

**POEMS ON NEW  
AND  
OLD THEMES**

by

KEITH RAMSAY MCKENZIE



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(To be added to the section:)  
In Latin-American Style

RIO GRANDE LOVE SONG

You are the sweet bird that sings in my heart;  
You are the source of all favour and grace!  
Darling, I'm smitten by Cupid's sharp dart:  
Joy only comes ~~at~~ at the sight of your face!

Yours is the star-dust that shines overhead,  
Yours is the deep bay that gleams at our feet;  
For the touch of your lovely lips myriads  
have bled,  
My fate is to love you - I cannot retreat!

Might armadas have sail'd o'er the main,  
To build here great cities and church-towers  
tall,  
Millions have striven, - and just for what  
gain? -  
Simply to make of you queen over all!

Noble 'conquistadores' subdued this land,  
But greater than they is the Lady I see;  
Great were the heroes that made Rio Grande,  
But you are the greater, for you conquer me!

FOREWORD

This is the second volume of verse that Keith Ramsay Mackenzie has had printed for private distribution, the first volume consisting of sections titled "Australasiana" and "Feather Light".

Born at Christchurch in the province of Canterbury, New Zealand, in the year 1903, he migrated with his family to Australia in 1914 and graduated B.A. in the School of Modern Languages from the Melbourne University in 1926, winning several scholarships with which he travelled overseas. After further studies in various European centres he returned to Australia in 1928 and was granted the degree of Master of Arts from his university at Melbourne in 1929.

He was for some time a member of the literary staff of the Melbourne "Herald" evening newspaper and is the author of plays, short stories, a novel and several psychological treatises as well as poems.

He is at present resident in Sydney, New South Wales.



(To be added to the section:)  
In More Serious Vein

BALTIC SPRING

(W Alternative words to Grieg's song  
"I Love Thee")

O wond'rous rapture of the Year's awaking,  
When we arise out of the Tomb of Youth!  
With Love's enchantment see all Nature  
quaking,  
Enthralling as does the Soul of Truth!

O joy! when after winter Spring's returning  
Does o'er earth's breast her primrose  
mantle fling,  
And in our heart's again True Love is  
burning,  
Enchanting us as does the breath of Spring!

LIED

(Son in the German manner)

Sweet one comes up to me running,  
Smiling as the month of May.  
In the light she has been sunning,  
Underneath a / stack of ~~hay~~ hay.

Oh, you dear young mountain rosebud,  
You can move this heart of mine!  
In the veins of all that's youthful,  
Courses not just blood, but wine!

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In More Serious VeinON THE EVE OF SPACE TRAVEL

We, who have bathed in the blood of dragons,  
 Glorious under the linden tree,  
 We, who have quaffed from silver flagons  
 The poison-wine of ecstasy;  
 We, who have wedded the sweet Kriemhilde,  
 Queen and Empress of all the Fair,  
 And taken the invincible Brunnhilde  
 And swung her round by her golden hair:  
 We fear no foe!

We, who have fought with the noble Rama,  
 Faery hero of Hindu lore,  
 We, who have won in the world's great drama  
 A fame that will live for evermore;  
 We, who have served both the Cross and the Crescent  
 In lands that are distant--yea, lands that are far,  
 And drawn from its resting-place, conscious and prescient,  
 The sword of the Ruler, Excalibar:  
 We wail no woe!

Somewhere we know there's a forest waiting,  
 And there, on the bosom of Mother Earth,  
 'Mid the flutter of birds and the song of their mating,  
 We'll quaff the last flagon of Death-and-Birth,  
 And when the dew on the greensward's sprinkled  
 And lights have faded and breath is gone,  
 And the last flower's bloomed and the last note tinkled,  
 With a merry laugh o'er our Rubicon  
 Forward we'll go;

For Death is not death to the heart that is bravest,--  
 'Tis but a shadow that falls o'er the way;  
 Greatly rejoice when your troubles are gravest,--  
 The fairer the morrow, the fouler today!  
 Fresh from the conflict, and more than victorious,  
 Let us not mourn but rejoice in our scars,--



In More Serious VeinON THE EVE OF SPACE TRAVEL contd.

