

POEMS:
NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL.

POEMS:

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG,

M.A.; D.LIT.,

THE POET OF WICKLOW AND DOWN.

INTRODUCTION

S. SHANNON MILLIN, B.A.,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

—
SECOND EDITION.



E. PONSONBY, LIMITED,
116 GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.
1919.

LETTER FROM HIS MAJESTY,
KING GEORGE V.



20th March, 1918.

Dear Sir,

I have received from the Private Secretary to the Viceroy, and laid before the King a specially bound copy of your "Poems National and International" by Mr. Savage-Armstrong, which you have been good enough to forward for submission to His Majesty.

I am commanded to thank you for this selection from the works of a gifted Irish poet and dedicated to the memory of a heroic son.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

Stanfordham

S. Shannon Millin, Esq.

TO
THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
FRANCIS S. N. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG,
D. S. O.;

MAJOR WILLIAM H. K. REDMOND,
M.P.;

AND

ALL OTHER BRAVE IRISHMEN;

IN ADMIRATION OF THEIR FAITHFUL
DEVOTION TO A GREAT IDEAL; AND
IN GRATITUDE FOR THEIR NOBLE
SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF
UNIVERSAL FREEDOM

THIS SELECTION OF POEMS
BY A PATRIOTIC FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN

IS

REVERENTLY AND GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Introduction	15
S. Shannon Millin, B.A.	
A Time-Honoured Regiment	22
Last Message	23
Reprint from <i>Irish Life</i> .	
Letter from Lord Powerscourt	24
The Poet's Address to his Mother	25
Down and Wicklow	26
Florence Nightingale	27
The Queen Empress	28
France	30
The Choice	31
Ardkeen Castle Hill	32
Leila's Song	34
Onward	35
War-Song of the Greeks	36
The Gentle White-Capped Sister	38
Mourne	..
Major-General Sir John Boscawen Savage	39
March to Battle	41
Sweet Portaferry	43
Why Should you Fight?	44
Slain in the Forefront	45
A Prayer	46
Lieut.-Col. F. S. N. Savage-Armstrong, D.S.O.	47
Reprint from <i>Court Journal</i> .	
An Old Schoolboy	49
Reprint from <i>The Salopian</i> .	
To Francis and Raymond Savage-Armstrong	51
Wicklow	53
Admiral Kanaris	55
The Last Sortie from Mesolonghi	..
Harp of Erin	56
The Crown of Empire	58
The Battle of Intellect with Darkness	59

CONTENTS Continued.

	PAGE
A Gospel of Hope	60
England	61
The Crowning of the King	62
Men of Down	64
The Fugitives	66
Work Song	68
Our Island Home	70
Love of Nature	72
The Music of War	73
Torino	74
My Mountain Home	75
Byron	77
The Brigand of Parnassus	78
Navarino	80
Helen's Tower	82
Aspiration	83
Turkey	84
At Constantinople (1879)	85
Time the Healer	86
Published Works of G. F. Savage-Armstrong	88

—

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of G. F. Savage-Armstrong	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Arms of Four Provinces	<i>Title Page</i>
Group of Irish Heroes	Facing Page 14
The Glastry Vault	21
Badge of the Royal Irish Regiment	22
Portrait of Major Redmond, M.P.	23
Beech Hurst, Bray, Co. Wicklow	25
Ardkeen Castle Hill	32
The Savage Arms	39
Ruins of Portaferry Castle	42
Portrait of Lieut.-Col. F. S. N. Savage-Armstrong	47
Group of Armoury	47
Crest of Shrewsbury School	49
View from the Garden of Beech Hurst	53
Charleville and Powerscourt Demesnes	75

PREFATORY NOTE.

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In a previous Edition of this selection from the Poems of G. F. Savage-Armstrong, published in 1917, the Profits were devoted to the Irish Counties' War Hospital; and through the kind assistance of a generous public a sum of £20 was handed over to endow a Memorial Bed to Lieutenant-Colonel Savage-Armstrong, D.S.O.

The cessation of warfare has made us all realize, to some extent at least, our indebtedness to those gallant countrymen who, in many distant lands, fought against an unscrupulous enemy to obtain for us at home the blessings of a Victorious Peace. To the glorious memory of such heroes a National Memorial is about to be erected, and towards that most desirable object the entire Profits on the sale of this Edition will be devoted.

To all who assisted in making the previous Edition a financial success my sincere thanks are hereby tendered.

S. S. M.

October, 1919.

PRESS NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION.

—

It is quite true to say that the poetic work of Savage-Armstrong has been studied and appreciated only by a limited circle. The poet belonged to that splendid group of Irish writers of the middle and later nineteenth century which included such names as Samuel Ferguson, Whitley Stokes, and Edward Dowden — names significant of scholarship as well as poetry.

Up to the present, Savage-Armstrong has been known only to the few; but, with the remarkable revival of poetry which three years of world-warfare have manifested, he may yet achieve a wider recognition. In one respect, at any rate, Savage-Armstrong rises superior to the contemporary school of Irish poets; with all his intense love of Ireland and her people, he could find room for a "vaster patriot love." He was not affected by the now fashionable insularity of neo-Celticism. He possessed a sympathy and an understanding for international and Imperial interests as well. As the "poet of Wicklow and Down" Savage-Armstrong is only one of a band of eulogists; but he is entitled to a larger public as the author of the verses on Florence Nightingale (from "De Verdun of Darragh"); "The Queen-Empress and Empire" written in the Anglo-Saxon alliterative measure; and "France, January, 1871." — *Irish Times*.

Professor Savage-Armstrong wrote much poetry, all of a very high order of merit. Yet very few of his fellow-countrymen, even amongst the many graduates and under-graduates of the Royal University who made his acquaintance in the examination halls are aware of this fact. This is in a large measure due, of course, to the want of a collected edition of his poems. This want, however, is remedied to a great extent by Mr. S. Shannon Millin, B.A., B.L., Dublin, who has compiled a careful and comprehensive selection from Savage-Armstrong's writings, which he names "Poems, National and International." — *Irish Independent*.

These selections have been made by Mr. S. Shannon Millin, B.A., B.L., who is well-known in literary circles in Belfast, and whose editorial work, as displayed in this volume, is characterised by his customary care and good taste.

The Celtic border on the dedication page, which gives an additional interest to the volume, and has been designed by Mr. John Vinycomb, M.R.I.A., has the true spirit of early Irish art in the interlaced patterns and curious involved nondescript creatures peculiar to Celtic MSS. The border is, however, arranged in a somewhat formal manner as better suited to the modern purpose. An Irish round tower is introduced on the left hand side, while at the foot of the design is the beautiful Cross of St. Columba. Within the border at the head is an ingenious arrangement of the arms of the four provinces within a quartrefoil. The whole design reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Vinycomb, who is well-known in Belfast.

Undoubtedly the volume of poems which possesses the most absorbing interest is that of "Stories of Wicklow," a book which fully discloses Armstrong's depth of learning, his ardent love of nature and of freedom, and his skilfulness in clothing beautiful tales with high poetic fancy. — *Belfast Evening Telegraph*.

Why the poems of Savage-Armstrong should be so little known to the reading public it is hard to say, for the volume of selections before us proves him to have been, as his friends have all along maintained, a poet of no mean order. The quality of the poems themselves amply justifies Mr. Shannon Millin (who is responsible for the selection) in issuing this volume, which presents in a compact and handy form the poet's noblest utterances on the love of Country, Humanity, and Freedom.

His poetry is a welcome antidote to all those utterances, at present far too frequent, which tend to stress differences as absolute, rather than as the necessary, components of a richer unity. Ireland was not North and South to him; it was Ireland "Our Island Home." Without exaggeration, one can fairly say that he is a genuine poet. He does not, perhaps, dazzle with his brilliance, but there is a glow of authentic poetic feeling in almost everything he wrote. He is at his best when writing about the natural beauties of the country he loved so well, and every Irishman who is at all susceptible to the charm of Nature will read his poems with pleasure.

The present volume is more than a Memorial; it is an Eirenicon, reminding all Irishmen of their common birthright and inspiring them with the same high ideals.

A remarkable thing about the poems selected is their appositeness to present conditions. They might have been written with direct reference to the appalling convulsion that now shakes the world instead of many years ago in the remote pre-war days. But it belongs to the poetic instinct to extract from human feelings and events their measure of eternal beauty and truth. — *Irish Life*.

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52 DAWSON STREET,
DUBLIN.

RT. HON. SIR JAMES H. CAMPBELL, Bart.,

Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

(July, 1919).

"Let us, as Irishmen, as fellow-countrymen of these great men, unite in doing honour to them in this effort to perpetuate their memory. Let no local, no provincial feeling of jealousy arise; let us realize that the one and only object we have in view is to do honour to those great and glorious men, and if we approach this project in that spirit I am quite certain that we will be able to make it not merely a fitting and proper tribute to the memory of those men who gave everything, even life itself for us; but a Memorial that will be a credit to Irishmen of all classes, all creeds, and from every part of Ireland, that we are united in the one and common feeling —

A desire to honour our departed dead."

INTRODUCTION.

"To no school
Yield I allegiance, finding good in all."

THE following Selection, which I have called "Poems: National and International," has been taken from the writings of George Francis Armstrong, or as he was known after 1890, Savage-Armstrong, M.A., D.Litt., sometime Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, Cork. One of the most fertile of Irish writers, his all-absorbing passion is Love — Love of Nature: Love of Children: Love of *alma mater*: Love of Country: Love of Humanity: Love of Universal Freedom. And there is one other love, which, although it does not come strictly within the designation, National or International, I have included, and that is the poet's love for his Mother's Memory. I have re-printed the "Poet's Address to his Mother," not only for its intrinsic beauty of expression, but because it expresses my own personal experience of maternal affection, and I feel sure it expresses the experience of many others.

George Francis was the third son of Edmund Armstrong and Jane, daughter of the Rev. Henry Savage, of Glastry, Incumbent of Ardkeen, Co. Down. Shortly before the poet's birth, 5th May, 1845, his father removed from Mornington House, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, to what was then the utmost limit of the southern suburbs of the city. From the house in which the poet was born there was

an uninterrupted view of the Wicklow Hills, with the peak of Slieve Cullin, commonly known as the Great Sugar Loaf, towering above their eastern slope. Within a perch of its doors there stood an old historic wood of elms. Truly it may be said that the child was "nursed on kindly Nature's breast," which was henceforth to become the true nursing mother of his poetic gift. No other Irish poet has regarded Nature with such enthusiastic admiration; and, in a manner never before attempted, Savage-Armstrong has painted the natural beauties of Wicklow and Down: —

"Twin spots of Earth I hold most dear
In one ethereal realm are blended."

Savage-Armstrong was a true-born Irishman, who, after "seven centuries of strife and persistence," spent the evening of his busy life amid the relics of his Anglo-Norman forefathers,

"In the little Ards, at peace, by Portaferry and Ardkeen."

