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POEMS

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POEMS

POEMS

BY

GEORGE FORESTER

Tenui musam meditatur avenâ

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

MCMXII

TO
L. T. G.

PR
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PREFACE

THE following extract from the letter of a friend may stand as a foreword to these verses:—"You ask me whether I think it might be worth while to publish these poems. Well, from a financial point of view I should certainly answer, 'No.' If they were to be sent to the ordinary publisher's reader I have little doubt that they would be returned with many thanks, and the intimation that there is no market for such things. But you tell me that the element of profit does not enter into your calculations; that you are content to bear the loss. That being so, is there, to use your own words, 'sufficient excuse for publication'? If I should answer 'Yes,' it is not because I think you will find many readers. These verses are not such as the public hanker after. They are 'caviare to the general.' They are plain, simple, and quite intelligible. They stir no great passion; they propound no great problem; they do not suggest some mystery of hidden, and perhaps forbidden, meaning. Yet I think there are still some quiet-minded people in the world to whom they will appeal, more especially 'in that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind.' In my boyhood I remember that I loved to listen on a summer evening as a very gentle and fitful wind softly stirred the wires of that old-fashioned and much derided instrument, the Æolian harp—in this case none too well tuned. It could hardly be called music, and I had few sympathisers, but I loved it, nevertheless, for the feeling that it stirred—'a feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain.' And so with your verses, it may be that these *tenues avenae* may strike a chord and awaken a response in the minds and memories of some few readers, which, although unknown to you, will constitute your all-sufficient justification. As for the translations, especially those from Béranger and Catullus"—but stay. I may be excused for quoting the candid friend. I dare not cite the too friendly critic.

G. F.

“Mid the feast and wine’s feverish
flow”

’Mid the feast and wine’s feverish flow
Thy soft voice came to me;
Thy voice as in time long ago
Ere misery knew me.

Thy soul spake to mine; I was near it,
I *felt* it was there,
Thy presence,—thy pitying spirit,
That stood by my chair.

“Thou lone one, how far hast thou wandered
O’er turbulent seas!
All the days of thy youth hast thou squandered,
All the days of thy peace.

“What hope hast thou now for thy morrow?
What comfort? Ah! where?
What refuge, poor soul, from thy sorrow?
What charm for despair?”

“ To me, when death’s shadow stood near thee,
To me in thy pain,
To comfort, and cherish, and cheer thee
Ne’er cam’st thou in vain.

“ And with me, when life’s pitiful fever
To slumber has past,
The peace that endureth for ever
Shall lap thee at last.”

“ An old song sings within my brain ”

An old song sings within my brain.
It sings where'er I be—
And this the burden of the strain,
“ Wert thou but here with me ! ”

“ Wert thou but here, ” it sings amain,
By this sad silent sea,
Methinks all youth would come again,
“ Wert thou but here with me. ”

Clouds brood upon the sullen deep
And languor fills the air—
O God, what charm can lull to sleep
The dark waves of despair ?

“ Yet wert thou here ”—oh voice of pain
That bids old memories throng !
And still it beats upon my brain
The burden of that song.

That voice by day, that voice by night,
Those memories haunt me still.
“ Yet wert thou here ”—what radiant light
Would clothe this lonely hill,

These moaning firs, yon sombre shore,
These dreary wastes of ling ;
And how beneath that light once more
The waves would dance and sing !

Ah ! foolish dream—Thou wilt not come.
That light shall never smile.
Cease torturing voice ; at length be dumb
And let me rest awhile.

The night falls calm upon the deep,
And slumber fills the air,
But death alone shall lull to sleep
The voice of my despair.

A Dream of Venice

BARCAROLLE

The silvery moon
O'er yon lagoon
Is shining, dear Ninetta ;
And sweet to-night
Her lovely light
Upon the Piazzetta !

Like gems that pave
Old Adria's wave
The myriad lamps of even—
And as we glide
O'er the star-lit tide
We'll seem to float in heaven.

Come let us hear
The gondolier
Sing strains of love and glory,
While swift arise
To dreaming eyes
The pageants of old story :—

But sweeter far
'Neath moon and star
Than all the past can be, love
To pluck the flowers
Of present hours,
And dream—of only thee, love.

“ Peace, peace, Orestes-like I breathe this prayer.”—
LONGFELLOW.

