

**LAYS OF
NORTHERN
ZEALANDIA**

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Lays of Northern Zealandia by Edward Skelton Garton

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EDWARD SKELTON GARTON

**LAYS OF
NORTHERN
ZEALANDIA**

L A Y S

OF

*NORTHERN*ZEALANDIA*

BY

EDWARD SKELTON GARTON.

AUCKLAND

H. BRETT, EVENING STAR OFFICE, SHORTLAND STREET

1885.
c. d. S.

DEDICATION.

— — —

*Mother, thou who watched o'er my childhood's days,
Guarding my steps and teaching my young heart
The ways of truth and love; instilling there
High and ambitious thoughts; I bless thee now!
To whom, dear mother, if not unto thee
Should I then dedicate my heart's best tribute?
Accept it, mother, this small gift of mine,
A happy message from thine absent son,
A token of undying love to thee,
Whose honoured name will dignify and grace
My little book a thousand, thousand times
More than the pompous name of kings.
Then to the best and sweetest name on earth—
"Mother," I dedicate my youthful songs.*

Evans 14 July 1943

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INTRODUCTION.

ZEALANDIA, from thy wildest steep
I have viewed thy glassy deep,
 Wrapped in night's Plutonian sheet,
And listened to the music sweet
That in mystic strains upborne,
Echoing till the shadowy morn ;
Have sat and watched the stars on high ;
Irradiant orbs of southern sky,
Dreaming of destiny, dreaming of love,
Dreaming of heavens below and above !
Soaring to realms afar, my soul
Scorning the limits of the pole ;
Scorning the stars for a resting place,
Till lost on waves of endless space.
Mystery of mysteries ! beautiful world !
Fair Psyche's pinions are unfurled ;
But vain, unattainably vain,
She must fold her wings again.
Mysteries on mystery ! beautiful world !

BY V. P. L.

That falling star, what power has hurled
 Down, down into an endless night,
 Extinguishing a glorious light?
 Must I these wonders all forego,
 E'en soaring Psyche cannot know?
 Must I return and strive no more,
 Nor spirit-enchanted climes explore?
 Constellations bright, and worlds afar,
 Pale galaxies of glittering stars;
 Mysteries above, and wonders below,
 Spirits of beauty round me flow,
 Soul of all things sweet and rare
 Breathes on thee, Zealandia fair.
 Rocky steeps and mountains wild,
 Lovely vales where nature smiled
 Since time primeval first began;
 Or breathed on earth, God's creature man:
 Southern Britain, realm of love—
 Type of fairer climes above.
 Zealandia, on thy rocky shore,
 Listening to the ocean's lore,
 Beneath a shady canopy,
 The flowery boughs of Christmas tree,
 Where the bright sands gleam and shine,
 I have formed these songs of mine;
 Nature's voice, in accent sweet,
 Gave to me these songs complete;
 There, in measures rude and long,
 I have heard the Maori's song:

J. V. N.

Legends of the ancient brave,
Resting now in ocean cave,
Ancient warriors, fierce and free,
Warriors grim from o'er the sea :
There, beneath the Christmas flowers,
I have spent the happy hours ;
Framing songs in rapture blest,
Wooed into a state of rest
By the music ocean chaunted,
Round her caverns mermaid haunted.
Could, oh could I, but impart
All that stirs my youthful heart,
Ocean cradled ! southern isle,
Kissed by nature's every smile.
Would that I, for her sweet sake,
Could some nobler cantos make ;
Heaven help me, that I may
In some future happy day.
Years shall teach my wayward pen
Happier thoughts ; but until then,
Gentle youth and maiden true,
And critics kind, I bid adieu ;
Accept these poems, for I resign
If cypress wreaths for them you twine.