

THE HUNDRED WINDOWS

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The Hundred Windows by H. D. Lowry

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H. D. LOWRY

**THE HUNDRED
WINDOWS**

THE HUNDRED WINDOWS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WRECKERS AND METHODISTS.

WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES.

A MAN OF MOODS.

THE HAPPY EXILE.

MAKE-BELIEVE.

The Hundred Windows

BY

H. D. LOWRY

LONDON

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TO BEATRICE

*These to you, dear, that you may walk with me
Down the long Street of Memories, and gaze,
As through the Hundred Windows, till you know
What like they were, the years before you came,
When the dear truth—O, Heart o' mine, the truth
For which God planned a world—was hidden yet.*

*I have been glad, as sometimes, in a dream
The pauper counts his gold. I have known fear,
Whom naught could hurt with only self to guard.
Sunlight was lovely when it could not show
What now is always mine, come good or ill,
Meeting or parting. Often I have wept,
As children weep who crave the mirrored moon.*

*Now, in the starlit Street of Memories
Have pity on the man who long ago—
Dead Yesterday is dead as Babylon—
Waited, a dreamer, with no dream to dream.*

NOTE

MOST of the verses here brought together have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Others are reprinted from the *Morning Post*, *Black and White*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the *Londoner*. Some of them have been set to music by MISS LIZA LEHMANN, MISS FLORENCE AYLWARD, MR. HUBERT S. RYAN, MR. CARL HAHN, MR. WILLIAM DICHMONT, and others.

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