

# Purple and Gold

## Poems and Lyrics

Williamson, Frank S. (1865-1936)

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2003



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**Source Text:**

Prepared from the print edition published by Thomas C. Lothian Melbourne 1912

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All quotation marks are retained as data.

First Published: 1912

*setis australian etexts poetry 1910-1939*

**Purple and Gold  
Poems and Lyrics  
Melbourne  
Thomas C. Lothian  
1912**

## Preface

“THE author desires to thank the proprietors of the *Bulletin*, *Australia To-Day*, *Heart of the Rose*, and *Trident* for permission to reprint the poems that have appeared in the pages of their magazines.

He also gratefully acknowledges the help and criticism given by Messrs. Bernard O'Dowd, B. A. Levinson, and A. T. Strong; indeed without their help the book would not have appeared.

His thanks are also due to E. H. Serle and R. H. Croll for their assistance so willingly given.

He acknowledges his debt to Mr. L. A. Adamson, of Wesley College, who has set two of the songs to music, and made them familiar to many Wesley boys.

In conclusion, the author states that he is not ashamed that so many of the poems included refer to Spring.

“Is it so small a thing,  
To have lived light in the Spring?”

He thinks not, especially in Australia.

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# **Purple and Gold: Poems and Lyrics**

## Gum Trees

LULLED by song of bird, and wind, melodies of seas;  
Waiting for the white man's foot, through the centuries,  
Pent in solitudes enchanted, dreamed the mighty trees.  
Empires blazed like forest fires, then in darkness fell.  
Other shores and Eldorados drew the caravel,  
Till the sound of English voices broke the slumber spell.

Singing now by fallen Rome, under Grecian sky,  
Waving where Thermopylae, saw the heroes die.  
Roaming where young Helen trod, in her girlish joy,  
Ere the gods in battle joined on the plains of Troy.

Wandering where paladins rode with Charlemagne,  
And of their sweet vernal leaves, Beauty's hands are fain;  
Beauty that the impress bears of sceptreless Valois,  
Gathers from the sapling crests rubied, amber store.

Following the caravans, roving in Algiers,  
Gone the legions with their noise, Moorish cavaliers;  
Chanting where proud Carthage stood—dust is all her pride.  
By the shores that hear your anthem, how the triremes glide.

Whispering by Shelley's tomb, by the grave of Keats,  
Listening while the loving wind every song repeats.  
Baring limbs whose loveliness dims the sculptor's eye,  
Daphnes fearless of the god, morning bringeth nigh.

Careless of the nightingale ever singing near,  
Sighing in their loneliness for the voices here,  
Call of bell-bird by the stream, magpie hymn at morn;  
In a land their fathers knew, not murmuring forlorn.

Trysting ever with the morning, following the sun.  
Here if stolen sunlight gild them, there the day begun  
Tinging all my dreams with glory, as I hear them sing—  
World! to you may we the nation, grace and beauty bring.

## Chrysanthemums

WHEN Autumn, mother of the Spring,  
Her days of waiting, numbering,  
Walks musing in my garden ways,  
While scarlet robins chant her praise;  
Gay hosts of Oriental flowers  
Mass their battalions in my bowers.  
Each year they make a sudden raid,  
And take me in an ambushade;  
Here on parole I must remain  
Their captive through the whole campaign.  
What shall I fear from foes like these,  
Who use their weapons but to please?  
And what stern patriot cares to ban  
These sweet invaders from Japan?  
The solemn gum-tree standing by,  
Allows their gorgeous ensigns nigh,  
And skirmishing when gnats appear,  
The fantail loves to linger near.  
The English thrush sees their review,  
Keeping to his alliance true,  
He bayonets many a stealthy snail,  
And strips the foemen of their mail.  
The South wind, careless freelance comes  
To serve with my chrysanthemums,  
And dancing with the geisha girls,  
Despoils them of their morning pearls,  
Ah! geisha girls! not long you stay;  
You vanish with the Samurai,  
Before a fusillade of rain.  
Your dreams of conquest swiftly wane,  
While polar blasts your banners tear,  
Leaving the poles a moment bare,  
Till prostrate in the sodden clay,  
Lies vanquished all your proud array.

