

**THE THREE HILLS  
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649758104

The three hills and other poems by Sir John Collings Squire

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SIR JOHN COLLINGS SQUIRE**

**THE THREE HILLS  
AND OTHER POEMS**



458271 2/-

**THE THREE HILLS**  
AND OTHER POEMS ☿ BY  
J. C. SQUIRE ☿ ☿ ☿ ☿

at  
London  
May 23rd

LONDON : HOWARD LATIMER LTD.  
GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY  
MCMXIII

TO  
FRANCIS BURROWS

## CONTENTS

• ANTI-NOMIES ON A RAILWAY STATION	1
• THE THREE HILLS	7
• A CHANT	9
• ARTEMIS ALTERA	11
• STARLIGHT	13
• FLORIAN'S SONG	15
• DIALOGUE	17
• CREPUSCULAR	22
• AT NIGHT	24
• FOR MUSIC	25
• THE ROOF	26
• TREETOPS	29
• IN THE PARK	31
• SONG	33
• TOWN	34
A MEMORIAL	41
• FRIENDSHIP'S GARLAND—I	54
•     "     "     "     "     II	55
•     "     "     "     "     III	57
• LINES ON THE EARTHLY PARADISE	59 60
• ECHOES	63

## Contents

• THE FUGITIVE	67
• IN THE ORCHARD	69
• IN A CHAIR	70
• A DAY	71
• THE MIND OF MAN	74
• A REASONABLE PROTESTATION	78
EPILOGUE	85
TWELVE TRANSLATIONS	87

Many of the above poems have appeared in the "British Review," the "Eye-Witness," the "New Witness," the "Oxford and Cambridge Review," the "New Statesman," and the "New Age," to the Editors of which thanks are due for permission to reprint. Three of the short poems and most of the translations are extracted from an earlier volume.



## ANTINOMIES ON A RAILWAY STATION

**A**S I stand waiting in the rain  
For the foggy hoot of the London train,  
Gazing at silent wall and lamp  
And post and rail and platform damp,  
What is this power that comes to my sight  
That I see a night without the night,  
That I see them clear, yet look them through,  
The silvery things and the darkly blue,  
That the solid wall seems soft as death,  
A wavering and unanchored wraith,  
And rails that shine and stones that stream  
Unsubstantial as a dream ?  
What sudden door has opened so,  
What hand has passed, that I should know  
This moving vision not of trance  
That melts the globe of circumstance,  
This sight that marks not least or most  
And makes a stone a passing ghost ?

## On a Railway Station

Is it that a year ago  
I stood upon this self-same spot ;  
Is it that since a year ago  
The place and I have altered not ;  
Is it that I half forgot,  
A year ago, and all despised  
For a space the things that I had prized :  
The race of life, the glittering show ?  
Is it that now a year has passed  
Of vain pursuit of glittering things,  
Of fruitless searching, shouting, running,  
And greedy lies and candour cunning,  
Here as I stand the year above  
Sudden the heats and the strivings fail  
And fall away, a fluctuant veil,  
And the fixed familiar stones restore  
The old appearance-buried core,  
The moveless and essential me,  
The eternal personality  
Alone enduring first and last ?

No, this I have known in other ways,  
In other places, other days.

## On a Railway Station

Not only here, on this one peak,  
Do fixity and beauty speak  
Of the delusiveness of change,  
Of the transparency of form,  
The bootless stress of minds that range,  
The awful calm behind the storm.  
In many places, many days,  
The invaded soul receives the rays  
Of countries she was nurtured in,  
Speaks in her silent language strange  
To that beyond which is her kin.  
Even in peopled streets at times  
A metaphysic arm is thrust  
Through the partitioning fabric thin,  
And tears away the darkening pall  
Cast by the bright phenomenal,  
And clears the obscured spirit's mirror  
From shadows of deceptive error,  
And shows the bells and all their  
    ringing,  
And all the crowds and all their singing,  
Carillons that are nothing's chimes  
And dust that is not even dust. . . .