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SONGS FROM ARGENTINA





Blanche Hume

[Frontispiece.]

SONGS FROM ARGENTINA

BY
BLANCHE HUME

*With Illustrations from Paintings
by the Author*

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TO
MY HUSBAND



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SONGS FROM ARGENTINA

THE RIVER PLATE

Softly-lapping water on the quiet shore,
By whose woods of willow first I saw the light,
In my heart I hear you, calling evermore,
Through the dreams of night.

Opal-toned and tender when the evening glows,
Little waves come laughing to the reeds at
rest,
Dancing on the brown sands, clad in pearl and
rose,
Like the jewelled west.

Sound of merry voices thrills the evening air,
As the bathers turn to land like the waves
at play ;
Deep in happy lovers' eyes shines the glory rare
Of the dying day.

White and dun the little sails pass and pass
again,
On your mighty breast adream under sapphire
sky ;
Swift and strong the busy ships from the far-off
main
Silently go by.

Ever-changeful water, azure, brown, and grey,
By whose banks of willow first I saw the
light,
Through my heart I hear you, soft and far away,
Calling day and night.

THE DESERTED MONASTERY OF SANTA
CATALINA, IN THE CORDOBA HILLS

Deep-buried in the mountain's heart it lies,
A silent house of prayer, an empty shrine,
With age-worn dome uplifting to the skies,
The rusting symbol of a faith divine,
That never dies.

Only the changeless hills, far, misty-blue,
Keep vigil round it as the seasons fly ;
Only the tender tears of rain and dew
Fall on the lonely graves of days gone by,
The long year through.

And still they stand, grey walls whereon do
beat
The storms of Time, the sun that burns and
sears ;
Dim cloisters, shaded from the noonday heat,
Where walks the spirit of the olden years
With quiet feet.

And clear against the evening's pearl and gold
Still rise the silent belfries, that of yore
Called home the wanderers to the ghostly fold ;
Still wide the gateway stands, where pass no
more
Those monks of old.



Softly lapping water on the quiet shore
By whose woods of willow first I saw the light.

Facing page 14].

(See page 13.)

Within the orchard-pleasaunce, green and fair,
The Past lies drowsing; murmurs soft and
low

Stir in the stillness of forgotten prayer,
And breath of incense from the long ago
Fills the hushed air.

'Mid flowering vines the brooding ring-dove calls,
And, fragrant as old memories long laid
To dreamful rest within these hallowed walls,
Pale orange-blooms make sweet the courtyard's
shade,
When evening falls;

While, as the sunset glory dies away,
Softly as echoes of a vesper hymn
Gather the shadows of a far-off day,
And low before the altar, veiled and dim,
Bow down and pray.

WILD WINDS

Wild winds of God that sweep across the plain,
Exultant, strong, laughing for joy to make
The woods bend low, the dreaming waters wake,
While your fleet-footed love, the roving rain,
In pearly mantle clad and silver-shod,
Dances with you athwart the darkling day,
A mad, glad measure to the airs ye play . . .
O, piercing-sweet those haunting airs ye play,
Wild winds of God!

Within my heart their echoes surge and sweep
Like glimmering waves before the tempest hurled.
My soul would fly with you across the world,
Beyond the dim grey hours, beyond the deep
Of brooding night, by starlit ways untrod,
On to the dawn of day, the misty height
Of far blue summits, bathed in dreaming light . . .
O, bear my spirit upward to the Light,
Wild winds of God!



A Silent House of Prayer, an empty Shrine,
With age-worn dome uplifting to the skies,
The rusting symbol of a faith divine

Facing page 16.]

(See page 14)

VESPER CHIMES AT ASCOCHINGA

Across the dreaming mountain's purple crest,
Moves, veiled and mystic, clad in pearly grey,
The velvet-footed dusk, that on her breast,
With soft and slow caresses lulls to rest
The tired light of day.

Beneath the drowsing heavens, far and wide,
The shades of evening, tender-toned and deep,
O'er leafy vale and misty summit glide,
And by the lone hut on the brown hill side,
The quiet shadows sleep.

When sudden through the fragrant silence
thrills
The solemn chiming of a vesper bell,
Praising aloud the God who made the hills,
The Lord who wrought this beauty rare that fills
Dim wood and dewy dell.

Forth from the little lonely church, that long
Has kept its watch o'er waste of bush and
stone,
Goes the clear voice that, patient, sweet and
strong,
Still bids the spirit turn from sin and wrong,
Here in the mountains lone.

And, as the chiming echoes float away,
Far o'er the wilds by human foot untrod,
The very heart of Nature seems to pray,
In stillness, 'neath the heavens' dome of grey,
Praising the name of God.



