

**ORPHEUS AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Orpheus and Other Poems by Edward Burrough Brownlow

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**EDWARD BURROUGH BROWNLOW**

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AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

EDWARD BURROUGH BROWNLOW.

(SAREPTA.)

PUBLISHED BY

THE PEN AND PENCIL CLUB.

MONTREAL.

1896.

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THESE POEMS  
ARE NOW COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED  
IN MEMORY OF  
EDWARD BURROUGH BROWNLOW,  
BORN IN LONDON, ENGLAND,  
27 NOVEMBER, 1857,  
DIED IN MONTREAL, CANADA,  
8 SEPTEMBER, 1895,  
BY  
HIS FELLOW-MEMBERS OF  
THE PEN AND PENCIL CLUB.

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ORPHEUS AND OTHER POEMS.

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### ORPHEUS.

Unto the realm of Pluto many roads  
Lead with dark winding from the bright abodes  
Of men, and when life's last detaining thread  
Is cut by Iris, and the body, dead,  
With Charon's coin in palm, rests in the tomb.  
Or on the pyre, the dæmon of its doom  
After much pitiful forbearance tears  
The soul from its environment of cares  
With promise sweet of love's awaiting kiss,  
Of old friends greeting, and much holy bliss  
On shores Elysian, where all ways are peace,  
And all existence virtue without cease ;  
But ere the fields of Asphodel are won  
Dire labours manifold must first be done  
By soul and dæmon.

All the paths descend

To four great streams, whose turgid waters blend  
With suffering souls : here flows sad Acheron  
On whose black banks impatient spirits run  
And call to that grim boatman, ferrying o'er  
His last embarker to the nether shore  
In silence, bent with duty's measured pull,  
Certain of all to follow ; there, too, full  
Of awful lamentations from lost souls  
Cocytus its fierce waves of sorrow rolls  
Wherein dwells one whose face is only seen—

Above the surface, human and serene,  
 Below, her horrid serpent-form encoils  
 And stings the hapless spirits in her toils  
 With scorpion venom ; Phlegethon rolls by  
 Flaming with waves that hiss, and mount on high  
 To lick with burning tongue each crusted shore  
 Where not the vilest weed dare clamber o'er,  
 There swim huge salamanders, whose desire  
 Grows with the maddening tumult of the fire ;  
 And lastly, Styx, that pool of pitchy slime  
 Whereby the great gods swear their vows sublime,  
 In whose black channel hatred finds a home,  
 And breeds with fury many a plague-born gnome  
 Loathsome to gods and men.

These rivers run  
 Far to the West, beyond the sinking sun,  
 Beyond old Ocean's limits, past the range  
 Of starry travel or where comets strange  
 Rush in hot madness ; there too Lethe flows  
 Where souls must drink to gain the sweet repose  
 Of all-forgetfulness, before the Fates  
 Lose power to plague them, or their bygone states  
 Haunt them like ghosts.

These waters safely crossed,  
 The plains beneath thick filled with spirits lost,  
 Avernus meets the view, vast, horrid lake  
 At Hades' entrance ; who its waters take,