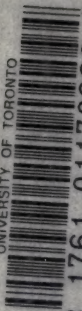


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Leaves from Rosedale



By

Charlotte Beaumont Jarvis
("Rosedalia")



429882
24.11.44

Toronto
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1905

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
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Dedication



To you who love me, you by me beloved,
And unto you whose love has passed beyond
The range of mortal vision, to become
Eternal, in the Home where all is love,
I dedicate my little book, whose lay
Is as the song of birds that sing untaught,
Simply for joy of heart, because they must.
To you so sing I as I gather in
These fallen leaflets of the days of yore
And lay them, as an offering, at your feet.

Charlotte Beaumont Jarvis.

(“Rosedalia”)



CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION	3
ROSEDALE	7
CHRISTMAS EVE	9
IN THE DARK	11
IN THE MIST	14
IN THE LIGHT	16
A ROMANCE OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS	19
DOMINION DAY	26
THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR	29
VICTORY AT BATOCHÉ (North-West Rebellion)	31
HYMN OF PEACE (North-West Rebellion)	33
NUPTIAL HYMN	35
FIREWEED	36
VIA DOLOROSA	38
AUF WIEDERSEHN	40
ISOLA D'ARTURI	42
THE SHIPWRECK	45
EUGENIE IN PARIS	48
THE LIGHTHOUSE	52
ROYAL RENUNCIATION	55
THE VEIL OF ST. VERONICA	57
THE WORK-GIRL'S REST	60
FOR YOUR SAKE	62
EASTER HYMN	64
A WOMAN'S POLITICAL CREED	65
WHAT IS DEATH ?	66
UNSEEN	67

Contents

	PAGE
AUTUMN - - - - -	69
IN MEMORIAM - - - - -	70
NIGHT - - - - -	72
MY COACH AND EIGHT - - - - -	74
TORONTO'S WELCOME - - - - -	76
INAUGURAL ODE - - - - -	78
GULNARE (Cantata) - - - - -	81
THE SEA-KING'S BRIDE (Cantata) - - - - -	93
EXIT ELECTRA - - - - -	101
JUVENILE POEMS - - - - -	103
SONG OF JOAN OF ARC - - - - -	105
"JESUS WEPT" - - - - -	106
CONSTANCY - - - - -	108
SONG - - - - -	110
TRUTH - - - - -	111
THE STAR GAZER - - - - -	112
ON THE FALLS OF NIAGARA - - - - -	113
LEAVE US NOT - - - - -	115
JAIRUS' DAUGHTER - - - - -	117
ON A WALTZ - - - - -	119
SPRING SONG - - - - -	121
NEVER DESPAIR - - - - -	123
THE RETURN OF SPRING - - - - -	126
THE WANDERING JEW - - - - -	128
L'ENVOI - - - - -	132

LEAVES FROM ROSEDALE

ROSEDALE

Just outside the crowded city,
Where the throb of hurrying feet
Sounds like the loud, wild pulsation
Of a heart at fever heat,

Lies Rosedale, the fair and favored,
Each season in beauty dressed,
Spring, summer, autumn and winter,
But in autumn at her best.

We stand on the bridge, beholding
The glory of red and gold,
Of birch and of oak and maple,
With green of the pine trees old.

We wander on to the woodland
Where the songs of birds are sweet,
Alas! for the tuneless sparrows
In a city's dusty street.

Leaves from Rosedale

Stately the homes are of Rosedale,
And stately the elms that stand
With our own Canadian maples
As sentinels of the land.

His "monuments," one has called them,
Who planted them years ago,
With his sturdy boys to help him—
A gallant brigade, I trow!

Ah me! they are boys no longer,
And some of them far away,
Though to me, in the twilight dreaming,
It seems but as yesterday

That they and our girls were roaming
And romping o'er hill and dale;
And I know their love for Rosedale
Through life's changes ne'er will fail.

We care not for Eldorado,
With its golden gates shut fast;
Our dream has been of Utopia—
And now it is found at last.

Christmas Eve

CHRISTMAS EVE

How many little hearts beat high to-night
With joyful hope of what the dawn will bear,
How many pairs of curious little eyes,
Heavy with watching, at the stockings stare!

In every Christian land what happy throngs
Speak of the joys to waken with the morn
Which ushers in the children's feast-day, kept
For love of one dear Babe, so lowly born.

So lowly born, who might have come a prince
Announced by heralds, in the palace hall;
So lowly laid, no costly fabrics wrapped
The Babe whose only shelter was a stall.

No heralds, but the angels, took the theme
And set it to the music of the spheres:
"Glory to God, peace and good-will to men,"
Fell, soft and sweet, on Bethlehem shepherds' ears.

And then the war god closed his temple gates,
The curse of nations from his throne was hurled,

Leaves from Rosedale

And at the coming of the Prince of Peace,
Peace with white wings enwrapped the wondering
world.

And still old enmities are laid aside,
Friends long divided now together stand,
The miser holds his purse-strings loose for once,
And Love is lord for one day o'er the land.

Thank God for Christmas! for the happy hearts
Of children, for kind feelings stirred anew;
If Christianity did nought but this,
It were enough to stamp and sign it TRUE.



In the Dark

IN THE DARK

(After the rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix.)

“DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.”

“Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!
Ecce minacitur, imminet arbiter, ille supremus :”

PHOEBUS hath sunk to rest ; Nature, fatigued, oppressed,
yearneth for slumber ;
Low wails the whippoorwill, voices from every rill rise
without number.
High in the fields above, shining as eyes of love shine
when enchanted,
Stars point to deathless sweets, stars—Heaven’s mar-
guerites by God’s hand planted.
Pale grow Earth’s blossoms bright at the approach of
night, whispering “Be careful!”
In our souls echoes rise from one lone voice that cries
ever: “Be prayerful!”
Careful and prayerful we have urgent need to be, for
foes surround us.
At the abyss we stand—stretch forth a groping hand—
and Fate hath found us.

Leaves from Rosedale

Hate would shut out from view all that life holds of true
and pure and tender ;
Envy would fain deface all that is left by Grace, of
Eden's splendor.
Love gives its all in all, and to the trumpet-call an-
swereth, "Take me!"
Sleeps till *reveillé* comes, shivers at sound of drums,
moaning, "Why wake me?"
Here do we grope in doubt, here must the soul reach out
for that beyond her.
Only through death comes life; peace only comes from
strife here, where we wander.
Here, where to meet is vain, so soon the parting pain
follows the greeting ;
Where the warm hand we clasp turns cold within our
grasp. Wherefore the meeting?
"Wherefore" and "might have been" shadows that
fall between us and our dearest!
Too oft, on life's highway pass we, and miss for aye bliss
that lies nearest.
Heart-hungry we abide, always unsatisfied, thirsting as
ever ;
Some cool, refreshing draught—Hippocrene tho' we
quaffed, such thirst quenched never.
Sin sets the fowler's snare, Sorrow sits everywhere, Death
their retainer
Rides, pale and wild, through earth 'gainst Bacchanalian
mirth—Death is the gainer.
Misery, crime, disgrace, spring from their lurking-place,
stare at us, flee us ;

In the Dark

Mingled with threats are cries, broken hearts' agonies:

Exurgat Deus!

"Watchman! what of the night?" cry we, and shrink
with fright, pale where we cower.—

Answers a passing bell, deep as the spirit's knell,—

"Th' eleventh hour!"

Ay! and the night is dark, full of strange noises—

Hark! While they are humming

Footfalls we faintly catch—a raising of the latch—is
the King coming?

No! the sounds die in space, falls the latch to its place:

"Not yet!" we mutter;

Only, O Lord! how long must right contend with wrong,
in darkness utter?

Darker the night may be, sooner the light, and we shall
rise at morning,

And, as the lark that sings soaring till his song rings
above earth's scorning,

So, over earth's desire, may our souls reach the higher,
the Heavenly City;

There, with our robes washed white, there, where doth
come no night, to find God's pity.

Leaves from Rosedale

IN THE MIST

I CANNOT see the fair, far city whither
I drift, as in a dream, at eventide;
But still I know that white sails bear me thither,
Where stands my home—more dear than all beside.

I cannot see that city's trees and towers,
Its spires and domes are hidden from my sight;
No perfumed breath can reach me from the flowers
In its gay gardens, glowing 'neath the light.

I cannot hear its music, rising, falling,
Sobbing and throbbing as a heart in pain;
Its strains of joy, its eager voices calling,
Its hymns of triumph over heroes slain.

I cannot hear the organ grandly pealing,
Lost in the mingled roar of wind and wave,
Nor chants, nor prayers, earth's purest incense stealing
Toward the Crucified who died to save.

Naught but the waves beneath and clouds above me,
And this poor storm-tossed bark, so weak and frail,

In the Mist

I trust to bear me where they wait who love me—
The calm, sure haven where no storms assail.

So dim our sight, so thick the veil terrestrial,
So dense the mist, the storms of life so fierce,
We catch no glimmer from the Home celestial,
When, lo! 'tis near, and faith the veil can pierce.



IN THE LIGHT

“The glory of the Lord shone round about them.”

THE gloom is past, the darkness as a scroll
Has rolled away. The veil which hung so long
Before the face of the sad, waiting world
Is rent in twain, and through the gap shines forth
The glory of the Lord which was foretold:
“A light to lighten [all] the Gentiles and
To be the glory of thy people Israel.”
So old and yet so new the tale we read
By its pure beams, so strange and yet so true,
So far exceeding all the thought of man
Or his invention; clearer than the note
Of the first bird that heralds Spring's return,
Sweeter and grander far than aught we know
Of sweet and grand in music here below:
Adown the centuries, a strain divine,
Comes the glad story of the Saviour's birth!
Upon the shepherds, keeping in the fields
Watch o'er their flocks by night, the great light shone,
As on the beatific messenger,
The angel of the Lord, who stood by them—
Who ever stands by us, watch keeping here—

In the Light

Uttering the gracious words: "Be not afraid."
The radiance fell where oft the lowly kine
Had drowsed, unconscious that their food was drawn
From that which on the Day of days should be
The only cradle of the King of kings.
And then His star from out the Orient blazed,
Whereat the Wise Men with exceeding joy
Rejoiced, and laden with their precious gifts,
Of gold and frankincense and myrrh, set forth,
And guided by the effulgence of its light,
Found where the "young child and His mother" lay.
Oh, transcendental vision! Let us lift
The pall which wraps dead centuries and see
As saw the Wise Men, on His mother's breast,
Weak with the weakness of our infancy,
Strong with the spirit of the Godhead, Him
Who was the "Word made flesh," *Emmanuel*,
The everlasting Saviour, Prince of Peace.
And Mary, as she held the Incarnate One
Close to her heart, so full of that strange joy,
Half hope, half fear, yet wholly exquisite,
Which is vouchsafed alone to one who wears
For the first time the crown of motherhood,
Feeling her blessedness alone—forgot—
Forgot that through her heart the sword foretold
Must pierce; and in her present joy forgot
The future and the past; so let us now,
Forgetful but that Christ is born to-day,
Rise from this night, and, guided by His star,
Fall at His feet and do Him reverence.

Leaves from Rosedale

And though we bring no gold nor frankincense,
And though our poverty be only less
Great than His love, the poorest ones of earth
May offer that which He will ne'er despise,
Out of a wealth of gratitude—our hearts.





AN HISTORIC TREE

Planted 24th May, 1833, by Amelia Jarvis, on the 14th anniversary of Queen Victoria's and her own birthday.

