

**THE MOUNTAIN OF THE
LOVERS; WITH POEMS OF
NATURE AND TRADITION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649756728

The mountain of the lovers; with poems of nature and tradition by Paul Hamilton Hayne

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

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

**THE MOUNTAIN OF THE
LOVERS; WITH POEMS OF
NATURE AND TRADITION**

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS;

WITH

POEMS OF NATURE AND TRADITION.

BY

PAUL EL. HAYNE.

NEW YORK:

E. J. HALE & SON, PUBLISHERS,
MURRAY STREET.

1875.

953

H423

mon

Dedication.

TO

MARGARET J. PRESTON,

OF VIRGINIA.

Mine eyes have never gazed in thine,
Our hands are strangers; yet divine
The deathless sympathy which binds
Our hearts and minds!

Thou singest along the mountain side;
Thy golden songs are justified
By the rich music of their flow;
I sing below,

Where the lone pine-land airs are stirred
By notes of thrush and mocking bird;—
The heights befit thy loftier strain;
Mine courts the plain.

M886322

DEDICATION.

And now, with joyous sylvan things
All round me, 'mid the flash of wings,
The rivulet's lapse, the breeze's play,
On this bright day,

Flushed like a Dryad's tender face
With early spring-time's happiest grace,
This day of soft harmonious hours,
Made sweet with flowers,

My lowland Muse is hie to send
Fair greeting to her mountain friend,
And—yearning more for love than praise—
These wild-wood lays!

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Dedication.....	3
The Mountain of the Lovers.....	7
The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana.....	34
The Voice in the Pines.....	55
The Solitary Lake.....	57
Visit of the Wrens.....	60
Aspects of the Pines.....	65
Forest Pictures.....	66
Golden Bell.....	68
Cloud Pictures.....	71
Midsummer in the South.....	74
In the Pine Barrens.....	78
The Woodland Phases.....	80
Sonnet.....	82
Sonnet.....	83
After the Tornado.....	84
By the Grave of Henry Timrod.....	85
Sonnet.....	90
Violets.....	91
Whence?.....	93
Ariel.....	95
The Cloud Star.....	97
Sonnet.....	99
Sonnet.....	100
Sweetheart, Good-Bye.....	101

	PAGE.
Sonnet	103
Frida and her Poet.....	104
In the Bower.....	110
Sonnet.....	112
Lucifer's Deputy.....	113
Preëxistence.....	117
A Thousand Years from Now.....	119
Sonnet.....	122
When All has been Said and Done.....	123
On the Death of Canon Kingsley.....	126
Thunder at Midnight.....	129
The Arctic Visitation.....	131
The Vision in the Valley.....	134
The Wind of Onset.....	135
The Visit of Mahmud Ben Suleim to Paradise.....	137
My Daughter.....	147
Our "Humming Bird".....	150
Sonnet.....	152
Sonnet.....	153

The Mountain of the Lovers.

[The most important feature in the landscape of this poem the old Chronicler persists in designating as a mountain of "steep" and "terrible" ascent; but that it could not have been a mountain, and, despite certain obstacles which made it dangerous for men on horseback, it might not even have been a very "terrible" hill, is shown by the fact, that among the crowd who reached the summit soon after the catastrophe, were "old men," whom the excitement of the time and scene would hardly have sufficed to bear safely up were the Chronicler's expressions to be *literally* accepted. To any man loaded as Oswald was, the ascent of a comparatively moderate height would prove a fearful trial; but in his case the atrocious cruelty of the experiment, and the life and death issues involved, became so closely associated in the spectators' minds with the *material* scene of the tragedy, that the latter was not unnaturally beheld through the magnifying medium of pity and terror. Thus the hill was elevated into a mountain! The old Chronicler celebrates it as such. We follow the old Chronicler—to the death!]

I.

Love scorns degrees! the low he lifteth high,
The high he draweth down to that fair plain
Whereon, in his divine equality,
Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain;
'Gainst such sweet levelling Custom cries amain,
But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh,
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious still,
For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

II.

But ah! this sovereign will oft works at last
The deadliest bane, as happed erewhile to her,
Earl Godolf's daughter, many a century past :
She loved her father's low born Forester,
About whose manful grace did breathe and stir
So clear a radiance by soul-virtues cast,
He moved untouched of social blight or ban—
Nature's serene, true-hearted gentleman.

III.

Yet she alone of all the household saw
That lofty soul beneath his serf's attire ;
But of the ruthless Earl so great her awe,
Close, close she kept her spirit's veiled desire,
Nor outward shone one spark of hidden fire.
Too well she knew to what stern fendal law
She and her hapless Love perforce must yield,
If once this tender secret were revealed.

IV.

Yea! even by Oswald's self her covert flame
Undreamed of burned ; proud stood she, coldly fair,
When, to report of woodcraft lore, he came
To the Earl's hall, and she was lingering there.