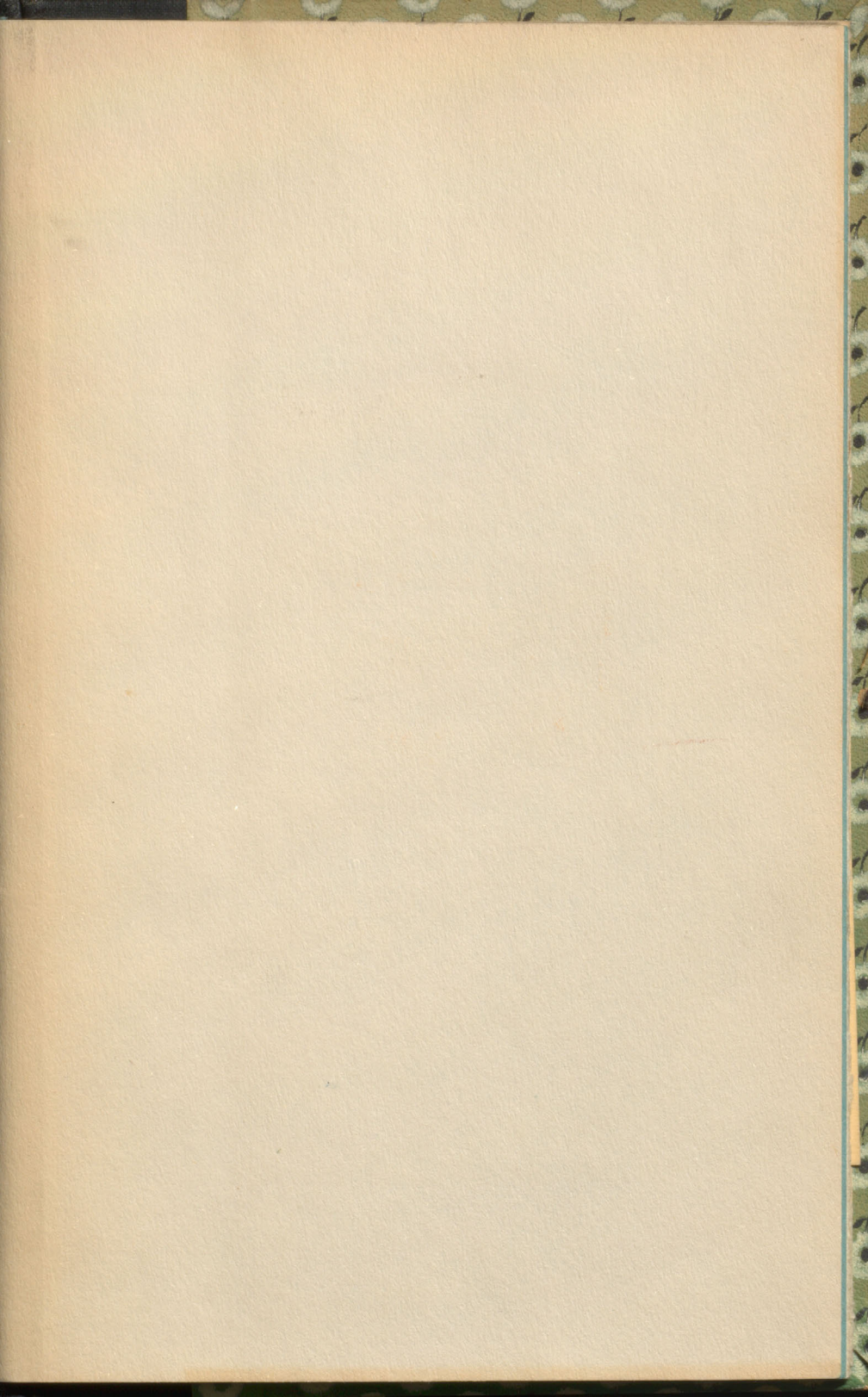


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