

**THE NEW ARCADIA  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The new Arcadia and other poems by A. Mary F. Robinson

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**A. MARY F. ROBINSON**

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# THE NEW ARCADIA

*AND OTHER POEMS*

BY

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

AUTHOR OF "EMILY BRONTE"

"Their lives, a general mist of error"

WEBSTER



BOSTON  
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1884

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40180

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1884

MAIN

TO

VERNON LEE.





PROLOGUE  
TO  
THE NEW ARCADIA.



PROLOGUE.

*Not only in great cities dwells great crime ;  
Not where they clash ashore, and break and moan,  
Are waters deadliest ; and not in rhyme,  
Nor ever in words, the deepest heart is shown.  
But, lost in silence, fearful things are known  
To lonely souls, dumb passions, shoreless seas,  
And he who fights with Death may shrink from these.*

*Alas ! not all the greenness of the leaves,  
Not all their delicate tremble in the air,  
Can pluck one stab from a fierce heart that grieves.  
The harvest-moon slants on as sordid care  
As wears its heart out under attic eaves,  
And though all round those folded mountains sleep,  
Think you that sin and heart-break are less deep ?*

*You see the shepherd and his flocks a-field,  
Hunger and passion are present there, no less.  
Fearful! when suddenly starts forth revealed  
Man's soul, unneighbor'd in its hideousness,  
Man's darker soul, a memory to possess  
Henceforth, by which all nature pales and dies,  
As a city suddenly wan under sunset skies.*

*And I have heard long since, and I have seen,  
Wrong that has sunk like iron into my soul,  
That has eaten into my heart, has burned me and been  
A pang and pity past my own control,  
And I have wept to think what such things mean,  
And I have said I will not weep alone,  
Others shall sorrow and know as I have known.*

*Others shall learn and shudder, and sorrow, and know  
What shame is in the world they will not see.  
They cover it up with leaves, they make a show  
Of Maypole garlands over, but there shall be*