And still they stand, grey walls whereon do beat
The storms of time, the sun that burns and sears.

Facing page 18.]

(See page 14.)



ON THE DEATH OF AN ARGENTINE
STATESMAN

O, weary mother-earth, thy patient breast
Is white with tombs where lonely mourners
weep,
And heavy is thy heart that may not rest,
With bitter grieving for thy sons who sleep ;
And all the mighty deeds a man has done
Are writ in books and carved upon a stone.
While still thou comest under stars and sun,
Grim Death insatiable ! to claim thine own.
Could'st thou not spare this *one* ?

Dust to the dust. O, law immutable !
No hand can stay thee ; see, the poor and
low
By sorrows bowed, the great, the beautiful,
Go side by side the road that all must go ;
And they that walk the world by divers ways
Meet on the silent threshold of the Dawn.
The cypress waves between the rose and bays.
This is the end to which a man is born.
The ending of his days !

The very sunlight seems to wane and change ;
A soul has gone, and left a vacant place ;
We tread familiar streets, yet feel them strange,
We miss at meetings the accustomed face.

We gave this man our country's fame to keep,
We gave him honour, fitting to his worth,
And now we sit beside a grave and weep,
That only Death should triumph on the earth.
It was not time for sleep!

Missed in the council-chamber, missed for long
Through all the land he served so faithfully.
Hushed is the voice that, silver-clear and strong,
Spoke for the Right, for Truth and Equity.
Dead! while there quickened in that heart and
brain

The purpose still to make more purely fair
His country's name. Clear summons and brief
pain.

Ours is the aching loss, the empty chair, . . .
Ah! his shall be the gain!

O, righteous citizen! O, just and true!
Long will it be before we see again
The like of thee, whose like on earth are few,
True statesman and true man, lived not in
vain.

Such never live in vain, and dying, own
A nation's love that dieth not with years,
A name worn deeper on a marble stone
By deathless tribute of a people's tears.
He reaps as he has sown.



Dim Cloisters, shaded from the noonday heat.

Facing page 20.]

See page 14.)

“ A FAILURE ”—FOUND DEAD

Failed, fallen, wholly failed, and dead at last,
Gone under, with the death a dog might die.
Like some decaying heap of rubbish, cast
To moulder slowly to the open sky.

And all the while the great old sun looks down,
And singing earth looks up, and smiles to
greet

His softly smiling gaze ;
And all the world is dreaming in the haze
That fades to where the earth and heavens
meet.

A little bird upon the nearest bough
Is singing, trilling, thrilling, loud and sweet,
Rest, peace be to the dead !

Been something better once ? Ay, probably ;
We most were something better once, you see,
When first we used to kneel confidingly,
And lisp our prayers beside a mother's knee.
And so this lifeless heap of misery
Must once have laughed and played, a little
child ;

Been glad, and known not why,
But sung with singing earth and laughing sky
When summer winds were breathing incense
mild ;

And just because to live was, oh ! so sweet,
The earth smiles still, as then she must have
smiled.

Rest, peace be to the dead !

Dead like a dog! What matter? Thousands
more

Have gone that way before you, thousands
still

Will surely follow after; through the door—

The open doorway that the shadows fill,

That by its shadow parts the live and dead—

How many pass like you! Yet, long ago,

With ne'er a fear or doubt,

You must have planned and worked your pros-
pects out

With dreams, and thoughts, and hopes that
thrilled you so—

(I think we most of us have had our dreams!)

What were your plans, your dreams, we'll
never know;

We only know they failed.

A sinless child, a laughing lad, . . . and then?

Gone down, because the sky was dark one day.

Gone lower down, and failed, to fail again,

Then to the devil straight—one knows the
way!

More sinned against than sinning? None may
know.

Your own fault, or another's? Who can tell!

Was it a woman's face

That killed you slowly, brought you to this
place?



And clear against the evening's pearl and gold
Still rise the silent belfries that of yore
Called home the wanderers to the ghostly foid.

Facing page 22.]

(See page 14.)

Or was it by your folly that you fell ?
Why did you trip and stumble in the race
While others passed you, running straight and
well ? . . .

Rest, peace be to the dead.

A little word, this "failed," yet Death and Hell
Hold not a cupful bitterer to quaff.

They climbed for fruit—to gain the hollow shell ;
They looked for ripened grain, and eat the
chaff.

You great, who stand and smile, and have not
failed !

O you who prosper in your pathways fair !

You live, and never taste

The bitter gall they drink whose life is waste,
The self-reproach, the scorn of those who
bear

For seal on heart and brow, this—"I have
failed !"

