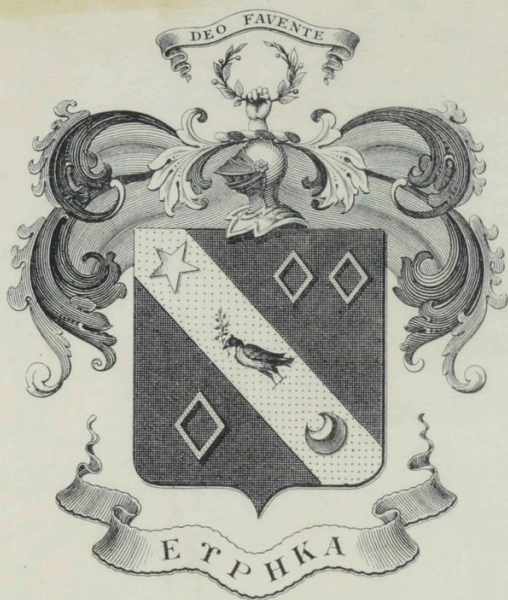


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David Scott Mitchell.



Hubert Church

The West Wind.

The Bulletin



The Bulletin Booklets.—No. V.



The West Wind

Hubert Church



Sydney, 1902 : The Bulletin Newspaper Co., Ltd.

No. 56





*If one rose should creep
To bow herself upon the grass
Where Thou art buried (ah, too deep!)
And tremble when the angels pass,
She could not reach Thee, Dear, asleep.*



*But my heart shall wind
About Thee in this secret place,
To leave all shadows far behind,
And gather all thy sweetness, Grace,
Into the chambers of the mind.*



THE WEST WIND



FROM out the city's maelstrom
To thee with thankfulness I come,
For thou dost scatter in thy breeze
The treasure of a thousand seas!

Thou hast the breath of spicy gales
From islands of unfurling sails,
And, scarce above the tide, the shores
Irradiate of madrepores.

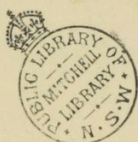
There thou, perchance, hast blown athwart
Some mouldering fabric all amort,
Whose heart, dear God! may even be
A sepulchre amid the sea;

Like some despairing man outworn,
Who carries in his breast forlorn
The ghosts of faith no more enjoyed,
Love, hope, and conscience unalloyed.

Yet in thy strenuous harmony
Methinks I hear the threnody
Of surging continents that roll
In sable terror to the pole.

There thou thyself in pain dost go
Through sleet and lightning, hail and snow,
Impetuous for the azure main
Where thou canst rock to sleep again.

Pour on me the magic thralls
Of old cathedrals, in whose walls
A thousand years of praise have given
Their sanctuary the peace of heaven.



**The
West Wind**

And let your whisperings disclose
The secret of the nor'land rose,
Who waves her long white life to sleep
Beneath some scarred, embattled keep,

Whose twilight elfin bugles blow
Unearthly music that does flow
To where the cataract is poured
Within the eremite fiord.

Where'er my early footsteps strayed
Thy wild companions too have played,
And here upon this Southern shore
Have sent with thee my youth once more.

And as I watch thy trailing cloud,
My heart beneath the verge is bowed
To where the casement of the boy
Oped every morning into Joy.

I hear a sound, I feel a touch :
The ocean's depth it is not such,—
The dawn of an intenser day
Beyond the sunset, far away.



ROSALIND has come to town!
All the street's a meadow,
Balconies are beeches brown
With a drowsy shadow,
And the long-drawn window panes
Are the foliage of her lanes.

Rosalind about me brings
Sunny brooks that quiver
Unto palpitating wings
Ere they kiss the river,
And her eyes are trusting birds
That do nestle without words.

Rosalind! to me you bear
Memories of a meeting
When the love-star smote the air
With a pulse's beating:
Does your Spirit love to pace
In the temple of that place?

Rosalind! be thou the fane
For my soul's uprising,
Where my heart may reach again
Thoughts of heaven's devising:
Be the solace self-bestowed
In the shrine of Love's abode!

AT HER GATE

The
West Wind

i.



OW blest the wandered bird that sings
With such a woodland ecstasy,
Till song is Sorrow's self, and he
Folds on thy roof his fretted wings,
All pain forgotten when with thee!

Thus would my wandered heart achieve
(So far outborne on wayward tide)
A still roof in thy heart, to hide
Shielded from lonely Night, and weave
Youth's dream again, and there abide!

ii.

One bird upon the roof,
A chorister forlorn,
Sings to the cloistered Morn,
Hid in her cloudy woof,
A song that doth unfold
Itself in plaited gold.

Sing what I ne'er can say—
The wave may love the shore,
The flowers the dews that pour,
The tired winds love to stay
On cliffs where moss has lain,
Spent with the toiling main.

Dearer to me one heart
Where I would love to dwell,
Woven with magic spell
Into its inner part,
Sunk in its secresy
Like a star in the sea.

vii.

TO MY DOG



LOOK! my Tasso, where the smoke
Rolls beyond the clouds austere,
Far above the kea's stroke,
And the lightning of the drear
Cliff-embattled atmosphere.

Somewhat we have dwelt apart,
Yet the smoke above the strife
Pictures with a vivid art
Sepias of the dizzy life
On the keen edge of the knife.

