

**SONGS OF MANY
SEASONS;
PP.10-179**

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Songs of Many Seasons; pp.10-179 by Jemmett Browne

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JEMMETT BROWNE

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SONGS OF MANY SEASONS.



A GAME AT CHESS. (Page 23.)

SONGS
OF
MANY SEASONS.

BY
JEMMETT BROWNE.

ILLUSTRATED BY
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The Holy Field,* where rested the departed,
Was changed into a garden full of blooms,
And many a one whose breast with grief had smarted
Now wandered cheerfully amongst the tombs.

Oh, blessed use! thus happily renewing
The memory of the dead from year to year,
Whilst *we* forget them, or their loss are ruing,
Without one flower to catch a falling tear!

One grave alone I found which was forgotten;
No loving hand had placed a chaplet there;
The stone was rent, the wooden cross was rotten,
And weeds unchecked were growing everywhere.

The lichens, sown by many a season rainy,
Had well nigh all the graven words effaced.
"A mia Giulia amata bene,"
After a while upon the stone I traced.

* Campo Santo.

Was she a wife, a mistress, or a daughter ?
Did lover, spouse, or mother raise this stone ?
The love they bore her, had it ebbed like water,
And left her stranded loveless and alone ?

Or by her loss were their lives wholly blighted,
So that they could not live without her love ?
And had death kindly both again united
To love each other in a world above ?

Poor lady, though upon this All Souls' morning
No well-known hand with flowers thy grave will dress,
A stranger now shall care for its adorning,
To-day no one shall call it flowerless.

I ran and fetched a wealth of autumn roses
And handfuls of the salvia's scarlet plumes,
And scattered them where Giulia reposes
Until the grave was buried deep in blooms.

Is it a foolish thought that she may meet me
Up in a happier world than this of ours,
And with the one who loved her come and greet me,
And thank the stranger for his autumn flowers?





THE TWO ANGELS.



At eve I climbed a belfry tower,
Which rose above an ancient town,
And heard the clappers chime the hour,
As giddy I looked down.

I watched the busy throng below,
Dwarfed by the height—a pigmy race—
For ever moving to and fro,
About the market place.