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*The*  
**S**EAGULLS  
*and*  
Other Poems  

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**ENID WELSFORD**



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# The Seagulls And Other Poems

By  
Enid Welsford



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*MADE IN*  
*AMERICA*

## INTRODUCTION

THE poems contained in this little volume are, as it seems to me, so interesting in themselves, they have so much of music and of imagination, they are so tender and so true, that they require no formal preface, written by another hand, to recommend them to the reader. What makes a few words of introduction necessary is just this. It will hardly be believed, unless it is attested by some independent witness, some one who knows the facts and has no temptation to understate or overstate them, that they are the work unaided and unaltered of a little girl, and all of them composed between the ages of six and ten years. Many of them she dictated to her mother before she could write with ease. This I am able to assert positively. I have known her from her infancy, and have been intimately acquainted with her father, Mr. J. W. Welsford, my friend and colleague in Harrow School for many years. No one has ever suggested a subject to her; no one has amended an expression. Her thoughts and feelings seem to run, as spontaneously as ever did those of Ovid or of Pope, into harmonious verse.

“She does but sing because she must,  
And pipes but as the linnets sing.”

Several years ago, her mother cautioned her against thinking much of any little power she might possess, such as that of writing verse. She instantly and naturally replied, that it would be silly to be conceited about this; she was only "the jug out of which the water was poured." No more striking illustration of what a recent writer calls a "genuine uprush of subliminal inspiration" could well be found. Many, or indeed most, of the "poems of childhood," written by those who subsequently became great poets, and preserved by the prophetic anticipations of a fond mother, though they may sometimes have been worth preserving in themselves, derive most of their interest from the psychological point of view. They are cherished chiefly in the reflected light of the fame to which the writer subsequently attained. These poems, on the contrary, are published while the authoress is still a child. They stand on their own merits, and, whatever the future may have in store for the little authoress, few will be disposed to deny that the promise is as great as the performance is remarkable.

R. BOSWORTH SMITH.

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE, DORSET.

September 25, 1903.

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## THE SEAGULLS

THE Seagulls are screaming and crying;  
The wild waves are tossing their spray;  
And a vision is spread before me  
Of ages long faded away.

I can hear the Vikings' fierce voices  
Blend in with the angry waves' roar,  
As, singing their warlike old sea songs,  
They sail their ships from the shore.

And in fancy I seem to see them,  
While the storm winds go shrieking by,  
Fall into the arms of their mother,  
Be clasped to her breast and die.

Then I hear a voice cry from Heaven,  
Ringing loud o'er the roar of the sea;  
"There is no room in God's Kingdom,  
For men that have sinned like ye."

Then proudly spake the bold Vikings,  
"The Sea is our only home;  
Here let us lie and slumber  
For ever beneath the foam."

“Nay,” cried the great voice from Heaven,  
“For ever the billows may roll  
Over the human body,  
But not o’er the human soul.

“Come forth from your loved mother ocean,  
Awake then, awake from your sleep;  
Your souls will I change into seabirds;  
Ye shall live by the sounding deep.

“Your voices shall blend with the wild winds;  
Ye shall float on the waves that roar;  
Ye shall fly round the grey rocks screaming  
And crying for evermore.”

## TIME, DEATH, AND LOVE

**T**IME looked into his Hour Glass,  
And proudly raised his head;  
“Even the Kings of Nations  
Must kneel before me,” he said.

“I rule Mankind with my Hour Glass.”  
But Death; he looked up then,  
And spake, as he worked his glittering Scythe,  
Blighting the lives of men.

“’T is true you rule Mankind, Time,  
While they walk beneath the sky,  
But when they pass from the Earth, Time,  
They bow to me and die.”

As he wove a maiden’s wreath of flowers,  
Love spake so bold and free,  
“Time and Death, ye are very great,  
But ye cannot compare with me;  
For thou art Time, and thou art Death,  
But I am Eternity.”

## A DREAM

I WENT to a strange, strange land, Love,  
I went to that land in a dream,  
And all was dark and black, Love,  
No Sun or Moon did gleam.

And all was so dark and black, Love,  
For Death was the Ruler there;  
He had three terrible Sons, Love,  
Madness, Sin, and Despair.

And then there came to that land, Love,  
A Lad so free and bold;  
One of his arrows was black, Love,  
And all the rest were gold.

He stood up proud and grand, Love,  
His aim was good and true;  
The black arrow sped — and Death sank down—  
He was piercèd through and through.

And then a light burst forth, Love,  
A light divinely fair;  
'T was not the Sun or Moon, Love,  
But the gleam of thy golden hair.

## NIGHTINGALE

NIGHTINGALE, Nightingale,  
Spirit of the Night!  
Is it spell or charm that draws me  
From the cheerful light,  
From the curtained, lamplit room,  
To the shadowy, silent gloom,  
Draws me into night?

Nightingale, Nightingale,  
'T is a silvery sound;  
'T is a sound that ever draws me  
To the moonlit ground;  
For that wondrous melody,  
'T is, oh, 't is the voice of thee  
Ringing o'er the ground.

Nightingale, Nightingale,  
Your song thrilled me through;  
As a child I heard and loved it,  
But no words I knew;  
For they were far, far above me,  
Till a maiden came to love me,  
Then, ah then, I knew.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA

**D**ASH, breakers, dash 'gainst the rocky coast of  
England.

Roar, roar, roar, thou ocean wild and free.  
Go back, ye breakers, go tell other nations  
Of the freedom and the glory of the Children of the  
Sea.

Tell them of our homes and our busy town of London,  
And say, though childless mothers for their drownèd  
ones may weep,  
And many lie 'mid corals and heaps of ragged sea-  
weed,  
'T is our greatest friend and ally, and we English  
love the deep.

And if any daring foemen would like to gain old Eng-  
land,  
They first must pass a barrier of seabirds without  
number,  
On whose backs ride gallant men who would die for  
England's sake.  
Oh, beware those dangerous seabirds, for their breath  
and voice mean slumber.

Then list, ye daring foreigners, give heed unto my  
warning,

If ye would have your rulers and independent be,  
Then come not nigh our island and meet us not in  
battle;

Beware, beware, beware, the Children of the Sea.