## Dirge

STREW the flowers at Love's behest  
Meet for such a lovely guest;  
Coronal the sapling weaves,  
Rainbows wrought by Spring of leaves.  
Blackwood blossom, hither bring,  
To perfume her slumbering.

Heap above the mountain tomb,  
Scarlet, eucalyptus bloom,  
Wreath of starry clematis,  
Visited by Artemis;  
Bluebell garlands, hither bear—  
All the flowers, she loved to wear.

Here the magpies love to croon.  
From the dawn, to rising moon,  
Flutes the sweet harmonious thrush,  
In the early morning hush;  
Shyly sings the oriole,  
All the day the bell-birds toll.

Softly moves the wind that blows,  
When the Day's red petals close;  
And, remembering past delight,  
Dream of her, the stars of night,  
Though no more the stars arise,  
Set within her darkened eyes.

Whisper wind, and glimmer star,  
Blossom breathe thy sweet afar,  
“Love intones the master word”  
Is the song of every bird;  
Here, he stands with Death in thrall,  
Keeping Beauty's festival.

Rainbows made by Spring of leaves,  
Rainbows touched by Spring to leaves,  
Woven irises of leaves,  
Made by Spring of rainbow leaves,  
Consecrated rainbow leaves,  
Vernal iridescent leaves.

## The Spring Wind

A BREEZE comes past me singing, and a white cloud slow is swinging,  
Like a poppy that is parting from a slender hidden stem.

And September dear returning, wakes anew the old, old yearning,  
As she weaves from full-blown wattle flower her lustrous diadem;

For the bloom is gleaming yonder, and it lures me on to wander.  
O! my Lady of all Beauty, let a single petal fall

From the rose that you are wearing, and I'll break the world's ensnaring  
And roam for aye your troubadour, and not a voiceless thrall.

Breeze cease not, with song o'erflowing, seeds of beauty sowing, sowing.  
Chase harefooted purple shadows as the light green crops are stirred.

Vows from all my violets taking, thine anemones awaking,  
As you woo them with the melodies of billow, tree and bird,

Over beryl ocean hollows, speeding faster than the swallows,  
Bear me, dreaming on your pinions, to the fairy islet lone,

Where amid the haunted closes, on a bed of crimson roses,  
Lies my Love that I have longed for, sighing sought for, always known.

## A Gippsland Morning in Early Spring

GREY ashes of a crimson flower  
Beneath the cedar shed,  
The fire, that bloomed in Night's dark bower,  
    No more may raise its head.  
Drawn by the magpie's mellow call,  
    The Morn with rosy feet  
Comes, when the white gum shadows fall,  
    Her truant swain to meet.

She whispers to me, Love you're late,  
    I've waited long for you,  
But you had made the Night your mate,  
    And yet no solace knew;  
I breathe upon your fevered brain,  
    And kiss your troubled eyes,  
Take for awhile, your youth again,  
    With all its rich surmise.

Godlike I lie upon the grass,  
    And with the moments toy,  
While o'er the hills the cloudlets pass,  
    And down the vale deploy;  
And fancy after fancy blows,  
    In thought's rich flowering clime  
The hour is as a budding rose,  
    In that strange garden, Time.

And loud through ill the valley rings,  
    (While transient opals gleam  
Above the grave oak's whisperings)  
    The voice of Tambo stream  
Deep-voiced, and clear his madrigal,—  
    Roaming with current strong  
He dances down a shallow fall,  
    And sings a Pagan song.

The blood-red lories sing a stave,  
    And flit like arrows past,  
And in the amber of the wave,  
    Strange fleeting jewels cast;  
And glad and lone, the friar thrush  
    A morning mass intones,

In his green shrine of dogwood brush,  
Hung o'er wave-silvered stones.

The sky is one huge violet,  
That only morning grows,  
And by the ranges purpled fret,  
The moon's lost lily shows,  
While tolls the bell-bird's silver bell,  
Where wattles hint at bloom,  
From some unravished mountain dell,  
Steals vestaline perfume.

