

**AS THE WIND
BLEW; POEMS**

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As the wind blew; poems by Amelie Rives

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AMELIE RIVES

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AS THE WIND BLEW



Cécile Troubetzkoy

AS THE WIND BLEW

POEMS

BY

AMÉLIE RIVES

(PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY)

*Author of "The Ghost Garden," "Shadows of Flames,"
"World's End," "The Quick or the Dead,"
"Augustine the Man," etc.*



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THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED
WITH ABIDING LOVE
TO
ADAIR ARCHER

"Whom the gods love die young"

2227823

ADAIR

*SO many things you were, Adair,
Framed in a spirit golden fair,
That through your body's wilful grace
And your enchanting, strange young face,
Half angel's and half sylvan god's
And sweet as flowering almond rods,—
Shone in a myriad changeful hues,
As when the dayspring doth diffuse
Its whiteness through the mystic heart
Of the one jewel set apart
Within my thought to picture you,—
The opal wrought of fire and dew;
So many things you were, my dear,
When you were here,—when you were here,—
That it is hard to see you clear
As wholly this, or wholly that,
Or with an epithet smug and pat
To fix you in eternity
As some one thing you'll ever be,—
You that within your earthly span
Seemed Ariel sad for Caliban,
A seraph interested in devils,
A Galahad who on the revels*