Why should I go, you ask. Why should I stay,
In ceaseless pain to wear my life away ?
What is such life but death from day to day ?

Yes, there are ties, I know it, hard to break ;
And far away perchance my heart will ache
For the old faces that I must forsake.

But the old misery that clingeth here,
The old dread shadows ever hovering near,
Dark dreams by night and mornings sick with
fear ;—

What matter all relinquished, leaving these ?
Peace is my cry, and all my longing *peace*.
Then ye wild winds that sweep o'er stormy seas,

Bear me, ye heavenly eagles, to your nest,
Where, haply, 'neath some Pyrenean crest,
The morn may comfort bring, and evening rest.

'Tis done. I fight no longer ; strive no more
To frighten Failure's phantom from my door.
Nay, let her follow to that distant shore ;

To live, my quiet guest, in life's decline,
No dreaded spectre there, while cheerly shine
Warm Southern suns to plump the Gascon vine.

Alas, poor bark of one poor human fate,
Gone are thy masts and jettisoned thy freight,
And thou art stranded. Yet 'tis not too late,

If still thy battered hull at rest may ride
In some far kindly bay, safe moored beside
A sheltering shore, lapped by a waveless tide.

Then waft, ah ! waft me, wild winds of the West
Where, haply, 'neath some Pyrenean crest,
The morn may comfort bring, and evening rest.

Over the Hill-Gaps

Over the hill-gaps
'Tis wafted to me,
O'er heathland and downland,
 The smell of the sea.

White wings in the sunlight
O'er blue waters glide—
The cry of the curlew,
 The lilt of the tide.

Upriseth the storm-wind,
Waves dance in their glee;
The smell of the sea-weed
 Comes fresh from the sea.

Green luminous breakers
That leap to the land.
The roar of the shingle,
 The gleam of the sand.

A weary day-dreamer,
Stretched under the tree,
With closed eyes I see them,
 The sights of the sea.

Sights and sounds of my boyhood
They come at my call;
And the suns of past summers
 Shine bright over all.

For through the green hill-gaps
'Tis wafted to me,
O'er heathland and downland
 The smell of the sea.

Then and Now

A pair of laughing loving eyes
That memory well might treasure—
A look of welcome and surprise,
Of friendship, fun, and pleasure.

A look as warm, a look as bright
As bloom of sunlit heather,
Where youth and innocence unite
With beauty—all together.

You were a little girl in pink ;
So well can I remember.
'Twas late in August, as I think,
Or earliest September.

The sea that day was calm and blue
(In every mood I love it),
The sun shone bright on it and you,
From the blue sky above it.

We spake light words of joy or jest ;
Talked of the summer weather ;
Parted and smiled, and little guess't
Our fates were linked together.

And now let wild waves rest or roar,
Skies smile, or frown with thunder,
We twain on life's mysterious shore
No more shall part asunder.

One Voice

One voice that whispers in mine ear ;
One little face that mocks my sight ;
One vain regret ; one anxious fear ;
One thought by day ; one dream by night.

The same amid the heedless throng ;
In silent sleepless hours the same ;
At midnight, morn, and evensong
I see thy face, I hear thy name.

Such is my life apart from thee,
So weak the heart that would forget.
The murmur of a southern sea
Is round, about, above me yet.

I see the sun shine bright once more
Where on the ledge the breakers leap ;
Green grass that girds a shingly shore ;
White gulls that wing an azure deep.

Ah! was it mine indeed that day
To dream with thee those golden hours?
O golden sand that glides away!
O gleam of sunlight on the showers!

O passing gleam! O vanished hour!
And what to me may still remain?
This little spray-dashed faded flower.
A past delight,—a present pain.

A Dirge

When the poor, palsy-stricken year is dead
Sweet birds sing not.
When Spring is gone and sunny hours are fled
Violets spring not.
Yon soaring lark imprisoned in the cage
A captive singeth ;
Round mouldering walls to hide the rifts of age,
Green ivy clingeth.
But when Life withers in the frost of years
All pleasure flieth,
And Hope, that gazes through the mist of tears,
Despaireth—dieth.—
Now is no sound, no whisper in the air
Of joy or woe,
Save rustling winds that lift earth's hoary hair,
The barren snow.