A Romance of the U. E. Loyalists

A ROMANCE OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS

ADOWN the vista of the vanished years,
Bedimmed by summer's mist and winter's rime,
I look, and lo! a noble host appears,
Marching in serried ranks, to measured time.

Shades of the heroes who have passed to rest,
The hardy tillers of primeval soil,
Who to their king and country gave their best—
Content to live as humble sons of toil,

Content in peaceful fields to sow the grain
And gather harvest of the fruitful land,
Or reap, perchance, an aftermath of pain,
If duty willed it so, at war's red hand.

Sinews of iron, hearts as true as steel!
Upright and honest, so their record runs;
These patents of nobility reveal
Them noble ancestors of worthy sons.

Leaves from Rosedale

Theirs was no compromise 'twixt work and play:
By woodman's axe the forest must be cleared
Ere golden corn in summer's wind could sway,
And, for a home, the cabin must be reared.

Closely and well the logs must fitted be,
No chinks through which to let the north wind come;
A fitting shrine for some Divinity—
Love's wondrous magic could transform the home.

To such a home young Edward brought his bride,
Both pilgrims from the Mother Land, which dim
And distant seemed to him when by her side;
To her—the world well lost for love of him.

Through Pennsylvanian pines their cottage sent
Heavenward its curling smoke. Wayfarers fain,
Footsore and weary, towards the signal went,
Nor found their prayers for food and rest in vain.

Singing some simple ditty low and sweet,
Sat the young wife, from all the world aloof,
And turned her wheel, like Fortune's, sure and fleet,
Weaving bright fancies in with warp and woof.

Yet, sometimes, in such quiet solitude
Her cheek would pale and heart stand still, to hear
The Indian's war-whoop echo through the wood,
Or shout of huntsman following the deer.

A Romance of the U. E. Loyalists

But when at eventide her lord returned,
Such terrors vanished, as forgotten dreams,
While crickets sang on hearth and huge logs burned,
Sending from floor to rafter ruddy gleams.

Then, with the triple crown of womanhood
On her meek brow, the mother took her share
Of joy and sorrow, all in simplest mood,
And children rose and blessed her loving care.

So passed their simple, uneventful lives,
Till war's red hand with sudden thrust had turned
The arts of peace to fratricidal strife,
While foemen fought and cabins fell or burned.

Rose the young husband to his manhood's height :
" O wife ! " said he, " the ties of the Old Land
Still bind her sons, and where our brothers fight
' Shoulder to shoulder, ' should be ours to stand. "

She took his rusty sword from off the wall,
Where it had hung through all those happy years ;
She said : " Not ours to slight our country's call ! "
And smiled with white, set lips, and dried her tears.

Soon 'neath her hand the rusted blade shone bright,
With its sharp edge she cut one lock of gold,
And bade him bear it ever through the fight,
To keep him true to her and brave and bold.

Leaves from Rosedale

With passionate cry he pressed her to his heart
And kissed the children clinging to his knee;
With hand upraised he blessed her: "When apart
The Lord watch ever between thee and me."

And so he went—and day succeeded day,
And weeks gave place to months, and months to years;
Poor Mary's golden hair had turned to grey,
Her once bright eyes were dim through constant tears.

Friends bore her to their home. Her girl and boy
Strove oft, with loving wiles, to soothe her grief;
But life for her no more held aught of joy,
And death alone, she thought, could bring relief.

One night, when sitting late beneath a tree
Fragrant with bloom, where oft she sat alone,
She heard a voice cry, "Mary, come to me."
And answered as she rose, "I come, my own!"

Then sought her children: "We must go," she said,
"To find your father; we have waited long
And patiently. I know he is not dead;
He called me even now—in accents strong!"

So forth they went into the world to seek
Their lost, and when beneath the Union Jack
They found themselves at last, this woman weak,
But strong of soul, felt all her faith come back.

A Romance of the U. E. Loyalists

“ We shall not search much longer, I believe,”
She said, one day, when to a cool retreat
Of sweet pine woods they brought her, to relieve
Their aching feet and heads from fever heat.

They lingered long—the spell of the wild wood
Was on them, and the mystery of the hour
(’Twas sunset) held them speechless where they stood,
Albeit they reasoned not upon its power.

At length the girl broke silence: “ Mother, see
That smoke among the trees! If it should come
From some camp-fire or cabin, we might be
Bidden to rest awhile within their home.”

O’er fallen trees, through thicket, briar and brake,
They went, the spiral shaft of smoke their guide,
The children each a hand of Mary’s take
And soon they stand the cabin door beside.

In answer to their knock a grey-haired man
With hollow cheek and furrowed brow appears.
With one wild cry of “ Edward!” Mary ran
Into his arms; kisses and smiles and tears

Were strangely mingled. Edward, stricken dumb
At first, broke silence, and with trembling tone:
“ My Mary! has thy gentle spirit come
From its blessed home? Leave me no more alone;

Leaves from Rosedale

O take me with thee, if thou canst not stay.
They told me that the Indians took thy life
And burned our home. Our children—where are they?"
Then Mary brought them forward: "I, your wife,
Restore them to you. God has kept us, dear,
Alive and well, and he has been our guide
Through all the grief of each succeeding year.
O take us in and let us here abide."

With arms entwined all entered, and he set
His humble meal before them; joy and love
Made it a feast for kings—such meetings yet
Are the dim shadows here of those above.

Again the wheel turns merrily around,
Again the mother lilts her little lay;
Husband and wife and children all have found
True happiness, and night is turned to day.

So ends my simple tale. The pioneers
Of our Canadian wilds such stories tell
As the true history of these early years,
In which their fathers served their country well.

.

All, all is changed, the wheel is silent now—
The settlers of those wilds have passed away,

A Romance of the U. E. Loyalists

And on the land first broken by their plough
Full many a stately mansion stands to-day.

Yet unforgotten in their graves, they sleep,
In well-earned rest, beyond this troubled scene,
And all who claim such lineage will keep
Their memory, as the turf above them—green.



Leaves from Rosedale

DOMINION DAY

HAIL to thee, Canada! Another year
Has come and gone, in Time's procession by;
With immortelles we consecrate the bier,
And lay it on the shelves of memory

Sadly and tenderly, with thankfulness
For all it was. All that it might have been
Is not for us to say, who cannot guess
The hidden counsels of the Great Unseen.

Safe in our bark we sail through calm or storm
And darkness; waves may threaten to o'erwhelm,
The lightning but reveals one patient form
And one scarred hand forever at the helm.

We to that hand entrust this "ship of state,"
In cloud or sunshine, calm or troubled sea,
Knowing that it will bring our living freight
Into the haven where we fain would be.

The Past is dead; the present still remains;
The Future—we can bide our time and trust,

Dominion Day

Full panoplied, whate'er our loss or gains,
With armor burnished, swords all free from rust;

Our lamps still burning through the darkest hour,
With oil to 'plenish them when lights burn low:
"Ready, aye ready!" Well we know the power
Of heroes' watchword, ere they face the foe.

Happy as holy are the homes love makes
Within our borders, sacred are the ties
Domestic in our sight, and he who breaks
The law is banned by that which he defies.

"Honesty, Industry, Integrity"—

High blazoned on our shield the words are set,
And still the nation, as in days gone by,
Will wear it on her heart, as amulet.

And still the industrious beaver will perform
Ungrudgingly the task upon him laid;
And still from scorching sun and blinding storm
Symbolic maple leaves will yield us shade.

Nothing is there of servile or of mean
In our allegiance to the Mother Land;
The loyal subjects of our gracious Queen,
Proudly beneath the Union Jack we stand.

Therefore a truce to every thought of pain.
Let all be gay! Thou, sun, propitious shine!

Leaves from Rosedale

Fête day of our Dominion comes again—

Ho! nymphs and fauns, dance, if ye list, awhile.

Darkness is past, the hours, swift-footed, fly,

Chasing the shades of night disconsolate

Back to Avernus, mount again on high,

And with a touch unlock the pearly gate

Which opens wide to let Aurora through;

A burst of music floods our upper world;

A saffron glory streaks the ether blue;

Slowly the mists are from the valleys curled,

Slowly they part asunder, slowly yield,

Slowly are lifted through the summer air,

Till to our raptured vision stands revealed

A sculptured form, of lineaments most fair.

A wreath of July roses wraps her round,

She holds her ægis with a hand divine,

And in the fillet, queenliest brow around,

Seven lustrous, priceless jewels brightly shine.

Blest as thy past hath been thy future be,

O young Dominion! On thy natal day,

Queen of the Western World! we bow to thee,

Own thy just right, and hail thy gentle sway.

The Death of the Old Year

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

MISERERE: toll the bell,
Let the earth send forth a knell,
For a great soul takes his flight,
None knows whither, in the night—
Miserere!

Stretched upon his snowy bier,
Dying lies the good Old Year;
And upon the midnight gale
All may hear his parting wail—
Miserere!

In the old king's chequered reign
There were mingled joy and pain;
Friends proved false, while foes were true,
Sinners many, saints—a few—
Miserere!

There were hearts that suffered wrong,
Bore it bravely, and were strong;
Hearts there were, so black within,
Satan wondered at their sin—
Miserere!

Leaves from Rosedale

Garners full of fruitful store,
Measures pressed, and running o'er;
Famine in the streets at night,
Doing deeds too dark for light—
Miserere!

Rang the church bells for the wed,
Tolled they also for the dead;
In one home a joy was born,
From another joy was torn—
Miserere!

Such earth's sorrow, such its sin,
All must end where they begin;
Snow which wraps the New Year's feet
Is the Old Year's winding sheet—
Miserere!

Now his spirit goeth fast,
Midnight hour will be his last;
To your knees, earth's worn and weary—
Miserere! Miserere!

Victory at Batoche

VICTORY AT BATOCHÉ

(North-West Rebellion.)

VICTORY! Glorious news come down,
As sudden flash of light from falling star;
To God the glory—the renown
To our brave soldiers on the field afar,

Who, knowing that with them the breath
Of captives failed should action tardy be,
“Charged bayonets” in the face of death—
Into Gehenna’s pit, and set them free!

While rebel hordes flew as the dust
Is onward driven by the strong wind’s will,
Batoche has fall’n, is ours. Our trust,
Our prayers are answered—God is with us still!

The great heart of the nation heaves
With pride in work her sons have done so well,
And with a smile and tear she weaves
A wreath of bays, and one of immortelle.

Leaves from Rosedale

Baptized with fire, they stood the test,
And earth in turn baptized with blood they shed.
Canada triumphs, but her best
Are not all here—she mourns her gallant dead.

A glorious death was theirs; a bright,
Unsullied ending to a cloudless day;
They sank, as sinks the sun, in sea of light,
And in their country's memory live for aye.

First flush of victory pales in pain;
Tears fall for saddened homes where glad tones cease,
Whose loved that left, come not again—
Heaven send the mourners and the nation—peace!

Hymn of Peace

HYMN OF PEACE

(North-West Rebellion.)

JUBILATE DEO! Let us sing in exultation,
With harps attuned to highest pitch that triumphant
souls attain;
Rebellion, like a serpent crushed, lies dead before the
nation
That with open arms has welcomed her brave soldiers
home again.

Jubilate Deo! We have watched them through the vista
Which our prayers kept open ever through the weary,
waiting days;
Well your patience is rewarded, noble mother, wife and
sister!
Now you taste one joy of heaven wherein prayer is
turned to praise.

