

**HELEN REDEEMED
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Helen Redeemed and Other Poems by Maurice Hewlett

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MAURICE HEWLETT

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Δύο Ἔπος Ἀθήνῃ

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1913

DEDICATION

LOVE owes tribute unto Death,
Being but a flower of breath,
Ev'n as thy fair body is
Moment's figure of the bliss
Dwelling in the mind of God
When He called thee from the sod,
Like a crocus up to start,
Gray-eyed with a golden heart,
Out of earth, and point our sight
To thy eternal home of light.

Here on earth is all we know :
To let our love as steadfast blow,
Open-hearted to the sun,
Folded down when our day's done,
As thy flower that bids it be
Flower of thy charity.
'Tis not ours to boast or pray
Breath from us shall outlive clay ;
'Tis not thine, thou Pitiful,
Set me task beyond my rule.

Yet as young men carve on trees
Lovely names, and find in these
Solace in the after time,
So to have hid thee in my rhyme
Shall be comfort when I take
The lonely road. Then, for my sake,
Keep thou this my graven sigh,
And, that I may not all die,
Open it, and hear it tell,
Here was one who loved thee well.

October 6, 1912.

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NOTE

THREE of the Poems here published have appeared in book form already, in the Volume called *Songs and Meditations*, long out of print.

HELEN REDEEMED

PROEM

SING of the end of Troy, and of that flood
Of passion by the blood
Of heroes consecrate, by poet's craft
Hallowed, if that thin waft
Of godhead blown upon thee stretch thy song
To span such store of strong
And splendid vision of immortal themes
Late harvested in dreams,
Albeit long years laid up in tilth. Most
meet
Thou sing that slim and sweet
Fair woman for whose bosom and delight
Paris, as well he might,
Wrought all the woe, and held her to his cost
And Troy's, and won and lost
Perforce ; for who could look on her or feel
Her near and not dare steal
One hour of her, or hope to hold in bars
Such wonder of the stars
Undimmed ? As soon expect to cage the rose