Hark every ear to the order most glorious:  
 Onward, ye victors, 'Angli ad astras'!--  
 Nation of heroes, advance to the stars!

ON THE VERGE OF TOMORROW

'Tis vain that roses grow o'er dead Love's tomb  
 Or cypresses be put in Honour's room:-  
 What helps the scent of one, the other's gloom  
     If Love and Honour both be dead,  
     The spirit of true prophecy be fled  
 To dwell with creatures blest in woody solitude,  
 Or in the Eagle's eyrie rude,  
 Or Polar desert regions cold and crude?  
 --When scarce a word of Truth by men must whispered be,  
 But only the wild winds and rains may weep and sigh  
 The horror of returning Tyranny  
 Garbed in the double mask of Comedy,--  
 Superfluous jest, unwelcome merriment,  
 No comrade, but the foe of true Solemnity!  
 O eyes that may not weep without reproof  
 Severe, unpardoning and most harsh as well,  
 O mother-breasts that may no longer swell  
     With pity lest Olympus' vanity  
     Should somewhat piqued be,  
 Or lest men gaze  
 Upon a God that lives not just in phrase  
 But in compassion and reality:  
 The stars are eyes to see your trampled rights,  
 The years are fraught with liberating might,  
 And though, at this sad juncture of our history,  
 The clock of progress may retarded be  
 By those one least suspects of treacherous villainy.  
 Yet will the years give back our Hopes sustained,  
 Innocence vindicated as most wise,  
 --And Goodness, too,--and the foul brood of Hell

In More Serious VeinON THE VERGE OF TOMORROW contd.

That has possessed our brethren, the Overwise,  
     Shall routed be  
 And normal values rule again in grave authority.  
 Then shall the Good rejoice in amity,  
 The Sapient see  
 That God Who all things makes  
 Of th' essence of all creatures blest partakes;  
     They by His Sovereign Will all motivated are  
     Nor can conceived be  
 As moved by laws mechanical and base  
     But by such spirits high as charity.  
 (We'll find, let's hope, 'spite "Wurzelgrub and  
     Mangel", Man's rights include the right to be  
     an angel!)

ASCENSION

"Let us make tabernacles here on Earth."  
 Thus spake St. Peter on Transfiguration Eve,  
 And to this very day I do believe  
 That some would like to, never dreaming that the girth  
 Of this small planet with its tiny Moon  
 Will fail to satisfy, and very soon  
 Man's work and destiny is in the skies,  
 As this small Earth-Moon canvas won't suffice  
 The God Whose Name is Great and Glorious,  
 Whose nature is to triumph o'er th' Adverse,  
 So that the "veto" of so many a creature  
 Would make space-conquest a most certain feature  
 Of our angelic nation's future.

They scan the Heavens, set down every star,  
 Make telescopes that very costly are,  
 And then pretend  
 That it is just to tell our earthly time,  
 Cook eggs by, know just when the slime



In More Serious VeinASCENSION contd.

Must be skimmed off the boiling vat's content,  
 Or else correct the instruments of navigation  
 In periods of Peace or warlike agitation.  
 They really plan  
 To make a moderate-size ground-plan  
 That won't include such things as Christ's Ascension,  
 Or anyone's at all, but the detention  
 Of all who see beyond Earth's grime,  
 A Plan and Power and Purpose most Divine.

--They say it's just to get the time correct,  
 But somehow I suspect  
 That subconsciously we all agree  
 'Twould be a vast delight to colonise, inspect,  
 The other moderate globes of our great galaxy  
 Nor to neglect  
 The satellites of Jupiter, Saturn's shelves,  
 The planets Mars' and Venus' selves,  
 Uranus' moons named after quaint old elves  
 And stars as far as thought and hoping delves.

Still others say Ascension's most august  
 And must be done just like a marble bust;  
 As if a matter of such dignity  
 Could not include the smallest levity  
 And miracles men dreamed of old be made  
 Completely without scientific aid.  
 These are of such as never ate  
 But with a golden spoon and off a golden plate,  
 Who never knew the woodland's zest  
 Or thought a breakfast off tin-plate the best;  
 At Reincarnation's name like dogs they whine,  
 And so they can't combine  
 Ascension with a Space-ship,  
 Jesus with a kid,

In More Serious VeinASCENSION contd.

