

While the old world teems with its ancient rhymes  
And rhythms that well from Art's sweet chimes,  
How live we here, where the South winds sigh?  
We are lords of lands primeval, slaves of the horse  
and plough;

For we sweat with the toil that is toil indeed,  
The toil that springs from the body's need,  
While we slowly plod on a narrow way,  
And our hearts grow cold as the dullard clay;  
    The forest falls by the axe and saw,  
    Its secret haunts like a corpse laid bare,  
    The ferns and mosses shrink and cower  
    At the reckless gaze of the stalwart air;

And the grace that clung to the ancient pines  
Has fled, like the snow when the hot sun shines;  
The morn is gray, by a dank mist fed,  
By the ravished earth sad tears are shed;  
We delve for the gold with labour long,  
And the fire of greed flames fierce and strong;  
    Yet still to the youth the maid is dear,  
    And still to the maid will the youth appear  
    Like a god, who has come from the distant skies,  
    To look on her face with love-lit eyes.

## The Raven.

---

O solemn bird, that sit'st upon the old oak tree,  
O raven black, with soul profound and dree,  
Tell me if in thy ponderings thou hast solved  
The riddle of man's destiny?

Why wander we upon this planet old,  
The sport of ill, who suffer grief and woe,  
Who stumble onward through a trackless wood,  
Not knowing where we go?

A gleam of sun may light us in the wild,  
And blossoms glow where erst the ground lay bare,  
A sudden joy may flutter rosy wings,  
And fragrance fill the air,

A day of calm may tranquil pleasure give,  
To soothe the harried soul with grateful rest,  
Or burning waves of passion agitate  
The dull and torpid breast.

But these are passing phases of our lives  
That throb awhile upon this earthly ball,  
The insect slowly creeps; then in the sun  
A moment flies before the shadows fall.

O solemn bird, that sit'st upon the old oak tree,  
Can'st tell the bitter cause of that fierce strife  
Whereby the creature must destroy its kind  
To salvage its own life?

*THE RAVEN*

Yet Love is ever roving to and fro,  
With winning mien and soft bewitching smile,  
The music of her voice and subtle charms,  
Man's senses oft beguile.

Is there no planet where each living thing  
Can gain a sustenance from day to day  
Without the brutish promptings of the dire  
Necessity to slay?

O solemn bird, that sit'st upon the old oak tree,  
Can'st tell from whence the purple lights are won,  
That give a high and holy pleasure to  
Us children of the sun?

Are these true visions, or a mirage false?  
Is beauty but a dream that rises out  
The vapours of the mind, and fancies strange  
Commixed in splendid rout?

Or does a realm exist where beauty reigns  
In all the glory of her form complete;  
No blemish tarnishing her noble head,  
Or fashion of her feet?

And, if such realm there be, why on this globe  
Were not all things cast in a perfect mould?  
Why should the eye be doomed to gaze upon  
Ugliness manifold?

We feel the secret magic of the spell  
That from the wand of Beauty emanates,  
Half seen, the vision fades, and with its loss  
The ecstasy abates.

*THE RAVEN*

O solemn bird, that sit'st upon the old oak tree,  
Can'st tell me why the wicked man should thrive,  
When he who steadfast treads the narrow road,  
Scarce keeps himself alive?

Throughout all Nature wages battle fierce,  
Between two principles that strive amain,  
One struggling for the light, one for the dark,  
Nor victory attain.

What cause impelled these Titans to the fight  
Who shall predict the issue of the fray?  
The mighty war resounds from age to age,  
Shall evil good, or good the evil slay?

Some master purpose, high and recondite,  
Beyond the narrow scope of human sense,  
May thrill the subject Universe, and guide  
It to magnificence.

O solemn bird, that sit'st upon the old oak tree,  
Cans't thou unreeve the tangled mystery,  
That makes man wander like a ghost forlorn,  
In dim perplexity?

The faith that in the days  
    When men were wise  
With wisdom that was brought  
    From the far skies  
Reigned o'er their hearts and lives  
    With power supreme,  
And made them welcome gyves,  
    And look on death as but a pleasant dream,  
Is now a shade and name,  
    A fount run dry,  
A thought confused that haunts  
    A jaded memory ;  
For Knowledge grows, but with its growth  
    Belief  
    Is withered quite,  
Scorched and oppressed beneath  
    Excess of light ;  
We read on Nature's page  
    How through the years  
Life's mysteries unfold,  
    Spheres within spheres ;  
But never word of hope  
    Or love is there,  
Nought to assuage our toil,  
    Or give us courage strong our cross to bear,  
For we are but the sport  
    Of many things,  
Our life an echo that  
    A moment rings,  
Then floats into the void where darkness clings,  
    Much pain is ours,  
    And racking fears,

Days spent in strife,  
Long nights of tears,  
And frosts that blight the heart's most  
cherished flowers;

We long for some great hope  
To light our way;  
A torch divine  
To keep our untaught feet from wandering  
astray.

But doubts on doubts arise,  
And questions born  
Amid the wrack of faiths and creeds outworn;  
We grope and strive to reach  
Some stable ground,  
A place whereon to rest  
Could such be found.

But, lo! a devious path through bogs that  
quake around,  
Yet sometimes we  
Feel safety near,  
That from the gloom  
Truth shall appear.

And joy relieve our hearts from sombre fear:  
So feels the mariner  
Who sights the welcome port from off the misty  
sea.

Man, creature strange,  
Filled with desire,  
Whose thoughts are tinged  
With sacred fire,  
To him shall come,  
Or soon, or late,  
A rescue from  
His troubled state,

From out the rack  
And stormy surge  
Of doubt and dread  
Truth shall emerge,  
A wiser faith to true religion wed ;  
Thus shall his soul attain a sweet repose,  
Its faculties their richest blooms unclose.

## The Passing of the Gods.

---

In days of eld, through fancy's vistas seen,  
The proud gods reigned on high, celestial kings,  
And wafted to them came dull murmurings  
From men who toil upon this sad terrene;  
The pleasures of the deities were keen,  
Rich banquets where they drank ambrosial wine  
From golden chalices with chasings fine,  
While music fed voluptuous fires between;  
The lusts of life they knew, and warm delight,  
The arts that from th' enraptured spirit flow,  
The songs that make the sensual passions glow  
Were theirs, and never shadow dimmed the bright  
Untarnished splendour of the realms where they  
Dwelt basking in ecstatic bliss, alway.

These gods became a dream; and man was led  
To strive for heaven by joyless ways and hard,  
Believing that all pleasure would retard  
His soul's full blossoming, and so were fed  
His thoughts on visions, by grim fastings bred,  
The body seemed a worthless thing of ill,  
To be repressed and fiercely chastened, till  
The spirit, with its matchless wings outspread  
Should fitted be to soar where holy calm  
Alternates with the strains of holy song  
From angels pure, incapable of wrong.  
Worshipping a deity with endless psalm,  
A god incomprehensible, unseen,  
Who dwells apart, and so hath ever been.

*THE PASSING OF THE GODS*

And yet, perchance, if we shall live again,  
When ravished from this body, with its woe,  
The loosened spirit, fluttering to and fro,  
May reach some bourn, some happy island gain,  
Supremely shining in the glorious main  
Of boundless being, where the soul may rest  
In mode undreamed, and be for every dressed  
In novel garb, and fresh powers attain,  
That range exultant in a noble air,  
That know not carnal thoughts, nor yet the chaste  
And bloodless joys of heaven, but can taste  
Delights untold that dwell in regions fair,  
Thus shall the soul to ampler fashion grow,  
Its faculties with richer fancies glow.

## The Garden of Sleep.

---

A garden fair, in dreamy lotus land,  
Whose winding paths are fringed with banks of  
flowers,  
An air luxurious with intense perfumes,  
Exhaled from petals fed on sunny hours;  
From rose and thyme rich fragrance is expressed,  
And languid odours from the lily's breast.

Its waters sparkling in the summer light,  
A brook runs warbling in a sinuous chain,  
While in small rout some petty cascades gleam,  
Whose bubbles burst, and foam, and burst again;  
Thus wells a rustling music, rippling slow,  
An opulence of murmurs, sweet and low.

A zephyr sighs, the foliage gently sways  
Responsive to caresses of the wind,  
Whose passion hidden in its panting breast,  
A moment melts into expressions kind;  
So moves the sleeper when his slumbers teem  
With voiceless tumults of a pleasant dream.

'Twould seem as if a placid sprite was come  
To dwell awhile in this sequestered spot,  
Where quiet burns joy's unremitting flame,  
And feverish hours, wan care, and strife are not,  
Nor rapture of flushed cheek and sparkling eye;  
Day follows day in slow tranquility.

*THE GARDEN OF SLEEP*

Reclining on a bank where moss grows thick,  
And bees buzz softly 'mid the roses' bloom,  
Lies Heliodora, daughter of the sun,  
Whose drowsy thoughts, like genii, do assume  
Fantastic shapes that form, and change apace  
To others manifest of love and grace.

Her face is fanned by scented breezes warm,  
With ear half oped she lists the water's song,  
A sleepy presence fills the whole demesne,  
And makes the heart's pulsations beat less strong,  
The blood grows languid with a mellow heat  
Proceeding slowly from soft pleasure's seat.

A silence hovers in the sultry air,  
And down the vista of an alley lone,  
Where a green pergola lends grateful shade,  
A statue of Harpocrates is shown,  
But from a bosage dense is sometimes heard  
The pensive twitterings of a love lorn bird.

Soft fall the clouds in drowsy billows falling,  
The clouds of sleep, that make the senses dim,  
With popped breath to slumbers deep caressing,  
While fleecy mists about the pleasaunce swim,  
Thus by the spirit of the place oppressed  
The royal Heliodora sinks to rest.

## Thy Voice Which Calls.

---

Thy voice which calls me from the world's dark  
shadow

Unto the happy realms of love and light,  
Flows like the rippling cadences and mellow  
From elfin horns that promise strange delight.

Its accents wake the chords of inmost feeling,  
And thrill each fibre of my trembling frame;  
Their fragrance through the ravished senses stealing  
Is like the passing of a glorious flame.

Thy voice is as clear bells that in the morning  
With joyful music usher in the day,  
The fleecy clouds the blushing sky adorning,  
Soft garments scattered in profuse array.

Thy dear voice calls—can I refuse its calling?  
Shall I sleep on, nor heed the proffered boon?  
Sleep, though the manna from high heaven is falling,  
The senses weltering in a dullard swoon?

Let me float down the purple stream of rapture,  
Through meadows glowing with immortal flowers,  
Where wander beings of exalted nature,  
Whose dwellings are amid supernal bowers.

It is thy voice—I will delay no longer,  
But yield me to the influence of the dream,  
Whereby the fragrance of sweet thoughts grows  
stronger,  
And fancies rich in fertile brain cells teem.

*THY VOICE WHICH CALLS*

Unto thy voice Elysian strains responding  
Bring music from the islands of the blest;  
The foam of sound; delightful notes absconding  
From summer seas by Zephyr's wings caressed.

The clouds that haunt the world and dim its  
brightness

Drift back again, and drape this rolling sphere,  
The gold becomes dull grey; instead of lightness  
A sombre veil makes all the country drear.

It is thy voice, I hear its accents stealing  
Like gentle whispers in a silent hall,  
The presence of a wondrous hope revealing,  
Though mists and darkness o'er the senses fall.

## Green Leaves.

---

O green leaves come again, and bring to me  
The song of hope that in my youth I heard,  
A rapturous flow of dulcet melody  
Whose strains profuse all kind emotions stirred!

