

Classic Poetry Series

Philip Joseph Holdsworth

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Philip Joseph Holdsworth(1849 - 1902)

Philip Jospeh Holdsworth was born in Balmain, near Sydney, on the 12th January, 1849; his father was English, his mother Irish.

He was the Editor of the Sydney 'Athenaeum', he also worked with the 'Illustrated Sydney News'.

For many years he was Cashier in the Treasury, Sydney; afterwards Secretary, Forest Department, until 1892. He died 19th January, 1902.

Volume

'Station Hunting on the Warrego, and other Poems' (Sydney, 1885).

Hast Thou Forgotten Me?

HAST thou forgotten me? the days are dark—
Light ebbs from heaven, and songless soars the lark—
Vexed like my heart, loud moans the unquiet sea—
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten me? O dead delight
Whose dreams and memories torture me to-night—
O love—my life! O sweet—so fair to see—
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Lo, if one should say—
Noontide were night, or night were flaming day—
Grief blinds mine eyes, I know not which it be!
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Ah, if Death should come,
Close my sad eyes, and charm my song-bird dumb—
Tired of strange woes—my fate were hailed with glee—
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten me? What joy have I?
A dim blown bird beneath an alien sky,—
O that on mighty pinions I could flee—
Hast thou forgotten me?

Hast thou forgotten? Yea, Love's horoscope
Is blurred with tears and suffering beyond Hope—
Ah, like dead leaves forsaken of the tree,
Thou hast forgotten me.

Philip Joseph Holdsworth

My Queen Of Dreams

In the warm flushed heart of the rose-red west,
 When the great sun quivered and died to-day,
 You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest --
 And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey --
 Then I saw you swim
 By the shadowy rim
 Where the grey gum dips to the western plain,
 And you rayed delight
 As you winged your flight
 To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign.

O star, did you see her? My queen of dreams!
 Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed
 A month ago by these scented streams?
 Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?
 Did you sleep or wake?
 Ah, for Love's sweet sake
 (Though the world should fail and the soft stars wane!)
 I shall dream delight
 Till our souls take flight
 To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

Philip Joseph Holdsworth

Quis Separabit?

All my life's short years had been stern and sterile --
 I stood like one whom the blasts blow back --
 As with shipmen whirled through the straits of Peril,
 So fierce foes menaced my every track.

But I steeled my soul to a strong endeavour,
 I bared my brow as the sharp strokes fell,
 And I said to my heart -- "Hope on! Hope ever:
 Have Courage -- Courage, and all is well."

Then, bright as the blood in my heart's rich chalice,
 O Blossom, Blossom! -- you came from far;
 And life rang joy, till the World's loud malice
 Shrilled to the edge of our utmost star.

And I said: "On me let the rough storms hurtle,
 The great clouds gather and shroud my sun --
 But you shall be Queen where the rose and myrtle
 Laugh with the year till the year is done."

So my Dream fell dead; and the fluctuant passion --
 The stress and strain of the past re-grew,
 The world laughed on in its heedless fashion,
 But Earth whirled worthless, because of you!

In that Lake of Tears which my grief discovered,
 I laid dead Love with a passionate kiss,
 And over those soundless depths has hovered
 The sweet, sad wraith of my vanished bliss.

[illegible]

For I know my life, though it droop and dwindle,
 Shall leave me Love till I fade and die,
 And when hereafter our Souls re-kindle,
 Who shall be fonder -- You or I?

Philip Joseph Holdsworth