

**HYMNS  
AND SONNETS**

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Hymns and Sonnets by Eliza Scudder

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**ELIZA SCUDDER**

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BY

ELIZA SCUDDER



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## THE SISTERS

"And then I thought how thou hadst been to me  
Even as this flower. . . .

Heaven help my heart  
When the flower withers and thy steps depart."

ELENA SCUDDER : *The Labyrinth*.

FROM dim, mysterious forest depths they came  
Where dwells the mighty Mother ; whom from  
birth  
They worshipped, till they felt her beauty's worth  
In every wayside flower, and shared the same,  
Sweet secret of a Soul whose gentle frame  
Was flowerlike ; and, where'er they walked on  
earth,  
Bright loves and sympathies sprang blooming  
forth ;  
Which Time ne'er withered with his wasting  
flame.

And still about their way the gathering band  
Of tender friendships ever fairer grew ;  
Till, yet unparted, with unfailing powers,  
They passed, together, through the woodland  
    bowers,  
Where every fragrant blossom blooms anew,  
Back through the forest roaming hand in hand.

WILLIAM PAGE ANDREWS.

CAPRI, 4 November, 1896.



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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS edition of *Hymns and Sonnets* is a reprint of the volume published in 1880, with two further poems written and printed since that date. It may cause some surprise to those who knew the author, that so thin a book should contain the harvest of so rich a nature, and it is not quite easy for those who knew her best to account to themselves for the infrequency with which Miss Scudder wrote. She was so generous in conversation and letters, and had so many hours of enforced quiet that it would seem natural for her to have used verse as an outlet for her overflowing spirit. Yet fifty years lie between the first and the last poem in this volume, and though the collection in the first instance was the result of some sifting, there is no reason to suppose that the entire amount of the writer's verse was much greater. Moreover there could have been no