

# POEMS

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Poems by Susan Archer Talley

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**SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY**

**POEMS**



P O E M S .

BY  
SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.



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## CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Ennervalia.....	9
The Autumn Time.....	20
The Sea-Shell.....	23
Genius.....	26
The City of the Dead.....	31
Madonna.....	33
The Land of Dreams.....	36
The Adventurer.....	41
Christmas.....	43
The House of Mourning.....	47
Fire-Light Musings.....	49
Alone.....	51
Isabel.....	54
The Phantom Army.....	56
The Lady of Lodee.....	60
The Soul's Creed.....	70
The Owl.....	75
The Lady Geraldine.....	76
Eld.....	80
Cloistered.....	83
Desponding Genius.....	86
Spring.....	88

	PAGE
The Fortune-Teller, .....	90
The Spirit of Poesy, .....	93
Idlesse, .....	98
Weariness, .....	99
Endymion, .....	103
The Loved and Lost, .....	106
Past and Present, .....	107
Con Elgin, .....	111
The Dying Year, .....	119
The Common Way, .....	120
Airley, .....	122
Unrest, .....	124
Sir Launcelot, .....	126
Cloud-Land, .....	129
The Syrens, .....	131
The Nun, .....	135
Guy de Mayne, .....	139
Summer Noon-Day Dream, .....	142
Isola's Song in the Tower, .....	144
The Sybil, .....	145
The Morning Voyagers, .....	150
Reverie, .....	152
Herondale, .....	154
Under the Moon, .....	163
Lady Claire, .....	164
Looks and Words, .....	169
Rain in the Woods, .....	170
Song of Rest, .....	173
The Cross and Crown, .....	174
By the Window, .....	175
A Sick-Bed Yearning, .....	177
Long Ago, .....	178
At Sea, .....	180
Rest, .....	181

# P O E M S .



## ENNERSLIE.

### PART I.

A HOARY tower, grim and high,  
All beneath a summer sky,  
Where the river glideth by  
    Sullenly—sullenly ;  
Across the wave, in sluggish gloom,  
Heavy and black the shadows loom,—  
But the water-lilies brightly bloom  
    Round about grim Ennerslie.

All upon the bank below  
Alders green, and willows grow,  
That ever sway them to and fro,  
    Mournfully—mournfully ;  
Never a boat doth pass that way,  
Never is heard a carol gay,  
Nor doth a weary pilgrim stray  
    Down by haunted Ennerslie.



Yet in that tower is a room  
From whose dim and fretted dome  
Weird faces peer athwart the gloom,  
Mockingly—mockingly ;  
And there, beside the taper's gleam,  
That maketh darkness darker seem,  
As one that waketh in a dream  
Sits the Lord of Ennerslie.

Sitteth in his carv'd chair—  
From his forehead, pale and fair,  
Falleth down the raven hair  
Heavily—heavily ;  
There is no color on his cheek—  
His lip is pale—he doth not speak—  
And rarely doth his footstep break  
The stillness of grim Ennerslie.

From the casement, mantled o'er  
With ivy boughs, and lichens hoar,  
The shadows creep along the floor  
Stealthily—stealthily ;  
They glide along, a spectral train,  
And rest upon the blackened stain  
Where of old a corpse was lain,  
Murdered at grim Ennerslie.

In a niche within the wall,  
Where the shadows deepest fall,  
Like a coffin and a pall,—  
    Gloomily—gloomily—  
Sits a ghostly owl, and grey,  
That there hath sat for many a day,  
And motionless, doth gaze alway  
    Upon the Lord of Ennerslie.

Gazeth with its spectral eyes  
Ever in a weird surprise,  
Like some demon in disguise,  
    Steadily—steadily :  
And close beside that haunted nook  
Bandeth o'er an open book  
With a wan and weary look,  
    The pale young Lord of Ennerslie.

With a measured step, and slow,  
At times he paceth to and fro,  
Muttering in whispers low,  
    Fitfully—fitfully ;  
Or resting in his ancient chair  
Gazeth on the vacant air ;  
Sure some phantom sees he there,  
    The haunted Lord of Ennerslie.

There is a picture on the wall,  
A statue on a pedestal—  
Standing where the sunbeams fall  
    Goldenly—goldenly ;  
And alike, in form and face,  
The self-same beauty beareth trace ;  
Imaged with a wondrous grace  
    That angel form at Ennerslie.

Once, 'tis said, upon a time,  
In the flush of youthful prime,  
Wandering in a southern clime  
    Restlessly—restlessly,—  
There passed him by a lady fair  
With violet eyes, and golden hair ;  
It is her form that gleameth there,  
    That angel form at Ennerslie.

He saw her 'mid a festal throng,  
He heard her sing a plaintive song—  
He sings it yet those shades among,  
    Mournfully—mournfully :  
He saw her but a little space,  
Yet haunted by that angel-grace  
He wrought the beauteous form and face  
    When back returned to Ennerslie.