First, shame ; then recklessness of slow despair.

Rest, peace be to the dead.

Great, griefless Nature, you who sing and smile
When death and misery press hard on us !
E'en so you must have sung and laughed the
while

That first on Adam fell the blighting curse.
Still in the golden sunlight, mere and marsh,

And mountain-wild, and wood, and grassy lea,

Do joyously upraise

The full-toned glory of their hymn of praise,

To join the swelling chant of wind and sea.
Say, is it that you scoff at man's distress?
Or are you in your grandeur smiling still,
Because you see beyond?

Dead like a dog! No matter. Come! at least
We'll give him decent burial, between
The fence here and the road, then let him rest.
Why wake the sadness of a "might-have-
been"?

A "might-have been" is dead, the "may-be"
liveth;

Now look we to the future, dim and veiled!
Perhaps in clearer light,
When travel-stains are washed, and wrong made
right,

And Love Divine at last hath all prevailed,
E'en *this* shall praise then, there, before the
Throne,

And none shall point, and say—"this man
has failed!"

So rest in hope, O dead!

“ HILL OF THE CROSS ”

The name? Just wait till the slope's in sight,
'Twill speak for itself. Look! there's your
view,

A speck on the crest of the grassy height.
You see? No! A little more to your right,
Sharp on the sky-line's burning blue,
A cross that the sun and the rain bleach white.

How come there? Simply enough, my friend ;
I planted it there myself one night
When lurid and crimson the heavens shone,
Planted to mark where a man had gone
Far out on the track of the sunset light,
Out into the silence where all dreams end.

'Twas twenty years ago, or more,
(When I herded cattle for Juan Segui) ;
The fellow was killed, but I cannot say
If he stood in some politician's way
Or somebody owed him a grudge—you see,
Such things were common enough that war !

I had started for town one day, but the dark
Came suddenly down on that lonely reach,
Where the roofs of the station are redd'ning now,
So I slept that night on my old “ *recao* ” ;
But woke by chance at a plover's screech,
And heard in the distance the fox's bark.

Still as the dead. Not a breath to move
The awful hush of the star-spread skies,
The myriad mazes of glittering light
And black earth, black as the vaulted night,
Waiting to pale in the pale moon-rise ;
Silent and vast as the dome above.

So held in the sway of the Infinite,
So lost, a speck in the boundless space,
In the heart of wild Nature's solitudes,
In the sweep of her plains, in the depths of her
woods,
A man may question his end and place
On the earth, and beyond it. The moon rose
bright.

All of a sudden the *pangaré*
Tied at *soga* grew restless, stood,
Pricked ears, and snorted, and trotted round,
Neighing shrilly—I heard no sound.
(Look at the green by that belt of wood
In the light ! By Jove ! what a glorious day !)

No sound, but I knew that the beast was
right ;
I waited, and listened, and held my breath,
Till out of the hush grew the distant ring
Of the hoofs of a horse that was galloping,
Galloping, ay, and for life or death,
For life or death through the starry night.



Still wide the Gateway stands, where pass no more
Those monks of old.

Facing page 27.]

(See page 14.)

I knew it, for never with man on his back
And nothing behind does a horse so run.
And the man was followed ; I caught the sound
Of thunder of hoofs on the hardened ground,
Baked in the heat of the summer sun—
They were hot and hard on the fugitive's track.

Before, loomed darkly the *monte* shade,
Behind, black shadows spread all about,
And covered the hill-slope where I lay,
But out in the open 'twas bright as day,
And into the open a horse shot out ;
One glance—and I saw that the game was
played.

For the rolling stride, and the labouring breath,
The heaving flank all blackened with sweat,
Told their tale of the desperate race ;
A moon-gleam fell on the fugitive's face,
The swarthy features, livid and set—
'Twas the face of a man that was facing death.

Two shadows flitted ; a sudden glance
Of light on a lance-head glimmered white.
Three men were out on the beaten track,
And once the first man turned—looked back.
Could he reach the *monte* ? The strip of light
Stretched fifty yards. 'Twas his only chance.

Full fifty yards, and the horse was blown ;
Those shadowy figures were gaining now,
There was a desperate spurt and a strain—
Could he reach it ? He'd shot to the front again.
On the open stretch by the white hill-brow,
With a staggering stumble, the horse was down.

A shout. A struggle out there on the plain ;
The flashing of steel. Then a sudden
cry
Went up through the darkness, piercing shrill,
And a plover rose startled, here on the hill,
At the yell of a man's death agony.
A groan ; and the night was hushed again.

They went, and they left him where he lay,
Here, where *gramilla* waves about.
Caranchos found him, before the sun
Had broken the morn-mists leaden and dun.
A common story ! My pipe's gone out.
Have you got such a thing as a light there,
che ?



