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James Hebblethwaite.

A Rose of Regret.

The Bulletin.



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A Rose of Regret

James Hebblethwaite



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No. 84.



**A Rose
of Regret.**



*Like the scent of violet,
Subtly sweet with all regret,
Love and Spring they pass away—
Ah me, well a-day!*

*Vesper-bell knells dying beam,
Form and feature fall to dream,
Gone the voice, the love of May—
Ah me, well a-day!*

*Sigh we for the sunlight fled,
Sigh we for the love that's dead,
Love and violet decay—
Ah me, well a-day!*



A Rose
of Regret.



HOME.

HE blue Pacific waves ran clear
In ridges to my feet,
And from their range, and from the
gums
Gushed odour keen and sweet.
Squat in the she-oak's golden flame,
The billy boiled too soon,
For all was golden drowsiness
That golden afternoon.

I fell asleep and saw myself
Within an ancient room
Of English grange, a white-haired man,
Lit by a ruddy gloom :
And in my heart a whisper went,
A sense of great release,
I knew that I was home again,
With life and death at peace.

The toil was over—God, how strange!
The tears were on my face—
I need not wander for my bread
From homeless place to place ;
But here a breathing space I had
Unknown to fate, my foe,
Before I went the outland way
That mortal men must go.

I looked around the panelled walls
And saw dim portraits there
Of noble knight and noble dame
And girlhood sweet and fair ;
And in old carven cabinets
Were letters, faded, sere,
With folded tresses, long dead flowers,
And mark of falling tear.

Old perfumes stirred before my hand,
Old heart-breaks bled anew ;

**A Rose
of Regret.**

The pink was there, the daffodil,
And, for remembrance, rue ;
My spirit touched the unseen dead
Behind the written word,
The heart of sadness touched and wept,
And spirit weeping heard :

Grief for the unforgotten hours
Beyond recall for aye ;
Regret for lonely youth and love—
November tears in May :
A note of joy rose in the sound,
Of coming home at last,
My name was soft on waiting lips
Loved in the ancient past.

My spirit with her sense of rest
Behind the brightening veil,
Had pity on my body's grief,
For her made weak and pale ;
And as the winds grew to their pitch
Grappling like deadly foes,
She gave unto my mortal part
An hour of deep repose.

And by the winter fire I sat ;
Remembered faces came,
By love and death made wondrous sweet,
Of purest spirit flame :
The hour beside the ruin grey,
The kiss by summer night,
So beautiful, so sad, were seen
In delicate clear light.

Children, unborn, but passionate
With mournful loveliness,
Smiled through their tears, and she was there
Who did my long years bless ;
And all my simple pilgrim gold—
Old print with passing gleam

A Rose
of Regret.

On ivied tower, old summer walks
By haunted mount and stream . . .

The flame paled on the hollied crest
And on the mistletoe,
And something whispered in my heart
'T was time for me to go ;
Aside my spirit, seraph-fresh,
Stood looking on the clay
Chastened for service of the soul,
Then turned toward the Day.

I woke ; and to my dreaming eyes
The hour was as before ;
But still I knew my life was changed,
Then and for evermore.
The wistful passion in my breast
Is not for earthly home,
But I must seek a City still
Wherever I may roam.



A NIGHT-WATCH.

H Rose
of Regret.



HE sallow autumn light, the evening red
Of dying hearth, a twilight sad and
lone
Made in my room ; and in a waking
sleep

I heard from out the heart of night a moan
And sighing whisper, calling me to keep
A vigil with the dead ;
And I remembered her who sleeps afar
In English earth beneath the shadowed green
Of yew and cypress, and what might have been
From lover sweet as eve and single star.

Again in deep of silent summer air
We trod the forest path, and in a mist
Of golden lights and shadows pouring down
On bed of dry and faded leaves we kist,
And on her head I placed a fragrant crown
Of flowers shy and rare,
And told her tales of knight and maid forlorn,
Of castle, haunted upland, fairy well,
And wistfully, fraught with the woodland spell,
We bent to listen for the magic horn.

