

THREE POEMS

JULEIGH HOWARD-HOBSON

1964

Everything they had died for overturned,
Once they were gone, our gallant lads. Those men
Of whom an empire could gloat. They earned
Nothing with their deaths but empty holes. Then
Those holes were filled, but not with sons, or sons
Of sons, but with strange men with foreign faiths
And foreign ways who spoke in foreign tongues.
How sad to think that once this blighted place
Was of one folk, and of one mind. Now we
Must dwell among a different kind, men who
Didn't conquer us, but just came to be
Here. Our leaders said we needed them to
Help. We had lost so many native ones . . .
We strain to see the rays of the black sun.

BY AND BY

We strain to see the rays of the black sun
The eastern skies alight with the new dawn
For this was every *einerhjar* reborn
For this did every mother tell her sons

To watch, to wait, to scan the morning sky.
Their daughters, too, were told to train their gaze
And watch for the becoming of new days.
For it will come, this dawning, by and by.

IT WILL COME

For it will come, this dawning, by and by,
Staining with ruddy hue the pearly sill
Of each gold mantled cloud as weary night
Slow bleeds away beneath the morning sky.
It will come, it will come, and with it will
Come more than merely morning, more than light —