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1874



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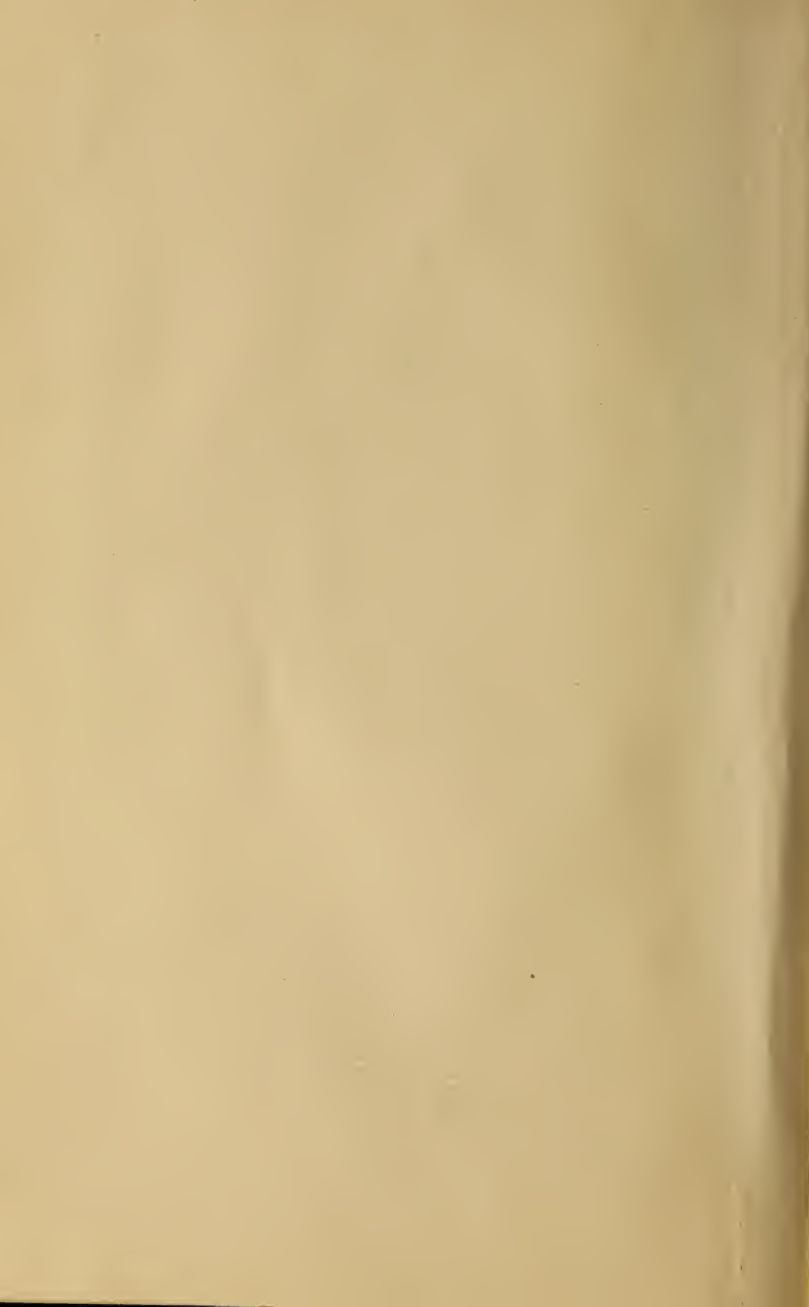
Book P5 A7

1874

DOBELL COLLECTION







A LYME GARLAND

BEING VERSES, MAINLY WRITTEN

AT LYME REGIS,

OR UPON THE SCENERY OF THE

NEIGHBOURHOOD ;

BY

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

PRINTED FOR THE SCHOOL FUND

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

LYRICAL POEMS: I VOL.