## A DIRGE

SHE is gone, she is gone, my Love, my Life,  
She is gone, my Soul, my All.  
The birds and breezes sing the dirge  
Of her, who loved them all.

As the sun sinks down with its last bright beam,  
Oh, owl, why do you cry and scream  
To waken her from her pleasant dream,  
Where gladness reigns o'er all?

But I live alone, ah, all alone;  
Her soul and my soul were one;  
And my life creeps on—for I cannot die—  
Like a day that has lost its sun.  
I dare not weep where she doth lie,  
For she would waken at my cry;  
Wake again to this world of sigh,  
With sorrows again begun.

She lies where the golden daffodils shine,  
And the sweet blue violets grow.  
They sob and moan, "We are all alone;  
She is gone who loved us so."  
Violets and daffodils, why do you weep?  
The sunsets die and the shadows creep,  
But she waketh not from her peaceful sleep;  
Her tears no more will flow.



The sun shines bright in the summer sky;  
The lark sings her morning song;  
The days and months fly on so fast,  
But her sleep is lasting and long.  
Stranger, that treads on the meadow grass,  
Under your feet there lies a lass;  
Why should you wake her, as you pass,  
To this world of woe and wrong?

Years will pass, and centuries roll,  
And rivers will cease to roar;  
Great kings will die and ages fly  
Ere her last, long sleep is o'er.  
She sleeps where the wild winds moan and sigh,  
The white owls scream and the black bats fly;  
She sleeps where the days grow pale and die,  
But she wakes, she wakes no more.

## QUEEN OF THE WOODLAND

COME to the leavy woodlands;  
Come to the ivy bowers;  
I 'll give thee a bunch of bluebells;  
I 'll crown thy brow with flowers.

Snowdrops shall bloom on thy forehead;  
On thy brow shall the violet be;  
And thou shalt be Queen of the Woodland,  
And thou shalt be Queen of me.

The rosebud shall hang on thy tresses;  
Many blossoms fair hast thou got;  
But the flow'ret 'neath thy bosom,  
Shall be the forget-me-not.

## THE LAND OF DREAMS

COME hither, come hither, and let us away,  
Away while the Sun goes down;  
While the golden ball of fiery light  
Is sinking behind the town.  
Come away, come away,  
From the mist so grey,  
Away, Oh away, from town.

Come away, come away, to the Land of Dreams,  
To the land of meadows fair,  
Where the flowers ne'er die, and their scent ne'er  
fades,  
And the breezes waft your hair;  
Where never dieth the Summer day,  
And the silver fountains sparkle and play,  
In that land of beauty rare.

Come away, come away, to the Land of Dreams,  
Which only dreamers have seen,  
Where bluebells ring and skylarks sing,  
And the trees are ever green;  
On the azure sky  
No cloud goes by  
To ruffle the Summer green.

Come away, come away, to this land of joy,  
Come away, oh maiden fair;  
Oh rest on the grass by the waters cool;  
Oh rest from your toil and care,  
Till the time shall come  
When you shall go home,  
To a home that is free from care.

## TWILIGHT

WEIRD and wild, weird and wild,  
Twilight creeps o'er the sky.  
An awful gloom is over all;  
And breezes moan and sigh.  
The naked branches shiver and groan  
As the spirits pass them by.

Twilight creeps, twilight creeps;  
A gloom is over all;  
And wild, weird thoughts creep in my head,  
As the shadows rise and fall;  
But what is that ringing so loud and clear?  
What is that piercing call?

Twilight falls, twilight falls,  
And what is that awful cry?  
'T is not the startled Seagulls' scream;  
'T is not the winds that sigh;  
But a shriek of anguish, a shriek of pain  
From a spirit that passes by.

## SWISS GIRL'S LAMENT

I CAN live within this rainy land,  
This rainy land no more.  
The crested breakers please me not,  
That dash against the shore.

In far-sighted eyes of fancy,  
I see my own dear home;  
And I hear the cow-bells tinkling,  
And calling me to come.

I see the ships upon the lake,  
As smooth and soft they glide;  
I see the huts a-nestling  
'Gainst the sunny mountain side.

If you keep me here, you 'll wrap me  
In a misty, murky shroud;  
For fog, in my dear country,  
Is a mass of snow-white cloud.

Oh! surely you would feel for me,  
If you had seen what I have seen,  
The flowers, and the mountains,  
And the lake so blue and green.

If you 'd seen the lake turn purple,  
As the evening shadows fall,  
And heard, far in the distance,  
The shepherd boy's loud call.

But you 've had pity on me,  
And the ship is flying fast  
O'er the lakes and ruffled waters,  
And I am home at last.

The stern Alps frown above me,  
The green lake shines below;  
And opposite I see my home,  
The well-loved home I know.

My troubles now are over;  
The weary night is spent;  
The day at last is breaking forth,  
And I am well content.

## CUPID

CUPID, Cupid, thy sharp arrows  
Deep have pierced into my heart.  
Love brings joy; but love brings sorrow;  
Ah! love makes it hard to part.

Sweet blue eyes and golden ringlets,  
That dear maid I called my wife,  
Softly, like a passing vision,  
She hath faded from my life.

Faded, faded, as the cold mists  
Fade, upon a summer day;  
She is borne by throngs of angels  
Where the skies are no more grey.

Ah! mine eyes are dim with weeping;  
I see not the glittering stream  
Bearing on, as dies the sunlight,  
My last hope and my last dream.



## THE CHILD AND THE ROSE

### *Child*

Beautiful Rose! Beautiful Rose!  
Hear what I have to say;  
I had a comrade I loved so well,  
And together we used to play;  
But he left me alone, and I do not know  
Whither he fled away.

I sought in the city of life and change,  
Where the skies are never blue;  
I saw five thousand faces strange,  
But not one face I knew.  
I sought him long, but I sought in vain,  
So now I have come to you.

### *Rose*

He passed through this garden three days ago;  
He sorrowfully looked at me;  
Oh, why is the world so full of pain!  
Oh, why shall I see her never again!  
Oh, why do I love! cried he;  
And then he bent and gave me a kiss,  
And bade me give it to thee.

