

# POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649268719

Poems by George C. Cope

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**GEORGE C. COPE**

**POEMS**



# P O E M S

BY

GEORGE C. COPE

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W

M CM VII



PR  
4503  
C7A17  
1907

## Dedication

### TO MAEVE

THOU whose name is as a pool  
Runnels three are filling full  
With the colours of the sky  
And the hoarded imagery  
Each by purling aits may bring  
From its cloud-awaken'd spring—

Maeve—Mavourneen—Mavis—bear  
Witness of the meanings there—  
Queen from sad Iernè sprung—  
Darling in Iernè's tongue—  
Singer of the soft dark eyes  
And impassion'd melodies—

Take—if any passion shine  
Through these melodies of mine—  
Take and deem it but to be  
Part of all I proffer thee,  
Written prelude of the part  
Written only in my heart.





## Contents

### I

	PAGE
The Dream and the Picture . . . . .	3

### II

The Moor . . . . .	35
Murder Lane . . . . .	38
"So soon passeth it away" . . . . .	40
To You ! . . . . .	42
It has not been my wont . . . . .	44
The Sun supreme . . . . .	45
She thought I scarce should know her . . . . .	46
Rise, man ! . . . . .	47
Scilly . . . . .	48
Venus . . . . .	49
Youth . . . . .	50
Beyond the fair horizon's rosy hills . . . . .	51
The perishing hates . . . . .	52

	PAGE
This magic day . . . . .	54
Why halt ye so with lips apart . . . . .	55
Adieu . . . . .	57
Revelation . . . . .	61

### III

Soft secret to herself and all men . . . . .	65
Aileen . . . . .	66
O Innocence, not any word . . . . .	67
How sweetly does her velvet voice caress . . . . .	70
A Bluebell . . . . .	71
Made to be loved in every stir . . . . .	72
Homily . . . . .	75
Lily of youth . . . . .	79
Only I love her . . . . .	83
It is the sweetest day I ever knew . . . . .	85
The fabled wanderer . . . . .	86
Just here . . . . .	87
Lips . . . . .	93
The Thracian sage . . . . .	98
May Day . . . . .	99
All things admonish . . . . .	104
This combe whose copse in old days hid . . . . .	105
Beauty is that inalienable sphere . . . . .	106
A bird might shelter in the sea . . . . .	107
O Love, being thine . . . . .	108

	PAGE
Last year . . . . .	109
From the Hill-top . . . . .	111
Do you remember ? . . . . .	112
It cannot be that into the great deep . . . . .	113
To look up now . . . . .	114
Synaphè . . . . .	115
I watch'd your white robe twinkling . . . . .	116
To honour thee . . . . .	120
Une Petite Histoire . . . . .	121
Vague as that elfin glint . . . . .	125
Love, innocence . . . . .	127
Come, well-beloved, come ! . . . . .	132
Whether the woodbine along the burn . . . . .	133
But to be with you, Aileen . . . . .	136

#### IV

The Sunset . . . . .	141
Not Yet . . . . .	142
A Child's Thought . . . . .	145
Once More . . . . .	146
She sees the young year overjoy'd . . . . .	147
To Two . . . . .	148
That busy loveliness was like a hive . . . . .	149
Green were the boughs . . . . .	150
Weary of Breath . . . . .	151
The two Maestri di Scherma . . . . .	155
The broken Pledge . . . . .	156