Phoebe Anna Traquair HRSA (1852-1936) and her Contribution to Arts and Crafts in Edinburgh

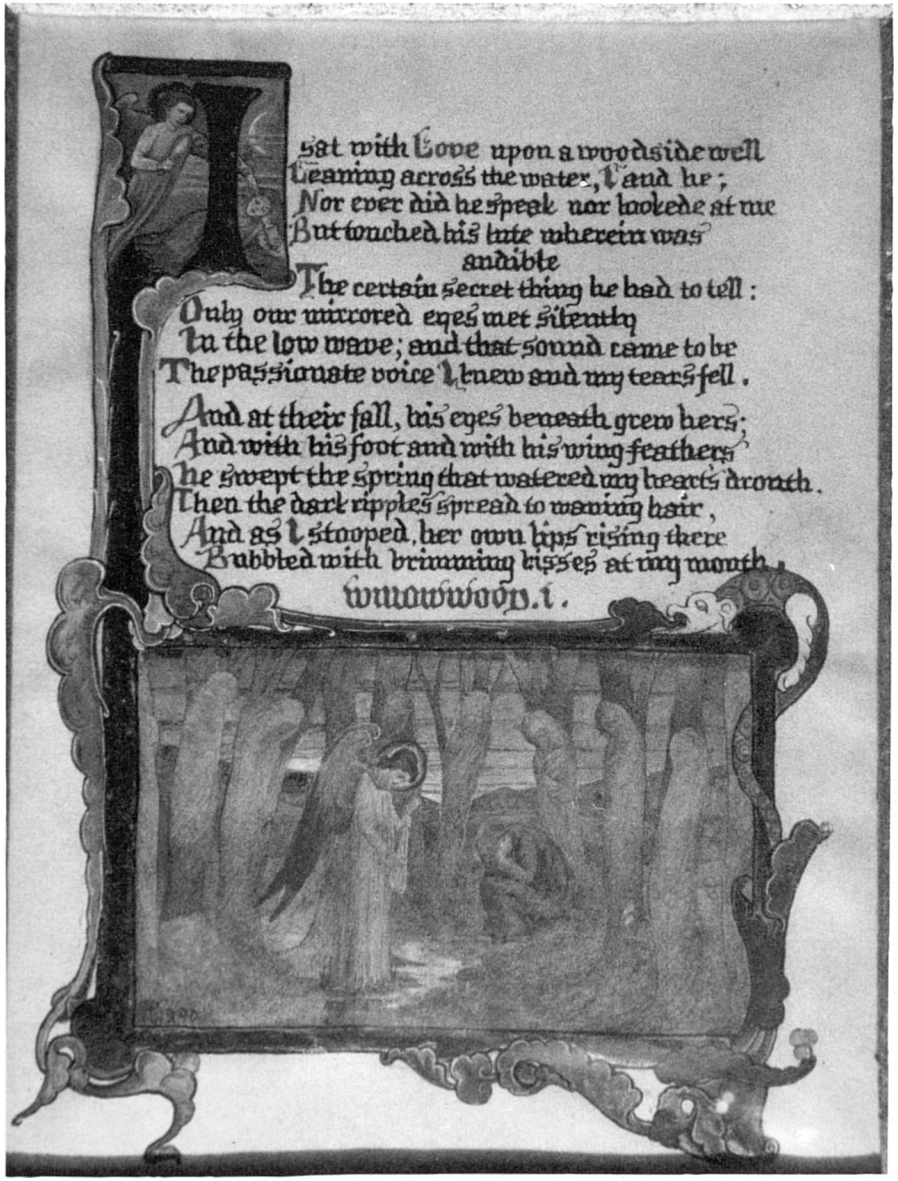
Elizabeth S Cumming

Volume Three

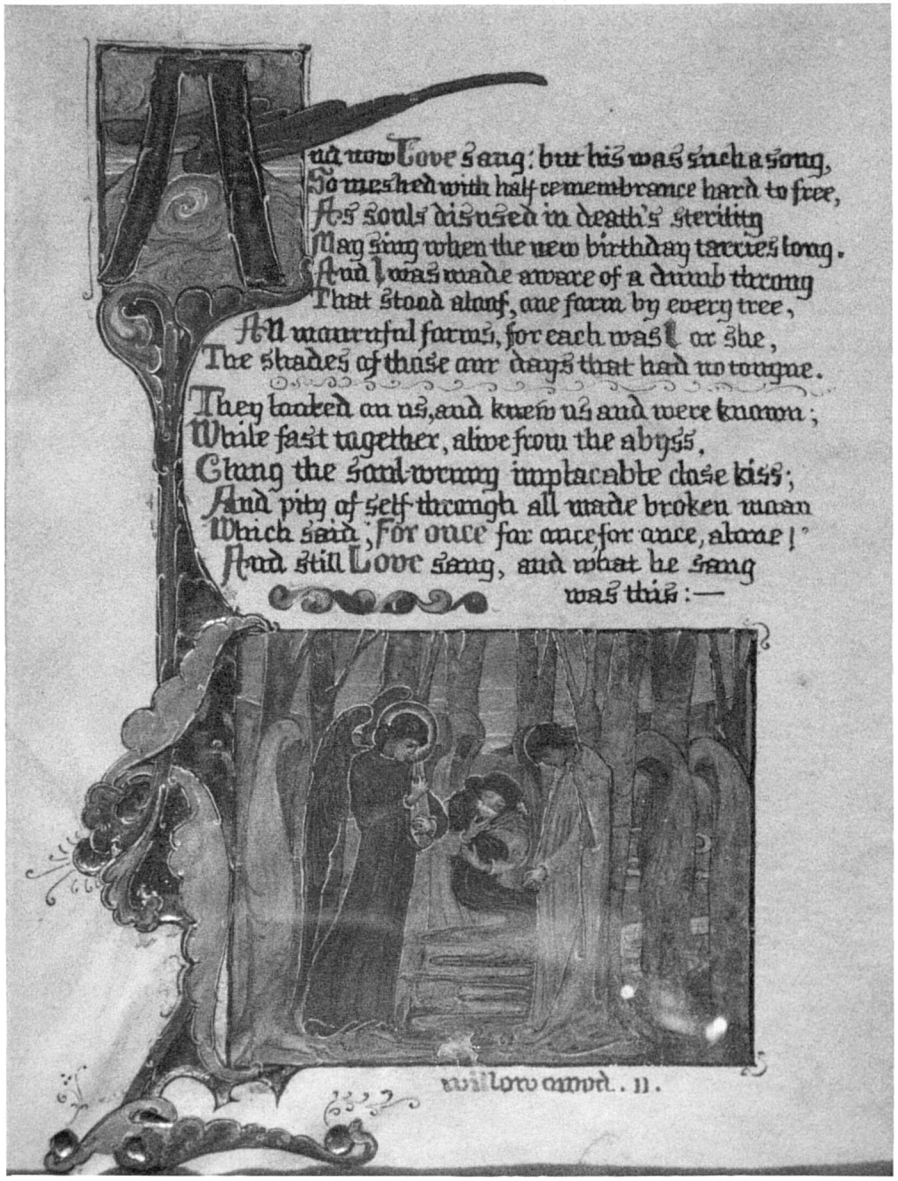
Plates

EX BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGEN.

For a list of the illustrations in this volume, please consult that provided at the beginning of the first volume of plates.


I sat with Love upon a woodside well
Leaning across the water, I and he;
Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me
But touched his lute wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell:
Only our mirrored eyes met silently
In the low wave; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew and my tears fell.
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.
willowwood. I.

76a


Ah now Love sang: but his was such a song,
So meshed with half-remembrance hard to free,
As souls disused in death's sterility
May sing when the new birthday taxries long.
And I was made aware of a dumb throng
That stood aloof, one form by every tree,
All mournful forms, for each was I or she,
The shades of those our days that had no tongue.
They looked on us, and knew us and were known;
While fast together, alive from the abyss,
Clung the soul-wrung implacable close kiss;
And pity of self through all made broken moan
Which said, 'For once for once, alone!'
And still Love sang, and what he sang was this:—
willowwood. II.

76b

willowwood III.

Ye, all ye that walk in Willowwood
That walk with hollow faces burning white;
What fathom-depth of soul-struck widowhood
What long, what longer hours,
one life-long night,
Ere ye again, who so in vain have wooed
Your last hope lost, who so in vain invite
Your lips to that their unforgotten food
Ere ye, ere ye again shall see the light!



Alas! the bitter banks in Willowwood
With tear-spurge wan, with blood-wort
burning red:
Alas if ever such
a pillow could
Steep deep the soul
in sleep till she were dead. Better all
life forget her than this thing
That Willowwood wandering should hold her



77a

willowwood IV.

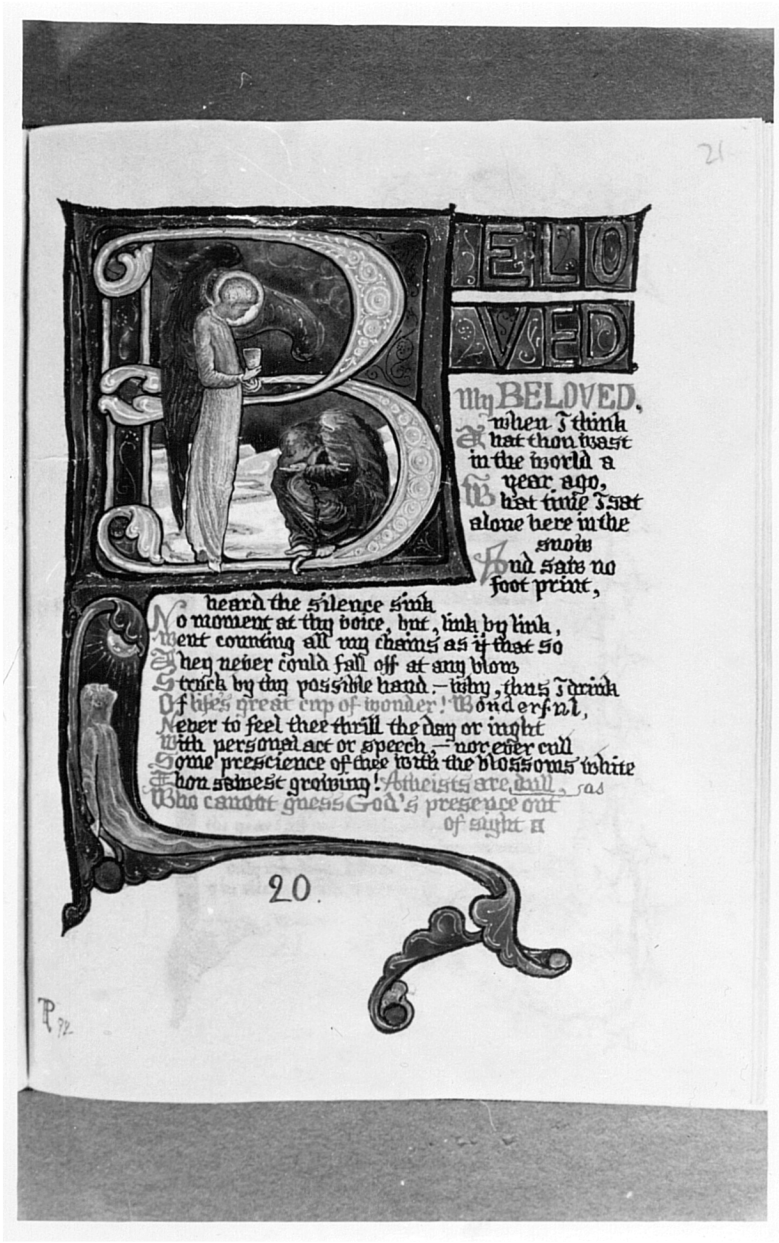
So sang he: and as meeting rose and rose
Together cling through the wind's wellaway



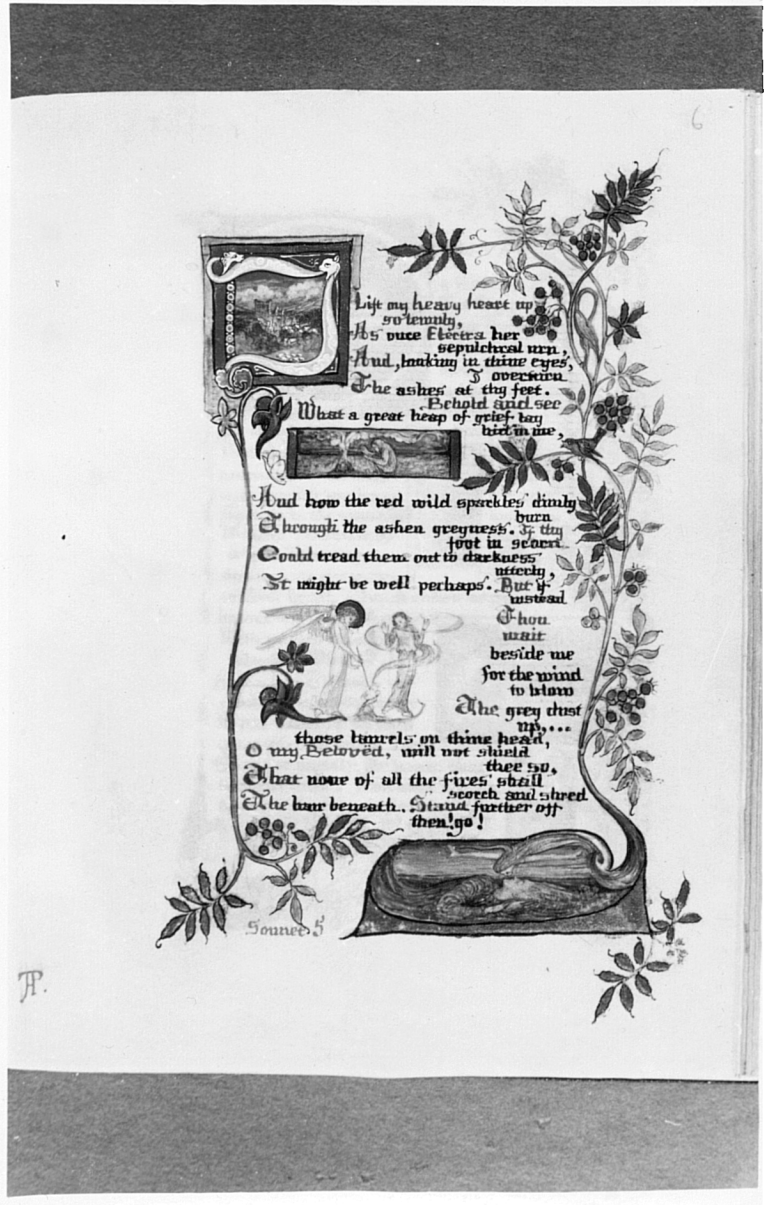
Nor change at once, yet near the end of day
The leaves drop loosened where the heart-stain glows;
So when the song died did the kiss unclose;
And her face fell back drowned, and was as grey
As its grey eyes; and if it ever may
Meet mine again I know not if Love knows

Only I know that I leaned low and drank
A long draught from the water where she sank
Her breath and all her tears and all her soul:
And as I leaned I know I felt Love's face
Pressed on my neck with moan of pity and grace
Till both our heads were in his aureole.

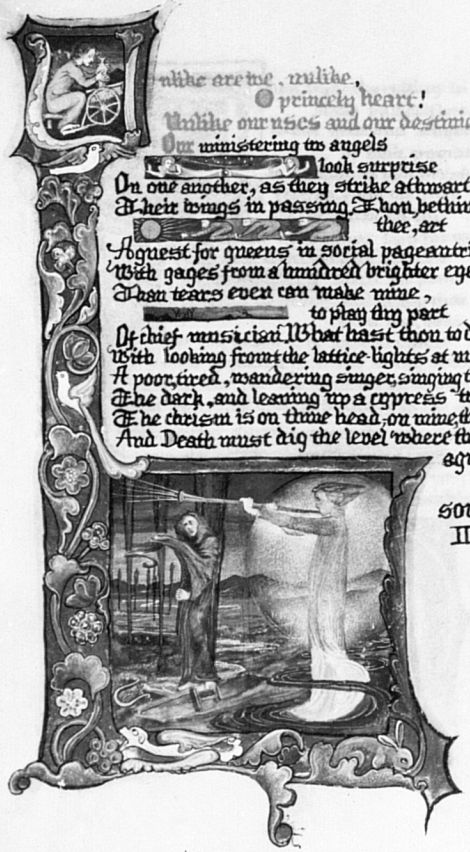
77b


BELOVED
My BELOVED,
when I think
that thou wast
in the world a
year ago,
what time I sat
alone here in the
snows
And saw no
foot print,
heard the silence sink
No moment at the voice, but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand, — why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech, — nor ever cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are dull.
Who cannot guess God's presence out
of sight
20.

78a


Lift my heavy heart up
solemnly,
As once Electra her
sepulchral urn,
And, looking in thine eyes,
I overturn
The ashes at thy feet.
Behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay
hid in me,
And how the red wild sparkles dimly
burn
Through the ashen greyness. If thy
foot in scorn
Could tread them out to darkness
utterly,
It might be well perhaps. But if
instead
Thou
wait
beside me
for the wind
to blow
The grey dust
up,...
those laurels on thine head,
O my Beloved, will not shield
thee so,
That none of all the fires shall
scorch and shred
The hair beneath. Stand further off
then! go!
Sonnets

78b

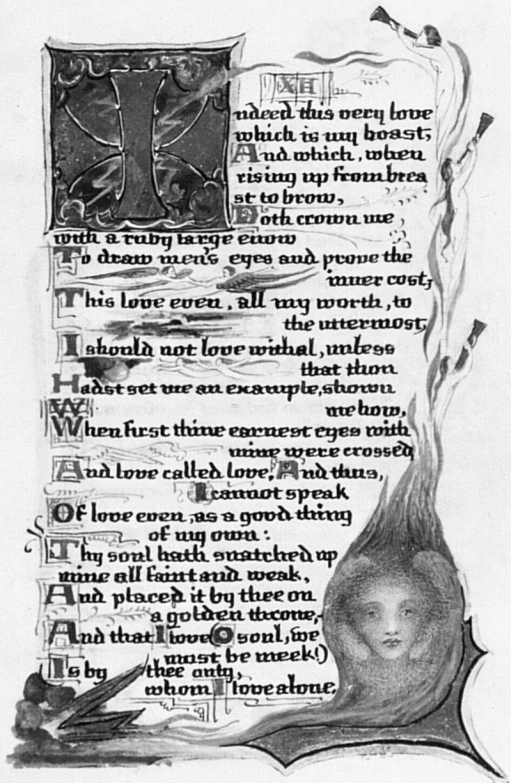


Unlike are we, unlike,
O princely heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering as angels
[illegible] look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink
[illegible] thee, art
A guest for queens in social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine,
[illegible] to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head, on mine, the dew;
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

SONNET
III.

TR
1894

79a



XII

Indeed this very love
which is my boast;
And which, when
rising up from brea
st to brow,
Doth crown me
with a ruby large enow
To draw men's eyes and prove the
inner cost;
This love even, all my worth, to
the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless
that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown
me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with
mine were crossed
And love called love. And thus,
I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing
of my own:
Thy soul hath snatched up
mine all faint and weak,
And placed it by thee on
a golden throne,
And that I love (O soul, we
must be meek!)
Is by
thee only,
whom I love alone.

13

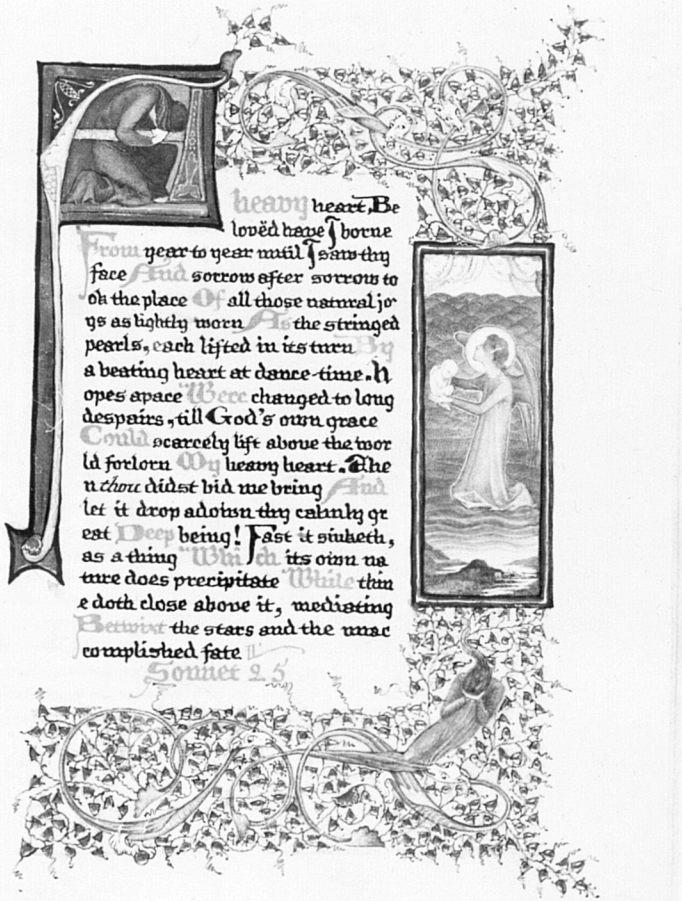
79b

How do I love thee? Let
me count the ways. I lo
ve thee to the depth and
breadth and height My
soul can reach, when feel
ing out of sight For the
ends of Being and ideal
Grace. I love thee to the level of eve
ry day's Most quiet need, by sun or
candlelight. I love thee freely, as me
n strive for Right; I love thee purely,
as they turn from Praise. I love the
e with the passion put to use In m
y old griefs, and with my child-hood
's faith. I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost
saints, I love th
ee with the breath
Smiles, tears, of al
l my life! – and i
f God choose
I shall but love
thee better aft
er death.

Sonnet 43

TP
1894

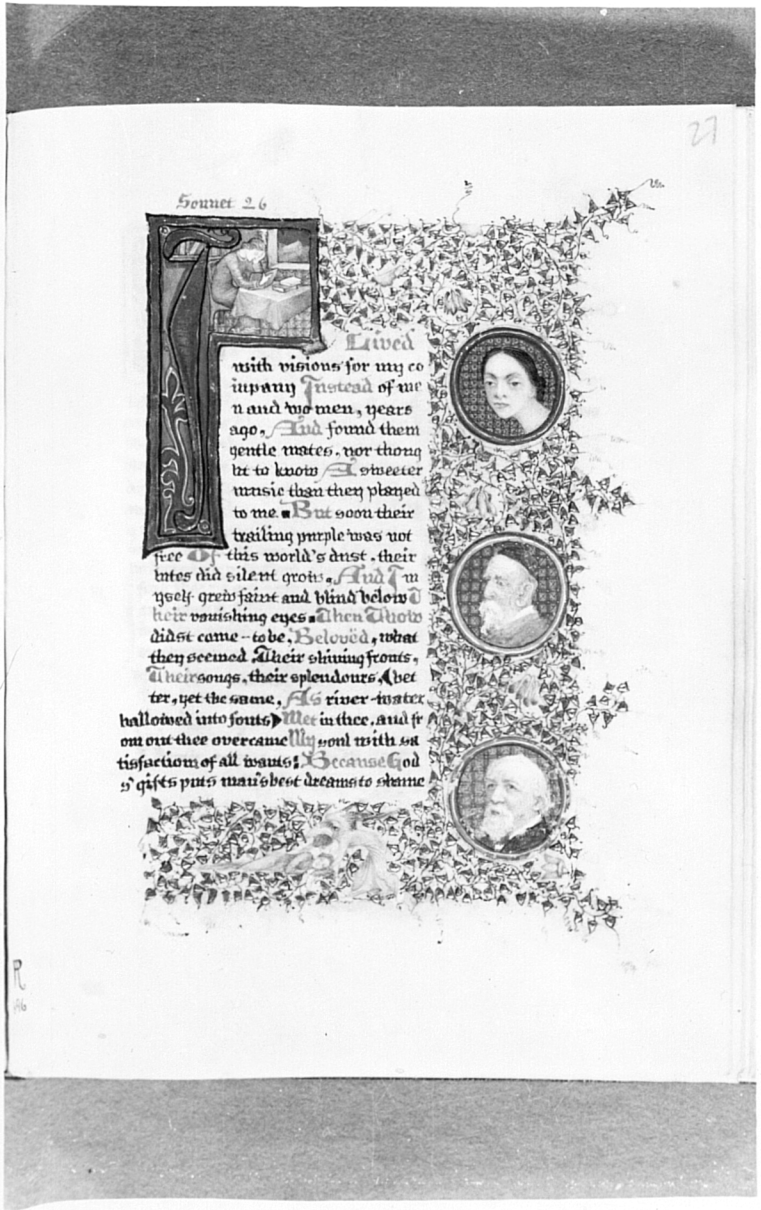
80a



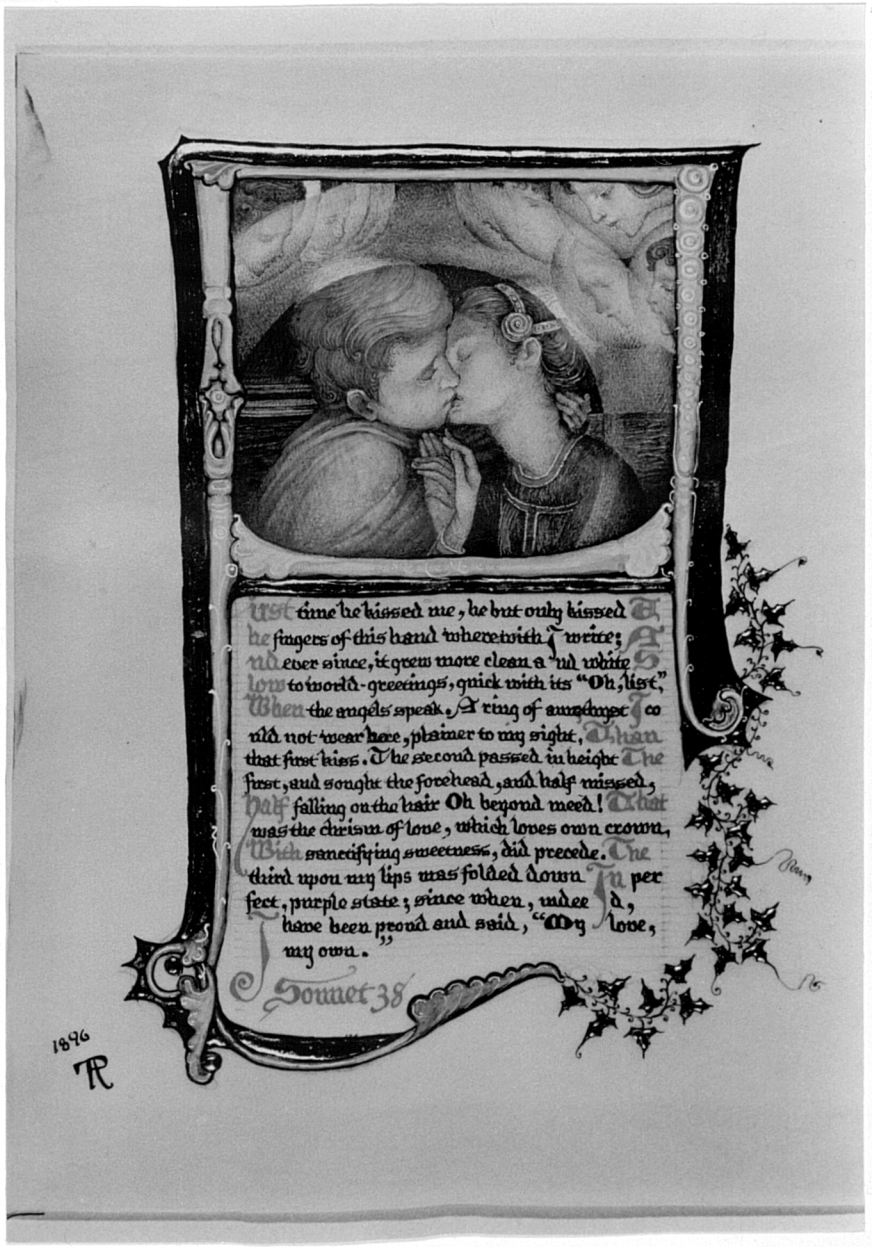
heavy heart, Be
loved have I borne
From year to year until I saw thy
face And sorrow after sorrow took
for the place Of all those natural joy
s as lightly worn As the stringed
pearls, each lifted in its turn By
a beating heart at dance-time. Ho
pes apace Were changed to long
despairs, till God's own grace
Could scarcely lift above the wor
ld forlorn My heavy heart. Then
thou didst bid me bring
And let it drop adown thy calmly gr
eat Deep being! Fast it sinketh,
as a thing Which its own na
ture does precipitate While thin
e doth close above it, mediating
Betwixt the stars and the unac
complished fate.

Sonnet 25

80b

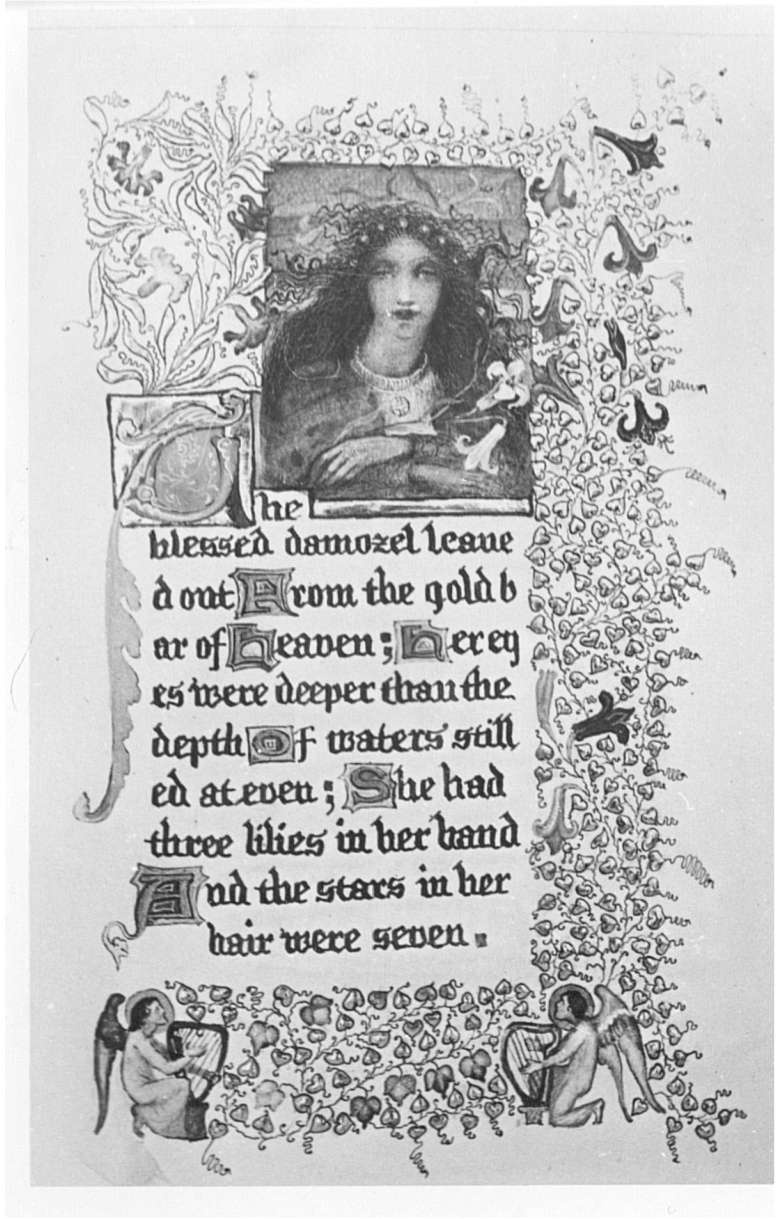

Sonnet 26
I lived
with visions for my co
mpany instead of me
n and women, years
ago. And found them
gentle mates, nor thoug
ht to know A sweeter
music than they played
to me. But soon their
trailing purple was not
free Of this world's dust. their
lutes did silent grow. And I m
yself grew faint and blind below
their vanishing eyes. Then thou
didst come – to be, Beloved, what
they seemed. Their shining fronts,
their songs, their splendours, (bet
ter, yet the same, As river-water
hallowed into fonts) Met in thee, and fr
om out thee overcame My soul with sa
tisfaction of all wants; Because God
's gifts put man's best dreams to shame

81a

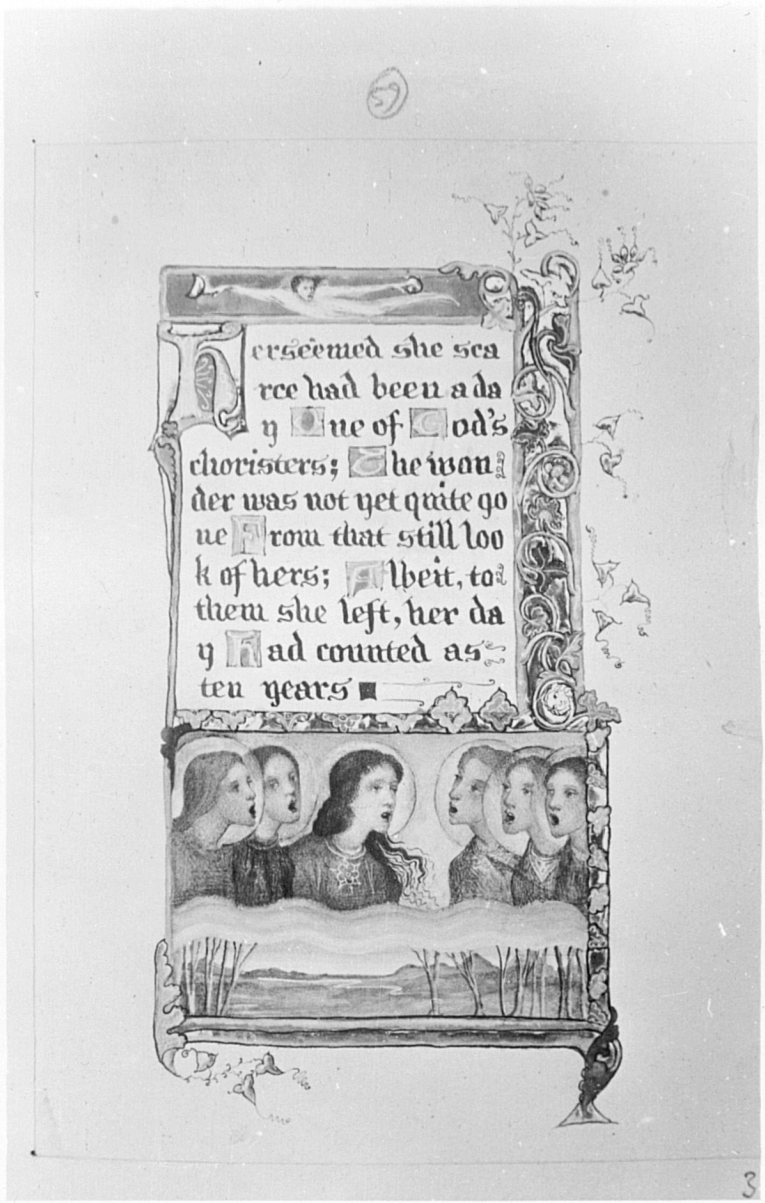

1896
Sonnet 38

81b


nd flowers coverd
the earth
1894


The
blessed damozel leaned out From the gold bar of Heaven; Her eyes were deeper than the depth Of waters stilled at even; She had three lilies in her hand And the stars in her hair were seven.

83a

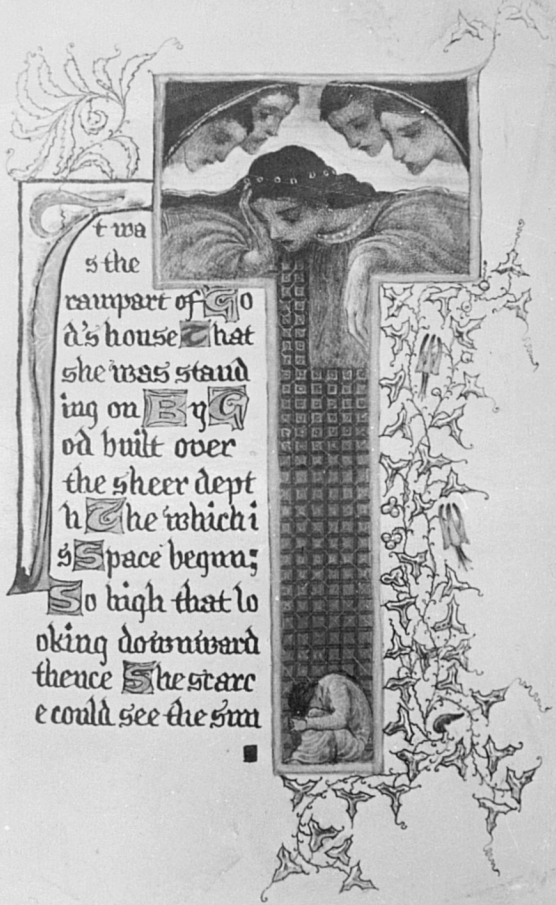

59
It seemed she scarce had been a day One of God's choristers; The wonder was not yet quite gone From that still look of hers; Albeit, to them she left, her day Had counted as ten years.
3

83b



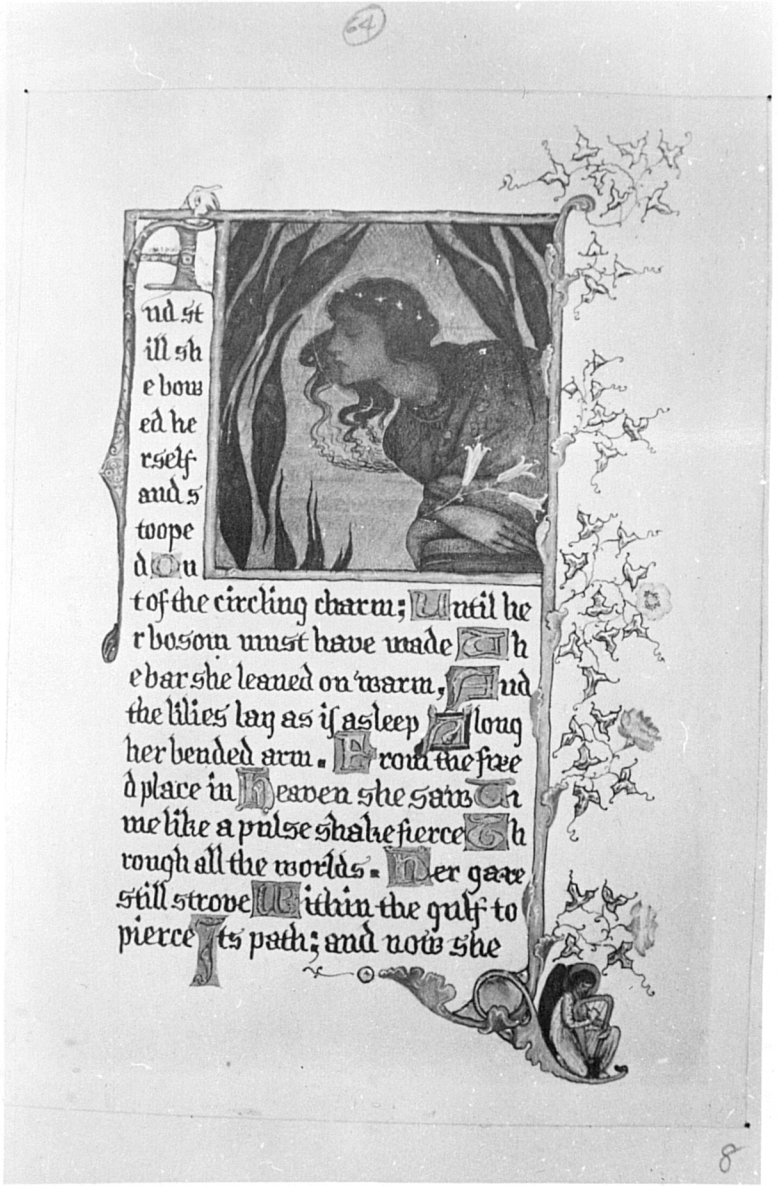
No one, it is
ten years of year
s yet now
and in this place,
surely she leaned
o'er me her hair
Fell all abo
ut my face
Nothing: the
autumn fall
of leaves. The
whole year
sets apace.

84a



It was
s the
rampart of God
's house that
she was stand
ing on By G
od built over
the sheer depth
h the which i
s Space began;
So high that lo
oking downward
thence She scarc
e could see the sun
.

84b



(64)

And still she bowed herself and stooped Out of the circling charm; Until her bosom must have made The bar she leaned on warm, And the lilies lay as if asleep Along her bended arm. From the freed place in Heaven she saw Time like a pulse shake fierce Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove Within the gulf to pierce Its path; and now she

8

85a



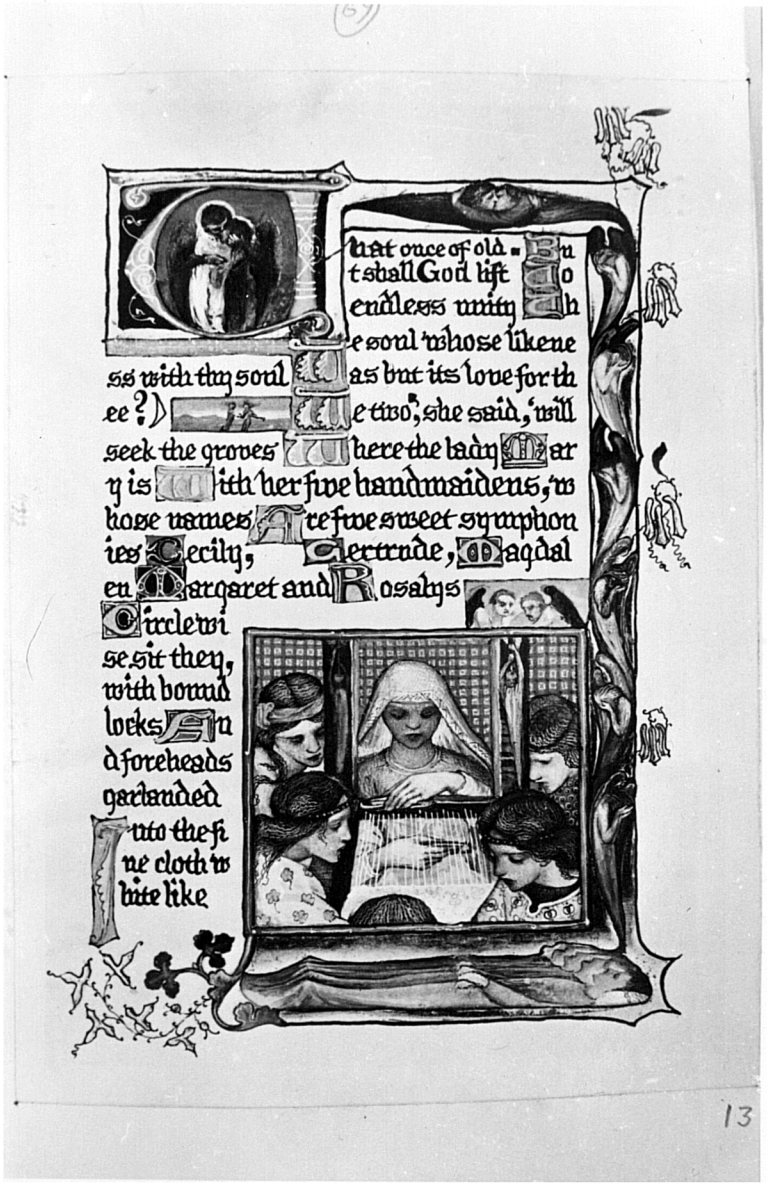
(65)

When those bells Posses

sed the mid-day air, Strove not her steps to reach my side Down all the echoing stair I wish that he were come to me For he will come,' she said. Have I not prayed in Heaven? On earth, Lord Lord, has she not pray'd

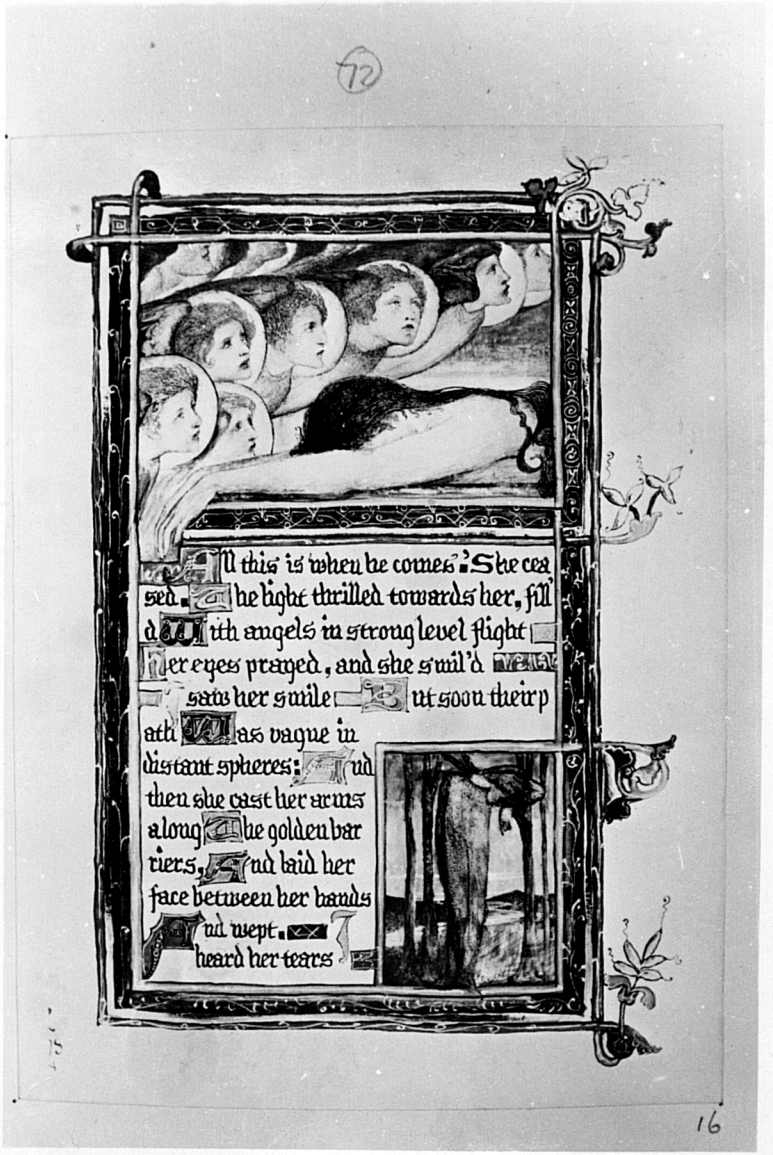
10

85b



That once of old. But shall God lift to endless unity the soul whose likeness with thy soul was but its love for thee?) We two, she said, will seek the groves where the lady Mary is with her five handmaidens, whose names are five sweet symphonies Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen Margaret and Rosalys Circle wise sit they, with bound locks and foreheads garlanded into the fine cloth white like