*Child*

Beautiful Rose! Beautiful Rose!  
Flower of the Summer, say,  
Tell me, oh, tell me, why he went,  
And whither he fled away.  
Oh, was that kiss a last farewell?  
Oh, why are the skies so grey?

*Rose*

He went through the valley and over the hill;  
He looked back once with a sigh;  
And then there rang, on the air so still,  
A wild, despairing cry;  
And then he faded, faded away  
Into the sunset sky.

*Child*

Why did he leave me alone, alone?  
Oh, why did he go? oh, why?  
Fleety she sped, through the valley green,  
And over the hills so high,  
Till she too faded, faded away  
Into the sunset sky.

## THE STREAM

**L**AUGHING around my feet,  
As I stand on a stepping stone,  
Coming from out a hollow rock,  
The stream that is so well known;  
And on the stream doth float  
The water-lily boat.

The rock is hollow and dark,  
With moss and a few sweet flowers,  
And that is where the lark  
Pours his notes down in showers;  
And hark in the tree above  
The cooing of the dove.

## A LEGEND OF EVENING

**T**HIS is the legend of Evening,  
Told as the shadows fall;  
For we are Lords of the Ocean,  
But God is the Lord of us all.

The firelight flickers and dances;  
The child she sat on the knee,  
While the mother told the story  
How the English won the Sea.

“’T was a bitter price to pay, dear,  
’T was a bitter thing to buy;  
But they bought the sea with their blood, dear,  
And a home in the far-off sky.

“They bought it at Trafalgar,  
Where many were drowned and slain;  
But their glory never dieth,  
And they bought it not in vain.

“True hearts that died for England,  
For dear old England’s pride;  
Though their bodies lie ’neath the Ocean,  
Their spirits still abide.”

The silence was long and awful;  
The child's mind seemed to roam;  
Till at last she broke the stillness,  
"What can I do for home?"

And that was always her one thought,  
And dream in her gentle sleep;  
The question she ne'er ceased asking,  
"What can I do for the deep?"

Till one night in her 'wilder'd fancy,  
She wandered down to the Sea;  
Away from the dancing firelight,  
Away from her mother's knee.

Then the wavelets danced to greet her,  
And bore her away, away,  
So the mother found no daughter  
In her room at break of day.

This is the legend of Evening,  
Told as the shadows fall;  
For we are Lords of the Ocean,  
But God is Lord of us all.

## BOYHOOD'S DREAM

WHY dost thou lie a-dreaming,  
A-dreaming all the day,  
While thou art young and bright, lad,  
And all the world is gay?

For leaves must change to gold, lad,  
And months and years go by,  
Whilst thou art a-dreaming, dreaming,  
Under the Summer sky.

For thou wilt start, at the waking,  
To find that the skies are grey,  
And nature has changed to gold, lad,  
And o'er is thy youthful day.

So take advice in time, lad,  
Too short is youth's golden beam:  
Let youth have its work and sport, lad,  
And let youth have its dream.

## THE VIKINGS

THE children of the Vikings,  
They are conquering land and sea;  
For the standard that they follow  
Is the standard of the free.

The Kings of many nations  
Are humbly bending down,  
Adding costly jewels  
To England's glorious crown.

When in the midst of battle  
The wounded sink to die,  
They think they hear the spirits  
Of the Vikings passing by.

They think they hear them saying,  
In accents grand and free;  
"Ye are worthy of the Vikings,  
Ye shall live and rule like we."

And when their hearts are failing,  
Then courage comes anew;  
For the voices of the Vikings  
Are thrilling through and through.

The bodies of the Vikings  
Lie where the breakers roar;  
But the spirits of the Vikings  
Will live for evermore.



## THE SAILOR

SAILOR lad, sailor lad, why goest thou  
Forth into the stormy sea?  
For the sky is dark, and hark, hark, hark,  
The waves are breaking o'er thee.

Sailor lad, sailor lad, death, death is nigh;  
God hath prepared thee a bed.  
Under the deep thou gently shalt sleep,  
But none may weep o'er thy head.

Sailor lad, sailor lad, one that I love,  
Why didst thou go forth to die?  
The angry wave shall break o'er thy grave,  
And the seagulls scream and cry.

## FANCY AND THE CHILD

FANCY'S voice is ringing like a thousand tinkling  
bells,

Oh, come, dear dreaming little one, oh, come, dear  
child, to me,

And together we will lie, while Time goes fleeting by,  
In the roar of the sea, in the roar of the sea.

## GENIUS AND THE CHILD

**G**RAND Genius, with her forehead of flame  
Is calling dear child to thee;  
In the heat of her fire, thou shalt rise higher,  
O'er city, hilltop, and lea.  
She will bear thee away from the haunts of men  
To a home by the sounding sea;  
And thy music wild shall blend, dear child,  
With the roar—with the moan—of the sea.

## THE THAMES

**F**LOW onward, river, flow ever onward;  
Willows are bending their branches to thee;  
By thy calm waters a fair child is playing;  
Flow onward, river, flow on to the sea.

Flow onward, river, flow ever onward;  
Daylight is dying, the sun sinketh down;  
Childhood is fleeting, childhood is fading,  
Now it is lost in the roar of the town.

Flow onward, river, flow ever onward;  
Many are casting themselves into thee;  
Many are wicked and many are maddened;  
Go, carry their life's blood down to the sea.

Where is that child who once played by thy waters?  
River, oh river, say, where is he now?  
Childhood, alas, is a dream long forgotten;  
Sinfulness, wickedness, stains now his brow.

Flow onward, river, flow ever onward;  
See, he is coming so fast unto thee.  
He like the others must add to thy burden;  
Go, carry his life's blood down to the sea.

## A VISION

WHEN the nightly dews were falling,  
And the shadows creeping, crawling,  
Then I heard a strange voice calling:  
“Follow,” said it, “never fear,  
Though the night be wild and drear.”

So I followed, ne'er retreating,  
Though my heart was beating, beating,  
And that voice, it kept repeating:  
“Follow on, and never fear,  
Though the night be wild and drear.”

Though my heart was filled with fright,  
On I went into the night:  
“Follow, follow, all is right,”  
Said that strange voice, “though the wind  
Seemeth cruel and unkind.”

