

**ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
POEMS. FIRST
SERIES, PP. 1-43.
SECOND SERIES, PP. 1-52**

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English and American Poems. First Series, pp. 1-43. Second Series, pp. 1-52 by Albert J. Edmunds

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ALBERT J. EDMUNDS

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
POEMS.

FIRST SERIES.

By ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

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Should the present volume command adequate attention, the author will proceed to publish the remainder of his works, including the two chief ones, viz: *Child-Love; a Fragment of Heart-History*, and *The Song of the Leaf*.

A. J. E.

W. E. B. DUBOIS

SEASIDE IDYLLS.

IDYLL THE FIRST.

What the Heart of the Man said to the Heart of the Child by the Summer Sea:
A Memory of South Shields Pier ; June 1st, 1884.

Lead me to the Land of Childhood,
Where the fairy morning breaks
O'er the blossoms of the wildwood,
Pictured on enchanted lakes ;
Where the sun is ever early,
And the springs are ever cold,
And the sea at noon is pearly,
And the sky at eve is gold.
There, beside pellucid water,
On the star-dust of the sand,
Let me clasp a little daughter
Of that child-created land.

Through the crystal carpet gazing,
Where the pebbles lie serene,
We will find a world amazing
In that fairyland of green,
Find a country unbeholden,
With a sky of azure glass,
Where the stars are fishes golden
In the purple ocean-grass;
Till, returned, O sun! to thy light,
We will drink each other's eyes,
Roaming through the Northern twilight,
Where the sunset never dies.

There in beauty I will clasp her,
Stroke the curtain of her locks,
Lead her o'er the shores of jasper,
Watch her feet on ruby rocks,—
Hear her say, in breath unbroken,
That she ne'er from me will part,
Ne'er deny the sweetest token
Of the childhood in her heart;
And the love that I will lisp her,
In the tongue of angel girls,
Will be purer than the whisper
Of the sea among the pearls.

IDYLL THE SECOND.

The Child's Answer.

Ah, my brother, I can hear thee
When the sea is very still ;
I am but a child to cheer thee,
But my heart, I fancy, will :
Something like thy breath has fanned it,
It is talking in its beat ;
I can hardly understand it,
But I feel 'tis very sweet.
Bend thine ear a little nearer,
Lay thy head upon my breast . . .
There ! I hear it speaking clearer,
But thy verse will tell it best

"I am Joy, the heart of childhood,
Life of all as pure as she ;
I, the odour of the wildwood,
I, the purple of the sea.
Taste me in the crystal coolness
Which the child of beauty sips,
Drink me in diviner fulness
At the fountain of her lips,
Touch me in the tiny tingle
Of her tender little hand,
Till thou tread the pearly shingle
Of my shores in Morning Land.

"She shall frolic like a dancer
Only taught of angel girls,
And the music that will answer
To her footstep in the pearls ;
For the beach is ever ringing
With the harmonies of June,
And the very shells are singing
In a whisper to the tune :
Wisdom, in her choral glory,
From the silent hymn of sky
To the pebble's fairy story,
Sings in all that all is I.

“By the Master God-anointed
I was called the priceless gem ;
I had been the star that pointed
To His bed at Bethlehem ;
And in these, the radiant fingers
Of thy darling little maid,
Lo, there luminously lingers
All mine ancient power to aid.
God alone her sweetness knoweth :
He through her thy soul enticed ;
Peace eternal she bestoweth—
Peace, for thou hast found the Christ.”