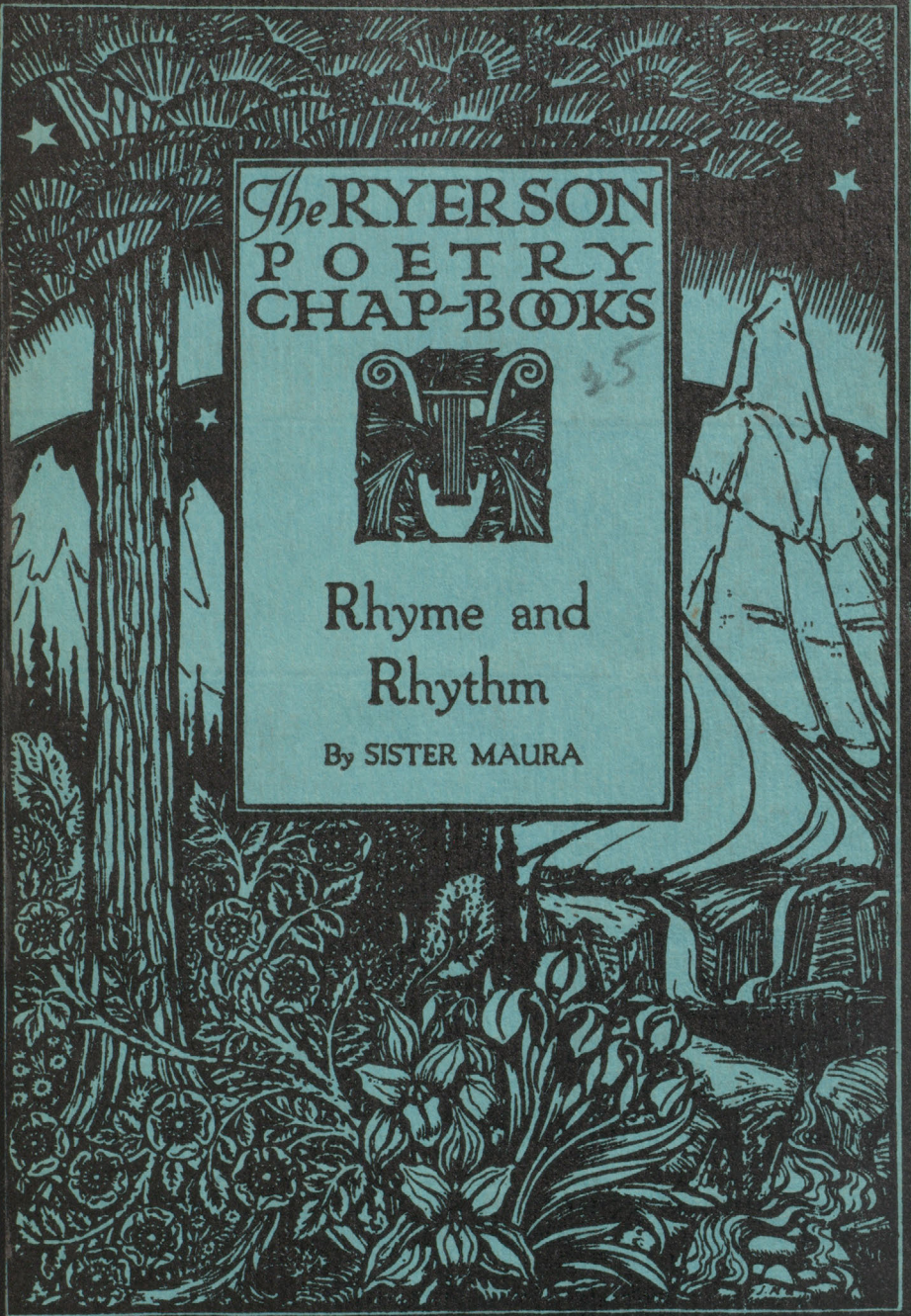
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Rhyme and  
Rhythm