O green leaves, coming with the breath of spring,  
When daffodils display their golden crests  
And butterflies on variegated wing  
Watch primroses emerging from their nests.

Bring back to me the joy of life's first bloom  
That promise gave of rich abounding fruit;  
Nor whispered threatenings of a day of gloom  
When happiness should wither at its root.

O green leaves come again with light and love,  
And liting dance and idle, amorous play,  
And thoughts oft wandering in fancy's grove,  
Where rosy hours, like perfumes, flit away.

O green leaves come again, and bring with you  
The ardent flush that clothes the face of dawn,  
The pulse of quickening life, the glowing hue  
Reflected from the heaven's immortal lawn.

O green leaves come again with cheerful smile,  
And chase off sorrows by cold winter bred,  
Make blithe the land with many a fluttering wile,  
Till glorious summer shows his golden head!

## Visions.

---

Half sleeping, half waking, I hear the cool rain,  
The gift of the gods, sent down from the sky,  
With dull, thudding stroke beat on the clear pane,  
The window o'erlooking the bed where I lie.

I roam in the land where the ghosts of the night  
Commingle with corporate beings of day,  
And oft I confuse, in the mystical light,  
The real with the phantoms, the phantoms with  
clay.

And as the fresh rain, sinking down in the earth,  
Wakens life in the seeds that sleep in the soil,  
So my fancies, benumbed, yet ready for birth,  
Spring forth at the sound of the plashing turmoil.

Together they rush, a gay merry throng,  
Like gnats that disport in the beams of the sun,  
A dense, giddy multitude, dancing along,  
To measures fantastic from fairy realms won.

Dim thoughts half-begotten, sweet dreams floating by,  
Like the foam on the waves near the isles of the  
blest,  
Make a medley of visions that blossom and die,  
Till the day shoots a gleam from its glorious crest.

## The Passing Bell.

---

O passing bell! what soul has fled  
To regions of the vast unknown?  
Where stand the cities of the dead,  
The judgment hall; the Judge's throne?

Perchance the soul was but a spark  
That animated common clay;  
A little gleam amidst the dark,  
That never lightened into day.

How came it there; what good it did,  
Was ne'er revealed; it seemed to hint  
The fragment of a diamond hid  
Within the bosom of the flint.

Mayhap the bell, with fitful notes,  
Its sad and melancholy toll,  
To every listener denotes  
The passing of a glorious soul,—

A flame that shot resplendent beams  
Upon the weary road of man,  
A glowing crucible, whose streams  
Gave comfort wheresoe'er they ran.

A passing bell! a voice profound  
That falls and lingers on the ear,  
A fateful, intermittent sound,  
That wakes from sleep a subtle fear.

*THE PASSING BELL*

A life has flickered down the vale,  
Where loves, and hopes, and many woes,  
Attend the traveller in the dale,  
Until he longs for death's repose.

O voice, whose sombre accents call  
Across the woodland and the lea,  
Some day when evening shadows fall,  
A passing bell may toll for me!

## Poetry.

---

The flowers of poesy are dead and gone,  
But still their perfume lingers in the air,  
The fragrance of sweet thoughts that grow in minds  
Replete with visions delicate and rare.

Their beauty has evanished like a dream  
That lit the sombre presence of the night,  
Its memory is a rich and treasured boon,  
Dear recollections of a past delight.

Yet in a while the sap of life shall stir,  
And ardent hopes and aspirations strong return,  
Men's hearts shall palpitate for noble cause,  
With fervent zeal, and vigorous strivings, burn.

Then quickened by a generous warmth and love  
The flowers of poesy shall bloom again,  
Perchance some blossoms strange of brighter hue  
May mingle with the variegated train.

## The Death of Love.

---

Love, fainting once, can ne'er revive again,  
A withered leaf, rejected by the tree,  
A faded flower, a bubble burst in twain,  
A fragrant zephyr, breathing tenderly,  
The jewel, shattered, lies upon the floor,  
Its radiant glory lost for evermore.

## Sympathy.

---

How sweet the echo that responds  
    Unto the troubled breast!  
How sweet the balm that gives to pain  
    A moment's welcome rest!

Though we, beneath the strokes of Fate,  
    In abject misery cower,  
Yet still the voice of sympathy.  
    Makes felt its gracious power.

Upon the heart oppressed with grief  
    The words of kindly rue,  
That tell another shares its woe,  
    Fall soft like pleasant dew.

The flower beneath a sullen sky  
    May bloom in fullest pride,  
Its petals opening daintily,  
    With many colours dyed.

But when the sun, in splendour robed,  
    Resumes his course again,  
And freely gives his light and warmth  
    In generous disdain,

The flower takes on a nobler life,  
    Its hues more richly glow,  
Its choice and varied pencillings  
    More subtle beauties show.

SYMPATHY

So haply when, in sturdy mood,  
We struggle for some goal,  
The way grows long, and o'er our hearts  
Despondent fancies roll,

The music of a friend's kind words  
That cheerful hopes express,  
And bid us boldly persevere  
Till we achieve success,

Fills every vein with courage high,  
And manly thoughts return,  
The aspirations that were dimmed  
Now clear and splendid burn.

How mournful is the lot of him  
Who haply toils alone,  
Nor meets a kindred soul to whom  
He feels he can make known

The secret hopes that he holds dear,  
His aspirations high,  
The griefs that hide within his breast.  
Though joy sits in his eye!

O sympathy, that fans the world  
With soft and lulling wings,  
And in a soothing strain to men  
A song of solace sings!

A breath art thou—a wave unseen  
That laps the wide world o'er,  
That gives the weary heart new strength,  
And sorrow grieves no more.

## Sunshine and Shadow.

---

Let the sunbeams flash  
Red and fiery glances,  
On the meadows green,  
On the brook that dances,  
With soft tongues they woo  
Birds to ope their pinions,  
With caresses dear  
Coax to love's dominions.

Coming from the sun  
Beat the golden surges,  
Where the aether thin  
On the land converges,  
Yet oft-times a cloud,  
Born in some dark prison,  
Floats across the view,  
Bars the pleasant vision.

Thus when life is gay,  
Full of happy motion,  
Like the gleaming waves  
Of a summer ocean,  
When the heart is stirred  
By sweet thoughts and tender,  
And the gliding hours  
Glowing visions render.

*SUNSHINE AND SHADOW*

Then perchance a shade,  
Some unwelcome presence,  
Dims the burnished urn,  
Dulls the sparkling essence,  
Sink the fires of life  
To a sullen gleaming,  
Murky grows the wine,  
Once with bubbles teeming.

Oft the mind of men  
Mirrors Nature's features,  
Mother she of all  
Mundane dwelling creatures;  
And the power that spurs  
Clouds and seas to motion  
Makes the heart respond  
With a like emotion.

## All Souls' Day.\*

---

Why roam these silent spectres now  
The ancient streets of Breton town?  
They flit and flit, and halt, and gaze,  
Then listlessly roam up and down;  
Inhabitants of awful realms,  
Recalled to Earth by sacred dirge,  
From death's unmeasured abysses  
These shadowy presences emerge.

'Twas here they lived, and loved, and sought  
Such happiness as clings to life,  
When clothed with sensuous flesh and blood  
They walked the weary world of strife,  
Mournful they seek their former homes,  
Responding to a strange desire—  
The prickings of a tender mood—  
To view again the household fire.

\*Mr. J. G. Frazer (Feast of All Souls in Lower Brittany), *Fortnightly Review*, 1906, p. 4800, relates that, according to popular belief, the souls of the departed come to visit the living on the eve of that day. After vespers are over, the priests and choir go in procession, "The procession of the charnel house," chanting a weird dirge in the Breton tongue. The tables in the house are set with white cloths, cider, curds, and hot pancakes. The family retire to rest, and the dead warm themselves at the hearth and feast on the viands. The fire is kept up by a huge log called "the log of the dead."

ALL SOULS' DAY

They enter in; each to his place;  
And mark where reverent hands have lain  
Upon the white draped tables cates  
For sad returning souls in pain;  
Such offering in each house awaits  
The ghost of him who, master there  
A few short years, now dwells alone .  
Where flowers are not, nor pleasant air.

A log is burning on the hearth,  
A log of welcome to the dead,  
Its incandescence, fierce and bright,  
Unto the phantom's clay is wed;  
The phantom feels, if such can feel,  
The fatal measure of the brand,  
Each moment that its sparkles bids  
Him soon return to his own land.

Dim memories rise, and with dull stings  
Perturb the calmness of these souls,  
Soft sighs are heard, dear voices call,  
From out emotion's surges rolls  
A painful longing for the sun,  
To bathe in its entrancing light,  
To quit for aye the bloodless fields,  
And shades of everlasting night.

Unhappy ghosts by welcome grace  
Relieved from penitence and pain  
Until this globe, revolving, shall  
Attain the orient sky again;  
Then by a doom resistless driven  
Unto the dusky realm forlorn,  
Where joy is not, and none behold  
The rosy tints of early morn.

## Stanzas.

---

It may be that, upon the orbs serene  
That bloom immortal in the fields of space,  
Intelligences dwell of glorious powers  
Unlike the fashion of the human race;  
And yet could they but greet the sons of men,  
Some common sympathy might flow between  
These spirits of untravelled realms and us,  
Who dully grope about the globe terrene.

Each sun that thrills the æther with its beams  
May give a strange capacity and new  
To all the planets that obey its laws,  
And drink a vigour from its fiery dew;  
The worlds vibrate with many forces clothed  
In varied forms of animated life,  
Yet always evil with the good contends,  
The twain are locked in unremitting strife.

## The Quick and the Dead.

---

Amid the cries and noisy strife that mark the course  
of life,

Amid the tempest rising high of human hopes and  
fears,

Amid the clamour of the quick, the rancour of their  
strife,

Strange voices mingle, dim, confused, like music  
flushed with tears,

Half-heard are they, unheeded quite, though  
weird their tones and dread,

From out the land of ghosts they come, the voices  
of the dead.

In tongues of many nations, young and old, the voices  
call,

Multifold their accent, and the rhythm of their  
speech,

On the ears that hear them soft and low the numbers  
fall,

But the inmost chords of feeling their refined  
breathings reach,

Like the rustling of the leaves, that in autumn  
days are shed,

Sound the voices in their calling, the voices of  
the dead.

*THE QUICK AND THE DEAD*

Yet hill and vale, and grassy glade, the varied, wide  
terrene,  
Are echoing to the mirth and laughter of the sun,  
In myriad forms life palpitates, and everywhere is  
seen  
A joyful bursting to the light from Nature's dark-  
ness dun,  
Bird, beast, and flower, a host begot in regions  
far away,  
Now on this whirling earthly ball a band of  
wanderers play.

The birds are carolling with joy, mate singing unto  
mate,  
The gamesome offspring of the kine that nip the  
grassy sod  
Bound o'er the turf with springy hoof and youthful  
head elate,  
Gay creatures full of wantonness, born of the sullen  
clod,  
The spring is here with buoyant step, in gallant  
vesture clad,  
Smiles grace her pleasant countenance, and all the  
world is glad.

Long roll and break the great sea waves; wide spread  
the waters blue,  
The albatross, in circles wide, sails by on stalwart  
wing,  
His raucous cry dwells on the wind as if he Fate did  
rue,  
No human ear hath ever heard one single sea bird  
sing,

*THE QUICK AND THE DEAD*

From out the surges and the foam, unto the wild  
waves wed,  
Commingled with their flashings come the voices  
of the dead.

