

THESEUS, MEDEA AND LYRICS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649249657

Theseus, Medea and Lyrics by T. Sturge Moore

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

T. STURGE MOORE

**THESEUS, MEDEA
AND LYRICS**

All rights reserved

THESEUS · MEDEA · AND · LYRICS
BY · T. · STURGE · MOORE

DUCKWORTH · AND · CO.
LONDON · MDCCCIV

113

TO ANNIE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Theseus	page 9
Medea	" 18
Love's Faintness Defied	" 26
Love's Faintness Accepted	" 27
Love's Loss Lamented	" 28
A Second Lament for Love's Loss	" 30
That Land	" 32
Kindness	" 34

THESEUS

“What am I? O thou sea, with all thy noise,
Thou tell'st me not :—and thou great sun, that leavest
Once more thy ruby red on little clouds
Where thou hast dived from sight, art mute and art
No parent of an answer to my prayer,
My daily prayer to thee. Those clouds, are they
As I am? and shall I, as they will, lose
What fastens now the eyes of men on me?
Youth, as they say, is that but as yon red
Which dims while I gaze on it, dims and fails
Before the breath of all-disabling night?
It makes me shudder: is there such a breath
To conquer youth and make men lose their glow?
A gulf to swallow youth as night those tints?
And shall I scurry as the storm-chased cloud,
Darkling and teased to tears, and torn with groans?
Ah, must it come upon me to be spent
And no more heard of? Is there a gulf like that?

The men I meet, have they been once like me,
And has a tyrant force so bowed their backs,
Browbeaten them and taught them furtive haste,
Made all their actions relish of escape
From Fate, that only baffler of the gods?
For even the old man, who has lived well

Whose smile of fortitude has blessed and blessed,
 Day after day, his friends through fifty years,
 When his knees totter and his arm grows weak,
 Though the gods love him, yet, to please Fate, he
 Must be content to palter and lose all ;
 'Neath cover of a smile, be quite undone,
 Yea, steal away, stand by, and let the grand
 Converging circumstances tempt in vain
 To some exploit worthy his life laid down,
 Needed by all the world, but which weak hands
 And knees that shake can now forbid him bring
 To masterful fruition. Yea, Fate's fool,
 Amidst the dearth of younger men endowed
 With spirit and resources like his own,
 He must sit down, give counsel, then unsay ;
 Even as I have had to fume 'mid men
 Who lacked my heart, yet own'd the strength I lacked,
 And watch the chance go by—feeling it fleet,
 The unseized moment when a god cried ' Dare !'
 → 'Tis sullen Fate thus thwarts the hopeful god,
 Thus ends the good man, thus begins with me ;
 Who oftenest, ah ! cloudeth the whole life's course,
 Who treads close at the heel, breathes in the neck,
 —Yet drives no sharp spear crashing through the breast,
 Plunges no knife sideways between the ribs,
 And cracks the skull beneath no knotty club,