ORIGINAL HYMNS

Third Edition

THE FIVE DAYS ENTERTAINMENTS

A Story-book for Children, with illustrations

by Arthur Hughes

PUBLISHED BY

MACMILLAN & CO: BEDFORD STREET;

COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

1

A LYME GARLAND

BEING VERSES, MAINLY WRITTEN

1057

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11

PRINTED FOR THE SCHOOL FUND

[1874]

PRS 115
P 5A7
1874



TO
MARGARET INGRAM

OF POULETT HOUSE

THESE VERSES ARE DEDICATED

AS A SMALL TOKEN

OF MUCH RESPECT AND AFFECTION

Little Park :

August, 1874

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
flumina amem sylvasque inglorius—*

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'13

THE DANISH BARROW

Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap!—
A sturdy-back and sturdy-limb,
Who'er he was, I warrant him
Upon whose mound the single sheep
Browzes and tinkles in the sun,
Within the narrow vale alone.

Lie still, old Dane ! this restful scene
Suits well thy centuries of sleep :
The soft brown roots above thee creep,
The lotus flaunts his ruddy sheen,
And,—vain memento of the spot,—
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not.

Lie still !—thy mother-land herself
Would know thee not again : no more
The Raven from the northern shore
Hails the bold crew to push for pelf,
Through fire and blood and slaughter'd kings,
Neath the black terror of his wings.

And thou ;—thy very name is lost !
 The peasant only knows that here
 Bold Alfred scoop'd thy flinty bier,
 And pray'd a foeman's prayer, and tost
 His auburn head, and said ' One more
 ' Of England's foes guards England's shore,'

And turn'd and pass'd to other feats,
 And left thee in thine iron robe,
 To circle with the circling globe,
 While Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
 The giant warrior to a crust
 Of earth in earth, and rust in rust.

So lie ; and let the children play
 And sit like flowers upon thy grave,
 And crown with flowers,—that hardly have
 A briefer blooming-time than they :—
 So soon all human things have rest,
 Like thee, within the Mother's breast.

Lyme: 1873

IN SPRING

Sweet primrose time! when thou art here
 I go by grassy ledges
 Of long lane-side, and pasture-mead,
 And moss-entangled hedges:

And all about her army gay
 The primrose weather musters,
 In single knots, and scatter'd files,
 And constellated clusters.

And golden-headed children go
 Among the golden blossoms,
 And harvest a whole meadow's wealth,
 Heap'd in their dainty bosoms.

Ah! play your play, sweet little ones,
 While life is gladness only:
 Nor ask an equal mirth from hearts
 Which, e'en with you, are lonely.

God to his flowers his flowers gives,
 Pure happiness uncloying:
 Whilst they, whose primrose time is past,
 Enjoy in your enjoying.

NATURAE REPARATRICI

Gray cloud, gray veil 'twixt me and youth
 And youth's unclouded weather,
 Well may'st thou blot the golden days
 And skies effaced for ever.

In vain the veil to silver melts,
 And flakes of sun and shadow
 Once more invite these alien steps
 To chase them o'er the meadow.

Yet nature holds a gracious hand,
 Her ancient way pursuing ;
 And spreads the charms we loved of old,
 To aid the heart's renewing.

Here her long crests of fringed crag
 Allure the sky-ward swallows ;
 Here still the dove's low love-note floats
 Above her leafy hollows.

Here its calm strength her hillside rears
 From heaving slopes of clover ;
 Here still the pewit pipes and flits
 Within his furzy cover.

Here hums the wild-bee in the thyme,
 Here glows the royal heather ;
 And youth comes back upon the breeze,
 And youth's unclouded weather.

A SUMMER SUNSET :

Wooton from Westover

This hour is given to peace :—

The downward slanting sunbeams graze the vale
Where Even breathes her stealthy gathering gray ;
And o'er pale stubble-plots, the sheaves
Like walls of gold stretch out their long array.

Upon the green slope sward
The hedgerow elms lie pencill'd by the sun
In greener greenness : and, athwart the sky,
Dotted like airy dust, the rooks
Oar themselves homeward with a distant cry.

And the whole vale beneath,
To Castle Lambert's purple-frowning height,
With all its wealth outspread of harvest hopes
Half green, half russet-rich, runs up
As a fair tapestry shaken o'er the slopes.

