

ROSES OF PAESTUM

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Roses of Paestum by Edward McCurdy

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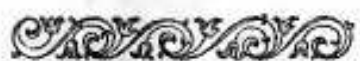
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EDWARD MCCURDY

**ROSES OF
PAESTUM**



ROSES OF PAESTUM



Nay, ye may not liken dog-roses to the rose, or wind-flowers to the roses of the garden.—THEOC. ID. V.

(LANG'S *Trans.*)

ROSES OF PAESTUM BY
EDWARD McCURDY



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ROSES OF PAESTUM

TO G——

*You brought to Paestum roses,
And in Poseidon's plain
A crumbling wall encloses,
You made them bloom again
About his mighty fane.
Each temple with your dower
Was decked a lovely bower.*

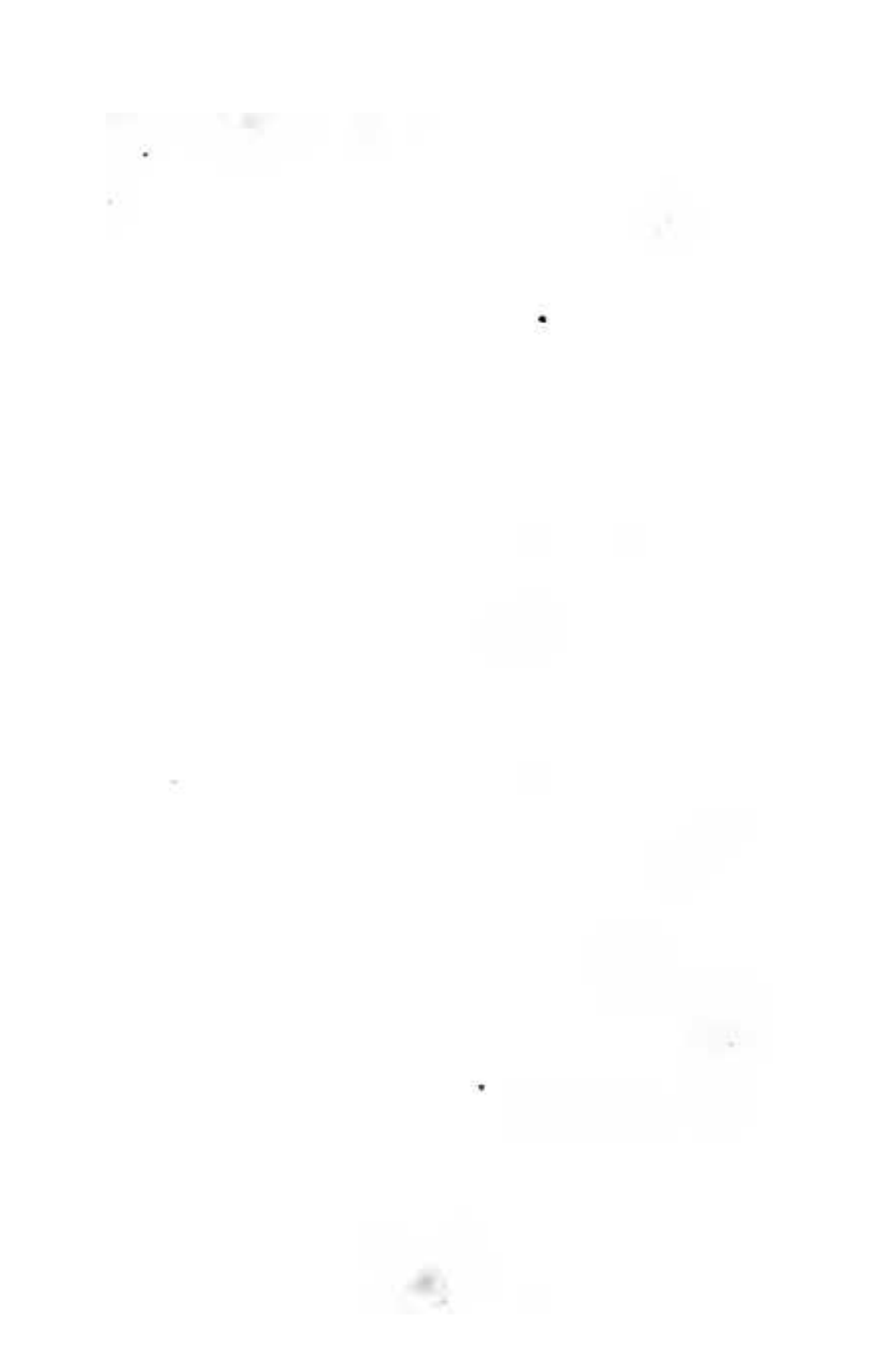
*Red roses, yea, you brought them,
And roses white as snow,
And like Greek gardeners taught them
To stand in many a row
And their sweet scents to throw.
Virgil, Ausonius,
Did see and smell them thus.*

*From love's most secret places
You brought them all with you,
That in these wide waste spaces
Gardens might spring anew
And with pink petals strew
The sultry azure floor
Thetis' white feet explore.*

*Perchance those frowning mountains
Seeing, shall cease to frown,
And from their rock-sealed fountains
Clear crystal streams send down
To lave that roseate crown,
And keep those roses fair
Your love has planted there.*

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

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TO THE READER:

BY WAY OF PREFACE

THESE *Essays treat of Italy and the mediæval spirit,—and Italy is a wayward sovereign, and her beauty leads a man far afield.*

Let me say—now that the work is done in such measure as I am able—that my purpose was to trace the mediæval spirit in deed and dream by considering some of its imaginative activities,—its questings of the ideal in art, in faith, in love, and in fantasies of things more visionary than these.

They were the roses of mediæval beauty that I set out to gather, and therefore the leaves are named of the Paestan roses because these also were of seed of Greece and bloomed in Italy.

Now that the leaves are all placed together I know that they are but wind-flowers. Some day I hope to gather of the roses of the garden.

