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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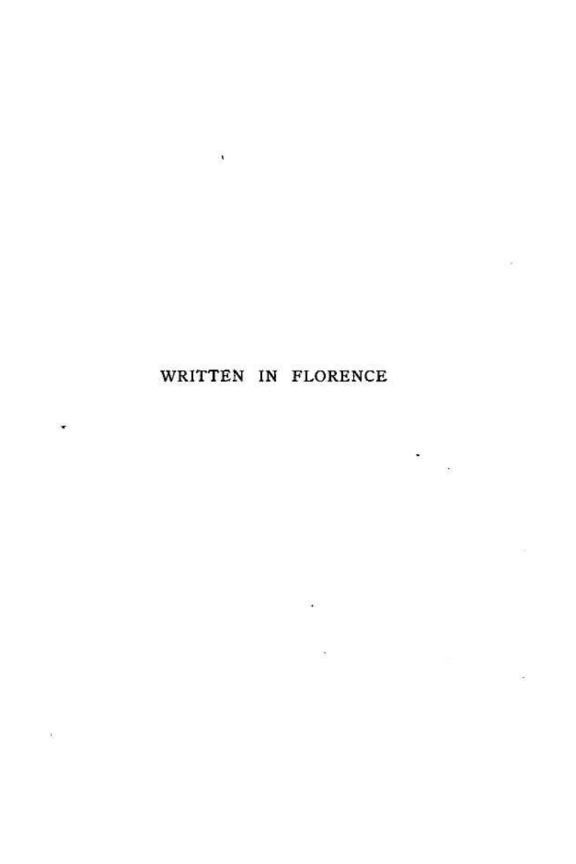
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HUGH MCCULLOCH

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Hugh M. Cullock. From a painting by Hophen Hills Parker.

Written in Florence

The Last Verses of

HUGH McCULLOCH

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AUTHOR OF

'THE QUEST OF HERACLES'



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ALDINE HOUSE: LONDON
1902

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B 1836

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TO HIS SISTER FROM HIS FRIEND

19 FEB 35

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.