

**POEMS: THE EMPTY PURSE
WITH ODES TO THE
COMIC SPIRIT TO YOUTH
IN MEMORY AND VERSES**

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Poems: the empty purse with odes to the comic spirit to youth in memory and verses by George Meredith

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GEORGE MEREDITH

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TO YOUTH IN MEMORY
AND VERSES

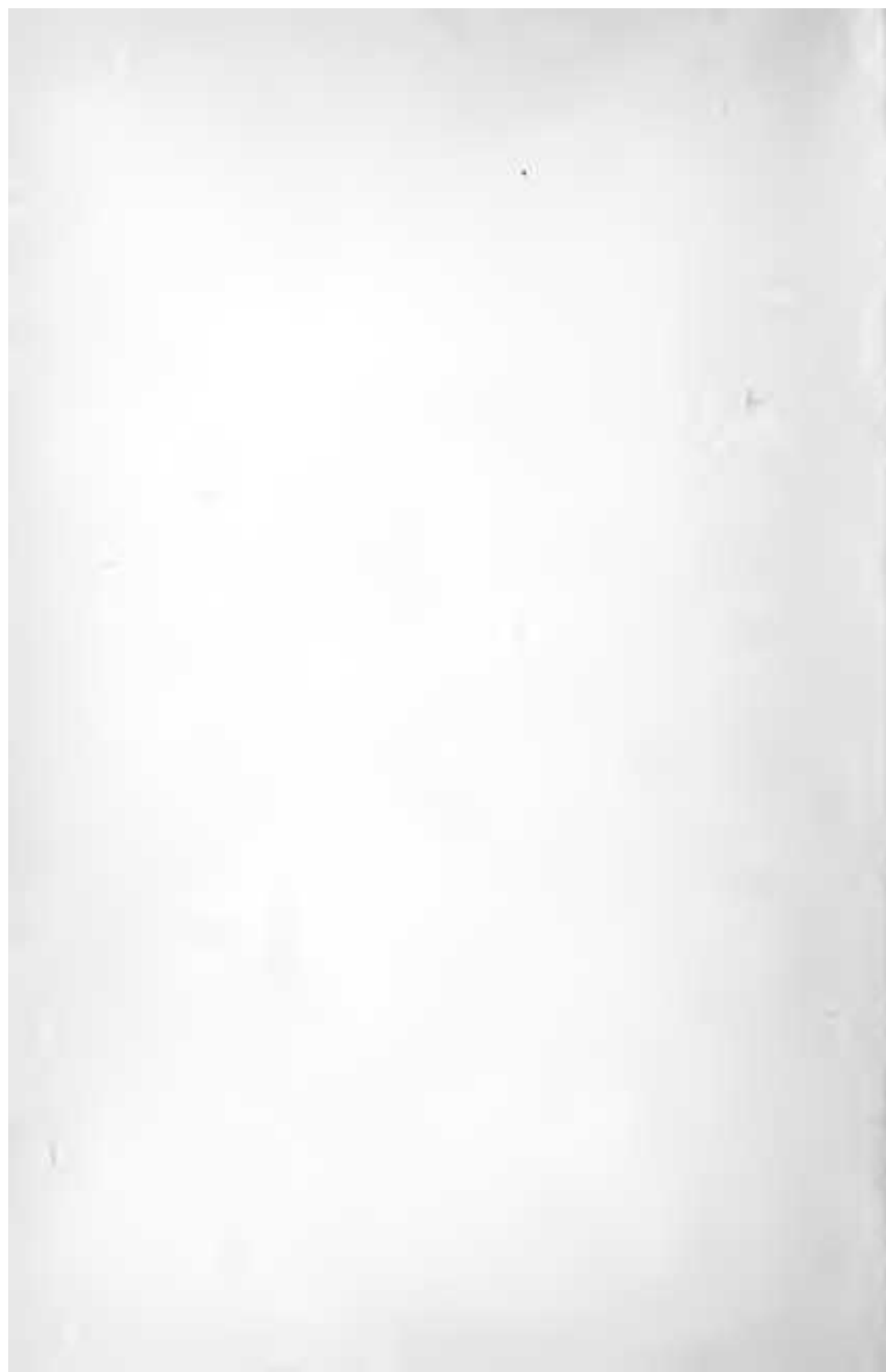
BY

GEORGE MEREDITH

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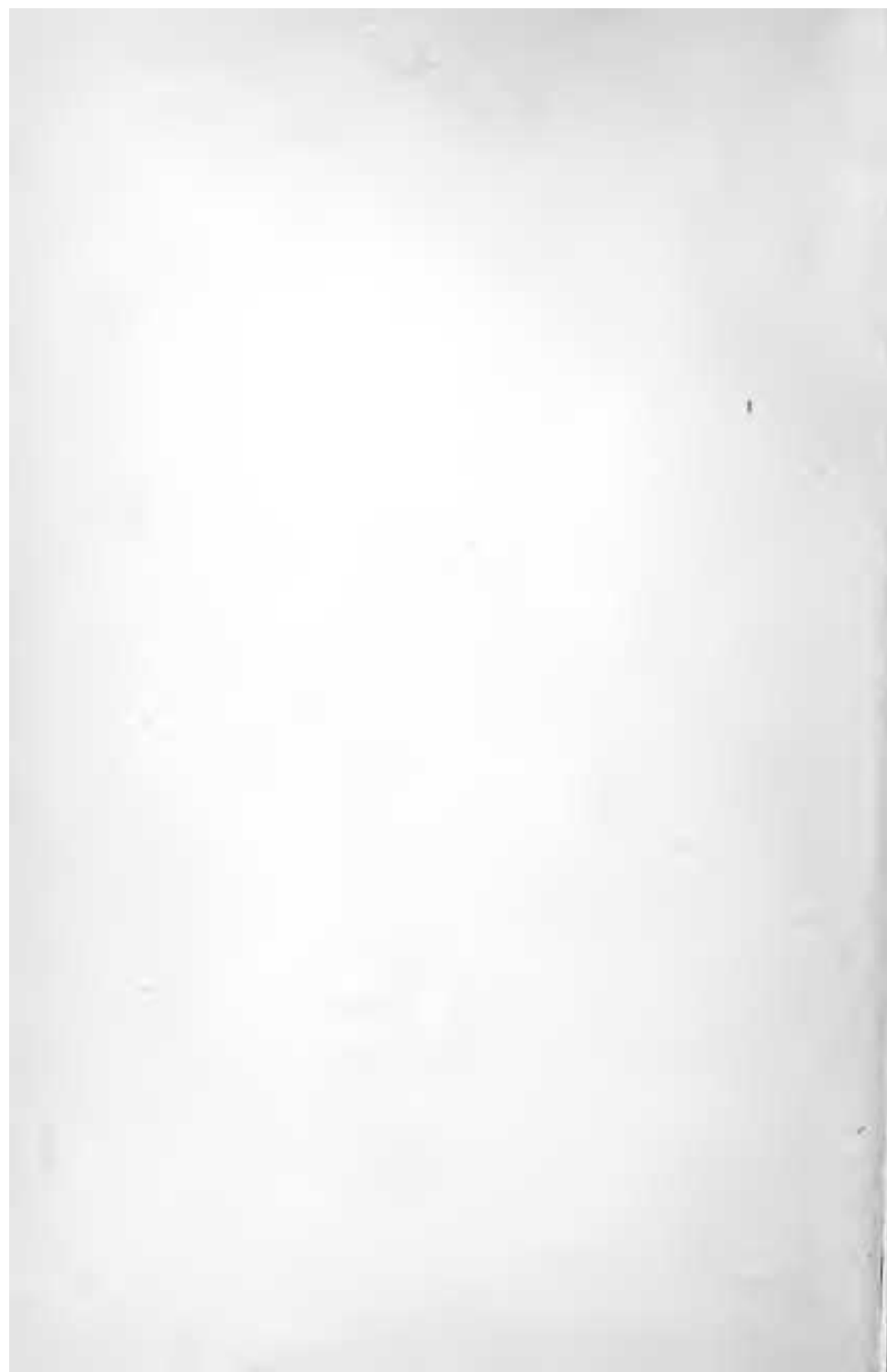
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WIND ON THE LYRE

THAT was the chirp of Ariel
You heard, as overhead it flew,
The farther going more to dwell,
And wing our green to wed our blue ;
But whether note of joy or knell,
Not his own Father-singer knew ;
Nor yet can any mortal tell,
Save only how it shivers through ;
The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew.

THE YOUTHFUL QUEST

His Lady queen of woods to meet,
 He wanders day and night :
The leaves have whisperings discreet,
 The mossy ways invite.

Across a lustrous ring of space,
 By covert hoods and caves,
Is promise of her secret face
 In film that onward waves.

For darkness is the light astrain,
Astrain for light the dark.
A grey moth down a larches' lane
Unwinds a ghostly spark.

Her lamp he sees, and young desire
Is fed while cloaked she flies.
She quivers shot of violet fire
To ash at look of eyes.