

**A TALE OF TRUE
LOVE: AND
OTHER POEMS**

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A Tale of True Love: And Other Poems by Alfred Austin

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ALFRED AUSTIN

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LOVE: AND
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©

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

POET LAUREATE

AUTHOR OF 'THE HUMAN TRAGEDY,' 'PRINCE LUCIFER,'
AND 'FORTUNATUS THE PESSIMIST'

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Fine money.

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TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*Written after reading, a second time, the posthumous
fragment 'Weir of Hermiston.'*

*I NEVER saw you, never grasped your hand,
Nor wrote nor read lines absence loves to trace,
Ne'er with you sate in your accustomed place,
Nor waited for your coming on sea or land.
But this I know, if along unseen strand,
Or anywhere in God's eternal space,
You heard my voice, or I beheld your face,
That we should greet, and both would understand.*

2 *TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON*

*So, till that hour, wherever you abide,
On circling star, or interstellar sea,
Or where, from man's imagination free,
There moves no planet and there sounds no tide,
Welcome, as though from friend long known and
 tried,
This gift of loving fellowship from me.*

January 1900

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I. Scene 1.

1

NOR in the mist of legendary ages,
Which in sad moments men call long ago,
And people with bards, heroes, saints, and sages,
And virtues vanished, since we do not know,
But here to-day wherein we all grow old,
But only we, this Tale of True Love will be told.

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