

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649198382

Poems by K. H. D.

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

K. H. D.

POEMS

R. M. Allen
of Mitchell & Son
London W.C.

80
S. M. Allen.
of Mitchell & Son
London W.C.

P O E M S

P O E M S

BY

K. H. D.

LONDON

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

1902

PP
6005
E32,P6



PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

1148141

DEDICATION

*Once more fair Spring unfolds her heavenly face,
And joy and happiness every heart pervade;
Moon with stars renews her divine embrace,
And Nature smiles, with greenest beauty graced.
Nor He blends not His heart with ours, Who made,
For faithless man's delight, each lovely thing,
Bright as His own brightness, of light and shade.
And me doth Spring a bliss sublimer bring,
For in my heart is love, and in my soul sweet Spring.*

*This Spring is mine and thine and theirs who know
The bliss supreme of unembarrassed love,
That in its even course can give and show
Far other joys that mortals know not of,
Save those whom Muse inspires to woo the grove.
With Spring's return I too return to thee,
For thou art sweet and gentle as a dove;
And I too in thy love as bold could be
As I am now, when other loves are ta'en from me.*

*When o' the past and present I sometimes think,
What I am now, and what I once had been,
And smell in that mood the past wintry stink,
How sweet "am now" sounds to how sad "had been"!
For thou, sweet friend, hast lifted up the screen,
And showered in my path warm sunshine bright.
Thou showed to me what I had yet not seen,
What time thy hand split the dark thick-spun night,
And thou gav'st light to dark, to sorrow love's delight.*

*What I had been ! oh, let me think what I
Am now, when, happy in thy love of me,
My heart is no more stiff'd with inward sigh ;
I am myself what I should wish to be,
So loving and so loved, so close to thee,
Two blossoms of the kindred plant that seem
Twin-born, eternal as eternity :—
Such love as might ideal lovers dream
On an embalming night, and catch in morn its beam.*

*What thoughts, what fears, what hopes had once been mine :
Thoughts and hopes and fears, unfulfilled, unknown ;
Fears that had in them something of divine,
When on this plenteous earth I moved alone,
Nor, though planting, my barren hands had grown
A garden of flowers rich with the voice of Song ;
Nor time was ripe, nor were the seeds yet sown.
I fled from the tumult of the kindred throng,
Alone, apart, and did all to myself belong.*

*Thoughts like these were mine, such fears and such hopes,
When once in sleep a vision did unfold,—
A vision that comes and as soon elopes,—
That something with a mystery foretold
I knew not what ; yet my weak heart grew bold,
And my soul beheld a new world more fair,
Wherein a dweller I was bound to hold
My stand till death, and unpartaken share
Its sorrows and its joys, and anxious toiling care.*

*And Beauty ideal and ideal Love,
Earliest comrades of my pilgrimage lone,
From first were mine, with amplest charms to move
My heart to music which was all its own ;
And I a soul descried to music prone,
Which first I poured in thy attentive ear,
Whose breath was with the blending breezes blown ;
This was the voice thy heart leaped up to hear,
Wherein it lay impressed the same from year to year.*

*On fairest visions I fed my dreaming soul,
And lovely things of divine fairness born,
And pensive passions too fiery to control;
And taught my young pen to paint and adorn
The evening's calm and beauty of the morn;
Yet in my heart and mind there was no calm,
For oft my heart with fretful thoughts was torn,
And pined and craved for some untasted balm
To cure its inward pain with its unfailling charm.*

*Mine too in Fancy's wide domain to roam
A mad wanderer, and traverse through the field
Of Poesy, with heart fickle as the foam,
And bound like Nature's solitary child,
While voice of song my lonely way beguiled;
Yet love was none, nor the lustre of it shown;
Love of a kindred soul had yet not smiled.
Thick o'er my eyes a heavy veil was thrown,
And my heart sighed and sobbed, until it was withdrawn.*

*Within my heart there was a blank and void,
Which Love's sweet presence serene did yet not fill,
Whose absence had my holy peace destroyed;
And oft I sobbed and groaned and hoped, and still
Despaired, and trusted to the heavenly will.
Oh, what hot tears I wept, and wailed aloud,
I knew not why,—some want my heart did feel.
Fretful as a child in its new-wrapped shroud,
I was wandering through sunshine like a lonely cloud.*

*Till thou, sweet friend, with thy spring-sweetness came,
And poured it in my wintry cup, and thou
And I became one person and one name;
As e'en this hour serene can show me now
That thou the same mark bearest on thy brow
Of that spontaneous love which thou didst first
Bring to my heart, when cares had laid it low,
To glut with thy gift its long-lurking thirst
For love and happiness, when with drear sorrow curst.*

*This was of my life the springliest spring,
Full woven with all flowers by a hand of might;
When thou with thy love sudden bliss didst bring,
And I had amplest of my heart's delight,
And my sad soul ceased with itself to fight.
How from a heavenly dream I once awoke,
One serenest morn of a dreariest night,
That cleared from my sight the long mist of smoke,
And open'd out the light of love, when my slumber broke.*

*Oh, how angelic was that love supreme,
Love long felt at heart, yet not breathed in word,
That well had been a dreaming poet's theme,
Till I could know wherefore thy blood so stirred!
I thence full-falling on thy bosom heard
The mystic working of heart's inmost core,
Whose meaning had thy lips so long deferred.
Then did thy heart in mine its secret pour,
And I a sharp arrow felt, never felt before.*

*Therefore, since love profound and bliss have been
The noblest portion of our life so blest,
Where Sun shines bright and leaves no cloud between,
Take thou this book of Song, and keep it prest,
Since thou and I are one, to thy sweet breast,
That thee the keeping it may keep the same,
(A sure relief when thou art sore opprest)
And thou and I for ever be one name,
And all my joys and sorrows thine, my fame thy fame!*

*Therefore, friend more dear than the coming child
To its expectant mother, or sudden rain
To starving soil that smiles, as first thou smiled
On my cold heart, and cleaved its inward pain,
Take thou these songs, though of a feeble strain,
And though their infant tone be far from pure,
For their voice once hushed will not speak again.
O therefore take, and pray they may endure
Beyond the grave, that I may of their fate be sure.*