SONGS OF THE OPEN

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Songs of the open by Teresa Hooley

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TERESA HOOLEY

SONGS OF THE OPEN



Songs of the Open By Teresa Hooley



Jonathan Cape
Eleven Gower Street London

TO

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

You have no need of aught that I can bring Culled from red Autumn or turnultuous Spring; How should you heed my wild flowers, being free Of all Pan's garden and its mystery?

Yet born of that same soil these blossoms grew, Fostered by rain and sunshine, wind and dew. You hold the garden's key—is it not meet They should be laid in bomage at your feet?

Note

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I desire to make my acknowledgments to the Editors of the above.



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Songs of the Open

Our Lady of the Wood

SOFTLY through the little wood Came the Queen of Heaven, Paused, and stood. Bluebells, deep as mists of even, Like the shadow dim and sweet Of the robes around her feet, Fragrant, fair, Soon were growing, blowing there.

Mary thought of Christ the child,
Playing at her knees,
Dear and mild—
Mother-thoughts amid the trees,
Wood-anemones all white
Where the thoughts fell sprang to light,
Pure and pale,
Tender, sacred, starlike, frail.

Primroses of happy gold
Smiled up from the grass:
"Us behold,
Mother Mary, as you pass!
Aureole about His head,
Your bright hair above Him spread—
Stoop and see:
We are golden also, we."