

THE
SUN
DIAL

BY

AUSTIN
DOBSON



WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS BY
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS



Class _____

Book _____

PRESENTED BY _____

THE SUN DIAL
A POEM
BY AUSTIN DOBSON
WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS
by



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

1890

NEW YORK - DODD MEAD & COMPANY

PP-16016
59
1840

Gift
Miss Annie May Hegeman
Nov. 5, 1937

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M.D.C.C.C.



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To

Austin Dobson I dedicate
these Drawings as a
slight tribute to his
genius -

George Holton Edwards.

Plainfield N.J.

May 15th
1890.





Page 1, Title page.

“ 4, Copyright.

“ 5, Dedication.

“ 7, Half title.

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“ 13, The Sun Dial.

“ 16, “Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain.”

“ 17, Head Band.

Page 21, "Here would the ringdoves linger."

" 25, "Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone."

" 29, "And spied the tiny letter in the nook."

" 33, "The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed."

" 37, "Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow."

" 41, "Took out the note ;—held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall."

" 45, "And sauntered past, singing a roundelay."

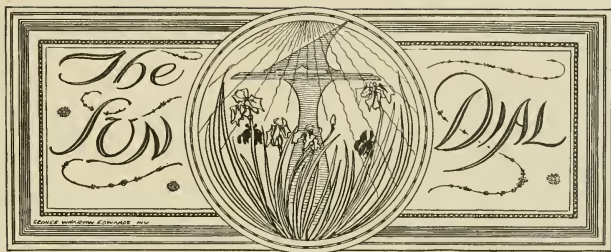
" 47, Finis.

" 49, Tail Piece.









This is an old dial, dark with many a stain ;
 In summer crowned with drifting
 orchard bloom,
 Tricked in the autumn with the yellow
 rain,
 And white in winter like a marble tomb ;

And round about its gray, time-eaten
 brow
 Lean letters speak—a worn and
 shattered row :

I am a Shade : a Shadowe too arte thou :

I marke the Time : saye, Gossip, dost thou see ?

Here would the ringdoves linger, head
to head ;
And here the snail a silver course
would run,
Beating old Time; and here the
peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.



The tardy shade moved forward to the
noon ;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty
stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling,
hummed a tune,—
Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.







'er her blue dress an endless blossom
strayed ;
About her tendril-curles the sunlight
shone ;
And round her train the tiger-lilies
swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.



he leaned upon the slab a little while,
Then drew a jewelled pencil from her
zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic
smile,
Folded, inscribed, and nighed it in the stone.





LA FEMME, PAR ALEXANDRE LEONARD, 1880.



he shade slipped on, no swifter than
the snail ;
There came a second lady to the
place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and some-
thing wan and pale—
An inner beauty shining from her face.



he, as if listless with a lonely love,
Straying among the alleys with a
book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the
circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.







hen, like to one who confirmation
found
Of some dread secret half-accounted
true,—
Who knew what hands and hearts
the letter bound,
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,



he bent her fair young forehead on the
stone ;
The dark shade gloomed an instant
on her head ;
And 'twixt her taper-fingers pearled
and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.







he shade slipped onward to the fall-
ing gloom ;
There came a soldier gallant in her
stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling
plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head ;



Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and
open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women
love ;
So kindly fronted that you mar-
velled how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove ;







Who switched at Psyche plunging in
the sun ;
Uncrowned three lilies with a back-
ward swinge ;
And standing somewhat widely, like
to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe



As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
Took out the note ;—held it as one
who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip
and fall ;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard ;







issed it, I think, and hid it in his
breast ;
Laughed softly in a flattered happy
way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on
his chest,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.



he shade crept forward through the
dying glow ;
There came no more nor dame nor
cavalier ;
But for a little time the brass will
show
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.









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