Proudly, and slow, huge wings outspread,  
Seeking the distant vales,  
With regal pomp, and restless head,  
The wedge-tailed eagle sails.  
As thought commanded to the earth,  
To find, and skyward lead  
To minister to some god's mirth,  
Another Ganymede.

I see massed flowers awaiting birth,  
The seed dream of the tree,  
I hear the step in caves of earth,  
Of free Persephone;  
And feel the air strange music holds,  
Of songs unborn, that die,  
Each spent, before its soul unfolds,  
To charm the waiting sky.

Till lo, my spirit spreadeth wings,  
And throws its vesture by,  
And tones the song the wild bird sings,  
Is in the she-oak sigh.  
Trails in the air a woodland scent,  
Dreams in the waking bloom,  
And slowly scales the firmament,  
A cloud, an eagle plume.

## Before the Boat Race

THERE'S a tumult in the distance, and a warsong in the air,  
Where the foemen in their galleys, for another fight prepare,  
For they whisper in the country, and they noise it in the town,  
That the Wesley colours from the mast will soon be taken down.

### *Chorus.*

Then, it's forward, boys, to battle—hear the bugle's thrilling tone,  
With the Royal Purple, borne ahead, march onward, to your own;  
With the Lion proudly passing, as the ensign flutters free;  
Let the Lion keep the river, as the Lion keeps the sea.

They have raised the Light-blue pennon, and the Flag of the Maroon  
See the Dark-Blue Banner flaunting, in the warm October noon,  
But who careth for the menace, for it only spurs the bold,  
And there are no boys that waver, wearing Purple and the Gold,

O! I hear the voices calling, from the years so far away,  
Of the Blue and White clad oarsmen, vanquished in unequal fray,  
“Bitter was defeat we tasted, seldom laurel crowned the brow,  
Yet we failed that you might conquer, 'tis for you to triumph now.”

See the royal Spring advances, with the colours loved so well,  
Golden bloom of wattle bringing, and the wild flower's purple bell,  
Cloud-born shadows slowly drifting, o'er the gold-barred, sapphire main,  
And the golden shore, that hugs the foam, and renders it again.

Here to me this day are wafted, melodies I loved before,  
Wind, and wave, and reed bird singing, and the rhythmic beat of oar.  
And a whisper from the college, calling softly to her boys,  
“He is worthy, who unselfish, all his strength for me employs.”

Pull, boys, pull, and swing together down the Yarra's calling wave,  
While your comrades by the boathouse, shout their welcome to the brave;  
Self-forgotten, school revering, honouring the gallant foe,  
Let the eight oar take the river—for the fame of Wesley row.

## Flag Song

DEAR flag! Old flag! O, the blue and white,  
Floating in the years long gone,  
How our pulses beat,  
Mocking at defeat,  
Following the standard on.

Proud flag, New flag, purple and the gold  
Shouting past the legions go,  
Carried onward fleet  
Knowing no retreat,  
Flouting at the winds that blow.

Old flag, New flag, colours of the sky  
Gleaming as the seasons roll,  
Morning's blue attire,  
Sunset's purple fire,  
Golden braid on eve's dark stole.

Clear voice, young voice, ringing through the school,  
Fluting in the sweet time flown,  
Youth so debonair,  
May not linger there,  
Youngsters are to grey men grown.

Old school, kind school, fostering the weak,  
Never brighter days have shone,  
Boys from evil stayed,  
Gallant men are made,  
Following the Standard on.

## The Swagman, or In Exile

LONG I've watched the eagle soaring, and the sun his colours pouring,  
Till they fill the vale below me, as though with purple wine;  
While the trees, proud crests uplifting, toy with the cloudlets drifting,  
And the streamlets glow like beryl, or as yellow topaz shine;  
But the joy is only fleeting, for they give to me no greeting,  
'Tis your native hills that hold you though far away the road,  
Ever beckoning from the distance, with a passionate persistence,  
Youth and Love have fashioned there a fairy-like abode.