Within that other thicket of black oak
And pensive streaming crimson, azure, white,
The simple country chapel, hand in hand,
We knelt in stillness, while the closing night
And tinkle of quaint bell, drew in a band
Of quiet rustic folk
Along the aisles dark with the mortal fate
Of bygone men and women shut in stone,
Whose sad old partings in dim lines made moan
Beneath rich heraldries and crumbling state.

O sweeter far than branch of almond bloom,
With pathos laden as of ancient song,

**A Rose
of Regret.**

Or April's angel-blue, or lilyed way,
Or maiden of the legend of earth's throng,
I heard thy whisper ; and when Time shall stay
His immemorial loom,
Sad labour done, in love we still shall dwell,
Nor in eternal gleam and light forget,
Remembered then without the old regret,
Our field of meeting by the leafy well.



PROVENCE.

In old Provence I long to stray
All for the old love's sake,
For there in far-off times a lay
To minstrel harp at close of day,
I sang beside the lake.

Sad in the summer twilight air—
O dusk of summer eves !
Around sat knight and lady fair :
I saw them not, for you were there,
My love, beneath the leaves.

OLD CATALOGUES.

A Rose
of Regret.



HE moaning winds are out upon the sea,
The wild white horses plunge to
dragon foam,
Close in the bush a ringed and withered
tree

Falls with a crash, and I ride swiftly home,
Where one is waiting by the she-oak flame
To catch the rider's *Coo-ee!* and her name.

The supper over and the table clear,
With glowing heart and lamp and easy chair
And bundle of old catalogues, I hear
The roar of sea and wind without a care,
And sink into the past with still delight
And in remembrances forget the night.

Pale beams of eve now light the Dreamland ways :
My feet tread without echo on the green
Of vanished England : Clive and Ethel gaze
Sad for lost years of love that might have been ;
While Esmond and his mistress bring again
Their sheaves with laughter and a tearful rain.

Once more the Vernon lighted by the moon
Leans to young Frank ; again the simple flute
Of Bertram wakes " The links of bonnie Doon "
From wayside well ; and those wild notes long mute
In deep old glades of noble Sherwood rise
In yearning music as the king's deer dies.

What hosts of poignant memories are here !
What well-loved faces glimmer in the dark !
What hints of love from eyes and lips so dear ! . . .
Ah, me ! I take my pencil and I mark
The catalogues, lest from my eyes the tears
Should spring at thought of all the dead old years.

**A Rose
of Regret.**

On monumental effigies I gloat,
On castle, abbey, mansion, and grey peel,
On secret panel, stairway, and deep moat,
On antique vestiges: again I feel
The joy of walking tours in youth and May
By lonely peaceful stream and ruin grey.

And then the bindings! purple, green, and blue,
Old Spanish red, buff, citron, violet, white,
Dark crimson, orange—all as fresh as new!
Pale, polished, panelled, full, rich, crushed, and bright,
With laureate wreath, curled dolphin, golden bee,
Stamped Tudor roses, crown, and fleur-de-lis.

What talk of watered silk and India proofs,
Large paper, type, and edge uncut of blade,
Of black and Gothic letters, and the roofs
Whence came these treasures! All things fade,
And books are no exceptions; some are worn,
The last leaf wormed, discoloured, stained, or torn.

LOVE IN THE RUINS.

Faint winds are sadly sighing
Within the ruined shrine,
The rose of day is dying
To twilight in the vine.

On bluest ether glowing,
Above a cold green steep,
A trembling star is sowing
The seeds of folding sleep.

With tender shadows teeming
The eve floats from above,
And youth and maid are dreaming
A wistful, wild sweet love.

ULYSSES.

A Rose
of Regret.



HE wise Ulysses stands upon the stair,
His wave-worn raft sways idly at his
feet ;
To lift the drooping sail there blows no
air,

And all around is stillness, save the beat
Of faintest ripples that make cool the heat
With cool-lipped sound, and on the ocean floor
Of weed-grown rock flit golden shadows fleet,
And in the light blown murmurs evermore
Ulysses hears a dirge from happy days of yore.

