

**MASTER
AND SCHOLAR**

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Master and scholar by E. H. Plumtre

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E. H. PLUMPTRE

**MASTER
AND SCHOLAR**

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ETC. ETC.

Edward Hayes
BY E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A.



ALEXANDER STRAHAN, PUBLISHER
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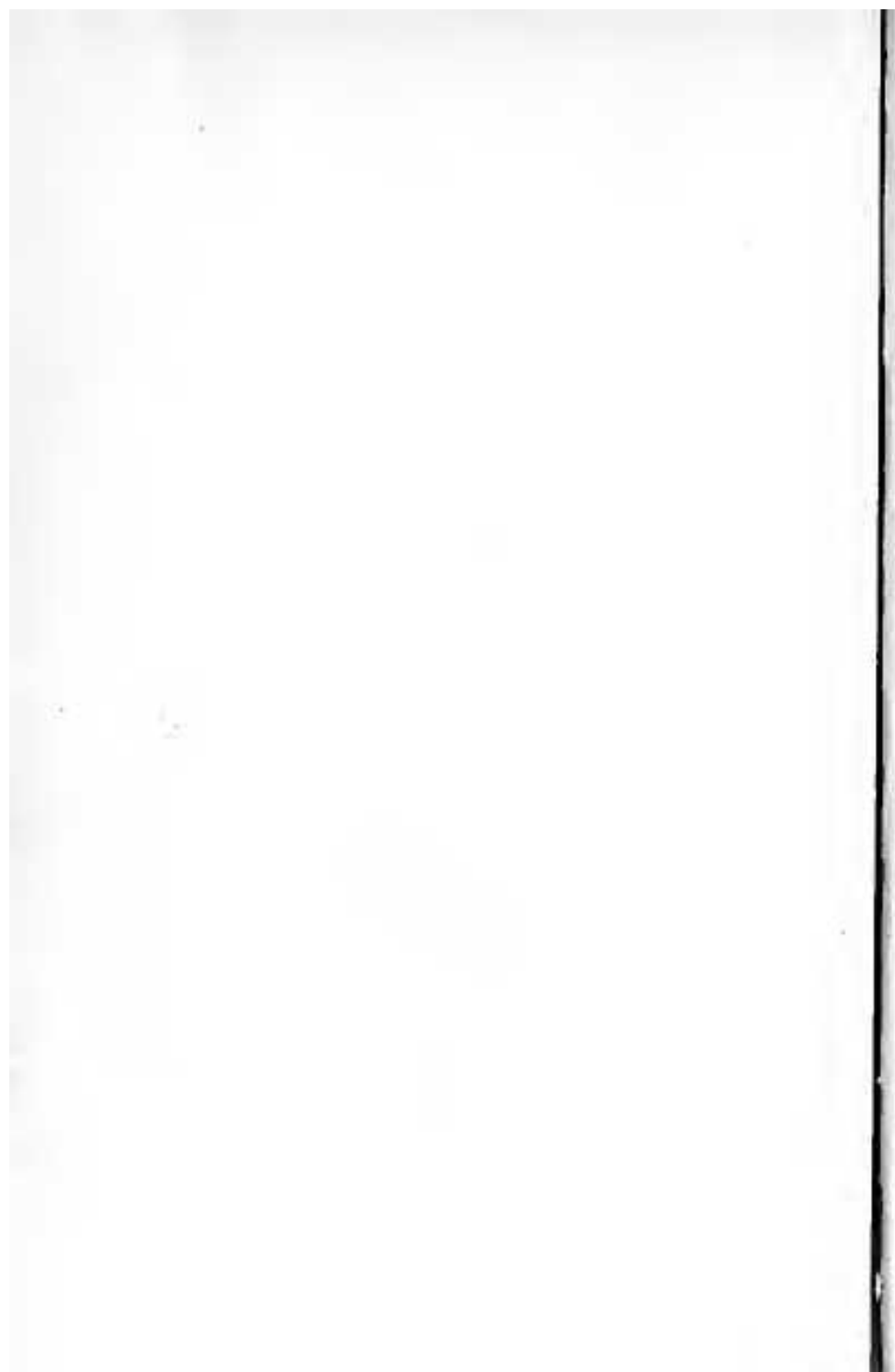
1866

PT

TO
The Memory
OF
JOHN KEBLE.

ONE star of song from out our firmament
Hath passed away, and lo! a vacant space,
Where once rich music flowed from lips of grace
And soothed the murmurs of our discontent :
Silent the voice that once its sweetness sent
Through all the windings of the Christian's year,
Or sang to lyre attuned for listening ear
Of child-like souls whose name is "Innocent."
Hush, faithless grief! This Easter morning bright
Its witness bears nor star nor voice is gone :
That still shines clear for all who love the light ;
This through far lands and ages soundeth on ;
Ah! Were it ours to tune our lives aright,
Nor basely fail where he hath nobly won !

Easter, 1865.



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MASTER AND SCHOLAR.



I.

SCENE—*A Franciscan House. St Ebbe's, Oxford.
A winter sunrise, 1267.*

ROGER BACON *sitting at a desk, dressed as a Franciscan
friar, barefooted.*

THE dawn is breaking, thick and gray the mists
Float upward from the meadows, and the frost
Hangs, silver crystallised, on each feathery bough;
Slowly the river creeps through banks of ice,
Itself half frozen; and the cold clear moon
Still lingers in the west, while golden rays
Light up the spires and towers of yonder town,
Transfigured into beauty. Others wake
From wonted slumbers. Priests and students flock
To chant their matins, and the peasant churl
Seeks fuel in the forest; but to me
Sleep comes not yet. I keep my vigil late,
And through the cold long night I labour still,
For, lo! the night comes on when none can work.

[Writes, and then pauses.]

And so my task is ended, and I close
The labour of my life. This worn-out pen
Has done good service. All my search for truth,
The search through this wide-spreading universe,
The wonders of the earth and of the deep,
The glories of yon star-decked firmament,
The search within through all the maze of life,
The thoughts that come and go, the subtle law
By which men pass from ignorance to doubt,
From doubt to truth, from truth in lower things
To truth in higher, onward, onward still,
Till knowledge ends in wonder, and the soul,
Sated yet craving, stops in weariness,
And then we kneel before the throne, and veil
Our faces, like the Cherubim who stand,
Their rainbow wings enwrapping face and feet,
And evermore cry "Holy is the Lord!"—
All this has reached its end, and what I know,
The treasure God has given me from His store,
Lies here within this casket. So my work,
This greater work than all my former toils,
Shall live throughout the ages. Now I fade,
My strength is dwindling, and my name despised,
Cast out as evil, and the night is dark,
And I have none like-minded. O'er my grave
But few will weep, and few will miss the face
Of him they slander. But a time will come,