

**ON LONELY
SHORES AND OTHER
RHYMES**

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On Lonely Shores and Other Rhymes by James Leigh Joynes

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JAMES LEIGH JOYNES

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BY

JAMES LEIGH JOYNES



LONDON

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*TO MY DEAR
MABEL MARIAN TURNER
I DEDICATE THESE RHYMES.*

TO MY BOOK.

GO forth alone and face the fearsome folk
Whose knife makes sharp their murder-dealing pen ;
Bare thy poor pages to the damning stroke
And death-fraught doom of those remorseless men.
And if thou 'scap'st alive out of their den,
Come back to me, and I will heal the scars
Thou get'st upon thee in these dangerous wars.

For one will say, " These are but stolen wares ;
What meaner stealing than this thief's may be ?
Now red shame burn his shameless soul that dares
To ape the moods of mightier men than he,
To match old rhymes to the unsounded sea,
To prate of knights and ladies, and to deem
His voice may echo to the mountain stream.

" Have we not many a voice of ampler sound,
And many a sweeter note than this man's song ?
Shall loud intruders tread the sacred ground,
And thrust their harsh discordant noise among
Those singing voices we have loved so long ?
Nay, take him by the throat, and plunge him down
Deep beneath Time's dark river till he drown."

Yet care not thou what such-like folk may say.
Have not I said it to thee oft before?
Needs must thou faint upon the long, long way
That leads at last unto the deathless shore,
Where mighty poets dwell for evermore;
Needs must thou faint upon the way, and lie
Where no man cares to wait to see thee die.

Then to thee lying dead there shall not come
One sorrowing friend to weep upon thy dust;
O'er thy dumb pages still shall Fame be dumb,
And all thy songlets given to her trust
She shall resign to moth and mould and rust,
And sore o'ertasked shall put at last away
The charge she took yet cannot but bewray.

For this shall be the doom of thee, to lie
Long, long a-dying, and to hear the tread
Of all thy strong-souled fellows pass thee by,
And see the garland crown each eager head,
And get thee to the chambers of the dead,
And lay thee on thy bed of slow decay,
Too deeply damned to dread the judgment day.

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