

**POEMS, ORIGINAL
AND
TRANSLATIONS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649097289

Poems, original and translations by James Hervey Hyslop

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP

**POEMS, ORIGINAL
AND
TRANSLATIONS**

POEMS

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATIONS

POEMS

Original and Translations

By
JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP, PH. D., LL. D.

Secretary of the American Society
for Psychical Research



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
1915

953

4999

Copyrighted, 1915
By JAMES HERVEY HVSLOP

40 1915
AMERICAN

Dedicated
to
My Children
George, Winifred and Beatrice

M135309

PREFACE



THOSE who know me only in my philosophical and scientific writing will feel some surprise to find me in the rôle of poetry. While I was very fond of it in my childhood and read much of it I never ventured on writing or translating any of it until I was far past fifty. I remembered that Darwin lost his love of poetry from the influence of his scientific studies, and one motive, perhaps the chief one, in publishing this little volume is to give testimony to the fact that science may not always destroy the poetic sense. Darwin lost his faith from the materialistic tendencies of his theories, and with it he lost the love for poetry which goes with some sort of faith. I, too, lost mine, but had it restored by deeper draughts from the source which had first deprived me of it.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring.

But whatever the influence, age and scientific studies have not dimmed at last the passion for that literature which has cheered or soothed the race from the time of Homer and Sappho.

The original poems, both in English and German, required a special mood to suggest and create them. This mood was not and is not always at my command. No doubt the absorption in scientific duties, which have been more exacting than most people know, has prevented the occurrence of those moods which might have

resulted in more inspiration than here finds expression. But the fact that they came long after middle life made them worthy of notice and record, if only as testimony to other tastes than barren facts. Philosophy is poetry, if only people knew it, and only a deliberate effort to conceal or smother this aspect of it would ever prevent its recognition. Probably it was the excessive use of its poetic features that converted it into the servant of science which has never given faith and hope free reins for their imagination. The time is coming, and that rapidly, when they may restore their wings.

I make no pretense to merits in my poetry. I am not a competent judge of it. It is only the product of a nature which has other interests besides those of pure science, and lays no claim to the rugged passion of Browning or the honeyed imagery of Tennyson or the excellencies of any other bard. It is just the wilderness in which I sought to pacify my moods or to seek relief from the thralls of science, and in that way I saved my mind and its occupations from isolation. Moreover the poems are evidence that fact need not disturb fancy. Fiction, in modern life, has taken the place of religion which had been the fairyland of poetry, and has given such sombre hues to science, that it is well to attest another case in which fact has not robbed the world of its poetic aroma.

The translations of German poetry do not pretend to reproduce the incomparable beauties of the original. It is impossible to translate the poetry of one language into that of another and at the same time retain its imagery and its beauty. Beautifully articulated imagery,