

# POEMS

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Poems by Elizabeth Hardwicke

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**ELIZABETH HARDWICKE**

**POEMS**



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BY

MRS. HARDWICKE.

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Melbourne :

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1894.

## P R E F A C E.

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My first intention was merely to print a number of copies of these poems for distribution among my children and intimate friends, but these have advised me to place the book in the hands of the public, and I have acted upon their advice, and trust that my volume will meet with a kind reception.

One very naturally feels some degree of timidity in launching a new literary venture ; but readers of former small efforts, in both prose and verse, have dealt with me so kindly, I feel less apprehensive of severe criticism than might otherwise be the case.

The reader will observe that in the dedication I have alluded to my verse as "rough quartz—unpolished song." It is so. Doubtless some of the poems would bear a good deal of polish ; but I have a fancy—probably it is only a fancy—that very often a poem is polished and polished till all the strength, character, and force are completely rubbed away, and we have nothing left but a finely-worded flow of verse, having no life, no soul. Still, I would not like it said that my numbers are carelessly written ; and yet this might be a true verdict, for the poems have been composed during spare hours in a very busy life. I trust the reader will, at least, find nothing to offend, but rather something that will

help to pass away an idle hour. So, trusting and hoping  
all things,

I launch my ship at Eastertide,  
Upon a sea that stretches wide  
And far; whose waters, flowing strong,  
May bear my little bark along  
From isle to main, from main to isle,  
Wherever Austral skies may smile.

And should the little ship sail farther, and enter strange  
harbors, it may bear an acceptable message from Australia  
to the dwellers in other lands.

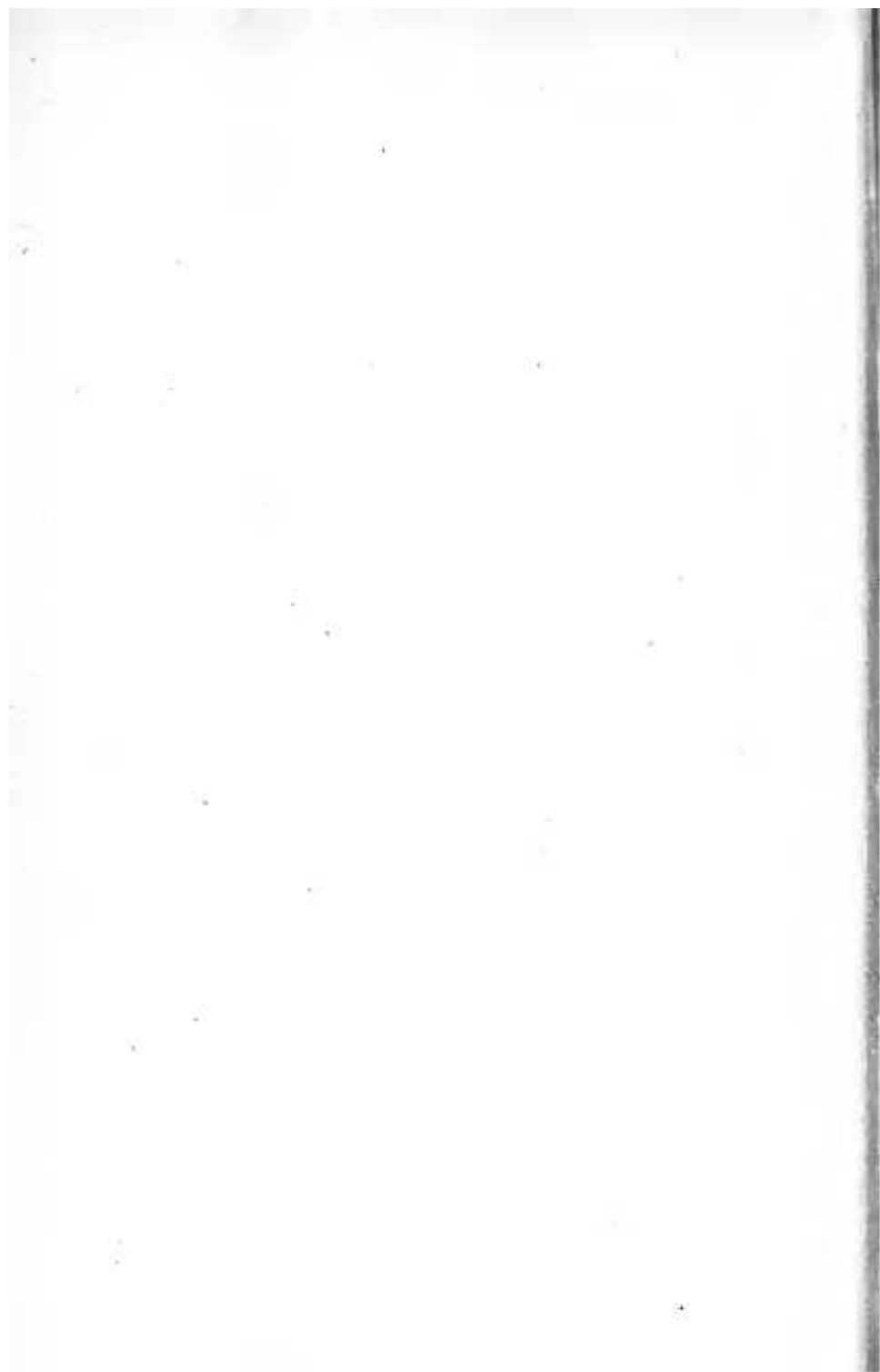
THE AUTHORESS.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS volume of poems is the outcome of some of the leisure hours of a lady who, in her adopted Australian home, has evidently experienced both joy and sorrow. Strong in her domestic affections, and extremely sensitive to the beauties of nature, she has jotted down her impressions of certain historical events, together with scraps of family reminiscences intended as a literary legacy for her children; and these ideas have budded forth into fugitive verses, which have been published from time to time in the "poets' corner" of many a colonial newspaper. Without aspiring to the genius of Kendall or Lindsay Gordon, our authoress has, nevertheless, placed on record a few honest and healthy thoughts, for which human nature will certainly be none the worse, and whatever she has written is at least eminently Australian in sentiment and character. The kind indulgence of the reader is claimed for this small *brochure*, and it is hoped that any little shortcomings that may be observed will be overlooked for the sake of the spirit that has dictated the rhymes. This is the earnest desire of the writer of the present introductory page, who respectfully tenders his best wishes for the success of the publication.