When the fire was in the brain,
Facile love upon the lips,
Splendid Passion threw the rein
On the fiery coursers' hips,
Scourged by Youth's unsparing whips.

Hard Ambition vainly glozed :
Ours the moment, ours the bliss ;
Love in loving scarce reposed
For a moment, for a kiss,
O'er satiety's abyss.

Oft the mazy-spinning blood
Lifted to the merry horn,
Many a leap athwart the flood
Let us see that Joy is born
Best above the earth forlorn.

Sabres flashed when we were young,
And the sparkle of the blade
Round our heads an aureole flung :
Death himself might be afraid
Of that Paladín brigade!

**The
West Wind**

All are vanished : they are dust,
As a lute whose fingers lie
Curled about a poniard's thrust,—
Alien love whose anthem high
Waked one chamber, but to die.

Here upon the giant hills,
Far from fretting of the sword,
And the grinding of the mills
For the harvest of the Lord,
Thou and I make one accord.

Underneath a stunted branch
Evermore our sleep shall be,
Waked not by the avalanche
Or the huddled revelry
Of the cataract to the sea.

Torrents from eternal snow
We alone have ever seen,
Shall leap over us below,
Sanctifying the ravine
In our sepulchre serene . . .

A SWALLOW IN MAORILAND



EAR Swallow from a fonder sky!

Why do you leave your happy mate
Within the golden lands that lie
Beyond the evening's shadowy gate?
Ah, tender wings! you bear a load

That only Memory may see,—
The fragrance of my Youth's abode,
The ecstasy of life to me!

It may be that their beat has weaved
A path by Childhood's starry creek,
Where jealous ferns droop interleaved
To hear the whispering waters speak;
And thou, perchance, hast flown aloof
Athwart the garden sweet and wild,
And rested on the sheltering roof
Where tender Love and I have smiled!

Already thou on ceaseless wings
Art bidden to thy loved return;
To all thy flight my vision clings,
For far-off home like thee I yearn;
And through the warm, unfolding tears
I see the sacred fount again
That poured the Joy of Childhood's years—
The still, supremest heart of Pain!

ASLEEP

The
West Wind



HE bird that bears the Spring,
 Throwing her to the bud,
 And winnows with his wing
 Her cloister solitude,
May be your soul's escape
 In a delicious shape!

Is it the wind that blows
 Dreamily down the brook,
Or tangled in a rose
 Beneath the rainbow's crook,
Where she her love has told
Into its starry fold?

Whitherso'er it flits,
 Beauty and love are there!
Only thy soul admits
 Only the true and fair . . .
*Waken! and let me be
Chosen to dwell with thee!*



ON THE CLIFF



COME, let us sit and watch the flowing ships,
Here where your foot has touched a
shivering stone
To leave the merry sunshine for eclipse,
Down, down, for ever, darkened and
alone,

Beneath the cozening ripples smooth and cool . . .
What's Life but a poor stone flung in a pool?

The lying waves have lapped it—oh, poor Stone!
Earth has no dearer sight than a warm sea,
Braided with isles, forgetting the far moan
Concealed in the dim Ocean's agony:
But, dear, there lie beneath these shallow waves
Christ knows how many unattended graves.

The waves are all about us—we are one
With the unstable waters and the tides,
Symbols of ever-varying threads bespun
By Fate that never in a mood abides;
We leave our fretful image here, or go
Without a fateful scion: better so!

We know the motion of a molten star,
We weigh the rapture of the rushing wind,
Unweave the light,—but know not what we are,
Nor whose the fetters that intently bind:
Why we do sorrow, joy, or smile, or weep,
Scatter a little fragrance—then a sleep.

If I were as a shell upon the beach,
The virgin calyx of voluted flowers,
The utter magic of a song to teach
Sorrow a solace in belated hours,
I should be more than I can ever be:
Beggared of doubt, nor wistful all to see.

So be it, dearest! watch the great Sun die
In marvellous thunder, to our ears unknown,
Music of equal planets that do lie
In the full plane of knowledge: we are thrown
By a capricious hand, the wise, the fool,
Like a poor stone that's flung into a pool!

The
West Wind



RETROSPECTION



If there were any of the sons of men
Could win from Fate to hold their youth
again,
Would any travel more
The paths they trod before?

Would any vex those hyacinthine days
For love of woman, or the many's praise;
The vain delights that trend
To the abhorred end—

Age, that discovers there is nothing worth? . . .
God, when He flung this unessential earth,
Spun it with bias given
To sunder it from Heaven!

The
West Wind

TO A SEAGULL



HERE the hollows are wave-enchanted,
Here the winds that are scourged through
zones
Blow with trumpets an anthem haunted,
Dreams of coral and dead men's bones.

Over the bars, the foam, the thunder,
Purple delights and sluiced lagoons,
Over the reefs that shatter asunder
Fiery waves in million moons,

Over the ships that move untiring,
Lovely as floating madrepores,—
Here they lull, like a soul desiring
Ultimate slumber on these shores.

Here away from the World's endeavour
I, the gull, and the cloud are three,
Two the same for ever and ever,
Inaccessible unto me!

They from dawning of Time have floated
Careless over the earth and sea,
Ne'er like mortals in darkness moated,
Dungeoned spirits that would be free.