And so while I am thinking and your stately day is sinking  
Comes an elfin wind of memory—whose spell I must obey;  
For I hear a river falling, every syllable recalling,  
As it croons, and curves in silver, beneath a mossy brae;  
And it's O! to see the heather, and the berries red to gather  
Where the rowan shakes her tresses, and the larches love to dwell,  
Till my spirit flutters roaming, and like tired wild bird homing,  
It flies into the valley that my boyhood knew so well.

From the bluebells lightly springing, to the blue the lark is winging,  
And the pine-trees, deep contralto bears the burden to the song;  
Strides the piper old and haunted, by the songs his fathers chaunted,  
Round him as he blows the pibroch ghosts of buried clansmen throng,  
And she passes young and slender, in her beauty's flowerlike splendour,  
Blue eyed, fairest in the valley—ah does she dream of me?  
For my heart is madly leaping and again the tryst I'm keeping,  
Though she walks no more the valley, and I wander oversea.

And I bend as at an altar while my mother's sweet lips falter,  
As she whispers at our parting, "O my boy, come back again";  
But the snows have long been sifted, and the years have drifted, drifted,  
And the old home is so lonely, far beyond the singing main.

O the dream that brings me sorrow, past delight can know no morrow,  
With my swag my only comrade I must seek the plains below,  
While your star that rises slowly shines with a lustre holy,  
Like the eyes of her who loved me in a sunny long-ago.

## The Miner's Grave

HIS comrades bore him to the grave,  
In column moving slow,  
With pomp their faithful subjects gave  
To monarchs long ago.

By trees that glimmered bronze and red,  
Edging the mountain road,  
Passing along with martial tread,  
Unto his last abode.

For such a grave a king might pine,  
High on a lonely hill,  
Where grey trees make a solemn shrine,  
The wind's loud voices fill.

Where rises oft the newborn cloud,  
The eagle lingers near,  
And winter flings an ermine shroud,  
Upon the lonely bier.

There scarlet vestures of the morn  
Droop from the summer sky,  
And sunset's purple raiment torn,  
When days, like Caesar, die.

And chiming with the river's song,  
Unending deep and slow,  
The birds oft sing in joyous throng,  
Within the vale below.

He careth not—with silent kings,  
And Beauty, fain of rest  
He sleeps while earth his mother sings,  
And holds him to her breast.

## The Magpie's Song

WHERE the dreaming Tiber wanders by the haunted Appian Way,  
Lo! the nightingale is uttering a sorrow-burdened lay;  
While the olive trees are shaking, and the cypress boughs are stirred:  
Palpitates the moon's white bosom to the sorrow of the bird,  
Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing; yet a sweeter song I know:  
'Tis the magpie's windblown music where the Gippsland rivers flow.

O, I love to be by Bindi, where the fragrant pastures are,  
And the Tambo to his bosom takes the trembling Evening Star—  
Just to hear the magpie's warble in the bluegums on the hill,  
When the frail green flower of twilight in the sky is lingering still,  
Calling, calling, calling to the abdicating day:  
O, they fill my heart with music as I loiter on my way.

O, the windy morn of Matlock, when the last snow-wreath had gone,  
And the blackwoods robed by tardy Spring with starlike beauty shone;  
When the lory showed his crimson to the golden blossom spread,  
And the Goulburn's grey-green mirror showed the loving colours wed:  
Chiming, chiming, chiming in the pauses of the gale,  
How the magpies' notes came ringing down the mountain, o'er the vale.

O, the noon beside the ocean, when the spring tide, landward set,  
Cast ashore the loosened silver from the waves of violet,  
As the seagod sang a lovesong and the sheoak answer made,  
Came the magpie's carol wafted down the piny colonnade,  
Trolling, trolling, trolling in a nuptial melody,  
As it floated from the moaning pine to charm the singing sea.

And the dark hour in the city, when my Love had silent flown,  
Nesting in some far-off valley, to the seraphs only known,  
When the violet had no odour and the rose no purple bloom,  
And the grey-winged vulture, Sorrow, came rustling through the gloom,  
Crooning, crooning, crooning on the swaying garden bough:  
O, the song of hope you uttered then my heart is trilling now.

