

**A CYCLE  
OF SONNETS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649531028

A Cycle of Sonnets by Edith Willis Linn

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By

EDITH WILLIS LINN



NEW YORK  
JAMES T. WHITE & CO.

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1918

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953  
L758  
cyc.

To  
A LOVER OF POETRY  
WHO HELD  
THE SONNET ABOVE ALL OTHER FORMS OF VERSE  
SUMNER ROBINSON  
A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY

**W264601**

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**BESIDE LAKE SENECA**



BESIDE LAKE SENECA

I.

THE cadence of thy waves like human pain,  
 Some deep, unconquered pang that stabs the heart,  
 Rises and falls. When somnolent thou art,  
 Bird-music soaring over thy refrain,  
 Summer's effulgence, or the windless rain,  
 Woo to forgetfulness; as poignant smart  
 Of recollection sinks to music's part,  
 And steals like old, sweet songs, across the brain.  
 When boisterous winds upon the fretted shore  
 Beat the deep fugue of thy tempestuous wave,  
 Above all thought, all action, sounds the roar;  
 So haunting memory, however brave  
 The heart, from calm returneth evermore  
 To sob its measure, sadder than the grave.