

**SONGS
AND SONNETS**

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Songs and Sonnets by Eva Dobell

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NOTE

"THE Exile's Song" and "Sunset, Stars, and Sea" have appeared already in *Chambers' Journal*; and "The Cowslip Song" in the *Fall Mall Gazette*. My sincere thanks are due to the Editors for their courteous permission to republish.

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BY
EVA DOBELL

LONDON
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1904

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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY BROTHER
WALTER

*Joy that exulted to live,
Laughter, and Honour, and Truth,
Pure mind, and warm heart, and strong hand,—
That was his youth.*

*Self forgotten and trod underfoot,
Flesh vanquished in glorious strife,
Courage that thanked God for all,—
That was his life.*

*Love that burned ever more bright;
Dimm'd not by Pain's scorching breath;
God smoothed the pain into quiet,—
That was his death.*

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Thanksgiving for the Old Year

ERE the dead East is streaked with light,
Ere the new day is born to sight,
For the old year that dies to-night,
 We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For the first sweet awakening,
For soft wet winds that seemed to bring
A promise of the far-off Spring,
 We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For the first rain-washed April gleam,
The first pale primrose by the stream
Like a gem-blossom in a dream,
 We thank Thee, God of mercies.

THANKSGIVING

For a new world fresh-bathed in dew,
A laughing world with light shot through
From basking depths of sun-steeped blue,
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For summer twilights, mellow gold,
When fragrant night-flowers soft unfold,
And silence steals across the wold,
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For soft September mists that rise
Like incense, where the valley lies
Rolled out beneath the high-domed skies,
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For nights thick-sown with silent stars
That wheel their stately shining cars
Far as the moon-cloud's pearly bars,
We thank Thee, God of mercies.