Voice of happy shepherd chanting by a stream in Arcady,  
Seems thy song this blue-eyed morning over lilac borne to me;  
In his arms again Joy takes me, Hope with dimpling cheek appears,  
And my life seems one long lovely vale where grow the rosy years:  
Lilting, lilting, lilting; when I slumber at the last  
Let your music in the joyous wind be ever wandering past.

## Dreams

I SEEMED a waste of weary land,  
Lone, grey, forsaken by the sea,  
The keen sun smote my naked sand,  
The sultry wind made sport of me.

Ah! pitiless the barren day,  
The brooding horror of the night,  
A fettered captive, prone I lay,  
Fearing the darkness, and the light.

When summoned by the magic spell  
Of love, who knew my loneliness,  
A gleaming sunge of silver fell,  
And garmented my nakedness.

O hour of spring, and welcome sea,  
Filling the hollows, long forlorn,  
How soon to thy sweet melody,  
Were countless forms of beauty born.

Now mirrored in my tide I hold  
The glories of chameleon day,  
The fleeting scarlet, green and gold,  
And sapphire, of the morn's array.

The mauve-veiled moon, vermilion eve,  
The strange deep violet of night,  
Till like an opal huge I heave,  
Or lie at rest a chrysolite.

Oft lingering the virgin moon  
Grants me her kiss so long denied,  
While silver, moth-like stars are strewn,  
And swaying on my ripples ride.

Yea, oft the Night, when clouds are spread,  
Veiling the splendour of her eyes,  
Droops o'er my flood her odorous head,  
That I may listen to her sighs.

## Mist and Moon

WHY should the mist rise from the stream.

A lyric on its bars!

And steal from every wave the gleam,

Begot by lover stars.

O see the moon ascend the sky!

The vapour tremble, burn,

A chrysoprase enamoured lie,

Above transfigured fern.

On tree and stream, a glory shed,

That jewels wave and leaf,

For sorrow is with beauty wed,

And joy is born of grief.

## Dew

DEW upon the robin as he lirts there, on the thorn,  
Jewel on a scarlet breast a fleeting moment worn,  
And suddenly by fairy hands into blue heaven drawn.

Slave that dares to seek a couch in Cleopatra's bower,  
Curtained by the crimson leaves of yonder royal flower,  
Until the spearmen of the sun shall end the blissful hour.

Dew upon the blackwood boughs by morning Zephyr stirred,  
Shaken to the fronded fern by restless diamond bird;  
Night's opals on a spendthrift morn, with gracious stealth conferred.

Cast upon the Autumn leaves wind sundered from their home,  
Crimson, amber, scarlet, grey, amethystine, chrome,  
A mother's tears o'er children fair that perish in the loam.

Dew that lies by mountain stream the oreoicas know,  
Flung from fragile blue-bell cups, when vernal breezes blow,  
And carillons and odours wed and fill the vale below.

Gems that crust a million mounds where pauper children lie,  
Where the wind goes murmuring a ceaseless hush-a-bye,  
Yet all the while the children sing like skylarks in the sky.

Dew that fills the starry eyes at closing of the day,  
Gleaming by a carmine cloud that slowly fades away,  
Immortal sadness of a god to mortal love a prey.

Dew that falls from Her sad eyes, to cool with healing rain,  
The hearts that are so lonely here, that lonely must remain,  
Till all the Seraphin are stirred, to dream of earth again.

# She Comes as Comes the Summer Night

## I

SHE comes as comes the summer night,  
Violet, perfumed, clad with stars,  
To heal the eyes hurt by the light  
Flung by Day's brandish'd scimitars.  
The parted crimson of her lips  
Like sunset clouds that slowly die  
When twilight with cool finger-tips  
Unbraids her tresses in the sky.

## II

The melody of waterfalls  
Is in the music of her tongue,  
Low chanted in dim forest halls  
Ere Dawn's loud bugle-call has rung.  
And as a bird with hovering wings  
Halts o'er her young one in the nest,  
Then droops to still his flutterings,  
She takes me to her fragrant breast.