13

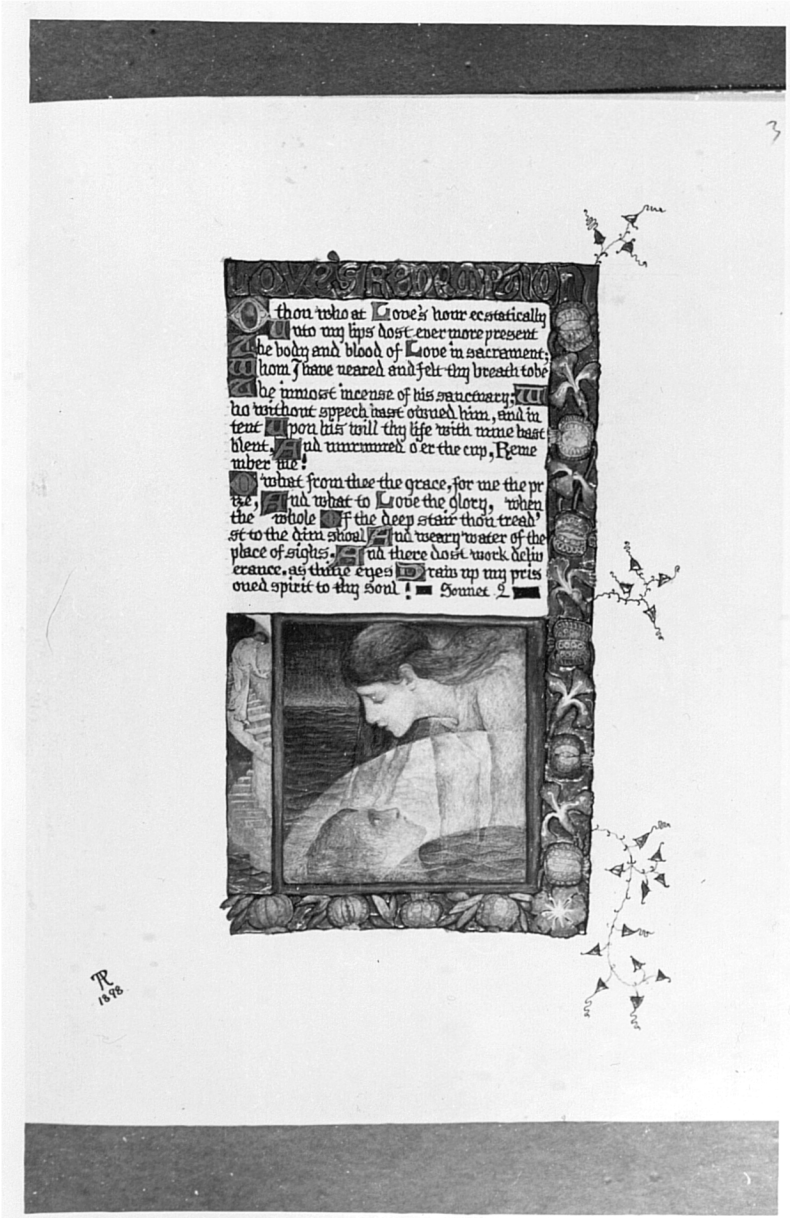


All this is when he comes. She ceased. The light thrilled towards her, fill'd with angels in strong level flight her eyes prayed, and she smil'd saw her smile But soon their path was vague in distant spheres: And then she cast her arms along the golden barriers, And laid her face between her hands And wept. I heard her tears

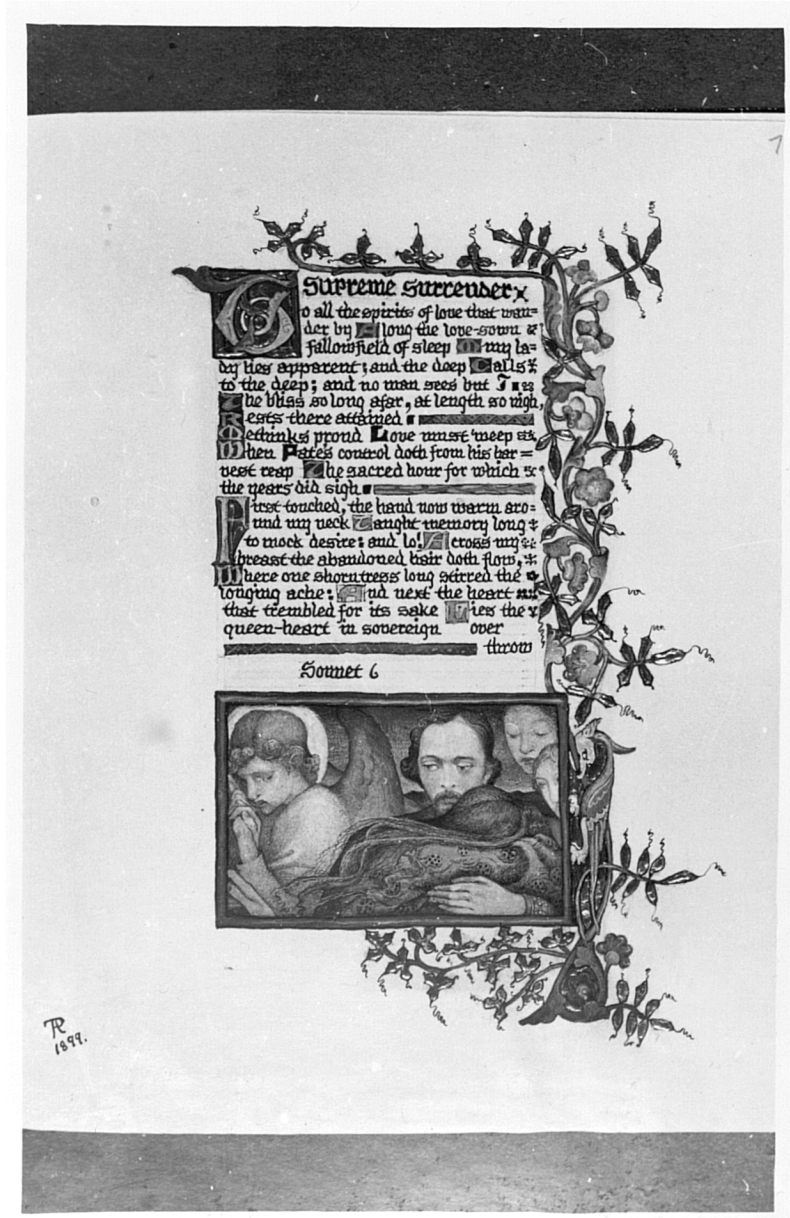
16

86a

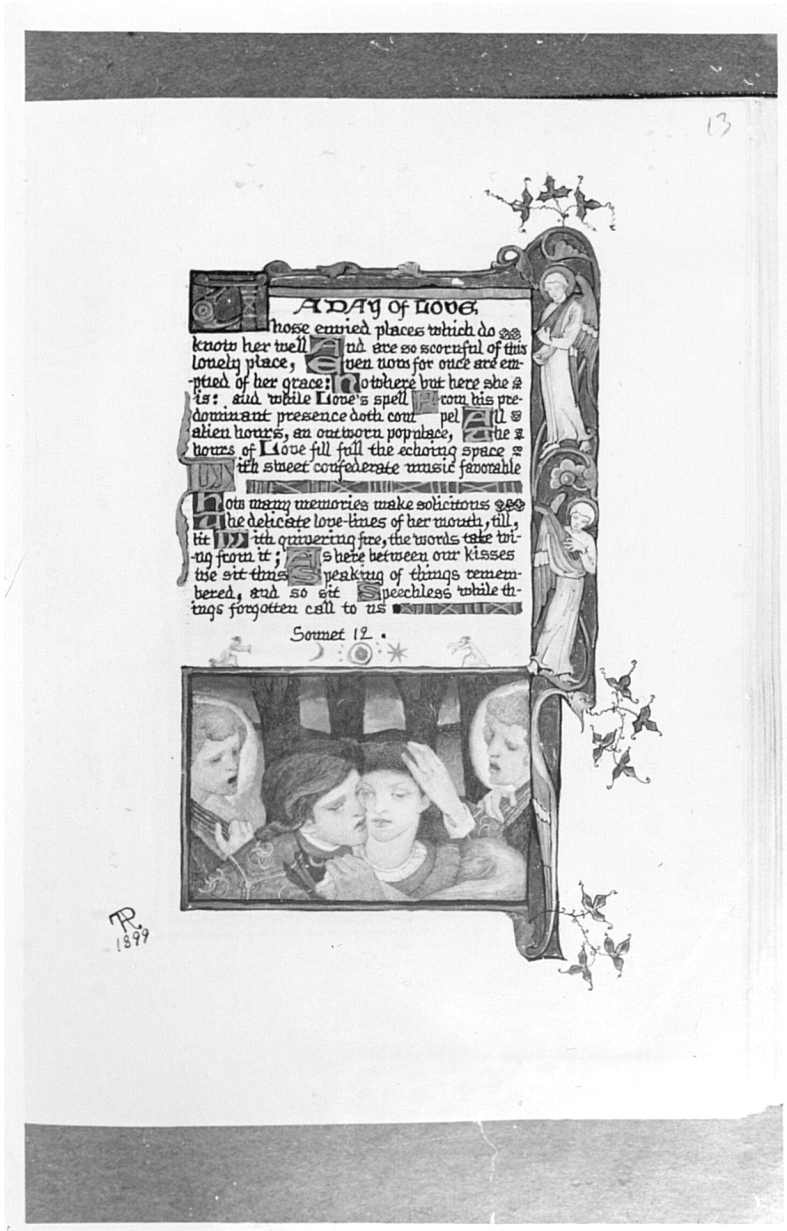
86b


3
Love's Remembrance
O thou who at Love's hour ecstatically
Unto my lips dost ever more present
The body and blood of Love in sacrament;
Whom I have neared and felt thy breath to be
The inmost incense of his sanctuary; Who without speech hast owned him, and intent Upon his will thy life with mine hast blent, And murmured o'er the cup, Remember me!
O what from thee the grace, for me the prize, And what to Love the glory, when the whole Of the deep stair thou tread'st to the dim shoal And weary water of the place of sighs. And there dost work deliverance, as thine eyes Draw up my prisoned spirit to thy soul! Sonnet 2
R 1898

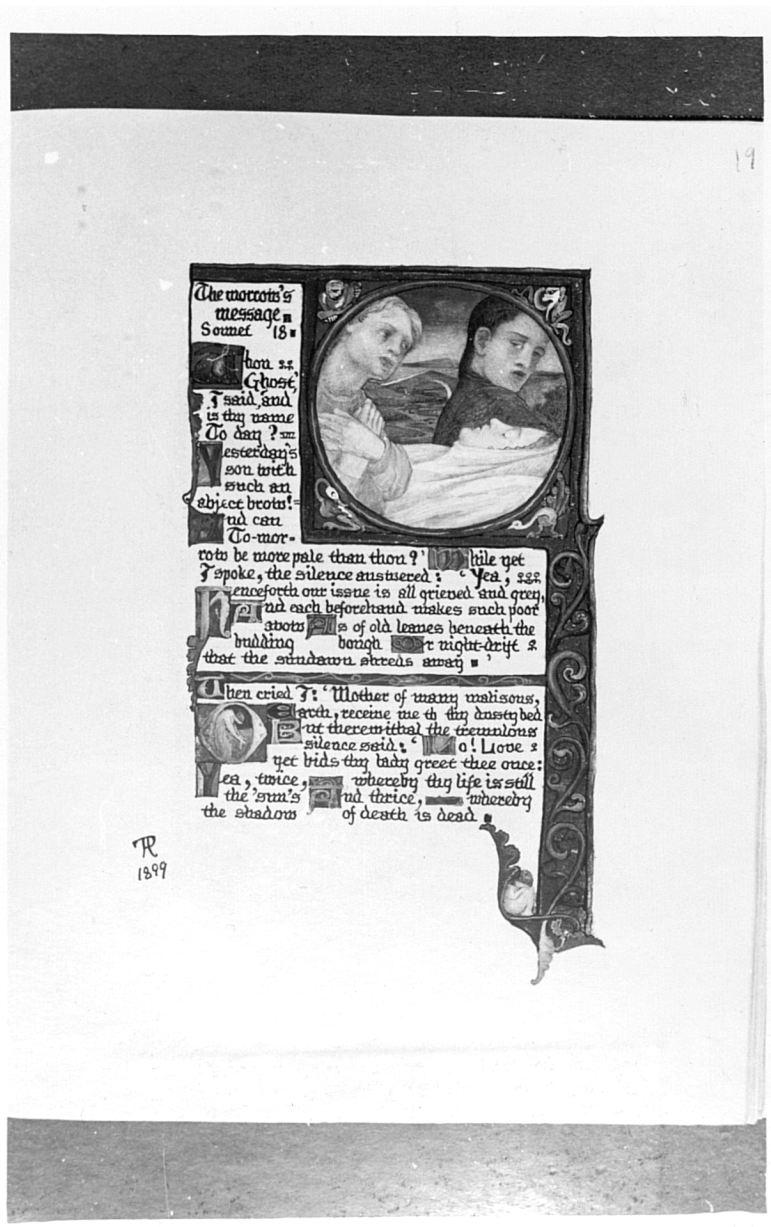
87a


7
To Supreme Surrender
To all the spirits of love that wander by Along the love-sown fallow field of sleep My lady lies apparent; and the deep Calls to the deep; and no man sees but I The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh, Rests there attained
Methinks proud Love must weep when Fate's control doth from his harvest reap The sacred hour for which the years did sigh
First touched, the hand now warm around my neck Taught memory long to mock desire: and lo! Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow, Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing ache: And next the heart that trembled for its sake Lies the queen-heart in sovereign over throw
Sonnet 6
R 1899.

87b


13
A DAY OF LOVE.
Those envied places which do know her well And are so scornful of this lonely place, Even now for once are emptied of her grace: Nowhere but here she is: and while Love's spell From his predominant presence doth compel All alien hours, an outworn populace, The hours of Love fill full the echoing space With sweet confederate music favorable
Now many memories make solicitous The delicate love-lines of her mouth, till, lit With quivering fire, the words take wing from it; As here between our kisses we sit thus Speaking of things remembered, and so sit Speechless while things forgotten call to us
Sonnet 12.
R
1899

88a


19
The morrow's message
Sonnet 18
Thou Ghost, I said, and is thy name To day? Yesterday's son with such an abject brow! And can To-morrow be more pale than thou? While yet I spoke, the silence answered: 'Yea, Henceforth our issue is all grieved and grey, And each beforehand makes such poor avow As of old leaves beneath the budding bough Or night-drift that the sundawn shreds away.'
Then cried I: 'Mother of many malisons, Earth, receive me to thy dusty bed But therewithal the tremulous silence said: 'No! Love yet bids thy lady greet thee once: Yea, twice, whereby thy life is still the 'sun's And thrice, whereby the shadow of death is dead.
R
1899

88b

Sleepless dreams

Girt in dark growths, yet glimmering with one star, night desirous as the nights of youth! Why should my heart within thy spell, forsooth, Now beat, as the bride's finger-pulses are quickened within the girdling golden bar? What wings are these that fan my pillow smooth? And why does Sleep, waved back by Joy and Ruth, tread softly round and gaze at me from far?

Nay, night deep-leaved! And would Love feign in thee some shadowy palpitating grove that bears best for man's eyes and music for his ears? O lonely night! art thou not known to me, thicket hung with masks of mockery and watered with the wasteful warmth of tears?

Sonnet 19.



TR
1899

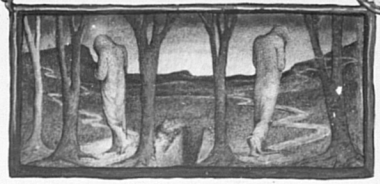
89a

Sonnet 20
Secret parting

Because our talk was of the cloud-control And moon-track of the journeying face of fate, Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal:

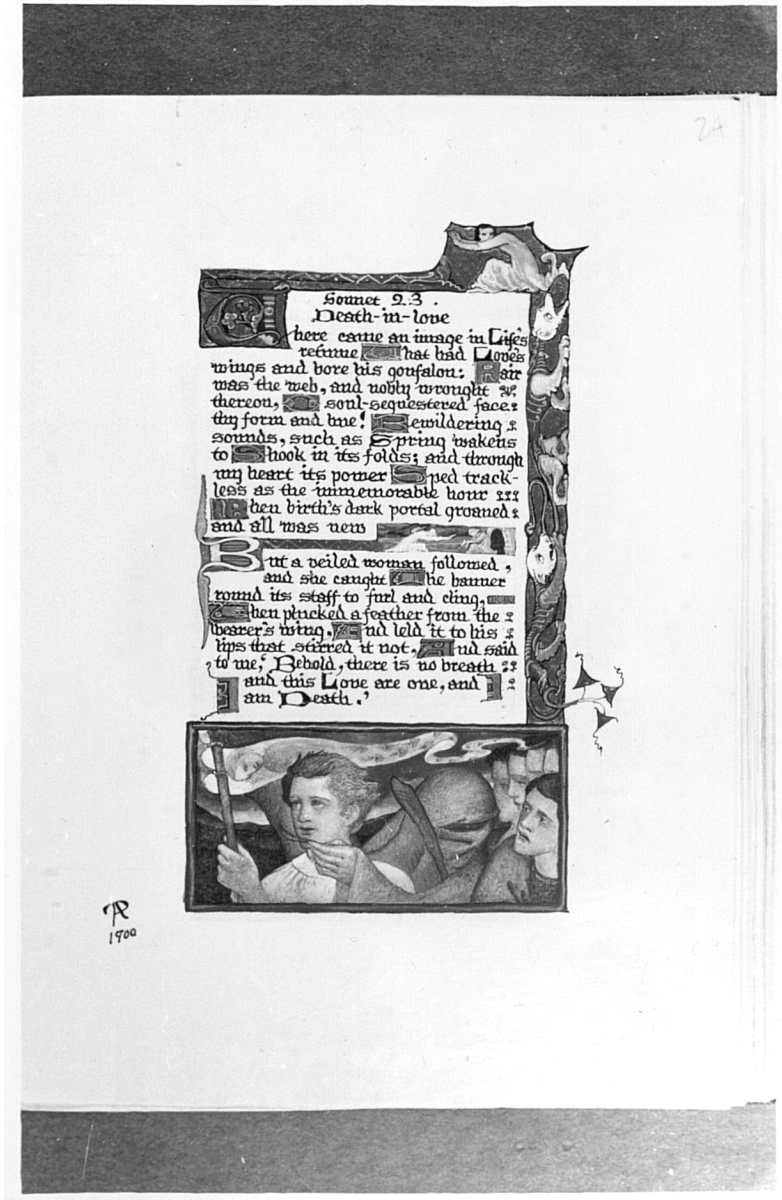
But soon, remembering her hours brief of the whole joy, which its own hours annihilate, Her set gaze gathered, thirstier than of late, And as she kissed, her mouth became her soul.

Hence in what ways we wandered, and how strove to build with fire-tried vows the piteous home which memory haunts and whither sleep may roam, Then only know for whom the roof of Love is the still-seated secret of the grove, nor spire may rise nor bell be heard therefrom.



TR
1899

89b



24

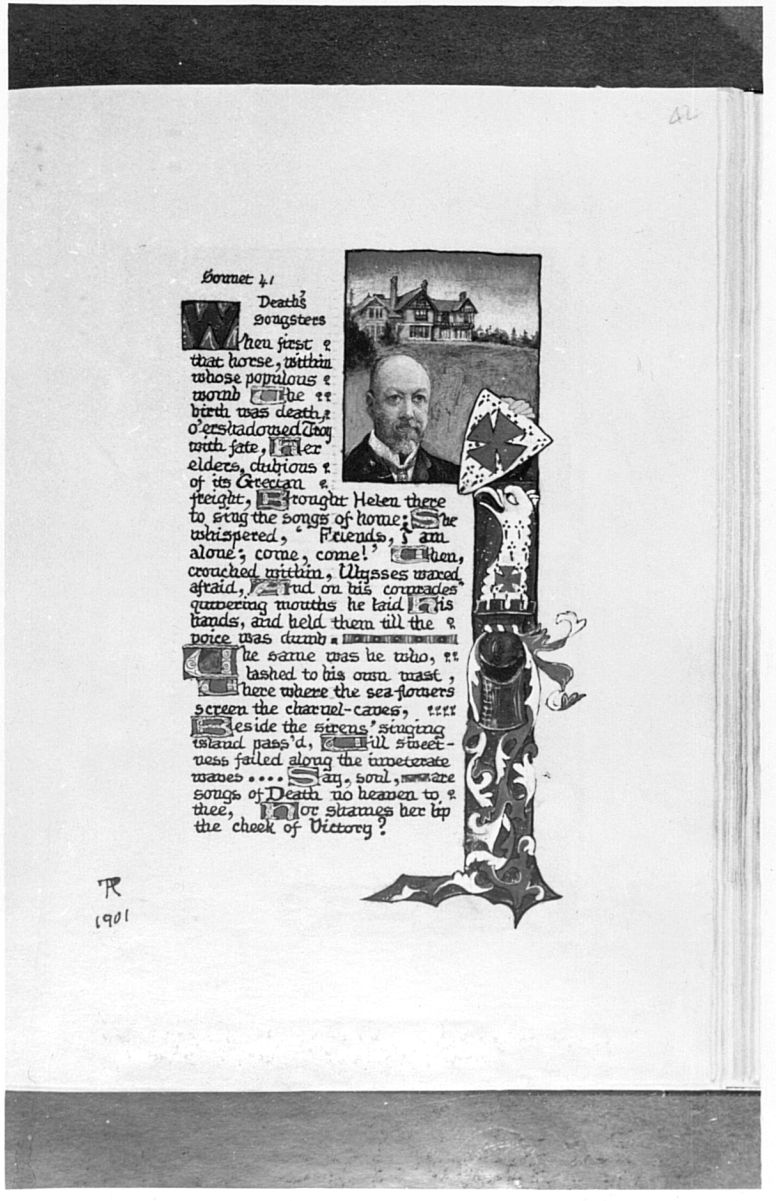
Sonnet 23.

Death-in-love

Where came an image in Life's retinue That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon: Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon, O soul-sequestered face: thy form and hue! Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens to Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power Sped trackless as the immemorable hour When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new

But a veiled woman followed, and she caught The banner round its staff to furl and cling, Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing, And held it to his lips that stirred it not. And said to me, 'Behold, there is no breath and this Love are one, and I am Death.'

TR
1900



42

Sonnet 41

Death's songsters

When first that horse, within whose populous womb The birth was death, o'ershadowed Troy with fate, Her elders, dubious of its Grecian freight, Brought Helen there to sing the songs of home; She whispered, 'Friends, I am alone; come, come!' Then, crouched within, Ulysses waxed afraid, And on his comrades' quivering mouths he laid His hands, and held them till the voice was dumb.

The same was he who, lashed to his own mast, There where the sea-flowers screen the charnel-caves, Beside the sirens' singing island pass'd, Till sweetness failed along the inveterate waves.... Say, soul, are songs of Death no heaven to thee, Nor shames her lip the cheek of Victory?