Across the dreaming mountain's purple crest
Moves veiled and mystic, clad in pearly grey,
The velvet-footed dusk.

Facing page 29.]

(See page 17.)

THE DESERTED HUT

Under the drowsing skies of afternoon,
Far o'er the grassy plain we rode that day,
Past browsing flocks by many a still lagoon,
 And on the roadside grey ;
Past many a lowly hut, amid the grand,
Grim loneliness of the wild, till o'er the land
The golden glow of sunset died away.

Then, as we topped a rise, against the west
Stood out a picture, sadder and more lone—
A ruined hovel, like an empty nest,
 Deserted, lichen-grown,
With crumbling thatch and gaping broken door,
Through which soft pattering feet will pass no
 more,
As once they passed in some far day long gone.

And as we looked, there crossed our darkling
 path
A solitary horseman, riding slow,
Who turned, dismounting by that lifeless hearth
 Where fires no more will glow,
And silent as the dusk, unmoving stood
Among the shadows grey, alone to brood
Upon that ruined home of long ago.

Down came the night, and hid that mournful
scene,

With all its pathos and its human pain.

Around us dreamed the pampa, dim, serene,

Vast as the distant main.

And only, as we rode, we heard the sigh

Of whispering grasses, and a plover's cry,

Plaintive and far, across the moonlit plain. . . .



The shades of evening, tender-toned and deep,
O'er leafy vale and misty summit glide,
And by the lone hut on the brown hill side
The quiet shadows sleep.

A SONG OF THE PAMPA

IN MEMORY OF A BOVINE FRIEND

A stretch of grass and a slope ablaze
In the glow of the evening sky,
The golden haze of the westering rays,
And the hush that is far and nigh;
A field of the flowering alfa's blue,
A belt of the woodland's green,
Beyond, as far as the eye can view,
The open weald, and the sheen
Of the waving ocean of yellow grass
In the dreaming light serene.

Silent and peaceful, drowsy and still,
Save for a lowing call
From the herd that browses over the hill,
Where the gathering shadows fall,
The note of a plover far out on the plain,
Like the cry of a grieving soul,
The bleat of a lamb as it follows its dam,
And the neigh of a mare to her foal,
The voice of the open that stretches away
Like the great sea's swell and roll.

A tranquil sheet of silver light,
Clear glimmers the quiet pond;
Woods to the left and hills to the right,
And the boundless plain beyond.

A horn, a hoof, and some whitening bones
Bleaching there in the sun,
With only the ring-dove's plaintive tones
Mourning for summers gone
To lull the peace of that endless sleep. . . .
So you rest now your days are done!

Old friend! do the nights seem damp and chill?
Do the days seem long and warm?
Do you feel the glow from the sunlit hill,
Or the breath of the passing storm?
Or have you done with the wind and the sun,
With the rain and the falling dew,
And the day and night in their ceaseless flight,
Bring they never a change for you?
Do you know when the calves of your calves
give suck
To a generation new?

The shadows deepen o'er mere and sedge,
Earth dreams, and the light is low
On the cattle-track to the water's edge
Where still your comrades go.
Oh, we've idled many a summer's day
Together, lass, you and I,
Spent hours like these in the sun-warm hay,
When I wasn't quite four foot high,
And what we have loved as a child, methinks,
We love till the day we die.



The little lonely Church, that long
Has left the watch o'er waste of lush and stone;

Facing page 33.]

(See page 17)

The day sinks golden down to the west,
The fragrant air blows cool.
'Tis over a year since you laid you to rest,
By the side of the quiet pool,
With the grass for a grave on Earth's mother-
breast,
And for mourning, the tears of the rain.
So lie and rest, while the light from the west
Dies out on the boundless plain,
So sleep and rest, till the crumbling dust
Has returned to its dust again.

TO OUR CAT

Little creature, grave and coy,
Topaz-eyed, and velvet-pawed,
Comrade of our hearth and board,
Sharer in our fireside joy.

God, Who made all things that be,
Warmed my heart with love for all
Fellow-creatures, sweet and small,
Shy and winsome, like to thee ;

Brimmed it full of brotherhood
Toward all furred and feathered things,
Restless paw and soaring wings,
Children of the field and wood.

So for thee, who—though thy race
Long has dwelt with man—still art
Nursling of the Wild, my heart,
Nature-loving, holds a place,

Where thou nestlest, soft and coy,
Warm and furry, velvet-pawed,
Little sharer of our board,
And our glad hearth's quiet joy !



A Lowly Hut amid the grand grim loneliness of the wild,

Facing page 34.]

