

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649674503

Poems by Hubert Church

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

HUBERT CHURCH

POEMS

P O E M S

By

HUBERT CHURCH

MELBOURNE

THOMAS C. LOTHIAN

1912

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

*I have to thank the proprietors of "The Bulletin"
(Sydney) for permission to reprint verses which appeared
in their paper.*

Printed by BUTLER & TANNER, Frome and London

75
 122

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MOUNT EGMONT	9
BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND	11
THE OLD SANDHILLS, HOBART	12
CAPE RAOUL, TASMAN'S PENINSULA	15
AKAROA HEADS	16
SPRING IN NEW ZEALAND	17
A SWALLOW IN NEW ZEALAND	18
NELSON	19
HANS ANDERSEN	20
HARRY ALBERT ATKINSON	22
ROSALIND	24
MARGARET	26
A TOAST	28
AT HER GATE	29
FIDELIS	31
FYNEDUN CASTLE.	32
THE YOUNG HEART	34
BY THE SEA	35
UNATTAINABLE	36
ADRIFT	37
CONVALESCENT	38
SHADOWS	41
ODE ON METAPHYSICAL THOUGHT	44

	PAGE
WHO MAY CONDEMN ?	52
TO MY DOG.	54
ON THE CLIFF	57
RETROSPECTION	59
FAVONIUS	60
HUSH!	61
DEAD CHARLES	62
'THE OLD TREE	63
THE 'TOP O' THE HILL.	64
THE STAR	65
AGED SEVEN YEARS	66
ALONE.	68
FAREWELL	69
VERA FIGNER	70
SCHLÜSSELBURG	73
DEAD	74
A DIRGE	75
ODE	76
AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.	77
PARACLETE	78
EPITAPH	79
EPITAPH	80
HYMN	81
TUA MARINA	82
NEW ZEALAND	86
TO THE LIGHT	109
A FUGUE	137

MOUNT EGMONT

WHAT temple shall I enter at thy feet,
What sacrament availeth here below,
That I do penance till all thought is sweet,
And pure as thy investiture of snow?
Let me but hear thy cloudy music fall,
Not the far thunder, but the tacit shower
Of secrecies revealing thee, till all
My heart encloseth rest like a shut flower.

How silent, where the unperturbing sea
Frets not the border of thy seraph air,
As one who to the Earth's enchantment free
Loves her too much for thy eternal prayer.
Sad symbol of our hearts that so forget
The quiet haven for the troubled foam,
Breaking upon the reefs that overset
The sail that beateth evermore for home.

Thou hast a morn remembered when all streams
Poured from thy bosom through a forest hid
By Silence from the eddy of day's beams
That would disturb her bough-enchanted lid.
No song of men, no gladness, no refrain
Of the blithe axe re-echoing can reclude
The time thou hadst the sunshine and the rain
Interpreters for thee and Solitude.

We stand beneath thy unitary power,
We watch thee when no cloud a shadow throws
Upon thy stole of glory in the hour
The sunset is a pilgrim to thy snows ;
And there is never heart that doth not climb
With the meek evening to thine altar peak,
And, failing, doth not sorrow for the time
Prayer touched us so, and nightly God would
speak.

Thy footstool is the land, but far away
The intangible, dim girdle of the sea
Folds thee for ever like the Milky Way
Andromeda—'tis fitting thou shouldst be
Lovelier and more monumental shown
To the eternal wave than to the shore ;
It knoweth what e'en thou hast never known
And murmureth it to thee evermore.

The sound that is the ivy of the beach
Hath harmony beyond all earthly song ;
Oh, thou that hast for ever heard it, teach
My heart some fragment, so it may belong
To all my being—and as thou dost shine
A greater temple to the changeless sea,
Be it my glory that I am divine
Less to the world than to Eternity.

BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND

O WATERFALL that fallest to the sea,
Falling for ever to white virginals
Of olden melody! thy voice I hear
In molten moments of the summer stars
When the great sun is dead in majesty.

From the white fields of home like thee I came
Impetuous to the cliffs, and I have poured
Treasure of love on altars cold, as thou
Hast showered thy rainbow on the icy rocks,
That have not felt thy kiss,—and I would die.

Athwart the hollows of the moon-fed air
Come eider tremors of thy dying plunge,
Sureceasing as child-tired eyelids droop
Upon a wavy bosom, rocked with love
Poured from the heaven for ever like thy song.

The moon is kissing thy keen diadem,
Sick for her barrenness, and all her face
Creeps to thy white arc down the precipice,
As I have nestled, yearning with wild eyes,
Into the umber chancels of a soul.