TR
1901

90a

90b

Sonnet 43
Lost on
both sides



As when two men have loved a woman well, Each hating each, through Love's and Death's deceit; Since not for either this stark marriage-sheet And the long pauses of this wedding-bell; Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel At last their feud forlorn, with cold and heat; Nor other than dear friends to death may fleet The two lives left that most of her can tell: So separate hopes, which in a soul had mooed The one same Peace, strove with each other long, And Peace, before their faces perished since: So through that soul, in restless brotherhood, They roam together now, and wind among Its bye-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

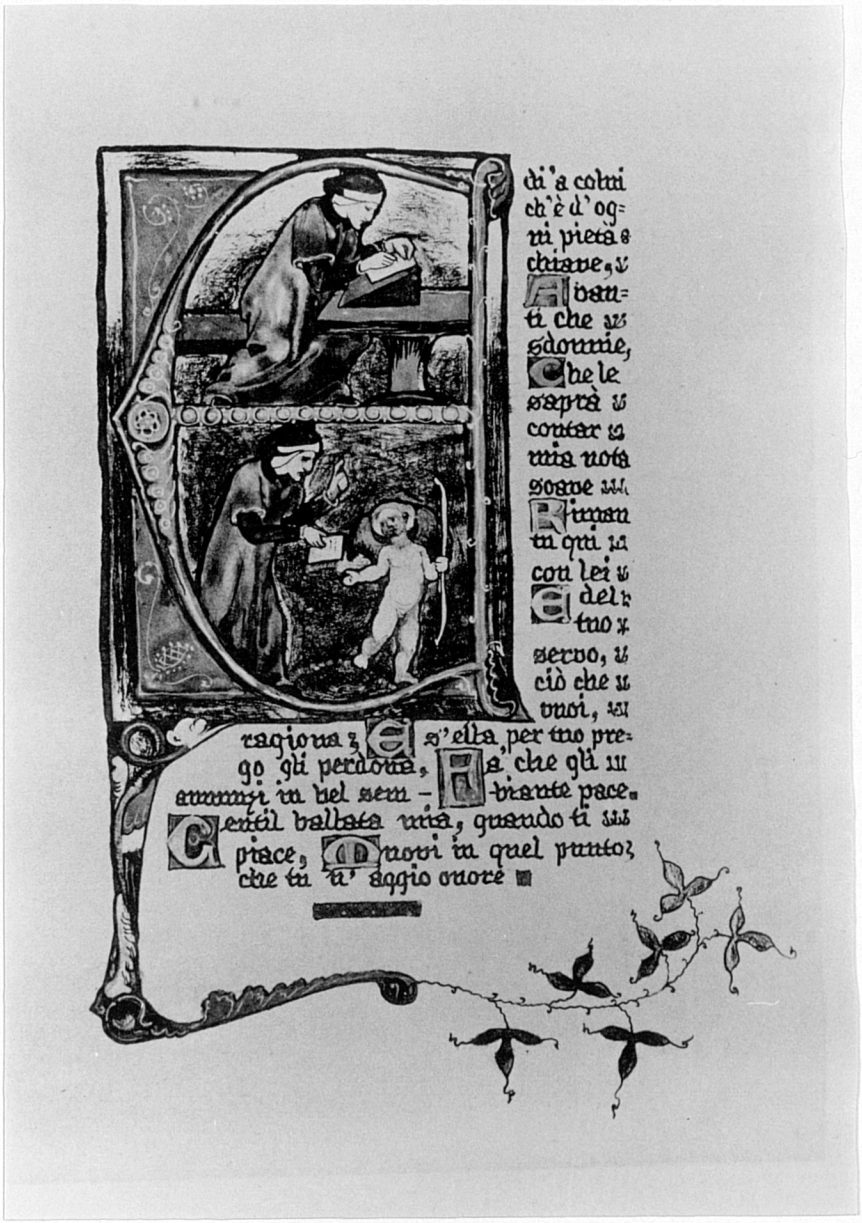
TR
1901

Sonnet 45
The vase of Life



Around the vase of Life at your slow pace He has not crept, but turned it with his hands, And all its sides already understands. There, girl, one breathes alert for some great race; Whose road runs far by sands and fruitful space Who laughs, yet through the jolly throng has pass'd; Who weeps, nor stays for weeping; and at last A youth, stands somewhere crowned, with silent face. And he has filled this vase with wine for blood, With blood for tears, with spice for burning now, With watered flowers for buried love most fit; And would have cast it shattered to the flood, Yet in Fate's name has kept it whole which now Stands empty till his ashes fall in it.

TR
1901



di' a colui
ch'è d'og=
ni pietà
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Che le
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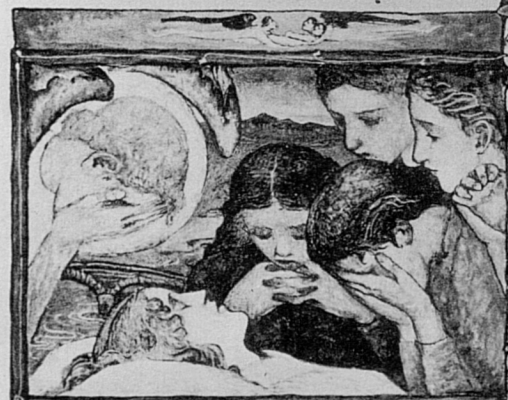
con lei
E del
tuo
servo,
ciò che
vuoi,
ragiona; E s'ella per tuo pre=
go gli perdona, Fa che gli
annunzi in bel sem-biante pace.
Gentil ballata mia, quando ti
piace, Muovi in quel punto;
che tu n' aggio onore

Piangete, amanti, poichè piange
Amore, Udendo qual cagion
mi fa plorare: Amor sente a pietà donne
chiamare, Mostrando amaro duol per
gli occhi fuore; Perchè villana morte in
gentil core Ha messo il suo crudele adop
erare, Guastando ciò che al mondo è da
lodare In gentil donna, fuora dell'onore.
Udite quant'Amor le fece orranza: Ch'
io 'l vidi lamentare in forma vera
Sovra la morta immagine avvenente;
Riguardava inver lo ciel sovente;
Ove l'alma gentil già locata era;
Che donna fu di sì gaia sembianza

Sonetto Terzo.



93a

Ciò che m'incontra, nella
mente more Quando vegno
a veder voi, bella gioia
E quand'io vi son presso, sento
Amore, Che dice: Fuggi, se 'l per=
ir t'è noia; Lo viso mostra lo color
del core, Che, tramortendo, ovun=
que può s'appoia; E per l'ebrietà
del gran tremore Le pietre par che
gridin: Moia, Moia,
Peccato face chi allor mi vide,
Se l'alma sbigottita non conforta,
Sol dimostrando che di me gli dog=
lia, Per la pietà che 'l vostro
gabbo uccide, La qual si cria
nella vista morta Degli occhi,
c'hanno di lor morte voglia

Sonetto Ottavo.



TR
1899

93b



Sola pietà nostra parte difende; che perchè Iddio, che di madonna intende: Diletti miei, or sofferite in pace, e che vostra speme sia quanto mi piace; Ch'a, ov'è alcun che perder lei s'attende, e che dirà nell'Inferno a' malvagi: Io vidi la speranza de' beati. Madonna è desiata in sommo cielo: or vo'di sua virtù farvi sapere. Dico: qual vuol gentil donna parere, vada con lei; chè quando va per via, gitta ne' cor vilani Amore un gelo, per che ogni lor pensiero aggriaccia e pere; e qual soffrisse di starla a vedere diventa nobil cosa, o si morria: e quando trova alcun che degno sia di veder lei, quei prova sua virtute; che gli avvien ciò che gli dona salute, e si l'umilia, che ogni offesa obblia. Ancor le ha Dio per maggior grazia dato che non può mal finir chi le ha parlato. Dice di lei Amor: Cosa mortale come esser può sì adorna e sì pura?

1899.

94a

Sonetto undecimo.

Voi, che portate la sembianza umile, con gli occhi bassi mostrando dolore, per cui vedete scender vostre lagrime e trarre colore, per ch'io conosco in voi vertù gentile, ristate di venire a consolare questa donna ch'è vostra e mia sorore, che per sua gran bontà ha nel cor pietate. Ch'udendo alcun parlar di vostra vita, ricordivi di lei mentre ch'ell'è meco, ricordivi ch'ell'è donna sì gradita che sol per lei conosco quel che sia; e però, se di me non vi fa fede la lingua, mostri per lei la faccia mia, che sarà testimonio a quel ch'io dico: io non posso parlar, sì ho vil la vita, ma chi mi guarda ben tutto mi dice. Ben posson dir li occhi miei, che vi fanno piangere spesso, ogni lor pianto, e voi, che gli vedete, ben sapete che fonte tien quel che si fa vermiglio. Ben è vertù che gli conforta e mira, ch'elli hanno un poco di baldezza in loro, ma tanto è quel che par di fuor trasmuta, che la vertù che dentro li sospira, la qual dice: Oimè, come tu se' duro! quando per noi non fai sì dolce viso, non par che sia di quel che fuor si mostra. Deh, per Dio, torniti a pietà nostr'angoscia, e fa' di noi, come di quella in cui ogni ben regna, e ogni gentilezza, quando le passa presso. Ella ne sforza, e fa' che ne conforta, sì che ogni vil pensier fugge da noi, e la sua vertù ne reca in tanto che noi siamo ov'ella è tutti quanti. Deh, non guardar se siamo vili stati anzi che fossimo a tal grazia giunti, ma guarda ben se alcun ti somiglia di quelli che ne vanno per la via, che spesse volte per lieve cagione, di gentil cor nasce vil parlamento. Noi siamo stati sì da poco tempo, e siamo sì da molto meno assai che quelli che ne vanno per la via, che spesse volte per lieve cagione, di gentil cor nasce vil parlamento. Noi siamo stati sì da poco tempo, e siamo sì da molto meno assai che quelli che ne vanno per la via, che spesse volte per lieve cagione, di gentil cor nasce vil parlamento.

94b

Deh confortiam costui, Pregava l'una l'altra umilemente; E dicevan sovente Che vedestù, che tu non hai valore? E quando un poco confortato fui, Io dissi: Donne, dicerollo a vui. Mentre io pensava la mia frale vita, E vedea 'l suo durar com'è leggiero, Piansemi Amor nel core, ove dimora; Per che l'anima mia fu sì smarrita, Che sospirando dicea nel pensiero: Ben converrà che la mia donna mora, Ch'io chiusi gli occhi vilmente gravati; Ed eran sì smagati Gli spirti miei, che ciascun giva errando. E poscia imaginando, Di conoscenza e di verità fuora, Visi di donne m'apparver crucciati, Che mi dicean pur: Morra' ti, morra' ti. Poi vidi cose dubitose molte Nel vano immaginare, ov'io entrai; Ed esser mi parea non so in qual loco, E veder donne andar per via disciolte, Qual lagrimando, e qual traendo guai,



R
1900

95a



Ed avea seco umiltà sì verace, Che parea che dicesse: Io sono in pace. Io diveniva nel dolor sì umile, Vegendo in lei tanta umiltà formata, Ch'io dicea: Morte, assai dolce ti tegno; Tu dêi omai esser cosa gentile, Poichè tu se' nella mia donna stata, E dêi aver pietate, e non disdegno. Vedi che sì desideroso vegno D'esser de' tuoi, ch'io ti somiglio in fede. Vieni, chè 'l cor ti chiede. Poi mi partia, consumato ogni duolo; E quando io era solo Dicea, guardando verso l'alto regno: Beato, anima bella, chi ti vede! Voi mi chiamaste allor, vostra mercede.

R
1900

95b



Canzone terza.

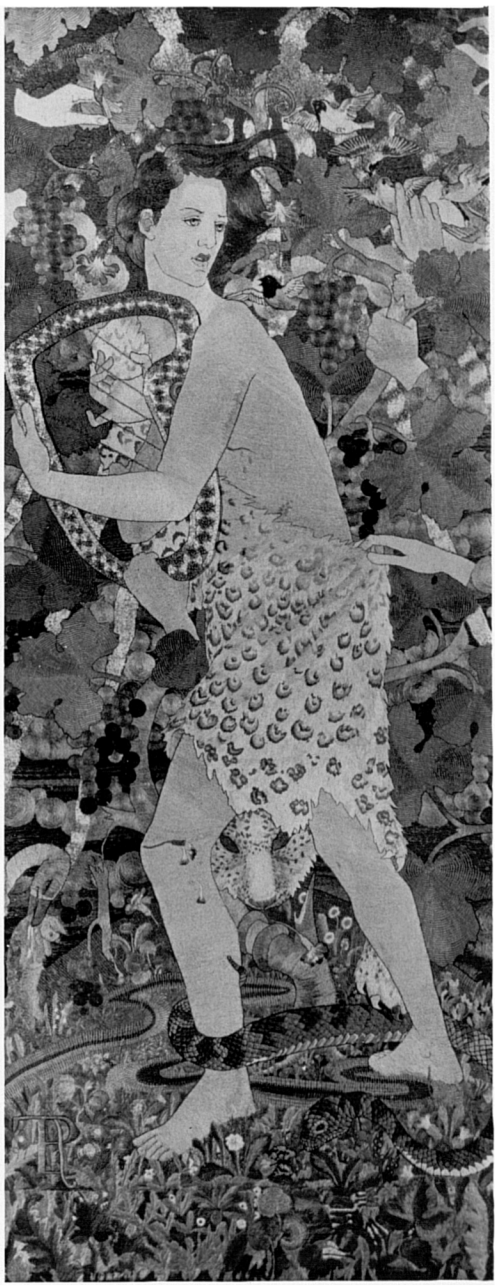
Gli occhi dolenti per pietà del core
hanno di lagrimar sofferta pena,
sì che per vinti son rimasi ormai.
Ora s'io voglio sfogar lo dolore,
che appoco
alla morte mi mena
convenemi
parlar traendo guai
perchè mi
ricorda ch'io parlai
della mia
donna, mentre che vivia,
donne
gentili, volentier con vui,
ora vo
parlare altrui,
Se non a cor gentil
che 'n donna sta:
dicerò di lei
piangendo, pria
che se n'è gita in
ciel subitamente,
à ha lasciato
Amor meco dolente.
Ita n'è
Beatrice in l'alto cielo
nel reame
ove gli angeli hanno pace,
sta con
loro, e voi donne, ha lasciate.
non
la ci tolse qualità di gelo
nè di calor,
siccome l'altre face;
ma sola fu
sua gran benignitate.
Chè luci
della sua umilitate
passò li
cieli con tanta virtute,
che fe
maravigliar l'eterno Sire
sì che dolce
desire
lo giunse di chiamar tanta
salute
ella di quaggiuso a sè
venire;
perché vedea ch'esta vita
noiosa
non era degna di sì gentil
cosa.
Partissi della sua bella
persona
piena di grazia l'anima
gentile



Ed essi
gloriosa
in loco degno.
Chi non la
piange, quando
ne ragiona,
core ha di
pietra sì malvagio e vile,
ch'entrar
non vi può spirito benegno.
Non è di cor vil
han sì alto ingegno,
che possa
imaginar di lei alquanto,
e però
non gli vien di pianger voglia:
ma vien tristizia e doglia
di sospirare e di morir di pianto,
e d'ogni consolar l'anima spoglia,
chi vede nel pensiero
alcuna volta
qual ella fu, e com'
ella n'è tolta
dannomi angoscia
li sospiri forte,
quando il pensiero nella mente grave
mi reca quella che m'ha il cor diviso
e spesse fiate pensando alla
morte,
me ne viene un desio
tanto soave,
che mi tramuta
lo color nel viso.
Quando l'imagginar mi tien ben fiso,
giungemmi tanta pena d'ogni parte,
ch'i' mi riscuoto per dolor ch'
io sento;
e sì fatto divento,
che dalle genti vergogna mi parte.
Poscia piangendo, sol nel mio
lamento
chiamo Beatrice;



97a



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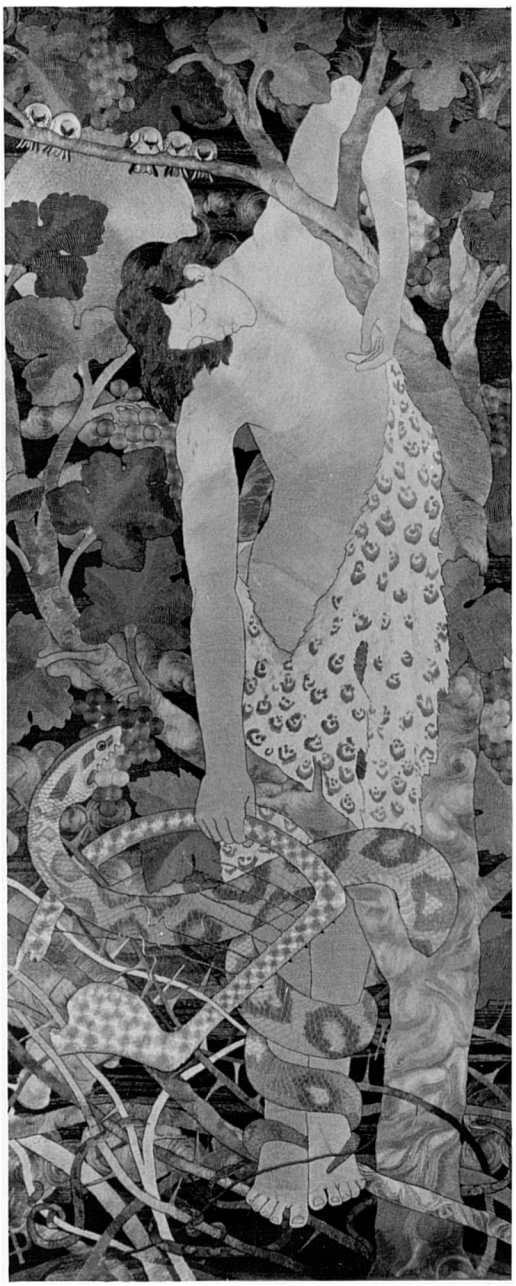
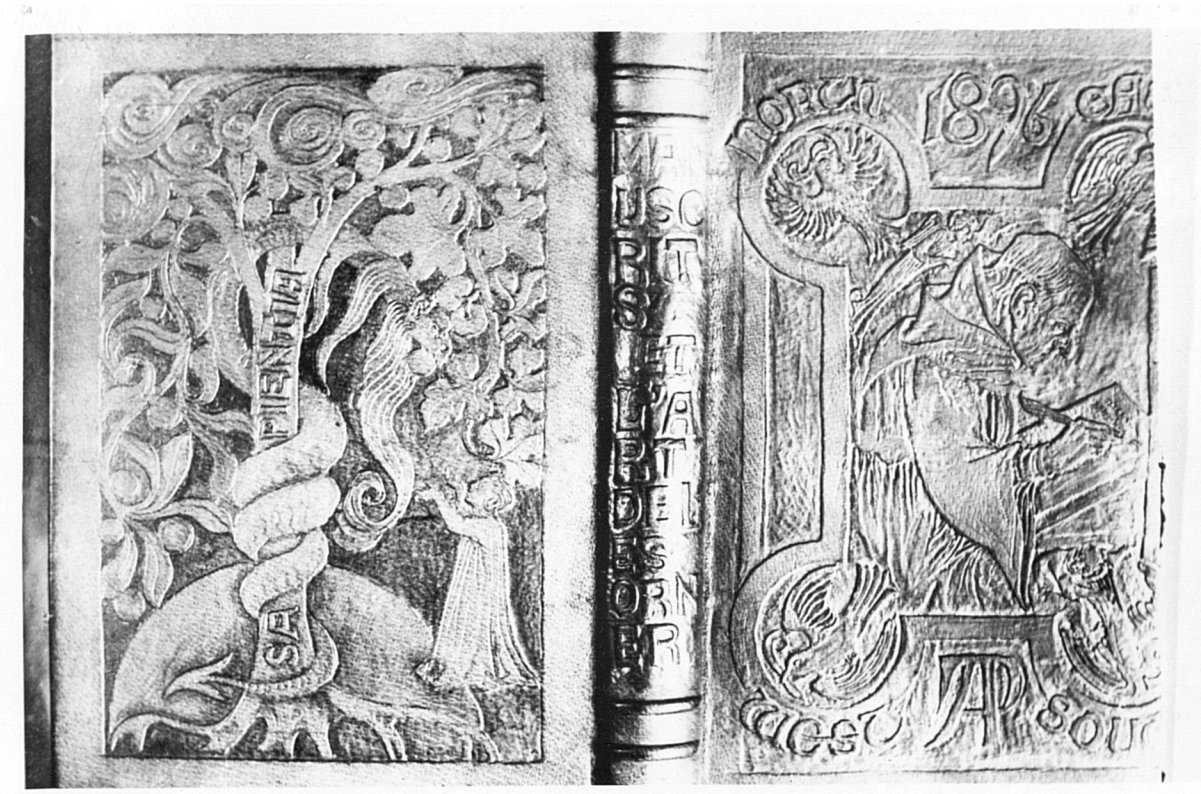


98a



98b



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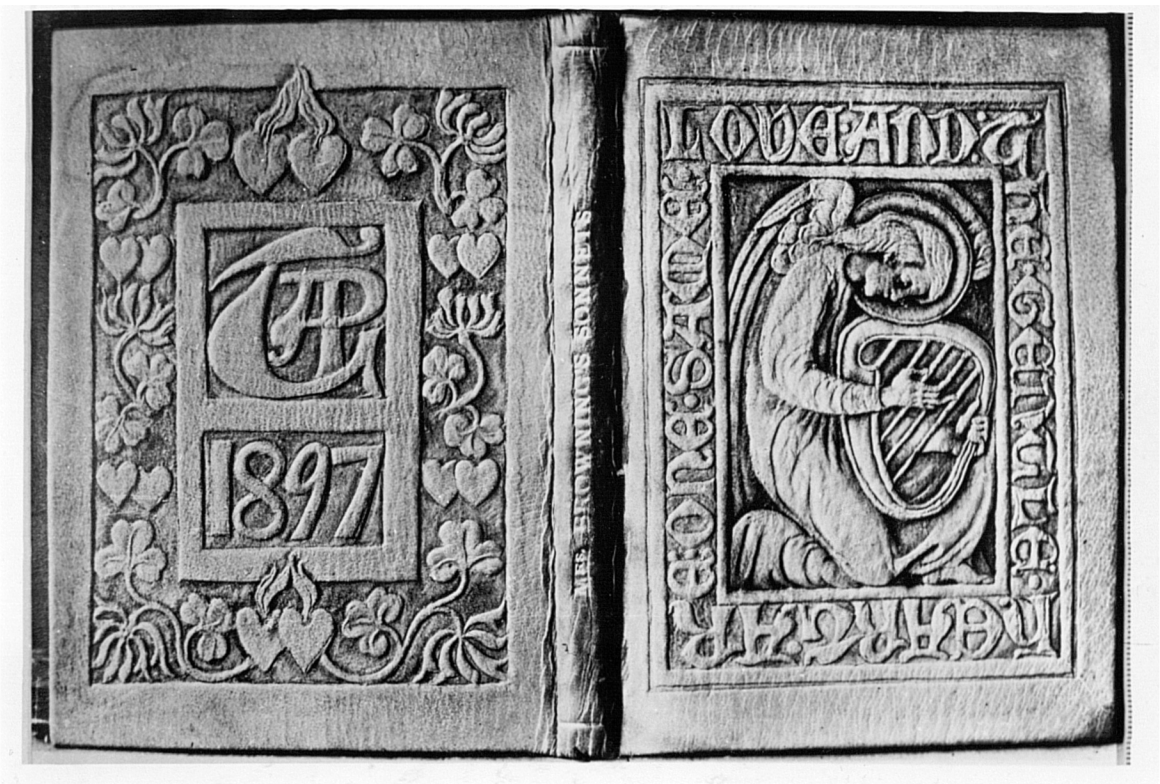


