

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **James Hebblethwaite**

**- poems -**

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## Merrymind

MERRYMIND, Merrymind, whither art thou roaming?  
Merrymind, Merrymind, nay, art thou sleeping yet?  
Oh, to us, sweet minstrel dear, wilt thou not be homing?  
Or we shall forget.  
Vale of toil so waste and drear, hear him now advancing,  
Playing on the golden strings, the midnight maiden's boon;  
Breaks the sunshine on the hills, the princess falls to dancing  
In a bridal noon!

Oh, the joyfulness and kissing of that fiddle's flowings,  
Giving rest and happiness, and laughter delicate!  
Fling out from this iron world to his merry bowings,  
Oh, be not too late!

Lancelot, Lancelot, ride with song and gleaming  
Robin, wind in greenwood shaw thy dreaming silvery horn,  
Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down thy hair a-beaming,  
Yellow as the corn!

Pride, begone, thou hateful curse of narrowed blood and breeding,  
Cruel growth of heaviness and dull, cold ignorance;  
Come, thou golden Charity, lend to us thy leading  
In a sunny dance!

James Hebblethwaite

## Perdita

The sea coast of Bohemia  
Is pleasant to the view  
When singing larks spring from the grass  
To fade into the blue,  
And all the hawthorn hedges break  
In wreaths of purest snow,  
And yellow daffodils are out,  
And roses half in blow.

The sea-coast of Bohemia  
Is sad as sad can be,  
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids  
Across the violet sea;  
Our Perdita has gone with him,  
No more we dance the round  
Upon the green in joyous play,  
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea-coast of Bohemia  
Has many wonders seen,  
The shepherd lass wed with a king,  
The shepherd with a queen;  
But such a wonder as my love  
Was never seen before,  
It is my joy and sorrow now  
To love her evermore.

The sea-coast of Bohemia  
Is haunted by a light  
Of memory fair of lady's eyes,  
And fame of gallant knight;  
The princes seek its charmed strand,  
But ah, it was our knell  
When o'er the sea our Perdita  
Went with young Florizel.

The sea-coast of Bohemia  
Is not my resting-place,  
For with her waned from out the day  
A beauty and a grace:  
O had I kissed her on the lips  
I would no longer weep,  
But live by that until the day  
I fall to shade and sleep.

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## The Symbol

Thus pass the glories of the world!  
He lies beneath the pall's white folds:  
His sword is sheathed, his pennon furled,  
Him silence holds.

The pilgrim staff, the cockle shell,  
The crown, the sceptre of his pride,  
The simple flower from forest dell,  
Heap at his side.

And add thereto the wild-heart lute  
The voice of love and twilight song;  
Those passioned strings though he is mute  
Remember long.

And move not thence his evening book,  
The sifted grains of calm and storm;  
And bow before that dust-strewn nook  
And silent form.

To-morrow hath no hope for him,  
No clasp of friend, no grip of foe:  
Remember, love, with eyes tear-dim,  
We too must go.

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## Wanderers

AS I rode in the early dawn,  
While stars were fading white,  
I saw upon a grassy slope  
A camp-fire burning bright;  
With tent behind and blaze before,  
Three loggers in a row  
Sang all together joyously—  
Pull up the stakes and go!  
As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,  
The wide blue deep of air,  
The wind through the glittering leaves,  
The flowers so sweet and fair,  
The thunder of the rude salt waves,  
The creek's soft overflow,  
All joined in chorus to the words—  
Pull up the stakes and go!

Now by the tent on forest skirt,  
By odour of the earth,  
By sight and scent of morning smoke,  
By evening camp-fire's mirth,  
By deep-sea call and foaming green,  
By new stars' gleam and glow,  
By summer trails in antique lands—  
Pull up the stakes and go!

The world is wide, and we are young,  
And sounding marches beat,  
And passion pipes her sweetest call  
In lane and field and street;  
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,  
We'll something have to show  
When Death comes round and strikes our tent—  
Pull up the stakes and go!

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