That lives in modern times, and longs and yearns  
 (However much he plays or shirks or learns),  
 For inter-stellar travel, stars of blue  
 And can't believe it won't some day come true!

THE DIVER

(After the painting "Figurine d'Etude" by Flandrin,  
in the Louvre, Paris.)

Squat on your rock, your head upon your knees,  
 Moveless you sit, for all the world as though  
 The languid lapping of these amaranth seas  
 Were but to burnish forth your beauty's snow.  
 To this, your Rock, with throb of burning lyre,  
 Followed you once the Rose of all the Fair,  
 And, stepping from her chariot of fire,  
 Threw o'er your nakedness her glowing hair.  
 There stooped the Queen, bent down her diadem,  
 And made for you a tent of silken curls,  
 But you could only feel the wind in them  
 And still dreamed on your dream of earthly pearls;  
 Soft rose the Queen, threw back her glowing locks,  
 And weeping tears by far of richer hue  
 Than those that hang 'twixt any coral rocks,  
 Melted in pity into the deep blue;  
 And you dreamed on, your Beauty unembraced  
 By any fairer Beauty than your own,  
 Limb pressed on limb, and fingers interlaced,  
 Supremely lovely on your coral throne:  
 There still you sit, O Soul of Man Divine,  
 But now the clarion shouts from shore to shore:  
 "Tristan at last shall quaff the Isolde-wine!  
 Arise, O Man, to meet your Conqueror!"



In More Serious VeinADAM

"Drink to the very dregs the Cup of Love,  
 And never falter: then from up Above  
 Shall come deliv'rance in an angel form;  
 Forsake all else.--the fear of light'ning, storm,  
 Of plunder, conquest or disaster dire  
 From sword or flood, from hurricane or fire,--  
 Love's bowl, profound as night's infinity,  
 Love's wine, as dark as lips or rubies be!"--

Thus spake a voice: I, trembling on the brink,  
 Did take the Cup of Love, and I did drink!"

ANDROMEDA

Chained to the living rock, she waiteth stoically  
 The horrid doom which is assigned to her,  
 When, sharp-toothed, covered with sleek fur,  
 The dreadful Monster shall come from the sea  
 With nought its deadly intent to deter  
 Or e'en its murd'rous onrush to defer:  
 The amaranthine waves dash seethingly,  
 The crowds of Bigotry look on unpityingly,  
 And then the Monster Ignorance  
 Makes for the Maiden Innocent with a rush:  
 When, on the crest of the next breaking wave,  
 Perseus appears, his loving Bride to save,--  
 Armed with All-power supernal lent by Deity.  
 In vain the cruel monster claims its prey,  
 Minerva's shield and Hermes' sword do slay  
 The loathsome creature of all vanity.  
 And on the bosom of her Lover lain,  
 Andromeda returns to life again!

In More Serious Vein

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

*(This lyric fits the melody of Rubenstein's  
 well-known Romance in E Flat throughout.)*

When skies are overcast  
 And life seems dull and dreary,  
 And on our pathway lorn  
 We tread with footsteps weary,  
 When every hope of light  
 Seems gone, seems gone forever,  
 And in the fearful night  
 We part, 'twould seem, forever:  
 Courage on the mounting way,  
 Steadfastly to work and pray!  
 And then the shades of night  
 Quickly homewards stray;  
 Concentration on the game,  
 Help the friend that's halt or lame,  
 And in helping others,  
 Fears will pass away.

When to our blinded eyes  
 Our love seems dead for ever,  
 And wilfully we try  
 To cut bonds knit forever;  
 When after hasty words  
 We hear the clash of swords,  
 Remember how earth's night  
 Will shortly turn to light:

O joy! When day is dawning  
 (After storm, all alone,)  
 To see the sky's blue awning,  
 (One again, after rain);  
 In hearts new love is thrilling,  
 In trees the birds are trilling,  
 'Tis morning! The light comes again!



