

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON;
AN ELEGY, AND
OTHER POEMS MAINLY
PERSONAL. [LONDON-1895]**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649757480

Robert Louis Stevenson; An Elegy, and Other Poems Mainly Personal. [London-1895] by
Richard Le Gallienne

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

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON;
AN ELEGY, AND
OTHER POEMS MAINLY
PERSONAL. [LONDON-1895]**

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
AND OTHER POEMS

TO
MY DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER
THESE POEMS ARE LOVINGLY
DEDICATED

158429

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: AN ELEGY	I
AN ODE TO SPRING	11
TREE-WORSHIP	17
A BALLAD OF LONDON	26
PARIS DAY BY DAY: A FAMILIAR EPISTLE	29
ALFRED TENNYSON	33
PROFESSOR MINTO	38
ON MR. GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT	39
OMAR KHAYYAM	41
THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION	44
AN IMPRESSION	47
NATURAL RELIGION	49
FAITH REBORN	50
HESPERIDES	51
JENNY DEAD	53
MY BOOKS	55
MAMMON	56

	PAGE
ART	57
TO A POET	58
A NEW YEAR LETTER	61
SNATCH	65
MY MAIDEN VOTE	66
THE ANIMALCULE ON MAN	72
COME, MY CELIA	74
TIME'S MONOTONE	78

COR CORDIUM

O GOLDEN DAY! O SILVER NIGHT!	83
LOVE'S EXCHANGE	85
TO A SIMPLE HOUSEWIFE	87
LOVE'S WISDOM	88
HOME	90
LOVE'S LANDMARKS	92
IF, AFTER ALL!	94
SPIRIT OF SADNESS	96
AN INSCRIPTION	98
SONG	99



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AN ELEGY

HIGH on his Patmos of the Southern Seas
Our northern dreamer sleeps,
Strange stars above him, and above his grave
Strange leaves and wings their tropic splendours
wave,

While, far beneath, mile after shimmering mile,
The great Pacific, with its faery deeps,
Smiles all day long its silken secret smile.)

Son of a race nomadic, finding still
Its home in regions furthest from its home,
Ranging untired the borders of the world,
And resting but to roam ;

Loved of his land, and making all his boast
The birthright of the blood from which he came,
Heir to those lights that guard the Scottish
coast,

And caring only for a filial fame ;
Proud, if a poet, he was Scotsman most,
And bore a Scottish name.

Death, that long sought our poet, finds at last,
Death, that pursued him over land and sea :
Not his the flight of fear, the heart aghast
With stony dread of immortality,
He fled 'not cowardly' ;
Fled, as some captain, in whose shaping hand
Lie the momentous fortunes of his land,
Sheds not vainglorious blood upon the field,
But dares to fly—yea ! even dares to yield.

Death ! why at last he finds his treasure isle,
And he the pirate of its hidden hoard ;
Life ! 'twas the ship he sailed to seek it in,
And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile
On maddened winds and waters, reefs un-
known,
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan ;
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel :
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
And lap of waters round the resting keel.

Strange Isle of Voices ! must we ask in vain,
In vain beseech and win no answering word,
Save mocking echoes of our lonely pain
From lonely hill and bird ?