From his quiet home amid the Wicklow Hills, and in later life by the shores of Strangford, his heartfelt sympathies were ungrudgingly given to the land of his birth; and I do not think that in the whole realm of Irish poetry there is a more intensely patriotic sentiment than appears in *Leila's Song*, which occurs in the poem entitled *A Sunset Off Killyleagh*. This song the poet often referred to in private conversation as *The Old Country*. As for the people of Ireland, he says:

"No kindlier race upon this planet dwells
Than that which haunts the Wicklow hills and dells;
No worthier folk inhabit field or town
Than they who brighten happy, smiling Down:
Ay, and kind Irish hearts there are, and merry,
Even amid the blood-stained glens of Kerry."

But much as he loved Ireland and the Irish people, his sympathies were not limited by its geographical boundaries. A lover of Liberty, the spirit of Universal Freedom was ever present to his mind; and whether it was Italy, France, or Greece, his heart's blood was stirred to enthusiastic emotion at the sight of a people struggling to free itself from the baleful bonds of oppression. After the Franco-German War of 1870-71, Savage-Armstrong sympathised with France as she lay "Faint at the feet of her pitiless foes." His mind went back to the France of old, the source whence Liberty emanated and spread throughout Europe; and he hopefully looked forward to a day of new splendour when she would once more break from her shrouds. It was not the lot of the poet to see the realisation of his dream; but, thanks to the heroic and gallant efforts of the liberty-loving people of the world, the poet's dream is fast approaching a literal fulfilment. For that "glorious consummation the names of our Irish soldiers will be remembered with gratitude by generations yet unborn" not least among them the names of two of those heroes to whom this book is dedicated, Major "Willie" Redmond and Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Savage Nesbitt Savage-Armstrong, D.S.O., the elder son of the poet, who lies in a soldier's grave in France, where he nobly fell in fighting the common enemy of mankind. His name is inscribed in unfading letters, alongside the names of his gallant forebears, on the "Lion-Banner" of the Savages, with its motto, *Fortis atque Fidelis*.

A deeply-read student of the palmy days of Greece, the poet's indignation was intense at the despicable yoke that bound her descendants. The struggles of the modern Hellenes with their Mussulman oppressors received from him a full and friendly sympathy, and his heart rejoiced as the crags of grey Parnassus re-echoed with the cry of Liberty. Every attempt to restore her ancient freedom and renown had his entire approval. His admiration for

the Greek hero and revolutionist, Constantino Kanaris, who "fought the hated, damned race," was no less sincere than for the English poet, Byron, who died

"To loose the despicable yoke that bound
Degenerate Greece."

In the year 1892, Savage-Armstrong was chosen to write the Ode for the Ter-Centenary Festival of Trinity College, Dublin, which had produced such men as Usher, Congreve, Farquhar, Swift, Berkeley, Burke, Goldsmith, and Moore. The great honour thus conferred upon him by his *alma mater* was fully justified by his noble production. Beginning with the dawn of Learning in Ireland, he traces the cultivation of the Christian Religion by the early Irish Monks; the erection of the Monasteries; and the stately buildings of the Anglo-Normans. The foundation of the University during the Elizabethan age was propitious of the great work which it accomplished during the succeeding three hundred years, in the service of Wisdom. Then follows his Apostrophe to the University, which is represented as seated in the chariot of Phoebus, and attended by the various Arts and Sciences. "Our triumph is the victory of Thought, the mind's high festival." The mists of doubt may arise, Ignorance may balk us in our search after Truth, even Death may assail at any moment: —

"But blue-eyed Hope with bosom warm
Beside us stands serenely fair,
Lifts to the hills her snowy arm,
And bids us upward scale, and still the Vast to dare."

In Savage-Armstrong we have all that goes to make a great poet — a keen exercise of intellectual thought, a mind imbued with the loftiest ideas of humanity, a fervent love of Nature, and a skilful literary craftsmanship which could

adapt rhythm to the particular theme. The greatness of a poet is not to be measured by the applause of his own generation, which too often accords a popularity to a writer, not for the intrinsic literary art of his verse, but because it happens to be in accord with the superficial moods of the time. For such transient praise Savage-Armstrong had the utmost contempt. His scholarly and rarely-gifted intellect impelled him to deal reverently with Art, and never does he swerve from his ideal, even when dealing with scientific and international problems of modern thought and controversy. In several of his poems his utterances, read in the light of present-day events, are almost prophetic: as where he says in the *War-Song of the Greeks*

"France, Britain, Russia, will cleave to our side,
And across the rough ocean America's hand
Stretch to deliver the Light-giving Land
The world ever loves as a lover his bride."

In *A Jubilee Song from Ireland*, and in *Queen-Empress and Empire*, he extols the virtue of Queen Victoria — "True Queen, true Wife, true Mother." And when Her Majesty visited Ireland in April, 1900, he wrote *Our Queen*, a poem in which the fancy is as dainty as the diction is pure and melodious. It must not, however, be supposed that Savage-Armstrong had a subservient admiration for a throned head, apart from the womanhood or manhood underneath the crown. His words, "not to spend his life in the one work of holding body and soul together has God placed man in this glorious world of his," apply as much to a Sovereign as to the humblest of his subjects. The poet's high estimate of the duties and responsibilities of a Sovereign can be seen in *The Crowning of the King*, written in June, 1902, for the first coronation of King Edward VII. His answer to the question therein, — "Who is worthiest to wear the crown of Empire?" — is of special importance at the moment, when the living representative of the

House of Romanoff is a captive exile in Siberia; and when the King of Greece has abdicated the throne to which his father was unanimously chosen from the ruling House of Denmark by popular vote of the Greeks. It yet remains to be seen what answer the people of Germany will give, when they are fully acquainted with the true facts of history; and whether their answer will not be in the words of the poet: —

"Not he who fills his flickering hour
With gross ambition, greed of power.
The pride and pomp of majesty."

Throughout his writings there is constantly appearing the doctrine which he enunciated in the Presidential Address, delivered on 21st November, 1867, to the Undergraduate Philosophical Society of the University of Dublin: "Work, high work, to each is given, and there is divinity in Labour." That may be regarded as the Message of Savage-Armstrong; and never was such message of greater importance than now, when the destiny of nations throughout the world is undergoing a refining influence in the crucible of War — not that work which only contemplates a reward for the exertion; but rather that divine work which tends to advance the cause of humanity, by ministering to the wants of the less fortunate, and by making an honest effort to alleviate the sufferings and agonies of others.

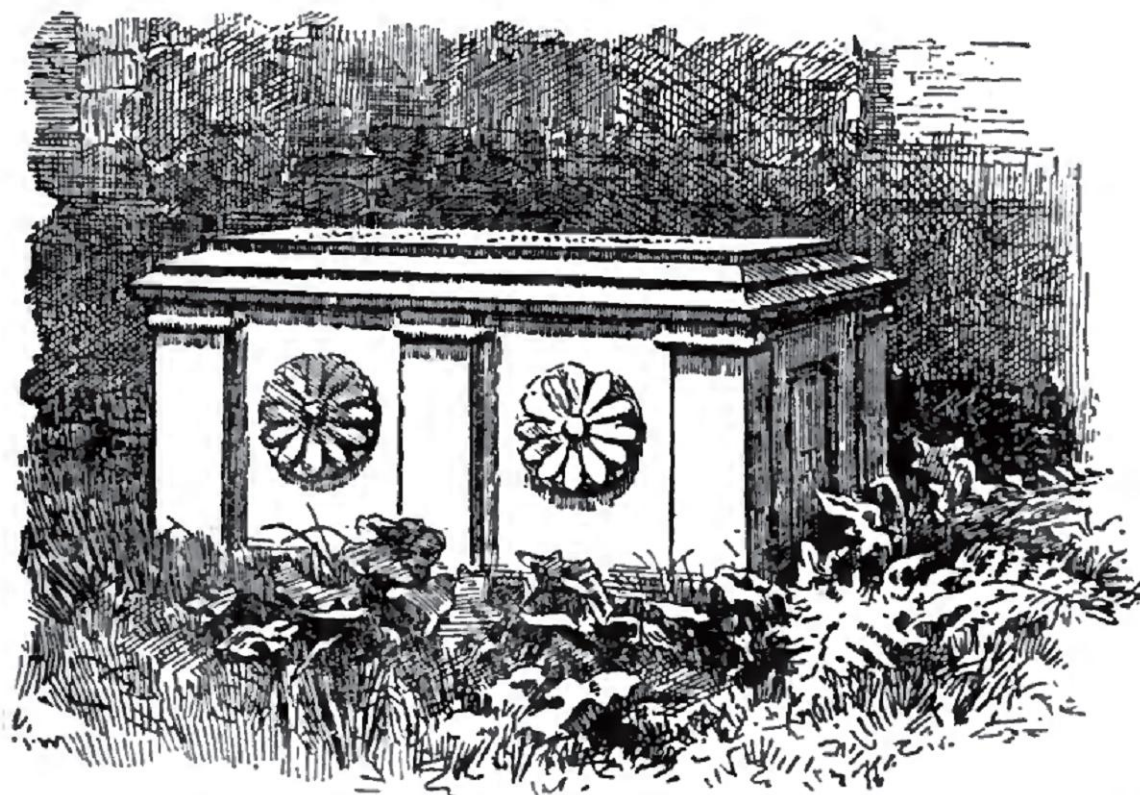
"Toil on with might, through day, through night,
To help thy brother men."

He regards life as a battle in which those in the rear must ever be ready to gird on the armour of the slain, and move onward to the fight. It matters not whether Death comes soon or late, so long as we are faithful to the cause of Light and Freedom: in the case of his elder son, a gallant soldier who served his King and Country with distinction, Death struck at the age of 36, when he was actively engaged

in the most glorious work that it was ever the lot of man to perform: in the case of the poet the Grand Summons came when his last prose work — *The Savage Family in Ulster* — was still in the hands of the printers. On the 24th July, 1906, George Francis Savage-Armstrong peacefully passed away. The Old Bell of Ardkeen, "dear relic of remembrance old," solemnly tolled a passing knell as his mortal remains were ferried across Strangford Lough to their last resting-place in the Glastry Vault, in the old graveyard, underneath the shadow of the ruined Church of St. Mary's of Ardkeen.

S. Shannon Gillies.

ST. KEVIN'S PARK,
DUBLIN.



Drawing by Mrs. M. E. Savage-Armstrong.

THE GLASTRY VAULT.

A TIME-HONOURED REGIMENT.

Virtutis Namurcensis Proœmium.



(Depot, CLONMEL) (Record Office, CORK).

"Namur, 1695," "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde,"

"Malplaquet," "Pegu," "Sevastopol," "New Zealand,"

"Afghanistan, 1879-80," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Egypt, 1882,"

"Nile, 1884-85," "South Africa, 1900-02."

THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT was first raised in Ireland in 1694, and has since served under William III., Duke of Marlborough, Sir Ralph Abercromby, Lord Roberts, and Lord Kitchener.

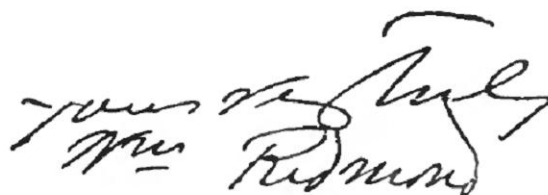
It was while leading the men of this gallant regiment, in the successful attack on Wytshaete, that Major William Redmond, M.P. operating in conjunction with the men of the Ulster Division fell mortally wounded.

