

**WRITTEN IN FLORENCE:  
THE LAST VERSES OF  
HUGH MCCULLOCH**

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Written in Florence: The Last Verses of Hugh McCulloch by Hugh McCulloch

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*Hugh M. Culloch.*  
*From a painting by Stephen Hills Parker.*

# Written in Florence

The Last Verses of

HUGH McCULLOCH

AUTHOR OF

'THE QUEST OF HERACLES'



J. M. DENT AND CO.  
ALDINE HOUSE: LONDON

1902

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TO HIS SISTER  
FROM HIS FRIEND

19 FEB '36

## PRELUDE

*In vain I read each sentence o'er and o'er,  
Weighing each meditated cadence well.  
The issues of my hours of labour tell  
Me all too plainly I can do no more;  
'Tis useless longer on the words to pore;  
My art has done its utmost. These must go  
Even as they are, to flutter to and fro,  
As many thousand waifs have gone before.*

*Yes, I have done my utmost; and how far  
The work is from the work I thought to do  
When first I fashioned it within my brain!  
Yet, crude with imperfections as they are,  
I love the verses, knowing how they grew  
Through labour, discontentment, and through pain.*