Miserere Domine! If quiet tears be stealing
From eyes no more on earth to see those whom lips
grow pale to kiss,

Leaves from Rosedale

In your grief the nation grieveth and is with you in the
feeling

Of that void which earth fills never, for the Dead we
sorely miss.

Beati mortui; we have sung the requiem, weeping,
Over heroes whom heaven crowneth with its wreaths
of asphodel;

We have laid our proud, sad tributes on the graves where
they lie sleeping,

And to History give the sacred charge their daring
deeds to tell.

Jubilate Deo! We our songs triumphant singing,
Not one jarring note of discord in the harmony have
found;

Be the voice of strife and faction stifled by the cheers
still ringing,

As they stilled the drums' loud beating and the mar-
tial music drowned.

Nuptial Hymn

NUPTIAL HYMN

OH! love divine, supernal,
Transcendant in thy worth,
The type of the Eternal,
Its image here on earth;

Shine in thy glory round them,
Whose hands are joined to-day,
Shine on the path before them,
Illumine all their way.

Then, when the shadows lengthen
Upon their pathway bright,
O Father! guide and strengthen,
And lead them into light.

Leaves from Rosedale

FIREWEED

CLEAR through the woodland a relentless fire
Had swept, like Destiny, and left it bare;
Now o'er the scene of Death and ravage dire,
Spectres of forest giants wave in air
Their ghastly limbs, with gestures of despair.

All so unlovely, where in loveliness
Last summer's verdure clad the sylvan scene
With its bright beauty; memories that distress
By contrast of what is, and what hath been,
Rush o'er the soul, a storm wind, icy keen.

At last the heavens are weeping passionate tears
On the parched earth, where not a blade of grass
Will grow again, in all the slow, sad years,
We think!—for where destroying angels pass,
They only leave dead ashes heaped, alas!

Spring's gentle hand now raiseth tiny heads
Above the blackened earth, which grow, and grow,
And spread, like priceless charity, which feeds
Ever upon the warmth of its own glow:
Now perfect purple flowers begin to blow.

Fireweed

They cover with bright pall the face of Death,
As Love the imperfections of the one
Beloved ; they crown the dark face with a wreath,
That shows the victory itself hath won :
Love only lives, and Death is dead alone.

Only where fire hath been this flower doth spring ;
'Mid verdant forests you might seek in vain
The purple-red its many blossoms bring ;
So may a heart, superior to its pain,
Spring from dead ashes into life again.



Leaves from Rosedale

VIA DOLOROSA

There is in Jerusalem a street so named, from its being the supposed road which led to the scene of the Crucifixion.

SOMBRE cypress overhead,
Darkly drear the way we tread,
'Twixt the living and the dead:
Via Dolorosa.

Storm clouds lower in the sky,
Storm birds scream, as they wheel by;
Back I force the bitter cry—
Via Dolorosa!

With white lips I strive to smile,
Pressing back hot tears the while,
My tired feet tread many a mile,
Via Dolorosa.

Courage, hearts! 'twill soon be o'er;
One there was, who meekly bore
More than we, and trod before
Via Dolorosa.

Via Dolorosa

He who erst the hungry fed,
Healed the sick, and raised the dead,
Had not "where to lay His head"—

Via Dolorosa!

Courage, hearts! Stars fill the night;
He can give us purer light
Than the day's, and render bright

Via Dolorosa.

Cyprus boughs exchanged for palms,
Storms of earth for heavenly calms;
Borne in the Eternal arms

From Via Dolorosa.

Leaves from Rosedale

AUF WIEDERSEHN !

WEARY of shining, sinks the sun to rest,
Yet blushing skies his parting smiles retain ;
And as the wild bird seeks his downy nest,
The woods thrill with his song : *Auf wiedersehn!*

Fair summer dies, and summer's flowers depart,
The pure, frail marguerites must leave the plain ;
But ere they die, breathe to the earth's cold heart,
Which throbs no answer back : *Auf wiedersehn!*

Through darkling pines the tender moon doth look
Upon a happy stream that laughs again ;
Clouds pass between them, and the lonely brook
Grieves in the midnight chill : *Auf wiedersehn!*

A glorious strain of music floats away,
To seek the place it lost in heaven again,
Till, mingling with the spheres it seems to say :
My home and thine is here, *Auf wiedersehn!*

Auf Wiedersehn

Birds, flowers and music! Plead, oh plead for me;
My lips are silent, but my heart is fain
To send its message: Where I cannot be,
Do not forget me quite, *Auf wiedersehn!*



Leaves from Rosedale

ISOLA D'ARTURI*

Dedicated to its Faëry Queen.†

YOU, in your cool retreat,
I, in the busy street,
 How far apart!
I walk, and think of you,
And take a spirit view
 Of you, dear heart!
I see you face-to-face—
For what are time and space?
 Annihilate
Them both we may at will;
The loved are with us still,
 Whate'er our fate.
So to those bowers I flee;
 Isola d'Arturi
 Holds half of me:
The half which is the best,
That recks not of the rest;
 And now I see:

* An island in the Georgian Bay.

† Its fair hostess.

Isola d'Arturi

A sheltered harbor, where the Georgian Bay,
Though lashed by storm to fury, can but play
As gently as a little child, and lave
Each rock-bound islet with a tiny wave,
The miniature of those that rage and roar,
And break their hearts to pieces on the shore ;
Wild is their grandeur, but I love the best
This quiet haven, where to be is rest.
Here rides the *Lady Margaret*, her sails
Like white wings moving in the balmy gales,
Which whirl and whistle through her rigging taut
Until she seems with life and feeling fraught.
Aloft her colors flying, white and blue,
Beckon and wave, impatient for the crew.
Up the steep path with mossy carpet strewn
I wend my way, in hope to find them soon.
The tall trees nod their heads to me as though
To say : " We saw you here a year ago."
Again the birds sing blithely in the trees ;
And ne'er was song of mortal sweet as these
Songs that they sing ; nor music half so sweet
As crackling of the pine boughs 'neath my feet,
And sighing of the wind in pine tops high—
Adagio from Nature's symphony.
There on the hill-top stands the house, once more,
The wide piazza and the open door,
The table, with its charming disarray,
Books, flowers, pipes, just as they ever lay,
Pens, ink and paper, sweets—*ad libitum*,
You take your choice. Above the drowsy hum

Leaves from Rosedale

Of droning bees, cicadas' shrill notes rise,
And day is musical with melodies,
And night is peaceful as a soul forgiven,
When stars arise, reflecting from high heaven
Their image in the water—scarce we know
Whether 'tis sky above or lake below,
And we but dreamers on another sphere,
Till something wakening tells us we are here.
A voice which is not that of bee or bird,
But fresh and true as either, now is heard.
A lithe young figure in the "blue and white"
Springs through the door into the sunshine bright,
Where I stand formless, in the air concealed.
Paddle in hand, our kind host is revealed
With genial smile for all! Now, soon, I ween,
Must follow, with her train, the Faëry Queen.
She comes, she comes! Amid the joyous throng,
A flash of light, a lily or a song
Were not more bright, more white, more full of bliss!
So I, an airy nothing, stoop to kiss
Her cheek as airily as spirits do,
Before I melt into the ether blue.
So pass we all: they, to the bounding main;
I, to materialize in town again.

The Shipwreck

THE SHIPWRECK

AS ON the day before creation's dawn
 Broke o'er the waste of waters, at the word
Of the Omnipotent, who breathed upon
 That awful darkness, brooding like a bird
With wing of ebon hue, above the face,
 Then blank and featureless, of things to be ;
Ere yet the fiat had gone forth through space :
 " Let there be light ! " light following instantly,

So, in that darkest hour ere day breaks forth,
 There loomed, like some gigantic bird of prey,
A goodly vessel, bearing from the north
 To southern climes her living freight away.
There had been partings, prayers to meet again,
 Kisses and handclasps, ere they left the shore ;
Farewells of gladness and farewells of pain—
 Such varied destinies the good ship bore !

Some, full of eager hope, within its hold ;
 Some grieving that they could not now turn back ;
Some, faint and feeble ; others, strong and bold—
 But all unthinking that upon their track

Leaves from Rosedale

Rode a wild spectre of the winds and waves,
Fierce and relentless, with his icy breath
Speeding them onward to their watery graves,
Stronger than aught save Love, which dies not:
Death!

Death followed them, and made no sign, but kept
His presence still unfelt, although so near;
Some slept unconscious, others watched and wept,
Or dreamt of home and all that made it dear.
Oh! the wild race they ran! With groan and strain,
"Sou'west by west" the vessel ploughed her way;
But the pursuer Death on them did gain,
And on the rocks a broken wreck she lay.

The waning moon sailed out beyond the clouds,
In pure, cold beauty, glancing down to where
Pale, wild-eyed men were clinging to the shrouds
With frozen fingers, horror and despair.
Prayers, shrieks and curses mingled with the storm,
Whilst quiet corpses dropped into the sea,
But over all, how many knew the form
Of Him who walked the waves of Galilee?

Some prayed for life, and others prayed to die,
Till high above the roaring of the gale,
The while they waved a tattered flag on high,
A shout of joy arose: "A sail, a sail!"

The Shipwreck

She comes, she comes, and we are saved at last;
Home, friends and kindred ours again will be!"
Vain hopes: the vessel has already passed,
And left them to the mercy of the sea.

The grey dawn broke, and still the storm raged on,
While o'er those stiffening forms the waters rolled.
A hundred souls to their account had gone,
And these clung on, in hunger, pain and cold.
The slow hours passed as years in agony;
The morning sun rose high at heaven's gate;
As brains were reeling, help again came nigh:
Not yet for them was sealed the Book of Fate.

An ocean giant sails from out the mist,
White-winged, the harbinger of hope again.
Strong arms may do with them whate'er they list,
Too weak for thanks, they strive to speak in vain.
Saved from the wild embrace of wind and wave,
Saved from the siren sea and icy breath!—
So save us, clinging, Who alone canst save
From this wild waste of waters and of Death.

EUGÉNIE IN PARIS

IN the great city none so sad and lone
As she, a pilgrim where in days gone by
She reigned the Empress; now almost unknown,
Unnoticed, followed but by sleuth-hound spy;
A widow's weeds replace the Imperial crown,
No more is *Vive l'Impératrice!* the people's cry.

Widowed, bereaved, dethroned, she cannot rest,
But comes, and comes again, as to a shrine
Which the saints have deserted. In her breast
The cry is stifled, "All this once was mine."
And heedless passers by the Dispossessed
See not the tears that make those sad eyes shine.

She lingers in the old familiar ways,
And 'mid the throng familiar faces sees—
Some, like her own, grown old and sad—and says:
"Not upon me alone—also on these
Dark Destiny a hand of iron lays,
And in their separate souls writes unread tragedies."

Eugenie in Paris

Where stood the Tuileries doth the Empress stand,
While spectre courtiers, passing to and fro,
Bend low to kiss the Queen of Beauty's hand;
Dreaming, she leads the world again, and lo!
Husband and son and friends—a joyous band—
And Empire hers again! She wills, and it is so.

The Seine flows by, and murmurs the same song
It sang to her in happier days of yore,
Touched by the sunbeams, fairest scenes among,
With not a cloud to dim the landscape o'er,
When her life, also sunlit, flowed along,
Ere fate's swift current swept her to an alien shore.

Alien yet tender, taking to her breast
The tired fugitives; but that is not
Remembered here, although the claim confest
Was writ in the mother's heart blood, and the blot
Wiped out by England's tears. We know the rest—
The sad, sweet memories clinging to this spot;
The thorn-crown on the mother's tender forehead prest.