Oft in the night the mariner, keeping his watch  
forlorn,  
Hears whispering souls set free from bodies passed  
away,  
Then come the golden radiance, and the freshness of  
the morn,  
The dancing of the waves that give a welcome to  
the day ;  
The dolphins gambol lustily, life stirs throughout  
the main,  
Its presence fills with vigour all the ocean's  
broad domain.

Thus are we bound by links unseen to those who once  
gave zest  
And energy unto the globe that toils with patient  
feet  
Amidst the silent, wandering stars upon its secret  
quest,  
For realms where Good prevails, and Evil's pulse  
has ceased to beat,  
Where quick and dead shall be as one, and life's  
hot fever yield  
To joys that from the soul shall spring with its  
full powers revealed.

## Halgerda and Gunnar.\*

---

In that wild land where Hecla reigns,  
A monarch o'er a realm of snow,  
While in the sky the Northern Lights  
Move slowly drifting to and fro.

A land the Norsemen made their home  
When worn with conquest and hard toil  
They drew their keels upon the strand,  
Full laden with the victors' spoil.

Halgerda, fairest of the fair,  
Dwelt here, a mighty rover's bride,  
Her eyes were blue, and cold like gems,  
Her face was radiant with pride.

In one rich mass her yellow hair  
Fell softly down unto her feet,  
A shimmering lustrous cataract,  
That sought the happy earth to greet.

Her port was such as might become  
A goddess, to man's sight revealed;  
But the deep caverns of her heart  
A ruthless wolverine concealed.

\*Some were treacherous, like Halgerda the fair. Her last lord was Gunnar, of Lithend, the bravest and most peaceful of men. Once she did a mean thing; and he slapped her face. She never forgave him. At last enemies besieged him in his house. For long Gunnar kept them at bay with his arrows; but at last one of them cut the bow string. "Twist me a string with thy hair," he said to his wife Halgerda, whose yellow hair was very long and beautiful. "Is it a matter of life or death?" she asked. "Ay," he said. "Then I remember the blow thou gavest me, and I will see thy death." So Gunnar died, overcome by numbers.

Lang's Essays in Little.—"The Sagas," pp. 144-5

HALGERDA AND GUNNAR

The spouse she was of Gunnar brave,  
Who many Norsemen lord did call,  
To him she was a noble dame,  
Whose lightest word was all in all.

Yet once her soul its vileness showed,  
By meanest act made manifest,  
The mask fell off; her nature base,  
A grovelling creature stood confessed.

Then rose the man within him, and  
In fashion of that rugged age  
He slapped her face, and made her know  
The justice of his sudden rage.

The insult roused within her breast  
A tumult of vindictive ire,  
And from her light blue eyes shot forth  
The gleaming of a baleful fire.

But loud she laughed; as 'twere of nought,  
Then seemed as placid as before,  
As if a harmless jest had passed,  
That much-loved women often bore.

But deep within her mind there lurked  
Remembrance of his wrathful hand,  
A thought of how revenge could be,—  
The spark within the smouldering brand.

\* \* \* \* \*

For seven long days had Gunnar fought,  
Besieged within his house and hold,  
A host of foemen raging round,  
Like wolves that haunt a full sheepfold.

*HALGERDA AND GUNNAR*

The blood of many a Bersark brave  
Was drunk by his remorseless spear,  
And made his enemies betray  
The semblance of a little fear.

But most they feared the loud, shrill twang  
That issued from his dreaded bow,  
Its arrow bore a certain death,  
A swift-winged messenger of woe.

It broke at last; its cord was snapped,  
The shaft was impotent to slay;  
The archer prayed to Thor that He  
Would render aid this perilous day.

No string of any kind was near,  
To make the bow a weapon good,  
No sinew from the reindeer swift,  
Or tendon from the bears' rough brood.

“Halgerda, now plait me a cord  
Reft from thy locks' abundant store,  
A cord elastic, stiff, and strong,  
To fit my shattered bow for war.”

Thus Gunnar brave his wife addressed,  
In words of confident appeal,  
Nor dreaming that her smiling face  
Might bitter treachery conceal.

“Now tell me truly, Gunnar dear,  
Art thou in very utmost need,  
Does death await thee if I fail  
To give thy strange request full heed?”

HALGERDA AND GUNNAR

“For every woman envies me  
The shimmering glory of my hair,  
And if I grant what you desire  
It aye my beauty will impair.”

Replied the hero, sadly moved,  
“Yea, Halgerda, if thou deny  
The boon I ask the foe will gain  
The inner court, and I shall die.”

“O, happy hour,” the traitress cried,  
Her eyes illumed with shameful light,  
Her agitated face revealed  
The rankling of long hidden spite.

“O happy hour that brings to me  
The joy that makes revenge so sweet,  
Now shall I gain full recompense,  
And see the tyrant at my feet.

“No, Gunnar, no! if but one hair of mine,  
One single hair would rescue thee, and save  
Thy life for but a moment’s space, and keep  
Thee from the gloomy silence of the grave,

“That hair should be withheld, and thou should’st  
die,  
The blow that struck Halgerda was the knell  
To warn thy soul that one day it should grieve  
And purge the insult in the lowest hell.”

Thus died the hero, by his foes o’erpowered,  
But down the ancient gallery of Time  
His deeds come echoing, like a wind that breathes  
The healthful vigour of a noble clime.

## Forgotten Tunes.

---

What memory keeps the tunes that gave  
Delight to men in days of old,  
That stirred the pulse with lively strains,  
And wakened pleasures manifold?

Where now are gone the tender notes,  
The amorous sighs of madrigals,  
The music of Love's rustic lyre,  
Its swelling chords and dying falls?

What ancient rhymes to ancient tunes  
Were sung by wandering troubadour,  
When gallant knight, upon his helm  
The glove of some fair lady bore?

When elves and fairies lingered still  
In woods and groves, and rocky bowers,  
And graceful sylphs, like fancies gay,  
Disported 'mid the glowing flowers.

Forgotten like the zephyr's breath  
That charmed the summer of those days,  
The ancient tunes have passed, and now  
Men's hearts are moved by other lays.

Whence come these melodies that rouse  
Emotions with their glowing sound,  
And make the hidden feelings gush  
Like fountains from a thirsty ground?

FORGOTTEN TUNES

Why alter they from age to age,  
Why burn they not with steady flame?  
For human nature does not change,  
Men's hopes and fears remain the same.

The chants that shook Apollo's fane  
At Delos, in the Ægean sea,  
The odes that once in Cyprus rang  
In praises of Aphrodité,

Expressed the tremor of man's soul,  
His strivings for the infinite,  
To breathe a finer air, and dwell  
For aye with ravishing delight.

So feel we now, but all our harps  
Are fitted with new fashioned strings,  
Our fingers play on different cords,  
And novel lays the singer sings.

## A Revelation.

---

From out the shadows of a forest old,  
Where mazy multitudes of trees enfold  
The secrets of long ages in the deep  
Umbrageous shadows where lithe serpents creep,  
And giant trunks with tangled vines are bound,  
While rotting branches strew the humid ground,  
Came forth a Dryad, radiant as the morn,  
Fresh as the leaves in springtide newly born,  
And with her came two joyous nymphs and strong,  
Whose lofty mien to goddesses belong,  
One like herself primæval woodlands roved,  
The other much the rugged mountains loved,  
A rumour vague, that like a strange incense  
That fills the air, had stirred their inward sense  
With keen desire to view a marvel strange  
Beyond the ardent fancy's utmost range,  
A mighty realm of water, said to lie  
Upon the forest's farthest boundary,  
Where dryads dwelt not, nor the shaggy faun,  
But mermaids singing in the golden dawn,  
Where fishes swim, and many a monstrous band,  
Half creatures of the sea, half offspring of the land.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DRYAD LOQUITUR.

What marvel now breaks on my eyes,  
And fills my soul with wild surprise?  
A vast expanse of water green,  
Unbounded as the sky serene,

*A REVELATION*

Its surface, of all foliage bare,  
Doth throb and tremble everywhere,  
Some mighty god must rule this main,  
And dwell beneath the barren plain,  
His power thrills this moving state,  
And makes the waters palpitate.

Lo! here I stand beside the sea,  
In presence of divinity,  
Far east and west extends the strand  
That parts the ocean from the land,  
And one by one the surfs emerge  
With foaming crest and boiling surge,  
Then grandly fall with muffled roar  
Upon the unresponsive shore,  
Above the glassy plain I note  
Great birds, with ashen pinions, float,  
Their breasts are white with whiteness rare,  
Their hoarse cries linger on the air,  
Like spirits of the liquid deep  
They o'er its silent champaign sweep,  
No fowl bedecked with plumes that vie  
With rainbow arching o'er the sky  
Perched on the bough of beechen tree  
Fills all the air with melody,  
Sweet music gushing from its breast,  
Its joy in tuneful strains expressed,  
But buoyantly in circles wide,  
Its compeers rove the restless tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not since I first, in ferny glade,  
Drew breath and lived, a dryad maid,  
By nature linked, I know not how,  
To life that quickens leaf and bough,

A REVELATION

My soul commingling sympathies  
With all the forest's harmonies,  
Have I e'er seen, by night outspread,  
The canopy of heaven o'erhead,  
Though here and there, through foliage dense,  
I glimpsed its vast magnificence,  
Now all the splendour of the night  
Bursts on the compass of my sight,  
A myriad stars on high are seen  
Begramming all the dark demesne,  
Begotten in some realm remote  
To noble destinies devote,  
Each glowing planet seems to be  
The palace of a deity,  
And, lo! the moon, Diana's throne,  
Enshrined in glory all her own,  
Surpassing much her heavenly peers,  
The fretful lustre of the spheres,  
Supremely rules the ebon cope,  
And hangs aloft a dazzling hope;  
Awhile she makes a silver road  
Across the waves to some abode  
Of Nereids, sea sprites, beings strange,  
Who o'er the ocean freely range,  
Long haired, blue eyed, of merry mood,  
They bear the blasts of Ocean rude,  
Unfold its secrets, hear its deep  
Low anthem through the abyss sweep.

OREAD LOQUITUR.

Behold a faint and amber flush  
Reveals the dawn of coming day,  
And on the rippling waters' face  
The growing lights begin to play.

*A REVELATION*

A mellow flame illumes the foam  
That decorates the surges' crest,  
And, see, the dolphins gaily leap  
From wave to wave in wantonness.

So doth the sun, with loving hand,  
Caress the lofty mountain peaks,  
When rising from his couch of fire  
He in the morn new pleasures seeks.

And every rocky vale and glen  
From slumber wakes to vigorous life,  
The deer springs from his mossy bed,  
The birds engage in tuneful strife.

Upon the horizon I discern  
A shape, by mortals called a ship,  
It slowly glides—'tis but a speck  
Upon the trembling ocean's lip.

Serene it moves upon its course,  
Nor fears the vague immensity,  
Its soul is gifted with great powers,  
That master dullard land and sea.

But now I faintly hear the horns  
The fleece-clad priests of Pan are blowing.  
They call us back unto the glades  
Where ferns and sacred oaks are growing.

Companions dear! our time is spent,  
To us the woods and hills belong,  
Our eyes have viewed a wondrous scene,  
Our ears have heard a wondrous song.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A REVELATION*

Thus spake they, and so passed: one with a voice  
That rippled like a fresh and pleasant breeze,  
Caressing summer boscage; and the maid  
Of mountain birth, whose blue eyes frankly gazed,  
While richly flowed the cascade of her hair;  
The forest gulfed them, and the ocean wild  
Sent forth its surfs, and sang its solemn hymn.