Then the strange voice seemed to stay;  
And the bright moon's silvery ray  
Made all light as if 't were day.  
“Look around now,” quoth my guide,  
“I stand safely by thy side.”

I looked and saw a city old;  
Its walls all tumbling into mould,  
Where kings had hoarded heaps of gold.  
Spake the voice, "What are riches gay?  
They all must sink into decay."

"Now turn around," the voice loud cried,  
"Now look and see who is thy guide."  
I did obey, and lo, espied  
An angel, tall and wondrous fair,  
The light of Heaven shone round her hair.

"What are riches? What are they all,  
Diamonds, gold, and towers tall?  
The rich must die, the mighty fall;  
But there's a Home beyond the sky,  
Where none can fall and none can die."

And then I oped my sleeping eyes;  
And lo, behold, to my surprise,  
I saw dews falling from the skies;  
And that which so real did seem  
Was really nothing but a dream.

## THE VEIL

**B**LACK is the darkness, and thick is the veil,  
And none can pierce the gloom,  
And none can push the veil aside;  
For us there is no room.

But what is that waking our souls to life,  
And thrilling us through and through;  
'T is something hidden behind the veil,  
Hidden from me and you.

But peace, my brethren, peace, peace, be still,  
Why should we want to know?  
Is it but the sobbing evening wind,  
As it walleth to and fro?

Nay, 't is a something grand and wild,  
That we will never see;  
'T is hidden behind the dark, dark veil,  
Hidden from you and me.

But from that veil there comes a sound,  
And there comes a golden gleam;  
And that sound we hear from far away,  
And we see that sight in dream.

But peace, my brethren, peace, peace, be still,  
Its mystery none can explore,  
Hidden behind the dark, dark veil,  
Hidden for evermore.



## SLEEP AND DEATH

SLEEP, my child, oh, sleep, lie still;  
D' you feel the icy breath  
Of the winds that murmur o'er vale and hill ?  
Sleep, sleep, night, and death.

Sleep, my child, my little one;  
The daylight now is o'er;  
The morning will dawn with its rising sun,  
But thou wilt wake no more.

Sleep, my child, oh sleep, sleep on,  
Oh, rest thy weary head;  
Cold and still are the eyes that shone,  
And the life on thy cheek is dead.

White and still thy form doth lie,  
A picture of all mankind;  
But thy spirit floats above the sky,  
Wafted upon the wind.

Thy spirit shines like a star of gold;  
No longer you feel the breath  
Of the winds that murmur o'er wood and wold.  
Sleep, sleep, night, and death.

3

## HYMN ON THE PASSION

**H**E is dying, He is dying,  
There in anguish and in woe;  
Cruel nails that pierce His Body;  
Cruel crowds that mock below.

Through the silent air of evening  
Rings the bitter, bitter cry:  
Oh my Father! oh forgive them,  
For they know not it is I.

Oh my Saviour! Oh my Saviour!  
Hanging on the cursèd tree,  
Oh my King so meek and gentle!  
Oh my God! it was for me.

Never was a prayer more needed  
Than the one Thou uttered then;  
Thou the Mocked, and Thou the Hated,  
Thou the Scorned, reviled of men.

Heaven now at last is nigh Thee;  
Now at last Thy life is o'er.  
He, the Sad One, now is happy;  
Mary Mother, weep no more.

Weep no more, oh stop thy sorrow;  
He feels no more hurt or pain.  
God from man no more is hidden.  
See the veil is rent in twain.

Now a crown of heavenly glory,  
Most divine, is on His Head.  
Christ is risen! by His rising,  
Christians rise, too, from the dead.

## SPRING SONG

**G**LAD Spring is come, the snowdrops bloom;  
The green leaves toss and sway;  
And light, oh, light are the breezes,  
But lighter my heart to-day.

Hark, hark, up in the bright blue sky,  
The skylark sweet doth sing;  
For life and love, my dear one,  
Have woke with the waking spring.

The violet grows in shady nook,  
The violet like your eyes;  
And there the blue forget-me-not  
Reflects the azure skies.

Let dance, and song, and laughter clear,  
Employ the fair spring-tide.  
Oh, come, my Love, and be my love,  
Oh, come and be my bride.

And though the flowers fade and die,  
And though the skies grow grey,  
All life shall be for you and me  
One lovely spring-time day.

## LAMENT

AH, mother, mother, at dead of night,  
When shadows were rising and falling,  
Ah, mother, mother, he went away,  
For he heard the angels calling.  
Ah, mother, mother, 't is hard to part  
From one that you love with soul and heart.

Ah, mother, mother, a weary time  
I spend down here below.  
Ah, mother, mother, a dreary chime  
The bell rings, sad and low.  
Ah, mother, mother, 't is sad to part  
From one that you love with soul and heart.

Ah, mother, mother, the grass grows green  
Where he so low doth lie,  
Ah, mother, mother, my tears will flow,  
And my lips will moan and sigh.  
Ah, mother, mother, 't is hard to part  
From one that you love with soul and heart.

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING

THE old, old Moon looks down from on high,  
Watching us from his throne in the sky;  
He sees us live, he sees us die,  
From the purple sky of even.

He saw us when the trees were green,  
When roses and lilies fair were seen;  
He looks down now on a wintry scene  
From the purple sky of even.

The old, old Moon, oh, what does he say?  
He who 's the same for ever and aye:  
"I send you greetings for Christmas Day  
From my home in the purple Heaven."

## A MERMAID'S LAMENT

COLD is the wind, and the waves are colder;  
I'm weary of endless blue.  
The sea would be fair enough, had I never  
    Seen the green fields and you,  
Seen the green fields and you, Love,  
    Seen the green fields and you.

But never my brow shall feel thy lips,  
    And never my hand clasp thine,  
For a maiden hath won thy heart and thee,  
    With charms more rare than mine,  
With charms more rare than mine, Love,  
    With face more fair than mine.

Ah, weary breast! no loved one's arm  
    Shall soothe thy care and pain;  
Ah, weary heart! no loved one's voice  
    Shall wake thee to live again;  
Ah, tired one, sinking beneath your load,  
    You never will rise again.

