

# **BLUE AND PURPLE**

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## SONGS TO A WIFE

*My love is beautiful and sweet; she is like a pale pink rose full of the glory of dew and sun. Sharon's garden knows not a bloom so fair as she. Persia holds not a fragrance so heavenly in its perfumed bowers. Oh, my wondrous love, pour thy scented charm into the chalice of my longing heart; fill with thy fresh splendour the air I breathe; and give me youth to spend on thee, my well-beloved. I am the gardener, born to tend one flower. My flower is the radiance of a dawn in June. Like a veil of glowing pearls my love spreads her light; she is my morning, my joy of perfect hours. I will sing to her the song fresh roses raise from their delicious petals when night departs and they rejoice, sun-kissed, when all the east is rich in gold. Lovely is my bloom. Her soul is the first blossom given by Him who made the loveliness of Spring.*

## **BLUE AND PURPLE IN BLUE AND PURPLE CLAD**

A PEARL set in the hollow of a stone,  
Wrought deftly by an artist of great skill;  
A sapphire 'twas that bore the pearl so still  
Within its bosom; taking from its tone

Those fires of deep delight to Asia known.  
Blent in an amethyst, the priceless twain  
Enthronèd were, o'er glowing worlds to reign,  
In gladness richer than the morn has shown.

She, like a regal lily of the field,  
On which the sunset colours softly lay,  
Forgot that life was sometime dark and sad;  
She smiled, and bade all sorrow's wounds be healed;  
Then she was lovelier than heav'n's best day—  
Ethereal, in blue and purple clad.

## FAR HORIZONS

WE stand upon the barren shore,  
And look far out to sea,  
The crooning waves their burden pour  
On you and me.

Our longing eyes, full of our mind,  
On far horizons lie—  
There, where our joy we hope to find  
Before we die.

How fair the tempting journey seems—  
Smooth lake of mystery—  
How frail the craft, our forethought deems,  
For such a sea!

For you and me, my lovely one,  
And all our mighty hopes;  
One step, dear love, and we have done,  
And—cut the ropes?

Lashed to the past we stand, and fear  
To leave our ties and pain;  
Though (speaks the soul, if we would hear)  
Our loss is gain.

Fear blurs the vision of our dream,  
Fear fills our hearts with dread,  
Soon we shall find upon life's stream

Our souls are dead.

We stand upon the shore and mourn;  
We grieve, despairingly,  
To leave the fetters we have borne—  
So patiently.

Or, do we grieve that we are weak,  
Lack courage to be free,  
And spurn the liberty we seek  
For slavery?

Doubts lie—like pebbles on this strand—  
In our sad souls, my mate.  
Before us lies the promised land,  
Behind us—fate.

Then, let us here together bide,  
With faces toward the sea,  
And hope that some fair morning's tide  
Take you and me.



## **HEBE'S EYES**

THE light of Hebe's eyes  
Gives colour to the skies,  
It makes the azure dome  
A radiant place,  
Where love might find a home,  
Sweet as her face.

Ethereal are the hues  
Where birds a-wing would lose  
Themselves in heavenly bliss;  
As I would do—  
If I might soar to kiss  
Her eyes so blue!

## SWEET FACE, I SEE THEE SHINE

SWEET face, I see thee shine  
Out of the bosom of the east at morn;  
Thy tenderness, divine,  
Lies mirrored in the pearly dew at dawn.

The flower that smiles at me,  
Holds in its cup the picture of your face;  
In rivulets I see  
The flowing charm of your abiding grace.

The sapling tells me how  
Your body's symmetry grows strong and straight;  
The winds which whisper now,  
Tell me your love and trust will not abate.

The steadfast stars above  
Reflect the fervour of your constant mind,  
Your deep unwav'ring love—  
The rarest jewel eager man can find!

In nature's soul thou art—  
I see thee, hear thee, feel thee, ever near;  
Dear love, thou art the heart  
Of those eternal joys our souls revere.

## TWO FLOWERS

I SAW a bloom,  
So beautiful,  
My sad heart lost its gloom,  
And cares that dull  
The senses, soon passed far away—  
The bloom brought joy into the day.