## The Maori's Retrospect.

---

O the things that were done  
In the days that are dead,  
In the old, old days,  
Whose spirit has fled!  
When the fierce hawk sailed  
On dark pinions slow,  
O'er the fern clad lands  
Spreading green below;  
And the forest awoke  
To the bell bird's chime,  
As the trees took life  
In the morning's prime.

Oft the war shout rang  
As the army drew nigh  
To the fortress that frowned  
On the hill top high;  
Then the sight of the foe  
Fired the warriors' blood,  
And the noise of their feet  
Went by like a flood;  
Wild rolled the dread onset,  
Loud pealed the defiance,  
Fell fiercely the war club,  
Flashed swiftly the red lance;  
How joyous the battle!

*THE MAORIS RETROSPECT*

Its frenzy divine,  
The warriors grew drunk  
On its thick scarlet wine,  
The battle's dread terror  
Affrighted the sky,  
While the shuddering ghosts  
Fled hurriedly by,  
Our hearts beat with rapture,  
Full flushed with strong life,  
We felt the keen hunger,  
The passion for strife,  
Tumultuous the conflict  
We waged merrily,  
Thus to the fierce tempest  
Responds the great sea;  
Uproarious the banquet  
When fighting had ceased;  
And the enemy paid  
Dreadful toll for the feast!

How weird was the forest!  
Its glades and cool streams,  
The crowns of its fern trees  
Lit by transient gleams,  
When the sun in its gladness  
Looked down on the foam,  
The billows of verdure,  
The forest's proud dome.

O the days that are come!  
Dull, placid, and dim,  
With calm, ordered lives,  
And penitent hymn,  
Each hour sullen torpor,

*THE MAORI'S RETROSPECT*

A cold, stagnant lake,  
Where the splendours of tempests  
Are felt not, nor wake  
The depth of the waters  
Where the passions lie low,  
Till their terrors break forth  
When the hurricanes blow.

## Mount Everest.

---

A mystical isle of a wondrous world  
"Twixt the earth and the sky, with white clouds  
    curled  
Round its crest, like the flags of gods unfurled.

Thus Everest stands, in its silent pride,  
As it stood when it saw the planets glide  
From their home in the sun on the spacious tide

That bears on its breast through the boundless void  
A myriad stars with their hosts deployed,  
And the infant worlds on the æther buoyed.

When the morning breaks on its matchless snows  
They blush with the hue of the blossoming rose,  
The mountain with Nature's emotion glows;

It looks on a chaos of rocks that might be  
Tempestuous waves of some frozen sea  
That rests on the desolate Chang\* wearily.

Deep chasms are cleft with the lightning's spear,  
Their grim walls descend in precipitous sheer,  
The eagle flies o'er them with eyes full of fear.

To its storm-shattered crest the ice mists cling,  
Untrodden its heights by one living thing,  
O'er solitudes Everest reigns like a king.

\* The Chang is the high table land of Thibet.

## MOUNT EVEREST

No animate form these solitudes know,  
The pulses of life beat faintly and slow,  
The blood of Creation surceaseth to flow.

Far down where the buzz of the earth is heard  
Perchance on a day the silence is stirred  
By the tremulous note of some lost bird.

Or, wandering forlornly, once now and then,  
A crooked-horned yak may stalk through a glen,  
And graze on the moss of a glacier-made fen.

Or, where o'er the rocks the frozen stream creeps,  
The leopard pursues, with soft, wicked leaps,  
His way to a den which his dread secret keeps.

\* \* \* \*

What specks are these that up the rocky steep  
With movements strange, erratic, slowly creep?  
Ofttimes they pause, then face the monstrous deep.

Like motes that in the sunbeams idly play,  
They seem but feeble creatures of the clay,  
To give a moment life, then pass away.

Yet in their tiny bodies dwells a power,  
A raging flame whose energies devour  
The riches Nature hides in secret bower.

These motes aspire to reach the highest crest,  
To learn the wonders of its snowy breast,  
And scale the peak of star-watched Everest.

*MOUNT EVEREST*

Far, far away from out the ice-clad fells,  
In bubbling springs the sacred Ganges wells,  
And, gathering volume from a thousand dells,

Becomes a glorious flood of holy power,  
And he who gains its water's precious dower  
Shall happy be in life's extremist hour.

O sovran mount who, while men live and die,  
Reignest unchanged, in awful majesty,  
Communing with the spirits of the sky,

Dwelling apart in royal state alone  
The mysteries of the ages are thy own,  
Planets thy crown, the dædal Earth thy throne.

## Sonnets.

---

### I.

#### CHARLES DARWIN.

The beams of his clear mind pierced through the haze  
That shrouds the workings of life's inner sphere,  
And made, in place of senseless chance, appear  
Due order, fashioning in myriad ways  
The forms that since the world's primæval days  
Have clung to man and beast, each living thing  
That on this terrene globe goes wandering;  
And showed how winds concealed, through many a  
phase,  
The chain that links the worm to humankind;  
How life, though simple in its primal stage,  
Has grown more complicate from age to age:  
Till Darwin came we to these truths were blind,  
His lustrous soul was as a light to us,  
A sudden planet, radiant, glorious.

II.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

How glorious is this fane and consecrate!  
Here sleep the immemorial centuries  
Amid the silent graves and memories  
Of such as England deems her truly great;  
Here monarchs lie, and men of high estate,  
Brave warriors weary of war's fierce turmoil,  
And men who through much danger and hard toil  
The world's untravelled parts did penetrate;  
In holy nook the poets' ashes rest,  
While in dark tombs the mortal relics lie  
Of eager spirits who triumphantly  
For Nature's secret treasure hoards made quest.  
What shades illustrious haunt this temple old,  
Whose names are on the scroll of Fame enrolled!

SONNETS

III.

THE ENGLISH FLAG.

Wherever oceans vast are voyaged o'er,  
There floats the English flag. Seabirds know it,  
And giant whales that through the waters flit  
Cleaving impetuously the surges' roar;  
The lonely isles, whose summits heavenwards soar,  
Behold the ensign with its crosses three,  
On countless ships that traverse ceaselessly  
A swift and trackless course from shore to shore,  
This flag has searched the globe from pole to pole,  
And probed the secrets which the wild sea keeps  
In gulfs remote where sullenly it creeps.  
And of a frozen land takes frozen toll,  
The sun aye views when on his path elate  
This glorious symbol of an ancient State.

SONNETS

IV.

A VISION.

I saw a world without a flower or tree,  
But some dull grass, and shrubs of umber hue,  
Dark, sluggish rivers idly flowing through  
Dejected lands, where life was hard and dree,  
No butterfly, nor yellow banded bee,  
On flaming wing was like a vision borne  
Impetuous through the air it seemed to scorn,  
And every bird sang in a minor key;  
For bird and beast with hearts depressed and slow,  
Responding to this world's gray penitence  
For some forgotten sinfulness immense,  
Could neither joy nor tranquil pleasure know;  
And men, like ghosts from dismal realms of woe,  
In this sad world went rambling to and fro.

SONNETS

V.

CONTENT.

The jade Content is oft a restless quean,  
For ever buzzing like a zealous bee  
About this flower and that, right fitfully,  
A moment pausing, on some pleasant green,  
Then briskly seeking a still happier scene;  
For we have lost the simple mood of yore  
That sought to gain from daily life no more  
Than would afford good health and hours serene,  
Nor deemed that pleasure must be draped with  
gold;  
A grace then hovered o'er an humble lot,  
And found a dwelling in the rustic cot,  
Content would there abide till she grew old,  
Now roams she homeless seeking place of rest,  
Distempered fancies throbbing in her breast.

SONNETS

VI.

The harp, with strings of divers tones, responds  
Unto the player's touch, and yields in turn  
Sweet melodies that soothe, or strains that burn,  
Or discords wild that struggle in their bonds,  
So man's resonant nature corresponds  
Obedient to the master hand of Fate,  
That bids it kindly love or fiercely hate.  
And at her touch his helpless will absconds,  
Man is a feckless thing that idly dreams  
The docile world by him can fashioned be  
Until its chords give forth a symphony,  
Expressing thoughts with which his proud heart  
teems,  
For he is but a note—a subtle strain,  
A low voice heard in Nature's vast domain.

VII.

Who cheerless strives to reach the ways of grace  
By life ascetic, pleasure's bitter foe,  
And deems that man is but the child of woe  
Foredoomed to tread this globe a weary space,  
May by pursuing long the arduous chase  
Perchance ascend unto a finer air,  
Where thoughts grow holy, sanctified, and rare,  
And purity illumines his chastened face:  
But such high strivings overpass our strength;  
The chord that, wisely strung, gives forth sweet  
    strains,  
That make the blood leap in the 'raptured veins,  
Loses its virtue if, beyond due length,  
The player draws the tendon, and the lute  
Becomes the semblance of an ashen fruit.

## SONNETS

### VIII.

Amid the sombre mazes of a wood

Perchance a lawn of pleasant green is found,  
Where scattered flowers bedeck the sunlit ground,  
Like smiling looks that grace sweet maidenhood,  
Here may the traveller, who has withstood  
Strange perils lurking in the forest gloom,  
Where shadows of unhallowed creatures loom,  
Rest for awhile and calm his fevered blood,  
So we, perplexed by mental struggles long,  
And endless wanderings through labyrinths drear,  
When hope is dim, nor sprightly fancies cheer  
The faint heart till its pulses beat more strong,  
May light upon a space whose soothing power  
Bestows the semblance of a happy hour.

SONNETS

IX.

Our minds are but the reflex of the age  
Wherein we live; the aspirations born  
From its deep throbbings in relief are drawn  
Upon the sensitive, responsive page  
That lies within us; and the equipage  
Of modes and fashions, fancies and desires,  
Thought's varied phases, passion's lurid fires,  
Bear us along life's road, from stage to stage,  
Nor can we cast aloof the dullard chain  
That makes us follow dumbly, one by one,  
Each after each, what once has been begun,  
Like sheep that dribble through a narrow lane,  
Yet sometimes for a brief and welcome spell  
The soul doth muse alone within its cell.

SONNETS

X.

'Tis not alone in pensive harps doth dwell  
The melody that trembles on the ear,  
Nor in the glowing strains that grandly swell  
From out the organ's rapturous atmosphere,  
Sweet music wells for aye from Nature's breast—  
The cornfield kissed by the caressing breeze,  
The purl of rippling waters, and the blest  
Resonance of birds' joyous harmonies,  
The roll of distant thunder, and the song  
Of busy insects murmuring o'er the lea,  
The cadence of the surf that falls along  
The creamy border of the restless sea,  
By day and night melodious chords are stirred,  
And 'midst the strains immortal notes are heard.

## SONNETS

### XI.

A noble thought, once cherished, makes our life  
Grow rich, and palpitate with finer aims,  
A lamp that waxes bright with splendid flames,  
And thenceforth, in the unremitting strife  
With which man's short and hapless days are rife,  
A subtle essence fills the soul with power  
To rise above the clamour of the hour  
Unto the fulness of a broader life;  
The meadows of the mind are flushed, and bear  
Rich harvests from the fertile seeds that spring  
Luxuriant from the spirit's murmuring,  
Proud aspirations bud and fancies rare;  
So in the meads where bubbling streamlets flow  
Along their courses many flowers blow.

SONNETS

XII.

