

YOUTH'S PILGRIMAGE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649197576

Youth's pilgrimage by Roy Helton

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ROY HELTON

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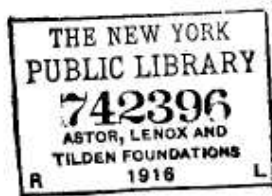


THE POET LORE COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

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ROY WEN
JUN
1925

THE GERRAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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* PUBLISHED WEEKLY.



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The mist of morning like a dream spun prayer
Skeined in the sleep of flowers, stirred to greet
The trembling hope of dawn; the star fraught air
Grew vocal in low tenderness of meek
High anthems, plaintive utterance of birds
Pleading for pity with no want of words
To Light, their fiery lord. And lo, the cheek

Empyrean, at their psalm did throb and thrill;
The sun crept up; wisp clouds like fire, rolled
Faint crimson scud of heaven to crown the hills:
And herald hierarchs winging, flush with gold,
Flamed day into her glory. In her bower
Fronting the sunrise in the sheerest tower
That topped the spires and every glittering hold

Of Childhood's habitation, Rosabel
Rose timidly and thrust the rustling shade
Of silken curtains wide: a nimbus fell
Sheen on her sunny hair that stirred and strayed
Down her white shoulders to her pulsing side,
Warm in the gush of summer. Loath to hide
These beauties from the day their tendrils played