It is an utter calm !
The topmost ash tree sprays have ceased to wave ;
The wood-dove checks her sweet redoubled moan ;
And e'en the gray-wall'd cottages
Stand mid their bowers like things of Nature's own.

I hear the shepherd's call ;
The white specks gather to the crowding fold,
Their lowly palace of unvex'd repose :

While o'er the chambers of the sun
Float filmy fleeces of empurpled rose.

And now the silent moon
Lifts her gray shield above a glassy sea,
And from the highest cloud the sunbeams cease :

And, tranced in Nature's holy hour,
My heart finds something of its ancient peace.

Lyme : 1871

AUTUMN

With downcast eyes and footfall mild,
 And close-drawn robe of lucid haze,
 The rose-red Summer's russet child
 O'er field and forest Autumn strays :
 On lawn and mead at rising day
 Tempers the green with pearly gray ;
 And 'neath the burning beech throws round
 A golden carpet on the ground.

And oft a look of long regret
 Her eyes to Summer's glory throw ;
 Delaying oft the brand to set
 That strips the blossom from the bough :—
 And where in some low shelter'd vale
 The last sweet August hues prevail,
 Her eager frosts she will repress,
 And spare the lingering loveliness.

And for her searing hours of night
 And narrow'd spaces of her day,
 By sudden smiles of mellow light
 And azure gleams she strives to pay ;
 With cluster'd coral tempts the bird
 To livelier song than Summer heard,
 Till the loud flutings of his strain
 Cheat him almost to Spring again.

Yet, in her own despite, her sway
 Leads down the year to gloom and cold,
 And all the green delight of May
 Her touch transmutes to barren gold :
 As Age, that brings the crown of wealth,
 Palsies the pulse of vital health,
 And while to pride of state we press,
 Kills the soul's inner fruitfulness.

Ah ! whilst her stealthy hands unbare
 The naked trellis of the groves,
 Bleak Winter laughs within his lair,
 And revels in the wreck he loves :
 And knows his hour will soon be here
 To cast his shroud upon the year,
 And o'er the white hill-side and vale
 To ride and ravage on the gale.

And though beneath the snow-mass'd slope
 The harvests of the future lie,
 No hue of life, no hint of hope
 Lights the dead earth and spectral sky.
 And all the promise of the Spring
 Is like a hidden far-off thing ;
 A dream too tender, faint, and sweet,
 For mortal eyes again to meet.

No ! The dear hopes that grow more dear
 With sterner self-restraint we quell ;
 And what lies hid within the year
 We would not, if we could, foretell.

No!—And if once again we see
The green leaf glorify the tree,
The gray sky glisten into blue,
It will not be the Spring we knew.

TO MY MOTHER'S MEMORY

So many years are gone since last I saw thee,
 And I, alas! so young
 When that black hour its shadow o'er me flung,
 That with but feeble tints,
 Vague strokes, half-lights, time-troubled tints,
 E'en to the inner eye my heart can draw thee.
 Yet sometime memory wakes,—
 O! not in night, or sadness, but when dawn
 Slopes all her silver o'er the dewy lawn,
 Or golden day dimples on mountain-lakes,
 Or evening's wild-dove tolls her brooding strain,—
 Then I remember me of what thou wast,
 And see thee once again.

Though denizen'd so long in far-off bowers
 And in another air,
 Her form I know 'mong all the blest ones there.
 Before toward me she turns
 My gazing heart within me burns,
 And a new rose-flush flames through all the flowers.
 I know the step, the dress,
 The grace around her way like sunbeams shed;
 The worshipp'd hand, on my then-golden head
 Laid with the touch of utter gentleness;
 The hair—but O! no more what it had been,
 Silver'd with pain, not age,—but fair as once
 In youth, by me unseen.