(See page 29)



THE OLD HOME

Deep, deep in my heart it stands, the lonely
house in the wildwood,
With its quaint old Spanish courtyard, its
roses on the wall,
Where God's glad sunlight, glowing warm as the
loves of childhood,
Shines over all.

Home of the glimmering dreams, beautiful,
youth-begotten,
House that is filled of the Spring and the roses'
fragrant breath,
Sweet with the echo of voices beloved and un-
forgotten,
Now hushed in death.

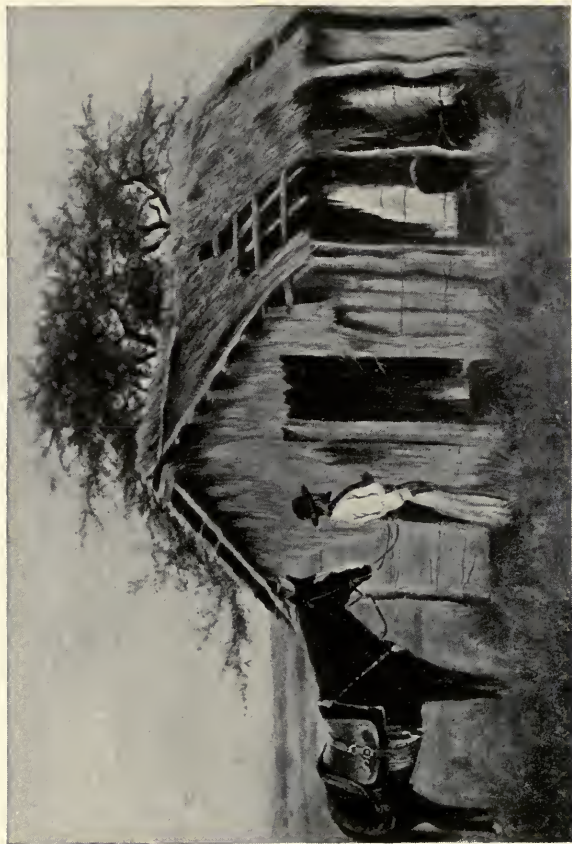
Still, when the day goes down and night treads
softly after,
The vision of the old house by Memory's
lamp I see,
And still my fair lost youth, with tender tears
and laughter,
Comes back to me.

OUR DEAD.

On Life's wide seas Time's waves may rise,
 estranging
 True soul from soul, while loving hearts have
 bled,
Forlorn, forgotten. Through the years un-
 changing,
 Abide our faithful dead.

Their memory lives with us. We hear them
 calling,
 Like angel-voices, in our earthly strife;
They whisper through the hush when night is
 falling,
 The pauses of our life.

And watching still to know what shall betide
 us,
 When nears the hour when all our tears shall
 cease,
Come back at last, with loving hands to guide
 us
 Into the realms of Peace.



A ruined hovel, like an empty nest, deserted, lichen-grown.

Facing page 36.

(See page 29.)

SONGS OF THE GREAT WAR

THE ROAD-BUILDERS

There's a far, fair dream of a world at peace
in the dawn of a clearer day,
And a long red trail through the war-swept
years, desolate, grim and grey,
A long red trail to the distant goal, a bitter road
and steep,
Sodden and dark with the blood of men and
the tears that women weep.

But over that road the world must pass e'er
the far fair dream be true,
And the earth awake from the night of woe to
a larger day, and new ;
And ever the staunch road-builders go, from city,
and hill, and plain,
To pave with their bodies the great high-road
across the fields of pain.

Swiftly they gather from north and south, from
east and west, to lay
Their lives for the gleaming stones that trace,
through blackened wastes, the way
Whereon their children's feet shall tread till
they win to their souls' desire
Of a new earth, fresh from the mint of God, and
clean from the purging fire.

And ever through darkness, storm, and dearth
they toil, nor rest, nor cease,
That their sons may walk, through the distant
days, in the sunlit paths of Peace.
And up to the heights of a deathless love, to the
foot of the Throne of God,
They are building a road with the hearts of
men, and sealing it with their blood.

Still through the pitiless, brooding gloom of
War's wild, lowering night,
They are tracing the path that shall lead the
world to the dawn of a clearer light,
And the soul of the nations shall win to the goal
where the fair new day shall break
On the road that is paved with the hearts of
men who died for Freedom's sake.



A Field of the Flowering Alfa's Blue.

Facing page 38.

(See page 31.)

A FAREWELL

TO THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE VOLUNTEERS

Go forth, true hearts, and bear across the waste
Of lonely seas, our faith in you, our pride,
That ye should stand undaunted by the side
Of England's bravest; in the battle, haste
To lift the torch that dying hands let fall,
And fearless bear on high its sacred flame,
A light to all that speed in Duty's name,
Where God and Country call.

