

**AMGIAD AND THE
FAIR LADY, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Amgiad and the Fair Lady, and Other Poems by John C. Kenworthy

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JOHN C. KENWORTHY

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And Other Poems

BY

JOHN C. KENWORTHY

Author of "The Judgment of the City, and other Poems
and Verses."



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PREFACE.

Over two years since I published in England a small volume, 'The Judgment of the City, and other Poems and Verses.' This first venture in poetry was kindly welcomed, not by any considerable circle of readers, but by critics of recognized judgment; to whom let me say, that I have found in their appreciation a support and stimulus for which I owe them great thanks.

It is often, and justly, pointed out that, in these modern days especially, few authors give us of their best thoughts in their best way; the anxiety to cover space, and to be paid for it, being chief among the motives which result in hasty diffuseness and the superficial treatment of unimportant subjects. To this condemnation at least, the poems here printed are not justly liable; and therefore it is that I venture to offer to the public so small a volume.

A hard thing in life is; amid a reckless society which may make one a millionaire, or much more likely, a pauper, with magical quickness: to quietly concentrate upon the little good work one man may do in his lifetime; and while labouring thus, to mark the success with the public, of people whose work, done in haste and wantonness, is evil, and not good.

And another bitterness is, to feel one's self a part of a corrupt society, the creature of its conditions; de-

barred from that freedom of life which enables great art; and in danger of becoming one with those writers whose enfeebled natures produce what William Morris calls 'the whining introspective lyrics of to-day.'

For such reasons as these, the true artist, of all men, longs and labours for the Socialist ideal; for the time when art work will not be paid for, but be done for love and praise, because all men will have the leisure and the means for this to be so.

JOHN C. KENWORTHY,

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

August, 1891.

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THE DAY OF WINE.

(AFTER THE FRENCH.)

*I sing the wine, who seldom wine-cup raise /
It is no earthly liquor that I praise,
But an imagined wine, a perfect drink,
Such as I crave to cheer my downcast days.*

*The common tavern's healthless drink, I hate ;
To tempt me, some fair wine-land find me straight,
A land of sun and shade-trees, and a booth
Where lovely-limbed and laughing beauties wait.*

THE DAY OF WINE.

(AFTER THE PERSIAN.)

I.

Too long have I endured the soldier's pain,
And lived hard days, to slay or to be slain ;
Now, fairest, with the cushions hap my limbs,
Crown me with roses, and with wine sustain.

II.

That was the clangour of my cast-off sword—
Let it grow dusty, while my days afford
The space to drink! This is the chime of cups
That come together with what sweet accord!

III.

I set this wine before thee willingly,
And thou shalt drink it, stooping from the sky,
O sun, magnificent in love of drink!
A million bowls at once thy thirst would dry.

IV.

Drink, fairest, and this moving show, the earth,
Shall turn to us her pictures of most mirth;
I ask no music but our full cups' clink ;
Hush, while the eloquent wine reveals its worth!

V.

A fighting man, I choose, I do confess,
To die not fighting, but in thy career;
Within thine arms, beside the wine, to sink
Down, down through dreams, to my forgetfulness.

VI.

What, the wine stands uncovered? There shall be
No lack of skins for that! Now hasten thee,
Search in the corner of the lumber-room,
And bring my books of vain philosophy.

VII.

Has thy respect for books then, not yet ceased?
For crazed philosopher, and sinful priest?
Nay, do not doubt which author first to tear;
Read the most praised: be sure he's worth the least!

VIII.

O passer-by, without my festooned door,
The road is dusty, and the sun smites sore;
Come thou within, O very fair of face,
And she I love the well-cooled wine shall pour!

IX.

Words are not needed, O my guest, to tell
What thoughts majestic in thy soul outwell,
For thou and I are both made wise with wine,
And sit above the care of heaven or hell.