

Classic Poetry Series

Robert Crawford

- poems -

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At Camelot

Her maiden dreams were redolent of love,
Warm-bosomed as she breathed the passionate air
Of old romance, and did in fancy move
'Mong the gay knights who died for ladies fair;
Until she heard the thunder of the press,
And so became a lover; her heart rang
The note of love's alarm, his tenderness,
When in the onset all the tourney sang.
And she was one of the dead ladies who,
In beauty's blazon, to his misty bower
With Launcelot, when the Queen was gone, withdrew
Under the shadow of the tourney tower;
And, liltng to him through the gloaming, made
His heart a lyre whereon her passion played.

Robert Crawford

Dream-Death

There is a breath at midnight that comes in
Sad as a sigh, for then the day is dead
And the young morrow doth his course begin,
Sowing new dreams in many a dreamer's head.
And there are two have waked in one dark bed
Just as the last stroke fades in lonely air,
And having whispered, half-awake, have sped
With silent feet into sleep's popped lair.
She with the morning wakes, but he is gone;
Her tears and kisses are of no avail--
Perchance it was his good-bye murmured on
The midnight in death's visionary dale.
Ah, woe! she thought 'twas in sleep's fairyland
When in the dark he pressed her warm, soft hand.

Robert Crawford

For Lillian

She was so dear, so fair. Her memory stays,
Even her dying robs me not of this,
That I have walked with her in mortal ways
Whose tender beauty now immortal is.
There are sweet flowers that bloom in ways forlorn
And sad sweet eyes whose beauty is a flower
Blown in the night to which there is no morn,
Dream-born and dying in its dewy bower;
And she was such a flower, her sweet eyes such;
The secret hours that only the heart knows
Thrill with the glamour of her tone and touch
Like music that is sweetest at the close,
Falling to death as falls the fairest thing
Beyond the power of love's recovering.

Robert Crawford

Song

LOVE, love me only,
Love me for ever;
My life's been lonely,
A joyless endeavour.
Though earth were heaven,
I in it for ever,
Of thee bereaven—
I'd love again never.

Robert Crawford

Toward the Close

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

Robert Crawford

Winged Words

The winged words, they pass
Still everywhere,
Seeds of the spirit-grass
The dream-winds bear
From that heart-field to this,
Where thought as feeling is;
There's not a seed will miss
Life, once sown there.

They pass, the faery words,
In shade and shine,
As they were magic birds
This heart of mine
Gave shape and colour to,
As in the light and dew
The primal creatures grew
From germs divine.

Robert Crawford