

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Hugh McCrae**

**- poems -**

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## **A Bridal Song**

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Hugh McCrae

## Australian Spring

The bleak faced Winter, with his braggart winds  
(Coiled to his scrawny throat in tattered black),  
Posts down the highway of his late domain,  
His spurs like leeches in his bleeding hack.

He rides to reach the huge embattled hills  
Where all the brooding summer he may lie  
Engulfed in Kosciusko's silent snow,  
His shadow waving o'er the lofty sky.

And jolly Spring, with love and laughter gay  
Full fountaining, lets loose her tide of bees  
Upon the waking ember-flame of bloom  
New kindled in the honey-scented trees.

The old, old man forsakes the chimney-hole,  
Where erst he warmed his bones and lazy blood,  
And, clasping Molly to his wheezing breast,  
Triumphant floats, cock-whoop, upon the flood.

Hugh McCrae

## Never Again

SHE looked on me with sadder eyes than Death,  
And, moving through the large, autumnal trees,  
Failed like a phantom on the bitter breath  
Of midnight; and the unilluminated seas  
Roared in the darkness out of centuries.

Never on earth, or in the holy sky,  
Beyond the limits of the secret ring  
God walls about His Kingdom jealously,  
Has ever been a fairer, sweeter thing  
Than she: more fair than all imagining.

Never again! though I should waste the hours  
To search the galleries of angels thro',  
Or, in the exhalation of the flowers,  
Gaze for her spirit, tremulous as dew,  
To reascend the unfathomable blue.

I seek her in the labyrinthine maze  
Of stars unravelling their golden chain,  
And, from my cavern, mark the lightning blaze  
A pathway for her down the singing rain.  
In vain, in vain: she cannot come again.

Hugh McCrae

## **Song of the Rain**

Night,  
and the yellow pleasure of candle-light....  
old brown books and the kind, fine face of the clock  
fogged in the veils of the fire - it's cuddling tock.

The cat,  
greening her eyes on the flame-litten mat;  
wickedly, wakeful she yawns at the rain  
bending the roses over the pane,  
and a bird in my heart begins to sing  
over and over the same sweet thing--

Safe in the house with my boyhood's love  
and our children asleep in the attic above.

Hugh McCrae