

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Anne Glenny Wilson**

**- poems -**

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## Fairyland

Do you remember that careless band,  
Riding o'er meadow and wet sea-sand,  
One autumn day, in a mist of sunshine,  
Joyously seeking for fairyland?

The wind in the tree-tops was scarcely heard,  
The streamlet repeated its one silver word,  
And far away, o'er the depths of wood-land,  
Floated the bell of the parson-bird.

Pale hoar-frost glittered in shady slips,  
Where ferns were dipping their finger-tips,  
From mossy branches a faint perfume  
Breathed o'er honeyed Clematis lips.

At last we climbed to the ridge on high  
Ah, crystal vision! Dreamland nigh!  
Far, far below us, the wide Pacific  
Slumbered in azure from sky to sky.

And cloud and shadow, across the deep  
Wavered, or paused in enchanted sleep,  
And eastward, the purple-misted islets  
Fretted the wave with terrace and steep.

We looked on the tranquil, glassy bay,  
On headlands sheeted in dazzling spray,  
And the whitening ribs of a wreck forlorn  
That for twenty years had wasted away.

All was so calm, and pure and fair,  
It seemed the hour of worship there,  
Silent, as where the great North-Minster  
Rises for ever, a visible prayer.

Then we turned from the murmurous forest-land,  
And rode over shingle and silver sand,  
For so fair was the earth in the golden autumn,  
That we sought no farther for Fairyland.

Anne Glenny Wilson

## Travel Song

'COME, before the summer passes  
Let us seek the mountain land:'  
So they called me, happy playmates,  
And we left the dawn-lit strand:  
Riding on till later sunbeams slanted  
On dark hills and downward-plunging streams,  
And the solemn forest softly chanted  
Old, old dreams.

From the pass, we saw in glory  
Wave on purple wave unrolled  
To the cloud-encircled summit  
Floating high, alone and cold:  
Like that altar-stone, by men of Athens  
Dedicated to the unknown God;  
Waiting for some fire to touch his holy  
White abode.

Then the mellow sunset dying  
Passed in rosy fire away,  
And the stars and planets journeyed  
On their ancient unknown way.  
Riders of the illimitable heaven!  
Moving on so far beyond our ken,  
Do ye scorn the toiling, heavy-hearted  
Sons of men?

Ere we slept we heard the torrents  
Rushing from that mighty hill  
Join in deep melodious singing,  
While the forest-land was still.  
Music of forgotten wildernesses!  
Would that I could hear that song again!  
Song of primal Earth's enchanted sweetness,  
Joy and pain.

Anne Glenny Wilson