

A WREATH OF SONGS

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A wreath of songs by Various

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VARIOUS

**A WREATH
OF SONGS**

A

WREATH OF SONGS

BY THE

CAMBRIDGE LOTOS CLUB.



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1880

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DEDICATED
TO
OSCAR BROWNING, ESQ.
SENIOR FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

The following pages are composed entirely by a little gathering of Undergraduates. It is hoped therefore that allowance will be made if they be found, according to the old adage, 'non re quam spe laudanda.'

EDITOR.

PRELUDE.

IN dusky eve, cold was the air and still ;
Anon the eve-blast smote across the plains
And passed sad-sighing : o'er the waterfloods
The dying day glanced gloriously and died.
Then faded all the glow and flush : and swift
Dense-shadowing gloom o'ercrept the homes of men.

But we, together, passed to distant climes,
The purple mountains of eternal summer,
Lying afar i' the mighty realm of thought ;
Where o'er bright lakes pure redolent-breathing winds
Filtered in cooling groves came stealing by :
And golden sundown dyed the sleeping waters,
And tinged the foaming falls with myriad dyes,

Yet sank not into rest : above, the pines,
Cloud-like, on hill-top swayed and swaying slept.
And never breath amid the lotos beds
Sobbed its own requiem to the rustling reeds ;
But living lustre o'er the emerald vales
Flashed in the diamond dew and never died—
And inexpressible glory crowned the air,
And dreamy languor drew the inmost being
Into the slumbrous peace of blissful rest.
Then rose calm visions decked in gorgeous tints,
Sapphire and gold and amethystine lights :
And silver-sighing melodies of song,
And trilling of the birds and thrilling cries
Out of the fathomless blue, the dwelling place
Of wandering sprays of cloud and wings of song :
These and the wondrous sight of trailing flights
Of paradisaal plumage, slowly sailing
Athwart the restful springs of many lakes,
And mirrored in the immotionate calm beneath.

While sweeter far than cloud-sung carollings
Bright heralds of the radiant hours of prime,
And lowlier than the plaintive voice of eve,
Out of the moss-dells of the fairy groves
Came soul-like utterances entrancing soft,
Came silver-sighing harmonies entwined
In varied note perfection absolute.

* * * * *

Wherefore, arising when earth's morn returned,
Dazed in the maze of many-tinted glows
From crimson bloom and snow-crowned lily flowers
O'er fleet-winged waters waving ceaselessly,
And sleep-rocked tarns and myriad forms of beauty—
Visions of yester eve returning robed,
Robed in still glories of the dreamland dales—
We—gathering from the relics of those dreams
That lay about the halls of memory—
Have woven this our varied wreath of song,
Soft dedication to the dreams of air: