

**THE WHITE SAIL,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The white sail, and other poems by Louise Imogen Guiney

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**LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY**

**THE WHITE SAIL,  
AND OTHER POEMS**



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AND OTHER POEMS. ❁ BY  
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY ❁



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*A SALUTE by night, than night's own heart-beat stiller,  
From the dying to the living. Keats! I lay  
Here against thy moonlit, storm-unshaken pillar,  
My garland of a day.*

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
THE WHITE SAIL . . . . .	11

### Legends.

TARPEIA . . . . .	35
THE CALIPH AND THE BEGGAR . . . . .	40
THE RISE OF THE TIDE . . . . .	44
CHALUZ CASTLE . . . . .	48
THE WOOING PINE . . . . .	51
THE SERPENT'S CROWN . . . . .	57
MOUSTACHE . . . . .	62
RANIERI . . . . .	65
SAINT CADOC'S BELL . . . . .	68
A CHOUAN . . . . .	76

### Lyrics.

YOUTH . . . . .	83
THE LAST FAUN . . . . .	85
KNIGHTS OF WEATHER . . . . .	87
DAYBREAK . . . . .	90
ON SOME OLD MUSIC . . . . .	91
LATE PEACE . . . . .	94
TO A YOUNG POET . . . . .	97
DE MORTUIS . . . . .	98
DOWN STREAM . . . . .	99
THE INDIAN PIPE . . . . .	103

	PAGE
BROOK FARM . . . . .	105
'MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS' . . . . .	107
GARDEN CHIDINGS . . . . .	108
FÉDÉRIC OZANAM . . . . .	109
BANKRUPT . . . . .	110
A REASON FOR SILENCE . . . . .	112
TEMPTATION . . . . .	113
FOR A CHILD . . . . .	115
AGLAUS . . . . .	116
AN AUDITOR . . . . .	118
THE WATER-TEXT . . . . .	119
CYCLAMEN . . . . .	120
A PASSING SONG . . . . .	124
IN TIME . . . . .	125
THE WILD RIDE . . . . .	126
THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE . . . . .	128
A LAST WORD ON SHELLEY . . . . .	129
IMMUNITY . . . . .	130
PAULA'S EPITAPH . . . . .	131
JOHN BROWN: A PARADOX . . . . .	132

### Sonnets.

APRIL DESIRE . . . . .	137
TWOFOLD SERVICE . . . . .	138
IN THE GYMNASIUM . . . . .	139
A SALUTATION . . . . .	140
AT A SYMPHONY . . . . .	141
SLEEP . . . . .	142
THE ATONING YESTERDAY . . . . .	143
'RUSSIA UNDER THE CZARS' . . . . .	144
FOUR SONNETS FROM 'LA VITA NUOVA' . . . . .	145



THE WHITE SAIL.

## THE WHITE SAIL.

**H**IGH on the lone and wave-scarred porphyry,  
The promontoried porch of Attica,  
Past evenfall, sat he whose reverend hair  
Down-glittered with the breaker's volleying foam  
Visioned before him in the level dark ;  
Ægeus, of wronged Pandion heir, and king,  
And round about his knees, and at his feet,  
In saffrons and sad greens alone bedight,  
Sat, clustered in dim wayward sidelong groups,  
Sheer to the ocean's edge, those liegemen fond  
Who with him wished and wept. As thro' the hours  
Of ebbing autumn, on a northward hill,  
Lies summer's russet ruined panoply,  
Knotted and heaped by the fantastic winds  
Hap-hazard, while the first adventuring snow  
Globes itself on the summit ; so they clung  
Secure among the ranged crevices,

Month after month, and wakeful night on night  
Vigilant ; ever neighbored and o'ertopped  
With that white presence, and the boding sky.

And Ægeus prayed : ' O give me back but him !  
My desert palm, my moorland mid-day fount,  
My leopard-foot, in equal tameless grace  
Swaying suavely down cool garden-paths  
Or into battle's maw : my lad of Athens !  
With bronze and tangly curls a-toss, to show  
Infancy's golden-silken underglow ;  
The glad eye dusking blue, as is the sea  
Ere fiery sunset tricks it ; and the lashes  
In one close sombre file against his cheek,  
Enphalanxed in perpetual trail and droop,  
Wherethro' gleams laughter as thro' sorrow's pale,  
And anger's self doth tremble maidenly ;  
The massy throat ; the nostril mobile, smooth ;  
The breast full-orbed with arduous large pride,  
As I so oft have marked, when from the chase,  
The witness-dropping knife swung with the bow,  
Heading the burdened company, he came,  
Aye vermeil with the wholesome wind, outwrestler  
Of storms and perils all. High-mettled Theseus !  
Keystone of greatness, bond of expectation,  
Stay of this realm ! in his strong-sinewed beauty