IN MY LADY'S PRAISE: BEING POEMS, OLD AND NEW, WRITTEN TO THE HONOUR OF FANNY, LADY ARNOLD, AND NOW COLLECTED FOR HER MEMORY

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In My Lady's Praise: Being Poems, Old and New, Written to the Honour of Fanny, Lady Arnold, and Now Collected for Her Memory by Sir Edwin Arnold

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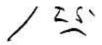
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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," ETC. ETC.

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"Good Right! not Good-bye!"

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(Her last words, March 15, 1889.)

I saw my Lady die; And He, who ofttimes cruel is, dark Death, Was so deep-sorrowful to stay her breath, Ile came, all clemency:

He would not let her know; So well he loved the bright soul he must take That, for our grieving, and her own fair sake, He hid his shaft and bow;

Upon her lips he laid That "kiss of God" which kills, but does not harm; With tender message, breathing no alarm, He said "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad, Pain half-forgiven, parting well-nigh kind, To mark how placidly my Lady's mind Consented.—Ready-clad

IN MY LADY'S PRAISE.

In robes of unseen light Her willing soul spread wing; and, while she passed, "Darling! good-bye!" we moaned—but She, at last, Murmured "No!—but Good-Night!"

Good-night 1 then !—Sweetheart ! Wife— If this world be the dark time, and its morrow Day-dawn of Paradise, dispelling sorrow, Lighting our starless Life.

Good-night !— and not Good-bye ! Good-night !— and best "Good-morrow !" if we wake ; Yet, why so quickly tired ? Well, we must make Haste to be done, and die !

For dying has grown dear Now you are dead, who turned all things to grace; We see Death made pale slumber on your face; Good-night !—But is Dawn near?—

Flowers rich of scent and hue We laid upon your sleeping-place. And these, Flowers of fond verse, which once had gift to please— Being your own—take, too !

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