

**SONGS AND
SONNETS.
CARMINA**

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Songs and Sonnets. Carmina by Maurice Francis Egan & Conde Benoist Pallen

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MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN & CONDE BENOIST PALLEN

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CARMINA**

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BY

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

AND

CARMINA

BY

CONDÉ BENOIST PALLÉN

Art is true art when art to God is true

LONDON

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1885

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CONTENTS.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

	PAGE
THE OLD VIOLIN	3
THEOCRITUS	4
MAURICE DE GUÉRIN	5
FRA ANGELICO	6
ON READING "THE POET AND HIS MASTER"	7
OF FLOWERS	8
SLEEPING SONG	9
CYCLOPS TO GALATRA	11
THE CHRYSALIS OF A BOOKWORM	14
LIKE A LILAC	15
THE ANXIOUS LOVER	17
CARMINA	21
MIZPAH	39

SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

THOUGH tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
Like some great thought on a forgotten page ;
The soul of music cannot fade or rust—
The voice within it stronger grows with age ;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—
A master-touch !—its sweet soul wakes and sings.

THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
And mourning mingles with their fountains' song;
Shepherds contend no more, as all day long
They watch their sheep on the wide, cyprus-plain ;
The master-voice is silent, songs are vain ;
Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,
Done by the gods when gods and men were
strong,
Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain :
O sweetest singer of the olden days,
In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead ;
The gods are gone, but poets never die ;
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
Sicilian nightingales enraptured
Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the
sky.