But all-forgetting now, the Empress stands:
The perfume of Imperial violets
Fills all her senses; over these broad lands
O'er which the sun in gold and azure sets,
Waves the tricolor, borne by loyal hands,
And floating gaily from the city's minarets.

Leaves from Rosedale

“Honneur et Patrie!” rings within her ears.

“*Vive l'Empereur!*” and coming towards her now,
She sees him, leading, 'mid the people's cheers,

The nation's hope, their bright, brave boy, whose brow
Yet unbaptized by fire or scalding tears,

O'er frank and fearless eyes, gleams pure as northern
snow.

No dream of sad Sedan to mar the sweet,

Glad tenderness within his mother's eyes;

No thought of ignominy or defeat,

The call to arms, the battle, the surprise,

The loss of all save honor, the retreat—

Unseen the clouds which lower above their destinies.

Her hand is raised to beckon to her side

The phantom husband and his phantom son,

But nerveless falls—the transient light has died

From out her eyes—her cheeks again grow wan,

While down them rain the tears she fain would hide—

Why this awakening? Who such cruel deed hath
done?

Only a soldier of the Imperial Guard,

Who stops, saluting her with reverent gaze,

Care-worn and crippled, cheek and forehead scarred,

A broken relic of Imperial days,

Who wears upon his breast the sole reward

Of his devotion, given with the Emperor's praise.

Eugenie in Paris

She bows her head, and would extend her hand,—
But he is gone, and all the vision fair,
The necromancy of the magic wand,
Gone, too, and leaving in its place—Despair—
Patrie no more, a blight is on her land
And life: the shadow of Isandula is there.

Widowed, bereaved, dethroned, the Dispossessed
Turns to the land which claims her for its own;
“Britannia, waiting,” clasps her to her breast,
And like a tired dove she nestles down.
Grant, O All-merciful! she there may rest,
Till on her brow thou place the better, brighter crown.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

OVER the lake's broad bosom there lieth
A glistening serpent of ruddy gold ;
And over them both the night wind sigheth
Like a spirit, restless with grief untold.

The rushes bend their dark heads to listen,
While thrilleth the song of the nightingale ;
And pure white lilies, as dewdrops glisten,
Cover their faces with dark green veil.

For Cyane singeth under the water
A song of the loving of Anapis,
How at morning, noon and eve he sought her,
And found her at last in an hour like this.

Sigh, O thou lake! to thy ruddy lover,
And whisper him softly, " My love, my own !"
But in the morning thou wilt discover
That sighs could not keep him, who left thee lone,

The Lighthouse

Without a word of regret or warning,
Or of tender pity, or sad farewell;
When the hours unlock the gates of morning
He will have passed—whither, no one can tell.

Above the mountains fair Luna riseth,
Now changing the scene, by her magic power,
And lake, and serpent, and bird surpriseth,
And dark, bending bulrush, and lily-flower.

Clear as the day, and no more concealing,
As she looketh down on the solemn night,
The Lighthouse, high on the rocks, revealing
Whence Python hath issued, in red-gold light.

Changed is my dream, in the serpent lying
A deeper meaning, with promise rife,
As that of brass, unto Israel dying,
And which, in exchange for a look, gave life.

So nightly cometh that sinuous glimmer,
Shining when dark are the waves and sky,
Strong hands will keep it from growing dimmer,
Brave hearts will hail it as land draws nigh

For dangers lurk, which no eye discerneth,
Beneath that bosom, so cold and dark,

Leaves from Rosedale

But the beacon light, still faithful, burneth,
To save from wreck every well-steered bark.

But should the helmsman forget its guiding,
And backward look—by the billows tossed
Onward, where siren rocks lie hiding,
His bark is shattered, and he is lost.

There is a light unto which all turning,
Have deadliest danger and trial braved:
The hands were wounded that keep it burning,
And whoso is guided by it is saved!



Royal Renunciation

ROYAL RENUNCIATION

Prince Oscar of Sweden.

As to the dark depths of a mine may pierce
Some shaft of daylight from above, which shows
The diamond's lustre, which remained concealed
Till the sun-god has kissed it into life:
So, in the years of darkness, without thee,
None ever knew that in th' unfathomed depths
Of my heart lay this jewel, which the light
That shines once in a lifetime hath illumed.

As an Æolian harp gives forth no sound,
But lies in silence till the waking wind
Sets every string vibrating to its touch,
And all the more they tremble, all the more
Is higher music made; so at thy touch
Trembled the silent strings within my heart
Till all its voiceless music swelled to song;
So dark, so sad, so silent was this heart
Till loved by thee.

The decade has been passed
Wherein I waited, and the little cloud,

Leaves from Rosedale

No larger than the hand of man, has rolled
Away at last, and I can call thee now
My own! This ring wherewith I pledge my troth
Is emblem of eternity. Our love
Begun in life will end not at our death,
But grow in strength and beauty in that home
Where all is beautiful and death is not.

All that this world holds dear of pomp and state
I do resign, and count a throne well lost
For love of thee, beloved! For that crown
I cast away, the radiant aureole
Of thy pure, faithful love which crowns my life
Is more than compensation, and the hand
I hold in mine gives greater power to me
Than any regal sceptre; it shall rest
Securely thus, and I will lead thee on
Through paths as fair as Eden's. The wild birds
That sing in springtime but for joy of heart,
And build their nests where'er they list, are not
More free than we; yet shall my strong soul cast
Around thee fast-locked fetters of true love,
And thine shall bind me, as with silken cords:
Uncrowned, I claim no kingdom but thy heart;
Throneless, I reign for thee, thy captive king!

The Veil of St. Veronica

THE VEIL OF ST. VERONICA

“According to the legend, Veronica was one of the women who met our Lord on His way to Calvary; and as He was sinking, overpowered by fatigue under the weight of the cross, offered Him her veil to wipe the drops of sweat from His brow, when, wondrous to tell, the divine features were miraculously impressed upon the cloth, and remained as a permanent picture of the face of our Lord.”—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.*

VERONICA, sweet saint! I picture her,
As down the dusty highway, from the mount,
She comes, with lingering steps and downcast eyes,
Save when to heaven raised, whither had flown,
White-winged, her thoughts, like virgin lilies kept
To deck God's altar; eyes in whose dark depths,
Clear and translucent as a waveless lake,
You look and see a pure and perfect soul;
A cheek on which the roses only bloom
At some high deed, or thought, or word of praise—
Then die, and leave her paler than before;
The low, broad brow, serene and white, might be
A sculptor's dream; the parted, waving locks
Cast their soft shadows o'er its snow and fall
At either side, dark as the raven's wing;
Her mouth, sweet, sensitive, seems only formed
To speak in softest syllables, and pour

Leaves from Rosedale

In listening ears a music of its own.
Why does she pause and shudder, draw her veil
More closely round her, clasp her hands?

What mean
These hoarse, discordant cries, these frantic yells,
As though the very fiends, let loose from hell,
Were keeping carnival?

The tramping feet
Come nearer, and more near: now she can see
A band of Roman soldiers, and the crowd,
Offscourings of the populace, and one
Lone figure in their midst, on whom they pour
Their low invectives, curse quick following curse,
Jeer upon jeer, blow upon blow, as falls
On some defenceless and uncovered head,
'Neath heaven's frown, the pitiless hail; and still
Answering no word, and staggering 'neath the load,
He bears His cross, and nearer, nearer still,
Soldiers, and rabble, and the victim come.
Veronica, her heart aflame, her eyes
Streaming with tears, not knowing who He is--
Conspirator or traitor, viler still,
Perchance, than either—only sees in him
A fellow creature, cursed by God and man,
And, filled with pity, lifts her silken veil,
Forgetful of the stare of ribald hordes,
Forgetful that the women of her land

The Veil of St. Veronica

Must hide their features from the gaze of men,
In her supreme compassion, takes the veil
And gives it him to dry the drops of sweat
That course down his worn face. The victim then
Places the veil within her hands again,
And with one look of love ineffable
Goes to his doom.

But what is this? O day
Of strange surprises! On its surface glows,
As limned by pencil into moonlight dipped—
Glows, with its look of love ineffable—
Glows, with its look of patient agony,
The Saviour's image!

Centuries have passed;
And she with Him whose sorrow stirred her soul,
Long time hath been; but still His grief and love,
And still the story of her gracious deed
Do fill the world.

Lord give us grace!
The ways of life are foul; the dust crowds raise
Clings to our garments, soils the hands we fain
Would keep so white, and blinds our very eyes
That sorely need to see; but if we wear
The veil of Charity, we shall discern
On it, for every gracious word and deed,
Each small self-sacrifice, of which we think
Nothing, perchance, in glowing lines of light
The image of the Saviour of the world!

THE WORK-GIRL'S REST

SHE is lying where the sighing
Wind, and moaning of the surge,
Long through shattered pane have clattered,
Sounding like a funeral dirge.

On the cover, folded over,
Lie her hands across her breast;
Sickness sought her, and it brought her,
For those aching fingers—rest.

For the soiling and the toiling
That those pale thin fingers know,
God will take them yet, and make them
Soft and white as falling snow.

Few her years are, yet her tears are
Bitter drops, and numberless,
Through sin, surely, walked she purely,
And the bitterness is less.

Never should she—ah! how could she?—
On a husband's sheltering breast,

The Work-Girl's Rest

Soothed by kisses, and caresses,
All her own, find peace and rest.

No! The maiden dreams of Aiden,
And the love which there hath birth,
Thus much dares she, nought else cares she:
Love is not for her, on earth.

Ah! what is it, that exquisite
Look of rapture in her eyes?
Heaven neareth, and she heareth
Angels' harps beyond the skies.

Now she sleepeth, and watch keepeth
Azrael above her head;
No more sorrow, no to-morrow—
She is dead.

Far from sickness, pain and weakness,
Far from everything that harms,
Angels bear her, growing fairer
Every moment, in their arms.

Till at portal of th' Immortal,
Gate of which she oft had dreamed,
Pearl and jasper, angels clasp her,
Singing songs of the Redeemed.

Leaves from Rosedale

FOR YOUR SAKE

ALL my thought and all my care
Are for your sake.
There is nothing I would not dare
For your sake.

I would brave the cold world's hate
For love of you.
I'd defy the hand of fate,
Dear, for you.

I would toil when others sleep:
Toil, for your sake;
In your sorrow I would weep
For your sake.

If your spirit light and gay
Of joy should quaff;
I would dash my tears away,
And would laugh!

For Your Sake

Should another be preferred,
For your dear sake
My white lips should speak no word,
For your sake.

All that human heart can bear
Before it break—
That, beloved, I would bear
For your sake.



EASTER HYMN

Hallelujah!

Dark was the morn when Mary came
To where was laid her Lord most dear;
She knew not, till He breathed her name,
That He, the loved and mourned, stood near.
Hallelujah!

The morning stars grow pale and fade,
And we, like Mary, turn to where
The body of the Lord was laid,
And, weeping, cry: "Not there, not there!"
Hallelujah!

Not there, O Lord, not there, but here,
Here in each loving heart abide;
Thy blood can make our souls appear
Pure as white flowers at Eastertide.
Hallelujah!

The Lord is risen. Let this, our song,
From heart to lips exultant speed,
Till echo answers from the throng
Of choirs celestial: "Risen, indeed!"
Hallelujah!

