

THE  
SUN  
DIAL

BY

AUSTIN  
DOBSON



WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS BY  
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

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



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

1890

NEW YORK - DODD MEAD & COMPANY







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To

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

Joseph Holton Edward.

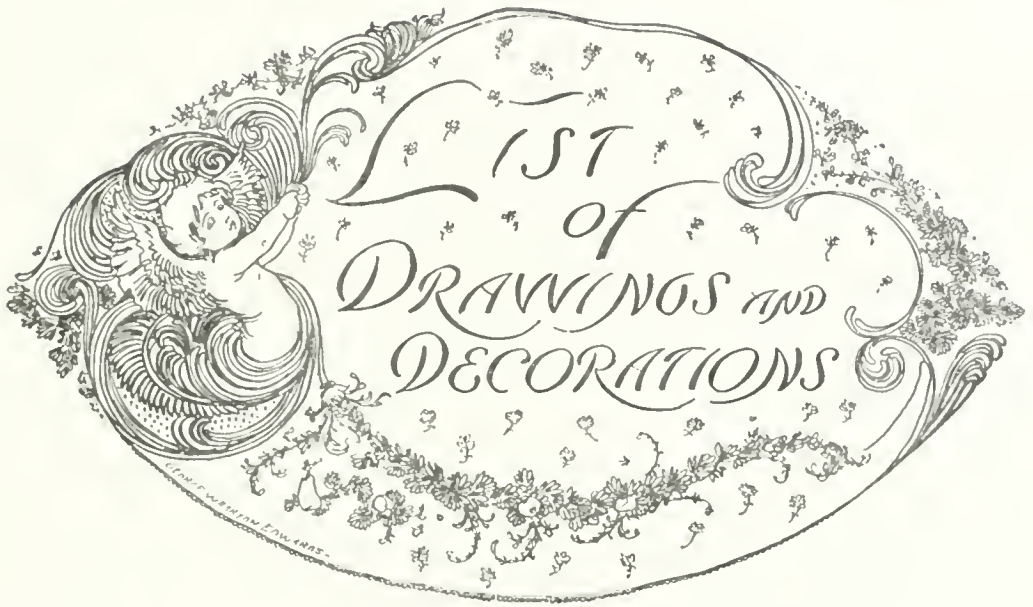
Plainfield N.J.

May 15<sup>th</sup>  
1870.









Page 1, Title page.

“ 4, Copyright.

“ 5, Dedication.

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“ 9, List of Drawings and Decorations.

“ 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.



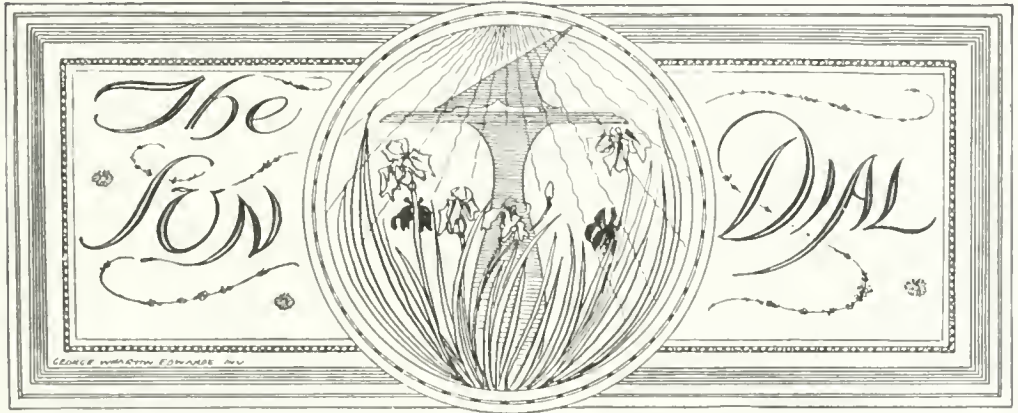












is an old dial, dark with many a stain ;  
 In summer crowned with drifting  
 orchard bloom,  
 Tricked in the autumn with the yellow  
 rain,  
 And white in winter like a marble tomb ;



nd 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 ?









ere 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.



he 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 niched it in the stone.













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 pearly  
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 ;





GEORGE W. MARTIN EDWARDS

1 8 2 0







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.



















GEORGE WILKINSON HOWARD











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