## THE TOLLING BELL

**H**ARK, hark, the bell is tolling,  
Tolling for the dead.  
A soul hath flown to the Heavens;  
A soul from the Earth has fled.

There hangeth a holy silence  
In the churchyard 'neath the hill.  
The skylark has ceased her singing;  
The voice of the thrush is still.

Spring hath driven the clouds from heaven,  
And spread her green mantle below.  
At his head the daisies blossom;  
At his feet forget-me-nots blow.

Spring gladdens the hearts of the children;  
Their voices ring in the glade;  
They dance and laugh in the sunshine,  
And weave daisy-chains in the shade.

They dance and laugh in the sunshine;  
But I alone silently tread,  
For a bell in my heart is tolling,  
Tolling for the dead.



## DRIFTING

**D**RIFTING, drifting, drifting,  
From my reach the one I love,  
Ice is all, ah, all around her,  
Black, black, thunder-clouds above.

Who shall guide the little bark ?  
Who shall steer ?  
Who shall give a friendly whisper  
In her ear ?

Can she guide the slender bark  
Through the icy seas ?  
Will she strike against the icebergs ?  
Will she sink or freeze ?

Oh, the cruel, cruel icebergs !  
Will she drown  
In the depths and seas of sin,  
Down, down, down ?

Nay a helping hand is near her,  
To guide her on ;  
And the maiden I have lost  
He has won.

## THE VOICE OF NATURE

WHAT is the voice which is speaking,  
And stirring the depths of my soul?  
'T is sad as the autumn winds sighing;  
'T is grand as the thunder's deep roll.

'T is music, and yet it is making  
My heart nearly break with pain;  
But all beauty is crowned with sorrow,  
And joy is empty, and mirth is vain.

But when, on a springtime morning,  
Birds are singing on hedge and tree,  
And the golden sun is shining,  
Then that voice speaks loud to me.

When I watch the breakers dashing  
Like huge giants 'gainst the shore,  
Then I hear that strange voice calling,  
Louder than the breakers roar.

And I listen, trembling, trembling,  
Wondering what it means to say;  
Then I think it is the phantom  
Of wild music far away.

And I think that it will lead me,  
From this world of space and time,  
To a land where I can gather  
Its full loveliness sublime.

## DEATH THE HEALER, DEATH THE WOUNDER

**D**ARK and sorrowful is the night,  
And never a day dawns now;  
Oh Death the Healer, Death the Wounder,  
Will you not soothe my brow ?

Will you not lay me where she lies low,  
And the March winds moan and sigh ?  
Ah no! this life is still for me,  
Oh God! for I can not die.

My soul with her soul is fled away;  
Her soul so pure so divine.  
Ah Love! you have broken many hearts,  
Why should you now break mine ?

I can live no more; mine is not life.  
I wander down to the shore,  
To lose myself in the roaring sea,  
To rise, to rise no more.

## NO MORE

I STAND upon the headland;  
I hear the breakers roar;  
Gazing, ever gazing,  
For one who comes no more.

I look across the ocean;  
I look, ah, look in vain;  
For he I love so dearly  
Will never come again.

Then a voice cried loud within me:  
“What use in standing there?”  
Ah, bitter, bitter sorrow!  
Ah, anguish of despair!

Why dost thou stand a weeping,  
And looking from the shore?  
Dry, dry, those tears of sorrow,  
For he will come no more.

I looked upon the billows;  
“Ah, wait awhile,” I cried;  
“I’ll die and come to thee, Love,  
Beneath the roaring tide.”

Upon the rocky headland,  
My weeping now is o'er;  
And I will come to thee, though thou  
Canst come to me no more.

## ROMULUS AND REMUS

DOWN the river, down the river,  
Floating o'er the rushing tide,  
Helpless, helpless little infants,  
Who their leader? who their guide?  
Is it their gods? is it our God?  
Steering o'er that rushing tide.

They are floating, they are floating  
O'er the white and flying foam;  
Yet within that rude, mean cradle  
Lies the mighty King of Rome.

We are floating, we are floating  
Down the stream of life and time,  
Past the dangers, through the troubles,  
To a heavenly home sublime.

Some with dreams, and with wild verses,  
Win themselves immortal fame;  
Some upon the field of battle  
Win themselves a mighty name.

Each has got his aim to live for;  
Each has got his work to do;  
Till are crossed the troubled waters,  
Till the barrier is passed through.

## NO SORROW IN LOVE

**T**HE world is as bright and beautiful  
As the heavenly land above;  
And why should I sing of sorrow  
When I have thee, my love ?

Why should I sing of sorrow,  
Why should I sing of woe,  
When the Earth is clothed in green, Love,  
And the merry breezes blow ?

Why should I sing of sadness,  
Sin, and Eternal Night,  
While the birds sing songs of joy, Love,  
And nature is young and bright ?

If Death is nigh, my darling,  
Why should we moan and sigh,  
Though life is joyous and gay, Love,  
If we go together to die ?

We go to Life Eternal,  
If we pass from Space and Time,  
For what is Life but a poem,  
With Love for rhythm and rhyme ?



For we meet again in time, dear,  
When the Shadows cease to fall;  
And a nobler, purer love, dear,  
Will thrill through the souls of all.

## THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN

LORDS and Ladies, Lords and Ladies,  
In your castles by the sea,  
Have you got no tear or pity  
For a lonely maid like me ?  
For a poor forsaken maiden,  
Left forever by the sea ?

As I stand upon the sand-bank,  
And watch the wavelets drawing near,  
Though they dance around my feet,  
Yet I have not any fear ;  
For the icy waves are kinder  
Than the loneliness round here.

Lonely, yet the beach is full of  
Many a pleasant memory,  
Memories of him I love,  
He was all in all to me ;  
Till he went away and left me,  
Left me lonely by the sea.

Go! You say, the tide is coming ;  
Go! Why do you not retreat ?  
Yes, I see the waters deepening,  
The cold waters round my feet,  
It matters not ; 't will not be long  
Ere this heart shall cease to beat.

