

IMPRESSIONS IN RHYME

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Impressions in Rhyme by Donald Robertson

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DONALD ROBERTSON

**IMPRESSIONS
IN RHYME**

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RHYME.

BY
DONALD ROBERTSON.



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1896.

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*In Beauty's name, the Truth was told
By Artists in the days of old,
Then, hearts were lifted and made free
And fearless, as the open sea,
* That none can tame.*

*Now, men, in times of strife for gold,
With eyes grown heavy, hearts grown cold,
Forget how they gained Liberty
In Beauty's name.*

*Shall I be counted overbold,
Who pour my thoughts into the mould
Of simple Rhymes? If, tremblingly,
I dare to speak of Harmony
And bid men's eyes to Truth unfold
In Beauty's name?*

Tant Mieux.

"Tant pis and tant mieux being two of the great hinges in French conversation."

LAWRENCE STERNE, "Sentimental Journey.

The story of this simple scroll
Is not from Fame's long rigmarole,
It's somewhat queer and rather droll,
It's true ;
"Its chance of hearing then is small,"
Said someone whom I won't recall ;
Eh? "Come on, let us hear it all,"
Tant Mieux.

I'll be as brief, then, as I can,
And tell the story of a man
Whose life was made upon a plan
Not new,
A life with no desire for state
Or rank, or what the world calls great ;
He held that God controlled his fate,
Tant Mieux.

I met him first in student days—
When life seemed set to roundelays,
That sang of nothing but Love's praise ;
Echew !

Why even now, sometimes, he seems
Part of the rainbow colored dreams,
That from the past shed gentle beams,
Tant Mieux.

He lived up in a garret, high,
Where he could see the swallows fly
Across the housetops, near the sky
So blue ;
For fifty years, from sun to sun,
He toiled, until his glass was run,
And then he said "Thy will be done,
Tant Mieux."

A singing soul had Jean Laplace,
And so you see it came to pass,
That music, sweet as sprinkled grass
With dew
He wrote, and sold too, it appears,
While 'round his heart, delicious tears
Kept fresh his nature all these years,
Tant Mieux.

A thin old man whose gentle eyes,
Had never lost the first surprise,
With which they saw Life's morning rise
 In view ;
Of summer's heat, of winter's snow,
He always said " 'Tis better so,"
Or words to that effect, you know,
 " Tant Mieux."

He came while quite a lad, you see
Up from the South to " beau Paris,"
And none more pure, more good than he,
 More true,
Have set aside all thoughts of gain,
Have made a pleasure out of pain,
Have had, to all their thoughts, refrain,
 Tant Mieux.

He loved once, with a boy's strong might,
A maid as pure as virgin light,
That wells forever from God's sight
 Anew ;
To him she seemed a holy thing,
Sent here to do God's minis'tring,
And all the airs of Heaven to bring,
 Tant Mieux.