By SISTER MAURA

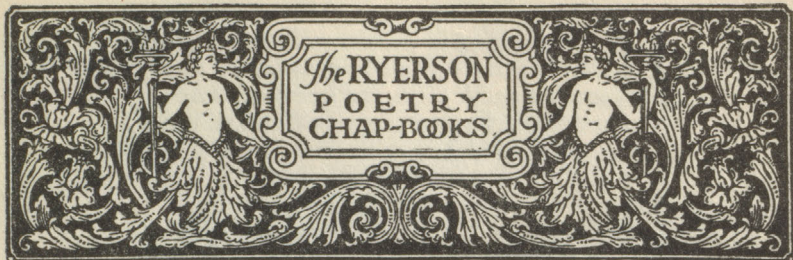
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This is a first collection of fugitive poems by Sister Maura, of Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Sister Maura's poems have appeared from time to time in such periodicals as *The Commonwealth*, New York; *The Poetry Review*, London; *The Catholic World*, New York.



## Rhyme and Rhythm

By Sister Maura



### THE BLESSING OF ST. FRANCIS

*"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show  
His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord  
turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace."*

SEVEN times the centiple wheels of life have whirled  
Since Francis in his brave abandonment  
Committed his young way to a free world  
And the great hand of God; above him bent  
The pitying sky; he saw in the sun and moon  
And the light of stars, the smile of God, and heard  
His voice in the music of the sea, the croon  
Of the wilful wind, and the joyous lilt of a bird:  
He loved in every soul drawing human breath  
The Spirit of the Maker, Whose best peace  
Followed his shining steps to the bourne of death  
And filled the orbit of his life's increase.  
Trust, mercy, peace—all those who love him will  
Know in their lives his triple blessing still.

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## SHAKESPEARE

**H**ILLS gleaming in the sun and streams of gold  
That flow through morning meadows, every flower  
That jewels English earth, the lore that's told  
By country hearths, the greenwood's magic power,  
And all warm kinship with the clay of life—  
This, and a finer spirit made the man  
Who saw with understanding eyes the strife  
And splendour of the spacious court, the span  
Of wide-encircling, rich humanity.  
The glamour of adventure in new lands,  
The glory of achievement on the sea,  
The woven gramarye of makers' hands;  
He loved and suffered, and he wrote the whole  
In living letters on a deathless scroll.



## STARS AND THE POETS

**W**HEN earth was in its childhood and the stars  
Together sang in the young morning skies,  
The first of all the poets opened eyes  
Of loving wonder on them. Nothing mars  
That age-old harmony; without scars  
Have poets loved the lights that twinkling rise,  
And in the stars, Dante, with sorrow wise,  
Opened for men a heaven's golden bars.

O lovely lights! Makers of your own brightness!  
Illumers of a darker world that swings  
Pendent perpetually upon your lightness!  
In all this universe of human things,  
Touched with the fire of energy divine,  
Most like to you the souls of poets shine.



## DONEGAL CASTLE

SUNLIGHT and shadow, and the pulsing tide  
Of human joy and sorrow, wavering still,  
Drift by a castle on an Irish hill  
That wears a coronal of princely pride,  
And watches through the centuries beside  
The glens where noble-hearted Columbcille,—  
Wise, tender, strong,—lived happily until  
The joyance of his life was crucified;  
Then, out of bitterness and torturing pain,  
He built an edifice of deathless gain  
In the souls of men. The mellow harp they heard  
And golden voice bid evil to depart.  
His living word, still, like a singing bird,  
Wings its own way into the human heart.



## AUTHORITY

AUTHORITY is lonely. It is no more  
To welcome friends in careless comradesry,  
But always live apart; never to be  
Free wanderer on the hills and by the shore  
But ever bound in time and service for  
Others' well-being, and perpetually  
To bear, with an unfaltering charity,  
The weight of souls that Christ the Master bore;  
Yet, it is to possess the splendid peace  
Of sunset and the hope that crowns the dawn;  
To share God's universal fatherhood  
And hold its own, to vital joy's increase,  
A baby's dimpling laughter and the wan,  
Frail grace of wisdom that is age's good.

