Classic Poetry Series

Francis Ernley Walrond

- poems -

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Francis Ernley Walrond (1875 - 1948)

Little is known of this Scotish born poet and banker, who brought out The Gods of Africa and other Poems in London in 1912 and whose later poem, "Eve," was first published for a centenary collection of South African verse in 1925. He appears to have lived once in Pretoria. Francis Ernley Walrond was born in Edinburgh and educated at Rugby. He moved to South Africa in 1904 and earned a living there as a bank manager, in Pretoria, it seems, until his retirement in 1934, when he moved to Isipingo, Natal. Walrond was a co-founder of the Veldsingers' Club.

Eserleri:

Walrond, F. E. The Gods of Africa and Other Poems. 1912.
--. Silence Absolute. 1900.
--. The Lady Beautiful. 1906.

Eve

The gray of the morning
Creeps in the room like fear.
It is growing lighter,
But I sit crouched and shivering.

I dare not look at the bed,
Lest I laugh --
Or curse God.

How does it happen?
Yesterday my wife,
And now -- a strange thing --
Anything -- nothing.
A body without breath,
Arms without warmth,
Lips without kisses.

'Eve' was her name,
And the strangest part is
That I want to call -- 'Eve,
Come and look at this thing
That lies on your bed
And looks so like you.'

Francis Ernley Walrond

Ghosts

I walk in a garden of roses,
'Twixt lawn and shaven lawn,
And I think of the wild free spaces,
And the rose of a breathless dawn.

Gentle and sweet beside me
Goes the wife that bears my name,
But I dream of a wild-eyed woman
And the sea that hides her shame.

Francis Ernley Walrond

Meintjes Kopje

Meintjes Kopje! Meintjes Kopje!
Do the purple daisies grow
On your rugged slopes in spring-time
As they did in years ago,

When I walked with one who loved me,
In the days when love was young;
When our eyes held glinted laughter
And our sighs were songs unsung?

But the laughter fell and faded,
And the wonder-song is still,
And the track goes all untrodden
Past the pool and up the hill.

Meintjes Kopje! Meintjes Kopje!
Other years your flowers restore,
But my love who loved the daisies
Comes to gather them no more.

Francis Ernley Walrond