

POEMS

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Poems by G. F. Bodley

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G. F. BODLEY

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BY

G. F. BODLEY

A.R.A., F.S.A.

LONDON

GEORGE BELL AND SONS

1899

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PRELUDE.

*To touch a note not inharmonious
With earth's glad music, as it passes by,
Swelling the strain; this is a poet's joy.*

*To strike a chord, which, for a little while,
May sound and dwell within the hearts of men
Before it dies; this is a poet's hope.*

*To lean and listen to Æolian notes
That linger, ere, wind-wafted, they shall pass—
Floating away; this is a poet's rest.*

*To break into full ecstasy of song
With thoughts that wing his willing heart to
heaven,
On Music borne; this is a poet's meed.*

*What if, perchance, one new-born melody
May echo on and fill the world with love
That never dies; that were a poet's crown.*