

# POEMS

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Poems by J. A. C.

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**J. A. C.**

# **POEMS**



# P O E M S

BY  
J. A. C.

**In Memoriam.**

*JULY 14, 1880.*

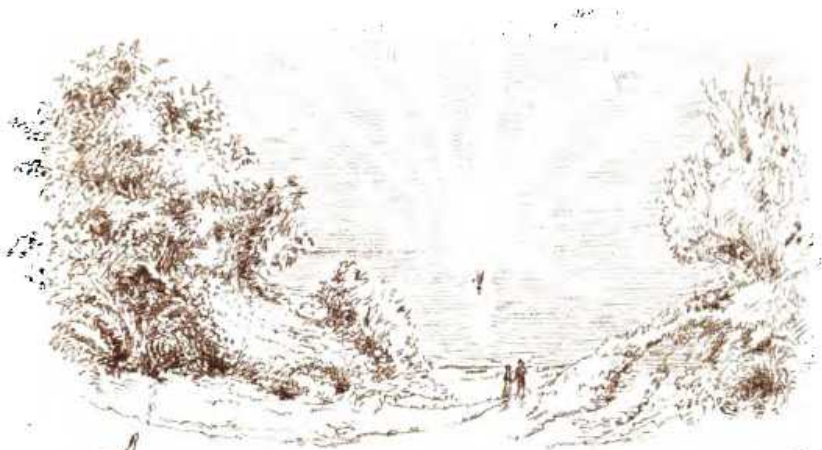
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PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,  
BRAD STREET HILL.  
1881.



THE Sun hath set ;  
Yet o'er the land still blooms that wondrous glow,  
Still shine the topmost peaks, and down below  
The vale is full of light,  
And gloomy night  
Cometh not yet.

And, dear, we part ;  
Yet while thine image holds its constant sway,  
Kindling my inmost soul, still shines Love's day ;  
Stronger than Death is Love,  
From Heaven above  
Heart answers heart,

K. I.



Clear heavy dewdrops fell from leaf to leaf,  
Shaking the laurels, as we pried between  
To watch the March sun rising ; as he came  
The air was blithe with distant bells, and songs  
Of birds on many a tree, carolling hymns  
To wanton Spring ; uncounted violets  
Woke, breathing perfume from their purple lips.  
Eastward, across the sea, a shining way  
Led straight and level to the open gates  
Of heaven ; but for a filmy curtain there,  
A primrose veil, slighter than subtlest web  
Of floating gossamer, we might have seen



Dim shapes of angel-warders. Then the haze  
Thinning by times showed gleams of splendours pale,  
Like gems beneath lace fringes on the breast  
Of some bright Queen.

Down with the ebbing tide,  
Beside the fairway buoy and round the isle  
A steamer slid ; clinging to shroud and spar,  
From stem to poop stood scarlet-coated lads  
With waving caps, and songs, and ringing cheers,  
Prompt at a word to slaughter or be slain  
Unheeding. They were bound across the line  
In trackless bush to quell the fierce Zulu,



To waste away in fever camps, to lie  
Wounded, athirst upon the waterless hill,  
Dreaming of tinkling-rills and ferny combs  
In dewy Devon.

So the spell was marred,  
The mirror ruffled. Fast the war-ship sped  
By Penlee's rock-barbed headland; engine throb,  
And all the chorussed tumult died away.  
It died away, but trailing wreaths of smoke,  
Serpent-wisc, all the fairy radiance soiled—  
Tarnished the serene purity. Working day  
With sordid fears and cares, and strife and death  
Outglared the vision, Paradise was gone,  
The glory seemed but cloud, the dew but tears.



## II.

## THE CLEOPATRA.

OCTOBER 14, 1877.

SHE lies abandoned in the moiling waves,  
Fraught with memorial of a far-off clime  
Carved in forgotten characters, which Time  
Has wasted with his sands; alone she braves  
Night and the storm, while tireless Ocean raves  
Around her; plunging low or borne sublime  
Constant, mid instability, the prime  
Of morn she waits, when the deliverer saves.

World-wearied heart, that o'er the thankless foam  
Bearest some record of a sunnier plain,  
Darkness, deep seas, and loneliness are thine;  
Hope and endure until the Day-star shine,  
Till the fierce surges sink to peace again,  
Till the Deliverer find and draw thee home.

## III.

## EURYDICE.

SUNDAY—MARCH 24, 1878.

FROM a warm nook on Ventnor's grassy steep  
We watched a ship returning o'er the deep  
From seas where Winter bends his lip to smiles,  
Nor blanks the beauty of the Summer Isles  
With deathly frost. Before the breeze she came  
White-winged as Hope—Eurydice her name.

'Twas Sunday afternoon as mid the thyme  
We lay and listened to the wavering chime,  
On March winds borne, of distant village bells  
Blent with bird-music out of Springtime dells;  
Ah, that sweet air—each swirl of passing foam—  
To light young hearts was whispering, "Home,  
sweet Home,"—  
A low-roofed home, perchance, 'twixt cliff and sea.  
Where hangs a print of *our* Eurydice.