A Woman's Political Creed

A WOMAN'S POLITICAL CREED

If a Conservative be one who serves
His country best, and lets all else go by,
Nor ever from the line of Duty swerves
For fear or favor—that alone am I.

If a Reformer in the battle wage
Just war against accumulated wrong,
And lead the advance-guard of a purer age
By might of right, I to his side belong.

If "Independent" he who sees the best
Pure gold in either, sifts it from the clay,
And beats it into armor for his breast—
I wear his colors proudly from this day.

Yet rather would I wait the time when all
Shall work together for the general good ;
When narrow creeds and prejudice shall fall
Before one grand, triumphant Brotherhood.

WHAT IS DEATH ?

Lines found scribbled in pencil in an old school book which had not been opened for years ; the handwriting my own, but all else concerning them forgotten, whether original or not, and the circumstances under which they were written forgotten also.

'Tis but a folding of the hands
In peace upon the quiet breast ;
'Tis but a smoothing of the bands
Of shining hair : God knows the rest !
And He will guide thee to that land
Whose fair, far heights shine out above ;
Through death's cold tide will take thy hand,
And give for earth's the angels' love.

Unseen

UNSEEN

(Written for music by Signor Francesco d'Auria)

UNSEEN, a gem of the purest ray,
Down in a mine's darkest depths doth lie;
Will it awake to the kiss of day,
Or earth keep her secret eternally?
Earth, earth, thou must never tell—
Deep in the mine, guard thy secret well!

Deep in the heart of a rose there hides
A drop of dew like an angel's tear;
The rose to no wandering bee confides
The secret lying her heart so near.
Rose, rose, thou must never tell,
But guard in thy heart its secret well.

High in the heavens a star doth shine,
For mortal vision too high it glows;
It hath its secret all divine—
Its own sweet secret which no one knows.
Shine out, O star! from the world divine:
Thou hast thy secret and I have mine!

Leaves from Rosedale

Hush! for a shaft through the cold, hard ground,
Sinks, where the jewel lies hid from sight;
Yield up thy secret, O earth! 'Tis found
Flashing confessed, in the broad daylight.
Vain, O earth, was thy jealous hold;
Kissed by the Day-God—the tale is told!

Hush! there comes to the heart of the rose,
Gaily a wandering, wanton bee;
Thy fragrant sweetness thou must disclose—
Alas! for thy secret, O rose, and thee!
The star keeps its secret till time shall end:
But mine I breathed in the ear of a friend.



Autumn

AUTUMN

SOFT through the pines of the forest,
The wind comes, sobbing and sighing ;
Now rising, in passionate cadence,
Now falling, in sad monotone ;
The beautiful summer is dying,
More lovely than ever, is dying,
And wild is the wail of its requiem,
Sad is the sound of its moan.

Minor chords clashing together,
Like music from hearts that are broken,
That sing as the swans do, ere silence
Descends upon voice and on wing.
Or as that in the heart of a poet,
Too sacred and sweet to be spoken ;
A harp that forever were silent
Did a blow not compel it to ring.

So, through the pines of the forest
That voice comes, sighing and sweeping ;
A glory of crimson and yellow
Floats downward, and earthward doth fall.
The spirits of air for the dying,
The beautiful summer, are weeping,
And sprites of the woodlands in pity
Spread o'er it their glorious pall !

Leaves from Rosedale

IN MEMORIAM

E. P.

GONE, in her beauty! vain the voice of weeping;
The heart's deep cry of anguish is in vain.
No answer comes, from where the dead lie sleeping
In perfect peace, unconscious of our pain.

No answer comes; but through this night terrestrial
The eye of Faith may pierce the clouds of gloom,
And see the spirit bathed in light celestial,
Whose fair, frail casket lies within the tomb.

No answer comes to questionings of sorrow;
We stretch our empty arms, yet none reply,
Save the soul's whisper: "There shall come a morrow
Of glad reunion there, beyond the sky."

Say not that she is dead; in God's good keeping,
To her sweet spirit fresher life He gives;
The seed we sow, it is not dead, but sleeping,
Till in the resurrection time it lives.

In Memoriam

“ Not dead, but sleeping.” None will e'er forget her,
Beloved and loving, gentle, kind and true,
She leaves a void behind, and we regret her,
As of earth's best, like whom there are but few.

“ Not dead, but sleeping !” He who gave hath taken.
Look up, O mourners ! from the tear-strewn sod
'Neath which she sleeps, all glorious to awaken,
Whose spirit dwelleth in the light of God.



Leaves from Rosedale

NIGHT

FALLING slowly like a holy
 Benediction upon earth,
Comes the even sent of heaven,
 Hushing sounds of woe and mirth.

All the fever seems to leave her,
 This worn world, so tired and old ;
Her thirst slaketh as she taketh
 Draughts of dew-drops pure and cold.

Blest and fair she might be were she
 As God made her, "very good" ;
But sin marred her till it scarred her
 Out of His similitude.

Softly weeping o'er her, sleeping,
 Each dew-drop an angel's tear ;
Ah! that nevermore, forever,
 Those dark stains of guilt appear !

Night

And this chrism, Heaven's baptism,
Falls it not to wash her white?
Ah! enfold her, take her, hold her,
Her and us, thou gentle night!

In her splendor dark and tender,
Comes the night, we know not how,
Prayer-laden, as a maiden
With a star upon her brow.

And she folds us close, and holds us
Down upon her tender breast,
As a mother, and no other, could or would:
There let us rest!



MY COACH AND EIGHT

ONE day I rodè in a car of state,
And never was queen more proud than I,
I was drawn in triumph by horses eight
To a neighbor's house a half-mile nigh.

For sickness had left me weak and lame,
And hard times had left no horse in stall—
I "needed change, and it were a shame
That I should not have it," said they all.

My boys ran off without more ado,
And into the relic of days gone by
The brave fellows harnessed two by two,
Nor wanted a whip to make them fly.

Indeed 'twas enough to make folks stare,
And even the dogs flew out to bark,
But I in my glory did not care,
And to them all it was but a "lark."

My Coach and Eight

Arrived at the neighbors', all turned out
To view my steeds as they took a rest,
And at once agreed, without a doubt,
My equipage was of all the best.

Then into the house, where all was light,
And truest friends gave me welcome rare,
Till I scarce could tell which was more bright
The light or the laughter rippling there.

They left me there, and the evening passed
As a happy dream, too quickly o'er;
The time for farewells had come at last—
My coach and eight stood before the door,

With blazing torches our way to light,
Whilst lamps and boughs made the carriage gay,
And the silent hush of the summer night
Gave place to cheers as we drove away.

Dear boys! whatever befall me yet,
Or gloom or sunshine to me betide,
Till memory fail, I will ne'er forget
The pride and joy of my one state ride.

Leaves from Rosedale

TORONTO'S WELCOME

TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND
DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

THOUSANDS of voices, moved as by one heart,
To bid them cheer, send forth the loud acclaim
Of loyal welcome, while from every part
Toronto pours her throngs with but ^{one} aim.

Old, young, rich, poor, to-day are but as one,
In that each animates a single thought:
How best to show our homage to the son
Of Britain's King, to Greater Britain brought,

And bringing her whose name, a household word,
Is sweet as song of birds. For her to-day
The autumn leaves by spring's warm breath are stirred,
October yields before the Princess May!

“Our Lady of the Sunshine” smiles and flings
Her red-gold banners to the wooing breeze;
The very soul of nature wakes and sings
A joyous pæan 'mid the maple trees.

Toronto's Welcome

O Royal Pair, who from the Mother Land
Have borne another rivet for the chain
Whose links are love, to bind us where we stand,
Britannia's honor ready to maintain :

Accept our welcome, knowing it is true,
And when the word *Farewell*, in accents loth,
Is sadly said, our prayers will follow you,
Invoking Heaven's best blessings on you both.



ODE ON THE INAUGURATION OF THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC

As when to weary watchers of the night
Appears the silver star which ushers in
The dawn of day, ere yet Aurora's robes
Sweep through the portals of the east and leave
A train of saffron glory, so to us,
Weary of waiting, shines the welcome star
Which ushers in the dawn of brighter day
For Music and her votaries, who here
In our Conservatory find at length
A home and resting place, and from the storms
That rage and war and beat upon the world
A safe retreat and shelter, where no breath
Of cold disdain nor passion's fever heat
Can chill or blight the opening blossom. Here
The gentle spirit of Cecilia,
To whom the angels listened ere she passed
To join their white-robed choir, will e'er abide
And brood, with dovelike wing, Protectress blest,
O'er all young hearts who to the Highest give
Music, the purest incense of the soul,

Inaugural Ode

Music, the sparkling, never-failing fount,
To quench life's thirst when other springs run dry,
Ambrosia of the gods, on which to feed
And satisfy heart-hunger.

Harmony

Is not of man's invention, but divine
In origin; it had its wondrous birth
At the creation, when through infinite space,
Rolled as a tide from Nature's orchestra,
Her first grand symphony; its principles,
Deduced from natural laws, have now become
Science profound, whose torch shall shed its light
From our Conservatory walls.

Then strike

Thy lyre, Apollo! Let the brilliant train
Of muses nine appear. Melpomene,
Calliope, Euterpe, lead the way,
Fling wide the door in sign of welcome!

May

All blessings, as a flood of light, descend
Upon this shrine of culture, which we here
Do dedicate on this auspicious day,
To Music and the sister sciences
Of Oratory and Philology.
May all in harmony abide and ne'er
Among our chosen band be found one false,

Leaves from Rosedale

Discordant note, but each ring clear and true,
True to our trust and to the authority
Of him on whom we all rely, and true
To those whose training is our care, and thus
Forgetting self, make Truth our polar star.

TORONTO, September 5th, 1887.



Gulnare

GULNARE ; OR, THE CRUSADER'S RANSOM *

ARGUMENT.

The story of the cantata is founded upon events of that Crusade which was led by Godfrey de Bouillon (afterwards King of Jerusalem), Hugh the Great, Count Robert of Flanders, Tancred and Bohemond, Prince of Antioch.

The cantata opens with a chorus of Crusaders about to embark on their voyage to the Holy Land.

“*Deus vult!*” was the battle-cry with which they cheered each other on to victory or death.

Following the chorus is a tenor solo, in which our hero, the Crusader, invokes the winds and waves to be favorable to their cause ; but, a storm arising, Crusaders and sailors unite in a chorus of prayer, which is turned into thanksgiving as a calm succeeds the tempest.

After this the scene is laid in Palestine, where, after an engagement, the Crusader is taken prisoner by Selim, a young Saracen chief, whose love for our heroine, Gulnare, has met with no return.

Wandering among the lilies, she sings a song in which she relates her scornful rejection of the Saracen lover, and the episode of the wounded knight being brought to her father's tent, and given over to her tender nursing ; also of her conversion to Christianity by the Crusader who unconsciously has won her affections.

A Saracenic chorus of prayer follows as the sun sinks below the horizon, after which, according to custom, they dance the *Sarabanda*, a slow dance in three-quarter time, of Moorish origin.

* Performed by Toronto Choral Society in the Pavilion Music Hall, March 29th, 1892.

Leaves from Rosedale

Gulnare, shunning alike prayer and dance, returns to her father tent and lulls the prisoner to sleep by singing a Berceuse.

Upon his awaking they sing a duet, in which he tells her of his gratitude for the gentle nursing which had saved his life, and she, repressing her own sentiments, bids him give the praise to Allah, while wishing for him heaven's best gifts ; health, happiness and love.

