

# **POEMS AND TRANSLATION**

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Poems and translation by E. H. Houghton

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**E. H. HOUGHTON**

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BY  
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I.

I HOVER with unsettled wing,  
And pluck a branch from bygone time,  
And bear it with me to a clime  
That ever shews a budding spring.

I plant it in a likely ground,  
And watch it with unsleeping care ;  
And pray the blighting breath to spare,  
The sun to shed its beams around :

And well they do, and in return  
To me it brings both fruit and flower ;  
And to a troubled mind the power  
All meaner things to pass and spurn.

But yet it brings nor flower nor fruit  
To him that will not court its shade ;  
For him alone its beauty made  
Who loves to tend its earliest shoot ;



To hold the thought it holds to man,  
And calm the spirit to the hour ;  
And first and foremost has the power  
All nature's work to seek and scan.

An idle loiterer from the track  
O'ercrowded by the sons of men,  
I hold their reason nought ; shall then  
The voice of scorning bring me back ?

## II.

DARK Science holds her truths in state,  
And suffers not the untaught throng  
To bend their way her groves among,  
Or her deep things to emulate.

But that which makes a nation great,  
And spreads her roots in lengthened days,  
That bids defiance to the waves,  
Which with the lightning seem to mate ;

To cleave and scatter all that stands,  
To shake the basement of a throne,  
To claim confusion as their own,  
And leave all shifting as the sands :

No longer sought in bygone time,  
A problem to perplex the wise ;  
To each man's ken it open lies,  
A height to which each one can climb.

And each shall hold their selfish part,  
And level to the scrambling crew  
A nation's pride, upheld by few,  
And sink the nation in the mart.