What is the world? 'Tis not alone this ball,  
The sea, the land, the rugged mountains high,  
With snowy peaks aspiring to the sky,  
The tempest's roar, the cataract's thund'rous fall;  
It is man's spirit interfusing all,  
The thoughts by him conceived throughout the  
years,  
His loves, brave hopes, bright dreams, his bitter  
tears,  
The passions which have been his torments, all  
The faculties and powers that make him strong  
To mould dull matter into shapes that give  
It semblance to the wondrous things that live,  
While from his soul there steals its native song,  
And, lo! the lightnings of his mind reveal  
Strange secrets which the distant heavens conceal.

SONNETS

XIII.

Now wears the oak tree withered leaves, and bare,  
Its branches gaunt spread out in naked round  
Above the whiteness of the frozen ground,  
Cold winter's pall hangs o'er the torpid year,  
The tree an inert creature doth appear;  
But, animate by life's nutritious heat,  
The pulses of its noble heart will beat  
Till in the spring green leaves the eye shall cheer,  
So, if amid the winter of our fate,  
We keep a steadfast soul, and hap what may,  
Strive on to reach again a sunny day,  
A time will come when sorrow will abate,  
New flowers uncloset, the sun shine as of yore,  
The black clouds lift upon the distant shore.

## SONNETS

### XIV.

#### THE DRAGON FLY.

Now roams the giant dragon fly, and flings  
Himself this way and that, about the pool,  
Where sleeps the trout in quiet corner cool;  
Sometimes a falling leaf makes rippling rings  
Upon the water, and a wavelet brings  
To view an insect dozing quietly;  
Upon the mite descends the dragon fly,  
Like some infuriate monster clothed with wings  
And raging appetite, insatiate,  
Such wrath as fired the cruel eager blood  
Of uncouth beasts that roamed before the Flood,  
And sought their prey in regions half create;  
For in the Universe no great nor small  
Has any place, the same life governs all.

SONNETS

XV.

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

O grateful heart! that always sees  
The pleasant sunlight on the lea,  
The leaves disporting merrily  
In gamesome frolic with the breeze,  
The sky may lour, the cold earth freeze,  
The sun conceal his golden crest  
Behind dull clouds that drape the west,  
A numbness life's emotions seize,  
But you look where a promise gleams  
Through gloomy mists with rosy fire  
That soon shall touch a bounteous lyre,  
And music flow in glorious streams,  
O, grateful heart! to whom the wide world seems  
A favoured region lit by sunny beams.

SONNETS

XVI.

THE FLIGHT OF VENUS.

Since Venus left the Earth with her bright song,  
To dwell amongst her own celestial peers,  
In glorious realms beyond the starry spheres,  
Where music wells from bubbling founts and strong,  
The world has known a dullard day and long,  
A dimness lies upon the sea and land,  
By chilly winds the fair champaign is fanned,  
Gray clouds and mist the weary hours prolong,  
And all the visions by man's art designed  
To summon beauty from the shapeless stone,  
Or make the canvas speak with magic moan,  
Grow blurred with breathings from his saddened  
mind;  
The life of beauty, life divine, intense,  
No longer quickens the dull world of sense.

SONNETS

XVII.

ZEPHYRA.

Zephyra sleeps, but when her eyes shall wake  
Their orbs will flash with rich, exuberant life,  
Mischief and joy commingling in sweet strife,  
While through their pleasant gambollings will break  
Vague thoughts and fond imaginings that make  
A maiden's dreams embodied forms assume  
That in the glassy depths of fancy loom  
Like hills reflected in a mountain lake;  
But soon her sensuous heart by passion stirred  
Will loose the pinions of a strong desire  
That, fanned to action by celestial fire,  
Shall proudly soar like an immortal bird  
Unto the realms where love rules as a king,  
And lights are soft, and sylphs go murmuring.

SONNETS

XVIII.

VOLUMNIA.

Upon a couch of furs Volumnia lay,  
While languid dreamings floated o'er her brain,  
Voluptuous as a warm and tropic rain,  
And from her fertile thoughts, like a soft spray  
Spread from a fountain murmuring all the day,  
Gay fancies, rich, and shot with rosy fire,  
That made her bosom heave with fond desire,  
Flew out, profuse, and mingled in sweet fray,  
Descends she now into a happy vale,  
Where Love is wandering like a careless bee,  
And herbage lush invites to luxury,  
While scattered boscages adorn the dale,  
And the slow wind, perfumed with scent of flowers,  
Whispers soft music to the tender hours.

XIX.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

Like perfect bud that opens to a flower,  
My callow love that secret lay beneath  
The close-bound wrappings of its rosy sheath,  
Revealed its beauty in one glowing hour;  
And such the magic of its sudden power  
That she to whom it offered all its grace  
Could not avert or hide her conscious face,  
But gazed intent upon the proffered dower;  
The happy day was flushed with golden light,  
All living creatures, whether small or great,  
With nectar of the gods intoxicate,  
Became the chariots of a strange delight,  
Thus bloomed my love, thus was its burgeoning,  
A joy untold, beyond imagining.

XX.

AN ASPIRATION.

O would that I, for one short hour alone,  
With magic key could ope the portal wide  
That hides the realm where mysteries abide,  
Whose shadows on the mirrored mind are thrown,  
A region to the grosser sense unknown,  
The reverse of the rugged mundane sphere  
That, vested with a fleecy atmosphere,  
Impetuous circles round the sun's red zone;  
And then with glowing words and tongue of fire  
I would reveal the secrets of the deep,  
The lights that from the hidden places creep,  
So that men's hearts might beat with strong desire  
To gain great knowledge of the region lorn  
Where Truth is found, and mighty thoughts are born.

## SONNETS

### XXI.

To him who looks upon the midnight sky,  
    Illustrious with the gleaming of its fires,  
    That light the boundless spaces from their pyres,  
And wraps his soul with theirs in sympathy,  
The world of men is but a phantasy,  
    A useless gathering, an idle show,  
    Where busy creatures hurry to and fro,  
Their lives worn out and spent in vanity.—  
Leaves blown about a wild and arid land,  
    Sometimes by passing flecks of sunshine lit,  
    Within whose radiance the poor phantoms flit,  
And dance, and laugh, as 'twere a merry band,  
The stars flame on, nor heed man's groans and tears,  
While throbs the void with their eternal spheres.

XXII.

THE GHEBER.

The world still sleeps; upon a mountain peak  
The Gheber waits the rising of the sun,—  
The Lord of life, who drives the darkness dun  
Into the depths of chaos, there to seek  
Companion shades, and desert regions bleak.  
Majestic is the god, and by his power  
A vigour sweeps through man, and beast, and flower,  
A wondrous impulse quickening e'en the weak;  
About him floats the splendour of a train,  
Whose glory flames through vast, unmeasured space,  
And gives the beauty of a mellow grace  
Unto the rugged features of the plain.  
Awestruck, the Gheber on the ground lies prone,  
Prostrate before the god's refulgent throne.

*SONNETS*

XXIII.

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

In Eden grew awhile a glorious rose,  
Whose velvet blooms reflected heaven's own hues,  
The petals glowing with a dye profuse,  
And from their caskets like a breath uprose  
A perfume whose exalted virtue did uncloset  
The vision of a perfect happiness,  
That might perchance a mortal being bless,  
And give a brief respite from earthly woes,  
An angel saw the flowers ere Paradise  
Had vanished like a mirage bright and fair,  
That looms awhile amid the distant air,  
And plucked a flower—one single bloom was riven—  
Which by her hand if but a moment given  
Will ope to human eye a glimpse of Heaven.

SONNETS

XXIV.

THE DEATHLESS.

Who slumber deep, but die not? Such are those  
Whose thoughts have wings that bear them far and  
wide,  
With power to quicken other thoughts beside,  
And rouse the sluggish mind from dull repose;  
Such, too, are men from whose strong vigour flows  
Titanic deeds that shake the centuries,  
Like toils renowned of famous Hercules,  
That give the world relief from heavy woes;  
These gifted spirits for a while become  
Impatient dwellers in a mundane clime,  
Confined within the narrow bounds of Time,  
To whom a monarch's bonds were burdensome,  
Thus glowing thoughts and memories of the great  
With human life become incorporate.

*SONNETS*

XXV.

To some men comes an opportunist time,  
When through the tangled wood of life is seen  
A sudden path of glory, and the sheen  
Exalts their faculties to seek and climb  
The hill of high endeavour to its prime,  
A genie slumbering in their soul awakes,  
And through the dulness of their being breaks,  
Then upwards soars unto the peaks sublime,  
But others plod in dulness from their birth,  
A cloud aye rests upon their weary way,  
Few gleams of sunshine cheer the misty day,  
They grope like things forgotten on the Earth;  
A hapless lot is theirs; a fate unkind,  
Useless as straws blown by the winter wind.

SONNETS

XXVI.

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

I saw a bird come flying from a wood,  
The sunlight flashing from its golden wings,  
As water from a copious fountain springs,  
It softly perched upon my casement good,  
There lingering awhile it poured a flood,  
A glorious flood of unrehearsed song,  
Whose notes tumultuous bubbled in a throng,  
A dancing river of beatitude,  
But soon a dullness robed the joyful scene,  
The song descended to a minor key,  
A sadness clothed the shattered melody,  
The bird flew back into the forest green,  
Thus came a glimpse of heaven, a splendid spark,  
A day of joy to me before the dark.

SONNETS

XXVII.

THE VINE.

O vine! thy purple clusters' rich attire  
Gives rapture to the spirit dull and gray,  
It spreads a rosy radiance o'er the day,  
And floods man's veins with strains of generous fire,  
Once, long ago, when reigned the song and dance,  
A god discerned beneath the grape's dense rind  
A secret essence, quickening and kind,  
Thus Bacchus woke in man a new desire,  
O vine! what laughter gay, what festive hours  
Have ravished those who sought thy joyous path,  
And yet sometimes a mournful aftermath  
Has made such weep as lingered in thy bowers,  
O glorious juice! what ecstasy gave birth  
Unto the power that charms the gloomy Earth?

*SONNETS*

XXVIII.

THE WORLD'S MARVELS.

Why should we in the realms of fancy stray?  
The Earth is rich with wonders manifold,  
With lights, and shadows deep, and forests old,  
And birds and beasts that live, and pass away,  
We know not whence, nor why they had their day,  
Fast hid in stony bed the diamond lies,  
Though fit in splendour for a monarch's eyes.  
And glories beckon where the wild goats stray,  
Weird creatures in the boundless sea are bred,  
Some dwell in darkness, and the myriad caves  
In whose recesses plash the restless waves,  
Give lurking place to many a monster dread,  
While deep, deep down upon the ocean floor  
Huge phantoms glide and glimmer evermore.

SONNETS

XXIX.

GAUTAMA.

Beneath the shadow of the Bo tree\* sits  
Gautama, seeker of the sacred way,  
With thoughts profound, revolving as he may  
The problem of man's life and complex arts,  
How oft by passion he foul sin commits;  
By fastings long, by penances and pain,  
"The way" Gautama has long sought in vain,  
Yet still the phantom from his presence flits,  
Throughout the day he wanders in the maze,  
But, when at length the star of evening peers,  
Bright harbinger of many lustrous spheres,  
The Buddha rises from the mind's dark haze,  
And like a beacon to the inward sight  
His soul discerns the Truth's immortal light.

\*The sacred Bo tree, or tree of wisdom, is the large fig tree under which Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, sat when, meditating upon his failure to acquire holiness by penances and fastings, he resolved to seek "the way" by inward culture, and the love of others. The Bo tree is held sacred by the Buddhists.