In More Serious VeinNIGHT

By night he came upon a goodlie dame,  
 That seated was upon a throne of stone  
 Full right amid the spreading, marshy plain;  
 Right confident was she though all alone.  
 And with her slend'rous arms all film-bedeckt,  
 It seem'd that she indeed the very stars  
 Upon their age-old courses did direct,  
 In crescents, circuits and in golden bars.  
 The knight poured wine into her bowl of gold;  
 She did but sip and wield her sceptre old.

"Alas, sir knight," she said, "you are too late  
 To see the glorious moments of my reign,  
 When the fair Moon her silver passage takes  
 And disappears in velvet swoon again  
 Or the stars shine in heavy golden arch.  
 You see, I am the goddess of the Night,  
 But now the Sun doth near the rim of Earth.  
 I to this great dim cave must haste away  
 To live by glow-worm light till death of day."

The knight rode on with dim, lack-lustre eye,  
 Nor could he think how she had come to live  
 There on the vast and weird, heath-covered plain  
 Nor how she there with ruthless men could thrive.  
 Then Phoebus rose with many-coloured darts  
 And o'er the realm of starry, sweet cool Night,  
 A silken canopy of blue did throw  
 So that one no more saw the further lights;  
 Yet could the errant knight not quite forget  
 The touch of Night's soft hand 'neath skies of jet.

In More Serious VeinSUNDAY AFTERNOON

Let's roam in thought over the hills today,  
 Let's lose remembrance of all ills today,  
 Let's think of forest glades and rills today,  
 Let's dream

Of how the shrubs and flowers burst into bloom today,  
 Of how the sea-waves break into spume today  
 And how the sunlight chases all gloom today  
 From hill and stream,

Let's feel a holy Sabbath hush today,  
 Avoid the thronging crowd and crush today,  
 And in the soulful singing of a thrush today  
 Perceive Hope's gleam.

CREATIVITY

*(An experiment in double-rhymed verse.)*

I send my voice out over the world:  
     *Ho to the lands of India!*  
     *Ho to the sands of Africa!*  
 I send my voice out over the world  
 And my voice returns to me  
     In the roaring of the high winds  
     And the soaring of the bye-winds,  
     In the shrilling of the linnets  
     And the trilling of the spinets,  
     In the crying of the curlews  
     In the city's stagnant purlieus;  
 I send my voice out over the world,  
 And my voice returns to me!

I send my thought out over the world:  
     *Ho to the rocks of India!*  
     *Ho to the flocks of Africa!*  
 I send my thoughts out over the world  
 And my thoughts return to me



In More Serious VeinCREATIVITY contd.

In the sparkling of the starlight  
 And the darkling of the far light,  
 In the sunset's golden glory  
 And the snows of Winter hoary,  
 In the glimmer of the harbour,  
 In the shimmer of the harbour;  
 I send my thoughts out over the world  
 And my thoughts return to me!

I send my life out over the world:  
*Ho to the mines of India!*  
*Ho to the pines of Africa!*

I send my life out over the world  
 And my life returns to me  
 In the kisses of descendants,  
 The affection of dependents,  
 In the bond that mating mellows  
 And the kinship of my fellows,  
 In the simple benediction  
 Of a life without affliction;

I send my life out over the world  
 And my life returns to me!

I send my love out over the world:  
*Ho to the wolds of India!*  
*Ho to the folds of Africa!*

I send my love out over the world  
 And my love returns to me

In the roaming of the sea-waves  
 And the foaming of the lee-waves,  
 In the apple-blossom's blooming  
 Where the dappled stream is glooming,  
 In the splendour of the dawning,  
 The mender of our mourning,  
 'Neath the roseate sky's blue awning,  
 My love returns to me!

