

BY LAND



AND SEA.

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P

NESBIT, E.

By LAND AND SEA
1886

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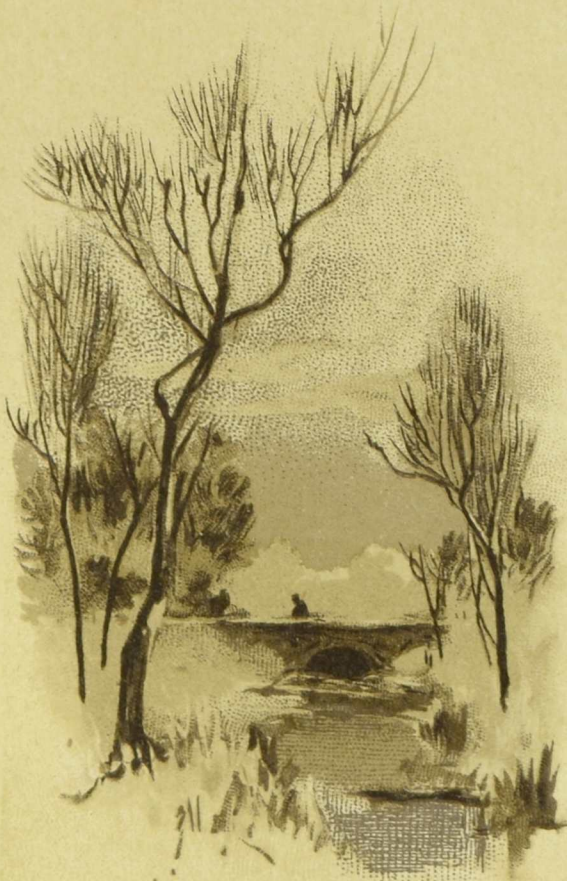
1888

By Land and Sea.





BY LAND
AND SEA.



Selected
and
Arranged
by

E. NESBIT.



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I.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility ;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Wordsworth.

II.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But, alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

Longfellow.



III.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Forget-me-nots, forgive the hand
That plucks you from the river side,
Where in such dewy peace you stand,
To soothe our sorrows, holy-eyed!
Forget-me-nots, forgive the deed!
I crave you, for a vaster need.

Forget-me-nots, 'tis long ago
We strayed together by the stream
And chose you for a sign, to shew
Our dream-sweet love was not a dream.
'Tis long ago, but I have not
Her look of trusting love forgot.

Forget-me-nots, forgive my need,
That claims you from the silent sedge,
To open wounds, too numb to bleed,
By thinking on her broken pledge!
Nay rather let me gaze on you,
And dream awhile she still is true!

F. W. Bourdillon.



IV.

Just a common bridge and
a common stream,
And a common end to a
common dream ;
For the sake of the dream
the place is sweet,
For this is the place where
we used to meet.

Where we met, where we
vowed—Oh my heart,
my heart,—
We would never change,
we would never part ;
Ah, but fate and she were
more strong than I,
And this is the place where
we said “ Good-bye.”

E. Nesbit.



It was the
time of roses

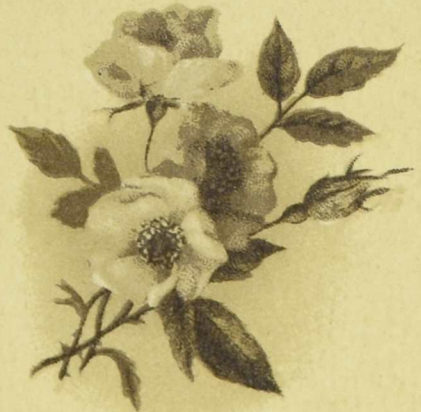
V.

It was not in the Winter
Our loving lot was cast ;
It was the Time of Roses,—
We plucked them as we passed.

That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet ;—
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast ;
It was the time of roses,—
We pluck'd them as we passed.

Hood.





VI.

His years and hours,
His world's blind powers,
His stars and flowers,
 His nights and days,
Sea-tide and river
And waves that shiver
Praise God the giver
 Of tongues to praise.

Winds in their blowing
And fruits in growing,
Time in its going
 While time shall be,
In death and living
With one thanksgiving
Praise him whose hand is the
 strength of the sea.

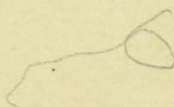
A. C. Swinburne.



VII.

Children that sleep ;
Seamen that fare for them,
Forth with a prayer for them,
Shall not God care for them,
Angels not keep ?

A. C. Swinburne.

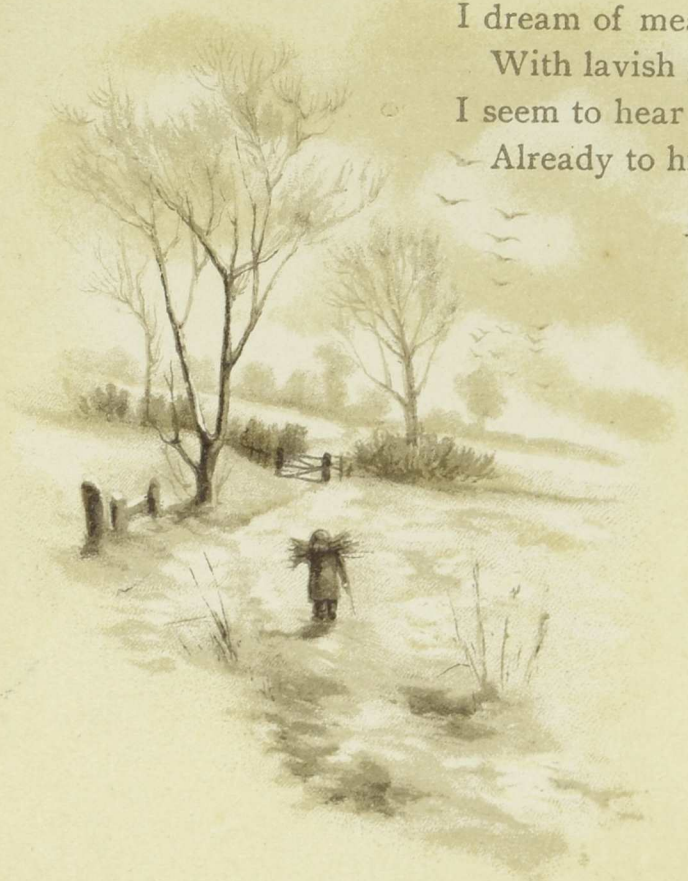


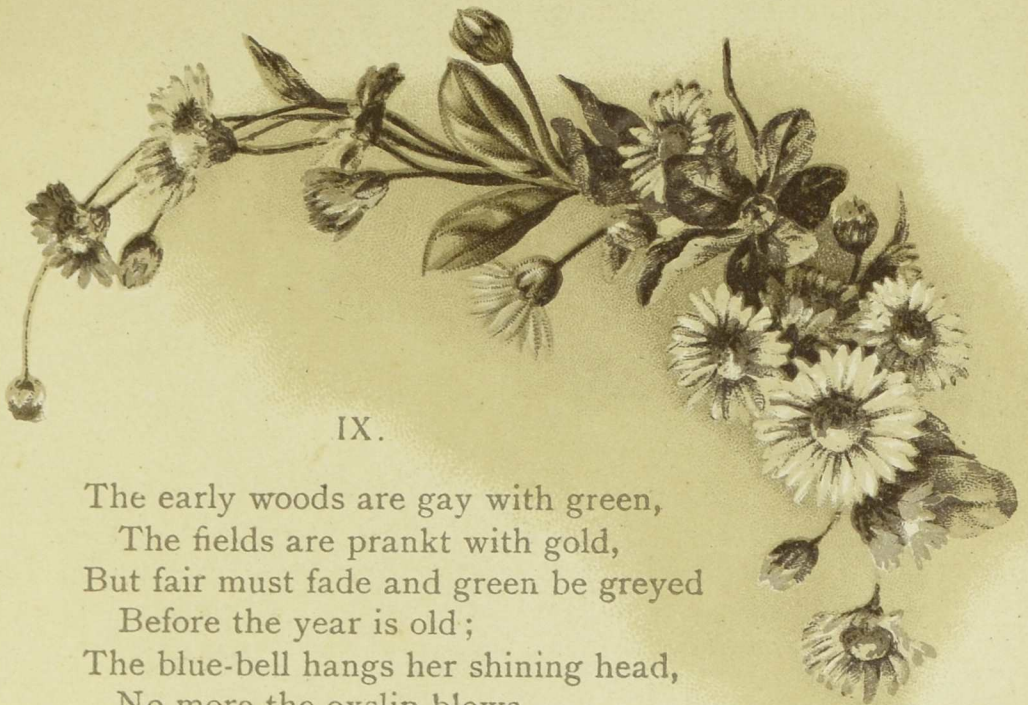
VIII.