Selim enters the tent, and, mad with jealousy, rushes at the Crusader to stab him ; but Gulnare, strong with the strength of her woman's heart, throws herself upon the sword.

Selim sees that she is dying, and implores her for but one word of forgiveness. The Crusader also beseeches her to speak ; and at the sound of his voice, sweeter to her ears than the voice of Israfel, whose " heartstrings," we are told, " are a lute, and whose voice is the sweetest of any in all God's creatures," she sings a " song of love and death," whereupon Selim, delirious with despair, curses his hand and sword ; and Gulnare, in token of forgiveness, bids him bury her among the lilies in the spot where first they met, and dies. A chorus follows, in which the music is descriptive of her pure soul being borne upward on the wings of angels.

Selim sets the Crusader free, his ransom having been paid by Gulnare's supreme self-sacrifice. The cantata closes with a grand triumphal march of the Crusaders into Jerusalem.

CHORUS OF CRUSADERS

Deus vult! our battle cry ;
With the red cross on each breast,
Forth we go, to dare or die :
And to God we leave the rest.
With His help, from Moslem hordes
We must wrest the Holy Shrine,
Shouting back the sacred words,
Where their sabres thickest shine.

Gulnare

Crusader

Every stroke will be a prayer,
Every Infidel who dies
Is a step upon the stair
That shall reach to Paradise.

Chorus

Sounds the trumpet! Friends, farewell;
Parting kiss leaves sweetest pain.
Hands we clasp! Ah, who can tell
When these hands shall touch again?

Rusted swords, but honor bright,
Ours, whate'er the issue be;
Right is might: each trusty knight
Faithful unto death will be.

Death or victory—who knows?
But One seeth the result;
Fairest maidens! wreath our brows
Dead or living—*Deus vult!*

BARCAROLE

Crusader

Æolus fills our flowing sails,
And wafts us farther from the shore;
Blow soft and fair, O gentle gales,
Till home and friends we see once more.

Leaves from Rosedale

The bosom of the deep must be
Our cradle yet for days to come;
The winds that sigh so plaintively
Our lullaby, and this our home.

Bright on the wave the sunbeams dance,
While from our vessel's prow the spray,
A shower of jewels, seems to glance,
And pave with liquid pearls our way.

CHORUS OF CRUSADERS

A wilder gust dark storm-clouds brings,
Which hide the sinking sun from sight,
A storm-bird screams and flaps her wings;
Ye mariners! what of the night?

Sailors

Whistles the wind, the timbers strain
As if in struggle to be free;
A living thing in deadly pain,
Our storm-tossed bark seems now to be.

Crusaders and Sailors

Miserere Domine!

O Thou who walkedst on the sea
And badst the raging waves "Be still!"
Bid us, if lost, to come to thee,
Or save us all, if such thy will:

Gulnare

Miserere Domine!

O Lord, how great thy mercies are,
How slow to wrath, how swift to save!
Lo! at thy word rise moon and star;
Lo! at thy word sink wind and wave;
Jubilate Deo!

MORESQUE ARIA

Gulnare

Only an Arab maiden!
Father's tent my home:
With the bulbuls singing,
Where I will I roam.

Selim said he loved me;
Brave he is, and true,
But I only answered:
"I am not for you."

Gathering Arum lilies
By the river's brim,
In the summer's twilight
I encountered him.

"Gulnare, Rose of beauty!
List to me," he said;
I but threw the lilies
At him, as I fled.

Leaves from Rosedale

To the silent flowers
I will breathe a tale:
In our tent a wounded
Prisoner lieth pale.

Only I can nurse him
Back to life again,
Only I can soften,
By a touch, his pain.

With my soul I listen
To the words he saith,
For the Christian tells me
Of a purer faith.

“Greater than your prophet,”
Thus his tale began;
“Mightier in His meekness,
Was the Son of man.”

And my heart hath opened
As the Lotus flower;
Love, divine and human,
Fill it from this hour.

Hark! Muezzin calleth
All our tribe to pray;
To my wounded warrior
I must haste away.

Gulnare

ARAB'S PRAYER

Chorus

La Allah Ellahla!

Now sinks the sun to rest;
Mohammed resoul Allah,
Blessed above the blest!

Thou whom the heavens hide!
Look from thy cloud-veiled throne,
Thy wandering children guide—
Thine is the power alone.

What is our gold but dross?
Wild as the desert we;
What is our gain but loss?
Good only comes from thee.

Be to the warriors strength,
Be to the women prayer,
Until we come at length
Thy countless joys to share.
La Allah Ellahla!

SARABANDA. MORESQUE DANCE

(Orchestra)

Leaves from Rosedale

BERCEUSE

Gulnare

Sleep well, Beloved! All is hushed and still;
The bulbul's song alone disturbs the night;
Slowly the moon now rises o'er the hill—
And I watch o'er thee: Sleep till morning light:
Sleep, sleep, Beloved!

Dream not of war, nor of the battle call;
Here all is peace, where strife can never be,
Nor harm can come; but if thou dream'st at all,
Dream of the angels blest, or dream of me:
Sleep on, Beloved!

Sleep on, beloved! Soon will break the dawn;
Day brings its waking cares, its pain and loss—
The magic circle love round thee hath drawn,
Not dark-winged Azrael himself could cross:
Sleep well, Beloved!

Stir not, Beloved! Winds are breathing low,
And seem the dirge of some departing bliss.
So light it shall not wake thee, on thy brow
I seal love's covenant with love's first kiss:
Sleep on, Beloved!

Gulnare

DUET

Crusader

I wake and find thee watching! O Gulnare,
I owe my life to thee—

Gulnare

And I to thee
My hope of heaven: thou hast taught me all
The wondrous story of the Cross, and I
Reach forth the tendrils of my soul and cling
As doth the feeble vine for its support.

Crusader

Oh, that to me the power were given
To tell thee half my gratitude,
Or draw a blessing down from heaven
On thee, so gentle and so good!

Gulnare

Blessed am I beyond all words to tell,
In serving thee; to Allah give the praise
If my poor skill in healing made thee well,
Long life be thine, and love, and happy days.

TRIO

Selim

Ho! Miscreant, die a thousand deaths in one!

Leaves from Rosedale

Gulnare

Not he, but I—Ah!—

Selim

Allah! What have I done?
Slain *thee*, Gulnare, the white rose of our tribe—
Speak but one word and say I am forgiven.

Crusader

Speak, O speak, Gulnare!

Gulnare

Is it thy voice I hear,
Beloved! in my dreams,
Or Israfel's, who sings
By Aden's palm-clad streams?

Crusader

Would that the cruel sword
Had stricken me instead!
Thou who hast saved my life,
Can I behold thee—dead?

Selim

Accursed be this hand that dealt the fatal blow,
Accursed be the sword that laid my darling low.

Gulnare

Gulnare

Selim, farewell!—Why weep?
The angels call Gulnare—
Thou knowst that I would sleep
Where grow the lilies fair.

Selim

Christian, go free! Her life hath purchased thine.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Too pure for earth, its sorrow cannot wake thee;
Thy sister angels on their white wings take thee.

FINALE—CRUSADERS' TRIUMPHAL MARCH INTO JERUSALEM

Deus vult! Behold the Cross victorious!
The Crescent sinks, defeated, in the dust;
On to Jerusalem, the city glorious—
The crown of all our hopes—of all our trust!

On to Jerusalem! Sad Calvary o'er us
Frowns dark and dread; look not behind, press on!
The Sacred Tomb for which we fought before us,
There shall our thanks arise for victory won.

Leaves from Rosedale

On to Jerusalem! No hand can stay us—

A mightier arm than ours hath won the day,
And quenched the fire of foes who fain would slay us;
The gates are down! Pass through the sacred way.

Godfrey is king, who safely from disaster

Hath led us onward to this grand result;
Brothers in arms! fall down before the Master
Whose Sepulchre ye rescue: *Deus vult!*



The Sea-King's Bride

THE SEA-KING'S BRIDE

CANTATA.*

Written for music by Signor Francesco d'Auria.

ARGUMENT.

Stella, a young girl whose lover had perished beneath the Adriatic, wanders by its shores, weeping and singing a lament for him. Her song is interrupted by the sound of submarine music. It is a chorus of sea-sprites inviting her down to the realms of their King, who is the lover whom she mourns as lost to her, and whom they have crowned.

Count Ugolino, whose offer of marriage she had refused, takes advantage of its being carnival time to press some gondoliers into his service for the purpose of carrying Stella off by stealth, with the intention of once more offering her his hand and heart, or the alternative of a dungeon for life.

Fortuna, presiding over the destinies of mortals, urges Stella to accept the invitation of the sea-sprites; foretelling a darker fate for her in the event of her refusal, and informs the Count that Stella is not for him, and that a wandering life is to be his fate.

The Sea-King sings a song of enchantment which draws his bride-elect as a lily beneath the waves.

The gondoliers, who are in search of her, pass over the spot where she has sunk from sight, their chorus, mingling with that of the water-sprites, who welcome the Sea-King's bride to their abode, where she will henceforward reign with him whom she has loved and mourned in an immortality of bliss.

A quartette follows, in which the vows of the newly-wedded are recorded; then follows the benediction by the Prior, after which a chorus of spirits of the earth and air forms the finale.

* Performed by the Toronto Choral Society.

Leaves from Rosedale

(Aria) STELLA'S LAMENT

OH love! I sigh my very life away,
And stretch these empty arms to thee in vain;
The cruel sea beholds me, night and day—
The sea that stole thee, only mocks my pain.

Hadst thou a grave that I might strew with flowers,
My head above thy heart should pillowed be;
Ah me! Alone, I pass the weary hours,
And drop my tears like rain into the sea.

The moaning sea that hides thee, true and brave,
Is deep as sorrow which will ne'er depart—
A single star reflected on the wave,
Seems like thine image mirrored on my heart.

(Recitative) *Count Ugolino*

Haste, gondoliers! and bear away
The maid who by the sea doth stray;
Or, if my hand she still refuse,
A dungeon dark she else must choose.

(Recitative) *Fortuna*

Sweet and bitter may not mingle;
Thine she shall not be, bold lover!
In the heavens thy star is single;
On the earth thou'lt be a rover.
To thy castle keep then hie thee;
Love is what no gold can buy thee.

The Sea-King's Bride

Chorus of Water-sprites

Weep no more! Earth's cloud of sorrow
Was not meant for one so fair;
Come to us! Forget the morrow
With its load of woe and care.

In a safe and sweet forever
Thou shalt soon forget the past;
Thou shalt meet, no more to sever,
Him thou lovest, thine at last.

Earth's love oft grows cold, and rangeth
As the bees, from flower to flower;
Love beneath the sea ne'er changeth,
Constant in its mystic power.

Pearls shall wreathe thy shining tresses,
Coral reef thy throne shall be;
Bride of Sea-King! all that blesses,
Soothes and charms, we offer thee!

SONG OF ENCHANTMENT

The Sea-King

Come to me, O my belovèd!
I will cast my crown before thee,
I, a king, will do thee homage,
I, a sea-king, will adore thee—
With a spirit love adore thee!

Leaves from Rosedale

Come to me, O my beloved!

While the nightingales are singing
Love's own music to each other,
O'er the languid lotus, clinging
To the wave that woos it—clinging.

Come to me, O my beloved!

Luna now a path doth make thee,
Through her shining tracks of silver;
Sink, O Stella, and I take thee;
Sink, my star! and I will take thee.

