

ACHIEVEMENT: A BOOK OF POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649250271

Achievement: A Book of Poems by Samuel James Lewis & Herbert H. C. Everett

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SAMUEL JAMES LEWIS & HERBERT H. C. EVERETT

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A BOOK OF POEMS

...BY...

SAMUEL JAMES LEWIS

and

HERBERT H. C. EVERETT.

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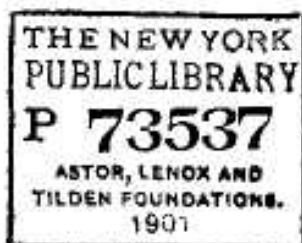
Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.—*Keats.*

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NEW YORK.
THE TITMARSH CLUB.
1899.

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By S. J. L. and H. H. C. E.

In the United States and Great Britain.

This Edition is of one hundred copies.

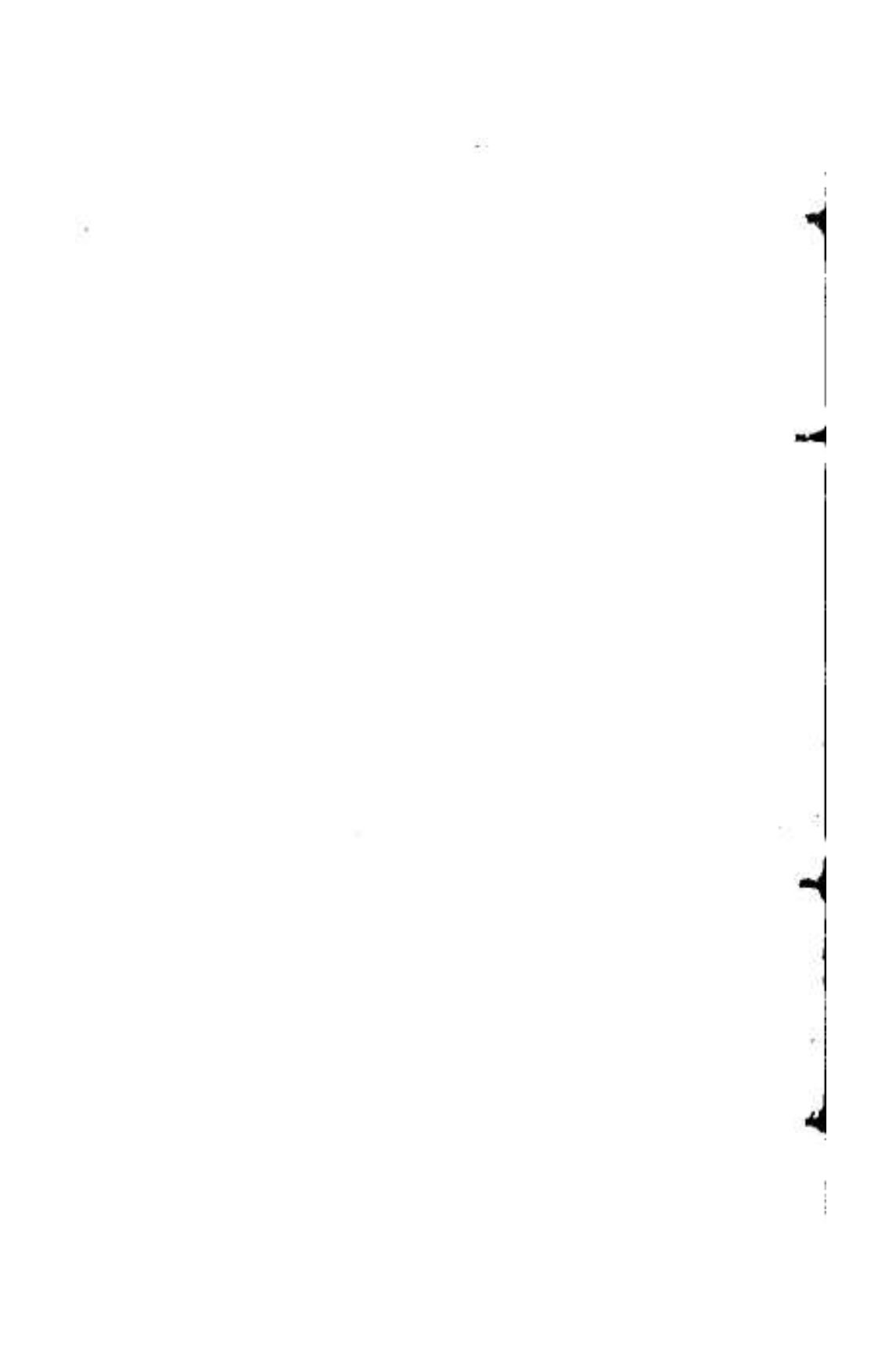
✧

H. H. C. E.
to
P. M. M. F.

✧

S. J. L.
to
J. S. P.

✧



Faith.

Love, you say that faith is brittle,
And that yours is wearing thin;
And you think I love too little,
That I live a secret sin?

O, I love you more than ever,—
Still, despite my heart's command,
You and I, my wife, may sever,—
We cannot all understand.

But remember you once told me
That true love is faith,—O love,
Let your faith return, enfold me
For our little one above.

Alone.

I wait upon thy call, alone, alone,
My Sweetheart, now that thou art gone!
Nay, not again your passionate caress
May teach me of the light of life
For now thy memory is my life.
The memory of that kiss,
That last sweet touch of thee—
It plays about my lips
A taste that lingers thro' the gall of now.
And O, your voice, that farewell at the gate—
We did not know, my Sweet, 'twould be the
last—
With all the garden bowing low to you,
The last sweet music that is gone.
Now all is discord, all is tears.
Do you remember in the garden that good-night?
I turned about, as down the stony road
I meditated on my homeward steps
Tears swelling thro' my love and joy,
For you had told me that our love was one;
I asked my God what I had done thus to be
given
Such innocence to mar as thine,

Mar with my manhood's strength
A flower so delicate that only love
Of angels should enfold it.
God heard me then and pondered on my thought,
Believed me right, and took thee to himself.—
But O, 'tis hard, my God, 'tis hard!
Yea, I may now mourn o'er thy mound
That lies midst the eternal colony of men,
Beneath a stone, and near the stream
That ever sings the dirge for all who rest there.
And kneeling on the slab
I shall be with you and shall plant
A red, red rose upon your head, and ev'ry ev'n
At dusk shall kiss its petals—they will be your
lips,
Your lips in death—and you shall talk, my Sweet,
The soft tones heard to none but me.
Then you shall teach me all the ways
Of Heaven, so that I may fit myself
To join you; and when God has seen
That I am purged of earth,
He will release me, free me from the chains,
And I shall lie
Beside you in the church yard near the stream.