# **THREE CROWNS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649533596

Three Crowns by Lucy Hall Bradlee

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

### **LUCY HALL BRADLEE**

# **THREE CROWNS**



## THREE CROWNS.

0

By the Author of

"CHRISTUS VICTOR."



BOSTON: WILLIAM V. SPENCER. 1866. 23494.47

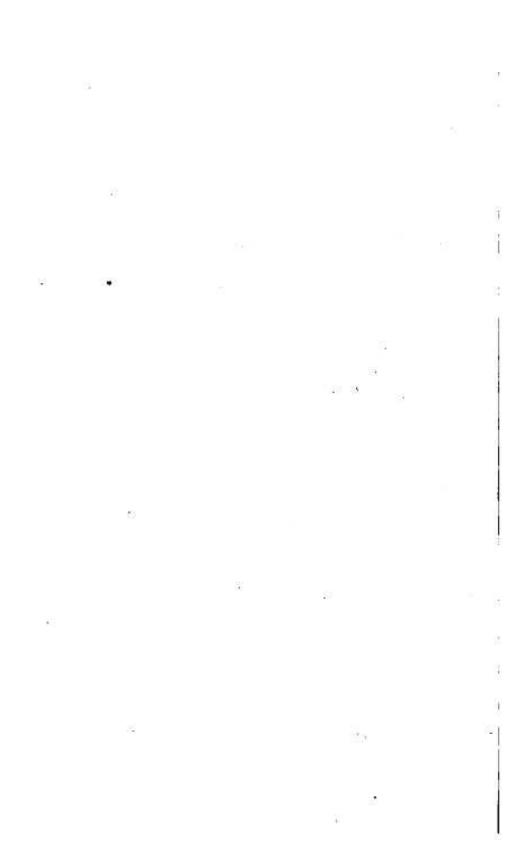
the Publisher.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SONS.

### CONTENTS.

				3 <b>-</b> 714	:2				3.4		PAGE		
Margret		8	•			•	•	•		*	*		
PAUL AND BERNARD		•				*	•	÷	4	<b>36</b>	•	•	3
KASPAR AND GERTRUD	E.												9:



### THREE CROWNS.

#### MARGRET.

It is not dark, although the sun has set:
A faint and rosy light is lingering yet,
In air, on earth, and sea, o'er hill and plain,—
The promise of the sun to come again.

'Tis summer: at an open window stands
A lady with a letter in her hands;
There is no sorrow yet upon her face,—
As yet no bitter tears have left their trace.

She looks like one who has not waked to life; Who stands as yet outside its rush and strife: She is not dead nor cold; she slumbers now, — Repose in life is written on her brow.

You see the fuel for the fire is there; It needeth but the match to flame and flare: The pulses of that heart can bound and leap; Now beating gently as a child's in sleep. And yet the letter that she's holding there, Is big with fate for her and one elsewhere: "This answer pleases him, so I'm content." She murmurs, "What I've written must be sent."

She finds her messenger, who speeds away; And then returns to watch departing day: She looks towards the sea, and murmurs low, It makes me happy to relieve his woe.

How sweet it is to soothe another's pain, To wake the sunlight in a heart again! He wrote, I have not smiled since that sad day I said, She loves me not, and sailed away.

Poor Philip, tossing on that restless sea,
This letter will bring peace and joy to thee!
I think that with my lot I am content,
Great happiness for me perhaps not meant.

I think in time I shall love Philip well: I think our souls in harmony can dwell; That mighty Passion which has swayed the world, And souls of men from life to death has hurled,

In mercy, I must think, has passed me by; I have not felt its grasp of agony:
My love is quiet, feeleth no alarm,
Knoweth no ecstasy, feareth no harm.

With Philip, I am master of my life:
Though I will be a loved, obedient wife,
I sometimes wonder if another soul
Could wrest the helm from me, and take control,

And at his pleasure make me sink or swim, Hoist sail or anchor at a word from him: Oh what a fearful power for man to hold, Unless his soul by God's high hand controlled!

My Philip says, with me alone the power To shield and save him in temptation's hour; He says that I am far more strong than he; 'Tis sometimes thus; but ought it so to be?

Did I say ought, since God alone doth give The strength by which we help the weak to live? If He makes strong, shall I prefer to be A woman weak because it pleaseth me?

I shall have God to lean upon, and guide:
If Philip falters, Christ is at my side;
My husband's faults shall be forgot in love;
All human strength is weakness seen above.

We know Christ lighteth every soul that comes Into this world: sometimes that light becomes Feeble and dim; Christ lays his royal hand Upon some child of earth, with this command:—