I saw her face  
When she bent down  
And kissed the bloom. Then grace  
Was Hebe's crown  
Of loveliness, and there! upon  
Her brow the light of heaven shone!

## THE MUSIC OF MY HEART

THE soft night, like a silent child  
Before some wondrous thing,  
Withholds its breath, as if beguiled  
By songs the fairies sing.

It seems to stand and listen, still  
As statue in a grove—  
Perhaps it hears a fairy trill  
A strain Titania wove.

Ah, no, the night hears not her song,  
For it would then be glad;  
And I have listened here so long,  
I know the night is sad.

Now if it be a song that keep  
The hour when night should part,  
Then night must hear from my soul's deep,  
The music of my heart.

## THE TRYST

MY love is coming through green fields to me—  
Why does she tarry so?  
She knows I wait on cliffs above the sea,  
And dare not to her go;  
For I am prisoned to the spot where love  
Has chained my feet, and must not call or move.

My love is gath'ring harebells, where the mead  
Is starred with flowers to kiss  
Her ling'ring feet; there sedges intercede,  
And whisper runes of bliss—  
Beseeching her to stay and heed me not—  
For she can make a heaven of any spot!

My love is list'ning to the skylark's song,  
Delight is in her ears.  
She cannot know her lover yearns so long,  
And drinks his salty tears  
To quench his thirst for all her winsome grace—  
Her absence makes a desert of the place.

My love is drinking in the air which blows  
The perfumes of the sea,  
The journeying breeze wafts past me—well she knows—  
Though me she cannot see!

Her lovely eyes, the yearning west would woo,  
Look not on me while blooms in green fields sue.

She knows 'tis deathless love that holds me fast,  
Chained to this rock so grim;  
That I shall wait for her, until the last  
Sun sets o'er ocean's rim.  
That flowers shall die and green fields fade and sear,  
Ere I forsake the tryst to greet her here.

## NATURE'S LOVELINESS

YES, everywhere I go  
I see the constant flow  
Of nature's loveliness—  
But, oh, if I could see  
These scenes, my love, with thee,  
How bright would be their dress!

I can no more rejoice  
Without your gracious voice  
Exulting in my ear,  
And nature, too, requires  
Your soulful, ardent fires,  
To beautify the year.

The tender blooms turn pale  
When I, alone, through vale  
And gully, searching pass;  
They seem to say to me,  
“Where is your mate? for we  
Bloom only for your lass.”

My worship in the glen  
Goes up for naught, dear, when  
I stand alone in prayer;  
The sea, the dunes, the trees,  
Chide me, and every breeze  
Sings lamentation there.

No, nothing in this world  
Where gales and snows have whirled  
A joyous tempest down—  
Which spread a carpet fine  
For thee to tread, can shine  
As your beloved crown.

They do not envy you,  
They love the sweet, the true—  
They know you are sincere  
As morning's spark of light  
In dew orbs shining bright,  
When heaven is blue and clear.

They want your merry laugh,  
Like rain for them to quaff;  
They want to kiss your feet;  
They want to see your eyes—  
Full glory of blue skies—  
Your smile they yearn to greet.

Come to the woods, my own,  
With every blessing known  
To man, which you can bring;  
Here is your royal goal,  
Come, with your joyous soul,  
And make all nature sing!



# YOU

WHAT is this mystery?  
This subtle wonder—you?  
Which fills my soul with ecstasy,  
My eyes with dew?  
What are you, influence, so mild?  
As subtle as the air which sways  
The stalwart pine. What child  
Of nature are you?  
Soul obeys your slightest motion.  
Mind is set in deep commotion—  
By your presence—  
By your absence—  
Being thrills beneath your glance!  
A smile will all my thought enhance.  
Touch my lips, and every bliss  
Seeks heaven's glory in a kiss!  
You! sweet influence, what art  
God used in fashioning you apart  
From His renowned mould,  
In the marvellous days of old?  
Why, all the elements combined  
In making you  
The dearest mystery refined,  
The ages through!  
Yet, what are you? with power  
So great to bind my will,  
Fast in strong chains each hour;  
And every action fill

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