

**SONGS OF THE TWILIGHT,
AND SOME BALLADS
AND TRANSLATIONS**

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Songs of the twilight, and some ballads and translations by E. L. H.

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E. L. H.

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AND SOME BALLADS
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*Presented to A. N. Le Grice
by Mrs Spencer 1 Oct: 1866.*

SONGS OF THE TWILIGHT,

AND

Some Ballads and Translations.

—♦—

E. L. H.

Richmond:

PRINTED BY ALFRED HAMMOND.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

—
1866.

AN EVENING THOUGHT,

INSCRIBED TO

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.



Thy flowers in loftier gardens grow,
Nor had I thought mine eyes to lift
To thine with this my fragile gift ;
Save that the winds of heaven that blow,

By my low homestead stately sweep,
Through thy fair woodland glades anear ;
Where thou hast smiled to see the deer
Bound gladsome from their noonday sleep.

And thou hast heard St. Mary's chime
Ring cheerly down the ferny brake ;
And echoing o'er the silver lake,
Float to thy bowers at vesper time.

Sweet memories, though thy life be sweet,
 Have with those joy-bells come from far,
 And shewn thee some dear northern star
 Rising, where ford and forest meet.

Then, oh my Princess! while the gleam
 Of sunset flushed thy royal brow,
 Our river waves ran warm below
 With the same glory; many a dream

Lit up the crimson-clouded skies
 For peer and peasant with the thought
 Of earlier days, and sweetness wrought
 Out of the light of distant eyes:

Stars of the past,—and while they shine
 On thy crowned youth, as on the lone
 Pathways to joy and youth unknown,
 Fearless I tune these rhymes of mine

To thy loved name: enough for me
 If on some gentle hearts a face
 Rise, star-like, as they read, and grace
 My nameless page with dreams of thee!

*Cholmondeley Lodge, Richmond,
 March, 1866.*

THE HOUR OF REST.

From the German.

I stood on the mountain summit,
As the autumn sun went down,
And the golden veil of evening
Hung soft on the forest brown.

The dew-clouds floated in heaven,
All earth was at peace below ;
And the vesper bells were ringing
To sleep tired nature's brow.

I said : oh, mine heart, beholding
The silence o'er land and deep,
Go down like a child to its slumber,
Go seek out some meadow and sleep.

Go down to the happy meadow,
Where flowers with closing eyes
Stand fair by the quiet river,
That sings to the quiet skies.

Where the weary butterfly shelters
 Beneath the lily's breast ;
Where the bird in the whispering sedges
 Broods calm o'er her lowly nest ;

Where the golden moth is cradled
 By the wind on a leaf of rose,
Unharm'd by sheep or by shepherd,
 As they pass to their green repose.

The lark has left her singing '
 For the nest amid the corn ;
And no voice of hound or hunter
 To the stag's low couch is borne.

Ah ! who that hath a dwelling
 But rests beneath its dome ;
Ah ! who in the land of strangers
 But thinks and dreams of home ?

And to me there comes the longing
 This hour of rest to prove,
Far o'er those azure curtains
 In heaven's bright home of love !

IN THAT DAY.

EccLES. xii. 5.

O softly loosen, silver Cord !
 O golden Bowl, break not too soon ;
 Betwixt the sunset and the moon
 Let love and sorrow spread the board !
 And there, amid the farewells spoken
 As life's last echoes melt away,
 Let the pale flush of dying day
 Gleam on thy fragments, gently broken !

Till then, O voice of friends, be heard—
 O Star of Hope, shine in the sky !
 As when the morning breeze rose high
 By life's fair well-springs, and the bird
 Of promise sang from budding bough :
 While, fresh below, the rippling wave
 To the glad greeting answer gave.
 Yet, though subdued and silent now

The wave of life from lands unknown
 Is passing to the land unseen,
 The bird of promise gone, the green
 Fair branches sere and fruitless grown,
 Yet, though beside the fountain's brink
 I draw no more the waters bright,
 Though shadows of the coming night
 Bid me seek shelter, while the link,

The last frail link that binds the cup
 Is trembling in a wearied hand—
 Calm in the twilight calm I stand,
 And feel my spirit lifted up.
 Not friendless nor forlorn my way
 While Prophet voices, sweet and clear,
 Angels above and mortals here,
 Sing soft, "Beneath the stars earth fades away,
 "Fades from the rosy heavens, before the Eternal
 Day."