Come to me, O my beloved!

Thine alone, since first I saw thee;
Neither life nor death can part us;
As a magnet I will draw thee,
Lily blossom, lo! I draw thee.

(Aria: with Chorus of Water-sprites)

Fortuna

Into the sea! nor hesitate,
Maiden, or dark will be thy fate:
Count Ugolino's bride thou'lt be,
Or thy lost love's beneath the sea.

Water-sprites.

Stella, with joy we welcome thee!

The Sea-King's Bride

Fortuna

She takes the leap, with bated breath!
Love, they have called thee strong as death;
Stronger thou art. Beyond control
Of life or death, soul meets with soul.

Water-sprites.

Stella, thy love hath won the goal!

Chorus of Gondoliers, in search of Stella

Gaily we ply our oars to-night;
Each gondola, a firefly bright,
Glides, with its easy motion.
Carnival is the time for mirth;
Leave dull care to the clods of earth:
Joy only, on the ocean!

Water-sprites.

Welcome to thee from earth above!
Soft music wafts thee to thy love.
Now bid adieu to grief and pain,
For happiness is thine again.
After unutterable woe,
Thine is the bliss no mortals know.
Our Sea-King waits to welcome thee—
Crowned with his love, our Queen thou'lt be.

Leaves from Rosedale

Gondoliers

Strange music riseth from the sea ;
Song of the sirens it must be,
 Welcoming to their portal
One whom they've lured beneath the tide.
What if it were the Sea-King's bride,
 Loved with a love immortal?

How old Neptune under the sea
Must sigh, and envy such as we!
 What does he know of sailing?
Perfumed breezes are not for him,
Down in his caverns damp and dim,
 All filled with mermaids' wailing.

No one so gay and free from fear
As the light-hearted gondolier,
 For pleasure is our duty.
And if a smile reward our pains,
We count it higher than our gains,
 From lips and eyes of beauty!

(Quartette)

*Sea-King and his bride, Fortuna and Prior,
 with Chorus*

Faith and truth at length are plighted,
 Each to other vowed the vow ;

The Sea-King's Bride

In the holy bond united,
Nothing can divide ye now.

Covenant which none can alter,
Words which none may e'er recall,
In your faith and truth ne'er falter,
Each to each be all in all.

Fortuna

As unto the sea, the river
Flows, until they join for aye,
Your two lives shall flow forever,
Undivided from this day.

What the moon unto the night is
When she stoops to kiss the sea;
What to earth the orb of light is,
Love unto your lives shall be.

BENEDICTION

The Prior

Benedicite! Low kneeling,
Take the blessing we bestow;
Holy mystery! revealing
Bliss of Eden here below.

Heaven its choicest blessings send you;
May good angels guard you well,

Leaves from Rosedale

Love Divine protect, defend you,
And the home wherein ye dwell.

Chorus of spirits of the earth and air

Farewell, farewell, O happy pair!
We spirits of the earth and air,
Who are your visitors to-day,
Now say "Adieu," and pass away.
Through groves of pearl and coral arch
Resounds the music of our march,
While echo rings through caverns wide—
"Long live the Sea-King and his bride!"

Exit Electra

EXIT ELECTRA

Published in the *Buffalo Express*, Buffalo, November 2, 1901.

SILENCE! a sob on the night!

Must it go, the pride of the nation?

Doomed is the "City of Light,"

Our own and the world's admiration.

Peristyle, architrave, dome,

Pylon, acanthus and tower,

Sculpture of nymph and of gnome,

Iridescent fountain and flower.

All that the intellect planned,

The dreams of the sculptor and poet,

The torch held aloft in the hand

Of science, to prove all and show it,

Dashed to the ground in a day—

With mask and the mimic of Comus,

To pass, like shadows away,

And silence the laughter of Momus!

Awed, and with finger upraised,

We wait for the roseate splendor,

Leaves from Rosedale

Knowing we soon shall have gazed
Our last on its beams warm and tender.
Once more it blushes and burns,
And flushes the temples terrestrial;
Once more it rises and turns
To the light, pure, white and celestial.

.

'Tis midnight, and all is dark,
For the soul of the scene has vanished;
Apollo, silent and stark,
From his own fair temple is banished.
But the strains of music sought
Their home, whence the white light flies not,
And the work of the sculptor wrought
From the dream of the poet dies not.

JUVENILE POEMS



Song of Joan of Arc

SONG OF JOAN OF ARC

(Written at twelve years of age.)

I HEAR my guardian angel call,
And will arise at his command;
Soon with my sword to break the thrall
Which binds my dear, my native land.

I leave the cot of peace and love,
To wander on a foreign strand,
And by the help of Him above
Redeem my dear, my native land!

And when the swords flash bright and high,
And victory crowns brave France's band,
Then, then, my country, will I die,
I'll die to save my native land.

Soldiers, arise! if woman's prayer
Avail to wake you from your trance,
Unfold each banner high in air,
Cry God for freedom and for France!

Leaves from Rosedale

“ JESUS WEPT ”

(Published at thirteen in the *Colonist*.)

NOT like the tears that mortals shed,
Those gracious drops were given,
When bending o'er the sainted dead,
He wept, the Lord of heaven.

Turning where Mary, sad and lone,
Her tearful vigils kept,
He bent Him o'er that lifeless one,
And “ Jesus wept.”

He wept. Oh! that some seraph driven
By love and pity there might flee,
Bearing those holy tears to heaven,
Emblems of sorrowing purity.

Those precious tears were falling then
For him who with his fathers slept,
And angels bowed and listened, when
Jesus the Mediator wept.

Jesus Wept

When pressed by grief and sorrow's sting,
Which even the happiest mortals know,
Triumphant in your suffering,
Rise from this fading scene below.

Think then of heaven, bright and fair,
Until your fears have slept;
Think of the holy angels there,
Oh! think that "Jesus wept."



CONSTANCY

KEEP it in thy heart's recesses,
Tho' the world reprove and blame,
Keep it like the star of evening,
Still unchanging, still the same.

Keep it in the hour of triumph,
Keep it in the hour of pain,
Though all men should scorn thee for it,
Ah! believe it is not vain.

Keep it, tho' thine idol prove not
What at first he seemed to be:
Let the tempest work its fury,
It can bring no change to thee.

And when flatterers surround thee,
Speaking false, tho' seeming fair,
Lay thy hand upon thy heart then,
Tell them what is beating there.

Constancy

Tell them that their words are idle,
That they fall, unmarked, in vain:
For a heart as true as yours is,
Loving once, ne'er loves again.

For like some lone star it burneth
With a pure, a changeless ray,
Till into the viewless heavens
It shall melt with thee away.



Leaves from Rosedale

SONG

BRING to me lilies fair,
Out of the woods' green bowers,
Perfumed with Spring's sweet air,
Bring, bring me woodland flowers.

Lilies, whereon the dew
Pure and unsullied lies,
Fresh from the ether blue
Of its own native skies.

Twine them with fern leaves green,
Weaving a crown for me;
And when I'm made a queen
Your heart shall my kingdom be.

Oh, kingdom! thou'rt but small,
Yet I forevermore
Will reign, or not at all,
As queen ne'er reigned before.

Truth

TRUTH

FOLLOW the truth! for 'tis a guide that leads
Ever to better thoughts and nobler deeds.
Make it thine anchor in life's roaring tide;
Tho' other ships shall founder at thy side,
The providence which doth all truth protect,
Shall keep thee proudly, steadfastly erect.
Bind it above thine heart a shield of trust,
Make it thy sword in battle of the just;
Defending heaven's and earth's most righteous laws,
The first to fight in every upright cause.
Say to thy lips, oh thou, of untried youth:
"Be dumb when ye have ceased to speak the truth."
Say to thy heart when love first meets thy view:
"Heart, beat no longer, when no longer true."

Never descend to aught that's mean or base,
From that high pedestal unreach'd by blame—
So may'st thou look the world full in the face,
And leave the record of an honest name.

THE STAR GAZER

PALE dreamer! would'st thou try
To read thy history in the worlds above?
To call down from the sky
The end of so much watching, so much love?

Gaze on: thou canst not know
That which the Fates have destined for thy lot;
Around thee fame may throw
Its deathless wreath, or thou may'st die forgot.

Long years may yet be thine,
Long happy years of love thou ne'er hast known;
Or thou may'st droop and pine,
Treasuring one image in thine heart alone.

And what to thee is love?
A bark sent forth upon a troubled sea—
Wildly those waters move:
But thou faint struggling one no more art free.

Yet ever dost thou gaze
Mournfully, sadly on those realms afar;
So pass thy youth's best days,
Trying to read thy future in a star.

ON THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

“Thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.”

Roll on, thou ceaseless torrent through all time!
In thy dark depths unfathomed and sublime,
What priceless treasures hid from mortal eye
There in their unseen, untold glory lie
We may not know, but to man's soul is given
Thoughts from which all of earth away are driven,
A vision of eternity and power,
Which makes our days seem fleeting as an hour.
Here may we stand upon a hallowed sod:
Here may the heart hold commune with its God.
And what to us seems man compared to this—
These foaming waters, and this dark abyss?
As nought: for soon we pass from earth away,
Soon the warm heart turns to its native clay,
And they who loved alone recall our name,
But these dark waters still roll on the same.
Thus shall it be, till heaven pass away;
Till the last trumpet voice proclaims the day
When hidden things shall be no more concealed,
And the heart's treasured secrets all revealed.

Leaves from Rosedale

Then shall a voice of judgment and of dread
Cry to the deep: "Give up, give up thy dead."
And earth's lost loved ones at that thrilling tone,
Shall stand before the Omnipotent's dread throne.



Leave Us Not

LEAVE US NOT

“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

Leave us not, Oh God! forever,
Thou who watchest over all;
And forsaking us, ah never!
Guide our footsteps, or we fall,
Till the Spirit's cords shall sever,
Hear us, hear us when we call.

Leave us not in tribulation,
When our hearts are faint within.
Leave us not in our temptation,
Lest our souls be lost in sin.
Let thy holy consolation
Shed its morning rays within.

Leave us not, should wealth or treasure
Seek to lure our souls away;
Leave us not to this world's pleasure,
For it lasteth but a day.
Mirth has but a dew-drop's measure,
Melting 'neath affliction's ray.

Leaves from Rosedale

Leave us not to bear our crosses,
For alone we faint and die ;
We have trials, we have losses,
But our loss can sanctify,
By the aid of Him who for us
Bore His cross to Calvary.

Leave us not, when sick and sighing,
Earth appears a shapeless blot,
And the soul, a wild bird flying,
Finds for resting place no spot.
Stretch thine arms to us when dying,
Living, dying, leave us not.



Jairus' Daughter

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER

LIFELESS she lay, so spiritually fair,
Death to the pallid brow had only given
A holy calm such as the angels wear,
A long, last smile flung back to earth from heaven.

Her father knelt, bowed down by helpless sorrow,
In the deep, speechless woe of grief and love,
Grief which can know no day of rest, no morrow,
Which time may dim, but never can remove.

And there, 'mid sighs and whispers of distress,
Loud sobs of woe and murmurs of despair,
Was one whose soul was steeped in bitterness—
A woman's childless, breaking heart was there.

Oh! weeping mother in thine anguish wild,
Can that be death which wears such lovely seeming?
"Speak but one word, awake, awake, my child!"
Fond mother! 'tis a sleep which knows no dreaming.