Bird like music, and love, and morning,
Day's forerunner, eternal joy!
Thou and all wings that beat are scorning
Man, too heavy with sad alloy.

Thee no sorrow old age is bringing,
Joy for ever from bowy lips
Throws thee kisses, and Ocean's singing
Thrills thy pennons' tremulous tips.

Thou art the same as birds that folded
Wings on the wave of a winsome world ;
Thine delirious motion moulded
Under the winds at dawning hurled.

The
West Wind

And for ever thy path is Fancy's,
Seas, the sun, and the clouds thy peers ;
And like echoes of old romances
Thou recallest our careless years.

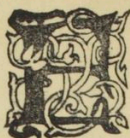


FAVONIUS

FAVONIUS from the setting sun,
Sigh, sigh not so upon her tresses !
What though thou diest in the dun,
She trembled at thy mute caresses.

The rose shall lose her diadem,
The nightingale shall weep his singing,
And Love shall hear his requiem
From bells that Sorrow sets a-ringing.

Delight is alway in the earth,
From soul to soul a meteor flying,
And as some spirit gives it birth
Some other spirit feels it dying.



F AINTLY I hear forgotten bells
Upon the mountain side where dwells
The secret brook that poured for me
An oracle of days to be.

Ah! bells that trembled holy joy
Into the soft heart of the boy,
Ah! brook that whispered of a God
Where'er you melted through the sod:

Come to me with your ancient dower,
Dew me with the mysterious power,
Restore the melody of faith
That once to me was more than death!

In vain I call—ye cannot tell:
And I no more from brook or bell
Take to my soul delicious rest
And find a God within my breast . . .



AKAROA HEADS

The
West Wind



H! what a solitude is all around
The hermit sea, the splintered cliff that falls
In altars on eternal pedestals
That make the wilderness a holy ground!
Yet surely do I hear an ancient sound,

Barbaric worship in these massy walls,
Souls bared to heaven where now the seamew calls,
Wild rapture where is now a death profound.

Oh! may my spirit never fail to soar
Far from the foamy fabric of the brine
And all the shallow coil that cumpers Life,
Lest I be like this desolated shore,
For ever fretted, and for ever strife,
A soul whose altars are no more divine.



CAPE RAOUL, TASMAN'S PENINSULA



CAR, ever frowning to the Southern pole
Over a sullen ocean, thou hast seen
Splendour of God and devilry of men,
Earthquake and tempest, and the stubborn
soul

Of the oppressor; now thou art a scroll
Where Time has writ the fury that has been,
And thou for solace on the clouds dost lean,
From their full utterance gathering a soft toll.

The surges at thy base for ever thunder,
The piping winds like haggard spirits wail,
And from afar the melancholy main,
Tinged as if Sorrow's palace was thereunder,
Yearns to thee for its solitary pain
Unsoothed by the magic of a sail.

The
West Wind

SINCLAIR HEAD, COOK STRAIT, M.L.



HE waves come flawless from the hand of
God,

Fresh and for ever new, and all the Ocean
Folds from the orient ecstasy's emotion
As if Divinity for ever trod

Upon the infinite purple deep and broad ;
And every billow pours its one devotion
To die upon the shore in perfect motion,
White, chaste, and shadowless in its last abode.

We, miserable, fallen on a time
Too much o'erwrought and prematurely old,
And only knowing Grief is each day's friend,
Do but despairingly adore the chime
Of the wild surges, chanting without end
Secrets of joy to human ears untold.



HUSH !



SILENCE, for slumber of the children's eyes :

Let not a footfall or a voice be heard,
Nor any sound break on the muffled word
That babbles of their dreaming mysteries !
Far, far beyond us, in a land that lies

Round infancy, their tender souls are stirred,
Flushed with the rapture of a soaring bird
Escaping heavenward with a wild surprise.

Thus would I sleep at last beneath the turf,
A temple by the ever-sounding sea,
All else a stillness, while my soul should be
Showered with the flame of a celestial light
Beyond the farthest constellation's curve,
Encompassed only by the infinite.

A DIRGE

The
West Wind



OME not with sundered flowers to strew her
grave;
Nor be there any curtain but the grass,
Dewed by the Night and by the winds that
pass

Tranced with the slumber of the level wave ;
Or if one cloud of the empyrean nave
Shall float a shadow on her shrouded face,
Be it the shrine of this mysterious place,
Bestowing shelter she for ever gave :
And if the anthem of this holy rood
Fall from the throat of some forgotten bird,
Faint with the press of heaven upon his wings,
Be it the bruised fragrance that is stirred
In the sad heart, remembering happier things
That are the angels of this solitude.



TO A SEA-SHELL



RIEND of my chamber—O thou spiral shell
That murmurest of the ever-murmuring sea !
Repeating with eternal constancy
Whatever memories the wave can tell ;
Whatever harmonies may rise and swell,

Whatever sadness in the deep may be :
They are the Ocean's, and desired of thee ;
Thou treasurest what thou dost love so well.

So all my heart is one voluted fold,
Shielding one face, and evermore it seems
Upon the threshold of the prying Day,
Hid in the tangle of reluctant dreams ;
And in the noontide, and the evening grey,
Its light illumines secrecies untold.

