

SHORT POEMS

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Short Poems by Gascoigne Mackie

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GASCOIGNE MACKIE

SHORT POEMS

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BY

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ETC.

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ENGLAND'S ANGEL.

I.

As, in the glimmering autumn glade
When no rude wind is blowing,
The moon above the pinewood peers
While yet the west is glowing :
So—when the hues of passion fade
Our mortal pride o'erthrowing,
There rises through the deepening shade
Beyond the hush of hopes decayed
Another world in white arrayed ;
And dim upon our dreaming ears
A voice—thy voice, celestial maid,—
Falls, like a river flowing :
Singing to those that sow in tears
The harvest of their sowing.

II.

“ It shall be measured ” saith the lips
Of Justice, “ even as ye mete ” :—
Mightier is she than many ships,
Older than flag or fleet.

The sea is grand with England's dead
 Who died for duty not for fame :
 And still they watch with jealous dread
 Her splendour and her shame.

" Ye sow your seed through every land ;
 And yet it seems ye do not know—
 My people do not understand
 What seed it is they sow.

" If might be all the right ye have,—
 Then—barren as the broken deep,
 And bitter as the beaten wave
 The harvest ye shall reap."

III.

Faint, as at dawn a gentle wind
 That sways a field of standing wheat,
 She breathes upon me, and my mind
 Bows down before her feet.

" O drink the living water-springs
 Of lowly duties, humble joys ;
 Peace to the pure in heart," she sings,
 " For they shall hear my voice."

IV.

" I called to you, but ye were deaf,
 Ye only whispered—as I passed—
 That, like the oak's tenacious leaf,
 The strongest fall the last.

" Go, call your children from afar !
 Bind ye the Mazzaroth in one !
 Can the bright splendour of a star
 Redeem a dying sun ?

" Oh red with blood in many lands !
 How shall my Temple builded be ?—
 Swift through Time's glass the glowing sands
 That measure my decree

" Sink, and can never be recalled :
 O, guard the moments ere they glide !
 So, when the nations stand appalled,
 Or ere th' indignant tide

" Of want and woe, and war's wild shock
 Beat down strong thrones,—the Saxon race
 Shall hew me from the living rock
 Justice—my temple-base.