

**THE MOCKERS,  
AND OTHER VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649508280

The Mockers, and Other Verses by Jane Barlow

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JANE BARLOW**

**THE MOCKERS,  
AND OTHER VERSES**



3/6 km

07R

To K. J. W.

from J. B.

THE MOCKERS  
AND OTHER VERSES



# THE MOCKERS

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

JANE BARLOW y

AUTHOR OF "IRISH IDYLLS," "IRISH NEIGHBOURS," ETC. ETC.

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & SONS

156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1908

[All rights reserved]

v. 5



THE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
5775198  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
1951 L

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.  
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

## DEDICATION

'Αλλὰ γὰρ νόστου πρόφασις γλυκεροῦ κόλπου μείναι

*LONG time to look unseeing ever, and hearken  
Even so, nor hear,  
Makes bold despair indeed, heart's heart of fear,  
While brood and darken  
Wide wings of shadow and silence, whither sped  
Down weary ways  
Go joy-bereft, of hope uncomforted,  
Our sad swift days.*

*What power yet past yon shadowy silent dread  
Should pierce betraying  
The secret of our doom? One gleam forth-ricing,  
One soft word said;  
For though but echoing faint, but phantom-frail,  
Sound breathe, light shine,  
From springs eterne of life that shall not fail  
Comes thrilled the sign,*

*Nay here if now our baffled thought be holden  
From seeking far,  
About these paths, lo, flowers set star on star  
In twilights golden;  
And woodland waters leap, and music flows*

## DEDICATION

*Through heavenly rifts,  
And crystal airs of dawn their rippling rose  
O'er still meres drift.  
But ye, who turned from many a gracious gift,  
Earth's greeting kindly,  
Nor stayed your quest, for eyes that gaze so blindly  
The cloud to lift,  
The dark rune read, whence blissful lore we learn  
As they who roam  
And see at last o'er wilds untrodden burn  
Old lights of home,  
Lost lights of love: O ye, who have crossed much daring  
The dimness yonder,  
Of comrades mindful yet who mourn and wander,  
Speed, speed far-faring  
The Sign, hope's shaft that cleaves the core of fear,  
Winged soothsay, strong  
To waken in our shadow shining clear,  
In silence, song.*