NEW YORK NOCTURNES: AND OTHER POEMS

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New York nocturnes: and other poems by Charles G. D. Roberts

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

NEW YORK NOCTURNES: AND OTHER POEMS



New York Nocturnes And Other Poems

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THE IDEAL

To Her, when life was little worth, When hope, a tide run low, Between dim shores of emptiness Almost forgot to flow,—

Faint with the city's fume and stress
I came at night to Her.

Her cool white fingers on my face —

How wonderful they were!

More dear they were to fevered lids
Than lilies cooled in dew.
They touched my lips with tenderness,
Till life was born anew.

The city's clamour died in calm;
And once again I heard
The moon-white woodland stillnesses
Enchanted by a bird;

The wash of far, remembered waves; The sigh of lapsing streams; And one old garden's lilac leaves Conferring in their dreams.

A breath from childhood daisy fields Came back to me again, Here in the city's weary miles Of city-wearied men.

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New York Nocturnes

'Ω Θεοί, τίς άρα Κύπρις, ή τίς ζμερος, τούδε ξυνήψατο;

New York Nocturnes

In the Crowd

I walk the city square with thee.

The night is loud; the pavements roar.

Their eddying mirth and misery

Encircle thee and me.

The street is full of lights and cries.

The crowd but brings thee close to me.

I only hear thy low replies;

I only see thine eyes.