The
West Wind

BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND



WATERFALL that fallest to the sea,
Falling for ever to white virginals
Of olden melody! thy voice I hear
In molten moments of the summer stars
When the great sun is dead in majesty.

From the white fields of home like thee I came
Impetuous to the cliffs, and I have poured
Treasure of love on altars cold, as thou
Hast showered thy rainbow on the icy rocks,
That have not felt thy kiss,—and I would die.

Athwart the hollows of the moon-fed air
Come eider tremors of thy dying plunge,
Surceasing as child-tired eyelids droop
Upon a wavy bosom, rocked with love
Poured from the heaven for ever like thy song.

The moon is kissing thy keen diadem,
Sick for her barrenness, and all her face
Creeps to thy white arc down the precipice,
As I have nestled, yearning with wild eyes,
Into the umber chancels of a soul.



SPRING IN MAORILAND

The
West Wind



THOU wilt come with suddenness,
Like a gull between the waves,
Or a snowdrop that doth press
Through the white shroud on the graves;
Like a love too long withheld,
That at last has over-welled.

What if we have waited long,
Brooding by the Southern Pole,
Where the towering icebergs throng,
And the inky surges roll:
What can all their terror be
When thy fond winds compass thee?

They shall blow through all the land
Fragrance of thy cloudy throne,
Underneath the rainbow spanned
Thou wilt enter in thine own,
And the glittering earth shall shine
Where thy footstep is divine.





E: If I should say—

“It may be in the dreamful past,
A shadow land, some cloudy bay,
Upon the utmost verges cast,
Our spirits had ethereal play.”

She: I should say, “Nay.”

He: If I should say—

“Sweetest and fairest, we have been
Communicate in fairy lands
Where drowsy winds do lull between
The tangled hours of silken strands,
And all the magic we have seen
That Love has folded in his hands.”

She: I should say, “Nay.”

She: And this to you—

“The Morning from her gossamer woof
Throws on my heart her innocence,
And bids the stars that fade aloof
Leave me their flamed magnificence,
Molten and evermore serene
In a mysterious depth profound,
For my woman’s heart that late hath been
By Love’s soft-searching plummet found;
And when the evening clouds arise,
Scarlet and threaded with the gold,
They are the sphered land unrolled
Within my happy-haunted eyes;
And when the dews are on the flowers
For thee, for thee, my heart embowers
A spiritual paradise,
That ne’er has floated on a sea.”
If you should say all this to me,
As I to you,
It would be true.

“ AS YOU LIKE IT ”

The
West Wind



REAMS in the glamour of an old romance
Woven around a perilous love forlorn ;
Fond eyes that yearn upon the waves' expanse
For a wan sail in shadowy gulfs outworn ;
A sad princess immured long vacant years,
Waiting for love in some forgotten keep
Untenanted by anything but tears,
Unvisited by anything but sleep.

Where are ye fled, O passionate, wild days ?
Where is your magic that was wont to be
Flushed on the summits in the morning rays
And in the twilight of the western sea ?
Where are the hearts that thrilled for Rosalind ?
Where are the eyes that Celia has blest ?
Why do we beat the air for ever dinned
With the great anguish of a great unrest ?

Return, O Time ! the jewels thou hast thieved :
Though Shakespear come not (he is a caress
For the fond spirit) surely we have grieved
Even enough to move a god's distress :
Return the ark of life, the large domain
Over all gaiety, the wine, the song :
Even if Pan shall never rule again,
May we not smile at life, alert and strong ?

If every leaf within the wild Ardennes,
If every brook that babbles to the deer
Murmurs the charm that lulled the forest glens,
Shall we not sit, and dream, and love, and hear ?
Sweetness and light to spirits that are dim,
Sad with the whole of querulous excess,
Float with the music of the sylvan hymn
Lost in Joy's rosy-tangled wilderness.



IF it be foul or be fair—
If the wind has bewildered the hours
With eternal despoil of the flowers,
Or a calm has encompassed the air
Like the moon rising slow over towers,
It is tryst-day, and I shall be there.

As I pass by the moss-girdled posts
A butterfly wavers beyond,
Slow piloting green shoals and coasts
Of branches whose blossoms respond
To the glance of my soul with a scent
That for Love its arcana has spent.

If Love's shadow lay over the Rose,
Then the sun were no more her desire:
So my Heart with its melody goes
From the world to the shade of the briar,
Where a bird that has fluttered the field
In his flight folds of joy has unreeled.

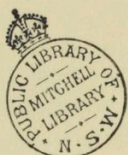
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O Heart! so full of sunshine and of rain,
Joy and pain,
The cloud pavilions of the gods are strewn
With the moon,
A canopy for Love that trailing bends
Tasselled ends . . .

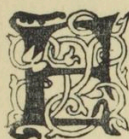
All the light that palpitates through fretted waves
Into caves,
All the songs the mermaids sing where the weeds
Are their bredes,
All the magic of the turret cliffs that sleep
In the deep,—

All are gathered in the cloudy tents above,
 Dear, and Love
Who irradiates the lowliest and least
 Is their priest;
And he beckons down his blessing if we twin
 Enter in . . .

The
West Wind



FIDELIS



FIDELIS was the word,
 A rosebud smile the wand
To touch my soul that stirred
 All ecstasy beyond,
Like a soaring bird.