In More Serious VeinFOR A DEPARTED MOTHER

Of all we knew we loved our Mother best;  
 She was our humble home, our Paradise;  
 We envied not the angels in the skies,  
 Nor Him Who rules beyond the golden west,  
 In her dear heart we found eternal rest,  
 Her eyes were wells of love that never dies,  
 Her hands, dear instruments which love supplies  
 With actions that shall be for ever blest.  
 To God's Great Garden did her spirit go,--  
 The tend'rst flower of His supply of such,--  
 We loved her so, we cannot tell how much;  
 She was an angel, for He made her so.  
 How can we, by undaunted Love subdued,  
 Deny God was her Maker, and He Good?

THE SEEKER

Wild storms have broke o'er my ship  
 With the gun'ls awash, the deck foaming;  
 Contrary winds have I met  
 Much opposed to the plan of my roaming;  
 But the good ship stuck to the sailing track  
 And the stout men throve on the failing tack  
 Whilst the Sun went down in a flaming wrack,--  
 So on with the life of a sailor!

...Blue skies overhead,  
 The breeze is gently blowing;  
 Dawn and sunsets red,--  
 Oh safe and sure shall be my going!  
 Deep seas underneath,  
 A world of coral treasure!  
 To roaming I bequeath  
 My heart and gold, my life for ever!

Tropical seas have their ways,  
 And I've known us becalmed, the hull leaking,  
 Not a cloud to ward off the Sun's rays,



In More Serious VeinTHE SEEKER contd.

Water low, our tongues parched and boards creaking:  
 But the men looked to me with their anguished eyes  
 And I prayed the Good Lord in the starry skies,  
 And He sent a downpour as a bounteous prize,--  
 So on with the life of a seeker!

SONNET

What will it matter, when we all are dust,  
 Whether we wrought with faint or fervid heart,  
 Whether we drew the sword or let it rust,  
 Whether we played the saint's or hero's part?

What will it matter when we all are gone,  
 And sunset-embers glimmer in the West,  
 Whether we lost the victory--or won,  
 Whether we valiant fought, or sunk to rest?

What will it matter?--"All the world's a stage";  
 We men, its puppets, play our destined role,  
 Mime hands his part to mime, from age to age,  
 And when is writ the finish of Time's scroll:

Earth shrivels up with all her tinsel gauds,  
 The curtain falls, lights flicker, God applauds.

In Spanish-American StyleSERENADE

Nita, the strumming of the steel guitars  
 Is audible both far and wide;  
 The heavy odour of the men's cigars  
 Is rising up just like a tide;  
 See how the many-coloured tropic flowers  
 Are visible still in the dusk;  
 The pungent scent from dark, mysterious bowers  
 Reminds of roses and of musk.

Dresses and jewels and mantilla scarves  
 Flash in the openings of the doorways bright;  
 The constant rumour of guerilla wars  
 Dies, and leaves silence for tonight;  
 Note how th'exotic tropic flowers exhale  
 Intoxicating sweet perfume!  
 Senoritas with a secret glance regale  
 Their galants waiting in the gloom.

All day the vivid red hibiscus blooms  
 Were visited by butterflies;  
 The oleanders with their sweet perfumes  
 Made each tropic garden Paradise,  
 And now the starlit, torrid Night lets down  
 Its most mysterious purple pall, -  
 The impulse in true love and wine to drown  
 All cares is felt by one and all.

TO THE GUITAR

Away from battlefield and bomb-struck town the night  
 Affords protection to our love;  
 The stars like cherub Peeping Toms look down so bright,  
 Inquisitive from up above;

Forget the worry and the strain of life this eve  
 With biscuit, cigarette and wine,  
 And your much over-taxed brain of strife relieve  
 With ecstasy of love divine!



In Spanish-American StyleTROPICAL NIGHT

The purple-black bat of Night has come at last,  
 The passionate breath of Love comes thick and fast;  
 Join in the wild love-tango under the trees!

Give me the kiss of passionate love!

Nicaragua in the dusk's still working there,  
 The fierce jaguar with his tusk-tooth's lurking there,  
 Start at the smallest movement in the dark!

Of jungle beast and fly beware!

Songs of IndiaHINDU LEGEND

(Telling the best-known of all Hindustan's traditional  
 tales in verse.)