'Mong all the bright ones there is none such other !
 Clear through that myriad throng
 Like some sweet subtle scent I catch her song :—
 O by whatever name
 Now named, thy child, my part I claim ;
 My soul goes forth to thee ; I call thee, Mother !
 Smile the low serious smile
 Which animated youth to highest aims :
 Lay thy soft hand upon the fever-flames
 That manhood's brain to foolishness beguile :
 Hold me once more upon the faithful breast :
 Kiss my life-wearied eyelids, say *My child* !
 And then I shall find rest.

As when a dove from her soft flight alighting
 More softly glides along,
 Her feet float by me mid the rose-crown'd throng ;
 With eyes as if of one
 Who sees, and sees not, and is gone
 Where other eyes allure, and hands inviting.
 —Hast thou no word for me ?
 None for me, Mother, never needing more
 The wisdom needless on the golden floor,
 The counsels of thy bright sobriety ?
 —Or, musing on the man that once was child,
 Canst not endure to look on all this change,
 So fair,—now so defiled ?

Mid all the white-robed flock of God, which slowly
 Streams up the heavenly ways,
 I see the star above her forehead blaze

When she bends back, (as they
 Who, turning from their height, survey
 Some low dim spire to far remembrance holy);
 And, flash'd from breast to breast,
 A voice rings clear, as when, knee press'd on knee
 And face on face, her whisper'd words to me
 Were as the words of God;—and this unrest
 Of later years, through all the nerves is still'd,
 Like some stream-tortured pool, that calms at once
 With level crystal fill'd.

Then she: 'When once we reach the great releasing,
 'Not only are we freed
 'From all that clogs the soul, all earthly greed;
 'But also pain and fear
 'Leave the transnured spirit clear,
 'And hope, in her fulfilment, finds her ceasing.
 'Whilst here I watch their way
 'Whose life, in life, was more to me than life,
 'The chaunt of peace streams from the heart of strife;
 'And all that seems but wrong and disarray
 'Is harmonized to beauty and to good;
 'All thou deem'st pain and ill, in God's high scheme
 'Is love misunderstood.

4 'Poor human souls, each in its earthly prison,
 'The separate fleshy cell,
 'That meet, but cannot touch, whilst there they dwell!
 'Here I, my child, with you
 'Have real oneness, union true;
 'Eyes never dimm'd by tears, and stainless vision.

'Love, by the central Throne,
 'Before time was, for this took up his seat,
 'That heart in heart, and soul in soul should beat,
 'That One should be in All, and All in One.
 —'So here I bide among the rose-crown'd throng
 'Waiting Love's day, and mine, and thine, and thee :
 'For it will not be long.'

I heard : and face to face she seem'd before me,
 And moved her hand toward mine.
 And I : 'Tis so ! now let me take the sign ;
 With tears and kisses hold
 The slender fingers kiss'd of old ;—
 But silent, flowerlike, she leant back, and o'er me
 Her hand as blessing, held ;
 And awful love was on her eyelids spread,
 And the pure pearly star, that crown'd her head,
 Flash'd sudden rose : and my wild heart was quell'd.
 And now she turn'd ; and, in her turning, Love
 Was heard ;—Then bent her steps through Heaven ;—
 for she
 Knows all the ways thereof.

Go, Song ! poor satisfaction of large debt
 Which that fair Saint on me for life has bound :
 And if the wise thy reason seek,
 Say, Thou hast been long sought, and lately found ;
 My blame, if far below her excellence ;—
 The spirit is willing, but the tongue is weak.

*THE SEA GODS :**A scene from Lyme in the last century.*

A red fog hangs on the horns of the moon
 In a heaven of breeze and rain ;
 And voices come from the silvery sea,
 And they run the boat with a low hoarse glee
 Through the foam-fringed skirt of the main.

Like drift she dances upon the wave
 As aloft the brown sails glide ;
 And she knows her way o'er the silvery sea,
 And knocks the foam from her bows with glee
 And the wake spreads steady and wide.

They are but two against King and Laws ;
 But two that each other know :
 They are but two on the silvery sea,
 But they face their chance with a sinewy glee
 As into the night they go.

On the cliff the station is white and high,
 But sees not, snug and low
 Where their mate lies dim on the silvery sea,
 With a light just shown in a flash of glee
 As they near the weather-bow.

