

**THE CROSS, HOLLY
& EASTER LILIES**

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The Cross, Holly & Easter Lilies by Alfred Lambourne

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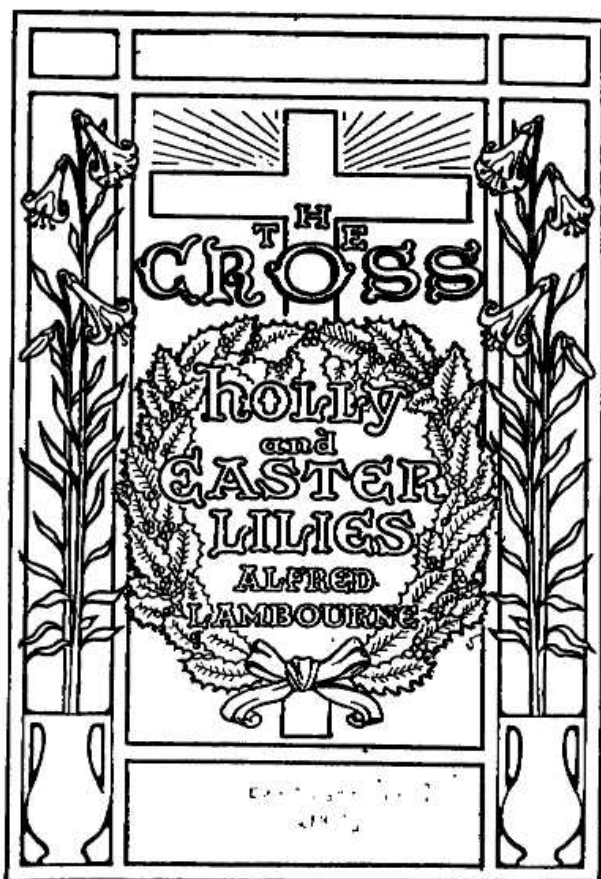
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ALFRED LAMBOURNE

**THE CROSS, HOLLY
& EASTER LILIES**



CLC

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DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL EDITION

One in the Memorial Edition, limited to one hundred art copies, of the poem.

The Cross: Holly and Easter Lilies.

This book to be purchased neither with silver nor gold, nor precious stones, nor aught of that which perisheth, but to be given, To Her Memory, without money and without price, in the name of Love.

In attest my signature, in scripture in meo sanguine, in hoc anno MCMX.

Printed - 1st August, 1911



TO WILHELMINA MARIE

I

*Thou who hast gone and left me to the years,
Grief-dazed and weak, who of my works did choose
To love the most this book, through falling tears,
To thee I write, then seek no more the Muse.*

II

*Again for me has come the Easter-time,
But no glad hymn finds echo in my breast;
So aches my heart, these words I scarce may rhyme,
And Love, black-winged, stands by a silent guest.*

III

*My words all useless are without thy praise
Which to my labor was the light that shone;
Dark now these verses, with the darkened days,
Yet tryst I keep as in the years ago.*

IV

*Before me still thy face I see as then,
The passing throng as shadows I behold;
I love not sunlight nor the speech of men,
This thought is mine—thy heart is still and cold!*

V

*Yet, I do listen as I roam the house,
Thy step I wait to hear upon the stair;
From my dejection startled oft I rouse,
Yet think it was Thy voice, I may not dare.*

VI

*My thought is thine before the robin's call,
Thy name in inward whispers spoken o'er;
O come, it seems, thou must as shadows fall,—
I wait in vain, though open stands the door.*

VII

*The longings of the heart the senses cheat,
In life thou seemst to guide some household care,
Within the hall we seem to pass and greet,
Yet I awake to know thou art not there.*

VIII

*Ah, from the present, thought will backward steal,—
As on our wedding-morn the light is shed,—
Live days of joy and sorrow, pain and weal,
If I do fast, or I do break the bread.*

IX

*Alas, it answered is, that question, now,
That we, all anxious, did each other ask;
Alas, 'twas mine to kiss the pallied brow,
To know the secret fate did from us mask.*

X

*Alas, 'twas mine to meet this dreaded hour,
To know a sorrow that thou couldst not share;
Alas, 'twas mine to know how great the power,
In lips grown mute, closed eyes, and tear-wet hair.*

XI

*Lo, from the distant tower, the silver chimes
A warning send me in this haunted room;
Serene the moon unto the zenith climbs,
The vernal air is filled with rich perfume.*

XII

*Bright fall the slanting beams upon my bed,
Across my hands I watch them moving slow,
Blind in my anguish, thou but newly dead,
The day and night unreal for me doth grow.*