

The RYERSON
POETRY
CHAP-BOOKS



The
Viking's Bride

By
WINIFRED STEVENS

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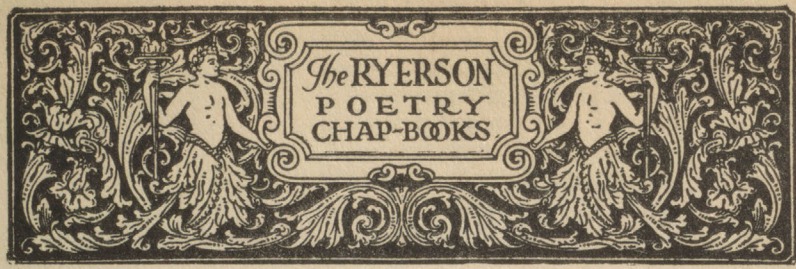
Mrs. Winifred Stevens was born in the Lake District, England. Her education was rounded out with residence in France, Germany and Italy. For almost twenty years the author has lived in Canada, principally on the Pacific Coast. Extensive travel has enriched her experience, and a command of several languages enhanced her cosmopolitanism. In her home town, New Westminster, Mrs. Stevens is the centre of many literary and artistic activities.

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The Viking's Bride

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TOR WAS a Viking bold
 In those grim days of old,
 When the fierce Norsemen o'ersailed the wild sea.
 Glyn was a maiden fair,
 Glyn of the golden hair;
 Blue were her dreamy eyes,
 Blue as the summer skies;
 Yet when the Viking bold
 For her his love had told,
 Bravely she followed him upon the wild sea.

Forth sped the Viking bold,
 E'en through the Arctic cold,
 On, ever onward across the lone sea.
 Over the boundless main,
 Over the heaving plain,
 Wildly the tempest roared,
 Madly the sea-foam soared.
 Yet with her heart of gold
 Glyn loved the Viking bold,
 Gladly she sailed with him across the lone sea.

Still rides that Viking bold,
 Snow wraiths his limbs enfold,
 Dancing his ghostly dance upon the sad sea;
 Glyn ever by his side,
 Sweet Glyn, his blue-eyed bride.

What though the Arctic sky
Looked down and saw them die!
What though their crew was lost,
Doomed by the bitter frost!
Still while the world shall hold,
Loves she her Viking bold,
Sails evermore with him across the sad sea.



THE DANCE

I HEAR a sweet-toned, muffled shout
Stealing o'er the prairies:
The butterflies are calling out
All the flower fairies;

Forget-me-not in sky-blue crown,
Pansy sweet and tender,
Ready to foot it up and down
In glowing summer splendour.

A yellow maid from the buttercup,
A red one from the clover,
Ready to trip it down and up
With each bright handsome rover.

Glimmering o'er the sunlit ground,
Dainty, light and airy,
Two and two they circle round,
Butterfly and fairy.



TWO WELLS

THERE are two wells on my farm:
One is surface water
And runs dry in summer.
The other is a spring
Which never fails.
My heart is a well
Where thirsty souls may drink.
Is it a spring of kindness unending?
Or will it fail them
In their hour of need?

THE MINUET

I SAW in dreams a picture fair,
Squires and their dames with powdered hair,
With gracious mien and lordly air
They danced the minuet.
In graceful curves they moved around,
Gliding so gently o'er the ground,
To tender music's rhythmic sound,
They danced the minuet.

Holding their plumed hats in their hand,
These stately lords, with manner grand,
Chose out the fairest in the land
And danced the minuet.
Beautiful dames with dainty toe
Spread out their fans and curtsied low,
Swayed with the measure to and fro,
And danced the minuet.



MOON-LIGHT

SUN'S down,
Moon's up,
Earth is fast asleep;
From a brown acorn-cup
Two green fairies creep.

Creeping peep,
Peeping creep
Towards the fairy ring,
Where merry elves
Disport themselves
On translucent wing.

Moon-light
Shines bright
Where the fairies play;
But if you woke
The elfin folk
Would vanish right away.

WHITHER?

(Adapted from the German)

ACROSS the open moorlands
The breezes roam at will;
They skim with airy freedom
O'er forest, knoll, and hill.
And ever, ere we sever,
One secret I would know:
Oh breezes, gently blowing,
Say whither would you go?