In the days ancient legend,  
 When the fairies ruled this land,  
 Before the hordes of Islam  
 Had come from Samarkhand.  
 There dwelt a noted Rajah--  
 King Janak was his name--  
 Who had a daughter, Sita,  
 Her beauty gave her fame.

Oh, the days of ancient Hindustan  
 Were famed beyond compare,  
 When we remember Sita,  
 We know that Love was there;  
 For the Great God Brahman ruled the land,  
 Who loves both great and small,  
 The fish in the stream and the birds in the air,  
 And the men and the fairies all.

Now, a neighbouring Hindu Rajah  
 Had a son, and strong was he,  
 The noble Rama was his name,  
 The Prince of all the free,

Songs of IndiaHINDU LEGEND contd.

Who loved the Princess Sita  
 So that they plighted troth,  
 Which caused another Prince Ravanna  
 Great and furious wrath.

Oh, the days of ancient Hindustan  
 Were famed beyond compare,  
 When we remember Rama,  
 We know that strength was there,  
 For he bent the bow no man could bend  
 And so won his beauteous Bride,  
 And his fame and skill in peace and war  
 Were known both far and wide.

There was a writ a blood-stained chapter  
 On our peaceful history's page,  
 For a mighty tribal war arose  
 On account of Ravanna's rage.  
 But the gallant young Prince Rama  
 His men to victory led,  
 And subdued the fierce Ravanna  
 And his lovely Sita wed.

Oh, the days of ancient Hindustan  
 Were famed beyond compare,  
 For the spirit of true love-romance  
 Was known and nurtured there!  
 --And the streams ran down to the Indus,  
 And the Indus down to the sea,  
 And the Great God Brahman ruled o'er all,  
 And a mighty God was He!



Songs of IndiaHINDU LOVE-SONG

*(Sung by a woman, as in the days when the husband,  
particularly if a Rajah, was an object of worship.)*

His smile is like the Sun's blest uprising,  
His voice is like the melodies of Spring,  
His breath is perfum'd like the jasmine bowers,  
His sweetness is the sweetness of all flowers;

His soft embrace is gentle as the deer,  
His discourse as the streams is crystal-clear,  
And when I glimpse his face, O glad surprise!  
O bliss! O joy! Eternal Love is in his eyes!

HINDU NATIONAL SONG

India, Mountainland, land of honour bright,  
India, Fountainland, land of love and light,  
That streams from Heaven and from the hills  
And sparkles in the streams and rills,  
How with the light of Truth she thrills, -  
Our India!

India, Brotherland, land of purest joy,  
India, Motherland, love without alloy!  
Her legendary dignity,  
Her thought as Himalayas high,  
Her faith so steadfast to this day  
Bless India.

India, mighty land, mother of the world,  
See her rise, new and grand, with Freedom's flag unfurl'd!  
To her, the Womb that gave us birth,  
The source of all our joy and mirth,  
The Sole Salvation of the earth,  
Let glory be!

Dramatic FragmentCLEOPATRA'S ADIEU

*SCENE: The Throne-room of the Palace at Memphis.  
Cleopatra is seated on a couch with her maid at her side.  
(The High Priest of Egypt enters, carrying flask.)*

High Priest

Here, Madam, is the wond'rous lethal draught  
Which I this morn have even promised thee;  
'Twill cure thy sorrows with its magic craft  
So surely that thou shalt contented be.  
*(He hands the flask to Cleopatra.)*

Cleopatra

*(accepting flask,)*  
I thank thee that thou dost obedience yield,  
And hand to thee herewith the golden key  
That open shall the royal treasury,  
So that thou shalt the Ruler's sceptre wield.

High Priest

*(accepting key from Cleopatra,)*  
Most gracious ma'am, much thanks. Believe thou this:  
Of all our princesses thou wast most blest.  
Be not by this sad circumstance distress't;  
Drink thou the gods' best gift and share their bliss!  
*(The High Priest bows and withdraws, leaving Cleopatra alone  
with her maid.)*

Cleopatra

*(holding flask,)*  
Come now, dear death, sweet death, beloved death,  
Lull me to rest as in the sleep-god's arms,  
Come, gently terminate my life's alarms,  
Seal thou my moments with thy slumb'rous breath!  
What sleep, O Death, with thee can truly vie,  
What other slumber soothe the tired soul?  
No higher boon th'Osirian gods control,



Dramatic FragmentCLEOPATRA'S ADIEU contd.

