

**A MODERN JUDAS,
AND
OTHER RHYMES**

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A modern Judas, and other rhymes by E. Vincent

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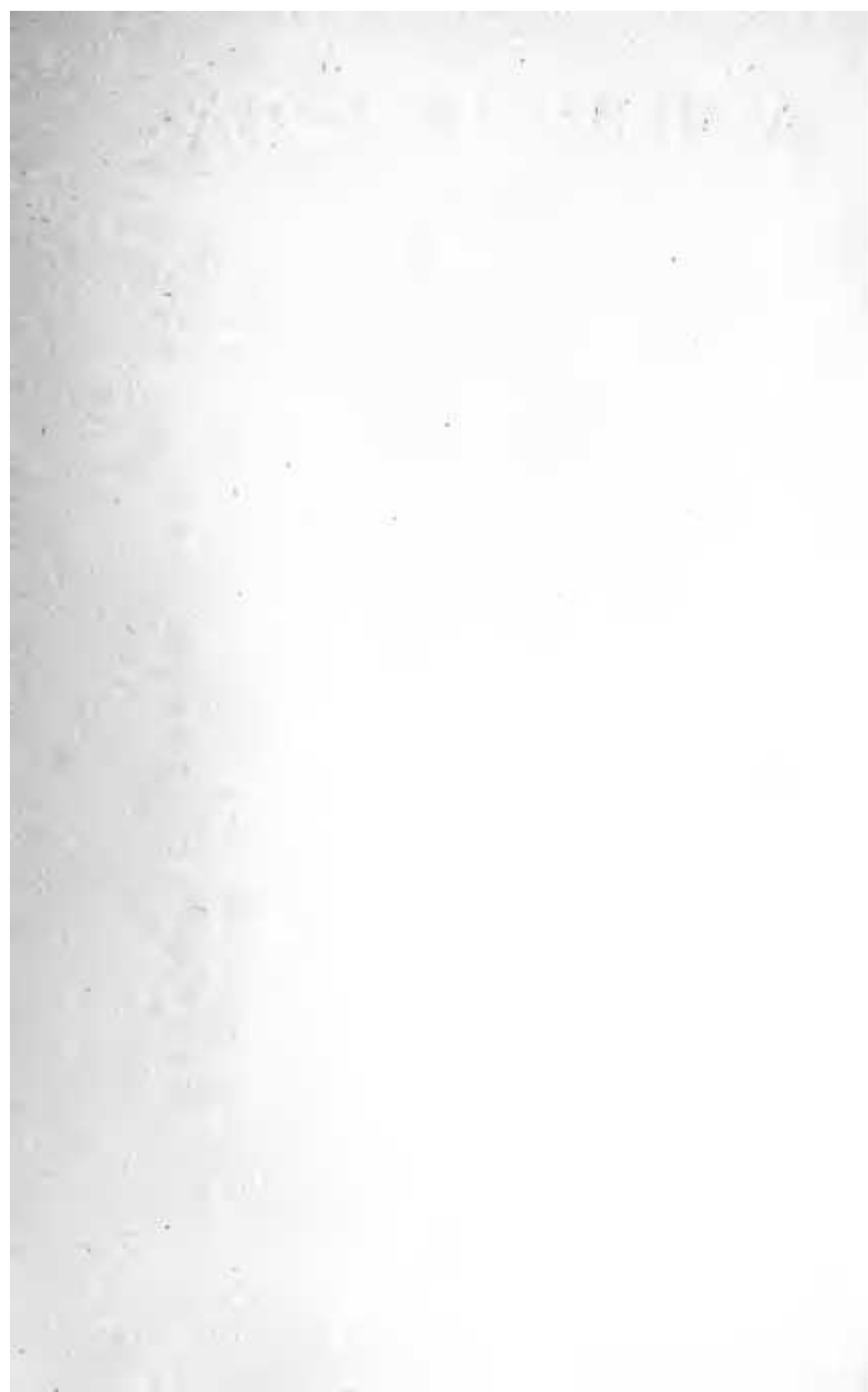
AUTHOR OF "MY FRIEND" AND "DIABOLUS AMANS"

