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TWO NEW POEMS

by
Violet
Jacob



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TWO NEW POEMS

ROHALLION : THE LITTLE DRAGON

By *Violet Jacob*, decorated with
three designs by *A. Mason Trotter*



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HODGKINSON'S HAND-MADE PAPER.*



Rohallion

My buits are at rest on the midden,
I haena a plack,
My breeks are no dandy anes, forrit,
And waur at the back ;
On the road that comes oot o' the hielands
I see as I trayvel the airth,
Frae the braes at the back o' Rohallion,
The reek aboon Pairth.

There's a canny wee hoose wi' a gairden
 In a neuk o' Strathtay ;
My mither is bakin' the bannocks,
 The weans are at play ;
And at gloamin', my feyther, the shepherd,
 Looks doon for a blink o' the licht
When he gethers the yowes by the shielin'
 Tae fauld them at nicht.

There's niver a hoose that wad haud me
 Frae this tae the sea
When a wind frae the knowes by Rohallion
 Comes creepin' tae me,
And niver a lowe frae the ingle
 Can draw like the trail and the shine
O' the stars i' the loch o' Rohallion
 A fitstep o' mine.

There's snaw i' the wind an' the weepies
 Hang deid on the shaw,
And pale the leaves left on the rowan,
 I'm soothward awa ;
But a voice like a wraith blaws ahint me
 And sings as I'm liftin' my pack
' I am waitin'—Rohallion—Rohallion—
 My lad, ye'll be back !'



The Little Dragon

THE nun stood watching by the cloister wall
Day's dying to behold,
Heaven seemed to her too far, too mystical,
Her soul to climb its ramparts but to fall
And earth was turned to gold.

All down the harvest fields the western flame
In floods of fire was borne ;
There stood in rows transfigured by the same,
Until the sickle should their glory claim,
The gold ears of the corn.

Her part was where eternal censers swung
 By convent walls confined ;
The convent choir her requiem had sung,
The church had bound her life, her soul, her tongue—
 Her heart it could not bind.

Around her place the golden sunflowers ranged
 Their faces to the west,
As the declining day his steps estranged
They watched their lord, the sun, untired, unchanged,
 And in their vigil blest.

And through the dust that rose in golden cloud
 A golden helm shone high ;
Nor fast, nor prayer, nor penances had bowed
The idle knight in strength of manhood proud
 Who laughed as he rode by.

The dragon on his crested helmet shewn
 Mocked her with leer uncouth ;
She heeded not—she saw his face alone
And from his eyes there flashed into her own
 The golden fire of youth.

It burned the sacred stillness of her days,
 Between the holy book
And her dropped lids, there swam that ardent haze,
It hid God's altar in a golden blaze
 Before her raptured look.

The reverend priests and nuns who marked her face
 With wonder day by day,
Stood still to see her kneeling in her place,
And "God has given her visions in His grace,
 She is His Saint," said they.

Ever more rapt in ecstasy she grew,
 Remoter and more frail,
For, as the year died out and rose anew
They said again, "Her soul is rising too
 Above its earthly veil."

And, on a day when spring's own breath sublime
 Whispered in field and tree,
Fervent and faint from some undreamed of clime,
She passed from out the close-barred room of time
 Into eternity.

And when the priest his benediction spoke
 Above her coffined clay
There fell great awe upon all holy folk,
For golden light through all the cloister broke
 And bathed her as she lay.

Only — above the carven arches old,
 It seemed they did not see
Among the gargoyles insolent and bold,
One little dragon laughing through the gold
 — Laughing eternally.



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