

**THE SHADOW OF
THE OBELISK, AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649519514

The Shadow of the Obelisk, and Other Poems by Thomas William Parsons

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

**THE SHADOW OF
THE OBELISK, AND
OTHER POEMS**

THE
SHADOW OF THE OBELISK,
AND OTHER POEMS.

THE
SHADOW OF THE OBELISK
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.



LONDON:
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.
1872.

280. n. 401.

To the *Library*

OF

MY BEST AND EARLIEST FRIEND

DANIEL TREADWELL,

OF CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,

LATE RUMFORD PROFESSOR IN HARVARD COLLEGE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK	1
DECEMBER FOURTEENTH. ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT, 1861	5
THE LAST GENTIAN	8
GUIDO'S AURORA. IN THE ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE, ROME	10
TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	12
FROM LONDON TO MILTON HILL	14
LETTER FROM AMERICA TO A FRIEND IN TUSCANY	15
THE WILLEY HOUSE. A BALLAD OF THE WHITE HILLS	1
ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER, OCTOBER 24, 1852	26
HUDSON RIVER	30
ON A MAGNOLIA FLOWER	35
STEUART'S BURIAL	36
CAMPANILE DI PISA	39
THE ROSARY	44
'SOTTO L' USBERGO DEL SENTIRSI PURO'	48
TO A LILAC	49
WITH A VOLUME OF KEATS	52
BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT BURNS	53
ON A BUST OF DANTE	55
FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. A PICTURE BY SCHOEPPER	58
SONNET XIII. FROM THE 'VITA NUOVA' OF DANTE ALIGHIERI	60
TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	61
TO A LADY, IN RETURN FOR A BOOK OF MICHEL ANGELO'S SONNETS	64
LOSS OF THE SHIP 'ARCTIC'	66
UPON A LADY SINGING	68
SORRENTO	70
A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER	72

	PAGE
VIVA LA MUSICA	74
GUY FAWKES DAY AT THE OLD HOUSE IN SUDBURY	76
THE OLD HOUSE IN SUDBURY TWENTY YEARS AFTER- WARDS	78
THE SCALLOP-SHELL	81
SUMMER-FLITTING	83
IN RETURN FOR SOME PRAIRIE BIRDS	86
NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PEACOCK	88
ALLE SORELLE	90
MUSICA TRIONFANTE	92
TO JOSEPHINE * * * * *. WITH IVY LEAVES	93
DIRGE FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE	94
PROEM TO A TRANSLATION OF MANZONI'S ODE ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON. (IL CINQUE MAGGIO.) IN- SCRIBED TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD	96
INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALMS-CHEST MADE OF CAMPHOR- WOOD	100
A LESSON FOR EASTER. FROM DANTE	101
MORNING DREAMS	102
TO A 'MAGDALEN.' A PAINTING BY GUIDO	103
TO A YOUNG GIRL DYING; WITH A GIFT OF FRESH PALM- LEAVES	105
ST. JAMES'S PARK	106
VIRGIL'S EPIGRAPH ON THE PALACE OF AUGUSTUS	108
PIERI, VALE!	109
PARADISI GLORIA	111
THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD AT GIRGENTI	112
ROSLIN CHAPEL	113
MY SUDBURY MISTLETOE	115

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK.

— combien d'hommes ont regardé cette ombre
en Egypte et à Rome? CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOMeward turning from the music which had
wilder'd so my brain,
That my way I scarce remembered to the Quirinal
again,—
Not unwilling to forget it underneath a moon so fair,
In a solitude so sacred, and so summer-like an air,—
By the shore, I came, of Tiber, little conscious where I
stood,
Till I marked the yellow trembling of the light upon the
flood.

Tethered near, some broken barges hid the wave's august
repose;
Petty sheds of humble dealers nigh the Campus Martius
rose;
Hardly could the dingy Thamis, when his tide is ebbing
low,
Life's dull scene in colder colours to the homesick exile
show.

Winding from the vulgar prospect, through a labyrinth of
lanes,
Forth I stood upon the Corso where its greatness Rome
retains.

Yet it was not ancient glory, though the midnight radiance
fell
Soft on many a princely mansion, many a dome's majestic
swell ;
Though, from some hushed corner gushing, oft a modern
fountain gleamed,
Where the marble and the waters in their freshness equal
seemed :
What though open courts unfolded columns of Corinthian
mould ?
Beautiful it was,—but altered ! naught bespoke the Rome
of old.

So, regardless of the grandeur, passed I towards the
Northern Gate ;
All around were shining gardens,—churches glittering,
yet sedate ;
Heavenly bright the broad enclosure ! but the o'erwhelm-
ing silence brought
Stillness to mine own heart's beating, with a moment's
turn of thought,
And it startled me to notice I was walking unaware,
O'er the Obelisk's tall shadow on the pavement of the square.