For not on yellow sand is fixed his glance,
Nor yet on foreland with its temple white,
Nor where the hills their terraces advance,
But where, cut from pure amethystine light,
Two islands rise from water sun-grey bright
And guard the ocean gate and wandering way
To Circe's island, and he feels the might
Of passion's sweet remembrance of their play
Within the myrtle grove from gleaming day to day.

He sees the grey and windless olive woods
Upon the smooth green shoulder of the hill ;
He hears the tumbling of the rough green floods
That smite the shore and all the pebbles thrill
With glad swift motion in the seething mill ;
But salt-green surge, green sward, and olive tree,
Grow dreamlike, and his eyelids slowly fill,
And fainter falls the rumour of the sea,
For memory's lingering voice now names Penelope.

Penelope ! the tears run down his face,
His ancient love reproves false Circe's wrong,
He sees Penelope in all her grace
E'en as he saw her 'mid her maiden throng
Before the war had made him but a song

A Rose
of Regret.

Upon the tongues of men, and at the sweep
Of his remembered love he springs along
The swarded slope to where upon the steep
The white-walled city stands locked in a quiet sleep.

O hush! speak not! but list that silvery sound
Of flutes, and pipes, and merry clashing din,
And cry of sweet clear voices, floating round
The temple's porch—O, can it be a sin
To think Apollo and his shining kin
Have left the glittering mount? In coloured weeds
They slowly loiter past where keen and thin
The hot light cleaves the ebon shade . . . Who leads
This train of tender youth fresh from the flowery meads?

Faint haunting winds of silvan sweetness breathe,
The dews of morn about their garments cling,
And round their shining heads fresh flowers they wreath,
And scatter buds from arks the children bring,
And move, at times, in slow and charmed ring
To sacred song—then on again they roam,
Ulysses of their band, and clearly sing
In ravished harmony: *Ah, Spring's white foam!*
Ah, leave the house of stone, the sweet earth is your
home!

ONE MEMORY.

They carried you when dead with dirge and tears
To virgin tomb within the sacred hill,
And carved sweet mourning Greek and raying spears
Of early dawn: I, too, the bubbling rill,
My sheep and ivy crown, left for the still
Lone slumber. Love! O may we not have met
In after-wakings, and the gurgled trill
Of nightingales heard 'neath the forest net
Of moonlight-haunted leaves, but now we do forget!

PERDITA.

A Rose
of Regret.



THE sea coast of Bohemia
Is pleasant to the view
When singing larks spring from the
grass
To fade into the blue,
And all the hawthorn hedges break
In wreaths of purest snow,
And yellow daffodils are out,
And roses half in blow.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is sad as sad can be,
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids
Across the violet sea ;
Our Perdita has gone with him,
No more we dance the round
Upon the green in joyous play,
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Has many wonders seen,
The shepherd lass wed with a king,
The shepherd with a queen ;
But such a wonder as my love
Was never seen before,
It is my joy and sorrow now
To love her evermore.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is haunted by a light
Of memory of lady's eyes,
And fame of gallant knight ;
The princes seek its charmed strand,
But, ah, it was our knell
When o'er the sea our Perdita
Went with young Florizel!

A Rose
of Regret.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is not my resting place,
For with her waned from out the day
A beauty and a grace :
O had I kissed her on the lips
I would no longer weep,
But live by that until the day
I fall to shade and sleep.



THE SIRENS.

The sirens are singing
Sweeter than music of lute,
Or harp of mortal stringing ;
And the angels are mute.

O desolate sadness !
O notes elusive and vain !
Ecstasy touched to madness :
Deepness of yearning pain.

THE SYMBOL.



HUS pass the glories of the world!
He lies beneath the pall's white folds;
His sword is sheathed, the flag is furled,
Him silence holds.

A Rose
of Regret.

The pilgrim staff, the cockle-shell,
The crown and sceptre of his pride,
The simple flower from forest dell,
Heap at his side.