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
STANZAS TO MY WATCH	1
CONNEMARA	6
SAINT HILARY'S TERM	8
THE DAY OF SORROW	12
TO MY VALENTINE	14
A BLIND HUNCHBACK	17
SAINT PATRICK'S DAWN IN ENGLAND	25
OUR LADY'S DAY	26
" IF I WERE A MAN "	29
A MISOGYNIST	36
ALL FOOLS' MORNING	49
A RECURRENT DREAM	51
THE ADOXA	57
A SILENT WOMAN	59
THE MASS OF THE GOOD THIEF	66
AN EASTER HYMN	71
THE SKETCHING CAMPAIGN	74
A MODERN JUDAS	78
DEAD	99
ASCENSION DAY	101
WHITSUNTIDE	104
TRINITY SUNDAY	107
BARNABY BRIGHT	109
DEDICATION	111
AN OLD POET AND A POET'S EPITAPH	112
THE DESERTED ENCAMPMENT	127

	PAGE
TO A DROOPING ASH TREE	132
SUMMER LILIES	135
WHEN WE WERE FRIENDS	137
A MODERN CASSANDRA	139
THE PAST	150
THE DAY THAT SHE WAS BORN, ETC.	152
GO	155
KISSING THROUGH A VEIL	156
SELF IN COMMAND	158
A FELON	160
AUTUMN MIST ON DARTMOOR	179
COCKCROW	183
IN THE MOONLIGHT	186
HALLOWMAS	188
A MODERN CHRISTIAN	191
AN EARLY CHRISTIAN	205
WISH WHAT GOD WILLS	206
A SICK DEBTOR	208
THE SUNNY SIDE	213
THE SAINT AND THE SCHOLAR	217
THE HOUR OF DEATH	241
MY BIRTHDAY	251
MY CHRISTMAS ROSE	254
NEW YEAR'S EVE	256

STANZAS TO MY WATCH

Elle aussi, l'horloge, elle est un être.
GEORGE SAND'S *le Diable aux champs*.

SHALL there be odes
To snails and toads,
Lines to a louse seen on a lady's bonnet,
Stanzas to stones
And rags and bones,
And not to you, my watch, a song or sonnet ?

—You that I back
Against a pack—
Dials and clocks depressed by wind and weather ;
Greenwich may gain,
The sun may wane,
I pit my watch against the two together.

Though I confess
You cost me, yes,
When you were virgin new, a pretty penny,
Of costlier things
Taking to wings,
You have out-throbb'd—I mean, out-ticked—a many.

Passion for fame
 Has leapt to flame,
 Flickered and sunk to darkness in its socket ;
 Loves have grown old
 And friendships cold ;
 But you are still tick-ticking in my pocket.

Had I forecast
 Future now past,
 Would I have spent nocturnal and diurnal
 Vigils and tears
 And cares and fears
 In forging friendships that were not eternal ?

These are the dear
 Things purchased here—
 Passions whose price is pain for every pleasure ;
 But you that cost
 Labour not lost,
 Gold unregretted, you are still a treasure.

And if you mark
 Hours only dark,
 Days only drear, then more, my watch, remind me,
 Even in sleep
 To Death I sweep,
 With less of way before me than behind me.

Oft I deplore,
 With men of yore,
 Life which is death and more than Death may sunder,
 Sighing, " Alas,
 How people pass
 And things remain ! " Are you a *thing*, I wonder ;

—You with a face
None could replace
Expressive of intelligence and feeling ;

—You with a tone
That's all your own,
Plaintive, insinuating and appealing ;

—You with a heart
Hating to part
From me that leave my watch when I'm forgetful ;
Greenwich may stop,
The sun may drop,
And you if you are hurt or dull or fretful ;

—“ Thing ” ?—you that choose
To gain or lose
Or halt if other than myself shall wear you ;
Do things inspire
Feelings of ire
At moments, and such love as this I bear you ?

Than this—a whole
Separate soul—
What title to continuance can be stronger ?
And for your sake
My heart will ache
If there is hour when time shall be no longer.

Whether that hour
Lour or not lour,
Come with me, friend, beneath my earthy cover,
You that night, day,
At work, at play,
Stick to me closelier than a wife or lover.