The bird is in the skies,
 My heart was even there,
Where Summer's cradle lies
 Rocked by a secret air
Slipped from Paradise.

The Summer light it goes,
 The bird away it flies,
And Love is one with those :
 The rose that never dies
Never was a rose.

The
West Wind

TO AN OLD FRIEND



STATELY tree,

Where ivy wanders round the bole,
And you may hear the midnight sea
Moan in its caverns like a soul
Chastened by adversity.

Old storms have swept
Fair branches of a younger day ;
The melancholy wind has wept
The homeless hours in tears away
While the timorous birds have slept.

But in the Spring
Come feathered warblers from the sound
Of coral foam, and many a wing
Waves nestling sympathy around,
To their old home twittering.

And as each bird
Pipes the full treble of the South
The branches tremble in a blurred
Faint echo, as a human mouth
Falters notes by memory stirred.

So I, a youth,
Come to you with a Spring-tide voice
To whisper an endearing truth :
The aged heart may best rejoice
Knowing clearer heavenly ruth.

And I will take
From my full cruse a placid balm
To scatter on pale Memory's wake,
And you shall feel a summer calm,
Happy for the giver's sake.

And you shall be
My shelter from Youth's troublous wind:
When all my soul is agony,
Deeprustful I shall ever find
In your heart a roof for me.

The
West Wind



BY THE SEA



AY is at noon, and one cloud,
A glory of snowy rings,
Over the city is bowed,
Poised on ethereal wings,
Like a stainless spirit and proud
Scorning earthly things.

The sea is about my feet,
Folding in shallow waves
Music as sad and sweet
As a bruised spirit craves,
Like voices when angels meet
Over children's graves.

But the flower of my soul's content
Not the cloud, nor the sea,
With all their loveliness blent,
Can restore unto me;
For the flower of my soul with its scent
Is with thee—with thee!

A QUEST



F old a King of Tempe,
The garden of the blest,
Who wooed and won the Naiads
Where sun and shade caressed,
Of full fruition wearied,
Like reeds that never rest.

O, all my trusty sages!
My soul is parched as brine
That spouts above the daggers
Of reefs where palely shine
The bones of men and galleys
That greenly intertwine.

And all my soul is weary
Before the Sun is hurled
Upon the azure arches
That span the sovran world,
And ere he dips his splendour
My sail of Hope is furled.

Go! seek a magic potion
Repeating all the boy;
The music of the surf-beat
No more is perfect joy,
And scarce my blood can tingle
To hear the song of Troy!

In vain Thessalian leaders,
The captains of the sword,
Have turned the Sibyl pages
Where all that is is stored;
No shining of contentment
Illumes the sacred hoard.

Through all the groaning ages,
The travail and the fret,
The path to Joy's dominions
No mortal foot has met . . .
*Still, for all despairings,
Love is seeking yet!*

The
West Wind



TO AN OLD NORSE BROOCH



HEART has throbb'd beneath thee, thou
hast felt

A baby's fingers shadowed by the lips
That shed a mother's love on lips that spell
Soft cooings lost in exquisite eclipse ;

And thou hast seen the Norseman on the wave,
And heard the echo of his magic horn
League-floated from some cloud-begirt fiord,
The monumental grave
Of paladins who faced the foe with scorn,
And perished by the lightning of the sword!

But now to alien eyes in thine old age
Thou art on Time's long strand a shell forlorn,
Cast up beyond the travail and the rage,
Whence to the spirit ear soft sounds are borne :
Dumb oracles of phantasy that break
Through all the rank, cold world into the soul,
To teach us that the meanest thing may be
A parable to take
Our being to its visionary goal,
A symbol of love's immortality!

THE SICK MAN IN HIS GARDEN



HIS happy realm, this pleasant fief,
Where summer suns and winter snows
Come without tallage or relief,
And free to everything that grows,
Beneath the unwavering rule and wise
Looks up to the benevolent skies
Like children to their mother's eyes.

Withdrawn from all the motley rout
In lassitude's delicious rest,
My grateful eyes do move about
This little kingdom of the blest:
I watch some windy-troubled stem,
And think of sorrows that condemn
Fale men without, and pity them.

Aloof the tireless city's hum :
Only a wandering bough is heard,
Or haply when its note is dumb
The plaint of a monastic bird :
It is my very soul awakes
This solitude, a light that shakes
Infinite glory in its flakes.

Remembrances of regions dim
Before this lower life was known,
Of music neither song nor hymn,
But sensuous loveliness alone ;
Splendours that played about my head,
Twined with the love the mother shed
And sanctified it ere they fled.

Here is no fretfulness or grief :
The violet and rose are twins
In happiness : the dulcet leaf
At dawn her ecstasy begins ;

For ever as the seasons roll
Unburdened by the mystic dole,
The sad endowment of the soul.

The
West Wind

Oh, placid, sweet encouragement!
I gather from your fond parterre
A treasury of solace lent
That ye do scatter every where;
The perfect fulness that I see,
The showered music—all may be
An echo of eternity!