And add thereto the wild-heart lute,
The voice of love and twilight song:
Those passioned strings, though he is mute,
Remember long.

And move not hence his evening book,
The sifted gains of calm and storm;
And bow before that dust-strewn nook
And silent form.

To-morrow hath no hope for him,
No clasp of friend, no grip of foe:
Remember, love, with eyes tear-dim,
We too must go!

STROLLING PLAYERS.

Spangles and gold! O spangles and gold!
The hero slim and the baron bold,
The budding charms of the virtuous maid,
The dungeon keep and the forest glade,
The broadsword fight and the stilted talk,
The villain's mask and the stagey walk,
The mingled breath of sawdust and tan,
The dewy morn and the travelling van . . .
O, once romance in the blood is rife
We are strolling players throughout this life!

A Rose
of Regret.

THE QUIET LIFE.

Marion Bay.



ISLAND of the South, the old sweet
South,
Beneath thy airy dome benign and
blue
Why should I pluck the melancholy
rue

Of wan remembrance, and with wistful mouth
Breathe soft the old adieu?


I have an image of my place of birth,
So pure, so sad, so full of antique sound
And reverie, its once great passions bound
In cloistral peace, that nowhere on this earth
Can that fair land be found.

Then, O my soul, in still content live here
Beside the beach remote and long green wave
Where nothing breaks the golden silence save
The roaring fall, and lingering year by year
Approach the quiet grave.

The pages of Life's book read in the grass!
See in the far-off time the wondering boy
With careful fingers touch the treasured toy;
His life is wrapt in thine, with thine will pass—
O pang of subtle joy!

As monk that tells in veiled religious place
His holy beads, I lift the yellow leaves
And let them softly fall while fancy weaves
Their charms again—ah, moments full of grace,
My breast with sorrow heaves!

The mother's and the father's tender tones,
The sister's walk in scented hawthorn lanes,
The old, old songs with plaintive old refrains,
The valentines and tokens with old moans
And faded dear disdains:



These, and dim twilight hedge and evening bells
Across the river, cowslips dewy wet,
And huge old gnarly roots in fern fronds set,
Cool primroses, and purple heathery fells,
Are precious symbols yet.

**A Rose
of Regret.**

And I remember how I longed to lie
In scarlet coat and sash in still repose
'Mid victor dead, while grand sad music rose
And measured volleys : sweet it seemed to die
For such harmonious close.

O love! O dew of youth clear, undefiled!
O violet of life! O azure light!
O dawn that holds the sweetness of the night!
O floating odour haunting, vague, and wild!
Again I feel thy might.

What dreams of beauty filled the college day,
What passioned pleading from the classic page,
Naked and death-refined, went with our age,
What friendships on the lawns, the world away—
Peace and the Avon mage.

Is it not pitiful that life should dim
The splendour of our visions, mar the face
With anguished thought, and make an austere space
Beyond the morning? Well, 't is evening hymn,
And on the shore I pace.

And I have wife for love and bosom talk,
And ancient friendships, dear companion books,
And chosen pictures, ever-green old nooks,
And to God infinite in sunset walk
I lift my grateful looks.

A Rose
of Regret.



LONGING.

ELLEN, when the sunset glow
Lies soft on land and sea,
Steal to our trysting garden gate,
And gently think of me.

Remember how we could not speak,
We were so full of bliss,
You closed your eyes as you held up
Your lips for my fond kiss.

That summer time of youth and love !
The quiet sunny room !
We loved and longed for half a day
Till twilight's rosy gloom.

Your frock was white with lilac sprigs,
Your hair came tumbling down,
I kissed your cheeks and lips so red,
Your eyes of bonny brown.

We sat together and our words
Were broken, sweet, and few :
We did not dream the tears we shed
Were for a last adieu.

OLD AUTHORS.

A simple beauty Time shall not corrode
Dwells with such titles as Lamb's Elia,
Gray's Elegy, and Collins' Evening Ode,
And Walton's Angler : like a touch of May
In yellow Autumn, these old dreamers move
Our hearts with tender peace and wistful love.