## THE SCHOOL ON THE HILL

**T**HERE is a world upon a crested hill,  
Encircled by the far variety  
Of beautifully changing sky and free,  
Near, friendly winds that blow their airy fill  
And sink to quiet; sequent seasons still  
Weave a new, lovely vesture silently  
Upon the slopes whose crown of masonry  
Stands strong and tranquil as a steadfast will.

Life moves to happy music in this world  
Of eager youth: its skies are rosy bright;  
Its days give promise to the years to be  
But love the present, where, with brave wings furred,  
Clear souls may walk rejoicing in that Light  
Whose splendour dawned in lake-blue Galilee.



## DRESS

**W**HO can dress at dawn in an opal gown  
And wear like a scarf the fragrant air;  
Who be clothed at noon in limpid blue  
With a lambent gem in her hair;  
Who can deck herself, when evening comes,  
In cloudy textured cloth of gold,  
And wear at night the starshine bright  
In a purple velvet's fold?  
Who but I  
Who am the sky?

## LYRIC PASSION

WHAT do I care for kisses?  
I kissed your heart as it bled,  
And in my life is woven  
That glowing crimson thread;  
I have moments to remember  
Till my last set of sun,  
And love that will be living  
After time is done.



## DEIRDRE'S SONG AT SUNRISE

HAIL to thee, beautiful, mighty, and golden!  
Rise in thy splendour and gladden the earth;  
Banish the darkness, all good things embolden;  
Shine, O life-giver, that joy may have birth.

Hail to thee, mighty and golden,  
Lord of the days new and olden,  
Shine, that our joy may have birth.

Winter lies slain by thy gold-gleaming arrows;  
Far hast thou driven his coldness and dearth.  
Hail to thee, victor whose peace no foe harrows!  
Shine on in splendour and gladden the earth.

Shine on, O mighty and golden,  
Lord of the days new and olden,  
Shine on and gladden the earth.

## THE REMEMBERED DEAD

(On September the fourth, 1929, a monument was erected on the highway near Halifax to the dead of the D'Anville Expedition.)

AH, gallantry was wasted and laid low  
When D'Anville and his thousands  
In their high sailing pride  
Met hostile winds, and tempests,  
And the last and grimmest foe.  
They gave their stricken bodies to the pleasant seacrest land,  
And their undaunted souls to God.  
On their forgotten graves, the dying leaves have drifted,  
The sighing snows have sifted,  
Years and years;  
And over them, the song-birds sing  
In the green-golden canopies of spring.  
But to-day, their memory is shrined in tenderness and beauty,  
And made to live  
A landmark on the road of time.



## THE CRUISE OF THE CASSIE-MAY

(True to Fact)

WITH blithesome hearts in breeze and sun  
The builders toiled each day  
Until a gallant vessel danced  
Upon the sunlit bay;

And the wine flowed sparkling on her deck  
To the sound of voices gay  
When the captain's little sister stood  
And named her Cassie-May.

The winds and waves they favoured her  
To the port of Saint Pierre,  
And the Cassie-May and her sister ship  
Took on good cargo there.

The captain to his brother said  
As they walked their shipward way,  
"I'd give what best I have to sail  
For home with you to-day."

Seven tall sons his mother had,  
But none so dear as he,  
So lithe and straight and debonair,  
With eyes as blue as the sea.

His brother sailed under open skies  
With a fair wind on his track,  
But the captain of the Cassie-May  
Put out when clouds were black.

Oh, long may his mother watch and wait  
Ere ever again greets she  
The boy who was lithe and brave and straight,  
With eyes as blue as the sea.

Oh, long may his sisters on the shore  
In hopeful watching stand  
Ere ever again his white-winged ship  
Comes sailing to the strand.