Far down the wooded valley
The rushing torrents leap,
To join the lordly river,
And with it onward sweep.
They wander while I ponder
The lore I fain would know:
Oh streamlet, swiftly flowing,
Say whither would you go?



THE TWIN-FLOWER

(*Linnaea borealis*)

BENEATH the noble pine-trees
That rear their heads on high,
I gaze and gaze in wonder
Where countless treasures lie.
Through banks of softest velvet
The timid violet peeps,
While o'er the mossy carpet
The dainty wind-flower creeps.

But fairest of the blossoms
That star these woodland dells,
The twin-flower gleams in beauty
And rings its tiny bells.
Its blooms of palest opal
And leaves of glossy green
Shine forth among the shadows
With ever radiant sheen.

THE FISPA

(With the Canadian Authors, July 14, 1928)

GLADLY the Fispa shot out o'er the bay,
The waves at her coming stopped short in their play,
To toss up a greeting of rainbow-hued spray,
And joy laughed aloud on the waters.

Grandly the mountains looked down from their height,
As cloud-shadows drifted in tremulous flight,
And lulled the tall forests to dreams of delight,
While beauty pervaded the waters.

Gently now ocean and earth sink to sleep,
The glory of sunset illumines the deep,
The evening star flickers, the long shadows creep,
And peace hovers over the waters.



THE LORELEI

(Adapted from the German)

THE EVENING sunbeams linger
On forest, crag, and hill,
Below in the deepening shadow
The Rhine flows dark and still.
A maiden of wonderful beauty,
With jewels strange and rare,
Sits there in the silent gloaming,
And combs her golden hair.

Her comb of gold flashes brightly,
The while she sings her song,
A song of sweet love and longing,
Most wondrous deep and strong.
Enraptured the traveller listens,
Nor heeds the treacherous cliff,
Till hungry waves draw them under,
The boatman and his skiff.

LAST NIGHT AND TO-NIGHT

LAST night the moon shed a cold, clear light,
The birds were silent, and the weary buds
Drooped in dull sorrow and forgot their scent:
Beauty was nowhere in the dreary world—
For my love had sailed far from me.

To-night the moon sheds a soft, bright ray,
The birds sing sweetly, and the fragrant flowers
Pour forth their incense on the balmy air;
The world is full of rapture and delight—
For my love has come home to me.



THE POET

C. G. D. R.

THE POET treads the dusty road,
He climbs the rocky height,
Then footsore, weary, bleeding, bruised,
He lays him down at night.

“And did you find the going rough?”
“Why no!—I scarce can tell—
I journeyed toward a radiancy
From which such glory fell,

“That every meanest leaf and stone
New beauty seemed to take.
But fairer still, I know, will be
The vision when I wake.”

MIST

TENDERLY, silently, out of the stillness,
Born of the hush of the eventide,
Came the silvery mist with its web of enchantment,
And lo at its coming the tumult died.

And soft through the silence a spirit voice whispered:
"I have hid from thy eyes all the sordid and vile.
I have silenced the din that thy soul might be strengthened;
So cease from thy striving and rest thee awhile."



THE STORM

DULL grey clouds and a driving rain,
No sun at all in the sky;
Wet bleak fields and a bitter wind
Moaning its desolate cry;
Bare black trunks and the fading leaves
Gleaming with unearthly light;
Storm-swept hills and the dying day
Shuddering into the night.

Let the storm expend its fury,
Let it run its full fierce length;
There's a dignity and grandeur
In its majesty and strength.

NIGHT COMES

NIGHT comes,
Delight comes,

The moon's soft silvery light comes.
Hark! a step upon the threshold
And a hand upon the door,
And a voice of sweet refinement
We have known and loved before.
Then the poet is amongst us,
With a breath of Arcady,
And we reckon naught save beauty
And the joys of minstrelsy.
Rugged is the mount of rapture
Which the poet's feet have trod,
Veiled from sight the mystic mountain,
Where he gazed upon his God.
But the radiance shone about him,
As he wrestled with the sod;
Now he breathes where'er he passes
The tranquillity of God.

Night comes,
Delight comes,
The poet's mystic light comes.

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