

**FROM DECEMBER TO
DECEMBER: THE DAY
BOOK OF MELISANDE**

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From December to December: The Day Book of Melisande by Melisande

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MELISANDE

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THE DAY BOOK OF MELISANDE

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LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1905

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1948

FROM DECEMBER TO DECEMBER

THE BELOVED.

I.

My Life is full of sweetness and of Peace,
Full of all fair Proportion and calm Days ;
In it all Duty is the dearest ease,
For Duty is the nearest Joy always,

II.

And never Force, or Storm, or any stress
Can beat upon my walled-in Garden-Home,
For God Himself walks here to heal and bless,
And where He is, not any ill can come.

III.

Within is all may feed the wants of man ;
There Work, and Wealth, and Intellect, are found
And Love is still the deep Foundation plan,
And Love makes all he builds on, Holy Ground.

If Love within my Garden keep such store,
Can any Love without offer me more ?

Bride Row Oct. 22, 1946

NYPL

THE QUESTION.

I.

And can it be Love's very Gifts profound,
The sweetest, dearest Gifts Love does provide,
Within my Garden borders there are found,
While Love Himself weeps drearily outside ?

II.

For Love, with purple wings, all tossed and torn,
Weeping full sore, beside my door does wait,
And still He wrings entreating hands forlorn,
His beauty dimmed, and all disconsolate.

III.

A Beggar now ; but yet a King He is,
Who has forgot his Kingdom and his Throne.
Oh beauteous Love, why dost thou stoop to this,
Who calledst all the Earth and Heavens thine own ?

Ah, weary Love ! forget thy Prayers and Pain,
Forget thy Griefs, and be a King again.

LOVE'S REPLY.

I.

But in your Garden-walks and green Parterre,
What do you know of Want or Woe like mine ?
All bends beneath your Will that's sheltered there,
A Temple, and a Goddess, and a Shrine.

II.

Hungry and weary, worn with want and pain,
I've travelled far, with bitter Grief oppressed ;
Open your Heart and take me in again,
And lay me on the treasure of your Breast.

III.

You are too safe and calm, you've lain too soft ;
You cannot all the depths of Love's Heart know ;
You sigh too seldom, and you smile too oft--
Little within for so much outward show.

You have not felt Love's Truth in very deed,
Nor followed Him, with hands and feet that bleed.

LOVE'S ARGUMENT (*continued*).

I.

How can you know the value of your Love,
Who never bought a Bliss with pains like mine?
What do you know of Peace, who never move?
You pay in terms of dross for Worth Divine.

II.

I know the good of all your fair Estate,
Who wander, homeless, thro' the restless day;
Denied both food and fire at every gate,
On wounded pinions still, I'm turned away!

III.

But you, who never stir, but take your ease,
Fanned by the shifting, scented summer air,
Who think, and do, and wish whate'er you please,
Nor think of Death, who waits on all that's fair—

Oh, you should be like me, storm-tossed, storm-
driven,
Before you learn the value of your Haven!