Fare forth, true men, and steadfast take your
stand
Amid the valiant hosts of them that fight
To guard the stricken and defend the Right,
For Liberty, for King, and Motherland.
Go forth to bear your part on Honour's field,
And be the Freedom of the World your goal,
Your strength, the might of an unconquered
soul,
Our prayers to God, your shield.

ENGLAND'S GREETING

TO THE ARGENTINE-BORN VOLUNTEERS

Sons of my sons, I greet you. Over the surging
seas

Ye come in the hour of my trial, ye, that might
take your ease

Far from the tumult of battle, adream on the
fragrant breast

Of the fair young land that bore you in the
light of the golden West.

But ye heard in your hearts, clear-sounding
through the hush of the silver night,

The voice of the Old Grey Mother that bids
her sons go fight

For Freedom, Right and Honour. Ye saw,
where the storm-clouds brood,

The Flag of your fathers flying, ye heard the
call of the Blood!

Therefore ye left, full gladly, your lands and
your money-mart,

To lay on my streaming altar the gift of a faithful
heart

There is love, and light, and laughter in the
calm of your southern home,

But the Old Grey Mother calls you, and, sons
of my sons, ye come!

From the life of the busy city, from the peace
of the rolling plain,
Gold with the wealth of sunshine that blesses
the golden grain,
Ye speed to the swirling turmoil of War's wild,
bitter flood,
Where the skies are black with tempest, and the
earth is red with blood.

Over the waste of waters where the grey death
lurks, ye fare,
Laughing to scorn, undaunted, that grim, grey
death ye dare,
In the serried ranks of my legions fearless to
take your place,
For the sake of Old England's honour, and the
pride of your fathers' race.

In the hour of my need ye gather, ye haste
from the ends of the earth,
Blood of my blood, and glory of the land that
gave you birth.
Ye come, in the name of Freedom to strive
and to prevail.
Pride of the soil that bore you! Sons of my
sons, all hail!

DE PROFUNDIS

Out of the surging depths of fiery pain
The travailing Earth uplifts her bitter cry,
As red with blood, the blood of all her slain,
The long war-weary years go creeping by . . .
Out of the depths, the throbbing depths of pain,
To Thee, O Lord, we cry.

Yet from the darkling deep of utmost night
To clearer, fuller day our Earth shall rise,
Uplifted God-ward to the starry height
Of Love divine, by deathless Sacrifice . . .
Out of the trembling depths of utmost night,
To Thee, O Lord, we rise.



A belt of the Woodland's Green.

Facing page 43.]

(See page 21.)

PRO PATRIA

I

Peace to the Dead, who battled, great of soul,
Where shell and shrapnel plough the trampled
field,

With crowding crosses for the bitter yield
Of War's red sowing. These, Death took for
toll,

These, that our honour stand, unmarred and
whole,

Offered their broken bodies for a shield,
And by the light of sacrifice, revealed
The blood-dyed path of glory to our goal.

Strong to endure and dare, they, living, gave
All that they had for England's sake, and, dead,
Won life immortal and abiding peace ;

Therefore within the land they died to save,
Deep in the Nation's soul for whom they bled,
Their dauntless spirit lives till Time shall cease.

II

Brothers, be yours to follow where they led
Through war's red hell, through blackest night,
to morn,

Till on Earth's mother-breast, shell-pierced and
torn,

The healing benison of peace be shed.
Go northward in the footprints of your Dead ;
For on that road through fire-swept lands forlorn,
—The long, dim, darkling way that leads to
 Dawn—
Their waiting spirits listen for your tread.

Rise up, rise up and follow through the night
Whither their voices call you ; rise and fight
For God and Truth, for Right and Liberty,
Till onward, on across the dear-bought field
Of deathless glory that their blood has sealed,
Your hosts triumphant march to Victory.



A tranquil sheet of silver light, clear glimmers the quiet pond.

(See page 31.)

Facing page 45.]

VICTORY.

Joy-bells a clash, and tramp of marching feet,
Glad, glowing hearts that throb with pride to
greet

The triumph-dawn of Peace,
With shouts of Victory that seem to shake
The land from sea to sea, and bid souls wake
To praise the Lord who maketh wars to
cease!

But what of aching eyes that turn no more,
Hungering, eager, towards an opening door,—
Sad hearts that ne'er again
May wait a well-loved step that will not come?

. . . .
While joy returns to many a waiting home,
Dear, pitying Christ! be with them in their
pain.