Only the sun-bright waves can tell  
As they dance to the reefèd sand  
Why that good ship and her gallant crew  
Will never come to land.

## JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

A SPIRIT has passed from the day,  
Passed on a breath, and away.

A spirit that gave his best  
To life with its outstretched hands  
And youth in its eagerness,  
Then turned to his rest;

A spirit that vanquished fears,  
And wrested from bitterness  
And anguish unutterable  
A crown for the years;

A spirit that burned with rare,  
Generous love for friends,  
And shrined the memory of one  
Deathlessly fair;

A patriot he, and a soul  
Questing a country afar  
Beyond the uttermost star,  
Where was his goal.

Over now is the quest,  
With day, in the sun-bright west.



## A SONG OF SORROW

For BLISS CARMAN

THE ship is in the offing  
Upon the blue sea-rim;  
Its mast, against the azure,  
Dips in the distance dim.

It bears a gentle spirit  
To sail with valiant grace  
The infinity that girdles  
This isle of time and space.

No more will his homeland listen  
For the music he used to sing;  
Not again will his song requicken  
To the magic of the spring.

Never more will his pulses kindle  
At the glory of a tree  
Flaming in gold and crimson  
Like a torch of liberty;

Never more his friends may greet him  
On mellow days and rare  
When they meet to quaff earth's nectar  
And breathe the finer air;

But his voice will live forever  
In golden melody  
That can fill the sad with joyousness  
And set the fettered free.

How dare another praise him,  
The poet whose words fly  
Like a flock of heavenly singing birds  
In a summer sky?

His being was a rhythm,  
In harmony, a part  
Of the creative beating  
Of the mighty Maker's heart.

Ah! sorrow be his eulogy,  
And prayer on shining wing  
Flutter with his dear soul  
In its journeying.

## VIRGO CLEMENS

**V**IRGIN most merciful, from your sky window  
High above earth  
Watching this little world swing through the universe,  
Sadness and mirth  
Chasing each other like shadow and sunshine  
Round its green girth,  
Smile on its sorrow and pity its happiness,  
Lady of worth.



## ROSA MYSTICA

**O**NCE there grew a gracious flower,  
Velvet smooth, and bright  
With chalice light.  
Its delicate petals hour by hour  
Gave fragrance to the air  
And under late summer skies  
Opened wide to show the rare  
Golden heart of the Rose of Paradise.



## JANUA COELI

**T**HERE was a hush in heaven. The great God leaned  
Intent, His seraphs furled their mighty wings,  
And every gleeful cherub ceased his song,  
While Gabriel waited for a Maid's reply;  
But at her word, a voice of living joy  
Thrilled the still world, and through an open gate  
Came heaven's splendour to the earth disconsolate.



## REGINA MARTYRUM

**B**Y fiery death,  
By the sharp sword,  
By tortures manifold,  
These entered in the glory of their Lord;  
And as the ruby door swung wide,  
Exultantly they cried  
Upon the Mother of sorrows, their Queen glorified.



## AGNUS DEI

**W**EE Lamb in Bethlehem's soft starlight,  
And wounded Lamb on Calvary's height,  
And shining Lamb in God's glory, bright,  
Have mercy upon us day and night.



## MARY'S DAY SONNET

**N**OW comes the loveliest month of all the year  
Over the rim of time, and walks the land  
In fragrant beauty. Lo, on every hand,  
The children flock, the people throng more near  
Where their own gracious Mother leans to hear  
And answer; like grass-strewn flowers, small and bland,  
Her medals gleam; and gifts with free love planned  
The generous lay before her shrine most dear.

O Mother of the living, Mary, hail!  
Beneath the light of your eyes what avail  
The pomp of riches and the pride of birth?  
What matter this world's little gain or loss?  
You gather in your arms all souls of earth  
And hold them to your heart beneath the Cross.



