

**REAPING THE
WHIRLWIND
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Reaping the whirlwind and other poems by G. F. Bradby

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G. F. BRADBY

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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

And other Poems

BY

G. F. BRADBY

AUTHOR OF "BROADLAND AND OTHER POEMS," "DICK," ETC.

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PROLOGUE

IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

WHEN the last red cloud has faded and the lamps begin
to glow,
Dotted through the splendid spaces, rank on rank and
row on row,
Nightly, from the gathering shadows troop the ghosts
of long ago.

Comes the roar of distant voices, heavily the tumbrils
creak,
One by one they mount the scaffold, man and maiden,
strong and weak,
—God! what things the stones would utter if the stones
could only speak!

How they faced the awful moment—steadfast heart or
failing eye,
Flashing scorn at the beholders, pleading to the brazen
sky,
When the knell of doom was sounded and the hour had
come to die.

Hapless Louis, dull and kindly, dying unenlightened
yet,
Camille sighing broken-hearted, Danton striving to
forget,
Charlotte Corday and the tragic eyes of Marie Antoinette.

Swift they come and swift they vanish—all the faces that
we know—
Madame Roland sternly virtuous, silver tongue of
Vergniaud,
Robespierre with his shattered visage, Hébert shrinking
from the blow.

Some in anger, some in sorrow ; for the wrongs of endless
years
Found a sudden voice that thundered desperate deeds to
desperate fears,
—What could come from such a sowing, but the anguish
and the tears !

Wise and foolish, false and faithful, here they stood and
looked their last !

France lay dumb in awe-struck wonder, all the nations
stared aghast,

When the reapers reaped the harvest and the whirlwind
roared and pass'd.

I

"MADAME A MAUVAIS TEMPS POUR
SON VOYAGE"

MUCH speculating at the Court of France,
And busy whispers in the gallery,
And nods and meaning smiles, and many a glance
That seems to say, "I told you she would die!"
For, after sundry feints and false alarms,
(Alas the fleetingness of human charms!)
The Pompadour has really passed away;
And all the wits are furbishing their arms,
And half the beauties count their beads and pray:
For who can guess
But that a glance, not coy nor overbold,
Yet seasoned with a spice of sauciness,
May strike a monarch, easily consoled
By friendly looks in moments of distress,
(Witness the favourite's fabulous success!)
And force a passage to the hoard of gold.