

# **PARABLES AND TALES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649516971

Parables and Tales by Thomas Gordon Hake

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Cover @ 2017

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**THOMAS GORDON HAKE**

**PARABLES  
AND TALES**





“Not yet to her was Nature's age  
In gnarled and hollow shapes revealed.”

# PARABLES AND TALES.

BY

THOMAS GORDON HAKE,

AUTHOR OF "MADBLINE," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR HUGHES.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

1872.

280. j. 337.



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*MOTHER AND CHILD.*

( 1 )

**T**HE day its sultry course had run,  
The blaze was out, but not the glow ;  
Still burned the embers of the sun ;  
The stifed air had lost its flow :  
A hot and fevered summer's night,—  
The fire of day without the light.

( 2 )

Within the city, stony, vast,  
The streets with ruddy lamplight shine,  
With gleams from flaring windows cast  
Where thirst is slaked with frothing wine.  
Outside, small knots of women wait,  
Throwing their line, with eyes for bait.

( 3 )

Beneath the Opera Colonnade,  
Mother and child, coiled up as one,  
Sat in the mingling light and shade,  
And loved as in an undertone ;  
Both deaf to all the roaring street,  
To clanging wheels and pattering feet.

( 4 )

The child leans back as if he slept ;  
His hair is wavy in its fall ;  
His eyes dream sideways, open kept  
By loosely gazing on the wall.  
"Poor thing!" says one, and toward them leans ;  
"She looks but halfway through her teens."