## III

O star and bird at once thou art,  
And Night, with purple-petall'd charm,  
Shining and singing to my heart,  
And soothing with a dewy calm.  
Let Death assume this lovely guise,  
So darkly beautiful and sweet,  
And, gazing with those starry eyes,  
Lead far away my weary feet.

## IV

And that strange sense of valleys fair  
With birds and rivers making song  
To lull the blossoms gleaming there,  
Be with me as I pass along.  
Ah! lovely sisters, Night and Death,  
And lovelier Woman—wondrous three,  
“Givers of Life,” my spirit saith,

Unfolders of the mystery.

V

Ah! only Love could teach me this,  
In memoried springtime long since flown;  
Red lips that trembled to my kiss,  
That sighed farewell, and left me lone.  
O Joy and Sorrow intertwined,—  
A kiss, a sigh, and blinding tears,—  
Yet ever after in the wind,  
The bird-like music of the spheres!

## Love in the South

THE opal-sandalled Morn and Spring  
Go singing hand in hand,  
Their sister voices sweetly ring  
Across a perfumed land;  
In Tyrian purple heaves the sea:  
O come my love, I long for thee!

The white gum's lovely breast is bare,  
Vying in vain with thine:  
The wattle droops her sunny hair,  
More bright thy tresses shine.  
Where violets bloom thine eyes I see:  
O come my love, I long for thee!

The magpie croons his lover-song,  
The lark is in the sky,  
The thrushes here have warbled long,  
For thee the finches cry:  
They love thy voice's melody—  
O come my love, I long for thee!

O yield to me that scarlet mouth  
That dares Aurora's scorn,  
And I, Tithonus in the South,  
Will kiss the fairer Morn,  
And by thy lips immortal be:  
O come my love, I long for thee!

## Whispers

MUSIC makes for beauty moan,  
For the lovely Spring o'erthrown.  
For the Capeweed glory set,  
And the mouldered violet.  
Sea to shore sigh uttereth,  
And the she-oak answereth.

Gone the Daffodil of morn,  
Noon's deep purple Rose is torn,  
And too frail thy petals be,  
Evening's red Anemone.  
"I am worn by minstrel Death."  
Night's Black Poppy whispereth.

Ah, what haunted citadel,  
Keeps the maid I love so well?  
Lustrous Lonely bluebell eyes,  
Voice whose tones are lullabies.  
"Love is but a name of Death,"  
Unto me the pine-tree saith.

Fades the music like a sigh,  
Droops as earthward lark from sky;  
Yet o'er vale and piny hill,  
One sweet voice is whispering still.  
"Oft I wear the mask of Death,  
None my love disquieteth."

## **The Golden Fruitage drooping nigh**

THE golden fruitage drooping nigh  
Still rustles quickly down,  
Though years steal lustre from the eye,  
And Fate begins to frown.

Still is my heart divinely young,  
Insatiate of joy  
As when young Love his pinions hung  
Above a daring boy.

Time quails at Love's unconquered might,  
And brings his gifts to me,  
That I may store up vast delight,  
To last eternity.

## Guitar Song

LIST, list,  
Girls unkist,  
Whisper in the wind,  
Hist, hist,  
What you missed,  
Nevermore you'll find.

List, list,  
Lutanist,  
Frail is all delight,  
Hist, hist,  
Has he wist,  
Cold is the long night.

## Where is Marie? Where is Rose?

WHERE is Marie? Where is Rose?

Ah! the robber years!

Suddenly love's blossom goes,

Fate's a wind that sears.

Kissed I once a scarlet mouth,

For a goddess meet;

Ever since I've felt a drouth,

Longing for the sweet.

Heart of mine 'neath dainty feet,

Tripping lightly on,

Recks not youth of Time's defeat:

Where has Marie gone?

Lovely were you, careless maid,

In a long ago!

Whither have your footsteps strayed?

Rose! I worshipped so.

Chill the wind of Autumn blows,

Pale the sun appears;

Where is Marie? Where is Rose?

Answerless the years.

