

**IN WAR  
TIME: POEMS**

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In war time: poems by May Wedderburn Cannan

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**MAY WEDDERBURN CANNAN**

**IN WAR  
TIME: POEMS**



# IN WAR TIME

POEMS

BY

MAY WEDDERBURN CANNAN

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OF THE  
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OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., FOURTH AVENUE

AND 80TH STREET

M CM XVII

*For a Friend*

I THAT have tried to write how much I love,  
Keep in my heart unending love for you,  
Who showed me the royal road, and went your  
ways,

Leaving me loneliness in all my days.  
Dear and best friend, you know that this is true,  
That there 's a room hid deep within my heart  
Love-guarded and apart,  
To which you, and you only hold the key.  
My Dear, you gave so very much to me ;  
You were so strong and dear and kindly wise.  
Now I can wake the laughter in your eyes  
No more, nor hold your dear kind hands again,  
I know that I have reached Life's utmost pain,  
That shall not heal for coming of the day.  
My Very Dear, there is so much to say,  
So much I shall remember, so much set  
Within my heart. Starlight upon your spurs,  
Your hands upon the reins,  
And the quiet English lanes  
Lit with your bivouac fires ; and leafy Junes  
And the long lazy Summer afternoons  
Upon the river. And Northampton fields,  
Rain-clouded, all the pride

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Of Victory undarkened, when at your side  
I learnt of love that 's service. One hot August  
night  
War threatened : England and you and I,  
Do you remember how we said good-bye ?

Can you remember those quiet July days  
Under the shadow of the apple-tree ?  
I like to think you must have known that we  
Loved you. But when I think that Summer time  
will come,  
And willow-trees join hands across the stream,  
And that we shall not meet,  
That I shall tread no more the sun-flecked street  
Wind-shod to find you in the garden shade,  
My Dear, the dearest dreams that I have made  
Are lonely with the need and want of you.  
I am so very glad to think you knew  
How much we cared. You know that I shall hold  
Those days with joy untold,  
Our friendship as my dearest memory ;  
And you who were so dear a friend and true,  
I think—no, I am very sure that you  
Will keep some love within your heart for me.

April 1917.

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Acknowledgement is made to the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Oxford Magazine*, which first published seven of these poems.

*POEMS OF PEACE*

*I sing Myself*

*S*INCE I ha' seen what I ha' seen  
In one and twenty years ;  
And I ha' been what I ha' been  
With laughter and with tears :  
Though you should lift your hands and tear  
The sun from out the sky,  
As old year turneth to new year  
So turn I into I.

August 1915.