99b



100a



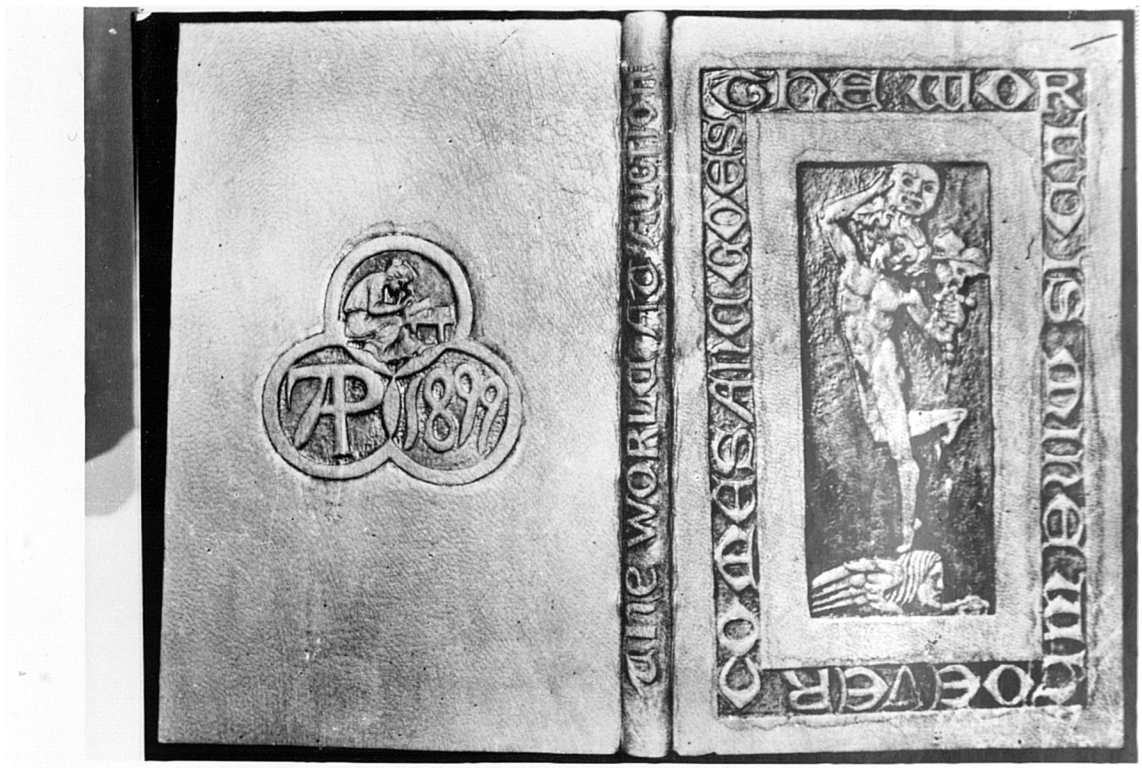
100b


La passion qui
consacre

101a


restored
1898
Death is the author of Life

101b


AP 1899
THE WORLD IS MINE WHO DOEVER COMES AND GOES

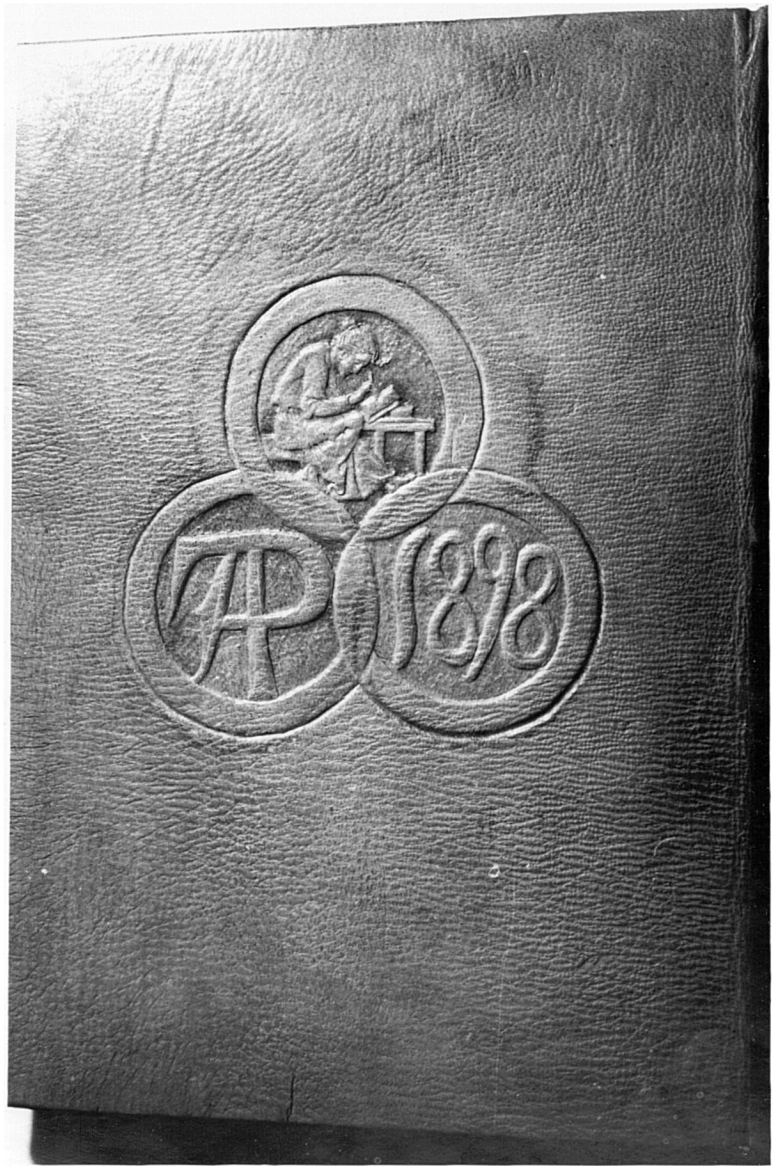
102a


AP 1899
Reticio medici
why will he done though in my

102b



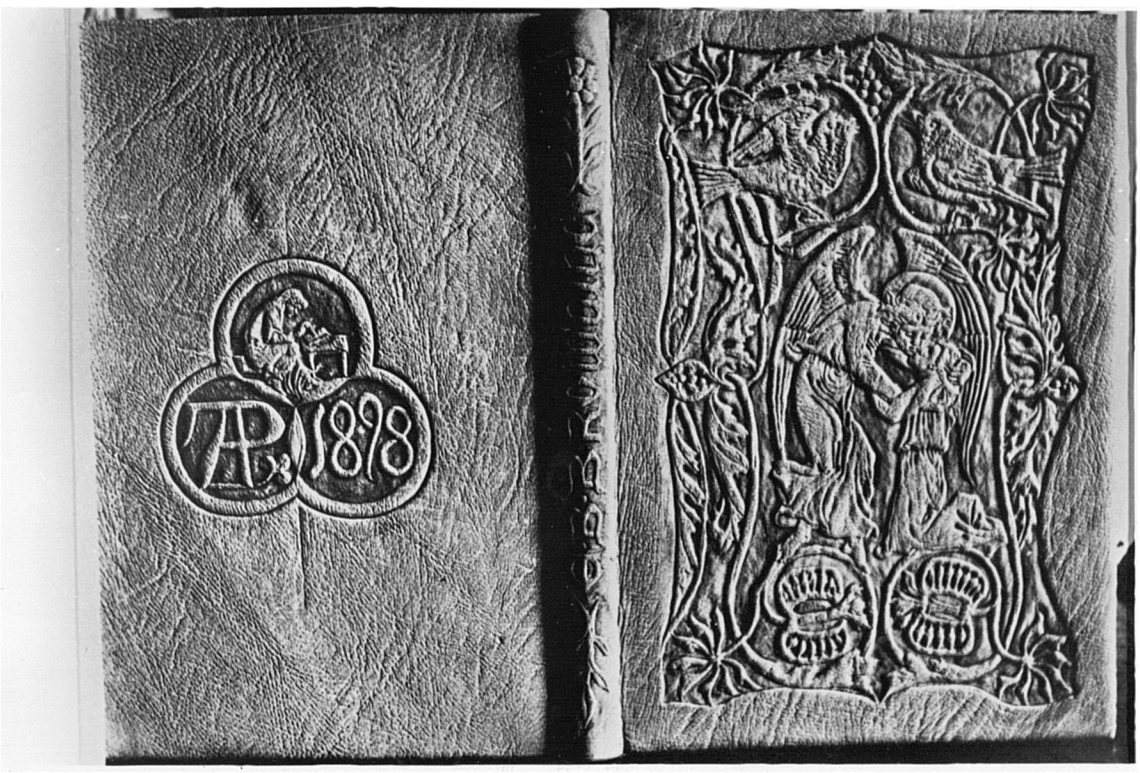
103a



103b



104a



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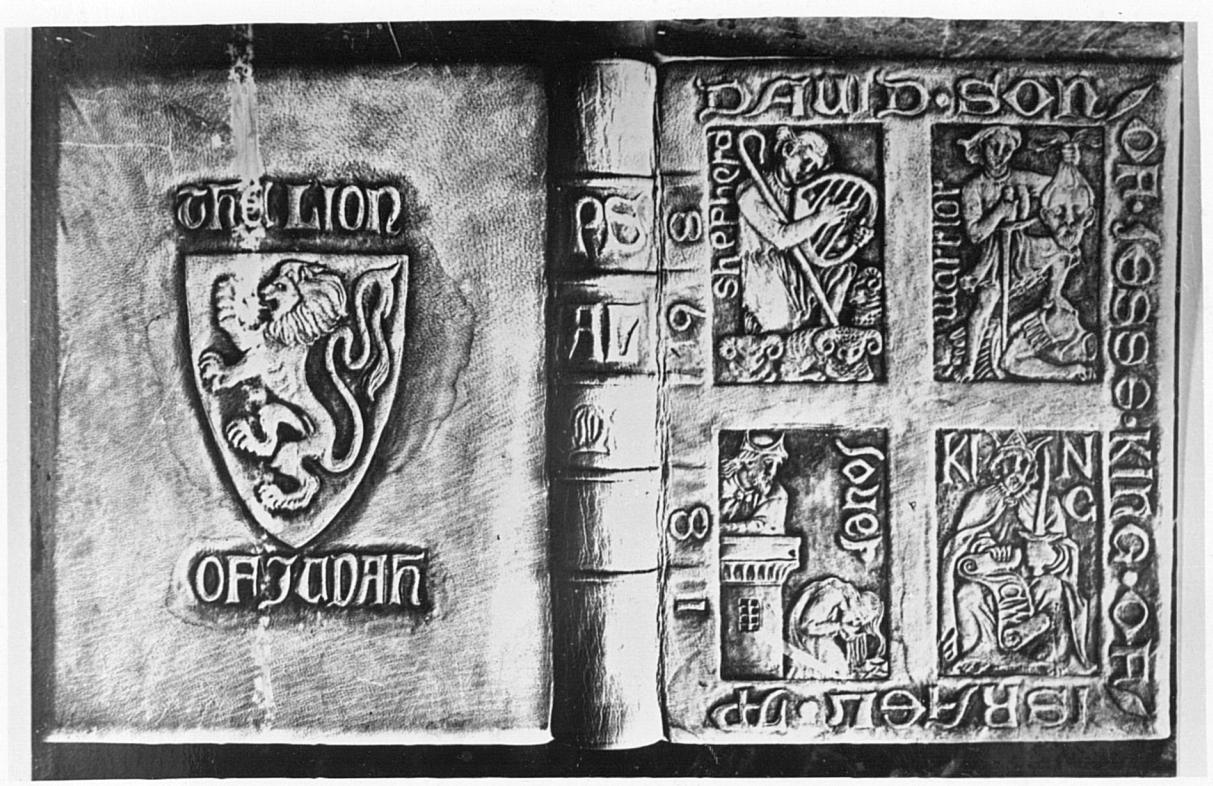
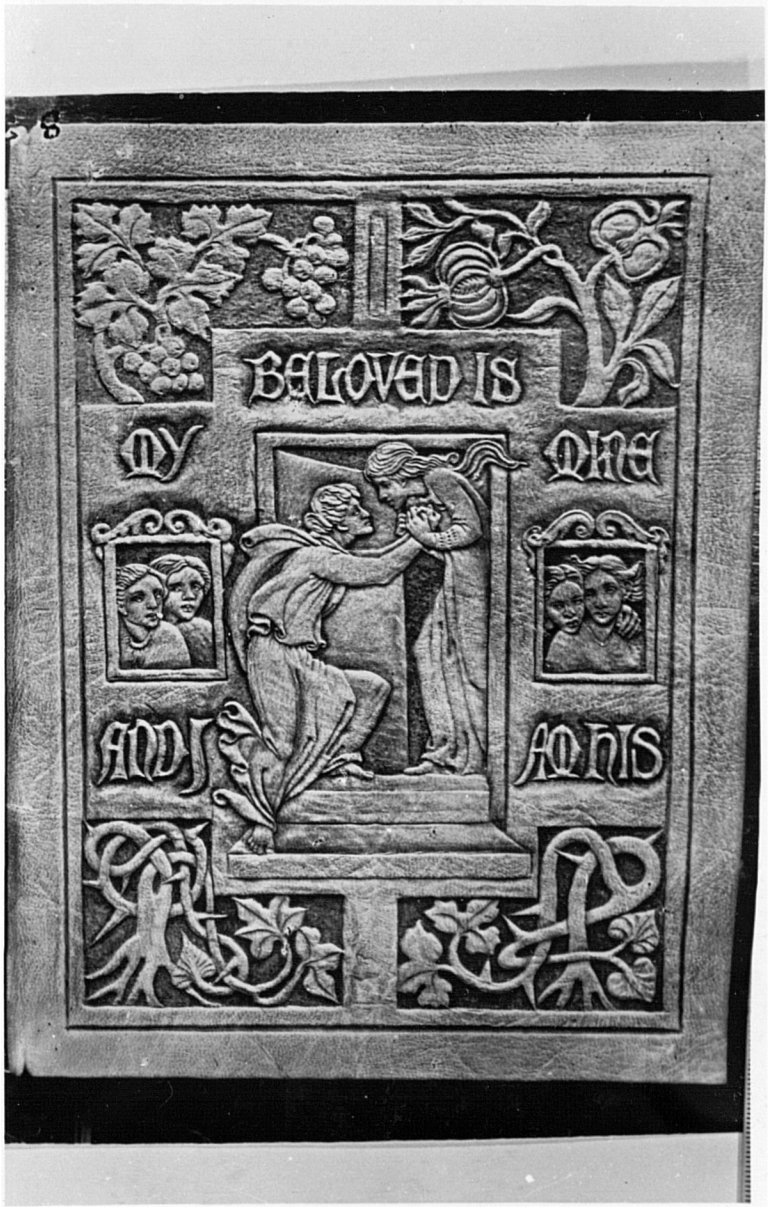
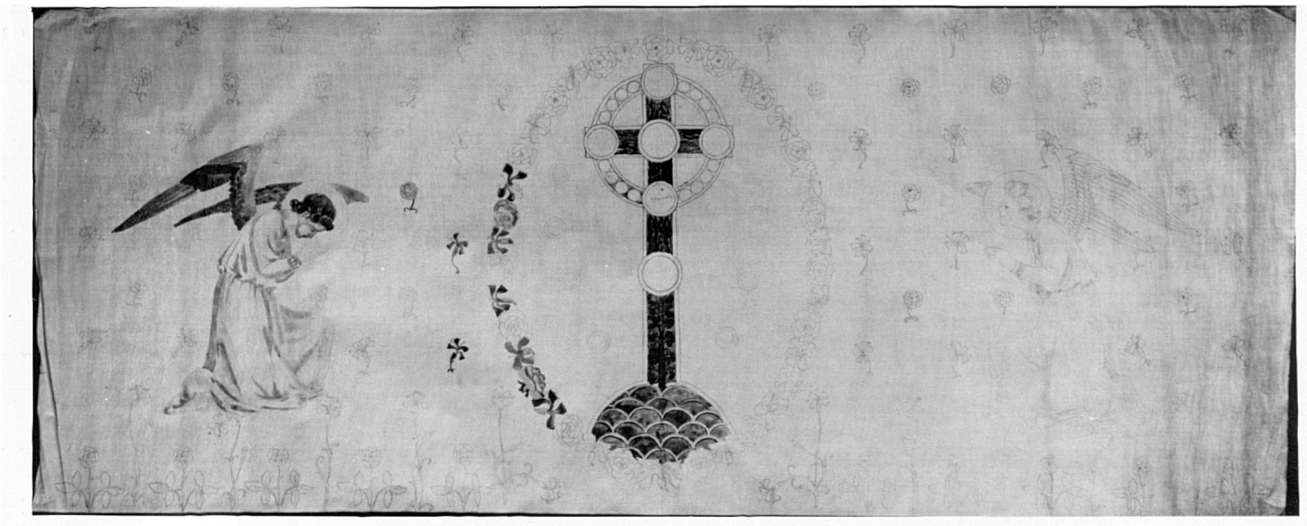

THE LION
OF JUDAH
DAVID·SON
OF·JESSE·KING·OF
ISRAEL·UP
PS
AL
MD
shepherd
warrior
lyrist
KING

105a


BELOVED IS
MY
MINE
AND I
AM HIS

105b



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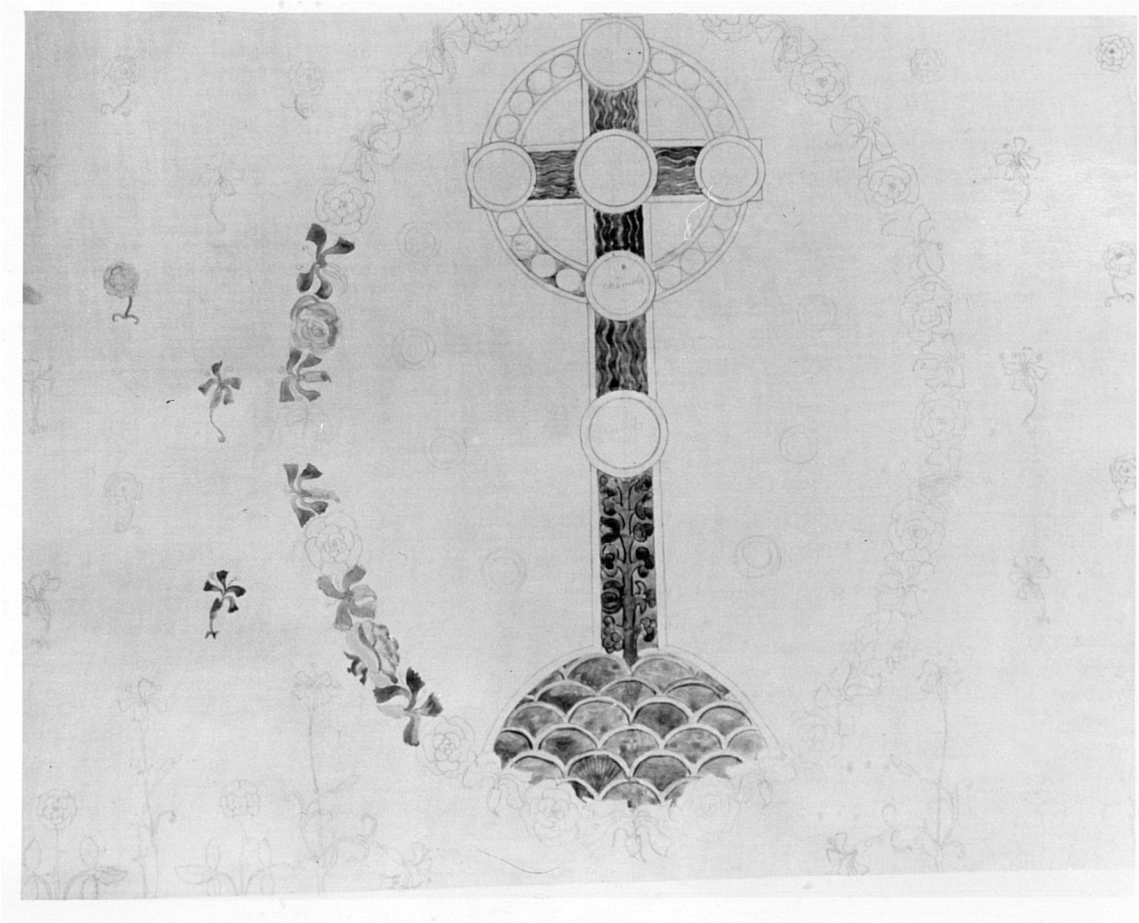
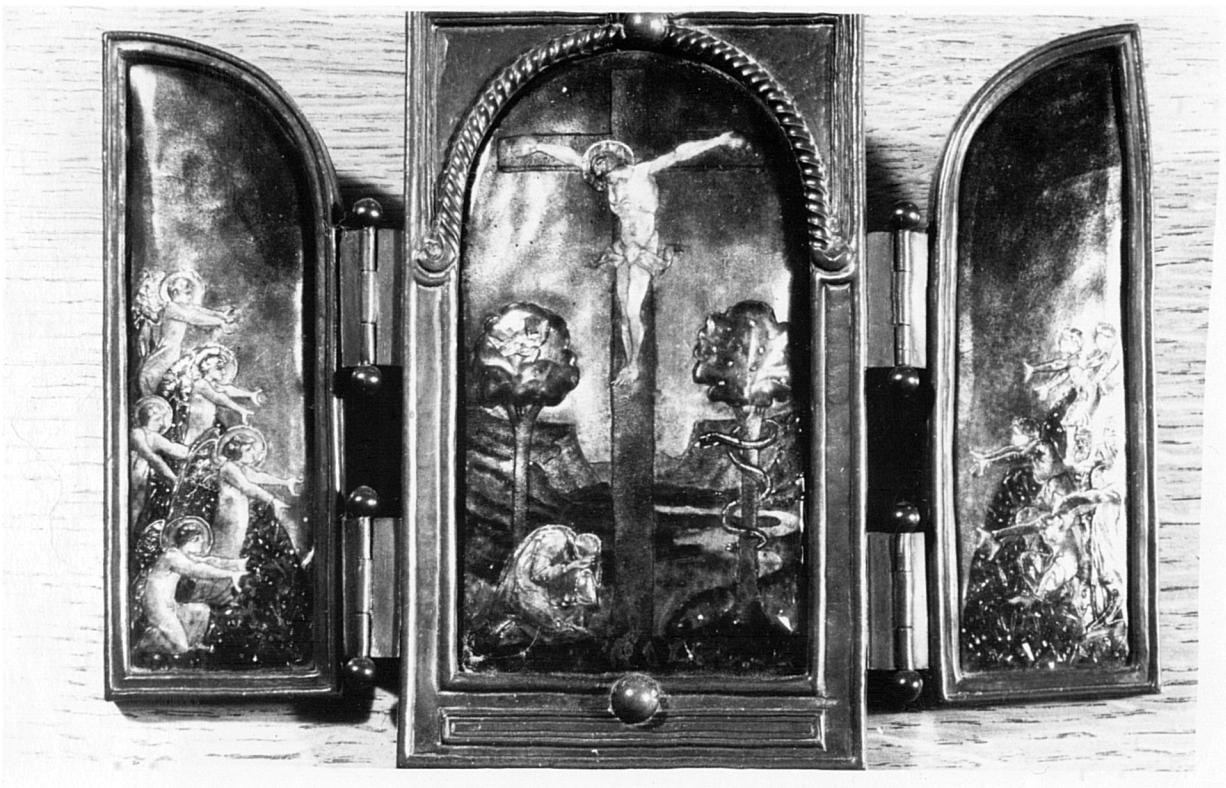