Leaves from Rosedale

When dark'ning storm-clouds gather o'er the head,
The weary soul by force of sorrow driven,
Feeling its last fond hope on earth is fled,
Seeks for its comfort at the door of heaven.

And there was one whose step could sanctify
The ground on which He meekly, calmly trod,
Sent to the world to suffer and to die
For mortal's sins, th' incarnate Son of God.

Him Jairus sought, and left his mourning home;
Faith to the heart a sudden strength can give:
"Even now my child is dead, oh Lord! but come
And lay thy hand on her and she shall live."

Joy to the broken heart whose light was fled!
Peace to the aching eye that wildly weepeth!
Faith, thou hast done thy work, the word is said:
"Believe on me, she is not dead but sleepeth."

On a Waltz

ON A WALTZ

FAIRY steps to music's measure
In the waltz were gliding past,
Thinking, dreaming nought but pleasure,
As if that on earth could last!

As if in this world of sorrow
Mirth could banish care away,
And as though life's coming morrow
Must be like its yesterday.

From the throng a murmur broke not,
On each brow was seen no care,
But I thought, I thought and spoke not,
Many an aching heart is there.

Many a heart in silence yearning,
For the precious hours gone by,
Hours the brief, the unreturning,
Whose sole tribute was a sigh.

Leaves from Rosedale

But in vain the spirit yearneth,
Love is fleeting, friendship false:
And the wheel of fortune turneth
Like the mazes of a waltz.



Spring Song

SPRING SONG

SHE is coming, the maiden fair,
Whom we have wooed with such passionate pleading;
Coming! Her beauty soft and rare,
Has a tender brightness, all else exceeding.

Is it because we love her so,
That somewhere, in hiding, she lurks and lingers?
Love, the magnet, will draw, we know,
In spite of resistance, with spirit fingers.

Draw, and draw, till the circle meet,
Till the links of the chain be joined; and never
Had we a dream more wildly sweet,
Though we know, as we greet her, we soon must sever.

Hush! a voice through the woodland rings;
The tall pines bend from the hillside yonder
To look at her, while a gay bird sings,
And we wake to a wonder, passing wonder!

Leaves from Rosedale

Trembles our being with sense of bliss,
As a harp's strings tremble beneath the finest,
Lightest touch, so we thrill to this
Rapture of harmony, the divinest.

Leaps the brook from its long, cold sleep,
Up spring the flowers, to do her honor;
Shy snowdrops lift their heads to peep,
As she comes, with the sunlight shining on her.

Grandly the resurrection song
Bursts from a thousand voices clear,
As borne through wind and rain along,
She comes, whom we pined for—the Spring is here!

Never Despair

NEVER DESPAIR

WHEN the lightning round thee flashes
And the thunder o'er thee crashes,
 And the storm birds fill the air ;
When the sky and earth seem meeting
With a wildly awful greeting,
Keep this lesson still repeating—
 Never yield thee to despair.

When the giant oaks are falling,
And the beasts of earth are calling
 In their wordless tongues for aid ;
When the tempest voices yelling,
Shriek and howl around thy dwelling,
And the angry tides are swelling,
 Be thou only undismayed.

When the sea is madly roaring,
To the clouds their rain outpouring,
 Thou unto thyself shalt say :
'Tis the rain, will quench the lightning,

Leaves from Rosedale

Even now the sky is bright'ning,
Soon will come the light of day.

Blessed raindrops, cooling, healing,
From the storm its passion stealing—
So 'tis with the heart within,
When 'tis filled and overfloweth,
With the bitterness it knoweth,
With the grief it never showeth,
Fall the tears and light shines in.

When the castles thou hast builded,
By thy golden fancy gilded,
Fall and crumble in the dust,
Rear a fabric more enduring,
Less ambitious, but securing
Better shelter, and ensuring
Triumph as reward for trust.

'Tis alone the horse that's idle,
He that chafes against the bridle,
Whom his master's whip assails;
And the man who at his leisure
Spends his precious time in pleasure,
Waiting to be sought by treasure:
He it only is who fails.

Never Despair

With the wide, wide world before thee,
And a God who watcheth o'er thee,
 And the bread of life to win,
Thou must triumph, if disdainful
Of all actions mean and baneful ;
Courage! though thy way be painful,
 No heart faints when true within.



THE RETURN OF SPRING

WE have waited for thy coming ;
Spring, why hast thou stayed so long ?
We have waited, faint and weary,
For the first bird's opening song.

Waited through the long, long winter,
Through its chilly storm and blast,
As the broken hearts wait, hoping
For a glimpse of heaven at last.

We have heard that song of gladness
Thrilling through the balmy air ;
We have looked upon the meadows,
And have seen thy presence there.

On the laughing waters glistening,
Casts the sun its golden gleams,
In whose light are snowdrops opening,
Pure and sweet as childhood's dreams.

The Return of Spring

Flowers are springing in the woodlands :

Warm and soft falls heaven's bright rain,
But the heart's spring flowers when withered
Ne'er shall bloom on earth again.

And we still wait for a springtime,

Never, nevermore to cease ;

When the veil is rent between us—

And the Everlasting Peace.



Leaves from Rosedale

THE WANDERING JEW

(Translated from Beranger. Written at school.)

“Chretien ! au voyageur souffrant,
Tends une verre d'eau sur ta porte.”

Christian! in the pilgrim craving
Glass of water at thy door
See the Wandering Jew, still braving
Storm and tempest evermore.
Never old through ages past,
My sole dream the end of all;
O'er each day I deem the last,
Mocking sunbeams rise and fall.
Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

For eighteen centuries, alas!
O'er Greek and Roman ashes dead,
O'er thousand ruined states I pass,
On by the frightful tempest led.
I've seen the fruitless good deeds cold,
Have seen the evil blossoming,

The Wandering Jew

And to survive the world of old,
Two new worlds from the ocean spring.

Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

God has changed me to distress me,
To the dead I would be gone;
But when Death's about to bless me,
Then the tempest bears me on.

Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

To the poor who at our meeting
Crave for help, I fain would tend,
I, to whom time is too fleeting
For my right hand to extend.

Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

'Neath the trees whose flower and leaf
Shade the green banks of the sea,
When I fain would rest my grief,
I hear the tempest growl at me.
Oh! what matters it to Heaven,
That moment when my woes abate,

Leaves from Rosedale

Whilst eternity is given
 For my sin to expiate?
 Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

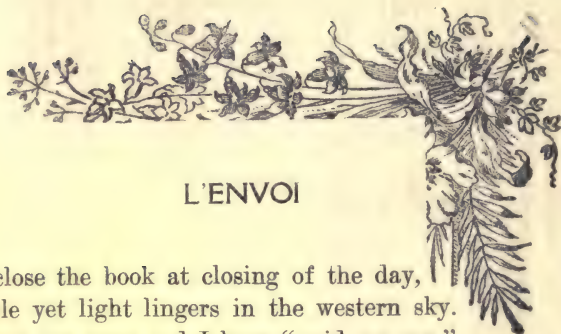
Joyous children at their play
 Bring again of mine a dream:
If to watch them I would stay,
 Tempest voices round me scream.
Old men, would ye dare to pray
 For a life so long? Then know,
O'er these children's dust one day
 Shall my restless footsteps go.
 Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

Of my old ancestral halls,
 Could I find a trace? Alas!
Oft I stop to seek their walls,
But the tempest bids me "Pass."
"Pass," and the voice cries in my ear:
 "Stand thou firm when all succumb;
Thine ancestors have no place here
 Reserved for thee within their tomb."
 Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!

The Wandering Jew

I outraged with inhuman laugh
The Man-God meekly dying—
But caught up by the tempest's wrath,
Adieu! my feet are flying.
Ye who possess not charity,
Tremble when ye hear my name.
'Twas not to avenge the Deity,
But mankind, that His vengeance came.
Ever, ever,
Turns the earth, where rest I never,
Forever, ever! Ever, forever!





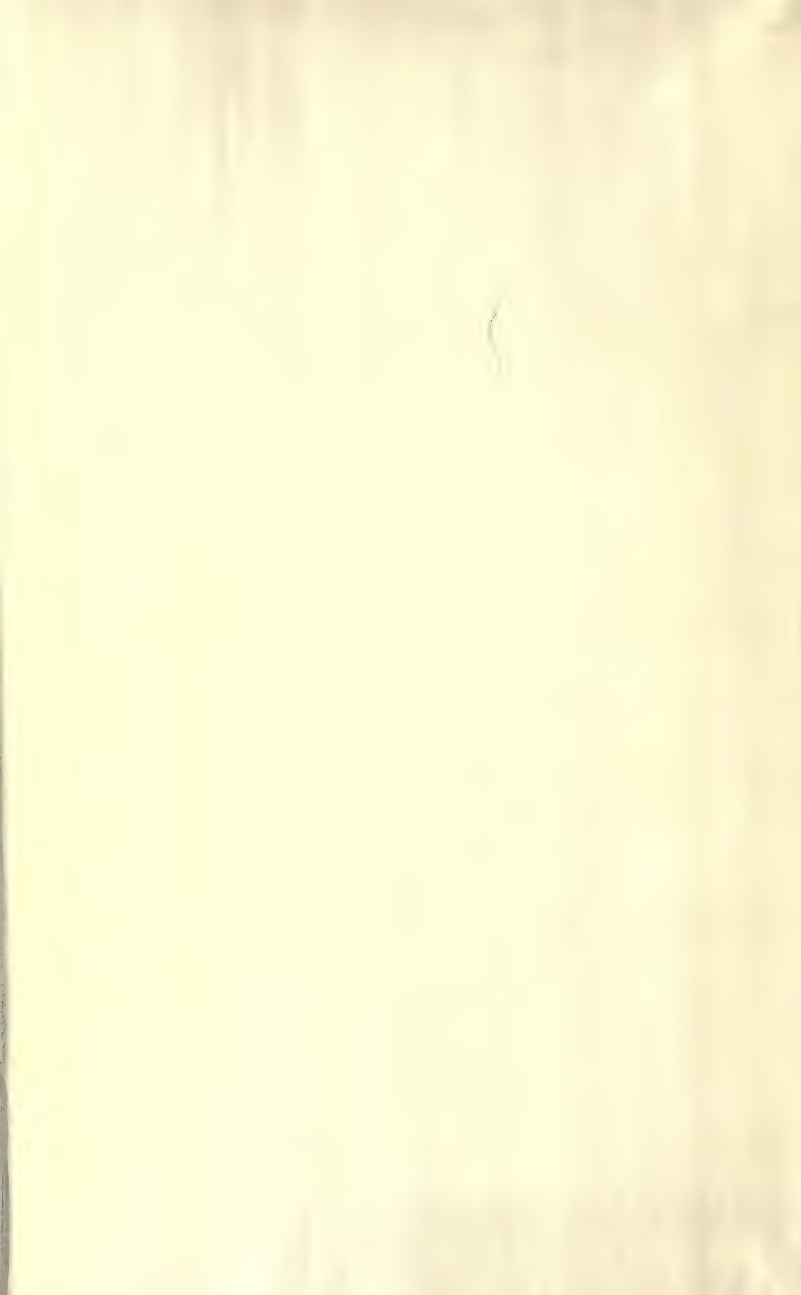
L'ENVOI

Now close the book at closing of the day,
While yet light lingers in the western sky.
My songs are sung and I have "said my say,"
And we must part, though good friends—You and I.

If by the leaves I gathered and have pressed
Between these covers, as you con them o'er,
One thought is stirred of aught that cheered and blessed:
One pleasing memory—I ask no more.

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