REVERIE



GIVE me a reed from lyric Arcady
Of softest music: bid the birds to sing
Of all that is divine, the flowers, the sea,
Dim glades of forest for the weary wing,
Murmurs of rivulets: and let me be

One of the choir, that I may pour a song
Ripe from a heart that is untouched with Age,
Rich with the perfumes that to Youth belong,
Of what is never writ in lettered page,
But only whispered with a faltering tongue . . .

And as I conjure up one fairest face
No more the birds and forest shall be there,
No more the rivulets shall flow apace,
I shall forget all other, everywhere
Ever shall see her eyes in sunny place!



I was not in the morning
Or evening that we met,
No land the world adorning
Was round about us set,
But we remember yet!

Wild roses were the border
That girdled all the land:
Dear Love in sweet disorder
Had dropped them from his hand,
Like Time's deceiving sand.

Were dryads tryst a-keeping?
Were fauns afoot with Pan?
Were Pain and Sorrow sleeping
As when the world began,
As Love itself began?

The swans have flown asunder
On Love's secluded lake,
His star is muffled under
Clouds that will not break . . .
Oh! Sweet, for old love's sake!



MY ROSE

The
West Wind



FT in a garden I have found
A rose that nestled to the sound
Of waterfalls from shadowy hills,
Flown across the hidden rills,
Music that has sweeter been
That its cradle is unseen.

She upon her slender perch
Wavers to bird bills that search
In her coronet for beads
Showered from Eve's dusky brede,
While some coppice-hidden bird 'll
Scatter round her for a girdle
Tangles of his throbbing soul
For some poet to unroll.
From her petals I have drawn
Incense waiting for the dawn,
Or to float upon the rain
If the South wind come again.
To my lips each petal lies
Limpid as my dearest's eyes,
Eyes more beautiful by far
Than the glow of evening star,
When her aureole is strewn
Underneath the sickle moon ;
Then I leave her in the gloom,
Swooning to her own perfume.
Ah, my Spirit! when I come
As the next day neareth home,
And my rose, of all the brood,
Hath been plucked by fingers rude! . .
Thou, that art an opening bud,
By each spirit to be wooed
That cherisheth the ancient lore,
To love, and to love evermore,

The
West Wind

The beautiful!—oh, that I could
With thee inherit solitude!
But afar my steps must go;
Thou, perhaps, wilt never know
The fullness of my quiet pain,
Aching, that when I come again,
Thou, of all rosebuds diadem,
Mayst have been taken from thy stem . . .



ADRIFT



HE weary, slow, unfolding wave
Lips the dim softness of the cave,
Whispering the chancel of the sea
How sweet it is in peace to be.

Ah, witchery of dying hours!
Oh, pain of adamantine powers!
That draw the full, reluctant tide
From where its slumber would abide.

Thus have I dreamt to dwell with thee,
But thou hast said it may not be,
And now I drift for evermore
Far from thy soul's secluded shore.

For thine could never make return:
Love's lonely vigil did but learn
To show thee, dearest one, in vain
Its incommunicable pain.

MAORILAND

The
West Wind



FAR in some forgotten wood
Whose only worshippers, the clouds,
Poise in a stately interlude
Above the topmost leafy shrouds,
To listen to a waterfall

That winnows slumber thro' the pines . . .
There was thy cradle placed, and all
Thy radiance around them shines.

To thee no Naiad oaring pressed
The rich reeds of a sacred stream,
Nor ibis of revered nest
Sailed in a melancholy gleam
Of moated stillness, like a dream
Wherein a swarthy queen lay hid
In blood-cemented pyramid :

Nor any wreath of cannon-smoke
Clung to old palaces and towers ;
But, best for thee, the Forest spoke,
To tell the secret to the flowers
That thou wert born, and evermore
The wave that wandered to the shore
Was free as thou wert, and no more.

Ah ! something of their sap has crept
Into thy being : thou hast grown
Where balmy sun and winter kept
A shadowy tryst with thee alone :
Thou hast the wildness of the wood,
The dim enchantment of the creek ;
And surely somewhere thou hast stood
Where God himself vouchsafed to speak . . .


The
West Wind

Thy sweet elusive spirit dwells
Amid the far-suspended South,
And there thy lonely passion tells
Its pain upon thy dreamy mouth :
For ever on the mountain side
The snow imprisoned, and the tide
That is eternally denied
The shore, aloof with thee abide.

Perhaps on thy revealing face
The shadows of the unforeseen
Have left too deep for joy their trace ;
But ah ! thy tender heart may lean
To those that bore the storm and stress,
But soothed from Sorrow all her grace
Thy land of fading tears to bless !



KITTY TO MADGE

ADGE !” said Kitty, with a sigh,
“Yesterday my fancy led
Life of careless tyranny,
Soft to everyone but Ted.

“Rose a moment of white flame
When his eyes looked into mine,
And my heart said with acclaim,
‘Love! for ever I am thine.’”

So the river runs a-cold
Many a morrow, but to be
Snowy elements unrolled
In the warm heart of the Sea.

“AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT”

The
West Wind



S daylight fading, Margaret?
Are those the bells of eventide?
Does Darkness gather in her net
The stars that in the sunbeams hide?

The children's voices, are they not
Hushed in the garden's dewy breath,
To whisper in some far-off spot
The simple things of love and death?

Your hand is cold, my Margaret,
Your eyes are dim through stealthy tears,
Ah, all my soul with grief is wet
To know you not in all these years!