SONNETS

XXX.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES ARTHUR PURNELL, M.B. Died October 30,  
1918.

Brave son, whose cheery voice and kindly smile  
Gave hope to those who sought your aid and skill  
To gain relief from many a human ill,  
Freely you spent your knowledge, and the while  
Your sympathy was such as to beguile  
The sufferer from the racking of his pain;  
Full oft your weariness cried out in vain  
For needful rest, for pause from toil awhile.  
Where wanders now your spirit, freed from care?  
Is it partaker of bright realms of bliss,  
Where noble seraphs breathe ambrosial air?  
Or does it hover o'er the marge of this  
Terrestrial sphere, unwilling to take flight  
From loving hearts and scenes of past delight?

SONNETS

XXXI.

Why offer adoration to the eternal God  
Who dwells afar and rules the vast serene,  
By whose intelligence the Universe has been  
Summoned from chaos, and whose quickening nod  
Has clothed with varied life the inert clod?  
He measures not the years, or days, or hours,  
Unknown to us his attributes and powers,  
Save that his essence is not of the sod.  
The pride that makes the Eastern monarch claim  
Obeisance and prostrations humbly made,  
So that all men may seem of him afraid,  
Is but a mortal's weakness and his shame,  
God's fitting due is reverence alone,  
That dimly sees the splendours of his throne.

## XXXII.

Man's deep emotions, like the sap that lies  
Inert beneath the tree's encircling rind,  
When roams around the winter's icy wind,  
Grow faint and fainter with the years' demise,  
As age creeps nearer with its rheumy eyes,  
Till dazzling visions, leading youth astray,  
And proud ambitions, lighting manhood's day,  
Dissolve and vanish like a mist that flies,  
But soon old age will reach another clime,  
And as the sap uprising through the tree,  
Gives in the spring a new felicity,  
So shall man, waking from a slumberous trance,  
Put forth new promise in a brighter year,  
And drink the sunshine of a happier sphere.

SONNETS

XXXIII.

THE LOTUS.

O lotus, sacred flower, whose matchless bell  
Became a shrine of beauty when forth came,  
Exulting like a proud triumphant flame,  
From heart of thine, as Egypt's sages tell,  
Where powers and energies supernal dwell,  
Majestic Horus, throned within the sun,  
Who light and splendour from dread darkness won,  
And conquered Set\*, the lord of sin and hell;  
Thy petals close on Buddha's sacred form,  
The god incarnate of the realm serene,  
Where in pure light the very Truth is seen,  
And calm succeeds to Life's incessant storm.  
O glorious lily, filled with power divine,  
Not like the rose, intense with ruddy fire,  
Whose amorous perfume kindles soft desire,  
The sweet enchantment of a generous wine,  
A holy effluence emanates from thee,  
The breathing of a noble mystery!

\*Horus and Set were gods of the ancient Egyptians.

XXXIV.

Lo! once I watched with keen enraptured eyes,  
And thoughts that trembled at th' entrancing sight,  
A white sea bird from out the haven rise,  
And slowly soar unto the dying light,  
Whose gorgeous billows made the king of day  
A regal couch for his serene repose,  
A flaming ecstasy, a burning way,  
Ascending where Creation's furnace glows.  
On ardent wings upborne the noble bird  
Aspired to reach the everlasting sky;  
Up still it clomb, its soul's ambition spurred  
By visions of tremendous majesty,  
At length, absorbed within the golden haze,  
It vanished, passing from my dreamy gaze.

## PART II.

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### Introduction.

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As passed away the fruitful century  
When over Britain's lands Victoria reigned,  
A noble queen, whose soul inspired the realm  
With longings for a life on higher plane;  
The nations seemed to hunger for sweet peace,  
While pleasant doctrines of men's brotherhood  
Were oft propounded by soft-hearted souls,  
Who deemed that all men loved the olive branch,  
And sword and gun must yield to friendly speech;  
But generous sentiments are oft misplaced,  
And to the music of seductive lays  
Uprose in Central Europe, like a cloud  
Tenebrous that o'erhangs the quiet plain,  
A giant arsenal, and armies vast  
Were trained for war, while cannon huge,  
With novel weapons, spawn of skilful brains,  
Were daily forged, which their creators deemed  
Would prove resistless when the German hosts  
Obeyed the trumpet's summons "To the day";  
But Britain's sons, not fearing battle's shock,  
Though much desiring peace, closed fast their ears  
To these dread harbingers of war's typhoon,  
And gave the Teuton's hand a friendly clasp.

## INTRODUCTION

The twentieth century came, in armour clad,  
With threatening spear high poised, and burning  
shield,

Rousing the nations' wrath; and sudden burst  
The terror of the tempest.

Thus through all Europe crimson flames of war  
Tossed like an angry sea—a lurid storm,  
The Hun's ambition kindled. Soon it seemed  
As if the Earth by hostile fate was sealed  
To woes unnumbered. Belgium became  
A swamp of human blood; her cities old,  
For treasures of antiquity renowned,  
Her cottage homes, her marts where commerce reigned,  
Her teeming hives of busy industry,  
In one wild heterogeneous ruin lay,  
The German hosts aroused a hell in France,  
And Death in ruddy chariot fiercely rode  
Through fairest regions, making bare the land  
With satellites most grim. Loud pealed,  
Reverberating round the Balkan peaks,  
The battle's thunder, while the Asian coast  
Echoed the horrid roar, and old Bagdad,  
Far-famed in story and romantic tale,  
Where djinn and magic held fantastic sway,  
Heard the proud march of Albion's soldiery.  
Nor Afric realms escaped the deadly rout,  
For Nile and Cape beheld the gorgeous sun  
Welter each eve in spacious meres of blood,  
On sea and land, and in the subtle air,  
Men fought with men, and novel weapons made  
The thunder seem a puny thing of naught,  
The lightning but a gleam. Yet not all gloom,  
For 'mid the strife heroic deeds were done,  
And many a blazon proud on Britain's shield  
Was written by her sons.

## INTRODUCTION

The throb of life that makes the gracious Earth  
Display the leafy shrub, and flower, and tree,  
Whose pulsing ceases not, by day or night,  
Or rain, or shine, or what may else befall,  
Beat on while round the wrack of battle rolled,  
And all things seemed resolving into dust.  
For life is wondrous force that emanates  
From some Eternal Power supreme,  
And heeds not man, nor war's destructive bolts,  
Nor cities razed, nor hecatombs of slain,  
But burns with glow serene, unchanged, undimmed,  
Fed from a source divine, inscrutable,  
And when war's tempest lulled, then passed away,  
The fields grew green again, the wild flowers bloomed,  
The birds aroused the land with cheerful notes,  
All Nature smiled benignly as of old,  
Though man may rage, great kingdoms rise and fall,  
The whirling globe pursues its destined course,  
Nor stays a moment on its proud career,  
Through boundless spaces of the Infinite.

## War

(1914-15)

---

Hark! the trump of war is sounding, sounding,  
Through all Europe's vast domain;  
Hear its echoes dread rebounding  
From the mountain to the plain.  
Voices they of hate and passion,  
Uttered in Titanic fashion.

Like ten thousand thunders pealing,  
Roar the cannon, near and far,  
And the stolid earth is reeling  
With the fierce delight of war.  
Flashes through the smoke are shotten,  
Such the flames in hell begotten.

Every peal that shakes the welkin  
Calls a soldier to his grave,  
And the sickle of the cannon  
Reaps the harvest of the brave.  
Thickly fall the sheaves around,  
Strewn upon the ruddy ground.

Ranked in myriads are the foemen,  
Countless as the ocean waves  
When the sea, flushed with emotion,  
In majestic fury raves,  
Billows from the deep emerging  
In a wild, tumultuous surging.

WAR

Many nations join in battle,  
And their legions full of ire,  
Rush where deadly engines rattle  
Like a flood of roaring fire.  
Lo! the meteor flag of England  
Gleams beside the oriflamme.

Dew of human blood is falling  
Thickly on the shuddering ground;  
Death in accents hoarse is calling  
To his ministers around;  
Ghosts in armies flutter by  
Day and night unceasingly.

Through the tumult and the clangour  
Flame the nations' gods of war,  
And the battle, with their presence,  
Reddens to its inmost core.  
Where they come their heralds cry  
"Slaughter, famine, misery."

From the ghastly turmoil riven,  
Proud, heroic deeds are born,  
Deeds that rise like sparks updriven  
From the soul, when rent and torn.  
So, when earth and heaven are quaking  
With the grim volcano's shaking,  
Sometimes through the gloom and dolour  
Gleams the lightning's fearful splendour.

## The Rape of Belgium.

---

Sweet peace made glad the fields of Belgium fair,  
The peasant toiled, with oxen labouring slow,  
Bright shone the sun on towered cities, where  
A busy commerce rustled to and fro.

Then came the German, filled with martial pride,  
O'erfed with idle musings of his might,  
Proclaiming that he must not be denied  
The road that seemed attractive to his sight.

And, like a blast escaped from lowest hell,  
The storm of war across this fair land blew,  
Its direful roar was ominous and fell,  
While through the gloom the vivid lightnings flew.

Before the scorching terror of this flame  
Life withered, and the iron tempest dree  
Brought desolation whereso'er it came,  
And shook the fabric of humanity.

The cry of child and women's bitter tears  
Availed them not; in many a vill and town  
The volleys rang, as with contemptuous jeers  
The murderers shot the unarmed people down.

The smoke uprolling to the gloomy sky  
From cities wasted by unbridled power  
Seemed like the steamings from an altar high  
Of some dread war god, barbarous and dour.

*THE RAPE OF BELGIUM*

Nor arts nor learning stayed the conqueror's rage,  
Death was his aim, destruction was his cry,  
The venerable fane, the college of the sage,  
Alike were ravaged by his devilry.

Upon the honoured turrets of Louvain,  
An ancient seat of learning, much renowned,  
Fell thick and fast the fatal iron rain  
Till shattered walls alone stood on the ground.

About the harvest field the corpses lay,  
And crimson stains besmeared the ripening corn,  
While scattered up and down the bleak highway  
A sad and homeless people crept forlorn.

What evil destiny had wove this thread  
To mar the placid texture of their days  
And make them envious of the quiet dead,  
The sport of misery in every phase?

Theirs was no crime: a peaceful life they sought,  
Nor flashed their swords before the nation's eyes.  
In fields well tilled the plodding farmers wrought,  
The cities hummed with many industries.

The bolt that crushed them was the levin shot  
By ruthless pride that knows not bound or rein,  
And deems that treaties are by fools begot,  
What force can take is but a lawful gain.

But through the mystic haze of coming years  
I see the threatening form of Justice loom,  
Her mighty glaive, with awful sheen, appears  
The silent spectre of impending doom.

# Gallipoli

## (1915)

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### I.

A sentry gazed across the sea,  
From where the Turk had armed the height  
With fort and dread artillery,  
And lethal engines for the fight;  
A full orb'd moon displayed its crown  
O'er Asia, glistening like a shield  
Embossed with village, mosque, and town,  
With olive groves, and many a field;  
On high the stars and planets gleamed,  
Resplendent o'er Heaven's continent,  
As when the Trojan camp fires seemed  
A rival to the firmament;  
For sun, and moon, and stars shine on  
Unwrinkled by the lapse of years,  
The centuries leave no mark upon,  
Or dim the splendour of their spheres.