106b



107a



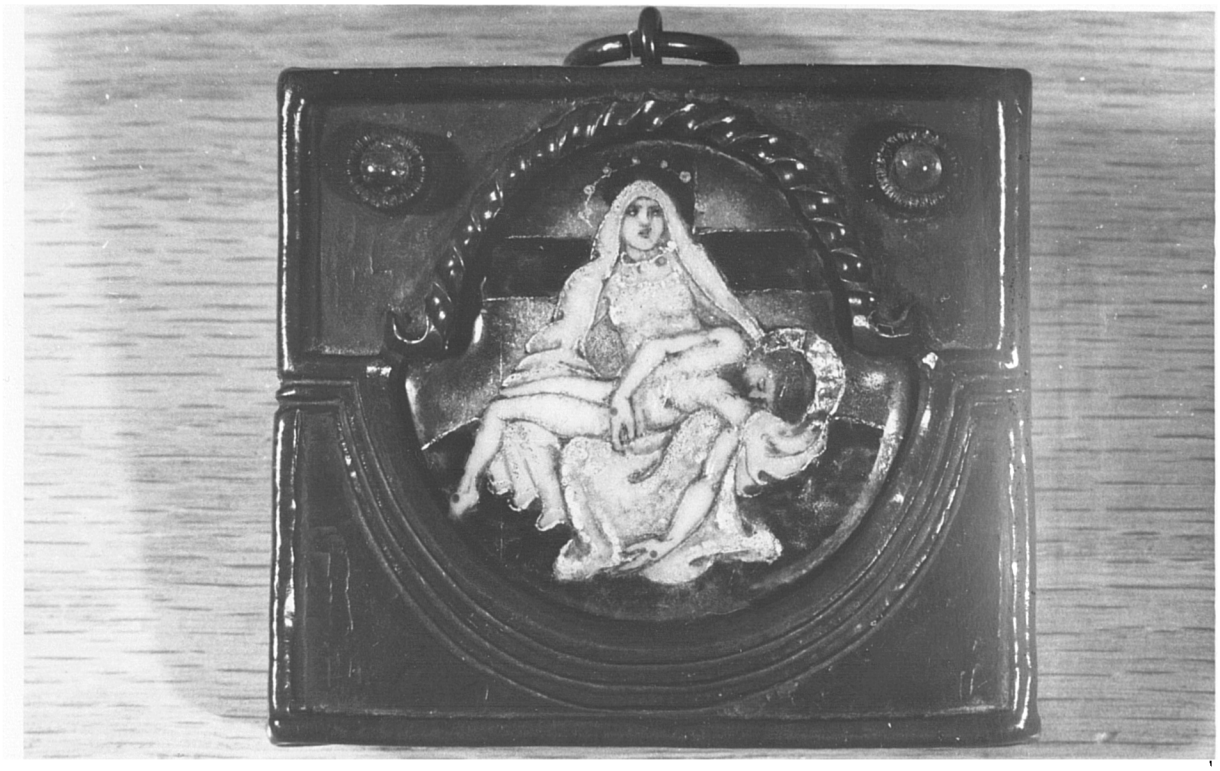
107b



108a



108b



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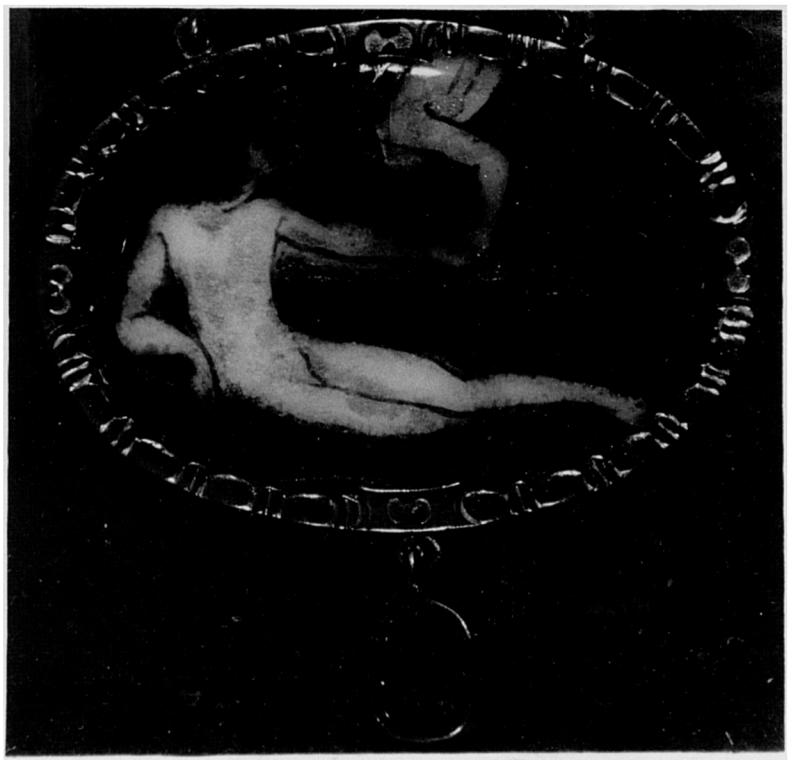
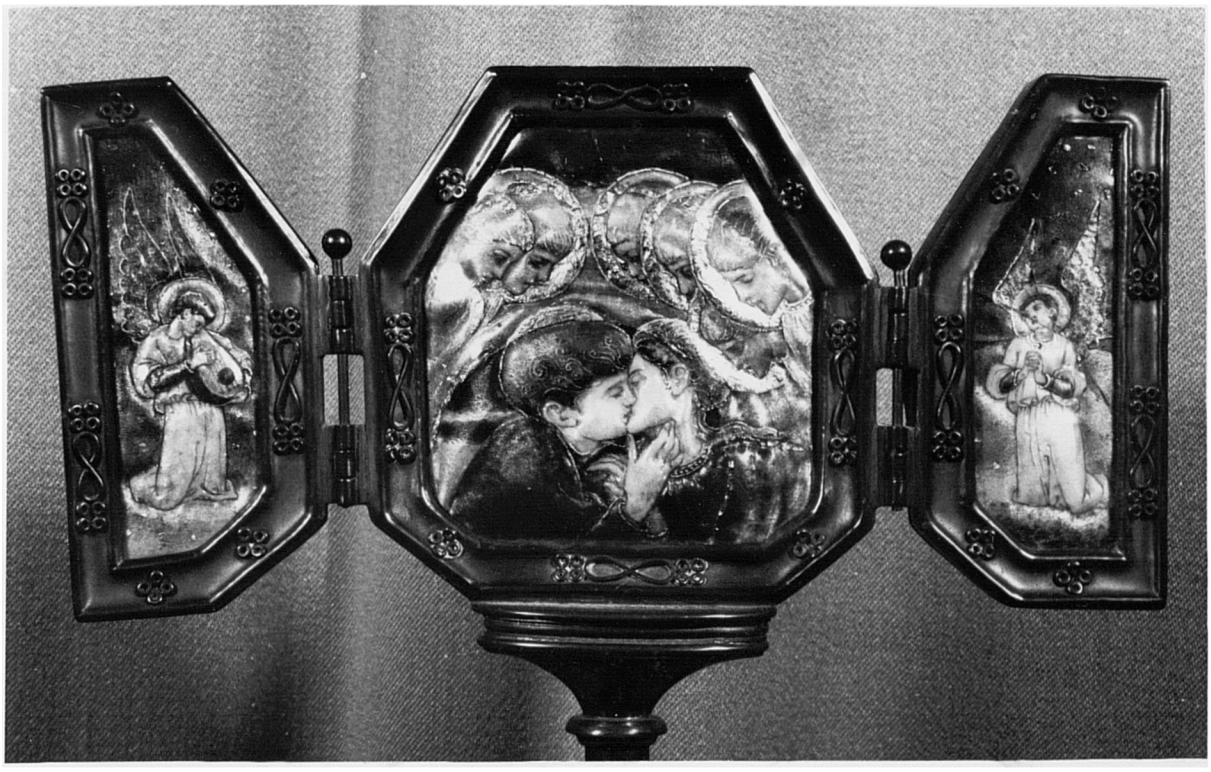


109b



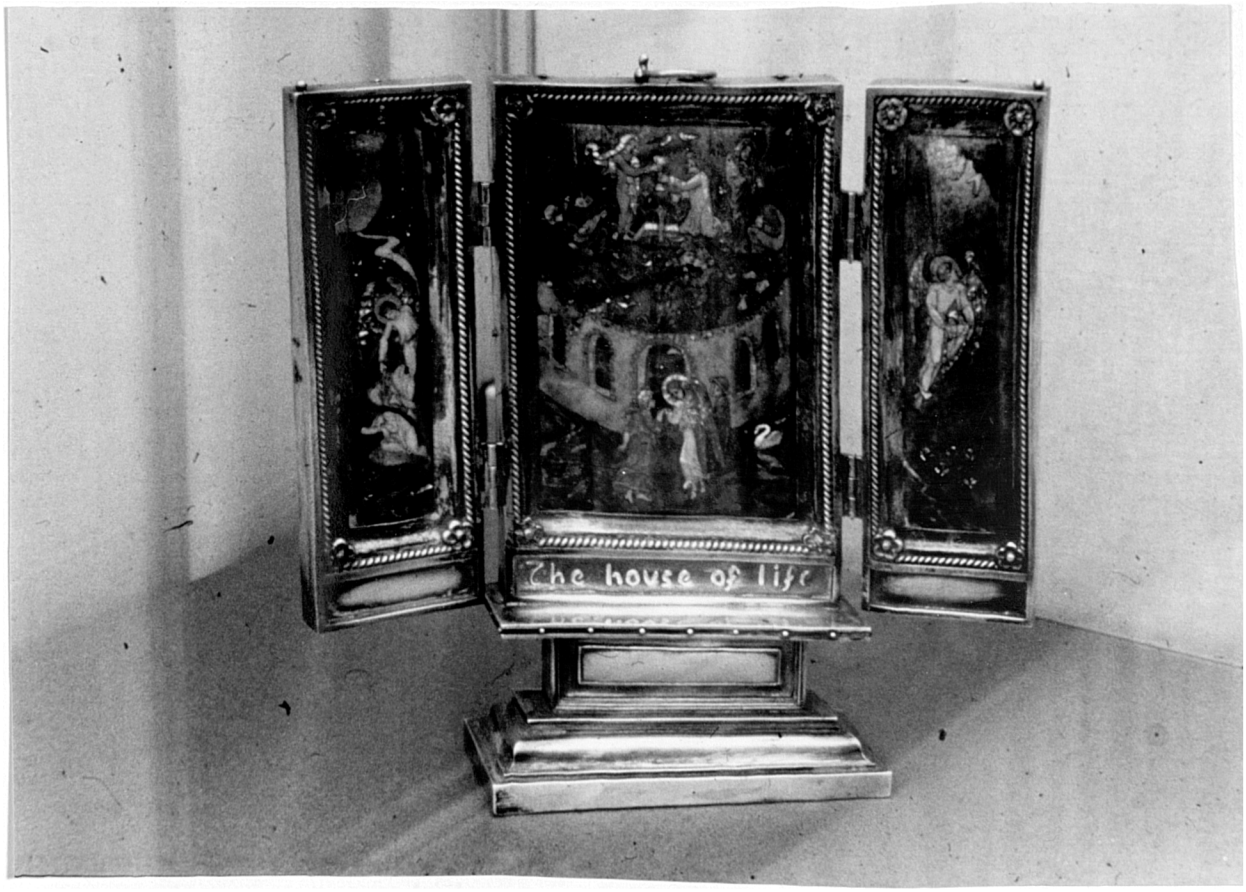
110a



110b



III



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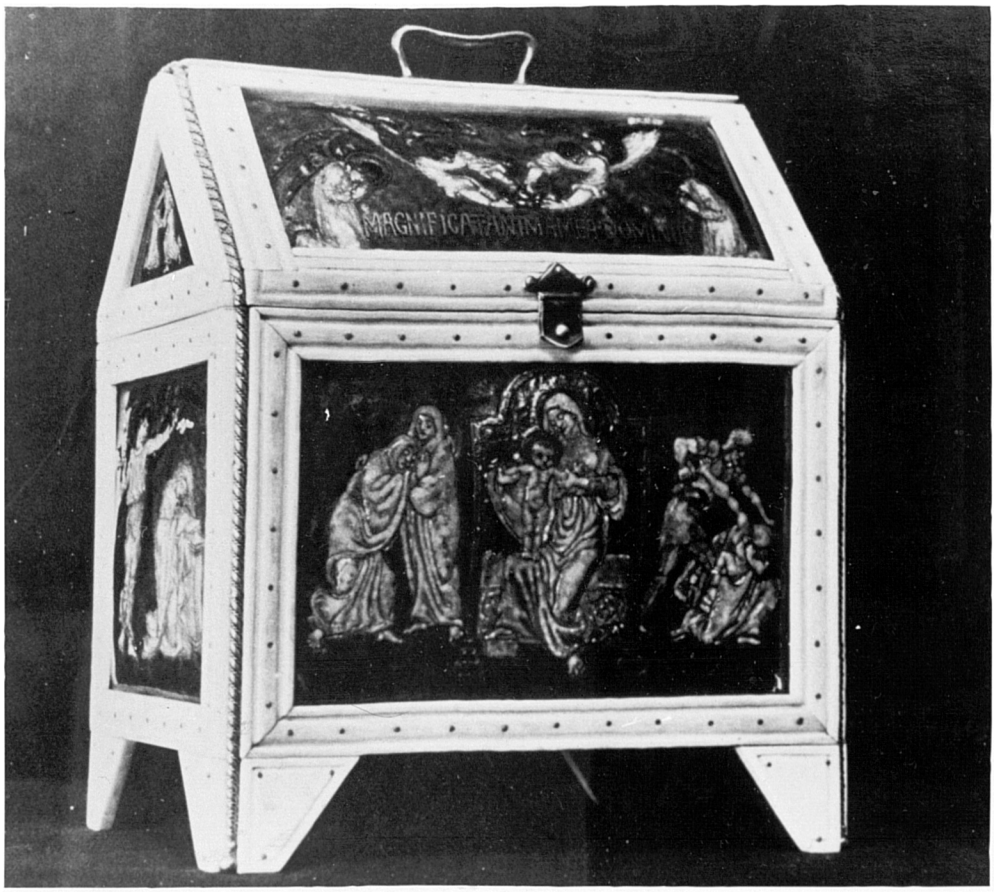


112b



113a



113b





1154a



1154b



1154c

E 4892

E 4893













116a

896





E4894

116b

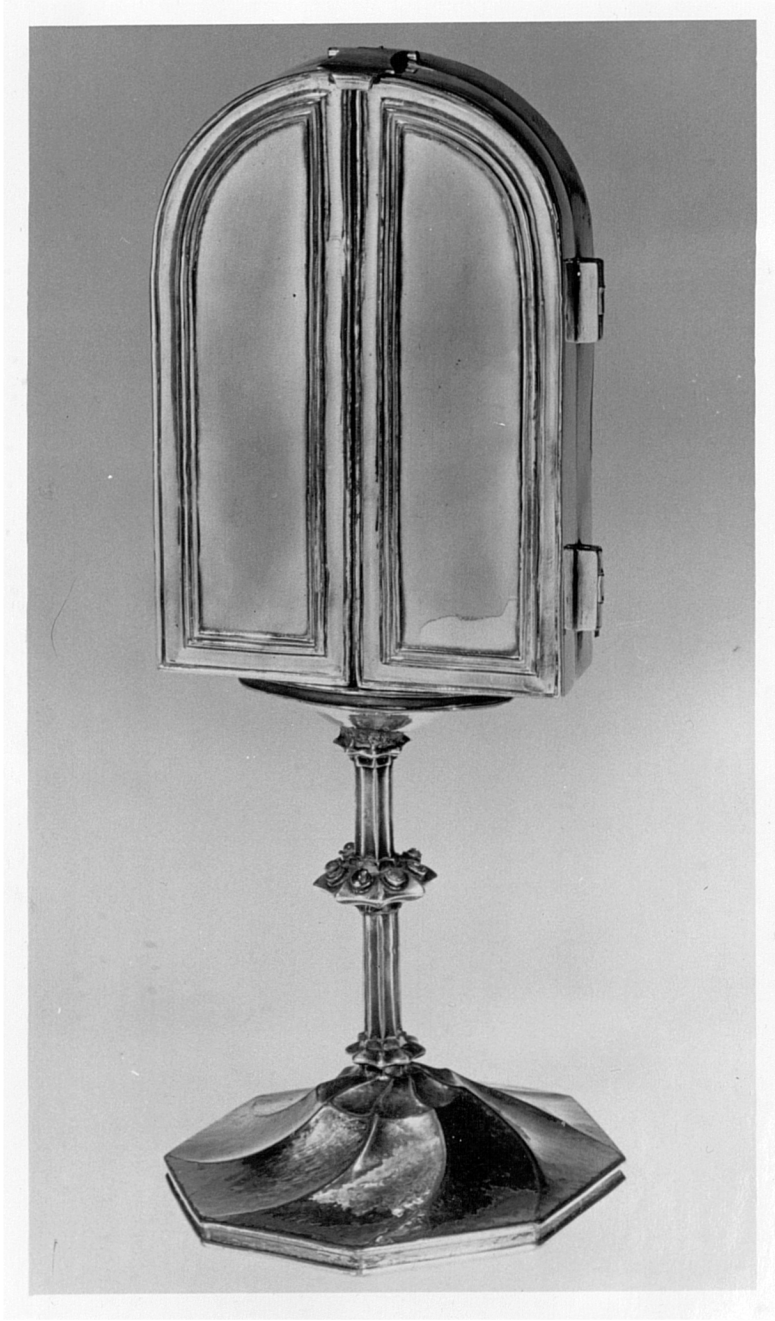


117a



117b

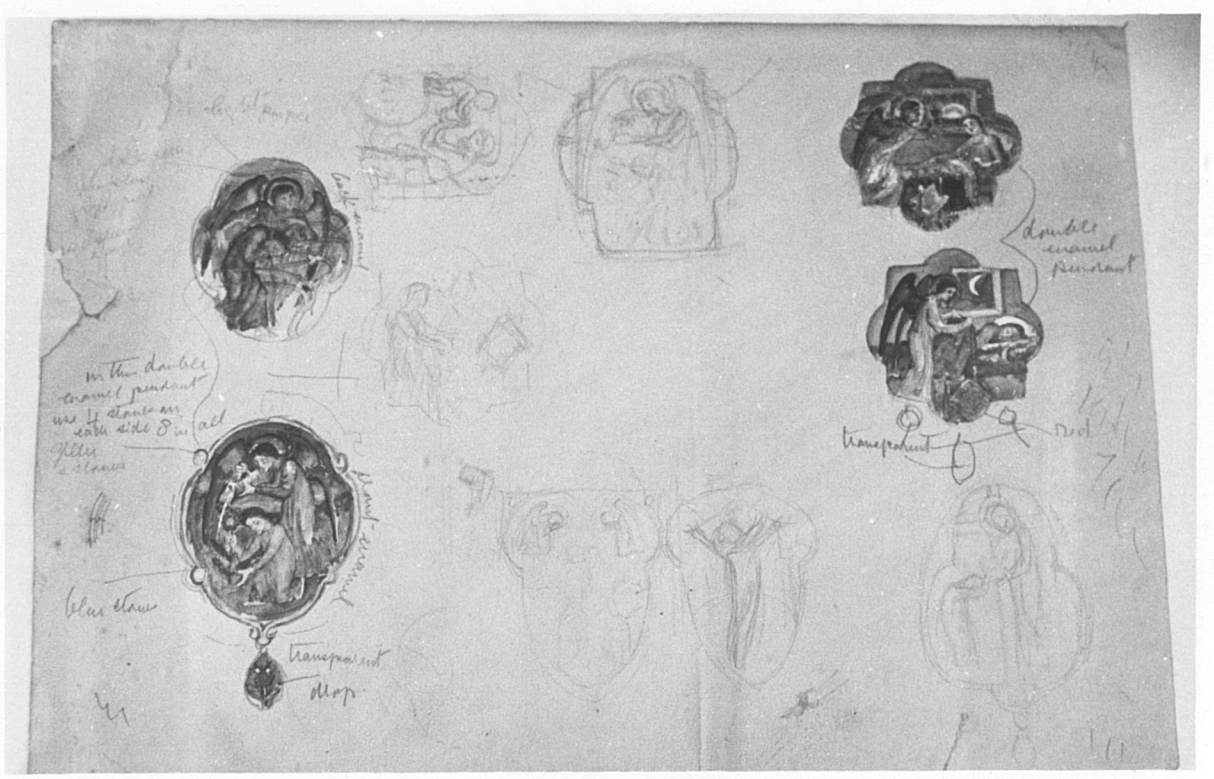

REDCROSS
KNIGHT



119a



1196



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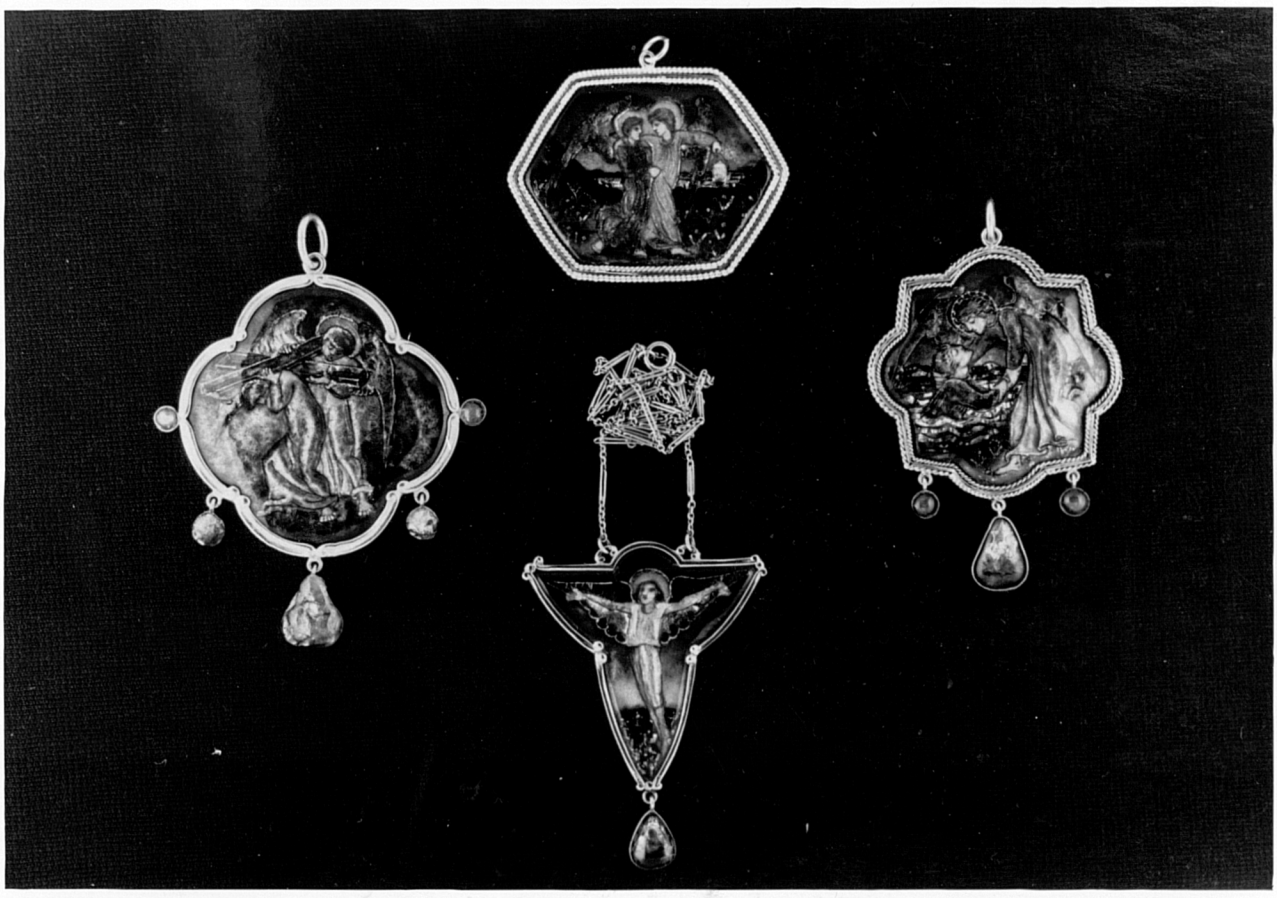