The Beaulieu River, 1884

The sun is high, the tide is low
Upon the Beaulieu river,—
Bright sun above, bright tide below,
Summer around us as we row
To Beaulieu, up the river.

With drowsy wings the heron flies
Athwart the Beaulieu river,
To right, to left the forests rise
And melt into the sunlit skies
That span the Beaulieu river.

Bright sun above, bright stream below,
Such is the Beaulieu river,—
From beds of fern the old oaks grow ;
Just as in ages long ago
They watch the gliding river.

Through whispering reeds it glides away,
The restless, restful river.
Ah, restless life, for thee I pray
Some respite too, some peace to-day
Upon this dreaming river.

The sun is low, the tide is high
Upon the Beaulieu river.
Landwards across the purpling sky
To rest the legion sea-birds fly,
Whistles the plover, curlews cry
Around the Beaulieu river.

The night sinks down, mysterious night,
Upon the Beaulieu river.
The darkling forests, left and right,
Are silvered in the pale starlight,
And thousand stars, reflected bright,
Shine in the Beaulieu river.

Through whispering reeds it glides away,
The restless, restful river.
Ah! restless life, that so I might
Win respite too, and peace to-night,
Here on this dreaming river!

Sors exitura

Death, art thou there? I've waited for thee long,
Though in my thoughts I held thee, hour by hour;
At midnight, morn, or saddest evensong;
In summer sunshine, as in April's shower;

When howling demons rode the wintry blast,
Or when June roses scented all the air,
Thy Shadow still was on me, till, at last,
Always I felt thy presence, everywhere.

Now thou art here; and on my fevered brow
I feel thy numbing touch, thine icy breath—
Ah! not the King of Terrors com'st thou now,
But like a father take me to thee, Death.

A Last Wish

When from this form life's light has fled away
Ah, give it not to lingering decay.
Dear is my mother Earth, and hers the meed
To fill and fertilise the living seed.
But let the fire whose all-devouring breath
Leaps swift to hide the hateful hues of death,
In one brief moment of its wild embrace,
Enfold, consume, and for all time efface
That senseless thing men speak of by my name.
Oh let it pass in purifying flame.
Then bear my ashes far from men and towns,
And sow them broadcast o'er the breezy downs.

Fratri Desideratissimo

If only dear dead eyes could see,
If only dear dead hearts could beat,
If only you could come to me,
If once again our hands could meet,—
Ah, then once more my life should know
Joy, as in glad days long ago.

But now in sadness comes the morn,
And sadness clouds the sunniest day.
Sad is the noon, and most forlorn
In sadness sinks the westering ray,—
As sinks for me all life's delight
Into the silence of the night.

Desenzano, 1873

FRAGMENT

O Sirmio Sirmio, where Catullus sang,
Sweet Sirmio, bosomed in the lovely lake
Of vineyard-girt Benacus, verdure-clad,
Eye of all isles and fair peninsulas,
Gemming thy laughing tides:—no dream of song,
But truth spake from those honied lips of yore,
That hymned thee sweetest refuge from all toil,
And noise of busy life—even so I deemed,
Wandering in life's May morning, as I gazed
Upon thy azure waters, clear and calm,
Through long green vistas of the trellised vine,
And saw thee stretching beautiful and far
'Mid silver ripples of the Lydian lake.
Ah then how sweet it was, buoyant and free,
Round naked limbs to feel that rippling flood,
Flinging it back with many a sturdy stroke,
Or lying motionless on waters blue
To gaze into the blue sky overhead.

Song

When the bloom is done
The cuckoo flies away ;
Though bright the summer sun
He must not, dares not, stay.
Yet o'er sad vale and hill,
That lost voice though they mourn,
Hope whispers still
" With spring he will return."

Ah hopes that fly
When youth's sweet bloom is o'er,
To you a long good-bye,
Ye will return no more.

In the Twilight

Maiden stay thy timid flight,
Wherefore should'st thou seek to fly ?
Hast thou heard the wings of night
Beating on the dusky sky,
Hast thou heard the owlet cry?—
Stay, Oh stay, there is a power
Turns the darkness into light ;
Only in the glimmering hour
Shines the glow-worm's beacon spark ;
Love, like Daphne's cherished flower,
Blossoms sweetest in the dark.
Morn's loved messenger the lark,
Say, can his blithe strains compare
To that full melodious shower
Falling on the midnight air,
What time clear-throated Philomel
Singeth from some lonely dell
Where her mournful memories dwell?—
Yet what are these joys of night
If there be not one to share ?
Maiden stay thy timid flight,
Trust a lover's jealous care ;
Trust, ah, trust thee to my care.

