# THE LOYER'S HOURS

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The Lover's Hours by Filson Young

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### **FILSON YOUNG**

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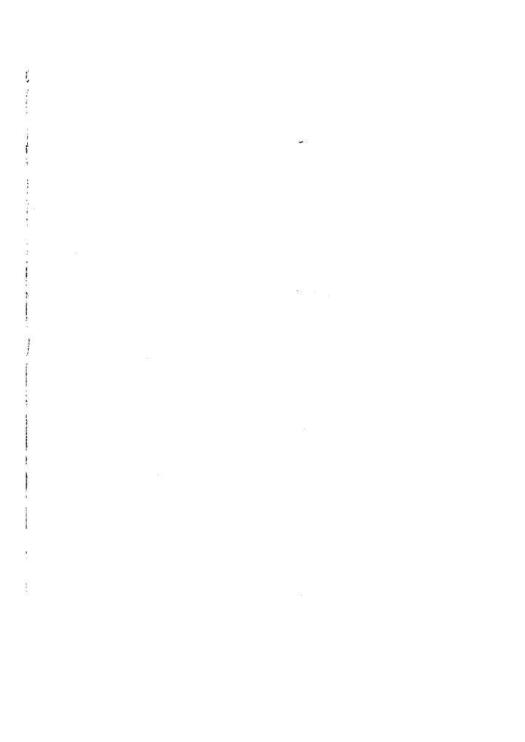
# THE LOVER'S HOURS

BY

FILSON YOUNG



LONDON GRANT RICHARDS 1907 INCIPIVNT HORÆ DE AMORE ----



#### AD MATVTINVM: IN PRIMO NOCTVRNO

BENEATH the dark, above the dawn,
Between black night and morning gray,
While still the heavy veils are drawn
Before the dark, behind the dawn,
At midnight I will rise and pray
Lest waking steal my prayer away.

The house of strife, the place of tears,
The soul in midnight space adrift,
These are the round of all my fears
The seat of strife, the fount of tears,
Until the stifling shadows lift
And day looks coldly through the rift.

Awake, my heart! thy prayers unsaid
Although to God they never rise,
May haply float about her bed.
Awake, sad heart! thy tears unshed,
Like dew that on the windflower lies,
May wash the blindness from her eyes.

## AD MATVTINVM: IN SECVNDO NOCTVRNO

WEARY are the feet of night, Dragging slow from dark to light; Wearily the waking breeze Sighs amid the cedar trees.

Like the waning night our years

Pass with all their strife and tears—
Joys rejected, love denied,

Life despoiled and crucified.

Lady, hear me while I pray: Let me live while yet I may! Life's but once, and for a wink; Death is longer than you think.

Ay, and deeper! Time and he Long had planted You in me, Sowed the Me in you, before Mothers twain their children bore.

Deep in stardust lay our fate, All the ages chose my mate. Lady, hear me while I pray: Let me love while yet I may!

## AD MATVTINVM: IN TERTIO NOCTVRNO

N the coming night of doom
We shall share a marriage room;
There in darkness you and I
Deaf and blind and cold shall lie.

In our bed of bitterness Never lip on lip may press, Never heart on heart may beat, Never love with love may meet.

Though the change to dawn from gloom Never breaks in that sad room Yet within the silence there Many changes must we share.

That I burned for, Death shall cherish, That I longed to keep shall perish, That I break my heart to lose Earth shall hold and Time shall use.

Love, while yet in sun we stay
For your tenderness I pray.
Soon shall strike the hour of sorrow—
Strike, and leave us no to-morrow.

#### AD LAVDES

O DAYSPRING, from the shade arise, Unlock my heart, unseal my eyes, That I again my praise may prove For this fair world that holds my love.

She taught me shame of wasted time, Led me to love the dewy prime, And showed me that our thoughts, like flowers, Are brighter in the morning hours.

Before me now the day extends Its gifts of labour, life, and friends; Let me perform, ere falls the night, Some task that shall endure the light!

So may I hope to draw more near Her presence, and perchance to hear Some kindly word that she would say Approving what I do this day.