No sweeter gift descendeth from the sky.

Come now, roll up our history's brief scroll:  
What regally has lived must royal die!  
(*She drinks, reclines.*)

Maid

(*kneeling adoringly at her side.*)

O Cleopatra, as in golden strife,

The sun sets in the bosom of the sea,  
So sets the daystar of thy lovely life

In purple pomp, as well beseemeth thee!

And as the daystar's flaming golden ball

Sinks in his splendour in the crimson'd main,  
So sets the sun of Egypt's greatness all,

Never to rise, Oh! ne'er to rise again!

Ah, what a loss! With thee the spirit band

Osirian, that was with Antony and his men,

Shall hie them hence--all the bright company--

And leave us desolate amid the sand

And dust of Africa. What shall we then become?

O'erwhelmed be!

Cleopatra

(*dazed,*)

I travel in a world a-whirl,

I see strange sights and unfamiliar things  
Such as I dreamed, why! when a girl!

(*momentarily recovering,*)

Why kneelest thou, good maid? Now, take these rings.

(*She gives rings to her maid.*)

Dramatic FragmentCLEOPATRA'S ADIEU contd.

Maid

My Queen, I thank thee for thy gracious gift;

But what are these to comfort us who dread  
Lest Egypt fall, and desert sands may sift

O'er her fair face, and leave our country dead?

In what have we, her children, then, to trust,

If immemorial Egypt come to dust!

Cleopatra

(*With dying inspiration,*)

Egypt shall not quite die. The Nile shall flow,

And crops still grow in cultivated fields;

With greatest happiness oft comes great woe.

The lesser joy the lesser sorrow yields.

Maid

O Famed in wisdom as thou wast in Love,

Immune to loss, death thou art far above!

Cleopatra

I die! 'Tis finished all! Now for eternity!

(*Curtain*)



In ConclusionTHE SHADES OF NIGHT

Have you ever noticed o'mornings,  
 When the day begins to dawn,  
 How the spirits of the Night crept out  
 Down the passage and over the lawn?  
 All night they have made the darkness  
 In the room in which you slept,  
 And then, when the long night's watch was o'er,  
 Out of the door they crept.  
 They are kind if mournful spirits  
 That watch all night long cloth'd in black,  
 But sometimes they move when you stir in bed  
 And a chill goes down your back;  
 But they never do you any harm,-  
 It's not their nature to, -  
 They keep you safe in bed and warm,-  
 That's what they're there to do.  
 Two by two o'er the lawn they go  
 And into the cellar drear,  
 Like a troupe of nuns and clergymen  
 Following a sacred bier.  
 Sober and chaste are the Shades of Night,  
 Long-robed, hooded and gloved;  
 Though we like the bright spirits of Dawn and Day,  
 Even they are not more beloved.

TRIOLET

How sweet the calm that comes with close of day!  
 O hush that falls on mountains and on woods!  
 In flow'ry fields the lambs no longer play;  
 How sweet the calm that comes with close of day!  
 The water-lily closes her chaste bloom,  
 And bats and owlets issue in the gloom:  
 O hush that falls on mountains and on woods!  
 How sweet the calm that comes with close of day!

HYMN TO BUDDHA

The crimson ardours of the setting sun,  
 The bright refulgences from land and sea,  
 The long light-streamers when the day is done,  
 O heavenly Light of Light, are one in Thee!



History

The history of the city of New York is a story of growth and change. From a small Dutch settlement to a global metropolis, the city has evolved through centuries. The early years were marked by the Dutch, who established a trading post in 1624. The British took control in 1664, and the city grew rapidly. The American Revolution brought independence, and the city became a center of commerce and industry. The 19th century saw the city expand its borders and become a major hub for immigration. The 20th century brought the challenges of urbanization and the rise of skyscrapers. Today, New York is a world leader in finance, culture, and innovation.