

I

NOT once, but often, Truth has been rewarded
With fiercest hatred, foulest calumny,
While Vice has reigned supreme, by men belauded,
And punished all who would not bow the knee;—

Not once, but often, Truth with instant crying
Has called for champions till her champions came,
And then has giv'n them nought but tears and sighing,
A life of sorrow and a death of shame;—

Of, having called on hero-souls to save her,
She seemed to grant them nothing but a frown;
Yet these have known her secret smile of favour,
A nobler guerdon than a kingly crown.

December, 1913.

II

O SLEEP, sweet sleep, come over me,
And waft me to the land of dreams,
Where everywhere flow copious streams
Of honeyed wine, and every tree
Hangs down its branches to the ground
Fruit-laden, and on all sides round
The land smiles, beautiful and free.

No pain is there, nor any toil;
Far from the din of human life,
Far from the harsh unlovely strife,
Far from the tumult and the moil
Of struggling men,—there, far away,
In that sweet land the flowers of May
Spring aye unbidden from the soil.

O glorious land of dreams! I long
To visit thee and see thy bowers,
And lay myself amid thy flowers,
And spread my weary limbs among
Thy fragrant herbs, that so I may
Return to meet the toils of day
With manly heart, content and strong.

MARLBOROUGH, *Lent Term*, 1914.

III

TIME

O TIME, that fliest on never-failing wings,
Consuming years, consuming memory,
Consuming strength, and bringing vain regrets
For lost delight and ne'er-recurring hours,
Yet bringing with thee healing for the past,
Hope for the future, pardon, comfort, peace;
O kindly Time, thou canst not e'er return
To give us back the past, but thou canst give
Things better for the future; this is thine,
To soothe where thou hast wounded, and to dry
The tears that thou hast caused and at the last
To still life's tumult thou hast raised, in death.

MARLBOROUGH, *Lent Term*, 1914.

IV

O GOD, for Truth, or some faint glimpse of Truth,
To smite through mists of night, and pierce the sense
And drive away the dreary vast offence
That 'wilders all the desperate heart of youth!
Mazes of life and death, of guilt and ruth,
And all that binds the world in one intense
Creative whole, that understanding dense
Can compass not, nor know a whit in sooth.
Yet grant us, wretched as we are, and weak,
Grant to our earth-dimm'd spirit and fleshly mind
Even here, through this world, like some twilight-streak
Of dawn, a vision of that which lies behind;
Or if Thou willest we must ever seek,
Yet, ever seeking, may we ever find!

MARLBOROUGH, *November 21st*, 1915.

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Alec De Candole
Excerpt
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V

IN MEMORIAM

THIS life thus nobly ended, forth again
Still to another!
Still God, through all thy future joy or pain,
Be with thee, brother!

HASTINGS, *January*, 1916.

6

VI

—THE old, the bitter, everlasting Why,
That rises ever to the throne of God,
His human creatures' wail. And some have cursed
His name, as Fiend and Devil. Some have sworn
He is not. Some have said, "It is the LORD."—
Shall all things, at the end, be one, and good,
Or is it but the sport of careless Fates,
Or the blind workings of a hidden Chance?

* * * * *

No; for a blow is God's own love, I think;
Not chastisement, but strength. The greater grief,
The greater love of God, the greater chance,
The greater strength. And God is with us still.

March 21st, 1916.

VII

AVALON

A WONDROUS isle is Avalon,
Where grey mists cover all
The face of earth; and there, upon
Their floating, rises tall
The shadow-shape of that sweet island, where
There rest, in all delight,
Past ages' fame and might,
Who now rejoicing hold that valley fair.

There Arthur might we see,
Noblest of Kings that are,
And valiantest in war;
With new-won chastity
Lancelot and Guinevere, those sinful lovers;
And there is Merlin wise,
All knowledge in his eyes;
And all the swimming mist o'ershades and covers.

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And there our own sweet past
We might possess again,
Sweet-recollected pain,
And joy that could not last—
There, could we come there, there we still might dwell,
And love and laugh once more,
As we laughed and loved before,
And rest for ever 'neath the past's soft spell.

But onward is the call;
We must not, cannot, stay.
Still onward day by day
The future summons all—
Still onward thro' the heat and toil of the plain—
Yet, travelling on—who knows?—
Ere the endless day's long close,
Perchance we may find Avalon again!

CLIFTON, *June 9th*, 1916.

VIII

I HAVE not lived in vain, if one of men,
Who trod the earth and breathed the air with me,
Have felt the touch of man's divinity
From God through me, and learned to hope again.
And yet once more, I have not lived in vain
If, barren here, I have gathered into me
Seed that shall ripen in eternity,
Fruit to mature, and buds to blossom, then.
Therefore I pray that God would fill my soul
Full of the might and splendour of His grace,
That I may journey toward Him not alone,
But that full many another of His own
May travel with me, and at last the whole
Of all mankind may see revealed His face.

July, 1916.