THE CHILDREN'S MINUET.

A Rose
of Regret.



H! ah! this is our holiday,
Trip it with laughter again,
Then gracefully bending in mode that
is olden
We'll dance to the minuet's strain.

Slow! slow! silent and courteous—
White satin and powder and rose;
And sad the refrain that floats dreamily over
Sweet maidens and stately young beaux.

See! see! just for a moment
The old world is with you again,
And now they have vanished and we are but children
That dance to the minuet's strain.



LAMENT.

Love that brings the laughing tears
Of an April day,
Comes but once in all our years,
Comes but once for aye.

Roses shadow forth fair hue,
Violets sweet breath,
Lilies hint of form so true,
Marigolds of death.

A Rose
of Regret.

DEAD ISLAND :

Port Arthur.



T is the hour of sunset ; on the hills
A rose-light slumbers ; in the quiet
west,
Deep in its heart, soft splendours roll and
run,

And twilight falls upon the dead who rest
So thick beneath my feet. Farewell, O Sun !
The far blue heaven fills
With starry lamps ; an echo of the roar
Of distant wave adds to the solitude
Where, heaped together, gentle, fierce, and rude
The trumpet wait on this forgetful shore.

O sombre island grave ! among thy shades
I stand on guard, the living with the dead,
And sadness infinite swells in my breast
For all man's generations that have fled
The lonely earth on which they found no rest :
Here as the slow light fades
How strange seems life ! We love, we strive, we hate,
We weep and passion ; gray grows the day ;
And one by one, friends, foemen, steal away ;
And Death and Time in silence close the gate.



REJECTED.

A Rose
of Regret.



ND all is over! Now I know my fate,
Or know in part, for through my brain
there strays
A wild sweet melody of other days
That will not come to call . . . I came
too late
To walk in Eden ways.

But dreaming I have seen their tender blue,
The darkening field and honeysuckle lane
Rich with deep perfume of the summer rain;
And with shy rapture, hand in hand with you,
Have heard the night-bird's pain.

And I have known in vision clear, divine,
An ancient home with green and shadowy bound,
Where you were queen, and children clustered round,
And all that beauty, sweetness, love were mine,
And all that haunted ground;

And, as the days shut in and we grew old,
The quiet talk of long November eves
By glowing hearth or through the fallen leaves—
The sacred ending of a tale nigh told . . .
Ah, now your bosom heaves!

You bend your head to hide the sudden tears
Until I feel your cheek's soft scented glow,
And I may kiss your lips, you whisper low—
The first and last for never-ending years!
Well, let me kiss and go.

And yet I cannot touch your lips! Again
That tune swells in my heart with agony,
“*When other lips*”—I know it now, you see—
“*When other lips*”—O aching old refrain!
“*Then you'll remember me.*”

A Rose
of Regret.

Ah, no! forget me quite, or think me dead,
Let never thought of me make sad your days;
That I have known you fills my soul with praise;
With your sweet memory again I'll tread
The old forsaken ways.



DREAM - ECHO.

I love the Morning Star—
O love pure and tender!
In Dreamland very far
She dwelleth in splendour.

Her bosom hath a spell
For cooling, for healing;
Her beauty is a well
Of mystic revealing.

The flowers on a bier
Have some of her sweetness,
And the leaves that grow sere
In Autumn's winged fleetness.

LIFE.

A Rose
of Regret.



NEW day is here:

Give the past no tear,
The future no fear.

For but little hope;
With thy passion cope—
Be Kaiser and Pope.

Is not the way straight?
Then limit thy fate;
Thy powers concentrate.

In solitude bring
Thy great thoughts to wing—
The Gloria sing.

Let no faulty trace
Of life's hurried race
Mar perfection's grace.

Place thyself in line
With the Power divine:
Pure joy will be thine.

Our powers are too large
Life's dues to discharge:
They pass the dim marge.



A Rose
of Regret.

