Appendix

1. **AT CASTLE BOTERE**

As I drive the junction of lane and highway,

And the drizzle bedrenches the waggonette,

I look behind the fading byway,

And see on its slope, now glistening wet,

Distinctly yet

My self and a girlish form benighted

In dry March weather. We climb the road

Beside a chaise. We had just alighted

To ease the sturdy pony’s load

When he sighed and slowed.

What we did as we climbed, and what we talked of

Matters not much, nor to what it led

Something that life will not be balked of

Without rude reason till hope is dead,

And feeling fled.

It filled but a minute. But was there ever

A time of such quality, since or before
In that hill’s story? To one mind never,

Though it has been climbed, foot-swift, foot-sore,

By thousands more

Primaeval rocks form the road’s steep border,

And much have they faced there, first and last,

Of the transitory in Earth’s long order,

But what they record in colour and cast

Is – that we two passed.

And to me, though Time’s unflinching rigour,

In mindless rote, has ruled from sight

The substance now, ne phantom figure

Remains on the slope, as when that night

Saw us alight.

I look and see it there, shrinking, shrinking

I look back at it a mid the rain

For the very last time; for my sand is sinking,

And I shall traverse old love’s domain
Never again

2. **After a Journey**

I come interview a Voiceless ghost ;

Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me

Up the Clift, down, till I’m lonely, lost

And then unseen waters soliloquies we me

Where you will next be there’s no knowing

Facing round about me everywhere

With your nut- coloured hair

And grays eyes and rose, flush coming and going

Yes I have re- entered your olden haunts as last

Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked your

What have you now found to say of our past-

Viewed across the dark space wherein I have lacked you

Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division ?

Things were not lastly as firstly well
With us twain, you tell

But all’s closed now, despite times derision

I see you are doing, you are leading me on

To the spots we knew when we haunted here together

The waterfall, above which the mist- bow shone

At the then fair hour in then fair weather,

And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow

That is seems to call out me from forty years ago,

When you were all aglow,

And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow!

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see,

The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,

Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,

For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily

Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours,

The bringing of me here: nay, bring me here again!
I am just the same as when
Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.

3. **Beeny Cliff**
The opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,
And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping free
The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away
In their sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling
As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned march day.

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised rain,
And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull misfeatured stain
And then the sun burst out again, and purple prinked the main

Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks ord Benn y to the sky
And shall she and I not go- there once- again now March is nigh,
And the sweets things said in that March say a new there by and
Nay. Though still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore,
The woman now is - elsewhere- whom the ambling pony bore,

And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will see it nevermore.

4. THE GOING

Why did you give no hint that night

That quickly after the morrow’s dawn,

And calmly, as indifferent quite,

You would close your term here, up and be gone

Where I could not follow

With wing of swallow

To again one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good- bye,

Or lip the softest call,

Or utter a wish for a word, while I

Saw morning harden upon the wall,

Unmoved, unknowing

That your great going

Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house

And think for a breathe it is you I see

At the end of the alley of bending boughs

Where so often at dusk you used to be ;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,
And, reining nigh me,
Would muse and eye me,
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
Did we not think of those days long dead,
And ere your vanishing strive to seek
That time’s renewal? we might have said,
In this bright spring weather
We’ll visit together
Those places that once we visited

Well, well! All’s past amend
Unchangeable, it must go.
I seem but a dead man held on end
To sink down soon… O you could not know
That such swift fleeing
No soul foreseeing-
Not even I- would undo me so!

5. **THE VOICE**
Woman much missed, how you call t me, call to me,

Saying that now you are not as you were

When you had changed from the one who was all to me,

But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wit for me, yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air- blue gown!

Or its only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to existlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I, faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the torn from norward,
And the woman calling.