

**THE BOOK OF THE
ROSE, POEMS**

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The Book of the Rose, poems by Charles G. D. Roberts

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

**THE BOOK OF THE
ROSE, POEMS**

The
Book of the Rose
Poems

By
Charles G. D. Roberts

Author of "*The Kindred of the Wild*," "*Barbara Ladd*,"
"*Poems*," etc.

London
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1904

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PART I.
THE BOOK OF THE ROSE

ON THE UPPER DECK.

*As the will of last year's wind,
As the drift of the morrow's rain,
As the goal of the falling star,
As the treason sinned in vain,
As the bow that shines and is gone,
As the night cry heard no more —
Is the way of the woman's meaning
Beyond man's eldest lore.*

HE.

This hour to me is like a rose just open,
The wonder of its golden heart not yet
Fully revealed. So long I've waited for it,
Prefigured it in dream, and scourged my hope

ON THE UPPER DECK

With fear lest jealous fortune should deny,
That now I hardly dare — Am I awake ?
Can it be true I have you here beside me ?
Can it be true I have you here alone —
Most wonderfully alone among these strangers
Who seem to me like senseless shapes of air ? —
The throb of the great engines, the obscure
Hiss of the water past our speeding hull
Seem to enfold and press you closer to me.
No, do not move ! Alone although we be,
I dare not touch your hand ; your gown's dear
hem

I will not touch lest I should break my dream
And just an empty deck-chair mock my longing.
But (for the beggar may in dreams be king),
Oh, let your eyes but touch me, let my spirit
But drink, but drain, but bathe in their deep
light,
And slake its cherished anguish. Look at me !