FRANCE.



H, France! thou wast a playground for
our men
Till from the forest hills of fair
Lorraine
Came forth the Maid—I, of the English
blood,

Hold her the mightiest dead save One, and fain
To see her sepulchre would cross the flood—

Yet, France, we met again!

Thy trampling armies singing martial airs
Poured over Europe in a splendid tide:
Forgive us when we think, with island pride,
It broke in vain round Waterloo's red squares.

But rolling smoke, torn flag, and glittering steel,

Go not with quiet: let me brush the dew
Of sweet old silent courts, or help to make

A dainty memoir, or in silvery blue
Ride with our Musketeers, or for the sake

Of Esmeralda kneel

In pillared gloom of Notre Dame, or late
Sing student songs in goblin streets, or pass

Long hours of reading on the turfy grass . . .
O classic style, so purged and delicate!

THE FOREST.

Once as I lay asleeping
Beneath an ancient oak,
There stole to me a maiden,
One of the silvan folk.

Pale-sweet her face as moonbeam
That through the forest slips—
Between her hair's twin darkness
She kissed my dreaming lips.

THE SILVER FALLS.

A Rose
of Regret.



ENEATH the fern-tree's plumes I sat ;
The waters hardly stirred,
And in their lapsing, tinkling flow,
A low-toned voice I heard.

It sang the cool green silentness
Of far shy leafy dell,
The beauty mirrored in the heart
Of light-stained, deep-mossed well :

The springs that brimming fled adown
The rugged mountain side,
Where one might drink a sunbeam up
Within the crystal tide :

And then the voyage perilous
The Sinbad of a leaf
Would make upon its foamy rush
And o'er the stormy reef :

Of terrors in the tangled roots,
Of golden pebbled beach,
Of drifting dreams of laziness
Along the slanting reach.

And then, anon, grown garrulous,
From wave-worn stony lip,
Of amber wine of Nature's brew
It offered me a sip . . .

A muttering blast crept through the trees—
It took an organ-tone
And told of wild-wood clamourings
And winds that sob and moan.

This unseen spirit of the falls
Spun in my trembling heart
A dream—so wistful, delicate !
For hour and place apart.

A Rose
of Regret.



WANDERERS.

S I rode in the early dawn,
While stars were fading white,
I saw upon a grassy slope
A camp-fire burning bright;
With tent behind and blaze before,
Three loggers in a row
Sang all together joyously—
Pull up the stakes and go!

As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,
The wide blue deep of air,
The wind among the glittering leaves,
The flowers so sweet and fair,
The thunder of the rude salt waves,
The creek's soft overflow,
All joined in chorus to the words—
Pull up the stakes and go!

Now by the tent on forest skirt,
By odour of the earth,
By sight and scent of morning smoke,
By evening camp-fire's mirth,
By deep-sea call and foaming green,
By new stars' gleam and glow,
By summer trails in antique lands—
Pull up the stakes and go!

The world is wide, and we are young,
And sounding marches beat,
And passion pipes her sweetest call
In lane, and field, and street;
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,
We'll something have to show
When Death comes round and strikes our tent—
Pull up the stakes and go!

SPRING.

A Rose
of Regret.



MY heart! O wild heart! the voice of
Spring is calling,
Shaking out the blossoms her
herald wind flies:
Wake from thy wintering, awake!
her light is falling,
Flashing and a-trembling from blue-hearted skies.

I will arise and go, the heath's light bells are ringing,
Powdered with flower-dust the bees softly hum;
I will arise and go, a glad wild bird is singing,
Jo-jo-jo-wikee! . . . ah, the scent of that gum!

Veining the gum's white stem is gold of God's refining,
And round its bareness the bark-string rustling sways;
Lofty spires of fresh young leaves twinkle in the shining,
Keen and warm the scent flows down the bushland
ways.

Yellow as the wavelets from dawn's brimmed fountain
streaming,
The light of the wattle is Spring's robing hue:
Heavy with its perfume she stands in mystic dreaming,
Pearled with clear delicate seeds of rainbow dew.