SONGS OF RECONSTRUCTION

THE VISION

Because the Peace of which we dreamed in
vain

Lies faint and far beyond our yearning ken,
While hate and bitter warring, wrath and pain,
Still walk with crimsoned feet the world of
men,

The fair high hopes we cherished, sink and fail,
Sore-stricken unto death, and well-nigh gone

. . . .
Yet still the Vision gleams beyond the veil,
And draws us on.

Still, dim of sight and stumbling oft, we tread
The road that heroes gave their lives to lay.
They have not vainly died, our valiant dead,
Whose deathless spirit points us still the
way!

Through strife and brooding darkness, storm
and dearth,

Be this our steadfast aim, whate'er betide,—
That we should live to build the fair new earth
For which they died.

Not in a day shall we attain that goal,
Not in a few brief seasons' fleeting space,
But, strong and patient, as the long years roll,
Each, toiling true and fitly in his place,



Little creature grave and coy, topaz-eyed and velvet pawed.

Facing page 47.]

(See page 34)

Shall shape the promise of that world to be
Wherein our children's feet may walk in
peace,
When Love shall be the law from sea to sea,
And wars shall cease.

BUILDERS.

There is no joy in all this world of ours
Like to the joy of building: building dreams,
Ideals, sun-bathed highways for the feet
That follow after us, a house of rest
For pilgrim souls weary. To behold
Afar the Vision Splendid, and to carve
The rough-hewn stones of Life with loving hand
Into the semblance of the glories seen
By dreaming eyes; such joy is all divine.
There is no gift more God-like than the power
To lay foundations, fair and true, to raise
The structure of dream-palaces, wherein
Men's hearts may glow and gladden in the light
Of Truth and Beauty. . . . Masons skilled
shall bring
Their perfect offerings, other eyes behold
The glory of the finished work, but we,
Toiling a space, then moving toward the Dawn,
May leave behind in going, gleaming stones
Our hands have shaped within the stately pile
Of human life,—and so we pass, content.
Up, then, ye Builders, up! the call rings clear,
The war-scarred earth lies waiting, struggle-worn,
Yearning for light beyond the shadows. Bring
Your chiselled stones, your gems of countless
price,
To lay the fair foundations of a world
Clean and fresh-fashioned in the sight of God.
Give of your best, if that be great, or small,

That Truth and Beauty, Justice, Peace, and
Love
Grow, like some mighty temple, toward the
skies,
Raised by your hands on Earth's tired mother-
breast.
Up, Builders, up! the world awaits your toil!

THE SOWERS.

To plant and water, plough and sow,
That hands unborn may one day reap,—
This is, in very sooth, to know

Joy, measureless and deep.

To tend and guard the strippling tree,
And watch the tender boughs that shoot,

The budding leaves that peep,

Dreaming of how in years to be,

Young, happy lips shall taste the fruit

A soul no purer joy may know

Than this fair right to plant and sow,

That hands unborn may reap.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

Be ours, for heritage, the right to build,
To bear our part in founding, true and meet,
The House of Peace for human lives to be ;
Toiling to lay for tender, childish feet
A fairer road than mortals yet have trod,
Serving, as trusty workers, with the guild.
For Brother-love, for Justice, and for God,
Be ours the right to build.

Be ours, for heritage, the right to give
The fruit of willing hands, that earth may
yield
A richer harvest, when our sowing blooms
By sunlit hearth and wind-swept, open field.
With mother-heart, as only Woman can,
Seeking the joy and weal of all that live,
On Earth's far roads and wide, to God and
man
Be ours the right to give.

STRAY CHORDS

BABY EYES

Laughing eyes of tender blue,
Deep as summer skies,
Gazing, merry, brave and true,
On a fair young world and new,
With a sweet surprise.
Sparkling as the dawn-kissed dew
After drowsy night,
Mirrored in your happy light,
Surely Heaven lies
Earth holds naught more sweet than you,
Laughing baby-eyes !



The lonely house in the wildwood, with its quaint old Spanish courtyard, its roses on the walls.

Facing page 53.

(See page 35.)

A PORTRAIT

A warm and kindly heart, that seems to keep
A wealth of sunshine mid the storms of earth,
Lighting the showery days with pleasant mirth,
Yet quick, methinks, to grieve when others weep.

His is the gracious gift—too rare, I trow!—
Of waking souls to laughter, clean and glad,
Because the child-heart that we all have had
Once, in the dawn, this man has kept till now.

And they that share with him, fair, sorrow-
free,
The goodly hours of some remembered day,
Pass with a smile along Life's dusty way,
Gladder of heart to know that such men be.