### II.

This soldier from a Southern clime,  
With England's hosts had hither come,  
His heart responding to the rhyme  
Of war's imperious, thrilling drum;  
A patriotic fervour woke  
The manhood sleeping in his frame,  
A secret voice within him spoke  
Heroic words that soon became

## GALLIPOLI

Resistless as the gale that leaps  
From out the cloud whose black form soon  
Will bear, o'er broad and wondrous sweeps,  
The terror of the dread typhoon.  
Within man's breast together dwell  
Virtues and vices sunk in trance,  
Till, summoned by some potent spell,  
The stress of mighty circumstance,  
The evil or the good comes forth,  
And gives the man a giant's power,  
He proves his wickedness or worth,  
And shames or glorifies the hour.

### III.

A roar, a flash, a gush of light,  
Disturbed the soldier's passing dreams,  
As, hurtling through the quiet night,  
A bursting shell shot baleful gleams,  
One moment breathed strong, lusty men,  
Their bodies flushed with vigorous life,  
The iron terror loomed, and then  
Their shuddering spirits fled the strife,  
The air grows full of missiles dread,  
Impetuous rushes foe on foe,  
Dark ramparts belch a storm of lead,  
The bayonet flashes to and fro;  
The stillness of the night is gone,  
The noise of battle fiercely swells,  
Dense smoke in masses rests upon  
The waters of the Dardanelles;  
Here flames a combat, kindled by  
A foul alliance made between  
The German and the Osmanli,  
The serpent and its prey, I ween.

GALLIPOLI

IV.

The sun illumed the Dardanelles,  
Uprising from his saffron bed,  
His rays revealed, upon the fells,  
The bodies of the countless dead;  
They gilded, too, the minarets  
Of Stamboul, on the Golden Horn,  
The prize of battle, where she sits  
Amid the splendour of the morn;  
Oft has she seen the nations locked  
In grips of fierce and bloody war,  
Herself the glorious cause, that mocked  
The armies gathered from afar;  
Her banner is a crimson flame  
Fed by the blood of mighty hosts,  
The echo of her baleful name  
Affrights the crowded realm of ghosts.  
The Moslem now long time has held  
This portal of the East in fee;  
A lingerer from the days of eld,  
With thoughts of a past century;  
But lo! the unmeasured deeps are stirred,  
The air is filled with sudden fire,  
And round the angry globe is heard  
The thunder of the nations' ire.

## The Man at the Dardanelles

(October, 1916)

---

What is he doing, in khaki clad,  
Who whistles with cheery note and glad,  
As if dull care he never had?  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

He climbs the hills with load on back,  
A mighty heterogeneous pack—  
'Twould make a giant's muscles crack,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

With bursting shells the air grows gray,  
The bullets hum throughout the day,  
But careless he goes on his way,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

He is there to do what must be done  
For men to dwell beneath the sun,  
Free from the Teuton sword and gun,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

'Tis his to add one blazon more  
To the flag that his forefathers bore  
To victory in the days of yore,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

He toils by day, and eke by night,  
In trenches dug in the 'Turks' despite,  
On Gallipoli's rugged height,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

*THE MAN AT THE DARDANELLES*

Sometimes the battle's slumbering pyre  
Becomes a flaming, roaring fire,  
Then wakes to life his martial ire,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

He leaps to meet the rushing foe,  
Nor halts an idle moment, though  
Death may be roving to and fro,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

His home is where the southern sky  
Spreads its blue concave, broad and high,  
O'er lands where peace and plenty lie,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

But he is born of an ancient race  
That never feared the foe to face,  
That recks not death, but dreads disgrace,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

Then let us drink a bumper toast  
To him who, on the Turkish coast,  
Is fighting with the Moslem host,  
    The man at the Dardanelles.

# The Men of England

(1916)

---

## I.

Where are the men of England to be found?  
Where the thunder of the battle peals around,  
And the lightnings of the shellfire streak the sky,  
While strong shudders shake the ground  
At the sinister, grim sound,  
When the shells asunder fly;  
They are men who bravely wrench  
From the Germans trench by trench,  
Spoil of war by valour won  
From the clutches of the Hun;  
Ceaseless labour is their lot  
By the needs of war begot,  
Toiling, moiling in the light,  
Keeping vigil through the night.  
Where cannon speak with tongues of fire,  
And armies, flushed with martial ire,  
Are madly locked in conflict dire,  
There are the men of England to be found.

## II.

Where are the men of England to be found?  
Their hearts are throbbing in the Northern Sea,  
With hopes of battle fierce and victory,  
The strong East wind with icy breathing soughs  
As through the foam the mighty Dreadnought  
ploughs,

### THE MEN OF ENGLAND

The swift destroyer leaps with eager vein  
Clothed with a billow like a glistening mane.  
War's watchdogs these that roam the stormy deep  
With vigilance that ne'er is lulled to sleep,  
They seek a foe who, snug in harbour moored,  
Declines the fight, of safety thus assured;  
Filled with the fire that burned in Nelson's breast  
The British sailor scorns inglorious rest,  
Impatient, longs to sight the enemy,  
And try the measure of his bravery.  
Lo! the dead sea-kings listen for the fray,  
Their souls still hungering for war's array—  
Here are the men of England to be found.

### III.

Where are the men of England to be found?  
Where Tigris meets Euphrates, and the twain  
Commingled roll their waters to the main,  
Through regions which, in happy days of old,  
Oft men and angels wandering there beheld,  
And Eden was a spot of living fame,  
Not merely the faint echo of a name.  
But now the air vibrates with war's alarms  
The roar of cannon and the clang of arms,  
Briton and Turk, who, erst in friendship stood,  
As bitter foemen seek each other's blood;  
To Libyan sands the sullen war smoke clings,  
Libya, the realm of long forgotten kings.  
The burning death bolts flicker here and there,  
And clamour of the conflict fills the air—  
Here are the men of England to be found.

*THE MEN OF ENGLAND*

IV.

Where are the men of England to be found?  
In regions wild that guard the Southern Pole,  
Where Nature hides the secrets of her soul  
Within a maze of icy mountains lorn  
Whose steps are by the rugged glaciers torn.  
O'er the cold wastes the piercing tempests blow  
Bearing a medley fierce of sleet and snow.  
Life shuns a tract so desolate and bare,  
A lean seabird perchance is hovering there;  
No sound disturbs the silence strange and deep  
Save where th' avalanche thunders down the steep;  
Yet through these wilds, led on by glory's ray,  
The bold explorers wend a weary way.  
Their frames grow gaunt with unremitting toil,  
Each step a torture on the frozen soil.  
To dangers they by usage have grown blind,  
The spectre dread of famine stalks behind—  
Here are the men of England to be found.

V.

Where are the men of England to be found?  
Where peril frights the day and haunts the night,  
In the chiefest danger of the fight,  
If some deed is to be done,  
Some great conquest to be won,  
Whose imperative behest  
Summons from the inmost breast  
All the powers that secret lie  
Till the man must do or die—  
There are the men of England to be found.

## The Coldstream Guards (1916)

---

What cheery sound is this, what jovial strain  
Exulting peals across the murky plain,  
Above the din and turbulence of war,  
The bursting shell, the giant cannon's roar  
    'Tis the call of the hunter's horn  
    That oft in the frosty morn  
    Tells the man, and the horse, and the hound  
    That the sly, cunning fox has been found.

It swells like a voice that rolls  
From the kingdom of martial souls,  
And the Coldstreams spring, with hearts on fire,  
From trench, from cover, from mud and mire,  
Their numbers few, for the bitter fray  
Remorselessly fought since break of day  
Has shattered their ranks, as the ruthless gale  
Tears into tatters the stalwart sail.  
Fatigued in every nerve and bone  
The soldiers listlessly lie prone,  
But all forgot when the rousing note  
Issues elate from the bugle's throat.  
The sporting instincts of their race,  
The emulation of the chase,  
Give vigour to the slackened limb.  
Eyes that sleepy were and dim,  
Grow suddenly full orb'd and keen,  
Flushed with the battle's lurid sheen ;  
As, when the pack, wide scattered, hears  
The brazen song that always cheers,  
And quickly mustering pursue  
The quarry breaking into view,

## THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

So into hasty order fall  
The soldiers at their leader's call.  
Onward and on, with eagerness,  
They through the iron tempest press,  
Undaunted o'er the champaign sweep,  
Into the hostile trenches leap,  
A wave of valour fiercely borne  
Whose bursting flood the foemen mourn,  
Nor bank, nor fosse, nor hail of fire,  
Can quell, or stay their warlike ire;  
The Coldstreams on the Germans fling  
Themselves, and make the trenches ring  
With clash of bayonet, till is won  
A glorious victory o'er the Hun.

O splendid horn, O noble chief,  
O gallant men of might!  
Long shall the memory of your deed  
Shine with a purple light;  
Oft shall the sons of England hear,  
And proudly oft acclaim,  
The story of the day that won  
For you undying fame.

\*Colonel Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, recently gained the Victoria Cross for the following deed:—The Coldstreams had been attacking the German fortified lines in France, and had fared rather badly. Colonel Campbell lost his second in command, his adjutant, and many other officers. His men were scattered, the living taking refuge in shell holes all over the battlefield, and there finding cover from the fierce machine-gun fire of the enemy. Colonel Campbell went out in the open, and sounded his hunting horn to rally his men. From out of shell holes in all parts of the field the men of the Coldstreams rose in response. The battalion lined up in the leaden hailstorm, and proceeded again to the attack. They reached the German trenches, bayoneted the machine gunners, and took the first trench. In all they advanced two thousand yards that day.

## The Fall of Bagdad.

(March, 1917)

---

Why stirs the monarch in his tomb,  
His marble dwelling place, where he  
Shall lie until the trump of doom  
Reverberates o'er land and sea?  
What tremors now of hostile fate  
Disturb the trappings of his state,  
Haroun-al-Raschid, caliph great?

Wrapped in his cerements he hears  
The British war drums beating loud,  
Armed legions from the Western spheres  
March through the ways of Bagdad proud;  
The fierce-eyed Indian horsemen make  
Bazaar and fretted palace shake  
With tramps that like the sea surfs break.

The West is come unto the East,  
The typhoon to the torpid sea,  
The Tigris' sacred banks are pressed  
By foes and their artillery;  
Haroun, from where his soul doth dwell,  
Inspired by hate and purpose fell,  
Condemns the Giaour to lowest hell.

The Caliph ruled o'er Bagdad when  
It sat enthroned in golden mist,  
And wonders filled the hearts of men,  
Genie, and gnome, and exorcist.  
Now comes a conqueror whose feet  
The world with martial ardour greet,  
And make its pulses faster beat.

## War Vespers.

(April, 1917)

---

Where ravaged fields of France are seen  
Forsaken in the evening light,  
While war's red ruin everywhere  
Gives sadness to the wearied sight;  
Upon the shattered hamlet's walls  
The damps of desolation cling,  
There sounding through the gloomy air  
I hear a call to vespers ring—  
The thunder of the guns.

O'er hill and dale, across the plain,  
The dread and fateful notes are heard,  
In many lands, in many climes,  
Men's hearts to inmost depths are stirred.  
The mother's cheek grows pale and wan,  
Her daughter, promised for a wife,  
Lets secret fall a trembling tear  
And silent prays for one dear life.

Submissive to a potent spell,  
The earth is quivering through her frame,  
The eve puts on her mantle soft,  
As 'twere of old, but not the same.  
A strange and awful summons now  
To vespers calls the pious soul,  
The gloaming darkens at the wrath  
That seems from iron throats to roll—  
The thunder of the guns.

