

**THE LOST EAGLE
AND OTHER VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649305698

The Lost Eagle and Other Verses by Norval Clyne

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NORVAL CLYNE

**THE LOST EAGLE
AND OTHER VERSES**

THE LOST EAGLE

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY

NORVAL CLYNE,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY."

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

ABERDEEN:

1880.

To my Wife

THESE PAGES
ARE MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,

THE following pieces have appeared in various Periodicals, except the "Fragments" of a Poem written during the Winter of 1839-1840. Other portions of it are represented by "The Lost Eagle" and the "Dream of Chivalry," with some stanzas subsequently added to the latter, and by the verses on the Battle of Harlaw, in "Ballads from Scottish History" (1863). The same youthful production contained many more lines, which I refrain from inflicting on my friends.

6th May, 1880.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE LOST EAGLE,	1
II. A DREAM OF CHIVALRY,	7
III. FRAGMENTS OF A RHYME OF THE NORTH :	
1. THE WEATHER-COCK,	20
2. MORNING IN TOWN,	20
3. ALMA MATER,	23
4. THE DEE AND THE DON,	24
IV. SATHANAS AND THE FRYAR,	26
V. THE OLD MAN'S MELODIES,	33
VI. KILMAVRONAID,	35
VII. LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS,	37
VIII. THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND :	
1. IT WAS A DAY IN LEAFY SUMMER-TIDE,	40
2. I LOVE THEE, CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,	41
3. AWAKEN, O CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS,	45

I.

THE LOST EAGLE.

Founded on an incident which occurred at Girdleness Lighthouse, on the North-East Coast of Scotland, in the Autumn of 1839.

A story goes, which may be sung or said,
And freely I propose in verse to handle,
How once a Lighthouse and an Eagle played
The common tragedy of Moth and Candle
On a large scale. The public prints averred
The accurate dimensions of the bird,
His length from beak to tail, and breadth of wing ;
But many a thing is said which poets cannot sing.

THERE was an Eagle soaring to the sun
From a lone peak amid the wilderness
Of Norway's old pine forests broad and dun ;
Soaring through airy regions measureless.
The pride of youth was in his eyes' expanse,
The scorn of earth was in their rolling glance ;
Swiftness and strength were in the wings that bore
The brave young bird along to Norway's western shore.

On high he passed, in glory of his strength,
The mountain-land ; the land was not for him !
Passed where the ocean billows' foamy length
Ran flashing on the rocks, unheard and dim ;
And where the restless seamews white would go,
Rising in clouds, soon broken, far below ;
A moment wheeled his pinions in disdain ;
The shore was not for him ! He launched above
the main.

His spread wings proudly cleft the yielding air,
As with a steady course and keen eye still
He followed the descending sun, and there
The tempest found him from his native hill.
The land he scorned had faded from his ken,
And shoreless waters were around him then ;
Yet sped he fearless on, though, with the frown
Of vexed and clouded skies, the shades of night came
down.

The Ocean Spirit of the Storm awoke,
Summoning perils from the deadly pool
Of noisy Maelstrom, and the lightning broke
From the descending blackness. Near and full
The thunder rolled upon the blasts that raged
Above, beneath, and furious battle waged

With the proud bird still westward journeying,
As mightily he struck the tempest with his wing ;

Until at last a flood of lightning came,
Red-rushing and invincible, and he,
Lost and bewildered in the darkening flame,
Fell struggling downward to the boiling sea.
He heard it nigh, and on the wing anew
With drunken course uncertainly he flew,
Lost in a region starless and unknown,
His youthful daring quenched, his kingly pride o'er-
thrown.

But not alone he wandered ; for there went
Dark rolling through the strife of waves below,
And labouring like Leviathan o'erspent,
A ship, with danger on her stern and prow.
The one hoarse voice above the tempest calling,
The hurried treading of the crew, the falling
Of crashing spars, and roar of sails wide-riven,
Were sounding from the ship to wreck unsuccoured
driven.

The mariners, amid their toiling care,
A flapping of loud wings above them heard,
And fear unwonted filled each bosom there
With boding thoughts the thunder had not stirred ;