Now while the tyrant Winter still
Keeps back the Spring that would be forth.
With snows, his sentries on the hill,
And winds, his warriors in the North.

I dream of meadows green and lush,
With lavish grasses of the Spring ;
I seem to hear the joyous thrush
Already to his nestlings sing.

F. W. Bourdillon.





IX.

The early woods are gay with green,
The fields are pranked with gold,
But fair must fade and green be greyed
Before the year is old ;
The blue-bell hangs her shining head,
No more the oxslip blows,—
But my love she is the daisy
That all the long year grows.

Still deck, wild woods, your mantle green,
All meads bright jewels wear,
Let showers of spring fresh violets bring,
And sweetness load the air ;
Whilst summer boasts her roses red
And March her scented snows,—
My love be still the daisy,
And my heart whereon she grows.

H. Cholmondely-Pennell.

X.

All redly rose the summer sun
And shone thro' clustering leaves,
And woke the birds whose nests were hid
Beneath the sheltering eaves ;
And through an open casement strayed
Till meshed in golden hair,
It lingered where all tearful knelt,
A maid exceeding fair.
" Let life be sad or sweet," she said
" Full soon 'twill pass away,
" And hearts be blythe tho' mine be still
" A hundred years to-day."

Where churchyard grass grows long and dank
O'er half-forgotten graves,
As sank the summer sun below
A sea of golden waves,
A maiden on her lover's arm
In converse sweet did pass,
And stooped to read a broken stone
Half hidden in the grass.
" Alack," she cried " our happy tryst
" Is held o'er love's decay,
" For love's sweet sake died this poor maid
" A hundred years to-day."



He clasped her hand, he fondly looked
Within her tearful eyes—
“Then learn a lesson, sweet,” he said
“That true love never dies ;
“For tho’ the blight of death may fall
“Upon our life’s sweet May,
“Our love shall bloom beyond the sun
“A hundred years to-day.”



Caris Brooke.



XI.

The wind is as iron that rings,
The foam-heads loosen and flee ;
It swells, and welters, and swings,
The pulse of the tide of the sea.

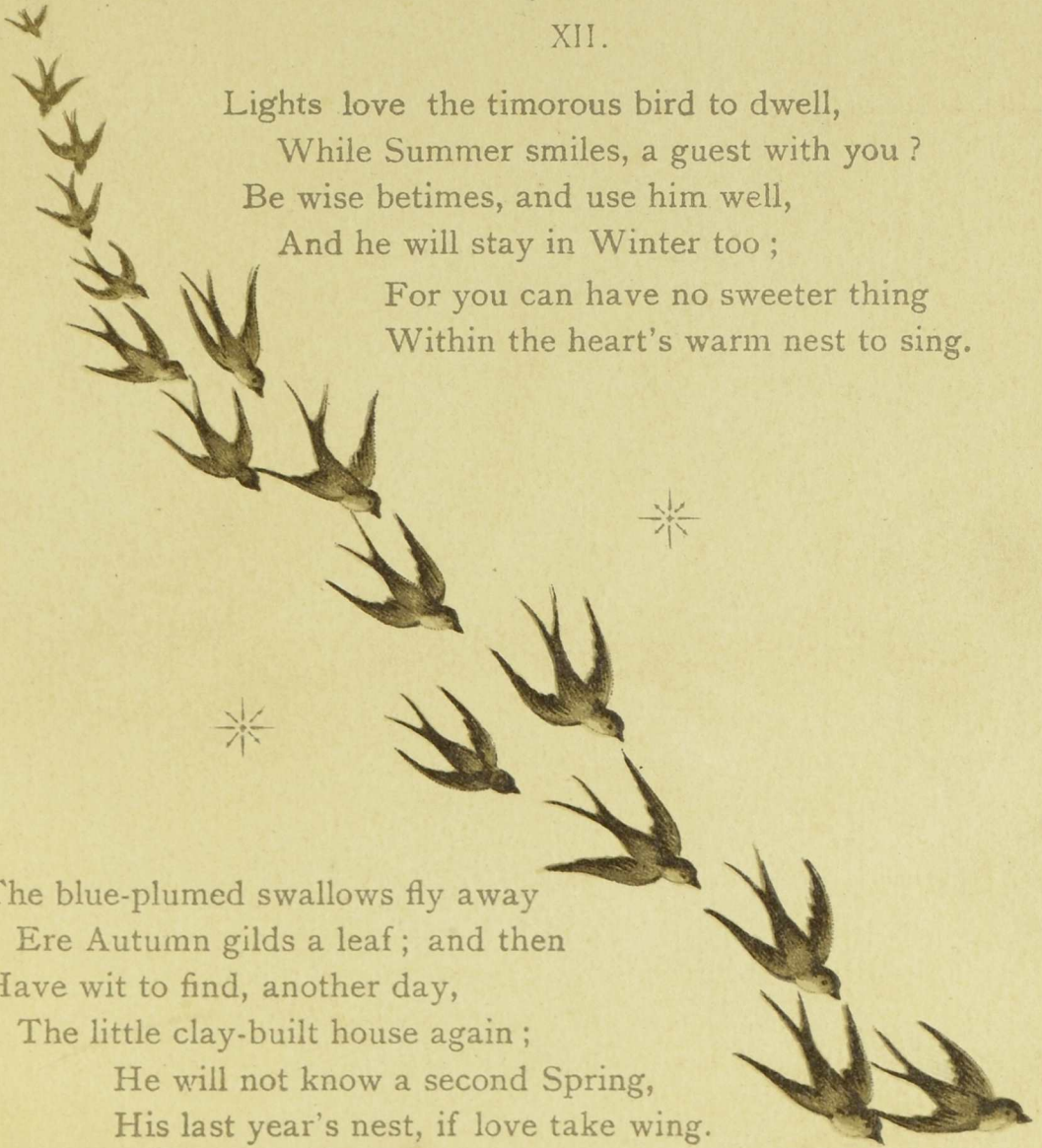
A. C. Swinburne.