Sweet, now too late I see in vain
Your heart was poured to shallow mould
That could not hold it: once again
Kiss me, and let me lie a-cold . . .

The
West Wind

TO A ROSEBUD



ISING, falling,

All the azure day upon the wind,
Tripping to the note-betangled calling
Of the birds and rivulets entwined
As they would pour their spirit to the
fairy kind.

Ever growing
To the girdled fullness of a bloom,
With odours of the elfins overflowing,
Petally cascades of faint perfume
That fall upon the mould and thread the violet's tomb.

Comes the swallow
With a lullaby from the sleepy brooks,
Shaking from his pennons echoes hollow
Snatched ere they could leave the lotus nooks
To lull the vigil gleaner flitting through the stooks.

He will never
Twitter of the languor and the pain
That from the light we never can dissever,
And all a-night the sob-subdued brain
Twines in a fevered mesh day's agony again.

On the mortals
Is the darkness of a molish way,
Unfathomed the secret of the portals
That bar the vista of the fruitful day :
We pine for other light, we loathe our pallid ray :

And we ponder
On the time to be, and we would fain
Lay down the yoke we bear, afresh to wander,
As thou wilt shed thy fullness in the rain
To sleep a little while, then be a bud again.

THE THREE ISLANDS

The
West Wind



OW blest these islands of the morn,
The diadem of lonely seas
Where the Almighty's smile is born
To follow westward with the breeze :
For first on us the light of God
Each matin from the heaven is bowed,
Swift as the fury of the sword,
Soft as the rainbow in the cloud!

Around us are white-woven waves
That ne'er have felt a tyrant's keel,
That roll above old heroes' graves
To thunder in a breaking peal;
And overhead the snowy scars,
Where never foot of man hath clomb,
Point to the everlasting stars
That lustre all the Southern dome.

Glad rivers from the forest flow
Or fall in frolic from the peaks,
In myriad flowers our spirits know
The sweetness of Jehovah speaks;
And through the woods low murmurs run,
Blent voices from the circle sea
That whisper we and they are one,
Bred of the ocean, and as free!

The thunder of the moa's gorge
Shall be our answer to the foe;
As sparks that feather from the forge
Our souls shall rise in battle's glow :
So Peace shall wreathe our iron capes
That frown defiance to the foam
That smites with fury and escapes
In hissing ruin to its home!



SAW you by the border of the ocean,
Seated upon a rock in pensive mood,
Lulled by the anthem of the mind's devotion
To the enamelled beauties of the flood
Swaying itself in tessellated motion
With lips that sang a Spring beatitude,
Foam notes awakened by the virgin seas
Sent to you by the Oceanides!

What do they murmur on the pebbles' umber?
What is the vision of your steadfast eyes?—
Planets that rest them in half-lidded slumber
Poised to the spirit's wayward melodies—
Songs of the soul, where Memory loves to number
The white-waked days long lost beneath the skies
That drop no more their balmy overflow
That bathed our very being, long ago.

What are you weaving to the foamy pealing
Ten thousand wavelets ring about your feet?
Are you beneath the emerald curve concealing
The paven grotto where the mermaids meet?
Or is your fancy with the seagull wheeling
In a white wealth of cloud, where he may greet
The steepy sun-shower from the empyrean hurled
Ere it has kissed and warmed the torpid world?

Can the grey-pennoned cares of life embarrass
Your sunny soul, sweet Myra, this fair morn?
Did all a-night the dead Day's travail harass
Till the tired eyelids lashed themselves outworn?
Has Sorrow's breath bestirred the silken arras
That sheltered from the outer bleaks forlorn,
And do the wavelets murmur on the shore
That flawless ecstasy returns no more?

Look downward, Myra! to the veined flitting
Of kisses of the Sun upon the Strand:
Dark is the ooze, but ever intermitting
Swim the gold tangles o'er the furrowed sand;
So the dread Fates a double thread are knitting,
Weaving for each a parti-coloured band
That shall unroll itself, as Time shall flow,
Into a ravelled skein of joy and woe.

Look, Myra! how the little waves are creeping
About the rock you linger on bemused:
Do you not see the little fishes peeping
Into your eyes with reverie infused?
Do you not hear the tiny breakers cheeping
About the granite in a whirl confused?—
While the blue crystal eddying about you
Mirrors your face, and cannot move without you.

Myra, melilla, see therein a token
Of the still mirror fixed in my soul:
Where'er thou art, thine image falls unbroken
On my delighted spirit,—as a knoll
Of solemn curfew through the shadows spoken
Trembles upon the fields in drowsy dole,
Bringing the slumbrous calm of tranquillity,
As thou dost ripe my heart with blessedness.

List, Myra! to the little breeze that bloweth
Round thy soft-conched ear: oh! hearken still
To my fond secret that Favonius knoweth,
And whispers with his own soft-tongued skill:
Come shoreward, Myra! where the seaweed floweth
Into a font of granite-curven sill,
And by its waters mirroring the skies
Pour on me the deep heaven of thine eyes!

The
West Wind

A VIGIL



NE bird upon the roof,
A chorister forlorn,
Sings to the cloistered morn
Hid in her cloudy woof
A song that doth unfold
Itself in plaited gold.