Mark how in the heaven above
One by one the stars arise,
Silent sentinels of love
Watching with their sleepless eyes.
See'st thou not on yonder river
How the slanting moonbeams quiver?
Whither maiden would'st thou rove?
Trust, Oh trust thee to my love.
Maiden rest with me for ever.

Μακαρίζομεν σε, τέτιξ

O cicala you sing
Just as blithe as a king.
Your wants are so few ;
But a sip of cold dew,
And high on the trees
You pipe at your ease.
For all is for you,
All the fields that you view,
All the gifts of the hours
All the boon earth is yours.
You are loved by the hind,
For you harm not a thing,
You are dear to mankind,
Voice of summer in spring.
You are dear to the Nine
Of bright Helicon's hill,
And to Phœbus divine
Who has formed you to trill

With that clear voice and shrill
As you sit on the pine.
Old age comes not near you,
Even death seems to spare you.
O joy without passion,
Calm flesh without blood,
Wise, earth-born musician,
You are almost a god.

Bonjour Suzon

(*After* DE MUSSET)

Good-day, Suzon, my woodland flower.
Art thou the fairest still to see ?
Such as thou view'st I come once more
From a long tour in Italy.
Through Paradise 'twas mine to rove ;
I have made verse,—and I've made love.
But what car'st thou ? I pass before
Thy house, dear child.
Open thy door to me, open thy door.
Good-day, Suzon !

The lilac bloomed when last we met ;
Thy young heart's flower seemed opening too,
But still thy cry was, " Ah, not yet,—
I would not yet that man should woo."
What hast thou done since my leave's date ?
Who leaves too soon returns too late.
But what care I ? I pass before
Thy house, dear child.
Open thy door to me, open thy door.
Good-day, Suzon !

From "LE SILENCE DES HEURES."

The dear dead leaves, the leaves of gold,
Dear Summer leaves, how fast they fall,—
Fall in the wind by thousands rolled,
Fall in the wind that sweeps the wold,
And aye repeats its dreary call.
Headlong they rush 'mid pattering rain,
Chill harbinger of winter's snow,
In scattered gust-flights whirled amain,
While bare boughs toss wild arms in vain,
As sorrowing sore to let them go.
With them all summer sinks and dies,
With them all springtide hope is gone;
And as the tempest o'er them flies
The lorn trees dream of sunlit skies,
And sobbing sway with mutual moan.
Where erst it sang each sad heart grieves,
For through cold stems no sap can climb.
The winds still chase the eddying leaves,
The leaves of gold, the short-lived leaves,
All the dear leaves of summer time.

Le Grenier

(After BÉRANGER)

Happy home of my youth, I have seen you once
more,

Where poverty taught me to bear and be
strong :

I had friends good and true, and of years not a
score,

A dear doting mistress, a passion for song.

With a fig for the world, in the pride of life's
spring,

A penniless plutocrat, joyous and keen,

I flew up six flights like a bird on the wing.

Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen !

For yes, 'tis a garret, and all men may know it.
And there was my bed, oh, so hard and so
small !

And there stood my table, and see where your
poet

Has scribbled in charcoal three lines on the
wall !

Re-appear ye lost joys of my youth's happy dawn,
That Time, the destroyer, has swept from the
scene;

How often for you was my watch left in pawn!
Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen!

Lisette, above all, in this spot should appear,
With her pretty new hat, so bewitching and
bright.

See already around my small window the dear
Has hung up her shawl—just to soften the light.
Then her gown on the bed for a cover she
threw;

Respect it, oh love, 'tis the robe of my queen.
(Who paid for her dresses I afterwards knew)
Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen!

At my table one day—never day was so bright—
As my friends were all chaunting a chorus of fun,
Rose right to this attic one shout of delight,
“ Napoleon conquers! Marengo is won!”
Hark the roar of the guns! To new music we
dance.

Such an era of triumph no mortal has seen.
Proud kings, ye shall never ride rough-shod
o'er France.

Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen!

Ah, leave me the roof where my brain throbs
so madly.

