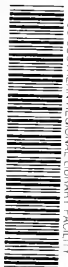


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SONGS FROM ARGENTINA







*Blanche Hume*

[Frontispiece.]



# SONGS FROM ARGENTINA

BY  
BLANCHE HUME

*With Illustrations from Paintings  
by the Author*

LONDON : SELWYN & BLOUNT, LTD.

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1920

1875

1875

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

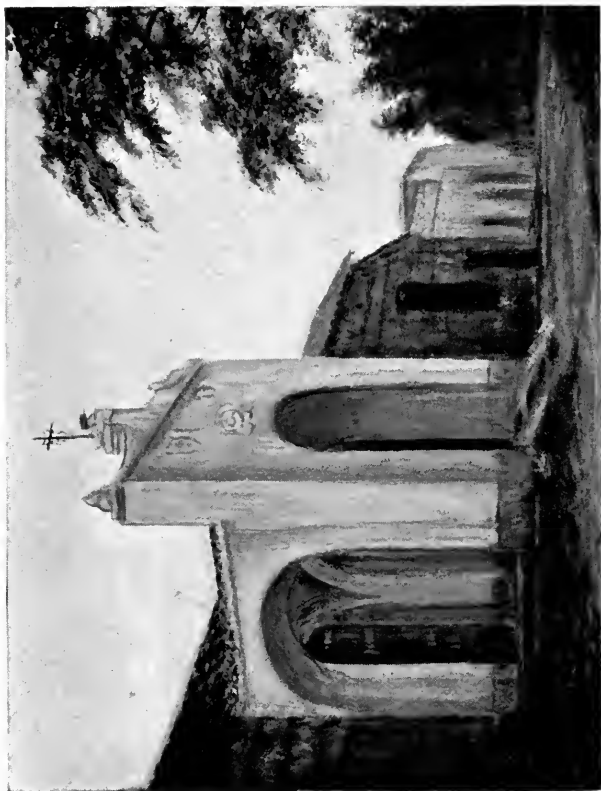
Across the dreaming mountain's purple crest,  
Moves, veiled and mystic, clad in pearly grey,  
The velvet-footed dusk, that on her breast,  
With soft and slow caresses lulls to rest  
The tired light of day.

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.

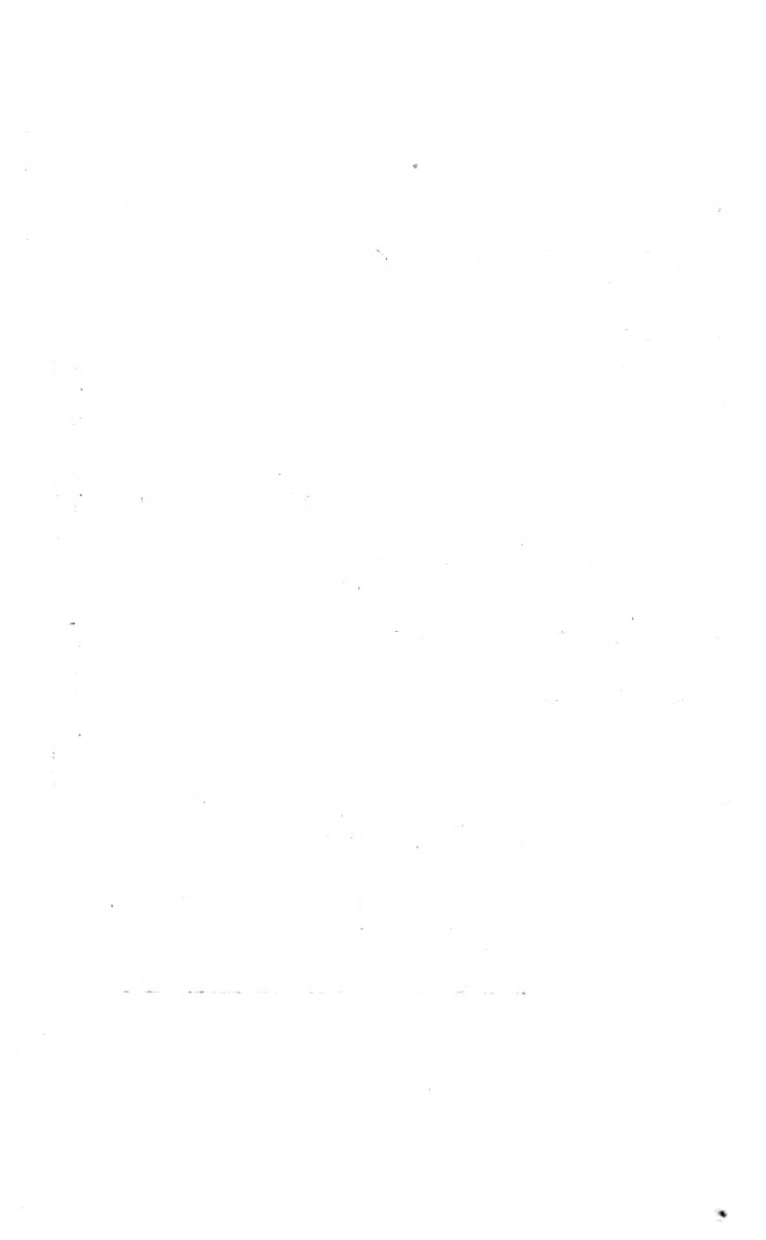
And, as the chiming echoes float away,  
Far o'er the wilds by human foot untrod,  
The very heart of Nature seems to pray,  
In stillness, 'neath the heavens' dome of grey,  
Praising the name of God.



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.