While through the leagues of bush we hear the soft wind
blowing,
Go we forth to meet her, delight in our eyes:
Veiled in glory she stands . . . Ah, whence these wild
tears flowing,
This ache of the lonely heart, these yearning sighs!

A Rose
of Regret.



PASSING.

SACRED bell at eventide,
Calling, calling, far and wide,
Ah, so sweet and low :
Sweet and sad as autumn light,
Low and sweet as closing night . . .
Pilgrim, let us go.

Youth and beauty far away,
Lean together in the may,
Shining head to head ;
But for us the solemn peace,
(Do not sigh) and great release
Of the happy dead.

Come, as children, steal to Him
Who through all the ages dim
Offers sweet relief :
Stricken heart so fierce and wild,
Come, as comes a little child,
With thy wasting grief.

Far above the creeds he stands
With His pierced and pitying hands
Stretched to thee and me ;
He is love's last tender bed,
Bosom for the weary head
To eternity.



THE QUEST.

A Rose
of Regret.



OME leave your fading joys!
Why play with childhood's toys,
When hearts are old?
Your tired yearnings bring
To-day's eternal Spring
In manger cold.

Not here the Holy Child,
With Virgin mother mild,
And shining light:
Naught save the perfume dense
Of myrrh and frankincense,
With jewels bright.

There where the pure winds blow
From peaks of ancient snow
He may be found:
For on the mountain side
In prayer He oft did bide
Bowed to the ground.

Though chaste the world on high,
Ceiled with the dark blue sky,
And lamped with stars,
He wanders not where light
Breaks through the forest night
In silver bars.

Then by His bloody sweat
He may be traced yet
To olive bower;
Where from those drops of blood
Love blows within the wood
A perfect flower.

Lone stand the olive trees,
Of sighs and memories
The records dim;

**A Rose
of Regret.**

And of that vigil dread
They may be question'd,
But not of Him.

O lift your weeping eyes
To where your Saviour dies
Upon the cross !
Yea, though we know our gain,
Still must we mourn in pain
Our bitter loss.

Ah no, we see not there
Sad face 'mid drooping hair,
And streaming side—
The thorny garland blows
Into the living rose
For heavenly bride.

O Christ, where shall we meet ?
When kiss thy beauteous feet ?
O hear our cry !
Lost is the half-won fight,
We reel into the night,
We faint and die.

List to the still small voice
Which makes the soul rejoice
Amid its pain :
It whispers in the breast,
Seek Me and leave the rest—
All else is vain.

Behold my Burning Heart ;
Come thou with Me apart
And kindle Love :
Where Love is there am I,
Love lifts the soul on high
To heaven above.

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A Personal Note.

James Hebblethwaite was born at Preston, England, in 1857—to love peace and ensue it. His youth came under dominion of an old library in a green bird-haunted square; and the lofty timbered roof, the huge stone fireplace with its winter glow upon long dark Georgian portraits, the time-stained books rich in engravings of a quaint and vanished England,—these were among the sources of his life. He entered with a scholarship St. John's College, Battersea, London; and remained two years (1877-8), spending his holidays on the Thames, or in Westminster Abbey, or in rambles after Lamb and Dickens through the never-ending streets. For twelve years thereafter he was teaching, and he lectured on English literature at the Harris Institute, Preston. Later he came to Tasmania, and after employment at schools in Hobart entered the Congregational ministry. He is now principal of Queen's College, Latrobe, Tas. A booklet of his verses, published in 1896 by *The Hobart Mercury*, is basis of the present collection.

James Hebblethwaite's verses are the poetical expression of a gentle scholar's soul. From the fever of our time he is healed by the books he befriends; and in his lappel of regret he wears, not a snowdrop, but a rose. Loving Nature with the pious delight of Izaak Walton, he writes of God with the simple devotion of George Herbert. His doubts are too dim for utterance, but he voices hope too faint for endeavour. Shadowed with melancholy, he breathes quiet joy.

A.G.S.



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