How far are those days that I sigh for in vain!
I would give all the years that are left to me,
gladly,

For one little month of my life here again.
To dream of love, glory, and passion, and
pleasure;

To live in one hour all the days that have been;
To see them enriched with hope's infinite
treasure,—

Oh, life in a garret is good at nineteen!

“ Les Étoiles qui Filent ”

(*After BÉRANGER*)

“ Shepherd, thou sayest our star shines bright,
Aloft in the heaven and rules our days—”

“ Ah! yes, my child, but the veil of night
Conceals its brightness from our gaze.”

“ Shepherd of that blue sky afar
Thou readest the secret, as people say ;
Oh, tell me, then, what is yonder star
That falls—falls—and dies away ?”

“ My son 'tis the death of some child of earth ;
So falls his star for a parting sign.
He has left a void in the ranks of mirth,
Where he sang as he quaffed of the good red
wine.

Thrice blest if his slumbers but peaceful are
All close to the wine that inspired his lay ”—

“ See, Shepherd, another falling star,
That falls, falls, and dies away !”

“ My child, how pure its track in heaven !
’Twas a maiden happy in all that charms,
Whom Love and Hope had fondly given
To bless a husband’s longing arms.
Ah, cruel such innocent joys to mar,
Came Death to woo on the wedding day ”—
“ See, Shepherd, another falling star,
That falls—falls—and dies away !”

“ My son, ’tis a star of swiftest flight.
A baby monarch in death lies low ;
His cradle with purple and gold was dight,
But it lies all bare and desolate now.
On philtres from Flattery’s poisonous jar
They fain would have nourished this child of
clay ”—

“ See, Shepherd, another falling star,
That falls—falls—and dies away !”

“ ’Tis a mighty despot that bows his head.
Ah ! go, keep innocence, my son,
And may thy star, by meekness led,
All noise of human greatness shun.
If useless its rays, though they glitter afar,
On the day of thy death shall the people say,
‘ It is nought but another falling star,
That falls, falls, and dies away. ’ ”

Catullus. 101

Through many a land I come, through many a
wave

Brother, to this thy lamentable grave ;
To pay such last sad dues as mourners may,
And call—how vainly—on that speechless clay.
Since fate hath torn *thee* from me, and none
other,

Ah, cruelly snatched away, ah, lost my brother !
Sad dues and old, for such our fathers gave,
Take now upon thy lamentable grave,
With tears, a brother's tears, that ceaseless
pour,

And so, dear brother, rest—farewell for ever-
more.

Lucretius III. 894

Now never more home smiles to welcome thee,
No more true wife; nor sweet bairns run to snatch
The first fond kiss, and thrill with silent joy
Their father's heart. Now may'st thou dwell
no more

In prosperous ways, a safeguard to thine own.
"Ah! hapless man," they say, "in hapless wise,
One single day of doom hath robbed thee wholly
Of all so many sweet rewards of life."

Herein they fail to add, "Nor feel'st thou now
For all these things one shadow of regret."
This could they grasp in thought, in word pursue,
Then should they 'scape much pain and dread
of mind.

"Thou as thou art, sunk in the sleep of death,
So shalt thou rest all time that is to come,
Freed from all sickening sorrows evermore.
But we, by thy appalling funeral pile,
Watching thee turn to ashes, wept for thee
Insatiable tears, and from our heart
No day shall lift the infinite weight of woe."
This, therefore, let him answer that speaks thus,
"What is there then so passing bitter here,
If in the end it comes to sleep and rest,
That man should pine 'neath infinite weight of
woe?"

Horace. Od: I. 23

You fly me, Chloe, like a fawn that hies
Questing her gentle dam, the timorous hind,
Where trackless mountains rise,
Fluttered by silly fears of wood and wind.

Should tremulous leaves but whisper Spring's
return,
Or gay green lizards, sporting in the brake,
Just stir the rustling thorn,
Her poor heart trembles still, her young knees
quake.

But I no lion am, with stalking stride,
No tiger fierce thy tender flesh to tear.
Come, leave thy mother's side,
In full ripe beauty for a husband's care.

From SAPPHO

Lo, as I gaze upon thee speech deserts me;
Falters my tongue; my veins throb, and there-
under
Course subtle fires; athwart mine eyes dim
darkness,
And in mine ears the sound of many waters.