## INDEX.



Preface . . . . .	7
Introduction . . . . .	9
Dedication . . . . .	15
Australia . . . . .	19
A Seaside Reverie . . . . .	23
Garlands . . . . .	26
Lella Mayne . . . . .	27
My Flower . . . . .	32
Christmas, 1874 . . . . .	33
Home . . . . .	35
On a Passage in Lord Lytton's "Eugene Aram" . . . . .	37
Thrice Married . . . . .	39
I Miss Thee . . . . .	43
To the Wallflower . . . . .	45
Our Country . . . . .	47
The Opening of the First Exhibition at Melbourne, 1880 . . . . .	48
The Passing Year . . . . .	52
In Memoriam—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . . .	54
Violets . . . . .	56
Yarra River . . . . .	57
We Three . . . . .	60
Sabbath School Centenary . . . . .	61
The Song of the Absentee's Daughter . . . . .	63
In Memoriam . . . . .	65

The Midnight Rider . . . . .	66
The Land of the Might Have Been . . . . .	67
Lesbia . . . . .	68
A Welcome . . . . .	90
Spring Returns . . . . .	93
Down where the Lilies grow . . . . .	95
To-night . . . . .	96
My Darling's Hair . . . . .	98
To a Literary Friend . . . . .	100
Easter Morn . . . . .	101
To My Son Charles, on the 25th Anniversary of his Birth	102
Wreck of the <i>Turarna</i> . . . . .	104
The Seasons . . . . .	107
Ella . . . . .	110
To a Literary Friend, with a Card . . . . .	113
Nigretti . . . . .	114
Verses Written at the Request of a Friend Bereaved of a Daughter . . . . .	119
To a Night Bird . . . . .	121
To Mary, during a Season of Estrangement . . . . .	122
Life's Pathway . . . . .	124
To "Lauriston" . . . . .	126
The Rich Man's Gifts . . . . .	128
Written in the Cemetery at Hamilton . . . . .	130
The Tardy Woodc . . . . .	132
Memories . . . . .	133
Peace on Earth . . . . .	135
My Guests . . . . .	136
The Years . . . . .	139
Eyes . . . . .	141
To Mrs. Clarke (Inecond) . . . . .	143
By the Sea . . . . .	144