Sing what I ne'er can say—
The wave may love the shore,
The flowers the dews that pour
The tired winds love to stay
On cliffs where moss has lain,
Spent with the toiling main . .

Dearer to me one heart
Where I would love to dwell,
Woven with magic spell
Into its inner part,
Sunk in its secrecy
Like a star in the sea . . .



SAINT HUBERT

The
West Wind



COMRADES, to the woodlands come !

Thrice afar the tasselled horn
Pours a soul's elysium
Thro' the white wake of the morn.

Thrice the buck has hearkened still,
Buried in the umber shades ;
Thrice the gleby-wandering rill
Answers ere the bugle fades.

Over yonder granite peak,
Circled with a fleecy film,
Leaps the glad sun's flaming streak,
Kissing all his verdured realm.

Unpremeditated hymns
Pour from feather-throated choirs,
Every note with joy o'erbrims,
Every heart to soar aspires !

Thrice afar the tasselled horn
Pours a soul's elysium
Through the white wake of the morn—
Comrades, to the woodlands come !



The
West Wind

DEAD!



SILENT, silent, when the dawn
Through the ashen room is drawn,
And it lingers on thy face,
Counterfeiting a fled grace!

As the shadows slip away
To the meadow of the day,
Does not thy persistent heart
Yearn to all its wonted part?

All the fond, vibrating bars
From the flame of viewless stars
Will not ope the fretted lid
Where thy lovely soul was hid.

Though thou liest there so still
God has shown thee all His will,
And His universe is whole
Unto thy expanding soul.

Thou hast fled from love and moan,
Little children here alone
Stumble for the lamp of love
Thou didst bring them from above.



ODE

The
West Wind

BREAK as all vows of love that unabides,

Roll on thy strand the slow, smooth arch
that gleams

With fettered magic of the girdling tides

And the ungathered glories of youth's
dreams;

Pierce thy green depths on rocks that are a-cold,

Touch with thy rainbow curve this lonely shore,

But even as thou diest, oh! unfold

The voices I have heard, and hear no more.

O Sanctuary! whose eternal foam

Drapes for thanksgiving pedestals profound

Sunk in the depths,—whose altar tops are home

For the white clouds,—shed on me what was wound

In the young years about my heart, and rolled

Through all my being, a celestial sense . . .

Love that still lips and shuttered eyes have told,

Smiles that elude sad Memory's impotence!

Then thy too solemn dirge shall softly float

Upon the muted strings of Memory's pain,

As a tired wind that fades upon a moat

Too still to welcome its secluded rain;

And if one tremor shall recall a throb

Long buried in old graves, oh! Lord, how sweet

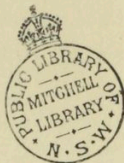
To feel thy benediction in a sob,

And see thee in the tears about my feet . . .

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NOTE

Of these verses *Myra* was published in *The Press*, Wellington. *The West Wind*, *At Her Gate*, *To My Dog*, *A Swallow in Maoriland*, *Asleep*, *On the Cliff*, *Retrospection*, *To a Seagull*, *Doubt*, *Akaroa Heads*, *Cape Raoul*, *Sinclair Head*, *A Dirge*, *To a Sea-Shell*, *Bowen Falls*, *Spring in Maoriland*, "*As You Like It*," *Tryst*, *Fidelis*, *To an Old Friend*, *By the Sea*, *Reverie*, *Parted*, *My Rose*, *Adrift*, *Kitty to Madge*, *At Eventide It Shall Be Light*, *The Three Islands*, *A Vigil*, *St. Hubert*, *Dead*, *Ode*, and the Introductory Verses, were published in *The Bulletin*. The remaining pieces are now first published.

ERRATA

It is regretted—

- On page xxvi, *To an Old Friend*, line 10, *birds* should be *buds*.
On page xxix, *To an Old Norse Brooch*, line 4, *spell* should be *spelt*.

A Personal Note

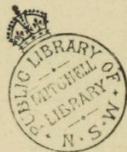


HUBERT CHURCH was born at Hobart, Tasmania, 13th June, 1857. His father, Hubert Day Church, M.A. and barrister, came from English Somerset, and was a descendant of John Hampden's family. Hubert Church was educated in England (1865-1872) at Guildford, Felstead, and Oxford University. An accident in cricket caused severe deafness, and ended his English school life. He came to Maoriland in 1873, and for several years studied law. In 1879 he entered the Government service in the Treasury department at Wellington, where he resides.

The verses included in this booklet represent the greater portion of Church's poetical work; for he writes only at an impulse, and the impulse is soon exhausted. The longest of the omitted pieces is entitled "An Ode on the Decay of the Maori Race," and is not without excellence, though it does not reach the comparative perfection of most of the verses here given, which nearly all have been chosen by the author to represent his talent at its highest.

The charm of Hubert Church's verse is a charm of slow, unfolding sweetness, of suave and mellow grace. The refinement of his mind attenuates the force of his expression,—the force of his emotion, it may be. His poems move quietly and naturally to their close, expanding harmoniously as flowers that bud and bloom in peace to gently fade and fall, scented petal after petal. Without being great poetry, they bring to the Quiet Life many lines, many images which are greatly poetic, in that their influence comes with music and abides like the odours of old balsams, fragrant and healing.

A. G. S.



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