XII.

Lights love the timorous bird to dwell,
While Summer smiles, a guest with you ?
Be wise betimes, and use him well,
And he will stay in Winter too ;
For you can have no sweeter thing
Within the heart's warm nest to sing.

The blue-plumed swallows fly away
Ere Autumn gilds a leaf ; and then
Have wit to find, another day,
The little clay-built house again ;
He will not know a second Spring,
His last year's nest, if love take wing.

Thomas Ashe.





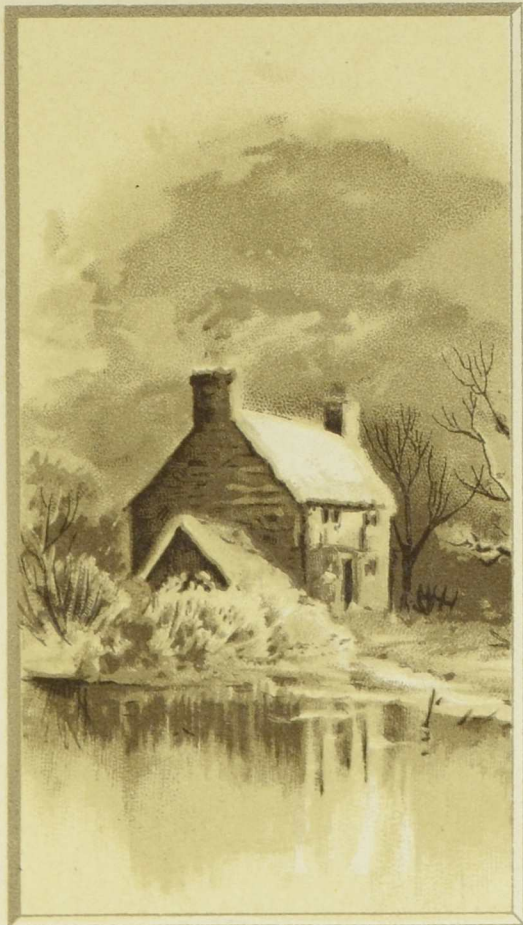
XIII.

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows
were given,
With merry peals shall swell
the breeze
And point with taper
spire to heaven.

S. Rogers.



MINE BE A COT
BESIDE THE HILL.



XIV.

