

**THE
LOVER'S HOURS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649233786

The Lover's Hours by Filson Young

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

FILSON YOUNG

**THE
LOVER'S HOURS**

0

**THE LOVER'S
HOURS**

BY
FILSON YOUNG



LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1907

1917

INCIPIUNT HORÆ DE AMORE

100

**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 stifing 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

IN 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.