

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Inez K Hyland**  
**- poems -**

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## Inez K Hyland(1863-1892)

Inez d was born in Portland (Victoria), 1863; she was the daughter of T. F. Hyland and grand-daughter of Dr. Penfold, Magill (S.A.).

Inez was educated at Miss Kentish's School, Castlemaine,  
She died in Magill, South Australia in 1892. Her works include:'In Sunshine and in Shadow' (Melbourne, 1893).

# Bread And Wine

A cup of opal  
Through which there glows  
The cream of the pearl,  
The heart of the rose;  
And the blue of the sea  
Where Australia lies,  
And the amber flush  
Of her sunset skies,  
And the emerald tints  
Of the dragon fly  
Shall stain my cup  
With their brilliant dye.  
And into this cup  
I would pour the wine  
Of youth and health  
And the gifts divine  
Of music and song,  
And the sweet content  
Which must ever belong  
To a life well spent.  
And what bread would I break  
With my wine, think you?  
The bread of a love  
That is pure and true.

Inez K Hyland

# Disloyalty

Pull down the old hut, d'ye say, girls,  
That H.R.H. shan't see  
The common place that used to do,  
Years by, for your mother and me?

No!—not for a dozen Princes,  
Nor lords nor dukes beside,  
Will I pull down the poor old hut,  
Where your mother lived and died.

Oh, I know that it's old and crazy,  
I know that it's shabby and mean;  
But it's going to stand as it is, girls,  
And I won't erect a screen

To shut out the rambling shingle hut  
From sight of this handsome place.  
I should feel as is I had closed  
The door in your mother's face.

So if H.R.H. don't like that hut  
Himself and his lordly pack  
May hump their blueys and go their way  
Out on the wallaby track.

Inez K Hyland

# To A Wave

Where were you yesterday? In Gulistan,  
With roses and the frenzied nightingales?  
Rather would I believe you shining ran  
With peaceful floods, where the soft voice prevails  
Of building doves in lordly trees set high,  
Trees which enclose a home where love abides --  
His love and hers, a passioned ecstasy;  
Your tone has caught its echo and derides  
My joyless lot, as face down pressed I lie  
Upon the shifting sand, and hear the reeds  
Voicing a thin, dissonant threnody  
Unto the cliff and wind-tormented weeds.  
As with the faint half-lights of jade toward  
The shore you come and show a violet hue,  
I wonder if the face of my adored  
Was ever held importraited by you.  
Ah, no! if you had seen his face, still prest  
Within your hold the picture dear would be,  
Like that bright portrait which so moved the breast  
Of fairest Gurd with soft unrest that she,  
Born in ice halls, she who but raised her eyes  
And scornful questioned, "What is love, indeed?  
None ever viewed it 'neath these northern skies," --  
Seeing the face soon learned love's gentle creed;  
But you hold nothing to be counted dear --  
Only a gift of weed and broken shells;  
Yet I will gather one, so I can hear  
The soft remembrance which still in it dwells:  
For in the shell, though broken, ever lies  
The murmur of the sea whence it was torn --  
So in a woman's heart there never dies  
The memory of love, though love be lorn.

Inez K Hyland