## ALONE: A MERMAID'S SONG

**A**LONE, alone, alone, upon a wide, wide sea,  
The wild waves roaring loudly in thine ear,  
Shrinking and shivering from the icy spray,  
Thy bare white arms in silent prayers are spread  
Towards the blackened sky.  
Alone, alone, in danger and in woe,  
Alone, oh maid, thou art yet not alone.

For One above looks pitying on thy woe,  
Whose Eye can pierce the blackest thunder-cloud,  
Whose Voice is heard above the breakers' roar,  
Thou hast a soul, sweet maid, thou hast a soul;  
While we down in the coral caves have none.  
Be comforted, maiden, for thou hast a soul,  
Though thou art left alone, ah, all alone,  
Alone, alone, alone, yet not alone.

Oh, would we had a soul; we would give everything,  
Diamonds, and pearls, and treasures of the deep.  
We would bear all the woe of mortal life,  
And e'en be left upon a stormy sea.  
Think of the blessings, maiden, thou hast got,  
Though thou art on the sea alone, alone—  
Alone, yet not alone.

For thou wilt go unto a Home of Joy,  
A Home of which we can have ne'er a glimpse.  
You weep no more. O'er is all earthly pain:  
Lifeless and cold the light of thy blue eyes,  
And thou hast gone unto that Home of Bliss.  
Oh, happy maid, thou art no more alone;  
All weeping o'er, no more, no more, alone.

## A SONG OF SORROW<sup>1</sup>

### I

**W**ILD winds, why are ye tolling?  
Seagulls, why do ye cry?  
Wild waves, why are ye rolling?  
Sad heart, why dost thou sigh?

### II

The wild winds, loudly lamenting,  
See what the Seagulls scream loud to see,  
See the waves break on my own, my own loved one,  
Hear my heart sigh, for he 's lost to me.

### III

Sea, Sea, why art thou so cruel?  
Yesterday sat we together by thee,  
Watched thee and loved thee, as gently thy wavelets  
Played in the sunshine,—oh treacherous Sea.

### IV

Joy, joy, thou art gone from my lifetime;  
Sun, sun, thou art gone from the day;  
Waves, waves, ye will break, break forever  
Over my loved one who sleeps far away.

<sup>1</sup> Written at the age of eleven.

## V

Life, life, thou art very dreary;  
Death, death, thou art full of pain;  
He, he, whom I love very dearly,  
Will see me, will love me, oh never again.

## THE MOCKERY OF FATE<sup>1</sup>

THE wind was blowing the heather  
And stirring the sand so brown;  
The sorrowful Sea was gnawing  
At the heart of the rocks that frown;  
But silent and stern forever  
The All Great King looked down.

The Sea was moaning, ah, moaning  
In anguish and wild despair;  
And he gazed up at his loved one,  
The wonderful Earth so fair;  
And he cried aloud to Heaven,  
But the King sat silent there.

A son of the Earth was sinking,  
Down into the waves so wild,  
The Sea was wailing with sorrow,  
At killing the Earth's own child.  
His wailing went up to Heaven;  
But the King looked down and smiled.

<sup>1</sup> Written at the age of eleven.

## A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA <sup>1</sup>

THE day was fair, the sun shone bright,  
And sparkled upon the sea;  
His gold rays filled us with delight,  
And we laughed aloud for glee.  
The day was fair, the tide was low,  
We watched the wavelets come and go;  
The brook fell murmuring soft and slow,  
Into the summer sea.

We stood together, and watched the waves,  
Upon the cliffs so high.  
'T was when the leaves were turning brown,  
And the roaring tide was high.  
A wedding bell sounded in my soul,  
But sounded strangely like a toll.  
I wish the waves would cease to roll,  
And seagulls cease to cry.

The sea is stormy, the night is wild,  
He 's gone away from me —  
Oh, listen — what is that I hear?  
Is it the roaring sea?  
Over the cliffs there rings a cry!  
Oh God! It is his last good-bye!  
Merciful Father, let me die,  
Take me, too, cruel sea.

<sup>1</sup> Written at the age of eleven



## THE FADING OF CHILDHOOD

WE played on a grassy hillside,  
And wove the daisy-chain;  
We never had heard the thunder,  
Nor seen the falling rain.

And time went by too swiftly,  
So full of joy each day,  
Till we heard the distant thunder  
Rolling far, far away.

And then we said to each other:  
“This hill is dull and drear;  
Most beautiful is that music,  
Let us go forth and hear.”

We wandered away from the hillside,  
Through lands so strange and new,  
Till we came where raged the wild storm,  
And the shrieking tempest blew.

We listened awhile with wonder,  
And looked on the storm with awe;  
Then we longed to go to our hillside,  
And play on its banks once more.

So, hand in hand we sought it,  
Through valley and wood and plain,  
Until we saw in the distance  
Our own dear home again.

Strange children laughed in the sunshine,  
And gazed at the far blue sky,  
And rested upon the soft green grass,  
Where once we used to lie.

Their gladsome laughter reached us;  
They knew no care nor pain;  
But we — we had lost our hillside,  
And ne'er might return again.

THE following eight poems were written in memory of a little playmate, Francis George Hallam, who fell asleep on May 2, 1899:

### THE SEED

(Written on May 3, 1899.)

WE are but a little seed,  
For we grow and die.  
We are on the Earth below,  
And above us is the Sky;  
And our Gardener is in Heaven,  
For He life and strength hath given.

## WINTER AFTER SPRING

**T**INKLE, tinkle, the bluebells rang;  
Blythely, blythely the skylarks sang,  
The little grasshopper in the grass  
Was crushed by our feet, as we swift ran past.  
Merry and bright was the olden day,  
And green were the fields in the month of May.  
Francis, oh Francis, list to my plea;  
The days are gloomy, come back to me.

No more do I hear the bluebells ring;  
No more do I hear the skylarks sing.  
Though spring's departure is sad to me,  
Oh, greater than all is the loss of thee.  
Merry and bright was the olden day,  
And green were the fields in the month of May.  
Francis, oh Francis, list to my plea;  
The days are gloomy, come back to me.

Though nearly healed is my awful pain,  
And summer has lit the sky again,  
An icy winter is in my heart;  
Francis, oh Francis, why did we part?  
Merry and bright was the olden day,

And green were the fields in the month of May.  
Francis, oh Francis, list to my plea;  
The days are gloomy, come back to me.