With a hail and a laugh and a heave-yo-ho
 They lower the kegs afloat :—

But they curse the moon on the silvery sea,
And his white crests hiss with an angry glee
Round the gunwale-laden boat.

Nereus and Triton are faded and gone,
Puff'd cheek, and gleaming limb :
But these are the sons of the silvery sea,
As salt and stalwart in lawless glee ;
As bronzed, and matted, and grim.

They are but two against King and laws :
Hold on, my Tritons, awhile !
Two smugglers stout on a silvery sea ;—
But they run her ashore with a swirl of glee,
And off to the cliffs they file.

Lyme : 1871

*SANDRINGHAM :**Winter, 1871*

In the drear November gloom
 And the long December night,
 There were omens of affright,
 And prophecies of doom ;
 And the golden lamp of life wax'd blue and dim,
 Till Love could hardly mark
 The little sapphire spark,
 That only made the dark
 More dark and grim.

There not around alone
 Watch'd sister, brother, wife,
 And she who gave him life,
 White as if wrought in stone ;
 Unheard, invisible, by the bed of death
 Stood eager millions by,
 And as the hour drew nigh,
 Dreading to see him die,
 Held their breath.

Where'er in far-spread skies
 The Lion-Banner burns,
 A common impulse turns
 All hearts to where he lies :

For as a babe the heir of that great throne
 Is weak and motionless ;
 And they feel the deep distress
 On wife and mother press,
 As 'twere their own.

O ! not the thought of race
 From Asian Odin drawn
 In History's mystic dawn,
 Nor what we downward trace,
 —Plantagenet, York, Edward, Elizabeth,—
 Heroic names approved,—
 The blood of the people moved ;
 But that 'mongst those he loved,
 He fought with Death.

And if the Reason said,
 'Gainst Nature's law and Death
 'Prayer is but idle breath,'—
 Yet Faith was undismay'd,
 Arm'd with the deeper insight of the heart :—
 Nor can the wisest say
 What other laws may sway
 The world's apparent way,
 Known but in part.

Nor knew we on that life
 What burdens may be cast ;
 What issues wide and vast
 Dependent on that strife :—

This only: 'Twas the son of those we loved !
 'That in his Mother's hand
 'Peace set her golden wand ;
 'Mid world-wide change, one land
 'Law-ruled, unmoved.' ;

—He fought, and we with him !
 And other powers were by,
 Courage, and Science high,
 Grappling the spectre grim
 On the battle-field of quiet Sandringham :
 And force of perfect Love,
 And the will of One above,
 Chased Death's dark squadrons off,
 And overcame.

—O Soul, to human breath
 Redeem'd, and wider aim
 Than private care can claim,
 From the clench'd teeth of Death !
 By suffering and by safety dearer made :—
 O that the life new-found
 With Wisdom's crown be crown'd,
 Till in the common ground
 Thou too art laid !

CHILDREN'S LAMENT FOR BABY

Dear little baby day by day
 We watch'd as on the bed it lay ;
 And oft its eyes it open'd wide,
 And smiled to see us at its side :—
 The clothes are on the empty bed ;
 But where is little baby fled ?

Its limbs were growing long and fine,
 Its hands put out to clasp and twine ;
 The lips began to coo and call ;
 It sat upright and wish'd to crawl ;
 And brighter daily round its head
 The golden hair like sunrise spread.

When first within the cot it lay,
 We ask'd if it had come to stay ;
 And scream'd for joy to hear them tell
 'Twas sent from God with us to dwell,
 And play about till it was grown,
 And be our very very own.

And when its eyes were sunk and dim,
 And wasting seized each tiny limb,
 We nursed it on our knees all day,
 And begg'd it not to go away :
 It moved its head and faintly cried,
 And then lay still and sigh'd and sigh'd.

And now we cry and look in vain,
And cannot see it here again :—
The cot is white and still and bare,
But baby smiles and sings elsewhere ;
Among God's Angels bright and dear :
Yet not more Angel there than here.

