

**LETTERS OF ARTHUR  
GEORGE HEATH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649381364

Letters of Arthur George Heath by Arthur George Heath & Gilbert Murray

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)

**ARTHUR GEORGE HEATH & GILBERT MURRAY**

**LETTERS OF ARTHUR  
GEORGE HEATH**



Arthur George Heath

NEW YORK AGENTS.  
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.  
FOURTH AVENUE AND 30TH STREET







Letters of  
Arthur George Heath

Fellow of New College, Oxford, and  
Lieutenant in the 6th Batt. Royal West Kent Regt.

With  
Memoir by Gilbert Murray



Oxford

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

MCMXVII



## TO A. G. H.

It seems so long ago  
Since in that musty Flemish lumber-room  
You made such music flow  
With master hand, as charmed away our gloom,  
Drawing from battered, broken keys  
And rusty wires such harmonies  
That we forgot war and the shadow of death  
And caught our breath  
To hear the hurrying clamour of your themes.  
So long ago it seems !

So long ago ! and now  
Your sun is set ; but in our memory gleams  
Like some fair after-glow  
The image of those haunting magic themes.  
And as our faltering hands essay  
What you so passionately would play,  
Far off we hear your music echoing yet ;  
And we forget  
That you are silent for us, save in dreams.  
So long ago it seems !

J. S. MANN.