When I first grieved for the loss of thee,  
One little thought brought comfort to me:  
I'll go to thee, when this life is o'er,  
Though thou wilt come to me no more.  
Merry and bright was the olden day,  
And green were the fields in the month of May.  
Francis, oh Francis, list to my plea;  
The days are gloomy, come back to be.

## FAREWELL

O H, spring is come, glad spring is come,  
With blossom and bright bluebell;  
And hark to the merry cuckoo's call  
Through woody nook and dell.  
Sing, merry birds, your songs of glee;  
But I must sing farewell  
To him I love, oh cruel love!  
Oh anguish of farewell!

The fleecy clouds are flying fast  
Across the bright blue sky,  
And he I love is fleeing, too,  
Leaving me here to sigh,  
Like the wailing wind through the meadow grass.  
Good-bye! good-bye! good-bye!

Why did you leave me alone, alone,  
When we were so bright and gay,  
Under the spreading chestnut tree?  
Why did you go away?  
The chestnut tree is left alone,  
For I care not now to play.

And spring can gladden all hearts but mine,  
In woody nook and dell;  
But, alas, each little flower to me  
Hath a sorrowful tale to tell;  
So I'll sigh with the wind, and I'll sob with the wind,  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!

## THE MESSAGE

**B**IRD on the wing, he is flying so high,  
Up in the blue;  
Bears he a message, sent from the sky,  
A message from you?  
Nay, alas, nay, he singeth all day,  
But he bears not a message from you.

Send me a message then, Francis dear, send,  
Down from above,  
Tidings of comfort, a message to tell me  
Of your great love.  
Surely, 't will come, safe to my home,  
If 't is born by the voice of the dove.

Surely, in Heaven the white doves are  
Flying around;  
Sacred doves flying over  
The sacred ground.  
Doves do no harm, but bear sign of calm,  
Olive leaf over the rain-covered ground.

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Listen, lark, listen, bird of the sky,  
Bear me this message safe to on high;



Sing it before Heaven's golden door,  
An earthly friend's words to a comrade on high.

Ask him to plead for me, if I am late;  
Plead with the angel to shut not the gate,  
To be patient awhile, and to wait for me, wait.

## THE CHESTNUT TREE

WHY is the wind a-mourning,  
As, Francis, I mourn for thee?  
And why is the last sunbeam kissing  
The leaves of the chestnut tree?  
Do the sunbeam and wind  
Still bear in mind  
That he played 'neath its shade with me?

Laughter and play, that bring spring day,  
Right merrily did employ,  
The breezes laughed through the tossing leaves,  
And the birds sang loud for joy.  
No more can we play,  
For the next sad day  
Took from us all our joy.

Cloudy and sorrowful rose the morn;  
Sadness and gloom were around;  
The wild wind wailed, and the lark's lament  
Made harmony with the sound.  
A mother doth moan,  
And the tree is alone;  
None play on the shady ground.

## PARTED

THRICE hath the May tree blossomed,  
Thrice hath the skylark sung,  
Since he faded away with the bluebell flowers  
That through the woodland rung.  
Ah! silent now is the garden,  
Where thy voice gladly rung.

Once more, with flower and blossom,  
The gladsome spring hath come;  
But a silent mother wanders  
Through her dreary, silent home;  
For thou, its Light, and thou, its Life,  
Hast left that once bright home.

Oh, Francis, the weeds are growing,  
And the flowers are withered and dry,  
And the chestnut tree is forsaken,—  
A dream of the days gone by.  
No more the field seems green to me,  
And, Francis, you know why.

Oh, say, was the valley blacker  
Than the earthly home you knew?  
And, as you trod the paths of death,

Was there no glimpse of blue ?  
And were the waters very deep ?  
Did any help you through ?

Oh, Francis, Francis, it is not long  
Ere this earthly life is o'er;  
Already I hear far off the sound  
Of the winds that rave and roar;  
But, Francis, the waters are very deep;  
Oh, guide me safe to shore.

## THE SLEEPING COMRADE

THE trees are a-budding as in other springtime;  
Over the sky the clouds are fleeting on.  
There stands the chestnut tree, ever as it used to be;  
But something is missing, something is gone.

Is all the same in the little green churchyard?  
Is all the same as in last spring so fair?  
No, alas, no, for just one thing is altered;  
See that green grave that used not to be there.

Stay, stay your playing; hush, hush, your laughter;  
Talk but in whispers, and silently tread.  
Flowers are a-bowing; trees are a-bending;  
All things acknowledge his most sacred bed.

Sleep on, my comrade; none stay your slumber;  
Sleep on, oh weary one, weary of the light;  
O'er thy low pillow thy Saviour is bending,  
Watching thee all through a silent, holy night.

Forgive me, my comrade, for Love has made me  
selfish;  
My foolish tears on the green grass do fall.  
I ought not to weep, for thou art very happy,  
Soothed into sleep by a Saviour's loving call.

## SUNSET

**G**OLDEN, golden sunset  
Of the western sky;  
Gentle, gentle breezes,  
Winds that moan and sigh;  
Singing the dirges  
Of the days that die.

The sunset of his life  
Hath set, too, in the west;  
On memory's horizon,  
He is now at rest;  
As the breezes sing his dirge,  
A sigh bursts from my breast.

## EARLY POEMS

Written at the Ages of Six, Seven, and Eight Years





## LITTLE DAISY

**L**ITTLE Daisy, pure and bright,  
Thou art mine own heart's delight,  
Looking upward to the sky,  
Looking to the Lord on High.  
Little Daisy, thou art given  
To us from the Lord in Heaven.

## THE DREAMLAND QUEEN

**D**ROWSILY, drowsily, we fall asleep,  
Dreaming and thinking of fairies sweet.  
We think the sky like a diamond gleams,  
But that is because of the Queen of Dreams.  
She 's Queen of Dreams, and Queen of Night;  
She makes all shadows into light.  
To-night she gave us a water-leaf boat,  
So on Dreamland lake we softly float.  
In Dreamland forest there 's the dreamy band,  
But that is because we 're in lovely Dreamland;  
But the Dreamland Queen must fly away,  
For the sunbeams brighten up the day;  
Happily, happily, we awake,  
For again we may float on Dreamland lake.