120b

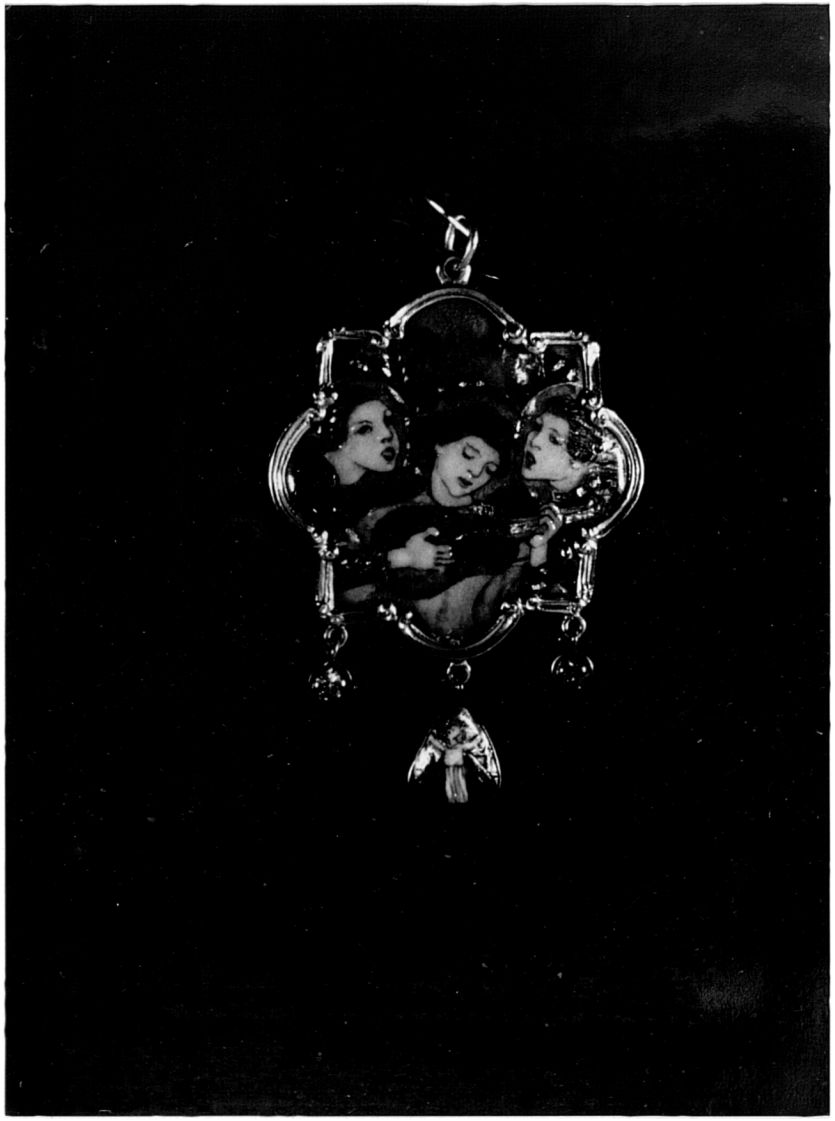


121a



121b





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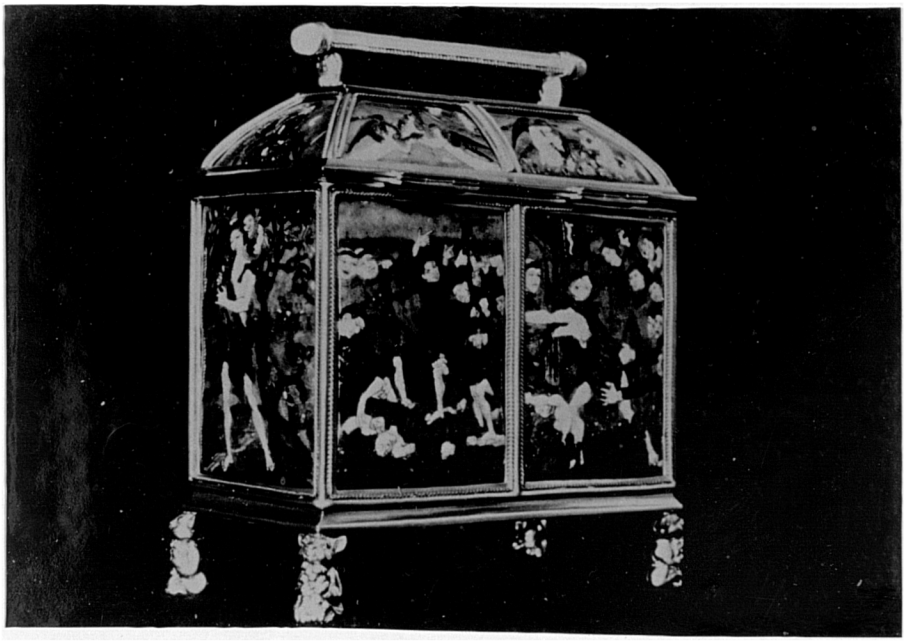
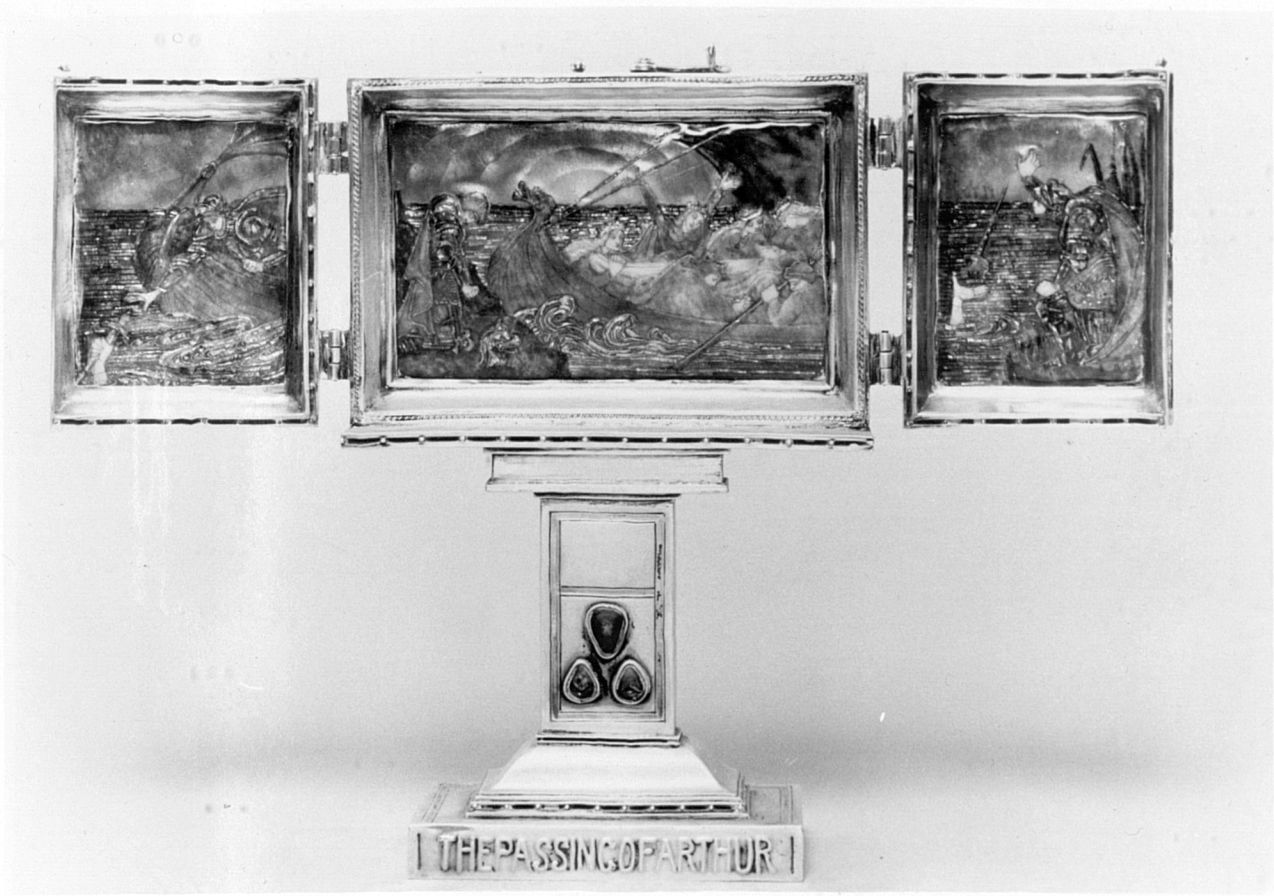


124a



124b



125a



125b



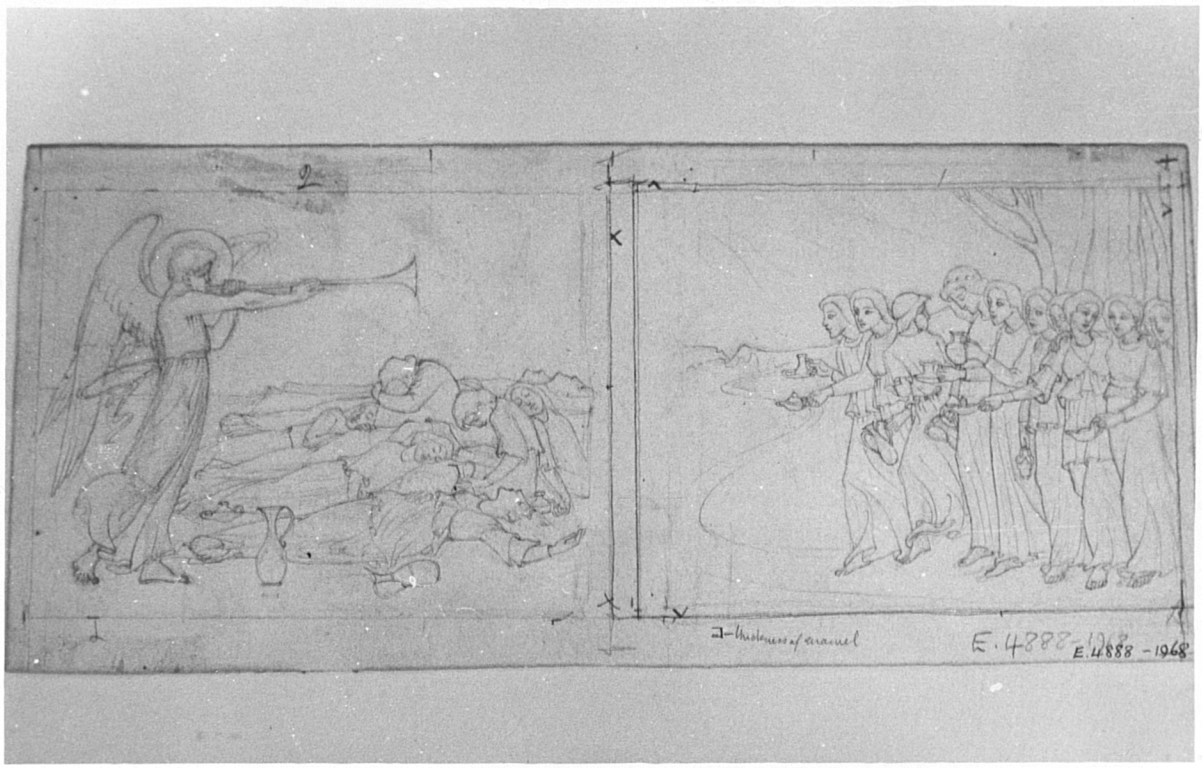
126a



126b



127



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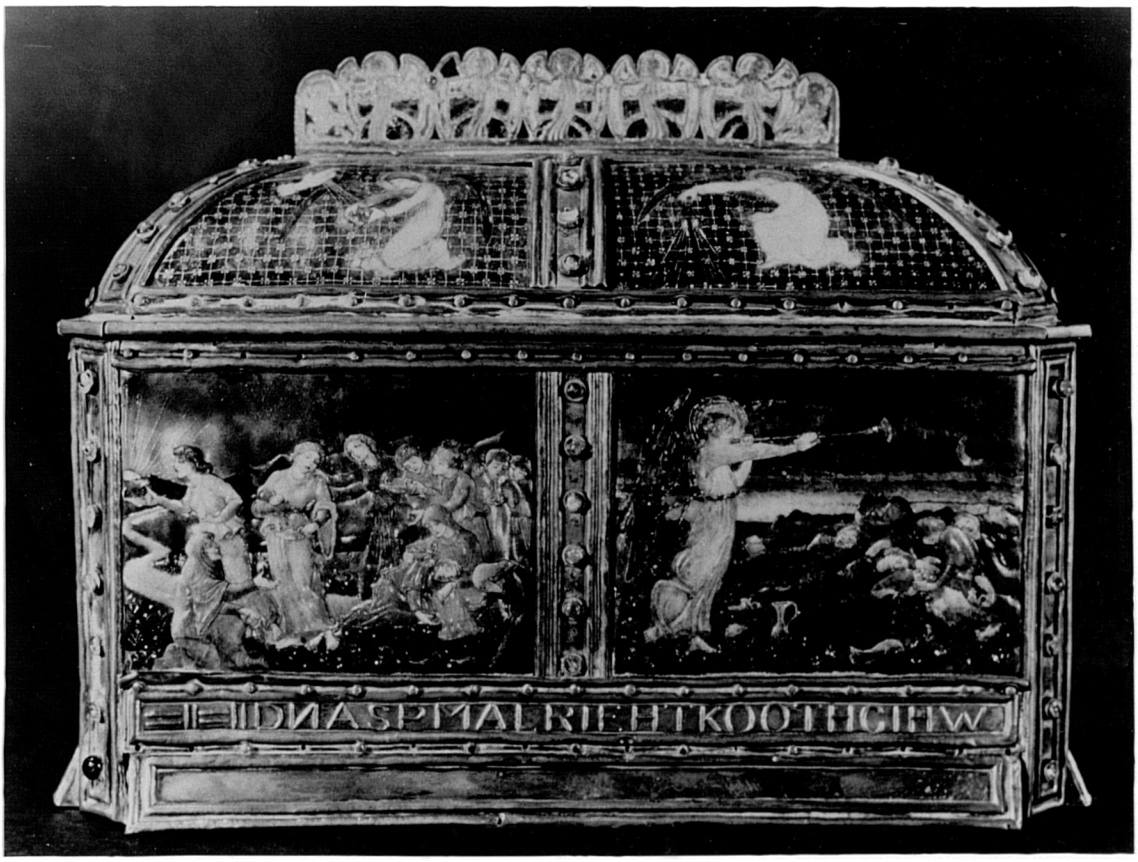
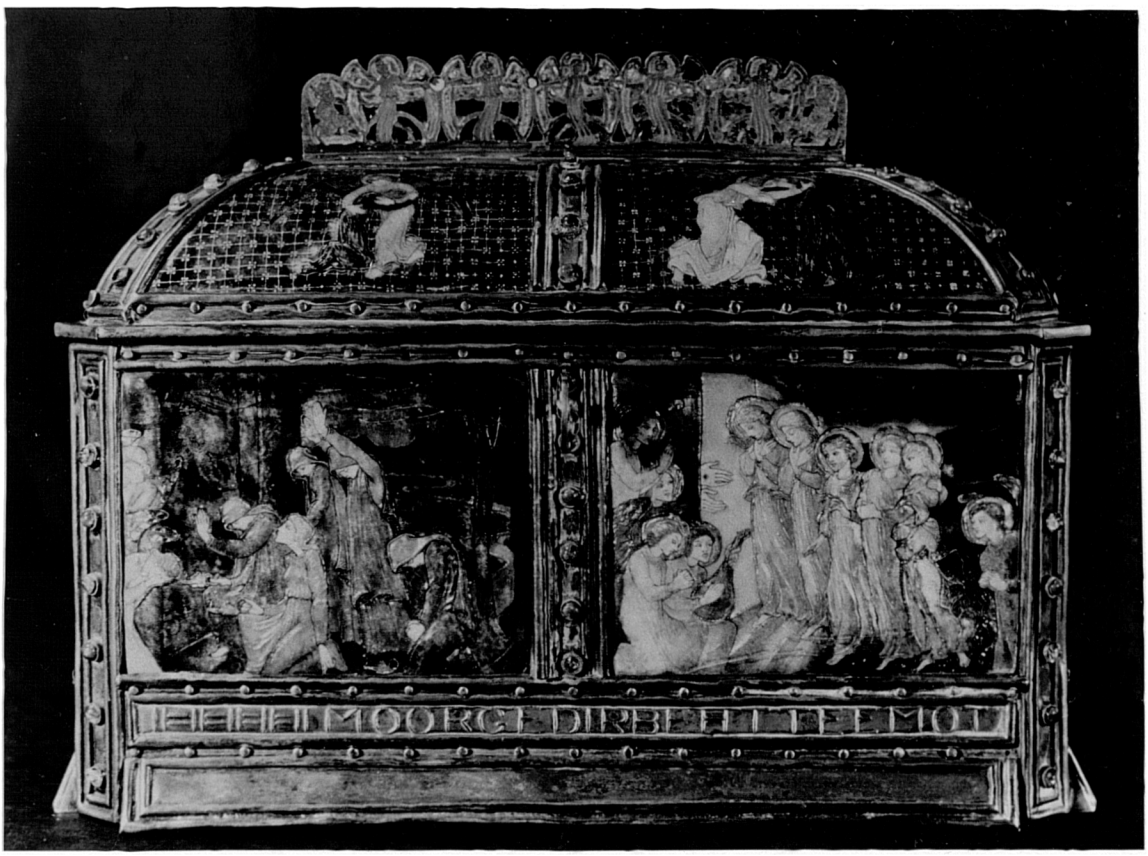


128b



129a



129b



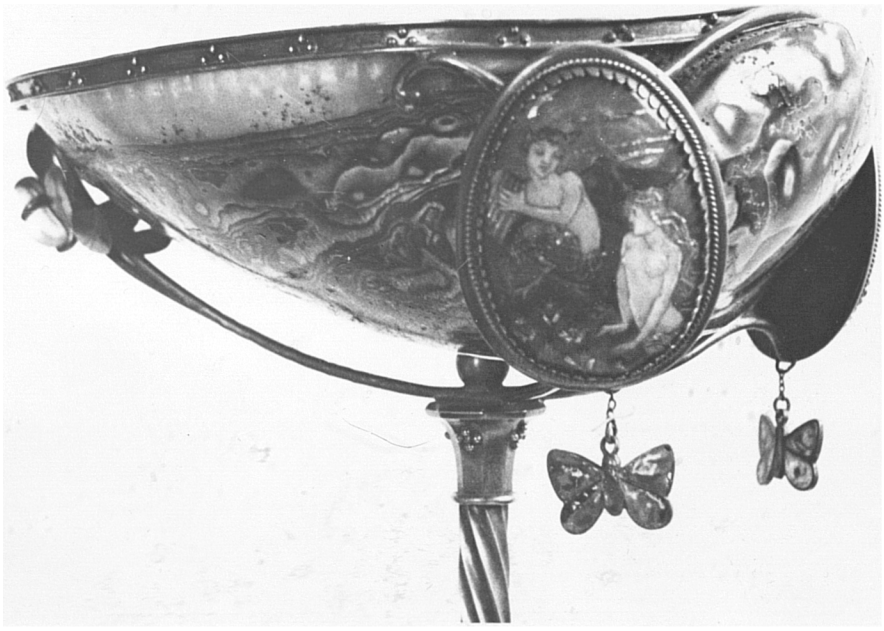
130a



130b



13 1a



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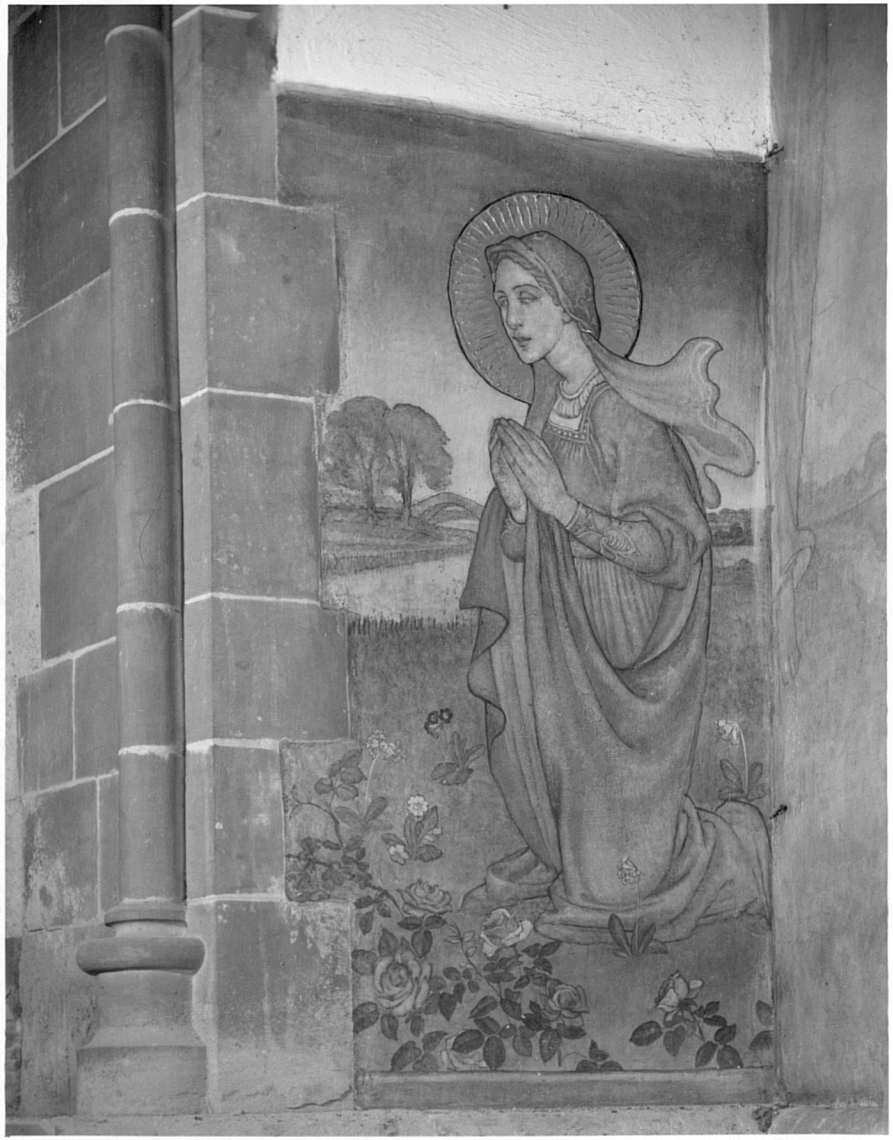
132a



