

CHILDREN OF FANCY: POEMS

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Children of fancy: poems by Ian Bernard & Stoughton Holbourn

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IAN BERNARD & STOUGHTON HOLBOURN

**CHILDREN OF
FANCY: POEMS**

CHILDREN OF FANCY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

JACOPO ROBUSTI, CALLED TINTORETTO
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ARCHITECTURES OF EUROPEAN RELIGIONS
THE NEED FOR ART IN LIFE

CHILDREN OF FANCY

POEMS BY IAN BERNARD
STOUGHTON HOLBORN

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L'ENVOI

THE tide is now at the ebb and I hear it swirling among the rocks and regurgitating in ceaseless eddyings through the long weed, that waits with slender, tensile fingers to entangle and drag down some unwary swimmer. The wind is blowing in squalls, suddenly blackening the water and lightly carrying off the surface and blowing it to smoke; while behind me the grass and the young corn change in silvery patches with the passing gusts. But amid it all I see her little face, that with its great mysterious grey eyes still shines in undimmed beauty from the past, and to which these verses are dedicate. It was once, and it shall be again; the tide will return and the wind will fall away. I have not always known, but yesterday I climbed the Hills of the Mist, and shook the unyielding bars of the gates of Death; and then I knew;—What is one life in immortality?

But we wait and fret, and with impossible words

and forms struggle to capture the unattainable from a fate that has stolen the past and would withhold the future. Oh the pitiable futility of our 'striving and straining,' our 'desires and aspirations' and the endless reiterated yearnings of mood and spirit, sound and word, old as the sea and wind!

Yet this is art, this seeking to suggest and even realise that which we would have to be, that which with indomitable will we would force from fate's reluctant hand, ultimately indeed that which should rightly be; whether we call it from out the golden past, build it in the living present, or pursue it in some flying future; whether we present this hope, this suggestion of our realisation, in the sunshine and calm of a Pheidian marble or in the tossing passion of a violent storm.

It is not; no, it is not. But it shall be; it must be. Yes, if the heart is infinite,—it shall,—it must.
'Ο ἀναγνώσκων νοείτω.'

IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN.

Isle of Foula.

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