ALLEYS

BY

Emma L. Hardy

Max Gate,

December, 1911.

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<1>

**TIME.**

OF Time advancing,
How’er* entrancing
No mind can know
What tides will flow,
Or winds will blow;
What airy chance
Or circumstance
Some day may show.

<2>

**TEN MOONS.**

In misery swirled
Is this one-moon whirled,
But there’s no sorrow or darkness there
In that mighty Planet where
There is no night.
Ten moons ever revolving

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All matter its long years resolving
To sweetness and light.

*Dorset County Chronicle,*
1907.

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**ELECTRIC CURRENTS.**

By electric currents working
Sweetest influences abound,
And fearful powers our lives surround
For not known to us they’re lurking
By electric currents working!

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**SPRING SONG.**

Why does April weep?
And why does April smile?
And why do we some sadness reap
A-wondering all the while?

If the winter’s nights have flown,
And its dark days so lone,
And the summer’s love’s a-warm
Coming like bees a-swarm,

Will not the sun’s heart glow,
With ours in a steady flow
Of joy and sure delight,
Of new deeds and thoughts of might?
But none knows what summer’s days may bring,
That’s why we weep and smile, come spring.

*The Sphere, May, 1900*

<5>

MARCH, 1901.

HERE’S a song of a bird in a tree,—
A song that is fresh, gay, and free,
The voice of a last summer’s thrush,
Shaking out his trills—hush! Hush!
’Tis sunshine and rain both together,
And wind of March weather.

A young blackbird trying some notes!
Softly—new ones he’s catching,
Whilst his mate sits a-hatching,
With bright eyes patient and meek.

<6>

THE TRUMPET CALL.
(To the single Daffodil.)

WHO has not heard, with every bird,
That stirring trumpet’s call
Of the Daffodil true (not fashioned anew,)
Nor felt his heart bound at that magical sound,
Though folded in winter’s pall?
Waving, waving, shining, gleaning,
And ‘dancing’ merrily, too;²
Calling and singing they wake the world’s
dreaming,
With their golden trumpet’s call.
He who, entranced, memoried, that ‘dance,’³
Knew only the Daffodils true.
With laughter shaking, the spring cure for all
aching,
They sound out their gold trumpet’s call—
‘Comes the summer with skies clear and blue.’

Dorset County Chronicle,
March, 1910

³ Ibid., line 12; Emma’s word ‘memoried’ refers to lines 19-24. Her final lines in
this poem comment on the final couplet of Wordsworth’s poem.
Now the dew lies spread upon the grass,
    The cobwebs sparkle like to glass.

Weariness of nature the Soul denies,
    It raises itself anew towards the skies,
With leaps and bounds the soul does run,
    To greet this morn so lovely well begun,
Filling the heart with high delight,
    To see so fair a morn so handsome bright.

Awhile.—Then humid soddeness again
With darkness, sadness, and tempestuous rain.

DANCING MAIDENS.

DANCING maidens, sweet were they,
Who danced at noon and danced at eve,
And sometimes danced the long-lived day.

A Duchess, a Queen, had their mother been,
    On many a stage, in many a play;
Then turned farm-wife, and brought with her strife,
    Breaking her heart in this her last part.

She laid her life down in her favourite stage gown,
    But the gay little maids they danced all day,
Though in grief for their mother—that was their way.
‘O, mother come back, come back, come back,’
    They cried as they danced all three, alack!
Sweet Sophie and Julie and little Therese,
    Danced away sadness under those trees.

And each tree since with its Walnuts laden
Has ever been called a dancing maiden.

_Dorset County Chronicle_,
_1905_
THE GARDENER’S RUSE.

A wild rose tree from the hedge brought he,
And planted it well in the mould,
Digging around and making a mound,
To stand it up high and bold.

Then a hole he made, at its back in the shade,
And an onion deep tilled in,
For the onion was bound to make roses sound,
And a fine rich perfume to win.

Down far in the earth, hidden its worth,
The onion, coarse and meek,
Sought the roots of the roses, to give scent to its posies,
And brilliance in colour—a Freak!

Then came the summer, and many a hummer,
Humming his song as he flitted
To the red red roses, so fine for all posies,
And blithe with their scent—well-witted.

At these roses so odorous, the man was not dolorous,
The gardener’s laugh was bland—
‘‘Tis a fortune,’ he said, ‘‘Tis gold I’ve read,
. . . So the poor onion’s life was grand!

*The Academy, 27th April, 1901*
<11>

YOUTH.

OUTH, old age will overtake you
Unawares; he’s laying his snares
By day and night, he grips you tight,
   Old age will mock you, shock you!

<12>

A CHURCHYARD.

UNDREDS of times has grief been here,
   Hundreds of mourners themselves lie here,
For some no grieved hearts followed their bier,
   They had outlived all who could shed a tear.

<13>

GOOD NIGHT.

THE solemnity of the last hour of Eve,
When we take our leave—
   ‘Good night! — good night!’
   Gone to the past is this day,
We’ve looked our last thereon.
   To morrow! Shall we tread the same way?
Saying again—’Good night—good night!’
THE LIVING WORD.

THROUGH all the ages God is known,
   All the symbols,
   All the Idols,
 All the creeds for all men’s needs,
   But show the ‘word’ alone persistent,
The great creative mind existent,

Beseecching man—he piteous cries,
   ‘Who art Thou?’
The Invisible replies,
   ‘I am,’ and none in his heart denies,
That power which rules the earth and skies—
   ‘Thou the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Thou the Living Word exhibit
   From dead chaos on till now!’

Max Gate,
   Aug. 1907.

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4 Emma is builds on John’s description of the Word of God as both the creative agent and the hidden logic of the universe in John 1: 1-4 and 1: 10: ‘In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God … All things were made by … He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.’

5 Cf. God’s self-designation ‘I AM,’ first in Exodus 3: 14 and echoed repeatedly throughout the Jewish and Christian Bible, e.g. Isaiah 44: 24 and John 8: 58.
GOD SAVE OUR EMPEROR KING.

Antiphon.

Awake, O Lord, awake!
This Land for Thine to take,
And brightest make.

God save our Emperor-King.

India!

Calm may we live and die,

Great Beneath our temperate sky.

Britain! Let all the shires shout and sing—

God save the Emperor, our King.

Men of this glorious land,

India!

To truth and freedom stand.

God save our Emperor-King.

King of these isles that are,

Great Long be our ruling power,

Britain! With love and pride let the crowds sing—

God save the Emperor, our King.

In fellowship and faithful bands

India!

Let peoples join hearts and hands—

God save our Emperor-King.

May Britain’s victorious men

Great Break swords for plough—and then,

Britain! Unite in peace and joyful sing—

God save the Emperor, our King.

Max Gate,
Nov., 1911.

F. G. LONGMAN,
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