LITTLE MAID

Little maid with sunny tresses,
Tender, starlit eyes!
Life before you in the dawning,
Fair and laughing lies.

Far away the misty meadows,
Sun-kissed, warm and sweet,
Softly spread their flowery mantle
For your passing feet.

And a voice is calling, calling,
Through the leafy wood,
To the distant hills beyond it,
Hills of womanhood,

Where the streams run swifter, deeper,
Flowing to the sea,
Where Life's richest gifts lie hidden,
Waiting, dear, for thee.

May the flowers that bloom to greet thee
Never droop nor fade,
Fairest in the merry sunshine,
Sweetest in the shade.

May the light of Heaven o'er thee,
Warm and tender shine,
From the rosy hour of dawning
Till the day decline,



Earth holds naug't more sweet than
you, Laughing Baby-eyes.

Facing page 55.]

(See page 52.)

And no cloud of sorrow linger
Where thy pathway lies,
Little maid with sunny tresses
And the starlit eyes!

TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE

Fair friend, who standest crownéd, maidenly,
With Life's best gift : may bliss without alloy
Be thine, to-day, and to Eternity,
The while fond hearts uplift their prayers for
thee
And thine abiding joy.

God give to thee all gladness, gentle friend !
Surely to know thee is to love, and I
Who, knowing, love thee truly, fain would send
One soulfelt wish : that all thy ways may wend
'Neath cloudless sky,

And thine may be the joy, unmarred, complete,
As is of yearning dreams the radiant goal,
The while Love's roses, shed before thy feet,
Make all thy sunlit path through life as sweet
As is thine own fair soul.

WEDDING HYMN

O, Thou that hearest prayer : we pray Thee
pour
They blessings on the twain, in Thee made one ;
The fair new life in Thy dear Name begun
With holy gladness crown for evermore.

May He Who blessed of old the marriage board
With wine of heavenly bliss their cup o'er brim ;
Theirs be the peace divine that flows from
Him,
Theirs be the joy undying of their Lord.

Grant that the light of Paradise above
Through Life's dim vale make fair their way,
and bright,
A golden path that leads beyond the night
Up to the Throne of Him whose Name is Love.

FAITH

As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him.—Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12.

O doubting soul, have faith! Look up and see
In words of golden sunlight, far and nigh,
O'er wood and wild, on earth and sea and sky,
The promise of God's future writ for thee.

Lift ye, sad eyes, and seek the mountain crest,
Snow-girt and still above the rushing flood,
Where the lone eagle rears her callow brood
By Love safe-cradled in the downy nest.

And ye shall know that, still and purely white
As sunlit peak above the clouds that roll,
So still and pure shall stand the steadfast soul
That fearless lifts her face to Heaven's height.

For, as the mountain eagle bears above,
On rushing pinions to the vaulted sky,
The tender wings that know not how to fly,
Up-lifted on the wings of mother-love;

And as the tender nestling seeks to soar,
And, failing in its flight, shall feel again
The parent strength that saves from death and
pain. . . .

So God alone shall lead thee evermore.



Little maid with sunny tresses, tender starlit eyes

Facing page 58.]

(See page 54.)

Thus, weary with her flight, the soul shall rest
Safe in the love of Him Who gave her birth,
Up-soaring ever from the mist-bound earth,
By mortal chains and trammels unoppressed.

So by His might supported, we shall raise
Our hearts above our human misery,
From strength to strength ascending fearlessly,
Knowing His love will bear us all our days,

Till, lifted on untiring wings, the soul
Up to the Throne of God shall soaring rise,
There, in the deathless light of Paradise,
To find of hope and love the perfect goal . . .

O doubting heart, have faith! Look up and
see

In Nature's throbbing breast and fruitful life
The promise of fair triumph after strife,
God's care unending for His world and thee.

HYMN FOR THE WOMEN'S DIOCESAN ASSOCIATION

“The love of Christ constraineth us.”

For His dear sake Who died that we might
live,

To every soul that heeds there comes this call ;
“For thee thy God and Saviour gave up all ;
As freely thou receivest, freely give.

“Give of thy prayers and toil, give of thy best
Unto thy fellow-men for whom Christ died ;
The lowliest task in Him is sanctified.
To work for Jesus, this is peace and rest.”

So may we serve with joy, and strive to make
This grief-worn earth of ours more glad and
sweet,

Pouring our precious ointment at His feet,
Who trod the path of sorrows for our sake.

So of our best may all rejoicing give,
Till Love's pure light and holy Peace divine
Amid the shades of earth more brightly shine,
For His dear sake Who died that we might live.



Fair friend, who standest crownéd, maidenly,
with life's best gift.

Facing page 60.]

(See page 56.)

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