O fons Bandusiae

Brighter than crystal, clear Bandusia's spring,
Worthy sweet wine, worthy the flowers I vow,
For thee to-morrow shall thy votary bring
A kid, whose horns just sprouting on his brow
Predestine love and war. Ah, forecast vain!
For he, poor scion of a wanton brood,
Shall dye thy cold streams red with blood.
Thee, though the baleful dog-star blaze amain,
No heat can touch. A cool delight hast thou
For the poor oxen wearied with the plough,
And the wild flock that wanders o'er the plain.

Thou too upon the list shalt be
Of springs renowned. For I will sing the tree,
The ilex, of those hollow rocks the crown,
Whence leap thy waters garrulously down.

In Memoriam, L. T. C.

LOCH SUNART. AUGUST 18TH, 1889

“ A quiet peaceful anchorage,” he said.
Quiet it was, and peaceful; for a spell
Lay on it that the rude Atlantic swell
Should never trouble in their dreamy bed
The depths of those green waters. There well
 sped
We rested; there he marked, at close of day,
The darkling woods, down-sloping to the bay,
And stars through cloud-rifts shining overhead.

A peaceful anchorage. It seemed the goal
Where weary mariners might find release.
Such thought perchance o'er the tired spirit
 stole,
For when that Sabbath morn across the seas
Brought rest for man, his kindly loving soul
Entered the haven of eternal peace.

By a Southern Sea

O tell me, Sweet, the secret of thy charm.
There is such magic in thy winning smile
Not Plato's self could shield his heart from
harm

Should'st thou but tempt him with thy witching
wile.

So well can'st thou the weary hours beguile,
Enchantress, I would deem it sweeter far,
Forgetting honour, fame, and all beside,
To list thy voice beneath the evening star,
Than like some ancient Caesar to bestride
A world enslaved; yea, I would sit by thee,
Where never voice our solitude should find,
Save the soft tones that blend melodiously
With the light whisper of the summer wind,
And murmur of the melancholy sea.

“ C'est le mal des ans ; c'est la nostalgie
Des printemps perdus.”

DU MAURIER.

Sweet thoughts came to me as yestreen I lay
'Twixt sleep and waking—such good angels
send—
Broad snowfields trodden with my boyhood's
friend ;
Scent of Swiss pinewoods on a summer day ;
Fresh flowering Alps, and glittering lakes that
lay
So calm beneath ; while slept the mountain
blast
On some high cradle pillowed. Glorious Past,
Bloom forth anew with all thy moon of May.
These things still are—then why not still for
me ?
They change not. Ah, 'tis *I* that change, I said.
Yet dead delights, rapt fancy, live for thee,
Even as without thee *all* delights are dead.
Come, then, again while westering sunbeams
flee,
And breathe sweet music round this weary head.

On a Balcony

To the wet night the nightingales complain ;
No moon to light them, and no star to cheer.
Damp darkness clings around me standing here
Alone, to watch thy shrouded window-pane.
The stream, the nightingales, the shadowy rain,
All whispering their sorrows half aloud ;
And yonder mountain looming from the cloud ;
And I who seek for comfort all in vain.—

But stream flow ever, and ye sweet birds sing ;
For, see, a light gleams o'er the misty land !
How blithely now thy opening casements ring !
And lo thy face !—Once more alone I stand ;
But this is guerdon worthy of a king,
That in the darkness I have clasped thy hand.

In St. James's Park

'Twas but some few days past, or so it seems,
I saw the tender crocuses unfold
Their virginal white blossoms, though how cold
The March wind struck, for all its fitful beams
Of sunlight half awake from wintry dreams!
Next came the hyacinths, but quickly fled,
And where the young year's playmates lan-
guishéd,
In summer's golden glow the tulip gleams.
Laugh on, gay tulip, in thy noonday pride,
Laugh on and faint not. Who would bid thee
weep
That in thy place the crocus lived and died,
And died the hyacinth? But *we* must keep
Memories, alas! of them that by our side
Untimely fell, with spring's first flowers, asleep.

Some of these verses have already appeared in the pages of TEMPLE BAR, THE SPEAKER, THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, and THE ENGLISH REVIEW. My thanks are due to the Editors who have kindly allowed me to republish them.

G. F.

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