

SONGS IN THE SOUTH

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Songs in the south by Rennell Rodd

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RENNELL RODD

**SONGS IN
THE SOUTH**

SONGS IN THE SOUTH

BY

RENNELL RODD



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TO
MY FATHER.

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FROM THE HILL OF GARDENS.

THE outline of a shadowy city spread
Between the garden and the distant hill—
And o'er yon dome the flame-ring lingers still,
Set like the glory on an angel's head :
The light fades quivering into evening blue
Behind the pine-tops on Ianiculum ;
The swallow whispered to the swallow " come !"
And took the sunset on her wings, and flew.

One rift of cloud the wind caught up suspending
A ruby path between the earth and sky ;
Those shreds of gold are angel wings ascending
From where the sorrows of our singers lie ;
They have not found those wandering spirits yet,
But seek for ever in the red sunset.

Pass upward angel wings ! Seek not for these,
They sit not in the cypress-planted graves ;
Their spirits wander over moonlit waves,
And sing in all the singing of the seas ;