

**MORE ECHOES FROM THE
OXFORD MAGAZINE: BEING A
SECOND SERIES OF REPRINTS
OF SEVEN YEARS, PP. 1-155**

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A. D. GODFREY

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MORE ECHOES

FROM

THE OXFORD MAGAZINE

Oxford

MORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

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The OXFORD MAGAZINE.



BEING

A SECOND SERIES

OF

REPRINTS OF SEVEN YEARS

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MORE ECHOES

FROM

THE OXFORD MAGAZINE

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PROLOGUE

ALMA MATER

KNOW you her secret none can utter?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter;
Still by the gateway flits the gown;
Still on the street, from corbel and gutter,
Faces of stone look down.

Faces of stone, and other faces.—
Some from library windows wan
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces
Peer, and turn to their books anon.
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases
Gather the tent, begone!

Nay, should she by the pavement linger
Under the rooms where once she played,
Who from the feast would rise to fling her
One poor *son* for her serenade?
One poor laugh for the antic finger
Thrumming a lute-string frayed?

Once, my dear—but the world was young
then—

Magdalen elms and Trinity limes—
Lissom the oars and backs that swung then,
Eight good men in the good old times—
Careless we, and the chorus flung then,
Under St. Mary's chimes!

Reins lay loose and the ways led random—
Christ Church meadow and Iffley track—
"Idleness horrid and dogcart" (tandem)—
Aylesbury grind and Bicester pack—
Pleasant our lines, and, faith! we scanned
'em:
—Having that artless knack.

Come, old limmer, the times grow colder:
Leaves of the creeper redden and fall.
Was it a hand, then, clapped my shoulder?
—Only the wind by the chapel wall.
Dead leaves drift on thy lute: so—fold
her
Under thy faded shawl.