## **Bloom upon the Robin's Breast**

BLOOM upon the robin's breast, on the leaflets high,  
Bloom upon the maiden's cheek, in my heart a sigh;  
These will come and these will pass, loveliness must die.

Song upon the white gum bough, in the fragrant air,  
Songs of poets skyward gone floating everywhere,  
Who shall free my captive song tangled in a snare?

Bloom and song be with me long, for if dispossessed  
Love will pass on rapid wing, enter not my breast.  
Lo—of beauty I am fain—Eros be my guest.

## Inconstant Lover

SELDOM long delight is man's;  
Oft he goes a-sighing,  
Watching impish Cupid's vans,  
In the distance flying.

Yet, while he proclaims his woes,  
Comes again the rover,  
Proffering a sweeter rose,  
Faery sprinkled over.

Wise men take the gift he brings,  
Fleeting pleasure marry,  
Knowing Venus gave him wings,  
Never long to tarry.

Joyfully without debate,  
When his flight is taken,  
Find as one is spoiled by Fate  
Rarer joys awaken.

Kiss, and let the rogue depart,  
Bind his pinions never;  
Lose, and find within the heart  
New-born roses ever.

## Quatrain

O TAKE again the withered flower,  
That on thy breast hath lain,  
Restore it to the snowy bower,  
That it may bloom again.

## **On Falling at a Lady's Feet after a Dance**

IF prostrate at thy feet I lie,  
Reprove thine eyes not me,  
They drew me to a starry sky,  
To touch divinity.

How could a mortal linger there  
Possessed of feeble worth?  
But breathe awhile ambrosial air,  
And fall back to the earth.

And yet I keep a fair delight,  
To feast on unreprieved,  
How once a goddess blessed the night  
And near a mortal moved.

## Question

HEAR the wind and the sigh of the wave,  
As it slides from the breast of the shore;  
If my youth could arise from the grave,  
Would it rest on my heart as of yore?

In her beauty as frail as the foam,  
Would she whisper, and tremble, and fly  
Stealing back to a desolate home,  
And leave me more lonely to sigh?

No—she comes with a murmuring song,  
And a whisper of wonderful years,  
Of a journey together along  
All the blossoming, musical spheres.

Till the night seems to break into bloom  
And the song in my heart overflows,  
As a seed, hold a splendour in gloom,  
The earth, how it dreams of the rose.

## Wind and Wattle Blossom

WIND in the wattle tree

    Wooing the gold,  
Shaking the dew on me,  
    Troubadour bold.

Kiss the fair bloom as you kissed in your joy,  
Tresses of Helen dishevelled in Troy.

Fairer than golden fruit,

    Hercules brought,  
Luning a maid's pursuit,  
    Witchery fraught.

Here, while I linger alone in the shrine,  
Bring me, sweet blossom, a maiden divine.

Shyly the robin calls,

    Rosy his breast,  
Softly the pollen falls  
    Over the guest.

Largesse for minstrel who sings in the bower,  
List to his passionate song to the flower.

Loving the rivulet,

    Loitering near,  
Deep in his bosom set,  
    Imaging clear.

Carries the tokens the morning bestows  
Gold of the blossom, and blush of the rose.

Sold in a Paris street,

    Often you glow,  
Placed where poor Villon's feet  
    Strayed long ago.

Ah! might that master of Love's minstrelsy,  
Lovingly fashion a lyric for thee.

See there a stranger stand,

    Dreaming of home,  
Of a dear native land  
    Over the foam.

Luminous, odorous how thy waves pour,  
Through the grey forest surrounding his door.

Bloom of the wattle tree,  
    Soon you must die,  
Fade like a melody,  
    Star from the sky.  
Yearly renewed in your loveliness burn,—  
Never to you will my footsteps return.

Glimmering, glamouring,  
    Slowly you sway,  
My heart enamouring  
    All the spring day.  
Fade, and returning in beauty arrayed,  
Weave your sweet magic for man and for maid.

