WILLOW AND WATTLE: POEMS

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Willow and Wattle: Poems by Robert Richardson

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ROBERT RICHARDSON

WILLOW AND WATTLE: POEMS



Willow and Wattle

POEMS.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

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NOCTURNE.

The fine line makes a perfect are
Above the level brows;
No lily mates the swift white throat
That e'er in garden blows;
The little parted lips make pale
The red heart of the rose.

Guerdon beyond all dream were his (Seeking no other prize) Who'll kiss the violet-veined lids That screen the twilight eyes, And hear her beart leap on his heart, And die there in faint sighs.

Her voice is like the wind-harp's voice, Which the warm west wind guides; Now floating low and tremulous On passionate song-tides; Now like the bell-bird's one dear note That tells where the cool creek hides.

Sometimes at night, 'twixt dark and light, She visits me in dreams; About her, like a midnight robe, Her dusk-gold hair down streams; And the deep violet of her eyes Softer than star-mist gleams.

And then my lady finds such words
As by day she may not speak;
And with lips grown cold for trembling
I kiss her mouth and cheek;
And my lady is no longer strange,
But maiden-sweet and meek.