

**FROM THE HILLS OF  
DREAM:  
THRENODIES, SONGS,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649589548

From the Hills of Dream: Threnodies, Songs, and Other Poems by Fiona Macleod

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**FIONA MACLEOD**

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AND OTHER POEMS**



**FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM**

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM:  
THRENODIES, SONGS AND  
LATER POEMS     ♣   ♣   ♣  
BY FIONA MACLEOD *psued* ♣

*Sharp hills...*

*"As Love on buried ecstasy buildeth his tower"*

ROBERT BRIDGES



*Library of  
Congress*

LONDON  
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1907

*"None but God and I  
Knows what is in my heart."*

SAHARA SONG.

*"The thyme and the marjoram are not yet honey."  
(EMERSON, OF THOREAU.)*

*"Rememberest thou, then, rememberest thou,  
O hot heart,  
How once thou thirstedst  
For heavenly tears and dropping of dew."*

NIETZSCHE,





## TO A MEMORY

### THE HILLS OF DREAM

ST. JOHN'S EVE 1901

*THERE has been twilight here, since one whom some name Life and some Death slid between us the little shadow that is the unfathomable dark and silence. In a grave deeper than is hollowed under the windsweet grass lies that which was so passing fair.*

*Who plays the Song of Songs upon the Hills of Dream? It is said Love is that reed-player, for there is no song like his.*

*But to-day I saw one, on these dim garths of shadow and silence, who put a reed to his lips and played a white spell of beauty. Then I knew Love and Death to be one, as in the old myth of Oengus of the White Birds and the Grey Shadows.*

*Here are the broken airs that once you loved. . . .*

*"The fable-flowering land wherein they grew  
Hath dreams for stars, and grey romance for dew."*

*They are but the breath of what has been: only are they for this, that they do the will of beauty and regret.*

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"From the Hills of Dream," 1896.)*

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