Again we drowsily fall asleep,  
Dreaming and thinking of fairies sweet.  
To-night the Queen gave us a Dreamland book,  
As we sat in our beautiful Dreamland nook.  
But, oh, the pages were all alive;  
The bees hummed round the Dreamland hive;  
Grasshoppers chirped in the green, green grass;  
But the poor little butterfly, oh, alas,  
All torn and sore was its poor little wing;

The Dreamland death-bell tolls for him.  
But the Dreamland Queen must fly away,  
For the sunbeams brighten up the day;  
Happily, happily, we awake,  
For again we may float on Dreamland lake.

Again we drowsily fall asleep,  
Dreaming and thinking of fairies sweet.  
To-night we went to a fairies' ball,—  
They danced and sang so sweetly all.  
We danced with a fairy, and, what do you think!  
She was dressed in pretty blue and pink;  
She was the loveliest fairy ever seen;  
Behold she was the Dreamland Queen.  
But the Dreamland Queen must fly away,  
For the sunbeams brighten up the day;  
Happily, happily, we awake,  
For again we may float on Dreamland lake.

## THE NURSERY KING

**W**HO is the dear little Nursery King?  
Do you know, my little folks wee?  
He's not a musician, but he'll sweetly sing,  
When he sits upon his nurse's knee.  
Hip! hip! hurrah! So the children sing;  
Give out three cheers for the Nursery King.

His eyes are like violets that brighten the day;  
His cheeks are like roses so fresh and so gay;  
His sweet little face is like the fresh spring;  
Give out three cheers for the Nursery King.

The children bring him his Noah's Ark,  
The clock-work mouse, and the dog that will bark.  
If you wind up the kitten away she will run,  
And Minnie will beat the Nursery drum.  
Hip! hip! hurrah! So the children sing;  
Give out three cheers for the Nursery King.

Give us His Majesty, will you Nurse?  
We must give him a ride on his rocking-horse;  
The Nursery King, we will hold him tight,  
So that Nurse and her King won't get in a fright,—  
Off we go down Nursery Street;

All the children are glad to greet.  
Hip! hip! hurrah! So the children sing;  
Give out three cheers for the Nursery King.

The tale is finished, my little folks wee;  
And the King must return to his nurse's knee.  
When bows and good-nights to the King have been  
said,

The Nursery King is packed off to bed.  
Hip! hip! hurrah! So the children sing;  
Give out three cheers for the Nursery King.

## THE PASSING TEMERAIRE

THERE 'S always a joyful fairy cry,  
And the little fairies from far and wide  
Gather together on every side,  
And on the sea they softly glide,  
When the Temeraire floats by.

The little fairies in the sky  
Down on the earth do go,  
And the mermaids come from the sea below,  
Playing some music soft and slow,  
When the Temeraire floats by.

There 's never a sad little fairy sigh;  
All the fairies are dancing with glee;  
The fairies think it 's a wonderful spree,  
For this is the hour when fairies are free,  
When the Temeraire floats by.

## LULLABY

LULLABY, my little boy,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Your sister's glee, your mother's joy,  
Gentle baby, do not cry.

When the stars begin to peep,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Little baby, you must sleep,  
Gentle baby, do not cry.

Let no ugly dreams come,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Till the morning sun come,  
Gentle baby, do not cry.

So good-night, my little boy,  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Sweetly sleep till morning's joy,  
Gentle baby, do not cry.

## THE FAIRY

WHO is this maiden all in white?  
See her sweet and graceful flight;  
Who is this so fair and bright?

She 's the lovely sunbeam fairy;  
See her beauty and her glory,  
And her crown of flowers and ivy.

She 's the Queen of Fairyland;  
See the fairies round her stand;  
She is noble and she 's grand.

Who is this maiden all in white?  
See her sweet and graceful flight;  
Who is this so fair and bright?



## GOOD-NIGHT

SEE, the Sun is setting;  
Clouds are crowned with purple glow;  
All the birds have stopped their singing,  
And the Sun is very low.

Hear, the wind is softly singing,  
Sleep, little baby, sleep.  
Hear, the trees are softly sighing,  
As the Sun takes his last peep.

Hush, then hush, my little baby,  
Yield thee to the slumber sweet;  
Rest thy lively little body;  
Till the Sun brings morning heat.

Go to sleep, then, little baby,  
Thou art weary of the day.  
Go to sleep, my little brother,  
Till you wake up bright and gay.

## THE BABES IN THE WOOD

THEY say the babes died in the lonely wood,  
Sobbing and crying in each other's arms;  
But they make a mistake, for together they stood  
In the midst of a field with dear little lambs.  
The babes wandered from that meadow fair,  
Far out into fairy land;  
But instead of seeing the sky very clear  
Above them they saw a scene so grand!  
They saw, on a beautiful throne of gold,  
The loveliest fairy ever seen.  
She said, "Dear Children, now behold  
I am a fairy Queen."  
And then she gave them a pair of wings,  
And they flew up there to that lovely place.  
Each fairy opens her lips and sings;  
Each fairy has a beautiful face.

## A MYSTERY

(Written to explain by means of a poem the kind of painting the writer preferred—*i. e.*, a painting the meaning of which you could not *quite* understand.)

O H, the world is sometimes dreaming,  
And the red Sun sometimes beaming;  
But the Sun goes in at night,  
And the Stars appear in sight.  
Lights do flicker in and out;  
Fame is always talked about.  
Shakespeare! forward unto right,  
Making poems day and night.  
Shakespeare! fame and fame alone,  
Wait with patience fame will come.  
What will you be when you 're a man?  
I'll be a poet if I can.  
Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, which will you be?  
I'd like to be a little girl dreaming of poetry.

## THE BIRTH OF THE POEM

LIKE a mist before my eyes,  
Dreamy, dreamy, poetry lies,  
It wont obey or honour my word;  
It always comes of its own accord.  
I can not tell which way it will go;  
It either comes fast or else it comes slow.  
Like a mist before my eyes,  
Dreamy, dreamy, poetry lies.













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