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*Leo Cox, Editor*

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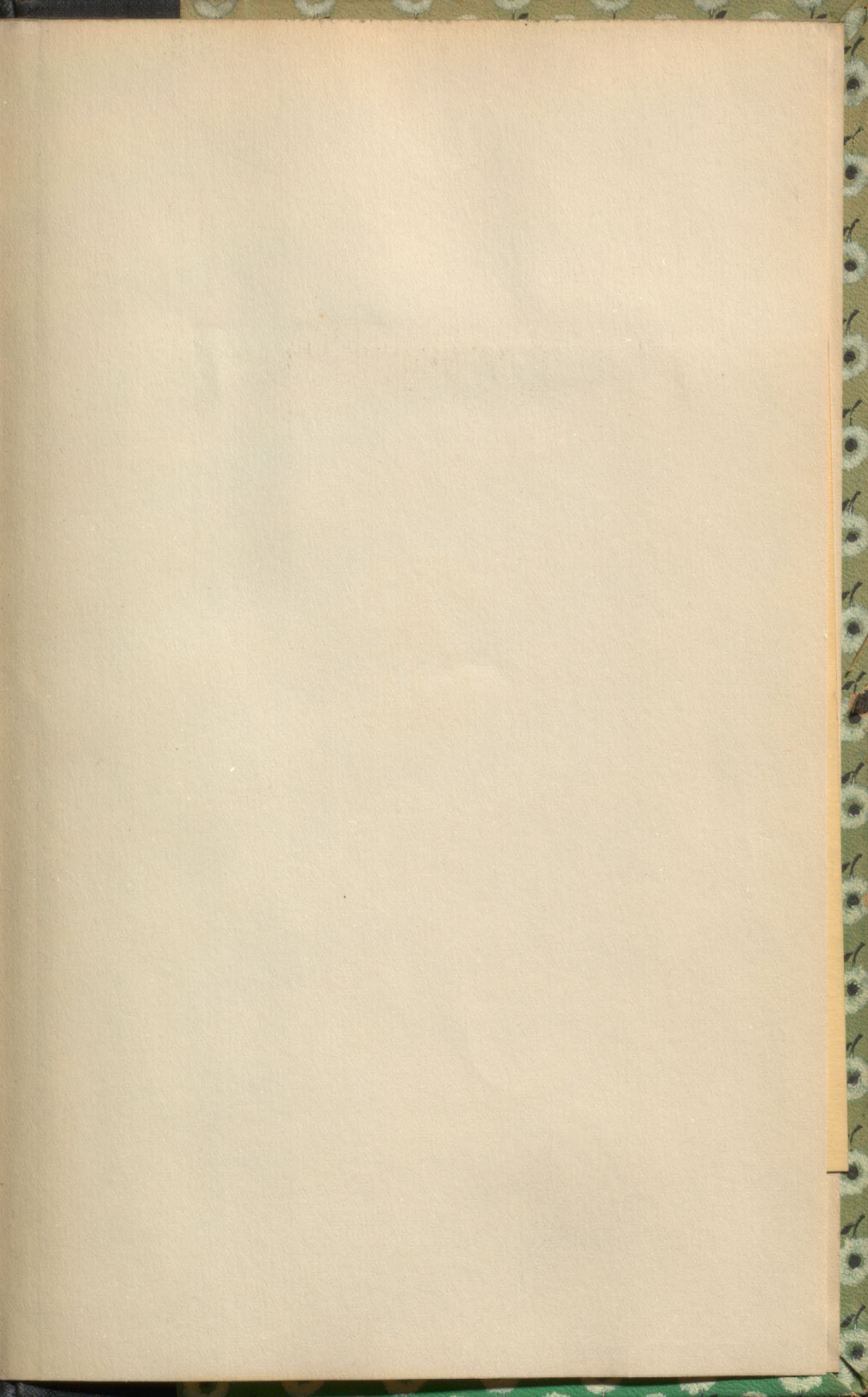
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