WAR VESPERS

How sweet the evening hour descends  
On regions blessed with happy peace,  
A holy quiet claims the land,  
The frettings of the day surcease,  
Its solace gives a moment's pause  
To passion's grievousness and spite,  
And faintly through the silence steals  
The tremor of the Infinite.

Around, around the world streams out  
The wild and crimson flag of war,  
From morn till eve, from eve till morn,  
It flutters fiercely near and far;  
A martial clang and clamour shake  
The winds that clothe this whirling sphere,  
Moved by a fearful Spirit's tongue  
Men's hearts beat faster when they hear  
The thunder of the guns

That with a menace grim is fraught,  
Fell vengeance on an evil foe;  
Their voice, in threatening tones, recites  
'Gainst him a litany of woe,  
Their belfry is a lurid light  
Proceeding from a baleful fire,  
Where legions wait impatiently  
Till they can wreak their bitter ire.

O solemn call, whose throbs are felt  
Vibrating o'er a wasted land,  
Like aerial messengers they fly,  
Whose wings by gales of wrath are fanned.  
You bid us kneel at vespers strange,  
Strange altars decked for sacred rite,  
Where in long diapason falls  
On ear of priest and acolyte  
The thunder of the guns.

## The Passing of the Brave.

---

Why weep for those whose lives have passed away  
Amidst the battle's shock?  
Like yours and mine, their bodies were of clay,  
Not changeless as the rock.

They died the death of such as give their lives  
For their own country's weal,  
But the bold spirit of each one survives  
In regions of the leal.

The story of their deeds shall be inscribed  
Upon the scroll of fame;  
Each has bequeathed to those who loved him best  
An honoured name.

The memory of these gallant men shall be  
A torch to cheer the brave  
When, thundering o'er the murky fields of war,  
The iron tempests rave.

The merits of their sacrifices lie  
Beyond the meed of tears,  
For tears are shed for those who leave no trace  
Upon the fateful years.

In place of tears, let us a pæan raise  
Of proud and glorious tone,  
And make their great achievements thus  
Unto the wide world known.

O, boisterous winds, O gales that loudly blow,  
O tempests wild and free,  
Chant requiem for the souls heroic who  
Have dared death's mighty sea!

## Our Navy.

(1916)

---

We hear war's mighty thunder, peal on peal,  
Reverberating 'neath the Boreal pole,  
About the world the sullen echoes roll,  
Whose threatening voices make the senses reel,  
While woeful strains amidst these voices steal,  
Wrung from the keys of human miseries deep,  
Whence passionate cries and painful moanings  
    leap,  
And secret chords heart-searching griefs reveal;  
But we, the dwellers in a southern clime,  
    Beneath our happy roof trees pass the day,  
    Nor fear the foe shall come in grim array,  
And pipe our songs as 'twere a golden time,  
For England's Navy rules the boundless seas,  
'Tis thus we live and loiter at our ease.

## Marching.

---

I see the soldiers marching, marching, marching down  
the street,  
I hear the band a-playing, and the drum's exulting  
beat,  
For the men, with hearts a-burning, are going far  
away,  
To a land where gleams the battle, and the cannon's  
grim array.

Each soldier has his company, each company its  
place ;  
They march in ordered phalanx, in a strong and  
measured pace.  
Fiery visions of the battle lend a vigour to their feet,  
As rank by rank they move adown the long and  
crowded street.

They have heard their country calling, with an earnest  
voice and strong ;  
They have felt the breath of battle, they have heard  
its thrilling song.  
Their souls grow hot and zealous, their breasts are  
filled with pride,  
All the man that dwells within them rising like a  
flowing tide.

## MARCHING

Martial airs the band's a-playing, stirring airs that  
make the blood

Flow in quick and quicker courses till it rushes like a  
flood.

The drum awakes the echoes with its loud resonant  
rolls,

But these gallant men are marching to the drum  
within their souls.

Now the frightened world is rocking with the tumult  
and the roar,

At the thunders and the lightnings, at the terrors of  
the war;

From the cities and the meadows, from the mountain  
and the glen,

Come forth the foaming millions, in the wrath of  
arméd men.

The land is rent and riven, and its face is gaunt with  
woe;

The air is filled with bursting shells, the mine springs  
from below.

Armies meet, and men are falling like the berries of  
the corn

Blown from the ripening harvest by a cruel tempest's  
scorn.

With the warrior's lofty bearing, on the soldiers  
marching go,

Inly thirsting for the presence, for the meeting of  
the foe;

'Twas thus that our forefathers marched in famous  
days of yore,

'Twas thus that trueborn Englishmen went marching  
to the war.

## MARCHING

I see the soldiers marching, marching, marching down  
the street,

I hear the road resounding with the noise of tramping  
feet,

I hear the people shouting, with enthusiastic cry,  
As the soldiers with their rifles, troop by troop, go  
passing by.

The soldiers now are gone from sight; the drum is  
faintly heard;

'Twould seem an empty pageant by which our hearts  
were stirred.

But one day shall a welcome voice come pealing o'er  
the sea:

“Your men have won a famous name, a splendid  
victory.”

## Ave, Victrix !

(November, 1918)

---

Now in majestic glory comes  
From storm of war and fiery trail,  
With pomp and throb of victor drums,  
And banners streaming in the gale,  
Old England, glorious as the sun  
When, bursting through the cloudy pall  
That spread o'er heaven a darkness dun,  
It sheds its splendour over all.

Amid benignant peace profound  
And pleasure's joyous revelry,  
Uprose a sinister, dread sound,  
The roar of battle rolling nigh ;  
Then through her frame a tremor ran,  
And England felt the patriot breath  
That stirred the pulse of every man  
In days of great Elizabeth.

It shook the realms beyond the seas,  
And all the nation's soul awoke,  
A martial flood roused by the breeze  
From Canada's snow regions broke ;  
And where, beneath the Southern sky,  
The British flag guards many a shire,  
Its ancient folds were rippled by  
The tremblings of a noble ire.

*AVE, VICTRIX!*

O motherland! dear motherland!  
Your fateful hour has passed away;  
Unharm'd your famous cities stand,  
Your pleasant homes and minsters gray,  
Your ships still breast the ocean foam  
As freely as the sea birds fly,  
About the watery world they roam,  
Light skiff and laden argosy.

O motherland, through many days  
A fiery road your feet have trod,  
Safely you passed down perilous ways  
With fearless eye and trust in God;  
Now rising from the murky gloom  
Prophetic shines a beacon star,  
The golden tints of Empire loom,  
Proud pomps and splendours from afar.

With strength close knit by arduous toil,  
And courage braced by utmost need,  
Your sons have gained, through fierce turmoil,  
The merits of a nobler breed.  
Their hopes to higher planes shall rise  
And give them vigour to create  
From England's pains and jeopardies  
The fabric of a perfect State,  
O motherland, dear motherland of mine!

## The Coming of Peace.

(1919)

---

Slow pants the bosom of the world,  
Like some tempestuous sea  
O'er which a hurricane has swept  
In rage tumultuously;  
The wrath is past; no more the storm  
Assails the mighty main,  
But yet awhile the ocean's breast  
Heaves with an angry pain.

Now hill and dale are flushed with joy,  
And all the land is gay;  
The Earth puts on a finer robe  
To greet the festal day.  
War-worn and meagre with long toil  
The soldier seeks his home;  
The battle seems a dream of dread,  
A mist of crimson foam.

From out a thousand belfries leap  
The voices of the bells,  
Over the crowded cities' streets  
Their glorious clamour swells;  
And where the rustic hamlet sees  
The sun through foliage steal  
The bells that crown the village church  
Ring out a merry peal.

*THE COMING OF PEACE*

They tell of danger and of toil,  
Of death on land and sea,  
The widow and the orphan child,  
Love plunged in misery,  
Now past and gone, a while of woe,  
Full soon to be forgot,  
If e'er forgetfulness can be  
The sufferers' kind lot.

But time shall bring a healing balm  
To soothe the pangs of grief,  
For loss of gallant men who died  
To give the world relief;  
The pangs shall cease, but memory still  
Will unimpaired remain,  
And on its ebon throne shall sit,  
The monarch of the slain.

Roll on, O noble world, roll on!  
Millions of hearts beat high,  
Their load is gone, the peril fled,  
That seemed for ever nigh;  
Roll on, O noble world, roll on!  
Your sufferings are o'er,  
For peace is come, and happiness  
Full laden with rich store.

# Armistice Day.

(1920)

---

## I.

Why now in solemn mood expectant wait  
In London's famous streets a myriad throng,  
While streets, and mansions, and the halls of State  
Are draped with emblems that to grief belong?  
Deliberate moves  
A stately pageant, reverent and proud,  
Of Britain's chiefs, renowned in peace and war,  
With splendid symbols of the nation's power,  
Unto the funeral guns' deep, measured roar.  
Chief mourner of the train,  
The ruler of the slain,  
The Sovereign of the State is seen  
With reverential mien  
Nigh to the martial bier  
That bears on massive wheels  
The soulless fabric of the unknown dead.

## II.

What ghosts are these  
That in their roamings through the realms that lie  
Beyond the borders of the utmost sky  
Attentive halt, like one who hears a sound  
Far, far away, a dim, uncertain sound?  
They are souls of the noble dead,  
Britain's illustrious dead,  
Who, when the battle burned,  
On her foemen fiercely turned,

## ARMISTICE DAY

And now in ætherial spheres,  
Untrammelled by days or years,  
To their consciousness dully comes  
A murmur of muffled drums,  
A cadence so dim, so remote,  
It seems like a phantom to float  
On the waves of a dream,  
But it wakens deep thoughts that lie  
In abysses of memory  
Of the turbulent scenes of the war,  
The riot, the rout, and the roar,  
    The swift-flying missiles of death,  
    Their poisonous breath;  
The smoke and the flashings by day,  
    The lurid, red gleams of the night,  
    Till the visions at length  
    Gain passionate strength,  
And the souls of the brave know the strenuous days  
    of the warrior's life once more.

### III.

By solemn music led  
With measured tread  
The funeral train escorts its noble bier,  
The silent crowds immense,  
Whitehall's magnificence,  
Express the nation's grief and bitter tears  
For legions of her sons who sought not fame  
But bravely died and left no name,  
    Their country was their all,  
    At duty's call  
They left the mart, the workshop, and the plough,

## ARMISTICE DAY

Assiduous strove to gather martial skill,  
Abating not their ceaseless ardour till  
They grew into an army trained for war  
Full of fell power like the roaring wind.

### IV.

'Tis fit one body reft  
From 'neath a foreign sod  
Should be with honours borne  
Unto the House of God—  
Old England's glorious fane,  
Where rest great kings, and men of might, and those  
    who shook the world  
With strenuous thoughts of wondrous things, and  
    wisdom's flag unfurled;  
And here the dead Unknown shall lie  
Amid this proud mortality,  
An emblem of the nation's pride  
In that devoted patriot host  
Who, without vaunt or idle boast,  
Made safe the Empire with their blood,  
Nor guerdon sought, nor word of praise  
To cheer them through the perilous hours  
When from war's fountains poured apace a devas-  
    tating flood.  
Here shall the corpse repose till day of doom,  
The honoured dweller in an honoured tomb,  
Companioned by the shadows of the great.  
Distinguished by insignia of State.  
An ancient Abbey's venerable fane  
Gives holy slumber to the valiant slain.







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 NOT SENT BECAUSE

Copying not  
 RESTRICTIONS:

Date due  
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OR

No. 11

PR Purnell -  
6031 The worship of  
P975w the serpent.

PR  
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