LAST MESSAGE.

"The entry of America into the war will bring with it the entry of many more Irishmen into the world struggle. They come in, believing that for Ireland alone to stand out of what after all, is the supreme effort of the people of the world to be able to live their lives free from the nightmare of military despotism would be a mistake and a blunder and a crime.

When the war is over, the names of those who fought for all that makes life worth while will be remembered with gratitude by generations yet unborn.

It will indeed be a happy event, if a sense of brotherhood and mutual forbearance should spread in Ireland, leading at long last to concord and liberty in the Empire. For this there are few Irishmen who do not yearn: and for this there are few things that have done more than the calling into being, side by side, of the Irish Divisions."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which appears to read "John MacBride". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the main text.

Irish Life,
14th May, 1917.

THE RT. HON. THE VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT,
K.P., M.V.O.,
TO
JOHN REDMOND, ESQ., M.P.

14th June, 1917.

MY DEAR REDMOND,

I write a line to offer you, your family, and Ireland generally, my most sincere condolence on the tragic event of the death of your heroic brother. I see no mention in any of the papers of the manner and place of his funeral, so I thought you might like to hear from one who was present at it. He was buried at 6.30 p.m. on Friday, June 8. His body had been brought in a coffin from the ambulance when he died, and had been placed in the Nun's Chapel on a bier during the day. Part of the Service was read in the Chapel by his friend, Father O'Connell, who, with every one else present, was greatly moved. The Chapel is connected with the Hospice at —, about 1½ miles from —. The Nuns had selected a special site for his grave in their own garden, where he is all by himself in a beautiful spot amongst all sorts of flowers and under a pretty old apple tree. There is also a shrine in the corner of the garden, about three or four yards distant. When we entered the Chapel we found it packed with men of the Irish Division and of his Regiment, and the number of Officers belonging to the different units testified to his universal popularity. There were four Generals present, and many Officers and men had come down from the firing line to offer their last respects to a great man. It was an impressive ceremony, and one befitting a true Irish hero. As his coffin was being lowered to the grave a flight of aeroplanes happened to approach, but when the leading one saw the ceremony was proceeding they all wheeled off, so as to avoid making noise. It was a courtly action on the part of the Commander. Meanwhile our guns continued to boom away at —. On Wednesday, May 30th, he had given a little Dinner Party in the Hospice, and had asked me to dine. We were a party of five, and a happier quintette it would have been hard to find. Needless to say, Ireland was the one and only topic.

With sincere sympathy,
Yours very sincerely,
POWERSCOURT

THE POET'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

MOTHER, thou the tenderest-hearted,
Ay, of all that ever soothed the sore of life;
Bravest of the souls that ever nerved this breast in pain or strife;
Soul that strength of men to men imparted;
Thou who oft with Him, our stainless Father, led
Us thy children wild of fancy o'er the hills with eager tread,
Far above the wide and heathy vale,
Through the flickering woodland on from flowery dale to dale;
Daughter of the warrior-race whose old-world pride thy bosom bare,
Dowering us thy sons with hope the loftier deeds of men to share,
Ready thou the deeps of Death, for us thy well-beloved to dare;
Thou who, child at heart through all thy days in love of Nature fair,
Doomed no more thy fathers'-fathers' sword-won
Heights to call thy home,
Foundest home and childlike joy where'er these hills thy feet might roam; —

Can I, yearning toward these mountains,
Thus to-day or ever till thy peace I find,
Sing of them and hear not still thy voice in every wandering wind?

DOWN AND WICKLOW.

I LOVE the fresh bright autumn days
 Of mottled skies and lucid weather,
 For then from Wicklow's fraughan-braes
 I hail Slieve Donard's heights of heather,
 Far off I trace in outline clear
 The peaks of Down in light extended, —
 Twin spots of Earth I hold most dear
 In one ethereal realm are blended.

With Wicklow's land of stream and hill
 My childhood's hopes and joys enwound me
 It woke the loves that mould me still;
 With nets of gold its beauty bound me;
 Where flashed its rills by rock and tree,
 Where rolled its beaches' ocean-thunder,
 I bowed before the mystery
 Of Nature's life in awe and wonder.

Their sword-won breezy Uladh heights
 For many an age my kinsfolk warded;
 And Fancy loves in lingering flights
 To roam the land whereo'er they lorded;
 As round its castled knolls I climb
 I hear familiar voices calling,
 And eerie spells of olden time
 With elfin music round me falling.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

And here hath passed
Among us One whose gentle eyes have power
To soothe the sufferer in Death's icy blast,
To stay his spirit in its loneliest hour;
And by my couch too she has sat, I know,
In dull night-watches bathed my brow,
And in the noonday heat has fanned my face,
And bent above me wistfully to trace
Life's glimmering light returning, till at length
I raise my head once more in refluent hope and strength.

And thus I wake and find her near,
The woman's part performing well
Whereof her own lips loved to tell:
"To nurse, to soothe, sustain and cheer
In days of darkness and suspense,
To shield the weary breast from care,
To aid the hero's heart to dare,
Rewarding manhood's toil intense
With love and help and reverence."

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

THE QUEEN EMPRESS.

TENDER in daughterhood, tender in wifehood,
Tender and dutiful, dear to Her people,
Dear to the desolate, dear in the death-room,
Swiftest in sympathy, soother of sorrows,
Help to the houseless, hope to the sufferer,
Lamp to the lost one, lenient and pitiful,
Opening Her arms to the orphan and widow,
Mindful of mercy in midst of Her sovereignty,
Binding all Britain in bonds of Her love.

On through the ages, O England, revere Her, —
Her glory thy gladness, Her glory thy glory,
Her virtues thy vaunt, as, advancing, ennobling,
In greatness thou growest, in grandeur thou risest;
Praised of thy poets whose plaudits shall echo
Loud through the lands that will lie in thy keeping;
Her name with the name of the never-forgotten
Helper and hope of the happier seasons,
The summers unshadowed of sorrow, ALBERT'S,
Emblazoned, a brightness Time's breath cannot blemish,
Enduring undimmed in the darkness of aeons,
VICTORIA THE VIRTUOUS, VICTORIA.

Faithful to freedom, firm in dominion,
 Stainless exemplar unsullied in queenship,
 Lover of liberty, loosener of burthens,
 Waiting the will and the wish of Her lieges,
 True to the trust of Her Triune Kingdom,
 Aiding Her Empire's aspiration,
 Heiress of England's age-long splendour,
 Ruling the realm in its radiant noonday,
 The longest to lighten the lands with Her lustre
 And purest and best of the princes that ever,
 Since Hengist and Horsa set heel on the home-isle,
 Have wielded in wisdom and widened and fashioned
 The Empire of England!

The above is from *Queen-Empress and Empire*, a poem of 197 lines, composed on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1897. It is written in the Anglo-Saxon alliterative measure, and is a beautiful example of old English poetry prior to the 12th century. According to Professor George Saintsbury, M.A., (Oxon) the form of that poetry "may be specified, either as a pretty long line rigidly divided into two halves, or as a couplet of mostly short lines rhythmically connected together by a system of alliteration and stress. Normally there should be four stressed syllables in the line, or two in each of the half couplets; and at least three of those syllables should be alliterated, beginning with the same consonant or any vowel ... Long or short, these lines, in all but an infinitesimal proportion of the total, are arranged in mere consecution. A kind of paragraph arrangement — which is in fact a necessity — may be often noticed; but there are, save in one famous exception, no 'stanzas.'" — S. S. M.

FRANCE.
January, 1871.

ROWD not about her! Aloof! Hold aloof! —
Wasted in field and ruined in city,
Utter no words in your sympathy's proof,
Scorn her not, chide her not, offer no pity.
Gold of your purses at sorrow's behest,
Gifts of your hand, or device of your brain,
How will they gladden her desolate breast,
Robe her in victory's raiment again? —
Let the wearied one rest!

Quaffed to its dregs is the cup of her woes,
France, at whose name we have sickened and trembled,
Faint at the feet of her pitiless foes,
Wrecked by a Tyrant who toyed and dissembled.
She who has trampled the nations in dust,
She who let Liberty loose in the lands,
Fallen are her pride and the tower of her trust,
Faded her hope and enfeebled her hands
But ye — Touch not her bands!

Deadly the sins she has expiated,
Deadly the wrongs she has borne without number, —
Strokes of the hordes to her vanquishing led,
Chains of the despot made fast in her slumber.

Freedom for growth to her life was denied
 Time her own purpose to ponder and read. —
 Ye who have seen the red wounds in her side,
 Ye who have left her to fight and to bleed,
 Come not nigh in her need!

Out of its sorrows the heart is made pure,
 Out of humility rise we to glory.
 Wait but an hour, hold aloof and endure, —
 She will outdo all the deeds of her story;
 In a new day of new splendour, reborn,
 Break from her shrouds as the sun in career,
 Nobler her life of its vanities shorn,
 Fairer her face for the stain of a tear.
 Hold aloof, and revere!

THE CHOICE.

HEART, amid life's dark and devious ways
 Full well thou knowest the better course to choose.
 Choose thou the Good, and through thy span of days
 All for its triumph be content to lose.

On one side stands Confusion, and on one
 Bright Order, foes in battle fierce arrayed.
 Well knowest thou which to serve, and which to shun.
 On to the death, then, fighting undismayed!



Drawing by Mrs. M. E. Savage-Armstrong

ARDKEEN CASTLE-HILL

BECAUSE about this Hill of old
 Our fathers fought and firmly swayed,
 Faced frowning Fate with spirits bold,
 As lovers loved, as children played,
 We, gladdening with a sense of power
 And freedom, in the mirthful weather,
 Here, while the distant ages shower
 Their memories round us, roam together
 And live in pleasant years of yore,
 And, revelling in a golden Past,
 Behold a magic glory cast
 About our feet from shore to shore.
 From distant diverse homes we've come
 To find a more familiar home
 Where hills and isles and winding bay
 Seem all our very own to-day.
 What forms are glimmering in my sight
 As here upon the steep we stand!
 I see our sires in armour dight;
 I hear their merry greetings bland;

Beneath the morion and the crest
I see their kind and homely faces;
My hand by kindred hands is pressed;
They bid us to their dwelling-places;
Such love as oft in hours of pain
My mother's eyes would o'er me rain
Beneath the lifted vizor beams
With tender-genial welcoming;
And clear the hearty laughters ring;
And bright the brow with humour gleams.
The kindred Dead who haunt us here
We meet without one touch of fear;
They seem our lives to guard and bless,
Thrice happy in our happiness.

Yes, in this rapture rare and sweet
Our Norman fathers, kind as brave,
Whose dust is mouldering at our feet
In vault or bluebell-spangled grave,
Rejoice, their ardent lives renew,
Forget the taint of mortal sadness;
Here, where their Lion-Banner flew
They hail their children's-children's gladness,
As, gazing round the breezy Height,
We trace their Castle's vanished walls,
Their frowning towers, their festive halls,
Or watch the sea-waves breaking white,
Or greet yon mountains as they rise
Afar amid the morning skies,
Or range the steep, or, hand-in-hand,
Run laughing down to Cuan's strand.

LEILA'S SONG.

PEACE, O Love, from Heaven afar,
'Mid roseate tints of East and West,
Come, soft as ray of evening-star,
Come, fold our Isle in endless rest!
No more let heart from heart be torn
By narrow spites and blinding hate;
No more the exile weep, forlorn,
His lightless hearth left desolate;

No more in wild and desperate dreams
The zealot waste a wayward life,
The silvery murmurs of its streams
Be marred with noise of needless strife;
Nor any ancient wrong remain
To bar free minds their lawful scope,
Or fair ambition's fervours rein,
Or fret the heart with fruitless hope;

But side by side let rich and poor
In happiest concord live and grow,
Each in the other's faith secure,
And lightening each the other's woe;
And all the Isle, in waste and wold
And leagues of grass and breadths of corn,
Be bright with blameless homes, and hold
A prosperous people blithe as morn;

And Art her gorgeous fabrics raise,
 And Song make glad the fields and air,
 And Learning light the lampless ways,
 And Virtue blossom everywhere;
 Till never fairer Eden shine
 Beneath the blue and thronging skies,
 And all the loves of Earth entwine
 Our Sea-Encinctured Paradise!

From *A Sunset off Killyleagh*

ONWARD!

FORWARD! Despair not! Swerve not as thou goest,
 Though Death yawn wide to stay thine onward foot, —
 Yea, though the lightning strike thee ere thou trowest,
 And of Hereafter Nature's lips are mute.

Better the dead wrist on the marble lying,
 Poor half-wrought vision of a vanished mind,
 Than fingers palsied ere the body's dying
 That pause in life and leave no deed behind.

Lay thou thy hand to work; toil on untiring;
 To do and still to do is to be blest;
 Life's rapture lies in evermore aspiring,
 Life's health in spurning all ignoble rest.

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.

WAR to the knife!
 Rouse ye, arouse for the strife!
 Let not a thought of compassion have sway,
 Repentance or pity take hold of the heart.
 Every man bend with his hand on the dart,
 Crouch like a leopard that waits for his prey.
 Greeks, come ye forth
 From the south, from the north,
 Watch for the signal, abide, and obey!

What shall be said
 If pity, if pity, or dread
 Of death or of torture, have power to subdue
 The heart of the soldier whose fathers of old
 The hosts of the Mede in the battle-dust rolled,
 The vanguard of Asia at Marathon slew?
 Who shall deserve
 Life, if he swerve
 From the deeds we are banded to dare and to do?

Ages are gone
 Since the glory, the glory that shone
 From Hellas has dropt into darkness of night,
 All that was left of her beauty and power
 Rome in her ravin had spared to devour,
 Frank or Venetian had spurned in his might,
 Is trampled to dust
 In the pride and the lust
 Of the Turk and his bastards whose breath is your blight.

Athens, awake!
Chio, thy lethargy break!
Isles, rend the chain that your liberty locks!
Pour down, Olympus, from valley and height
Armatoli and Klephts as a storm of the night!
Shepherds of Pindus, descend from your flocks!
Valiant Mainote,
Hydriote, Suliote,
Forth to the fight from your mountains and rocks!

Rise in your ire,
With slaughter, with slaughter, with fire!
As a brood of foul snakes from your valleys expel
Man, woman, and child that in blasphemy bow
To the Prophet of Mecca, with turban on brow!
Sweep on the knaves that in infamy dwell
In your fields they have spoiled,
In your homes they have soiled
With their blood-dabbled feet, and their orgies of Hell!

Earth will admire,
As we fight, as we fight, and aspire;
France, Britain, Russia will cleave to our side,
And across the rough ocean America's hand
Stretch to deliver the Light-giving Land
The world ever loves as a lover a bride.
Prate not of peace!
Strike ye for Greece!
Triumph, or die as your fathers have died!

THE GENTLE WHITE-CAPPED SISTER.

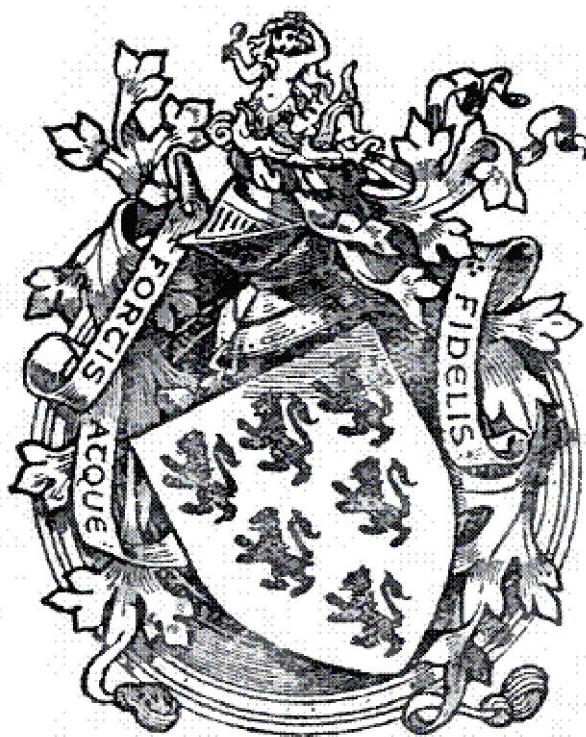
THESE beds around me ranged along the gilded wall,
 Where the wounded lie and moan in their lingering agonies;
 Where the gentle white-capped Sister beside her patient sits,
 And from couch to couch in silence the grave physicians move,
 And 'mid noble stately figures, bent to soothe the dying, flits,
 Like a gleam of God's own Heaven, the sweet face of Her I love.

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

MOURNE.

DEAR land of steadfast hearts and toiling arms,
 Home of my kindred, source of strange delights, —
 Weird fancies, of my childhood, antique charms
 And visionary splendours, never blight
 Fall on thy fruitful fields, nor shadow of night
 Enrobe thee save with promise of bright dawn!
 Peace and calm joy brood on thine every height,
 And town, and park, and humble cot withdrawn
 In leafy dell, and shore, and breadth of grove and lawn!

From *On the Heights of Mourne*.



THE SAVAGE ARMS.

—

MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR JOHN BOSCAWEN SAVAGE
Of Ballygalget, Co. Down.

K.C.B.; K.C.H.; etc.
(Born 1760; Died 1843).

WELL, whatever be said, just this //say,
Though it savour of self-laudation,
So much of the blood of the breed to-day
Beats time with my heart's pulsation,
That the race of Savage of Ards may claim
To have parented right good fellows,
Graven in story a clear-cut name,
Won a fame that Time but mellows;

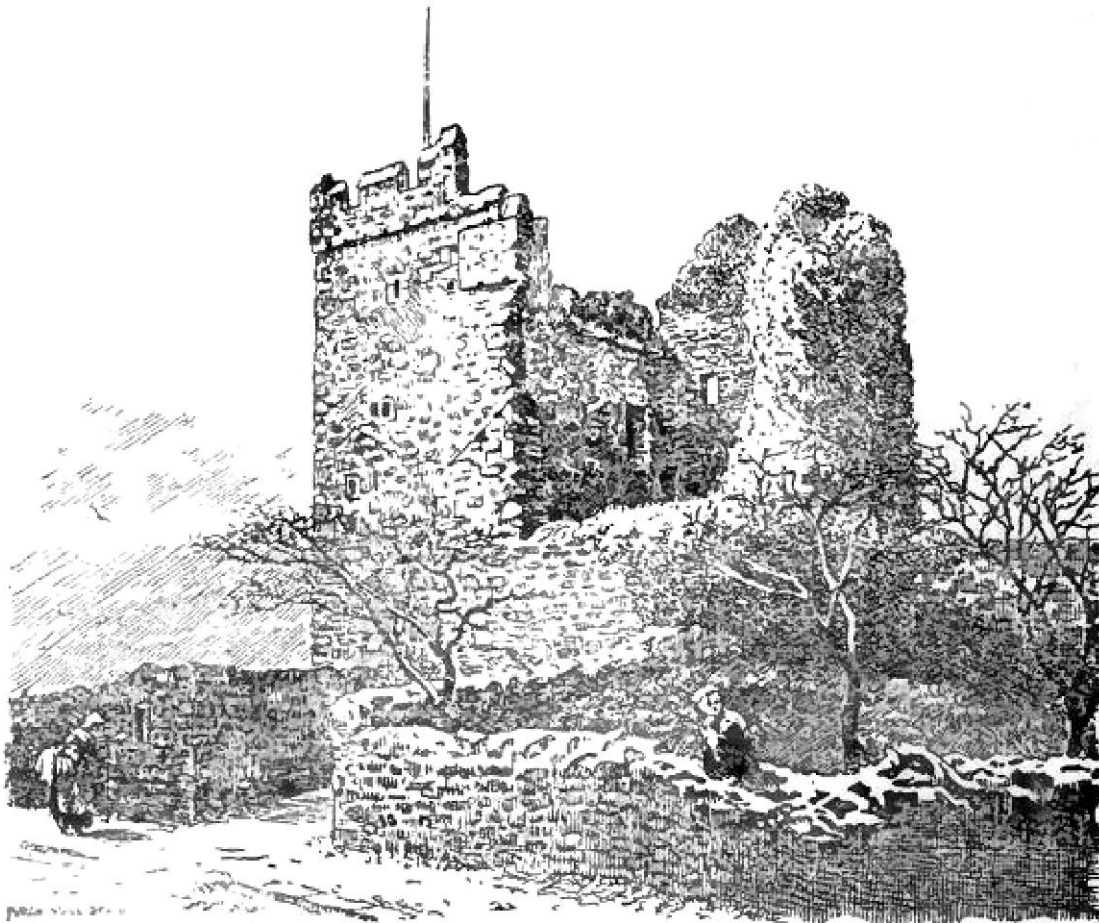
Soldiers, statesmen, earls, or knights,
With a bard, or a stray archbishop,
They've wrought like men in a world of fights
Deeds that a poet might fish up;
And worthy to live with their best of yore,
And worthy a poet's oblation,
Was gallant Sir John, who on sea and shore
Long fought for his King and Nation.
Jovial, courtly, blithe and bland,
Alike with a prince or varlet,
Tall and straight I see him stand
In his uniform white and scarlet.
At the Nile, when Nelson had laid his plan
For the leap of the British Lion,
A little before the battle began,
In His Majesty's ship "Orion,"
The Captain, Saumarez, cheered his crew
With a solemn and sage haranguing,
And to Savage he said, "Do you speak too,
And brace up your men for the banging;"
And Savage out-laughed, and "My Lads," cried he,
"That's the Land of Egypt, 'yond' edge,
And if you don't fight like devils, you'll be
D—d soon in 'the House of Bondage!'"

MARCH TO BATTLE.

MOTHERS and little ones clung to us, mixed with our bands;
Sobbing, the wives and the mothers laid hold of our hands;
On through the city to battle as wildly we went,
Ladies, the noblest of Italy, silently leant
Out from the balconies waving their gracious adieus;
On as we marched with the lives that we grudged not to lose,
Blessings and prayers of the crowd with our battle-songs blent,
Citizens thronging kept time with us, cheering us out,
Mingling their cheers with our trumpet-calls, shout upon shout,
Sorrow and madness of joy in the cries as they rose,
Cheering us on to the battle with Italy's foes.

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

This picture of the army of Italy marching through the streets of Turin may safely be taken as that of the sad scenes in Dublin, in 1854, when several squadrons of the Light Brigade, including the 11th Hussars, went direct from Dublin to the Crimea. The poet, who was an eye-witness, says: — "I remember the bitter parting of those days, the wild cries, the long crowds accompanying the regiments, the faces of the brave fellows under their busbies and helmets, the shouts, the cheers. I remember it all, and the events which followed it. It stirred me to the very bottom of my soul." — S. S. M.



RUINS OF PORTAFERRY CASTLE;
CHIEF STRONGHOLD OF THE SAVAGES OF
PORTAFERRY.

"Dear home of my sires by the blue waves of Cuan,
Sweet, sweet Portaferry of the ivy-clad towers."

SWEET PORTAFERRY.

AS thy Castle's grey walls in the low sun are gleaming,
Sweet, sweet Portaferry, and the evening draws near,
And I drift on the tide to the ocean down-streaming,
And leave to the night-wind thy woodlands dear,
All, all the splendours of years gone over,
The glad bright life of thy halls of rest,
Like the spell of weird music when fairy-wings hover,
Sweet, sweet Portaferry, sink in on my breast!

Dear home of my sires by the blue waves of Cuan,
Sweet, sweet Portaferry of the ivy-clad towers,
Where in childhood I ranged every dell the ferns grew in,
And gathered in handfuls bluebell-flowers,
Farewell! I leave thee, afar to wander,
Alone, alone, over land and sea;
But wherever I roam, O, my heart will grow tender,
Sweet, sweet Portaferry, in dreaming of thee!

The quaint and beautiful melody, "Sweet Portaferry," is preserved in Bunting's collection of Irish Airs, and the rhythms of the above stanzas follow its peculiar cadences. The melody, the date and composer of which are unknown, was given to Edward Bunting in 1800 by J. M'Cracken, Belfast, and its preservation was one of the results of the Belfast Meeting of Harpers in 1792. — S. S. M.

WHY SHOULD YOU FIGHT?

WHY should you fight for the land of a stranger?
 Quoth Lovel, my neighbour, last night,
 Lifting his claret, "This courting of danger,
 Friend, is it sober and right?"

* * * * *

True, but I hold that to fight for the right
 Always uplifts us the nearer to God.
 Seeing the summits of Virtue in sight,
 Shall we not perish who leave them untrod?

Ever so little to feel as they feel,
 Fired with their fervent heroic intent,
 Soar in the strength of their spirit's appeal,
 Bend at the shrine where a nation is bent;
 Ever so little to fight for the Light,
 Strike at the bonds that have bound as in death
 Her who was folded in garments of night,
 Her who hath breathed in our bosoms her breath,
 Mingling her life with the life of the world;
 Stand by her banner of Freedom unfurled;
 Bear but my part in the noblest assay
 Earth shall behold as from gloom into gloom
 Fleetly I traverse my zonelet of day,
 Clutching the dearest delights of my doom.

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

SLAIN IN THE FOREFRONT.*

HE is down in the battle,
The foremost to fall,
The loved of our host
Whom /loved more than all.
The golden-brown hair
In the battle-dust lies;
The black silken lashes
Droop o'er the great eyes;
To the full, fringed lips
Clings a smile; like a streak
Of a sunset the life-tint
Still rests on his cheek.

"His life is not wasted,"
God calleth to me;
"The battle rolls onward,
His spirit's made free.

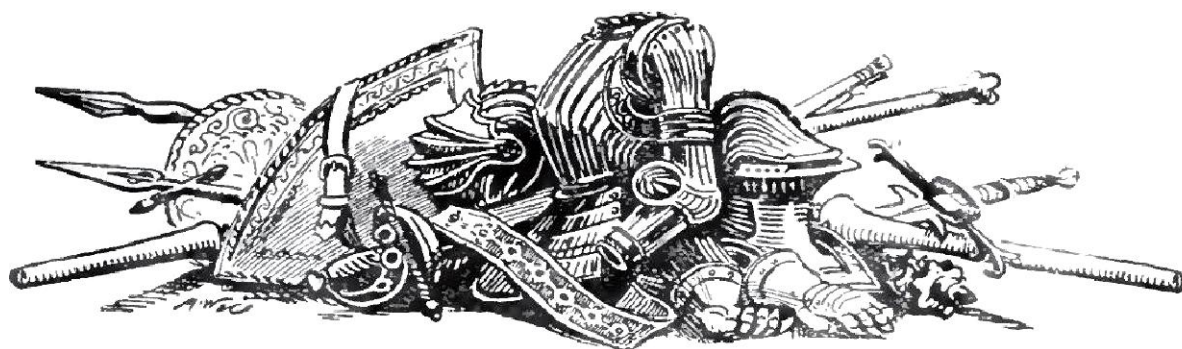
* The above excerpt is from a poem published in 1869. It refers to the poet's elder brother, Edmund, who died at the age of 23. During his lifetime the two brothers were inseparable, and rambled together among the Wicklow Hills, revelling in the beauties of Nature. The poet "looked up to him" (Edmund) "through life, and worshipped him as a God"; and when Death intervened he continued to worship his memory. The poem, *Sundered Friendship*, will take its place among the few great elegies of the English language as an analysis of sorrow, coupled with a grandeur of ideas worthy of the love that occasioned it. — S. S. M.

For the freer life fought he,
 Fought well, and has won
 What the battle-host strove for
 That still shall strive on.
 Come *thou* from the rearward,
 Step forth to his place;
 Lift off the stout armour;
 The helmet unlace;
 Make fast the stained corselet
 Around thine own breast;
 About thine own temples
 Bind morion and crest;
 Upraise the fallen buckler;
 Take thou the red sword
 The dead hand that grasps it
 Will yield at *thy* word;
 And sigh not, and grieve not,
 Nor turn left or right,
 But strong and undaunted
 Move on to the fight."

A PRAYER.

SAVE us, O God, from this horror of horrors, that men
 Die by the hands of their brothers! — O deep in its sheath
 Bury the sword that divideth us; back to their den
 Drive Thou the furies that rend us; expunge and efface,
 Father, the frenzies that shatter our Isle in their sway, —
 Vengeance, the passions of party, the rancours of race,
 Angers that madden and darken, and hates that betray!

The Glen of the Horse.



Lieutenant-Colonel F. S. N. Savage-Armstrong, D.S.O., born in Dublin in July, 1880, was the elder son of the late George Francis Savage-Armstrong, M.A., Dub. Univ., D.Litt., and of Marie E. Savage-Armstrong, Strangford House, Strangford, Co. Down. He was educated at Shrewsbury School, and was gazetted to and served with the 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment and 4th M.I. in the South African War, 1900-1903. His Commanding Officer being killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Savage-Armstrong, then only a subaltern, had on that occasion to assume command of 1st South Staffords Company of the 4th Mounted Infantry in action. He was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps, and the King's Medal with two clasps. He served with his regiment at home and abroad, but was at their depot, Lichfield, in 1914, then holding the rank of a Captain. He proceeded to France on November 1st, 1914, to rejoin what remained of the 1st South Staffords, after the battle of Ypres. He was then in command of the battalion for some months, and whilst he was still in command of the 1st Staffords had the privilege of forming a guard

of honour to the King on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to —. He served with the South Staffords in the battles of Fromelles, Neuve-Chapelle, and Festubert as brigade machine-gun officer, and was regarded as a machine-gun and map expert. At Festubert he was severely wounded in the right hand, and after some months had elapsed was passed fit for "light duty," and ordered to join another battalion of the South Staffords. Meanwhile he had been made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order in July, 1915, and obtained his majority in September of the same year. In May, 1916, he again proceeded abroad, and was shortly afterwards given command of a service battalion of the Rifle Brigade. On the return of the Colonel of that battalion from sick leave, Lieutenant-Colonel Savage-Armstrong was transferred to the command of a battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and was killed on the 23rd of April, 1917, at the age of 36, when leading the men of that battalion in action. He was four times mentioned in despatches during this war, the last mention appearing in the Times, Monday, 26th February, being for "valuable services rendered in connection with the war."

Lieutenant-Colonel Savage-Armstrong had inherited great intellectual, soldierly, and artistic gifts, and his wide-minded, generous, cheery nature had endeared him to all who knew him, irrespective of rank or calling.

11th May, 1917. *The Court Journal*.



AN OLD SCHOOLBOY.

"Amidst all the cruel losses, which the School has suffered by the War, that of Frank Savage-Armstrong is perhaps the most disastrous; amidst all the brave Salopians, he was perhaps the bravest, and in him the School — we would go further and say the Nation — has lost a really great soldier. It is impossible in a short sketch to give any impression of the fearless, modest, humorous, ingenious, affectionate man, whose name is well-known in both branches of the Service, to those who have not had the pleasure of knowing him and listening to the stories of his countless adventures, told in a soft voice with a child-like simplicity in his own inimitably quaint phraseology. To say that his School-boy days were of the copybook pattern of rectitude would make anyone, who knew him then, laugh, and certainly none would be more amused than

"the old Savage," as he was affectionately known, himself. Of the work of the day, he seldom had anything but an extremely obscure notion, but on out of the way points of antiquarian knowledge he would display an extraordinary wealth of accurate information, amplified by his own penetrating originality. Stories were already beginning to gather thickly around him at School, and it was obvious that in the Army he would find his metier. Gaining his Commission in a way that only he could have gained it, he fought in the Boer War, where he would in all probability have gained the V.C. had not his own modest pen had to describe the deed, which fully deserved it.

The Great War opened for him a fresh field, and though he was wounded early on, and could not return to, the Front until comparatively recently, he found time to be promoted from Captain to Colonel, to be four times mentioned in despatches, and gained the D.S.O. — an adequate record of his career.

An Irishman among Irishmen, he loved a fight for its own sake, but none could be kinder to a fallen foe. Worshipped by his men, he died as he lived, a total stranger to fear. Possessed of great native ingenuity, the Army has profited by some of his ideas, and had he been spared we feel no doubt he would have attained a great military reputation. To those who knew him he bequeathed a memory of quaint diversities of talent, chivalrous kindness and infinite amusement, whose like they have certainly not met elsewhere, and never expect to meet again."

19 May, 1917. *Salopian*.

TO FRANCIS AND RAYMOND
SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

MY little boys, if ye have from my heart
Drawn aught of impulse, or to *him* whose name
These mountain-pines shall murmur to our ears
For ever stand as heirs in anywise,
Hereafter ye will thank Eternal Heaven
That ye have made the waves upon this shore
Your playmates, and in broken baby-words
Babbled to them, and on your faces felt
The spray of the wild torrents of these hills,
And deemed their rapture human like your own.

And I have seen you loiter many a time,
With eyes uplifted, gazing at the clouds
That flecked the high blue summer-morning sky,
Or, with your little hands outstretched and throats
Strained backward, calling to the wasted moon
White in the sunbeams. In the eventide
Ye by the windows lingering, ere sweet sleep
Folds you in darkness, toward the purple peaks
Aspire, and wave to them a quaint "good-night,"
And to the rainbows o'er the showery sea
Kiss your adieus.

So love them to the last,
So draw them to your spirits. Ye will not find
The heart of Nature pulseless. She will speak
With kindred love; and ye are one with her
As ye with me are one bone of her bone,
Flesh of her flesh. O, let your tenderest joys
With her be wound, your childhood's merriest hours
Be spent with her!

So shall ye seldom miss
The human-hearted Godhead in the World,
The Spirit and the sympathetic Mind
Man's spirit craveth, that divine response
Of the illimitable, numberless
Forces that are not he, which finding not
The Universe is but his prison-cell,
And all things outward pitiless and void.

WICKLOW.

YES, this is Wicklow; round our feet
 And o'er our heads its woodlands smile
 Behold it, love, the garden sweet
 And playground of our stormy isle.

* * * * *

Is it not fair, the leafy land? —
 Not boasting Nature's sterner pride,
 Voluptuous beauty, scenes that stand
 By minds immortal deified;

Yet fraught with sweet resistless spells
 That wake a deep, a tranquil love,
 The witchery of the ferny dells,
 The magic of the murmuring grove,

The ever-present varying sea,
 The graceful Peaks, the violet hills,
 The fruitful lawn and flowery lea,
 The breezy moors, the golden rills.

* * * * *

Here all the year the mountains change
 From month to month, from hour to hour,
 Now rosy-flushed, now dim and strange,
 Now sparkling from the sunlit shower,

Now far in moving clouds withdrawn;
Or gilt with yellowing fern and larch,
Or smit with crimson beams of dawn,
Or silvered with the sleets of March.

* * * * *

A spot that owns the priceless charm
Of gentle human hearts and minds
A people whom the roughest storm
True to its kindlier impulse finds;

A kindly folk in vale and moor,
Unvext with rancours, frank and free
In mood and manners, rich with poor
Attuned in happiest amity;

Where still the cottage door is wide,
The stranger welcomed at the hearth,
And pleased the humbler hearts confide
Still in the friend of gentler birth;

A land where alway God's right hand
Seems stretching downward to caress
His wayward children as they stand
And gaze upon its loveliness.

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

ADMIRAL KANARIS.

HEROIC men for Greece have fought,
 Are honoured for the deeds they wrought;
 But none so green a laurel wears
 As Constantine Kanaris bears.
 A strong and fearless man was he;
 Clear-eyed his foeman's flaws to see;
 Quick to invent, his plots to weave,
 His men to choose, his means prepare,
 His risk to measure, and to dare,
 And by one stroke great ends achieve.
 A man 'twere glorious to obey,
 And follow 'mid the deadliest fray.

* * * * *

And, 'mid our voices' clang,
 "Christ's be the gain, be theirs the loss!
 Victory, victory to the Cross!
 Come Freedom to the sons of Greece,
 And glorious war be crowned with peace,"
 Our brave Kanaris sang.

From *The Chiole*.

THE LAST SORTIE FROM MESOLONGHI. A.D. 1826.

"AND when the tale of Greece is told all out
 From end to end, men's hearts upon that page
 Which tells of Mesolonghi's siege will dwell
 As on the records of the golden age
 When Athens broke the Mede in headlong rout,
 And Sparta spent her noblest in the Pass,
 Led by the iron-willed Leonidas."

HARP OF ERIN.

WILD Harp of Erin, thou whose strings
 So long have trembled with the tones of sorrow
 Whose sullen ominous vibratings
 So oft the passionate furies borrow
 Of breasts that brood on ancient wrongs,
 That thou hast half forgot the gentle songs
 That made thy name a sweetness in the world,
 Breathe to-day a softer strain,
 Let the wings of Love be furled
 Round thy sterner chords, and rain
 Such music on the winds that they who hear
 May hail once more the voice of happier days,
 And know the ardent heart of Heber's race
 With all its kindest instincts to the ear
 Throbs out melodious joys and raptures deep and clear.

HUSHED is the wail of discontent,
 All memories of old griefs are lulled, in slumber;
 Revenge and Hate, their frenzy spent.
 No more the kindly heart encumber,
 And Joy alone and Love abide,
 And to the angel Peace our doors are wide.
 We think of her in whose imperial name
 Through her royal seasons bright
 England's best have striven to tame
 Lingering tyrannies and to right
 The old Wrong in purblind haste and anger done,
 And mingle with our love of England's Queen
 Our benison for what of good hath been,
 Joint-labourers in her Empire's triumphs won
 Through Fifty wheels of flight around the steadfast sun.

WAKE, Harp of Erin, yet once more,
Waft to the mountain-winds another measure,
Thy holiest strain to Heaven outpour
With all thine affluent music's treasure,
And praise the Eternal God whose arm
Hath shielded Britain's gentlest Queen from harm,
And robed her realms with honour year on year;
Praise the God who gave to us
That fair Fount of virtues clear
Flowing down irriguous
From England's Throne to every English home,
And that Ensample high of Womanhood
Walking erect the paths of Right and Good,
Whatever shadow veiled her sight with gloom,
Whatever tempest passed with thunderings as of doom.

PRAISE to Him — to whom we pray
Still to lengthen out the day
Of her triumphs, still to shower
All His light about her feet,
All His love from hour to hour,
That our children's ears may hear
Long the living music sweet
Of the Name that we revere
Breathed, a dear familiar word,
Morn by morn as we have heard,
And her silent influence feel
Moulding yet her Empire's weal.

* * * * *

From *Victoria, Regina et Imperatrix*.

THE CROWN OF EMPIRE.

WHO is worthiest to wear
The crown of empire and to bear
The sceptre of the plains and sea?
Not he who fills his flickering hour
With gross ambition, greed of power,
The pride and pomp of majesty;
Or, softening in voluptuous ease,
Beholds his kingdom, rank with peace,
'Mid sloth and folly drink decay;
Nor he who strikes the freeman low,
Or treads upon the feebler foe,
Or tramples the defenceless prey.
O, rather he who, standing on Time's shore,
Hears the deep ocean of Eternity,
And, by that sound subdued,
Above the earthy dream assays to soar,
Yearns for the fairer life, the amplitude
Of god-like sight, the large expectancy,
And from the vantage-ground of sovereignty
With firm and tender hands
Sheds over all his subject lands
The dew of healing liberty,
The purer love, the holier light,
The bloom of Virtue's fairest flower,
Till all his gladdening realm is bright
As valleys kindling from a sunlit shower.

From *The Crowning of the King*.

THE BATTLE OF INTELLECT WITH DARKNESS.

FORWARD! Let the venturous Mind,
Still its spectral foes assailing,
Ridge on ridge of danger scaling,
Front its battle! What though, faint and blind,
We stumble through the stifling wilderness,
Though failure chill our hearts, though griefs oppress,
Rich hath been the Spirit's treasure
Won by those whose story told
Makes the music of our pleasure
Ringing through these cloisters old.
Shall we not fight as they have fought,
And work as they with tireless brain have wrought?
O, follow still the fleet
Faint glint of Truth where'er it leads your feet;
Gather in with reverent toil
The sheaves of Knowledge wheresoever scattered
O'er whatsoever soil;
And dare the loneliest peak with tempest shattered
For any gladdening glimpse it yields
Of any unknown gulf or shore;
Purge the fair world of Ill through all its fields;
Uplift the Race in wisdom more and more;
With breast undaunted boldly range
The ever-widening ways of ceaseless Change;
Thwart not the powers that roll
Freedom's chariot thundering to the goal;
Nor fly the Spirit's pain; nor crave
The crutch of creeds foredone; nor fear
The New upon the Old to rear;

But Nature's nobler life from bondage save;
Till, to flawless beauty moulded,
All her wealth of good unfolded
'Mid the beams of Liberty,
Earth into Eden break and bloom from sea to sea!

From *Tercentenary Ode of T.C.D.*

A GOSPEL OF HOPE.

A TRUTH to the world is spoken, a gospel of hope is unrolled:
A people that once hath aspired, and in strenuous labour attained,
Dead though it seem for a season in slumber, or faint in the fold
Of a serpent-tyranny knotted about it and coiled and chained,
Out of the trammels that deaden the limbs that were lithe and strong,
Breaking its centuries' sleep, may arise with the might of its prime,
Gladden the earth as of old with a fulness of light and song,
Mingle anew the noise of its deeds with the thunders of time.

From *De Verdun of Darragh.*

ENGLAND.

MY ENGLAND! To be a child of Athens seemed
 High destiny when I was yet a child.
 But thou what child of Athens ever dreamed
 Of such an empire as thy sceptre mild
 Sways, lying glorious under every sun;
 Of freedom such as that thy sons have wrought;
 Of battles huge thy victor-sword has won;
 Of the vast truths thy Wise have searched and taught, —
 Statesman, inventor, poet, warrior, sage? —
 Thy Bacon's, Shakspeare's, Milton's, Darwin's name,
 Explorers', rulers', graven on thy page —
 What rivals pale their flame?

Mightier than Rome, nobler than Greece, live on,
 And be thy fame unto eternity
 A light, a splendour! Live when waste and wan
 As yonder piles thy rival realms shall lie, —
 Unfolding, strengthening, knowing no decay;
 Thy children faithful as their lives are free;
 Sun over all the lands, in cloudless day
 Scattering through earth light, love, and liberty! —
 So pray I, England, while I watch alone
 Over dead Greece thy living banners move,
 Taught by the Colonean here to own
 A vaster patriot-love.

From *At Colonus*.

THE CROWNING OF THE KING.
June, 1902.

Here in the month of the roses
(Red Rose and White)
Shower we roses and roses
Out in the warm June light,
Garlands of roses before him,
King of the lords of the seas,
Wave, bannerol, o'er him:
Clang, bells, on the breeze;

* * * * *

"EDWARD OF ENGLAND"! — name sublime,
Name that resounds with clangours of old time
And clash of battles waged for England's weal,
And warrior-kings of England in their steel
Harrying the hosts of England's foes, the strain
And struggle for free life on earth and main,
And England's mastery; nor of battle's awe
Alone and mailèd heroes knee to knee,
But of fair feats of peace-insuring law
And works of love, and widening liberty.

* * * * *

Make firm the deep foundations of the State.
Our ever-broadening bounds of empire ward.
All base corruptions from our midst expel,

All sloth, all greed, all passions of the clay,
That coil the flowers of heaven with weeds of hell;
The lawless loves that rot the heart away.

* * * * *

And grant the loftier hope, the vaster vision,
The resolution still to toil, to strain,
To crush the broods of evil at their birth,
To labour for the beauty of the earth,
To vanquish Wrong, to loosen Virtue's chain,
To hail the breakers of the stormier sea,
To struggle toward the ever-towering height,
To make the name of England one with Might,
Truth, Peace, Love, Order, Freedom, Chivalry;
That, gathering glory as the years unroll
Their gifts, and moving fearless to her goal,
Our England's darkest hour
Be but the gloom of leafy forest lanes
When sudden-sombre skies of summer lour;
And, with her Kings in happiest amity
Aspiring, toiling, she may reap the gains
Of all who serve the Good and seek the Right;
And through the ages they who watch may say,
"Here England's banner waves: behold how free
Men's lives and radiant!" and the memory
Of her fair deeds glow one clear line of light
Across the fields of Time and shoreless deeps of Night.

MEN OF DOWN!

THEY may tell you all too plainly
That they think your ways ungainly,
That your speeches seldom savour
Of a sycophantic flavour,
That you're all but blunt to rudeness
In your independent shrewdness,
And to jibes they may subject you,
Men of Down;
But I know your nature better,
Know you're truthful to the letter;
Therefore I, for one, respect you,
Men of Down!

They may point to other places,
Where the folk have smoother faces,
Where the women smile more coyly
And the tongues of men are oily,
Where they love to cringe and flatter
And with fulsome praise bespatter,
And a rougher race may deem you,
Men of Down;
But I know your silent action
Is worth all their loud attraction;
Therefore I, for one, esteem you,
Men of Down!

They may say you lack the graces
Of the poet in your phrases,
That a sentimental ranting
In your daily life is wanting,
And that Fancy's out of season
With your common-sense and reason,
That no Delphic draughts inspire you,
Men of Down;
But your earnest life's concealing
All the poet's deeper feeling;
Therefore I, for one, admire you,
Men of Down!

Yes, you don't go reeling blindly,
But you're true as steel, and kindly,
And your friendships ne'er grow colder,
And no soldiers' hearts are bolder,
And you scorn the braggart's tumour,
And you're rich in genial humour,
And you're calm when sorrows strike you,
Men of Down;
And you'll face the fiercest foeman,
And you'll bend your necks to no man;
Therefore, high and low, I like you,
Men of Down!

THE FUGITIVES.

"AH friends, give thanks to God that yet unscathed your village stands;
And may God grant that still ye dwell unhurt by Moslem hands.
I never harmed the Turk. A poor and peaceful husband-man
I dwelt, nor ever cared to wield or gun or yataghan.
Just as my little girl and boy had learned to run and leap,
Their mother, by God's angel struck, dropt into dreamless sleep.
Then drew I closer to my heart my little ones, and prayed
The gracious Christ for strength to bear my sorrow undismayed.

"Ah sirs,

Have pity on a childless man, if brave hearts pity stirs!
I could not leave my darling there to be the vulture's prey.
Swift, eager, down from bush and tree I tore these boughs away,
And wrought with hurrying hands, and set my blossom as ye see,
To bear her to some peaceful grave in virgin purity.
And, hungry, weak, and desolate, I sought the path once more,

To journey on till I should find some hospitable door.
And now I kneel, and ask, for love of Jesu's Mother mild,
Give but a grave among your dead to shroud my maiden child."

With tears of pity from her place they bore the blameless dead;
And on the morrow, chanting low, the dark-robed Pappas led
A train of mourners through the streets; and in her peasant's dress
They laid her in a grave beneath the nodding cypresses.
On the same day a score of youths that stood beside her grave
Swore on the Cross of Christ that they would die their land to save;
And ere the moon rose they had marched to join the patriot-bands
That north and south were pouring down towards Navarino's sands.

POET'S NOTE. — "The poem is illustrative of the cruel ravages inflicted upon the Greeks by Sultan Mahmoud's Egyptian auxiliaries under Ibrahim Pasha, who devastated the country, and sold its inhabitants as slaves or carried them away captive, in the course of the years 1825 and 1826."

WORK-SONG.

WHO murmurs that his heart is sick
With toil from day to day,
That brows are wrinkled ere their time,
And locks of youth are grey?
'Twas not in such a craven mood
Our fathers won the lands,
But by the might of toiling brain,
The stroke of resolute hands;
For hard work is strength, boy,
And, whether in house or field,
Ho! for the men that mind and arm
In righteous labour wield!

If trouble clings about thy path
Ere yet thy days are old,
If friends have sunk in death and left
Thy world all void and cold,
Wilt thou lie down in aimless tears,
And waste thy life away?
Nay, grieving's but a sluggish game
That coward spirits play;
But hard work is strength, boy,
And when the stout heart bleeds,
There's ne'er a balm that heals it like
The doing of great deeds.

And if thou have nor child, nor wife,
Nor bosom-friend, what then?
Toil on with might through day, through night,
To help thy brother-men;
And though thou earn but little thanks,
Forbear to fret and pine;
There's One can sound a deadlier grief,
And holds thee dear for thine;
And hard work is strength, boy,
And love is the end of life,
Music that fires the blood of the brave
In the midst of battle and strife.

And when thy powers are ebb'd and gone,
Lay down thy head to rest,
And the great God will stretch His hands,
And draw thee to His breast.
Nay, talk no more of sickening heart,
Grey hairs or wrinkled brow;
Up, up, and gird thy loins for toil;
There's good to do enow;
And hard work is strength, boy,
And life's a rapture still
That loses no whit of its joyousness
To the men of unwavering will.

OUR ISLAND-HOME.

NOT tasselled palm or bended cypress wooing
 The languid wind on temple-crownèd heights,
 Not heaven's myriad stars in lustre strewing
 Smooth sapphire bays in hushed Ionian nights,
 Not the clear peak of dawn-encrimsoned snow,
 Or plumage-lighted wood, or gilded pile
 Sparkling amid the imperial city's glow
 Endears *our* Isle.

O fondling of the tempest and the ocean,
 White with the sea-spray and the sea-birds' wings,
 'Mid clangour loud of Nature's curbless motion,
 The mist that to thy purple summits clings,
 The sun-glint and the shadow as they rove
 With rainbows fleeting o'er thy blustery plains,
 Thou tanglest us thy children in thy love
 With golden chains!

Thy beauty is the gorgeous cloud of even,
 The orange-glowing air of sunken suns,
 The scarlet rifts of morn, the windy heaven;
 Thy charm the pensive grace the worldling shuns
 Thy witchery the spell that o'er us steals
 In gazing on green Rath's unfurrowed round,
 And hallowed Ruin where the mourner kneels,
 And haunted Mound.

Thine the weird splendour of the restless billow
For ever breaking over lonely shores,
The reedy mere that is the wild swan's pillow,
The crag to whose torn spire the eagle soars,
The moorland where the solitary hern
Spreads his grey wings upon the breezes cold,
The pink sweet heather's bloom, the waving fern,
The gorse's gold.

And we who draw our being from thy being,
Blown by the untimely blast about the earth,
Back in love's vision to thy bosom fleeing,
Droop with thy sorrows, brighten with thy mirth;
O, from afar, with sad and straining eyes,
Tired arms across the darkness and the foam
We stretch to thy bluff capes and sombre skies,
Beloved home!

Forlorn amid the untrodden wildernesses,
The pioneer, bent o'er his baffled spade,
Sighs for thy cool blue hills remote, and blesses
Thy dewy airs that o'er his cradle played;
The girl love-driven to toil in alien lands.
Lone-labouring for home's dear ones, wearily
Hides her wan face within her trembling hands,
And sobs for thee;

'Mid the dread thunder of battling empires rolling
Thy soldier for thine honour smiles at death;
Thy magic spirit, thought and will controlling,
Of all we mould or dream is life and breath;

To thee as to its source and sun belongs
 All glory we would blazon with thy name;
 Thine is the fervour of our fairest songs,
 Our passion's flame.

The nurslings of thy moorlands and thy mountains,
 Thy children tempered by thy winter gales,
 Swayed by the tumult of thy headlong fountains
 That clothe with pasture green thy grassy vales,
 True to one love in climes' and years' despite,
 We yearn, in our last hour, upon thy breast,
 When the Great Darkness wraps thee from our sight,
 To sink to rest.

From *A Sunset off Killyleagh*.

LOVE OF NATURE.

LOVE nothing base, keep clean thy heart,
 Thy senses clear of sensual slime,
 Live from the meaner strifes apart,
 Nor take the soilure of the time;

Then loose thyself in God's fair earth,
 Taste all the raptures of thy lot,
 Embrace its boons, drink deep its mirth,
 And let thy conscience vex thee not.

THE MUSIC OF WAR.

BRAY out, shrill clarions, to the city-roofs;
 Roar, drums, till every bosom palpitates,
 Smit by your mimic thunders; open gates,
 And let the Gallic war-steeds' echoing hoofs
 Through street and square their gladdening music clash,
 While o'er the pavement rolls the clattering gun,
 And lance and bayonet and sabre flash,
 Moving against the gay Italian sun;
 For France, across the Alpine passes pouring
 Her saviour-soldiers, speeds against the foe,
 As her proud Eagle, o'er the mountains soaring,
 Flies, heralding Oppression's overthrow.

* * * * *

Now as I sit with my face to the foe in the tumult of men,
 One with the sons of Italy, moved with a passion divine,
 Mingling with frenzy of battle, transforming my being again,
 Love maketh mighty my soul with the draught of his wild glad wine

* * * * *

Roar with your throats of fire, ye cannon; hiss from the smoke,
 Bullets in showers from the rifles uplifted in lint and square! . . .

* * * * *

On, till we close with our foes! ... I am happy, and rich is the gain,
 Though fighting for thee, light and freedom, I perish the first of the slain.

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

TORINO.

FAIR city, laved by that majestic river
 Whose fructifying streams through years of glory
 Have graced the Lombard's towered plains that never
 Shall fade in fame or be outsung in story, —
 Torino, in whose midst the heights of snow,
 Dreamlike amid the morning's roseate glow,
 Or darkening in the thunder-storm's caress,
 Or vivid in hot noonday, the eye meets,
 A presence everywhere, and which pervade
 With Nature's influence (of her loveliness
 Or of her sternest forces born) thy streets,
 And woo the sense with beauty or o'ershade
 With wonder and fear, blest fountain mayest thou be
 For Italy of joy and hope and might,
 While Freedom, breaking up the reign of night,
 Irradiates from thy heart from sea to sea! ...

The Poet here describes Turin (the Italian Torino) as the capital of the Kingdom of Italy (1860-1865). It is situated on the banks of the River Po, and its spacious Squares, regularity of architecture, and beauty of situation make it one of the handsomest cities in Europe. Its Squares and Public Gardens contain, among its numerous monuments, those of statesmen, soldiers, and patriots, who, in word or deed, have contributed to the unification of Italy. —
 S. S. M.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

OUT from deck — the green waves leaping
Gaily round our vessel's prow,
While the healthful breeze of ocean
Lifts the hair and fans the brow —
Look with me, love, o'er the waters.
Yonder from the clouds updrawn
Lo my sunlit mountains gleaming
In the clear fresh Northern dawn!

Hail them, love, with me! ... O welcome
Cape and coppice, peak and moor
Southward far from blue Ben Edar
Circling round the sunlit shore! ...
Lo the treble-pointed Giltspear
Radiant in his robes of heath!
Lo the green and purple Headland
Plunging to the waves, beneath!

Lo Slieve-Cullin's cool blue summit
Soaring in the dawn-light sweet,
Lawn and harvest-field and forest
Rolling inland to his feet! ...

There the bowery glens are hanging
High amid the moorlands dun,
There the rocks and rolling torrents
Flash amid the broadening sun.

See the shores, the slopes, the lowlands
Dotted white with farm and town,
Stately halls and park and pleasaunce,
Bushless crag and cultured down,
Meads and woods and mountains surging
Upward far, till o'er the crowd
Lugnaquilla's brightening ridges
Lift the last light lingering cloud! .

Let the good ship cleave the billows,
Dash the spray and beat the foam,
Speed us on with lightning motion
Eager toward my mountain home!

From *De Verdun of Darragh*.

BYRON.

WAS it all-glorious, Byron, to have died
To loose the despicable yoke that bound
Degenerate Greece, to strive on alien ground
To break a mouldering chain, and yet deride
With peevish lip the stern, the stubborn pride
Of thine own England, hurling from his place
Freedom's Imperial Foe in foul disgrace?
We ask not. And for that pure love which wound
Thy ruined heart like the green ivy-twine,
For that heroic impulse of thy breast,
Strong o'er its baser tumults triumphing,
We honour thee, and still thy name enshrine
With England's brightest, close by England's best,
Poet, or statesman, soldier, priest, or king.

"Byron is so much out of fashion now, and so much more talked about than read, that I will venture to remind the reader of the splendid things he has said of Greece ... It is surely a great loss to our generation, and a bad sign of its culture, that the love of more modern poets has weaned them from the study of one not less great in most respects, but far greater in one at least in that burning enthusiasm for a national cause, in that red-hot passion for liberty which, even when misapplied, or wasted upon unworthy objects, is ever one of the noblest and most stirring instincts of higher man." — *Rambles in Greece*, p. 177, by J. P. Mahaffy, M.A.: D.D.

THE BRIGAND OF PARNASSUS.

"PRAISED be God!" the old man shouted, and he struck his clenched fist
On the table till it reeled beneath his brown and sinewy wrist.

"Praised be God!" I'll take my musket, and I'll march to Tempe's Vale
With a foot as light as roebuck's, with a heart that shall not quail ...
What, you smile at me, my children! ... Why, I handled sword and gun
When your fathers were but sucklings, ere your mothers saw the sun.
I have fought the Turk and beat him; I will fight and win again,
Win or die; and Greece shall triumph — not a life be spent in vain."

* * * * *

"One to three, we beat the Moslem in that brief and bloody fight.
Three dead comrades in their graves we laid upon the wooded height.
Never braver warriors fought for freedom on the hills of Greece,
Never nobler in the clang of battle found an endless peace.
"We had fought for Greece and freedom, Greek with Moslem, one to three;

And thereafter dwelt we free upon our hills till Greece was free —
Unmolested; for the Turk had bigger battles yet to lose,
Tougher fights with fiercer foes, till every shepherd hailed the news,
Whispered by the mountain breezes, heard in every rocky lair,
That the chains of Greece were shattered, and our lives were free as air.

"Ay, but Greece is not yet free as long as any Greek's a slave —
That's our watchword now. Just so. And ere they bear me to my grave,
Lads, I'll fight for Greece again; for I should sleep a broken sleep
While I saw the Turkish reptiles o'er our tiniest islet creep.

"And if I, a youth with twenty mates, could conquer them that day,
And if now at ninety years I'll march to battle, glad and gay,
What will not the gallant lads of Greece in freedom born and bred,
Thinking on the Greece that was, and dreaming of her glorious dead,
Dare and do to-day if Greece be left to fight the Turk alone? —

Fight and win! ... Go tell them so at Athens, brave Spyridion!"

NAVARINO.

NAVARINO, Navarino,
Where the surges sweep and roar,
O'er Sphacteria's islet towering
On thy bare Messenian shore,
As I glide beside thee, wondering,
Wave and wind thy name repeat,
And my pulses bound and tingle
With a rapture strange and sweet.

Navarino, Navarino,
Deeds of light thy name recalls.
England, Russia, France, forget not
What they wrought beneath thy walls!
By thy rocks their fleets in thunder
Battled for thy land's release.
There in valiant fight our warriors
Broke the chain of trampled Greece.

By their blood for Hellas squandered,
What shall be the rude world's gain?
Earth without the star of Hellas
Lingering over sea and plain
Had been darkness. Shall hereafter
Earth from Hellas find anew
Health and gladness, light and beauty,
Dropping like the rain and dew?

Hers to mould in rhythmic order
 Spoil of thought and hoard of truth
 Heaved from out the Abyss and lying
 Shapeless in our palms uncouth;
 Hers to draw with hand Promethean
 Down from heaven a lovelier light;
 Hers to carve a cosmic Eden
 From our chaos and thick night.

Navarino, Navarino,
 Every wave thy name repeats
 With a sweet prophetic music,
 And my heart in rapture beats,
 As I sail by sandy Pylos,
 Where the dolphins plunge and play,
 Round the rocks of weird Mothoni,
 Into Keren's gulf of spray.

The above poem refers to a great sea-fight one of the decisive battles of the world which took place in the Bay of Navarino, on the south-west coast of the Morea, on 20th October, 1826, when the Turkish and Egyptian navies were annihilated by the combined British, French, and Russian fleets. One of the results was the Independence of Greece, and in 1832, Otho of Bavaria, a lad of eighteen, ascended the Greek throne. — S. S. M.

HELEN'S TOWER.

BY Love's hand reared, on thine aërial height
Rise, pure Love's witness, and, 'mid storm and flame,
Earthquake and thunder, o'er wide lands proclaim
Death by Love vanquished; and beyond the Night
Eternal splendours of eternal Light;
Hope, born of Love which grief nor time can tame,
Triumphant; Severance but a needless name;
And Joy Unending one with Sovereign Might!
Yea, thou, through whose firm tissue seems to thrill
Love's message from the Living to the Dead,
With throbbings of some sweet ethereal Will
Responsive through thy stony fibre sped,
Prove blent in one serene Eternity
The world men see not with the earth they see!

NOTE BY THE POET. — "All readers of Tennyson and Browning are familiar with the name of this tower, erected by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava on the hills of Clondeboye in honour of his gifted mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin. It is a conspicuous object from many places in the Ards, from Belfast Lough, and from the southern slopes of the County Antrim; and is always impressive as a symbol, and indeed a visible embodiment, of filial love and maternal devotion."

ASPIRATION.

"WHAT danger lies in danger "? None.
My path is plain to see;
I seek the regions of the sun
Where light and splendour be.

What of itself my Soul can slay
Not all the world supplies;
I follow till my latest day
The visions of *his* eyes.

The worst that can be is but Death,
And Death's a doubtful ill.
Who warns me wastes but idle breath.
On, Soul, and work thy will!

TURKEY.

I STOOD beneath the walls of Constantine,
And thought of Moorad with his rapturous host
That swept o'er Asia, and the iron coast
Of Europe with a valour half divine
Assailed; and of Mohammed and his line
Back-beating in fierce fight from post to post
Frank, Goth, and Slave and Greek subdued and lost,
And gathering kingdoms in their snaky twine.
In rent and seam of tower and barbican
I read the might, the weakness, and the doom
Of Osman's empire, and with bated breath
Passed through the gates of Stamboul, but to scan,
Amid the desolation and the gloom,
White on the Nation's blows the brand of Death.

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
(1879).

SYMBOL of thine Empire's long decay,
Sad City, girdled by thy myriad graves,
A voice amid the wind that slowly waves
The dark funereal cypresses a-sway
Above thy dead, like his who calls to pray
At sunset from thy minarets, moans and raves
Prophetic sorrows! Fate, aweary, craves
To end thy lustful and luxurious day.
Thy limbs are stiff, thy heart hath drunk despair,
Poor City, fallen from thine high estate;
While, prowling round the bed whereon thou liest,
The jackal and the tiger and the bear,
Eye flashed on eye with fear and jealous hate,
Would rend thee, and each other, ere thou diest!

This sonnet was written the year after the close of the Russo-Turkish War (1877-1878) which was terminated by the Treaty of San Stefano, the terms of which were amended four months later by the Treaty of Berlin (13th July, 1878).

"TIME, THE HEALER."

"TIME, Time alone can heal the desolate heart" —
 O wonderful magician! What's the spell
 He wields, and what his most miraculous art?
 What but his power in the mind to quell
 The images of dear ones torn from us?
 What but the drying of the founts of tears
 Through utter drought? What but the tyrannous
 Driving of thought through ever-varying years
 In channels new and alien? What but these,
 And life that seeks its necessary ease?

Ay, 'tis the brain's fatigue, the mind's forgetting,
 The vanishing like shadows from the eyes
 Of the loved features; 'tis the new year's setting
 His footprints on the old year's agonies.
The Healer, Time!— O mockery! Is this
 Your comfort? — Time were nothing if the mind
 Were strong, and Memory not as water is.
 Time heals because his wings are as the wind,
 And sweep the clear reflections from the face
 Of the heart's deeps, expunging every trace.

'Tis the enthrallment of the poor weak brain
 By strange affections, cares of altered days,
 Late troubles wiping out the earlier pain,
 Fresh sweets enticing to untrodden ways,

New pulse of life, new needs and hopes creating,
 New strengths impelling to ambitions new,
 Forcing the soul from weary day-long waiting
 In the dull fields made dark with sorrow's hue.
 'Tis man's defect that makes his healing sure;
 Most godlike men long sorrows most endure.

O, then if this be healing — to forget,
 To grow exhausted by firm constancy;
 To yield up love and yearning and regret
 For comfort, and the strength to do and be;
 To mourn no more the Lost, because no more
 They dwell a potent presence in the mind, —
 Then give Heaven thanks for hearts whose wounds are sore,
 For pangs that may not yet their opiate find!
 Thank Heaven for the tears that still *must* flow,
 And the strong throbbings of *unwearied* woe!

Thank Heaven, I say, when some poor flower, or book,
 Some gift, some relic of the buried dead,
 Suddenly flashes from its hiding-nook,
 Whirls the cold Present back as leaves are shed,
 Draws all the Past around us like the air;
 And the lost faces lean to us; and love,
 Remorse for rough deeds done, pity, despair,
 Stern griefs convulsive the hurt bosom move,
 And tears their bitter tyranny renew,
 Proving man's heart, through all man's weakness, true!

THE PUBLISHED WORKS
OF
G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, M.A.; D.LITT.

- 1865 Poems of Edmund J. Armstrong. (Edited).
- 1867 Aesthetic Culture. (Presidential Address delivered to the Undergraduate Society of the University of Dublin).
- 1869 Poems. (Afterwards published as Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic).
- 1870 Ugone: A Tragedy.
- 1872 Tragedy of Israel. Part I. King Saul.
- 1874 Tragedy of Israel. Part II. King David.
- 1876 Tragedy of Israel. Part III. King Solomon.
- 1877 Life and Letters of Edmund J. Armstrong.
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- 1882 A Garland from Greece.
- 1886 Stories of Wicklow.
- 1887 Victoria Regina et Imperatrix.
- 1888 Mephistopheles in Broadcloth: A Satire.
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- 1892 One in the Infinite.
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- 1897 Queen-Empress and Empire.
- 1900 Our Queen.
- 1901 Ballads of Down.
- 1902 The Crowning of the King.
- 1906 The Savage Family in Ulster. (Posthumous).