H Y M N S

The three Children's Hymns are published as Broad
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A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

O God who, when the night was deep,
Hast kept me safe and lent me sleep,
Now with thy sun thou bid'st me rise,
And look around with older eyes.

Each blessed morning thou dost give,
I have one morning less to live :
O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end !

O bid all wicked thoughts to fly ;
The fretful word, and idle eye ;
Help me to think, in all I do,
' God sees me : would he have it so ?'

Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me ;
And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for God's pardon when I die.

Be with me when I work and play ;
Be with me now and every day.
Be near me, when I pray thee hear,
And when I pray not, Lord ! be near.

Lyme : 1874

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

O Lord who, when thy cross was nigh,
Didst wake and pray as night went by,
Thy gentle sleep like dew once more
Upon my head I pray thee pour.

One little heap of days for me
Is measured out by God's decree ;
And one day from that little heap
Is gone as I lie down to sleep.

And I know not how soon the tale
Of my few days and short may fail :—
O God, whene'er !—for thy dear Son,
Me, even me, have mercy on !

O strange, that as I kneel and pray,
He from his throne hears all I say !
—Give me but what for me is best :—
This is enough : Thou know'st the rest.

O sleepless Shepherd of the sheep,
Now fold me in, and bid me sleep :
From evil safe, and night's alarms,
Nursed in thine everlasting arms.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head ;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night ;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what I am bid to do ;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house :
Now thou art above the sky ;
Canst thou hear a baby cry ?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away ;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR

Christ who art above the sky
 Teach me how to live and die :
 God has sent me here to be,
 Born of human kind like thee :
 Thou hast gone before me here ;
 Make my pathway safe and clear.

Pure as snow from taint of wrong,
 Thou hast felt temptation strong :
 Thou wilt help me firm to stand
 When the tempter is at hand :
 Thou wilt turn my thoughts to thee,
 And the thought of sin will flee.

When I fall, my weakness spare ;
 Saviour, save me from despair !
 By the mercy-gate thou art,
 Vision of the Bleeding Heart !
 If I kneel before the gate,
 Thou wilt never cry ' Too late.'

If I fall on evil days ;
 If the hope of life delays ;
 If my dear ones leave me lone ;
 Be thou here when they are gone :
 Thou hast known what sorrow is ;
 Thou wilt turn my tears to bliss.

So far off, and yet so near,
Fill me with thy presence here !
By the love that brought thee down ;
By the ancient cross and crown ;
Aid me here to live and die,
Christ who art above the sky.

Lyme : 1874

A PSALM OF CREATION

The Sun lifts his head in his might,
 And climbs the blue steps of the sky ;
 Nor stays when he reaches the height,
 Nor fears at the setting to die :
 For to-morrow again he is born,
 To go forth in glory and glee :—
 The Sun is thy creature, O God !
 O God, who is like unto thee !

The Moon, silver ship of the sky,
 Rides over the star-dotted blue ;
 And the maiden-pure glance of her eye
 From the firmament falls like the dew.
 The stars round their Mistress rejoice,
 And sing as her beauty they see :—
 These all are thy creatures, O God !
 O God, who is like unto thee !

The cloud overshadows the vales,
 And the mountain looks down on the cloud ;
 The eagle in solitude sails
 To the sun o'er the mountain-top proud.
 The flood from the thundercloud breaks,
 And the torrents roar down to the sea :—
 All these are thy hand-work, O God !
 O God, who is like unto thee !

Then a blue smile unfolds o'er the earth,
 And the green-robed the smiling returns ;
 The lily-bells dance in their mirth,
 And the rose in red radiance burns :
 The birds in the forest ring out,
 And a thousand wild voices agree
 To praise their Creator and God :—
 O God, who is like unto thee !

O miracle hidden in law !
 O law that gives life to the frame !
 To blind force shall we blindly withdraw
 The purpose that all things proclaim ?
 No : we to thy sovereignty bow,
 And are part of the marvels we see :—
 Man, too, is thy creature, O God !
 O God, who is like unto thee !

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