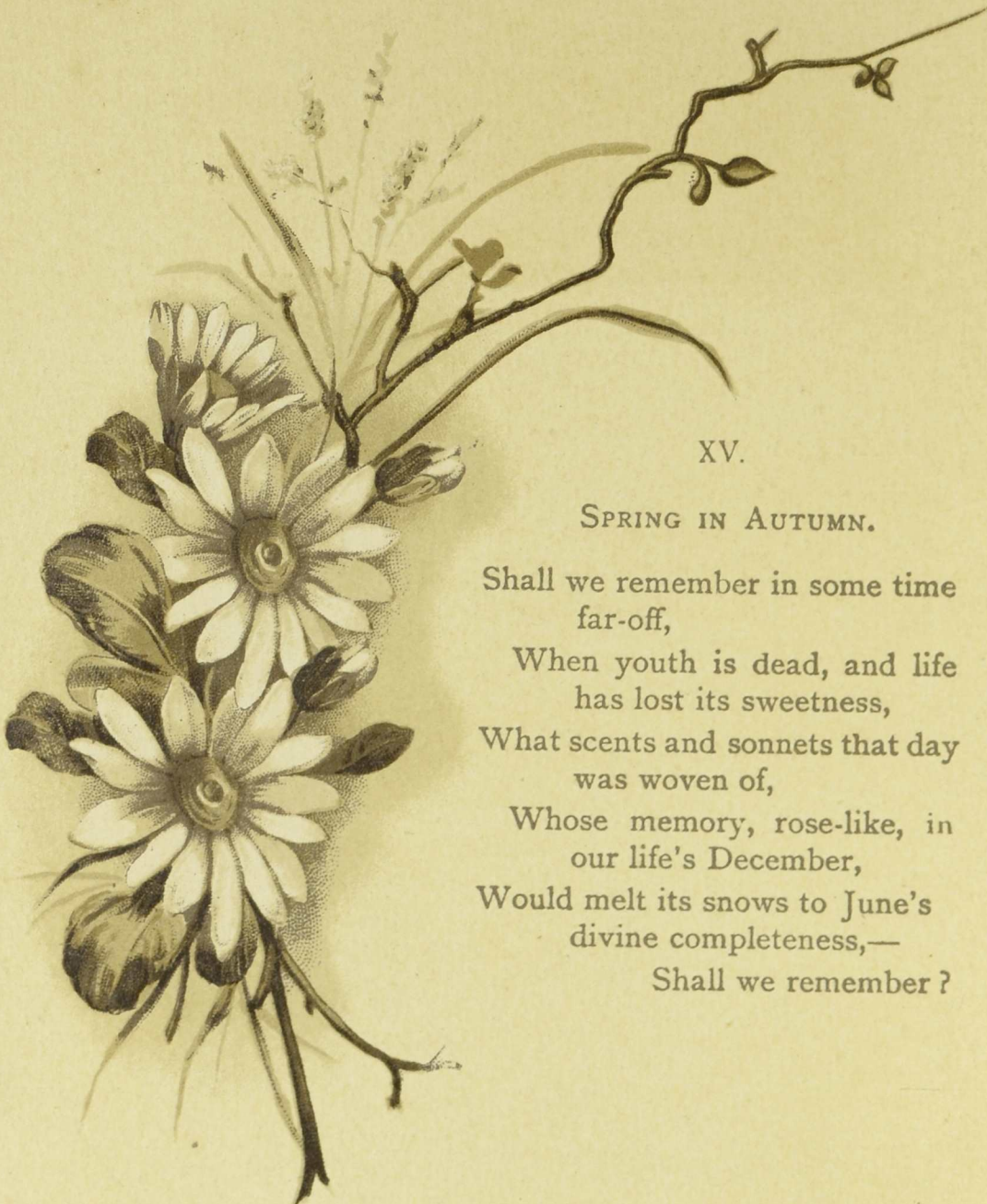
Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far ;
Past land and sea, clean out of sight ;
Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star
That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near,
With just a wall, a hedge between ;
With just the last leaves of the dying year
Fallen on a turf grown green.

Christina Rossetti.





XV.

SPRING IN AUTUMN.

Shall we remember in some time
far-off,

When youth is dead, and life
has lost its sweetness,

What scents and sonnets that day
was woven of,

Whose memory, rose-like, in
our life's December,

Would melt its snows to June's
divine completeness,—

Shall we remember ?



O day, too bright, too brief, when we two stood
Beside the old wall, ivy-veiled, moss-covered !
The purple mist clung to the crisp dun wood—
May in our hearts, set in the year's November,
Above our souls the soul of parting hovered :
Do you remember ?

Ah ! that one moment ere we turned to go !
I think that if my life has end to-morrow,
Strong in that memory my soul will know
Not one regret for life's quick-fading ember,
Nor one thought's pain, one pulse's beat of sorrow,
While I remember !

E. Nesbit.



