

**SONGS
BEFORE SUNRISE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649012336

Songs before sunrise by Algernon Charles Swinburne

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

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

**SONGS
BEFORE SUNRISE**

C.Of this edition of Songs before Sunrise have been printed on hand-made paper 650 copies, of which 475 are for sale in the United Kingdom and 150 are for sale in the United States.

Paper Copy No. **116***

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE

SONGS BEFORE
SUNRISE

BY
ALGERNON CHARLES
SWINBURNE

PUBLISHED FOR THE FLORENCE
PRESS OF LONDON BY HARPER
& BROTHERS · NEW YORK · MCMIX

DEDICATION

To Joseph Mazzini

TAKE, since you bade it should bear,
These, of the seed of your sowing,
Blossom or berry or weed.
Sweet though they be not, or fair,
That the dew of your word kept growing,
Sweet at least was the seed.

Men bring you love-offerings of tears,
And sorrow the kiss that assuages,
And slaves the hate-offering of wrongs,
And time the thanksgiving of years,
And years the thanksgiving of ages;
I bring you my handful of songs.

If a perfume be left, if a bloom,
Let it live till Italia be risen,
To be strewn in the dust of her car
When her voice shall awake from the tomb
England, and France from her prison,
Sisters, a star by a star.

I bring you the sword of a song,
The sword of my spirit's desire,
Feeble; but laid at your feet,
That which was weak shall be strong,
That which was cold shall take fire,
That which was bitter be sweet.

It was wrought not with hands to smite,
Nor hewn after swordsmiths' fashion,
Nor tempered on anvil of steel;
But with visions and dreams of the night,
But with hope, & the patience of passion,
And the signet of love for a seal.

Be it witness, till one more strong,
Till a loftier lyre, till a rarer
Lute praise her better than I,
Be it witness before you, my song,
That I knew her, the world's banner-bearer,
Who shall cry the republican cry.

Yea, even she as at first,
Yea, she alone and none other,
Shall cast down, shall build up, shall bring home:
Slake earth's hunger and thirst,
Lighten, and lead as a mother;
First name of the world's names, Rome.