*Facing page 31.]*

*(See page 17.)*

# 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 tush 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

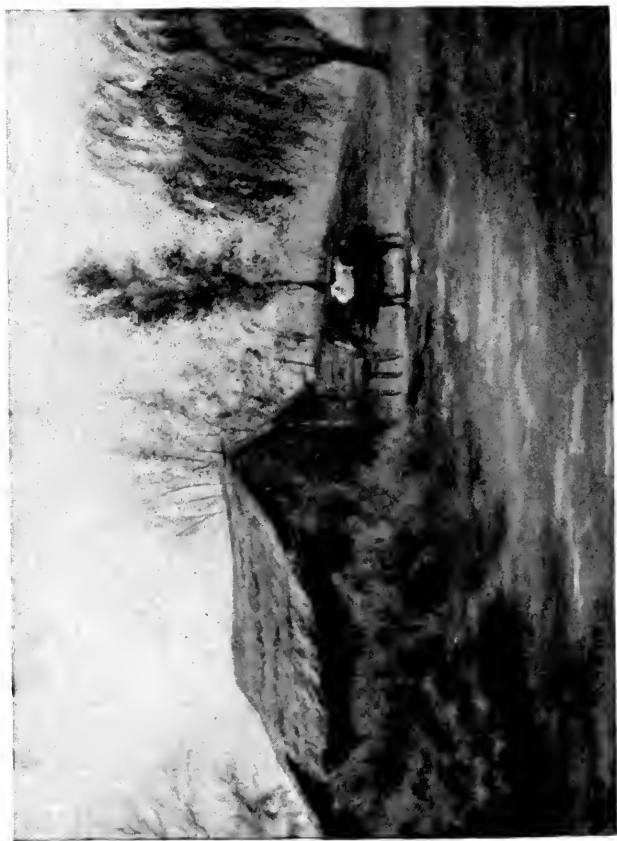
Little creature, grave and coy,  
Topaz-eyed, and velvet-pawed,  
Comrade of our hearth and board,  
Sharer in our fireside joy.

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.

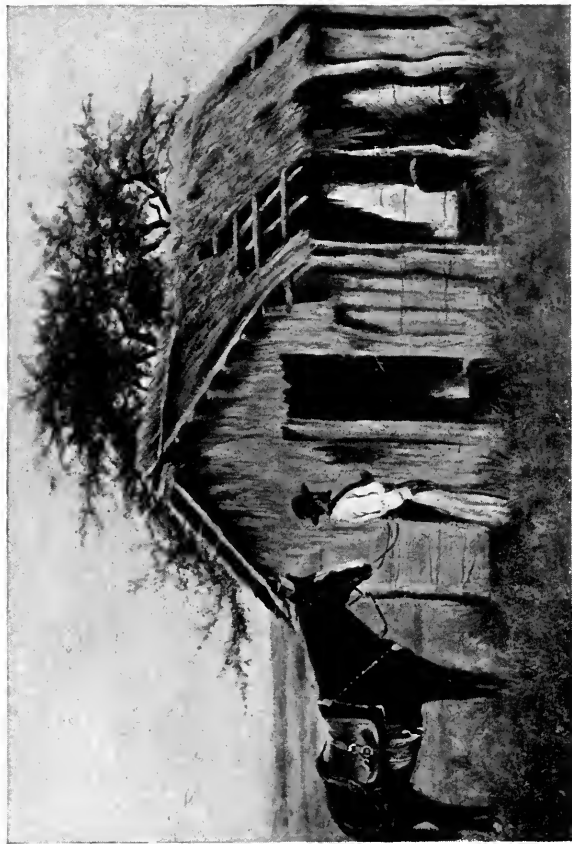
Still, when the day goes down and night treads  
softly after,  
The vision of the old house by Memory's  
lamp I see,  
And still my fair lost youth, with tender tears  
and laughter,  
Comes back to me.

## 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.)*

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

## 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!

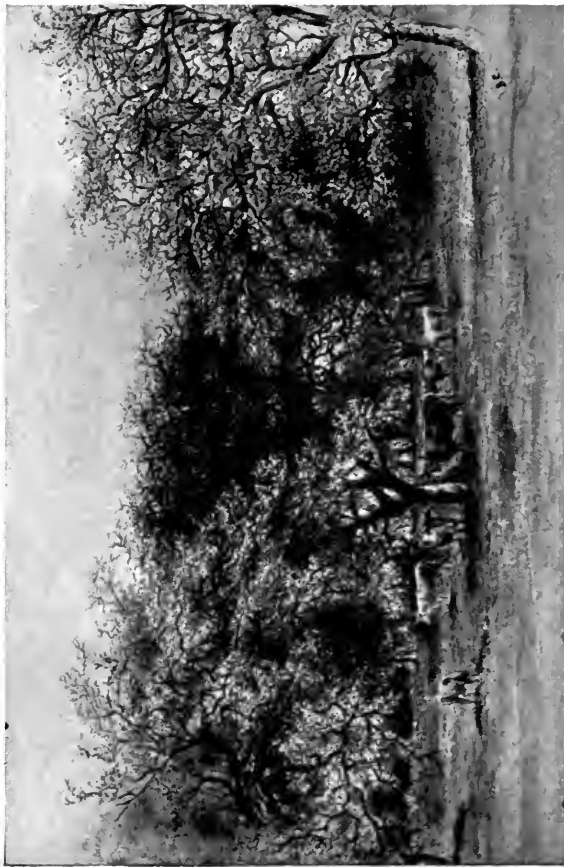
## DE PROFUNDIS

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 31.)*

## 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 33.*

*(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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