

**CONSTANCE LORN,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649555130

Constance Lorn, and Other Poems by Robert C. Caldwell

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)

**ROBERT C. CALDWELL**

**CONSTANCE LORN,  
AND OTHER POEMS**



CONSTANCE LORN,  
ETC.

# CONSTANCE LORN,

And other Poems.

BY

ROBERT C. CALDWELL.

LONDON:

ALFRED W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

1867.

ANS 289b

## Contents.

---

	PAGE
CONSTANCE LORN . . . . .	3
THE ALBATROSS . . . . .	11
ETHEL . . . . .	20
THE TRYST . . . . .	21
THE MALABAR WHISTLING THRUSH . . . . .	22
UNDER THE SEA . . . . .	25
THE GATE OF TEARS . . . . .	32
THE GIPSY . . . . .	34
A SCENE NEAR CAPE COMORIN . . . . .	42
THE SOUTHERN CROSS . . . . .	44
THE HAPPY THREE . . . . .	47
SHADOWS OF A LIFE . . . . .	62
SMILES AND APHORISMS . . . . .	92
THE FALL AT COURTYALLUM . . . . .	97
THE BLIND PUKIYAN . . . . .	103
A DIALOGUE . . . . .	119
OFF PERNAMBUCCO . . . . .	121





## CONSTANCE LORN.

---

GREEN hills, and at their feet a greener vale,  
Which broaden'd slowly to a sunbright plain ;  
A scatter'd village, with its neighbouring farms ;  
A mill ; a gray-tower'd Church ; a Parsonage,—  
With ivy-cover'd walls and gables quaint,—  
In which a Herbert might have loved to dwell ;  
A willow-shaded stream ; and not far off,  
Fern Hall, Sir Robert Deverill's country Seat,  
Which, rising high thro' limes and chesnuts,  
faced

A pleasant English scene,—a broad, bright plain  
That bluely faded towards a glittering sea.

And this for twenty years had been the scene  
Of good old Pastor Ellwood's blameless life ;  
And now the helpmate of his life had died.

Weigh'd down by grief and loneliness, his heart  
Sank in him. Ev'n his work grew wearisome.  
He had no children : his one son had died,  
In flower of youth and in a distant clime :  
And so he wrote for little Constance Lorn,  
Whom he remembered as a child, (who now  
Was a poor orphan, friendless, penniless,)  
To come to him, and strive to be to him  
A comfort in his loneliness and age.  
She came ; and, speechless with surprise, he saw  
The little bud, he scarce had glanced at, blown  
Into the loveliest of all lovely flowers,—  
The little, ruddy child become the tall  
And beautiful young maiden, from whose eyes  
And lips and cheeks the power of beauty flowed  
As fragrance borne from distant isles of bloom  
Across the glory of an Eastern sea.  
The old man gladdened as he gazed on her,  
And half forgot the sorrow of his heart.  
Was this indeed the little child he knew ?  
How changed!—so changes at th' approach of  
night  
The pale moon hanging faint and lustreless  
High in the sunset heaven. A hidden grace  
At every movement seemed to flow from her  
As wind from a waved fan. Form, look, and  
speech

Had their own charm. And if her heart hid guile  
 She show'd it not. She seem'd one born to please.

A month sped by, and with her lowly words,  
 And lowly mien, and modesty, and grace,  
 And innocent-seeming loveliness serene,  
 She won the old man's love; and, proud of her  
 As if she were the daughter of his heart,  
 He took her with him often to the Hall,  
 Where even stern Sir Robert smiled on her,  
 And Clare, his daughter, loved her as herself.

Full oft to Ellwood's house young Harold came,—  
 Harold, the Baronet's second son, a man  
 Upright, with plain truth written in his face,—  
 And seeing, loved the maid for that she seem'd.  
 Time passed; with bud and bird the smiling  
     spring

Returned: and oft old Ellwood, full of joy,  
 Would watch these two together in the fields,  
 Or roaming silent by the silent stream.  
 Summer now followed Spring, and openly  
 He spoke to her of love. She smiled on him,  
 Nor turn'd away her flusht cheek from his kiss.

With August, from a Continental tour,  
 Hugh Deverill, Harold's elder brother came.