

**VANE'S STORY, WEDDAH
AND OM-EL-BONAIN,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Vane's story, Weddah and Om-el-Bonain, and other poems by James Thomson

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JAMES THOMSON

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AND OM-EL-BONAIN,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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WEDDAH AND OM-EL-BONAIN,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND.

1881.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
POET OF POETS AND PUREST OF MEN
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
WITH THE
GRATITUDE AND LOVE AND REVERENCE
OF THE AUTHOR

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VANE'S STORY.

1864.



PROLOGUE.

THIS is the story
(To God be the glory!)
Which Vane, found in bed
When a splash of fierce red
From the sunset made strange
The street's opposite range,
Told me ; who, astonished,
Had firstly admonished,
Then asked him outright,
" On the spree all last night ?"
Pale looked he, and queer ;
But his speech calm and clear,
And his voice sweet and strong,
So swayed me ere long,
That I almost or quite
Believed him that night.

He named not the hall
Where he went to the ball ;
Of his friends I could trace
None who knew of the case,
Nor the Jones, nor the Brown—
There are myriads in town !
The landlord avows
He went out with his spouse
After tea ; slept at Bow,
At her sister's.

And so,
Shall we trust Vane ? or deem
Him the dupe of a dream ?
Let who will decide.
The next week he died,
And thus ended his story.
(To God be the glory !)

THE STORY.

ONE flamelet flickered to and fro
Above the clear vermilion glow ;
The house was silent, and the street
Deserted by all echoing feet ;

And that small restless tongue of light
Possess my ear and mocked my sight,
While drowsy, happy, warm, I lay
* Upon the couch at close of day.
And drowsy, dreamy, more and more,
I floated from the twilight shore
Over the vague vast sea of sleep,
Just conscious of the rest so deep;
Not sinking to the under caves,
But rocking on the surface waves.
When fitfully some muffled sound
Came from the crowded streets around.
It brought no thought of restless life
With wakeful care and passionate strife;
But seemed the booming of a bell
Sweetly ringing tumult's knell,
Slowly chiming far away
The euthanasia of the day.
And then unsummoned by my will
Came floating through this mood so still
The scenes of all my life's past range,
In perfect pictures, fair and strange,
As flowers limned in purest light
Upon a background such as might

* Here for decorum be it said,
This couch was sofa and not bed.