

**THE
PHOENIX LYRE**

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The Phoenix Lyre by Oswald Davis

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OSWALD DAVIS

**THE
PHOENIX LYRE**

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BY

OSWALD DAVIS

LONDON

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DRYDEN HOUSE, GERRARD ST., W.

1903

To

MY MOTHER

IN TRUE ADMIRATION AND WITH DEEP LOVE

I Dedicate this Book

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For my eye

No molten roseate arc of a sun-swollen sky :

Fume and pallor of pearl

In the mists that uncurl,

Fringe of fawn on the dead dun cloud's shredded

husk,

Clotted silver on grey on the lip of the day

In the dawn or the dusk—

For my eye !

Not for me

Light-liveried Spring, green glut of the emerald

lea :

The rib in the roll

Of the heath, and the bole

And blench of lone trees, and the hue of the throe

Of the long furrow's dip, and the seed-tawny tip

Of bare blades bending low—

These for me !