

Classic Poetry Series

Anne Glenny Wilson
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Anne Glenny Wilson(1848 - 11 February 1930)

Wilson was born in 1848 at Greenvale, Victoria, the daughter of Robert Adams. In 1874, she married James Wilson and went to New Zealand. Her husband, a well-known public man, was knighted in 1915. Her first book of poems, *Themes and Variations*, came out in London in 1889 and was followed by a novel, *Alice Lauder, a Sketch*, in 1893. Another novel, *Two Summers* published by Harper in 1900, was later included in Macmillan's colonial library. In 1901 *A Book of Verses* was published (new and slightly enlarged edition, 1917), a collection of her poems from English, American and Australian magazines. Her husband died in 1929 leaving her with two sons and two daughters. Lady Wilson died in New Zealand and is buried in the Clifton Cemetery at Bulls. Some of her poems are included in several Australian and New Zealand anthologies.

A Winter Daybreak

From the dark gorge, where burns the morning star,
I hear the glacier river rattling on
And sweeping o'er his ice-ploughed shingle-bar,
While wood owls shout in sombre unison,
And fluttering southern dancers glide and go;
And black swan's airy trumpets wildly, sweetly blow.

The cock crows in the windy winter morn,
Then must I rise and fling the curtain by.
All dark! But for a strip of fiery sky
Behind the ragged mountains, peaked and torn.
One planet glitters in the icy cold,
Poised like a hawk above the frozen peaks,
And now again the wild nor'-wester speaks,
And bends the cypress, shuddering, to his fold,
While every timber, every casement creaks.
But still the skylarks sing aloud and bold;
The wooded hills arise; the white cascade
Shakes with wild laughter all the silent shadowy glade.

Now from the shuttered east a silvery bar
Shines through the mist, and shows the mild daystar.
The storm-wrapped peaks start out and fade again,
And rosy vapours skirt the pastoral plain;
The garden paths with hoary rime are wet;
And sweetly breathes the winter violet;
The jonquil half unfolds her ivory cup,
With clouds of gold-eyed daisies waking up.

Pleasant it is to turn and see the fire
Dance on the hearth, as he would never tire;
The home-baked loaf, the Indian bean's perfume,
Fill with their homely cheer the panelled room.
Come, crazy storm! And thou, wild glittering hail,
Rave o'er the roof and wave your icy veil;
Shout in our ears and take your madcap way!
I laugh at storms! for Roderick comes to-day.

Anne Glenny Wilson

Fairyland

Do you remember that careless band,
Riding o'er meadow and wet sea-sand,
One autumn day, in a mist of sunshine,
Joyously seeking for fairyland?

The wind in the tree-tops was scarcely heard,
The streamlet repeated its one silver word,
And far away, o'er the depths of wood-land,
Floated the bell of the parson-bird.

Pale hoar-frost glittered in shady slips,
Where ferns were dipping their finger-tips,
From mossy branches a faint perfume
Breathed o'er honeyed Clematis lips.

At last we climbed to the ridge on high
Ah, crystal vision! Dreamland nigh!
Far, far below us, the wide Pacific
Slumbered in azure from sky to sky.

And cloud and shadow, across the deep
Wavered, or paused in enchanted sleep,
And eastward, the purple-misted islets
Fretted the wave with terrace and steep.

We looked on the tranquil, glassy bay,
On headlands sheeted in dazzling spray,
And the whitening ribs of a wreck forlorn
That for twenty years had wasted away.

All was so calm, and pure and fair,
It seemed the hour of worship there,
Silent, as where the great North-Minster
Rises for ever, a visible prayer.

Then we turned from the murmurous forest-land,
And rode over shingle and silver sand,
For so fair was the earth in the golden autumn,
That we sought no farther for Fairyland.

Anne Glenny Wilson

The Lark's Song

The morning is wild and dark,
The night mist runs on the vale,
Bright Lucifer dies to a spark,
And the wind whistles up for a gale.
And stormy the day may be
That breaks through its prison bars,
But it brings no regret to me,
For I sing at the door of the stars!

Along the dim ocean-verge
I see the ships labouring on;
They rise on the lifting surge
One moment, and they are gone.
I see on the twilight plain
The flash of the flying cars;
Men travail in joy or pain -
But I sing at the door of the stars!

I see the green, sleeping world,
The pastures all glazed with rime;
The smoke from the chimney curled;
I hear the faint church bells chime.
I see the grey mountain crest,
The slopes, and the forest spars,
With the dying moon on their breast -
While I sing at the door of the stars!

Anne Glenny Wilson

Travel Song

'COME, before the summer passes
Let us seek the mountain land:'
So they called me, happy playmates,
And we left the dawn-lit strand:
Riding on till later sunbeams slanted
On dark hills and downward-plunging streams,
And the solemn forest softly chanted
 Old, old dreams.

From the pass, we saw in glory
Wave on purple wave unrolled
To the cloud-encircled summit
Floating high, alone and cold:
Like that altar-stone, by men of Athens
Dedicated to the unknown God;
Waiting for some fire to touch his holy
 White abode.

Then the mellow sunset dying
Passed in rosy fire away,
And the stars and planets journeyed
On their ancient unknown way.
Riders of the illimitable heaven!
Moving on so far beyond our ken,
Do ye scorn the toiling, heavy-hearted
 Sons of men?

Ere we slept we heard the torrents
Rushing from that mighty hill
Join in deep melodious singing,
While the forest-land was still.
Music of forgotten wildernesses!
Would that I could hear that song again!
Song of primal Earth's enchanted sweetness,
 Joy and pain.

Anne Glenny Wilson