# ARTEMISION, IDYLLS AND SONGS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

#### ISBN 9780649521043

Artemision, Idylls and Songs by Maurice Hewlett

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

### **MAURICE HEWLETT**

## ARTEMISION, IDYLLS AND SONGS



\* 5

## ARTEMISION IDYLLS AND SONGS



## ARTEMISION

### IDYLLS AND SONGS

## MAURICE HEWLETT

Μέλλον άρα στυγεράν κάγώ ποτε δήριν "Αρησς Ικπρολιπούσα χορών παρθενίων άξειν 'Αρτέμιδος περι ναόν,...

ANTHOL, II., 29



NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE
M CM IX

Second Thousand

GENERAL

#### DEDICATION

I will make an altar of earth
With myrtle deckt and with yew,
Covered with sods: the dew
Shall wash it dainty and clean.
I raise it, O Child, to you;
To the peace you have, and the mirth,
To the wells of love in your eyes
And the sweet tide of your breath,
To your young blood ere it dries;
To Innocence, Ardour, and You.

Hymnia you shall be call'd;
For worship of you the shrine
Is built of pure thought, and fine
As the mould of your shapeliness.
Let Summer breathe on it, and bees,
And the wind's love; from the vine
I borrow clinging; let Dawn
Greet you thro' lattice of trees—
Plane, and Poplar that sighs,
And Lime, the lover of bees.

Smooth, rounded, and knit
As the fashion of perfect limbs
I would have it be: of your eyes
I ask for the sanctities

#### Dedication

Of their violet glint ere it dims, To kindle the fire on it. Above the green altar-ledge Still, incessant, your eyes Fire the dusk: they are lit From the love in my heart that lies.

Give of your hair to hide
The altar-house; spray it wide
In a silk mesh—ah, my pride!
Was ever iconostase.
So superbly bedeckt
With warm brown curtain, or fleckt
As this with rays of the sun?
Or when since Mass was begun
Came priest to cover his face
In so burnisht curtain and wide?

Your breath is for incense-flight
From the censer pure of your mouth:
It is odorous of the South
And the pastures of all the West.
The wet fresh growth of the year,
Honeysuckle and thyme,
Anemones meek as death,
Crocuses yellow and white:
All shy blossoms are here
Nurst in your balmy breath.

For altar-stone is your lap Whereon, a pure offering,