AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL: A POEM

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At Stratford festival: a poem by R. Warwick Bond

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R. WARWICK BOND

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A POEM

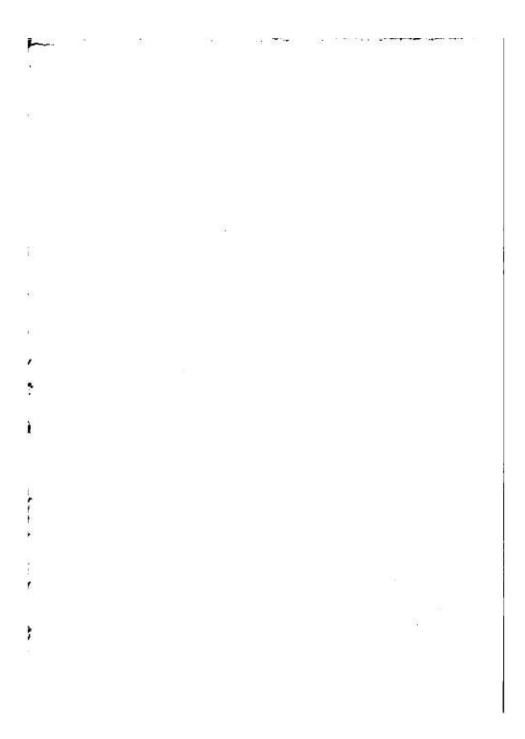
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R. WARWICK BOND

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LONDON
LAWRENCE & BULLEN
16 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.
1896

The major portion of the following poem appeared in Macmillan's Magazine for April 1894



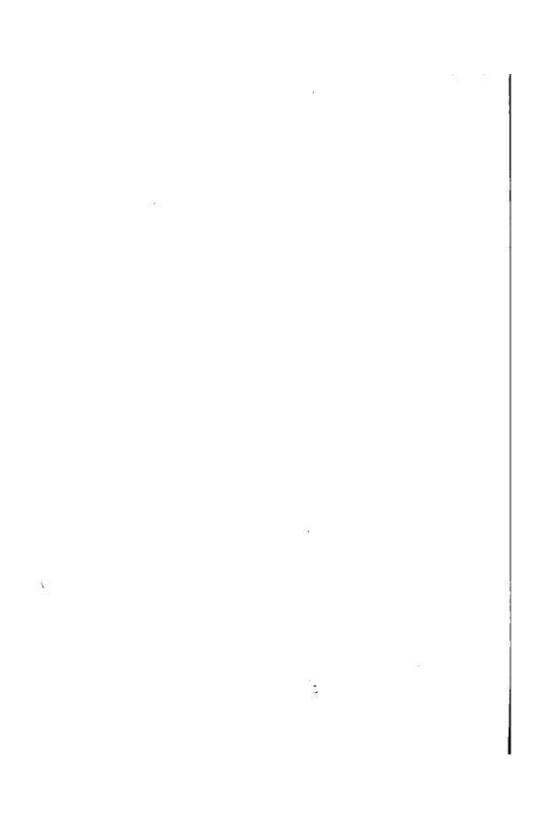
To

My Father

IN LOVING ACKNOWLEDGMENT
AS WHIL OF AN EARLY TASTE INSPIRED
AS OF HELP DERIVED
FROM HIS EXAMPLE AND CRITICISM
THE FOLLOWING POEM

18

DEDICATED



AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL

APRIL 23, 1892

The ripple laps along the churchyard wall

Where Avon's sleep is for a moment stirred

By light oars passing downward to the mill;

A moment's noisier conference is heard

Amongst the cawing colonies that fill

The immemorial

Dream of the elms with discord musical;

Anon each circling pinion finds a rest

Above some twittering nest,

And all things to the former stillness fall.

Stillness which yet some gentle outrage knew

From passing trumpet of the year's first bees,

Heralds of summer on this sunlit morn,

And, floating faintly hither with the breeze,

A stir that tells no common day is born.

Ere dawn her curtains drew

Clashed out o'er river and town the summons flew:

And Nature, conscious of the rare event,

To grace her darling lent

Flame to the light and sparkle to the dew.

Night after night, this week of all the year, I

Poet I the listening theatre has paid

Rapt homage to thine old immortal line:

Wandered with Helen through the elfin glade,

¹ The Poet's birthday, April 23, on which the Festival attends, fell in 1892 on a Saturday. A Midsummer Night's Dream, Julius Casar, Twelfth Night, and Timon of Athens, had been performed by Mr. F. R. Benson's Company during the week—Timon for the first time since 1856, when it was given by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells.