

**THE FLOWER OF
EDEN AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649324095

The Flower of Eden and Other Poems by Edward Wallace Lee

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BY

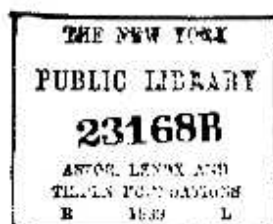
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1905



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THE FLOWER OF EDEN

Soft as the rosy blush of morning, stealing
In gentle loveliness o'er lone mists curled
Around the eastern mountains, as revealing
The glorious beauty of that better world;
Is the pure joy Hope pictures in Love's dreams.
Celestial Love! The only flower remaining
Of Eden's bowers, and still its bloom retaining.
Say! ye, who walk 'neath those unsullied beams,
Hand linked in hand, on to life's evening close;
Can purer joy, to mortals, e'er be given,
Until they taste the perfect bliss of heaven;
Drink from that fount whence Love eternal flows?

PART I.

Far in the distant chambers of the west,
The murmuring winds have sighed themselves to rest.
The rosy clouds, that crown yon hilltops' height,
Reflect awhile the day-stars' lingering light;
As, down the west, he sinks so red and clear;
And in the east the evening stars appear.
Far in the distance pipes the whip-poor-will,
Hailing the moon, just peeping o'er the hill.
In all the fields, where rung the song-birds' lay,
As purple twilight closed the summer day,
The cricket chirps; now near, now far away,
I hear his voice. Hail! hail! sweet twilight hour!
Hail, happy time! when Love exerts its power.
Hail, joyous youth! when all life's pathway seems
A pleasant journey, through a land of dreams.

How sweet, at twilight hour, when all is still,
To watch the moon rise o'er the tree-crowned hill!
To mark each jutting cliff start into sight,
Bathed in a glorious flood of mellow light;
As, over all, she casts her silvery sheen,
With magic tints, to beautify the scene.

Thus, to the future, do we fondly gaze,
And ponder o'er the joys of coming days,
Far happier scenes of unalloyed delight
Anticipation holds up to the sight;
Arrayed in colors most divinely fair—
If but the light of love be shining there.

Here, by my window, at the close of day,
I watch the shadows falling cool and gray;
Back, on the past, I turn my gaze once more;
And span the gulf, that time has brought me o'er.
Within that past is much of good and fair,
Yet fond remembrance bids me this declare,
Without thy transports, O, thou winged boy!
Unfailing source of all our hope and joy,
Without thy transports, what were earth below?
A barren desert, and a world of woe.

Indulgent memory! o'er the backward track,
A host of shadowy forms, she beckons back.
Lo! as they pass, they glimmer fitfully,
In joy, or sorrow, as thy mood may be;
Hope, bids sweet joys in tempting prospect rise;
Faith pours Celestial visions on the eyes;
Imagination! at thy sage command
The watchful passions all on tiptoe stand;
Obedient, to thy word, they mount and fly;
Circle the earth and tread the vaulted sky;