

Classic Poetry Series

Edward Booth Loughran
- poems -

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Edward Booth Loughran(13 December 1850 - 20 October 1928)

Edward Booth Loughran began his working life as a teacher and was subsequently a journalist, working on the Parliamentary staff of the Melbourne newspaper *The Argus* and later heading the staff of the Victorian Hansard. He contributed verse to *The Argus* and *The Australasian*, and published two volumes of poetry. His poems include verse translations of Greek, French and German poetry. He was author of the the poems *Jubilee of the Victorian Parliament*

 Amid your golden hair.
So, dearest, sweethearts still we'll be,
 As we have ever been,
And keep our love as fresh and true
 As when these leaves were green.

Edward Booth Loughran

Ishmonie

The traveller tells how, in that ancient clime
Whose mystic monuments and ruins hoar
Still struggle with the antiquary's lore,
To guard the secrets of a by-gone time,
He saw, uprising from the desert bare,
Like a white ghost, a city of the dead,
With palaces and temples wondrous fair,
Where moon-horn'd Isis once was worshipped.
But silence, like a pall, did all enfold,
And the inhabitants were turn'd to stone --
Yea, stone the very heart of every one!
Once to a rich man I this tale re-told.
"Stone hearts! A traveller's myth!" -- he turn'd aside,
As Hunger begg'd, pale-featured and wild-eyed.

Edward Booth Loughran

