MY WELSH HOME: A POEM

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My Welsh Home: A Poem by John Morgan

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JOHN MORGAN

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Trieste

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A POEM.

BY

JOHN MORGAN,

RECTOR OF LLANILID AND LLANHARAN, GLAMORGAN.

'Quo desiderio veteres revocavit amores.'

LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1889.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

Is Dedicated

TO

THE VERY REV. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.,

THE DEAN OF LLANDAFF AND MASTER OF THE TEMPLE,

IN LOVING ADMIRATION OF HIS

GREAT AND VARIED GIFTS OF HEART AND MIND,

AND WITH PROFOUND GRATITUDE

FOR THE BENEFIT DERIVED FROM HIS WRITINGS.

LLANILID RECTORY,
July 22, 1889.

MY WELSH HOME.

I.

SINCE that long day of misery
I left thy roof, forthwith to fare,
As other wanderers, here and there,
But seldom back again to thee;

The years, O Home, could not impair
Thy memory, nor distance part,
For deep within my inmost heart
I bore thee with me everywhere.

But other visions, sooth to say,
In alien scenes have met the view—
A fane, a shrine of glorious hue,
And lighted with a golden ray,

And so impressed the wanderer
That if he roamed or near or far,
By night or day, the unsetting star
Of one enamoured gaze was there ;

But that was but the fancy's play,
With no results of worth or weight,
But mine, the Phosphor of my fate,
A light to lead to endless day.

II.

The lingering Summer slanted down
To Autumn, when at break of day
And weeping sore I went my way,
A schoolboy to a distant town,

And yet the while observed with glee
The leveret squatting in the fern,
The trout on guard within the burn,
The apple hanging on the tree ;

But when I climbed the hill that towers
Above a plain on either side,
And from its crest had last descried
The Home which only once is ours,

My heart foreboded that the line
Which life disparted had been crossed,
The future veiled, in shadows lost,
But the full past for ever mine;

And if before me spread out straight
The greater world for which I pined,
What true delights I left behind!
What sanctities inviolate!

III.

The Homestead's threshold is so blest,
It has been said or sung of old,
That sorceries of the bad and bold
Could never hurt the Homestead's guest;

But all ill-omened things of prey,
Which prowl by day or in the dark,
Shrank from that tutelary mark,
Which stood across and barred the way.

That charm of legendary lore,
The guard against insidious ill,
Is posted at the portal still,
And potent, as in days of yore,

As many know, but none the more,
Than we, the inmates of my Home,
For there no tempter durst to come
And desecrate its hallowed floor.

IV.

Sweet Home! a type of calm and rest,
Of harmony without a flaw,
A realm of joy, where love was law,
And wrongs and rudenesses repressed;