

**GODFREY'S QUEST:
A FANTASTIC POEM**

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Godfrey's Quest: A Fantastic Poem by Caroline Blanche Elizabeth (Lady Lindsay)

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CAROLINE BLANCHE ELIZABETH (LADY LINDSAY)

GODFREY'S QUEST: A FANTASTIC POEM

GODFREY'S QUEST

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LYRICS.

THE KING'S LAST VIGIL.

THE FLOWER SELLER.

THE APOSTLE OF THE ARDENNES.

THE PRAYER OF ST SCHOLASTICA.

A CHRISTMAS POSY.

FROM A VENETIAN BALCONY.

**PUBLISHED BY
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LONDON.**

GODFREY'S QUEST

A FANTASTIC POEM

BY

LADY LINDSAY



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.

1905

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I

Two children sat within an arbour green,
Hand clasped in hand, and yet with hearts apart.
The girl's was home-staying, well pleased to be
Ring-fenced and bound, as many maidens' are,
By household hopes and daily toyful joys.
Life spelled for her the cottage, and its due
Of grassy curves down-shelving to the gate,
The garden where tall lilies stood in rows
And hollyhocks swayed in the gusty airs,
The orchard with its heavy store of fruit,
(Red apples, russet pears, and purple plums,)
The copse hard by, where blue-bells teemed in Spring,
And scarcely might you tread for primrose bloom ;
And O ! the churning, washing, baking days !

GODFREY'S QUEST

The steam and bustle, and such happy noise,
And cheerful work, as earned delicious sleep
Well-nigh before the supper-hour was done.

A heart filled high with peace was Marjorie's,
Holding full measure of kind thought for each,
While, deeply-planted in its closest core,
Was that strong love which from her earliest days
To Godfrey she unstintedly had given.
Godfrey—her brother—he was half the world,
Nay, more, the seven-eighths, and the small remainder
Faded to naught when he came by. For him
She fain had toiled at any work she loathed,
Had worn out eyes and hands and finger-nails,
Fain at his bidding gladly used her strength,
And—spent at last—sunk gladly down to die ;
Yea, fain had left the simple joys she held,
And fain bestowed the little she possessed ;
Most fain had climbed to meet his loftier mind,
But could not, for he seemed to tread the clouds,

GODFREY'S QUEST

And see a-many sights and hear such sounds
As to her humble state were all denied.

Thus meekly would she listen when he told
Of wondrous dreams and dazzling phantasies,
And restless thoughts that throbbed, and thrilled,
and burned

Within him till they grew more keen than life,
While life became a shadowy lifeless dream.
Nor cared he for an answering sympathy,
But spake, as some confide unto the waves,
Or trees, or winds, whose language is not ours,
Yet they, through sheer inaptness, oft-times soothe
Being tuned, as music, to what sense we will.

So Marjorie—whose childish rippling voice
Was like the brook's that custom stills to ears
Which notice not and yet might miss the flow—
Gave utterance to the babble of her mind,