

**IN WAR
TIME, POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649759521

In war time, poems by May Wedderburn Cannan

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MAY WEDDERBURN CANNAN

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TIME, POEMS**

IN WAR TIME

P O E M S

BY

MAY WEDDERBURN CANNAN

OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., FOURTH AVENUE

AND 30TH STREET

M CM XVII

For a Friend

I THAT have tried to write how much I love,
 Keep in my heart unending love for you,
 Who showed me the royal road, and went your
 ways,

Leaving me loneliness in all my days.
 Dear and best friend, you know that this is true,
 That there 's a room hid deep within my heart
 Love-guarded and apart,

To which you, and you only hold the key.
 My Dear, you gave so very much to me ;
 You were so strong and dear and kindly wise.

Now I can wake the laughter in your eyes
 No more, nor hold your dear kind hands again,
 I know that I have reached Life's utmost pain,
 That shall not heal for coming of the day.

My Very Dear, there is so much to say,
 So much I shall remember, so much set
 Within my heart. Starlight upon your spurs,
 Your hands upon the reins,

And the quiet English lanes
 Lit with your bivouac fires ; and leafy Junes
 And the long lazy Summer afternoons
 Upon the river. And Northampton fields,
 Rain-clouded, all the pride

Ch 7/13/43

English Dept.

MAY 11 '43

STECHELT

Of Victory undarkened, when at your side
 I learnt of love that 's service. One hot August
 night
 War threatened : England and you and I,
 Do you remember how we said good-bye ?

Can you remember those quiet July days
 Under the shadow of the apple-tree ?
 I like to think you must have known that we
 Loved you. But when I think that Summer time
 will come,
 And willow-trees join hands across the stream,
 And that we shall not meet,
 That I shall tread no more the sun-flecked street
 Wind-shod to find you in the garden shade,
 My Dear, the dearest dreams that I have made
 Are lonely with the need and want of you.
 I am so very glad to think you knew
 How much we cared. You know that I shall hold
 Those days with joy untold,
 Our friendship as my dearest memory ;
 And you who were so dear a friend and true,
 I think—no, I am very sure that you
 Will keep some love within your heart for me.

April 1917.

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Acknowledgement is made to the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Oxford Magazine*, which first published seven of these poems.

POEMS OF PEACE

I sing Myself

*S*INCE I ha' seen what I ha' seen
In one and twenty years ;
And I ha' been what I ha' been
With laughter and with tears :
Though you should lift your hands and tear
The sun from out the sky,
As old year turneth to new year
So turn I into I.

August 1915.