## **Fountain, Bird and Star**

A FOUNTAIN and a singing bird  
That weave a chiming rain,  
And you so near, a hidden third,  
Sighing my name again:

A star that trembles in the grey,  
Eve's primrose newly blown,  
And eve, and spring, and newborn day  
Are each at once my own.

O fountain, bird, and swaying star  
Her sweet confederates still,  
When shall the gate of Love unbar  
That I may have my will?

## Rapunzel

RAPUNZEL! O Rapunzel! you spread your golden hair,  
You lured me to the Bushland, and took me in the snare,  
I climbed the shining tresses to your enchanted tree,  
And while you showed your loveliness you stole the heart from me.

Rapunzel! O Rapunzel! I wander lone to-day,  
The fell witch listened to our vows, and carried you away,  
But I will roam the forest, a faithful lover be,  
Till spring shall help you to escape, and bring you back to me.

Rapunzel! O Rapunzel! our trystings cannot last,  
You'll search in vain for your true knight, all his lovetime past:  
And yet, sweet girl, forget me not, though nobler lovers be,  
O shed your sunny fragrant locks in spring-time over me!

## Thrushes

ENGLISH thrush within my garden from thy pine tree minaret,  
Summoning the wandering Faithful while the crimson lingers yet!  
Love's Muezzin, loud entreating, and thy melody repeating  
To the city folk so wan and old and haunted by regret.  
Low I bow, your voice obeying, solemnly my Koran saying,  
Love is Allah, Love is Allah, none his worship may forget.

Oft your song in dawn-lit woodlands o'er the camping cohorts borne  
Woke in breasts of war-scarred Romans longings for a maid forsworn,  
You set Saxon Alfred smiling, from his manuscripts beguiling,  
And the monk beside him dreamed of days before his cowl was worn.  
As the Norman heard you liting he forsook the joy of tilting,  
And harboured sweet pain in his heart on many an April morn.

Chaucer listened to your music in a springtime long ago,  
And you warble in his verses where still the daisies blow,  
And where Avon's wave is gleaming, Youthful Shakespeare wandered dreaming,  
And paused to hear your evensong mix with the river's flow.  
King and minstrel could not linger, but your lyric, love's own singer,  
Changeless in an Austral garden lights my bosom with its glow.

Yet your grey Australian brother long has held my heart in thrall,  
Since the time I heard him singing by a purple mountain wall.  
Carelessly the day was spilling odours, all the valley filling,  
And an amorous iris fluttered by a singing waterfall,  
Hid in fern, of springtime crooning, bidding earth awake from swooning,  
Long I lay beneath the myrtles listening to his madrigal.

Though a few belated snowflakes circled from a changing sky,  
Every shrub and moss-lit boulder stirred responsive to the cry;  
Swayed the blackwoods all ashiver, dreaming by the snowfed river,  
Thrilled the gums with naked bosoms, ranked in stern battalions by:  
Beautiful in caverns burning, swiftly came the Spring returning,  
Musical from hill and valley came Demeter's happy sigh.

Chant on English thrush, and hearken many a pilgrim to thy lay;  
Yet to your grey mountain brother I must always homage pay,  
For he sings a nation rising, radiant with a sweet surmising,  
Soaring high on vermeil pinions, over empires worn and grey,  
Monarchs cease their grave debating, silent with their peoples waiting,  
As the Jovian bird slow sweeping takes around the world his way.

Rise and shine, beloved spirit, make the wide earth all thine own,  
Scatter dews to heal the weary—turn to joy the nation's moan;  
Proudly through the azure soaring, splendour from thy pinions pouring,  
Till the clouds o'er toilworn cities with thy starry beams are strewn.  
Rome has heard thy forest voices, Sparta with their song rejoices,  
Melodies that tell thy coming over all the lands are blown.

Sing, O sing, ye rival thrushes, let me capture each refrain;  
You, the speckled singer, summon pictures of an English lane,  
Daffodils and violets blooming, May her beauteous robe assuming,  
Happy maids and eager lovers listening to thy joyous strain:  
Grey thrush, lead me to the mountain, bathe me in thy song's pure fountain,  
Beautiful unsoiled bird-voices, long within my heart remain.

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