

FUGITIVA

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Fugitiva by Walter Hughes

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WALTER HUGHES

FUGITIVA

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Fugitiva

*J'en pourrais par malheur faire d'aussi méchants
Mais je me garderais de les montrer aux gens*

LE MISANTHROPE

no.
Printed for Private Circulation

1881

23494.29

A

Harvard College Library

28 Feb. 1893.

Longfellow Gift.

MANUFACTURED

A. IRVING AND CO., PRINTERS,
FALL MALL.

GREETING.

A HAND in a hand, one large and the other small,
Is all that they see,
But I think that it is not all . . .
To you and me ;
I know, it is not to me.

Two eyes gazing into two,
And these into those
Is all that they see ;
They don't know how your grave look goes
Deep into me.
How I treasure it ! and none knows
Its worth to me.

FEBRUARY.

Who shall sing thee, February,
If in either hand thou carry
Hopes of Spring and snows to chill them,
Flow'rets pale and frosts to kill them,
Wishings vague and hopes contrary,—
Who shall sing thee, February?

Sure the month of new-made lovers
Sad forgetfulness discovers
In its shortness, in its coldness,
In its disconcerting boldness,—
Or is't Prophecy that hovers
O'er thee, month of new-made lovers?

S N O W .

SWIRLING with a fierce rapidity,
Looking like a wild white sea ;
Clinging with a pale timidity
Unto every hedge and tree.

Dressing Nature lightly, tastily,
With a filmy cloak of sheen,
Rushing, drifting, piling hastily,
Hiding every bit of green.

Floating calmly, melting readily
At the genial earth's warm kiss ;
Cold, relentless, settling steadily,
Leading mortal feet amiss.

Beauteous form of earth's humidity,
Silent friend and seeming foe,
Fleeting mass of soft solidity,
Fickle, fair white winter snow.

TWO SONNETS.

January 15th, 1881.

I.

A DRIVING fog upon a freezing shore
Had kept us shivering in a chill delay
By dull Ardrossan's harbour, and we wore
Faces of doubt, yet struggled to be gay.
Anon we faced the fog with progress slow
And frequent whistlings of alarm and care,
For once a brig upon the weather bow
Loomed up gigantic in the steaming air—
When lo ! we seemed to burst our misty shroud
As if some god had waved it all away.
The sun shone forth, and showed a frisking crowd
Of porpoises that round our vessel play,
While fair in front, a vision of delight,
The peaks of Arran burst upon our sight.

II.

Too beautiful for earth ! The vision rose
Athwart the dazzling waves of dancing blue ;
The line of peaks, all marbled with the snows,
Shone to a height too skyward to be true.
Too beautiful for earth ! In happy dream
I've seen such pictures of a world sublime ;
Celestial, unattainable they seem,
Unreal on this mortal side of Time.
Too beautiful for earth ! In years gone by
I've seen the terraced islands as I rowed
On Maggiore 'neath the Italian sky,
The glistening Alps above, a blest abode,
Yet not more fair, for fairer nought can be
Than Arran rising from that winter sea.