132b



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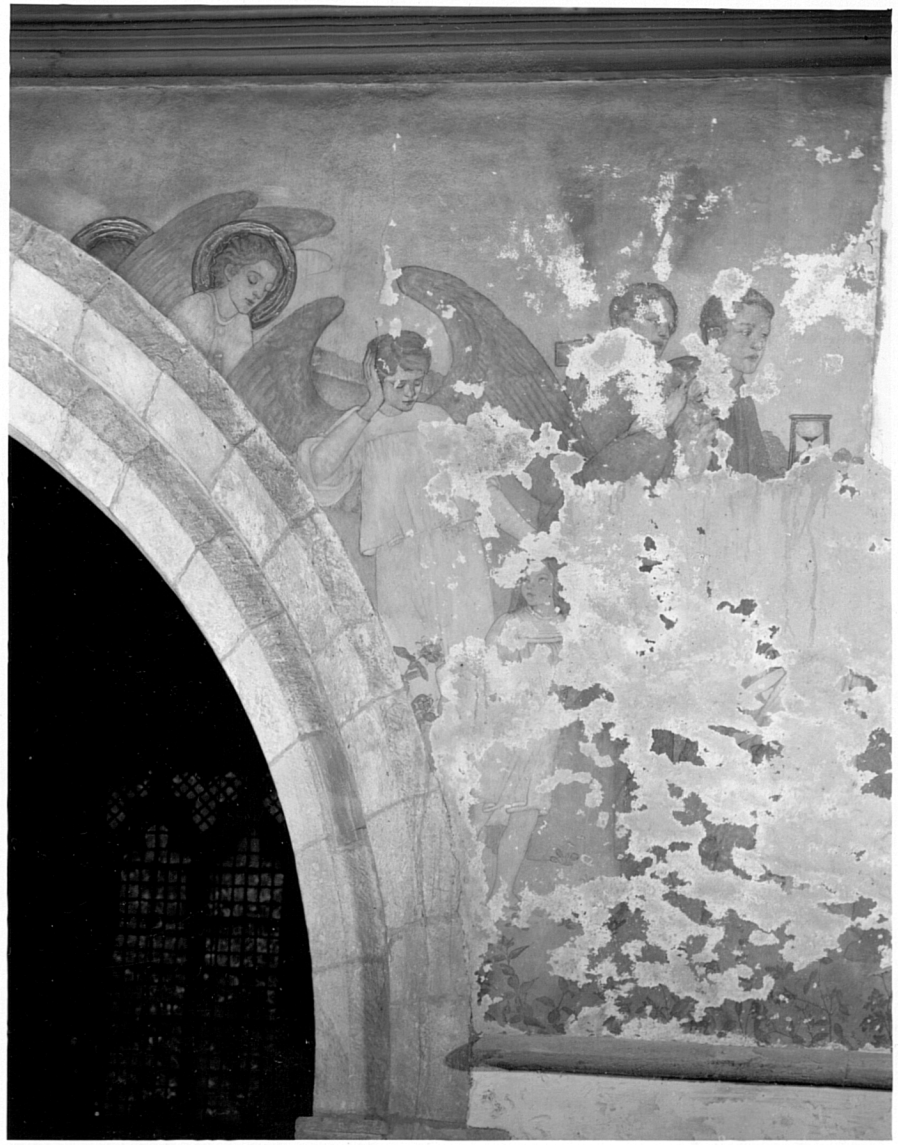
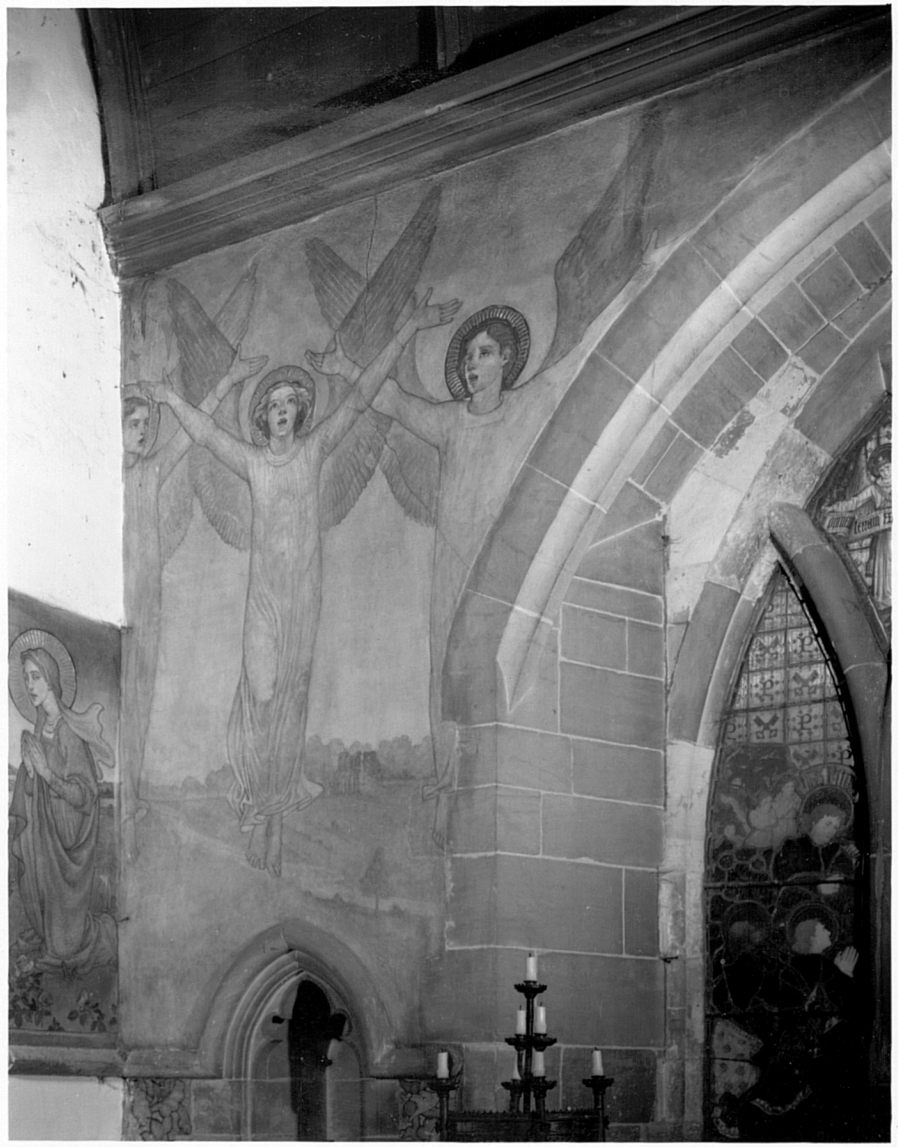


133b



134a



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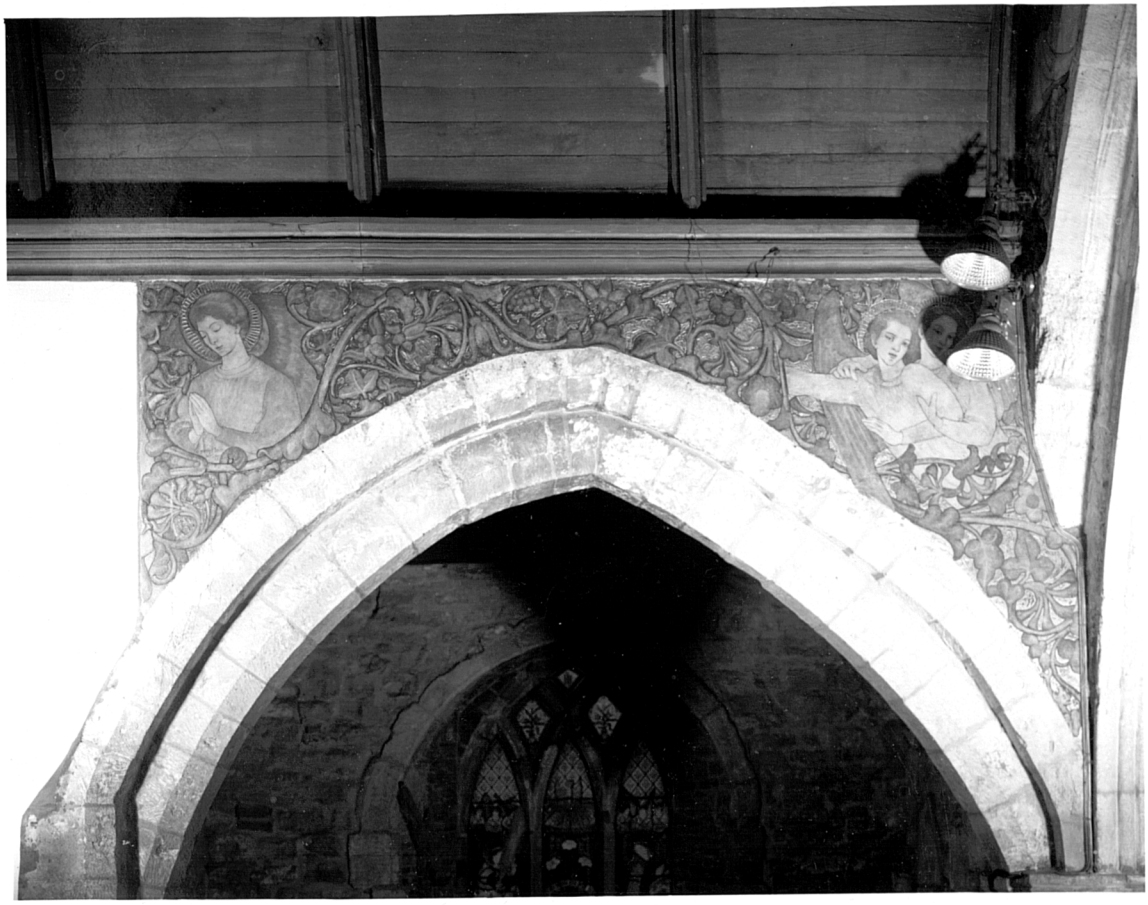

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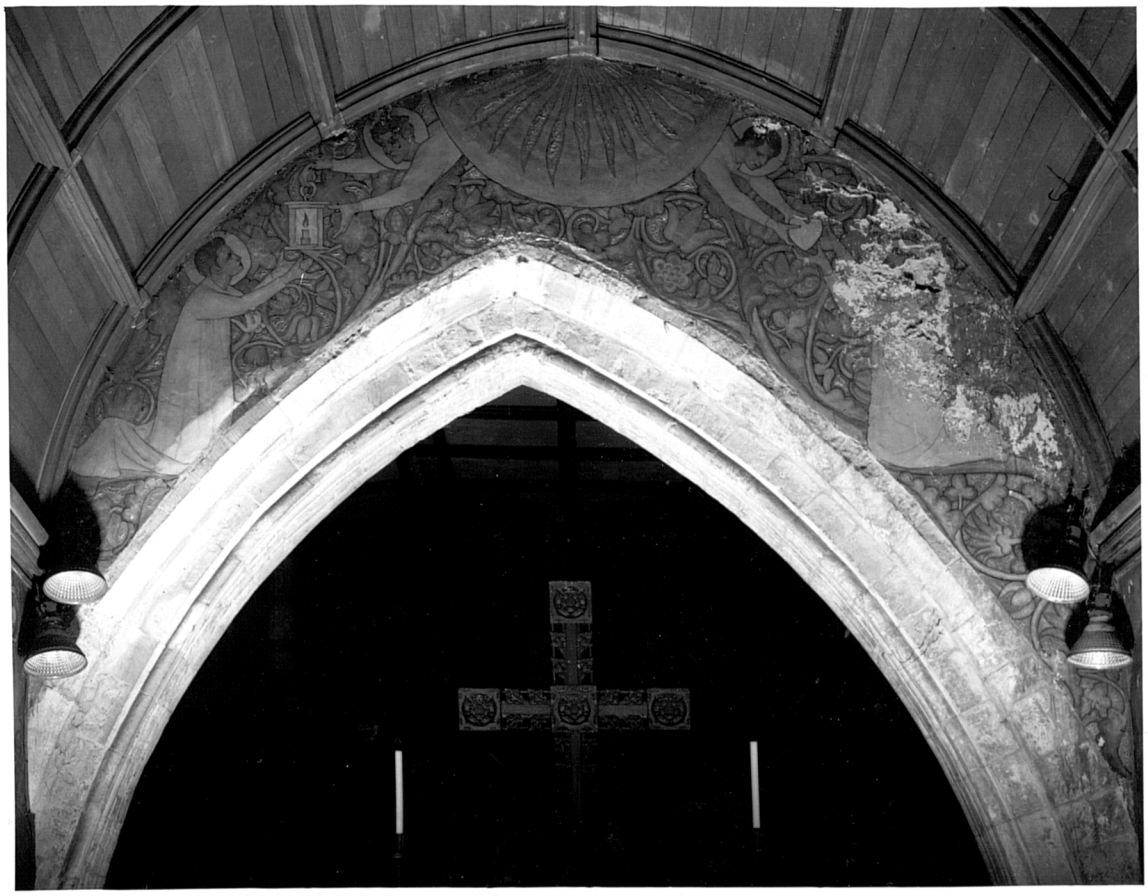

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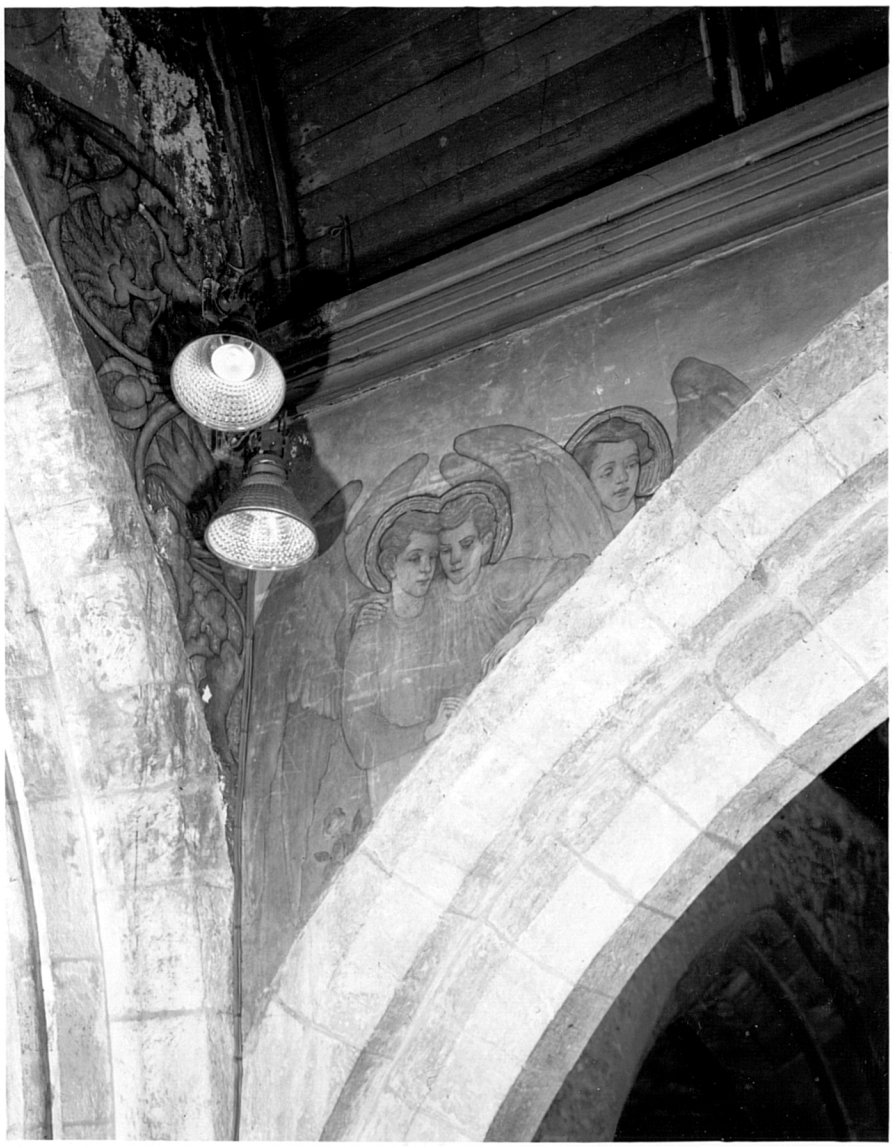

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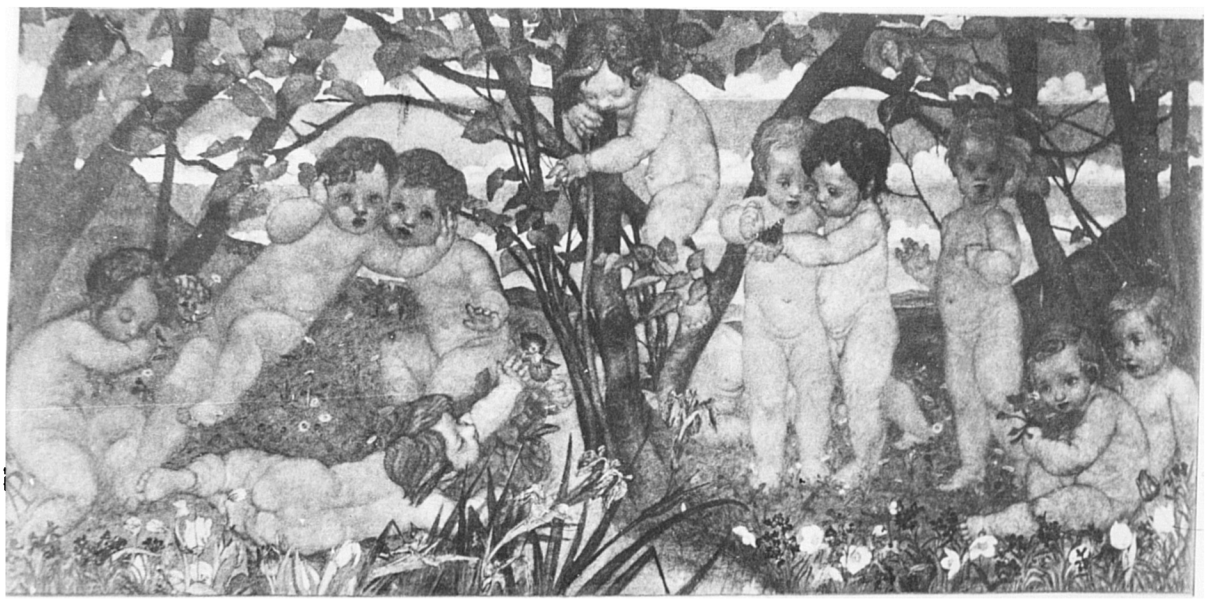




1980/8
XS/406



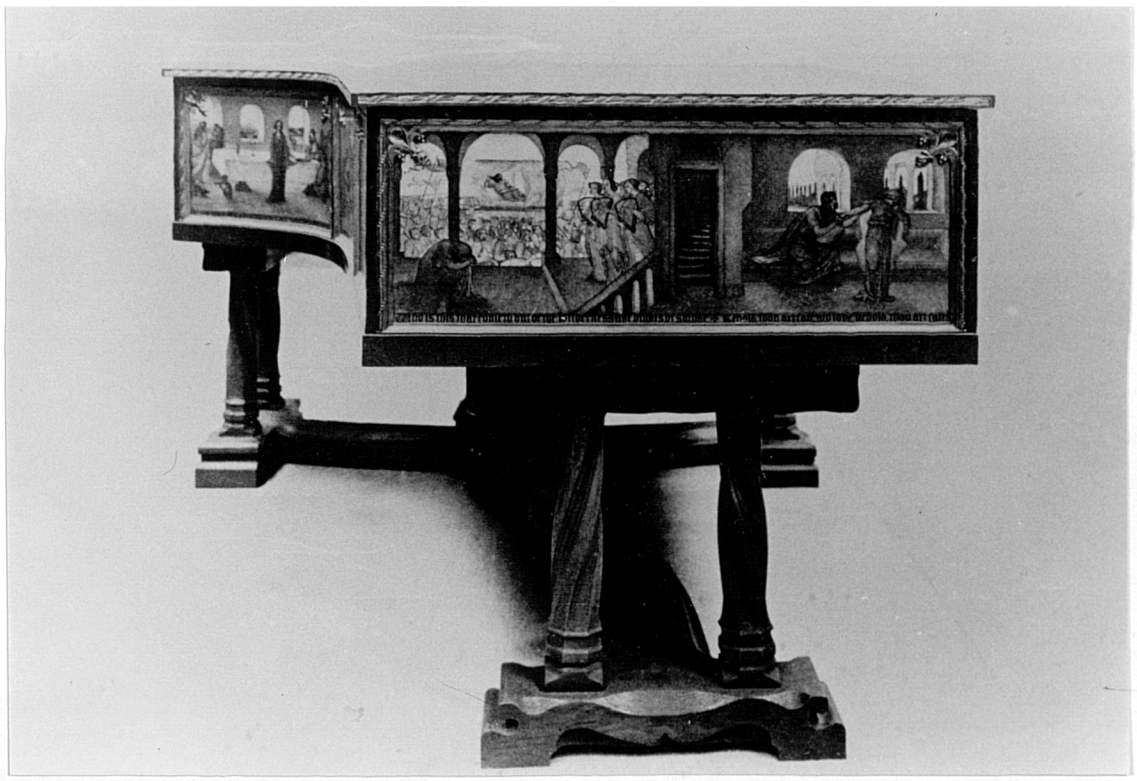
138a



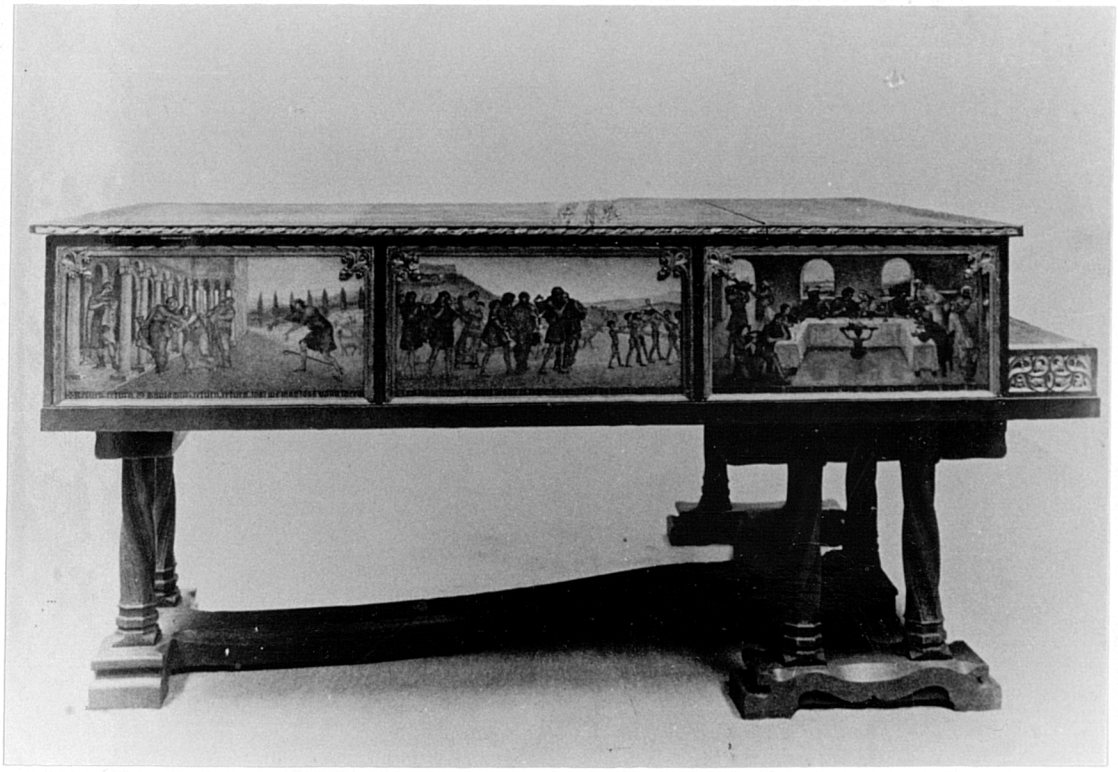
138b



139a



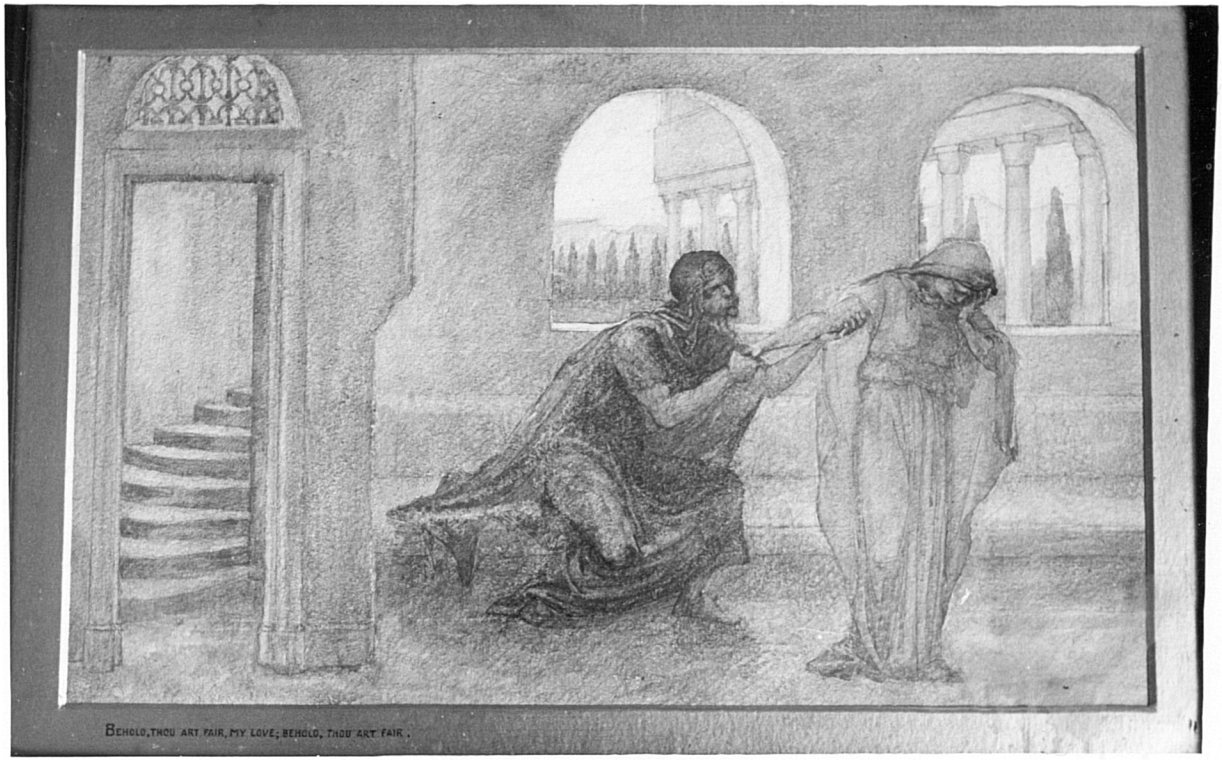
1396



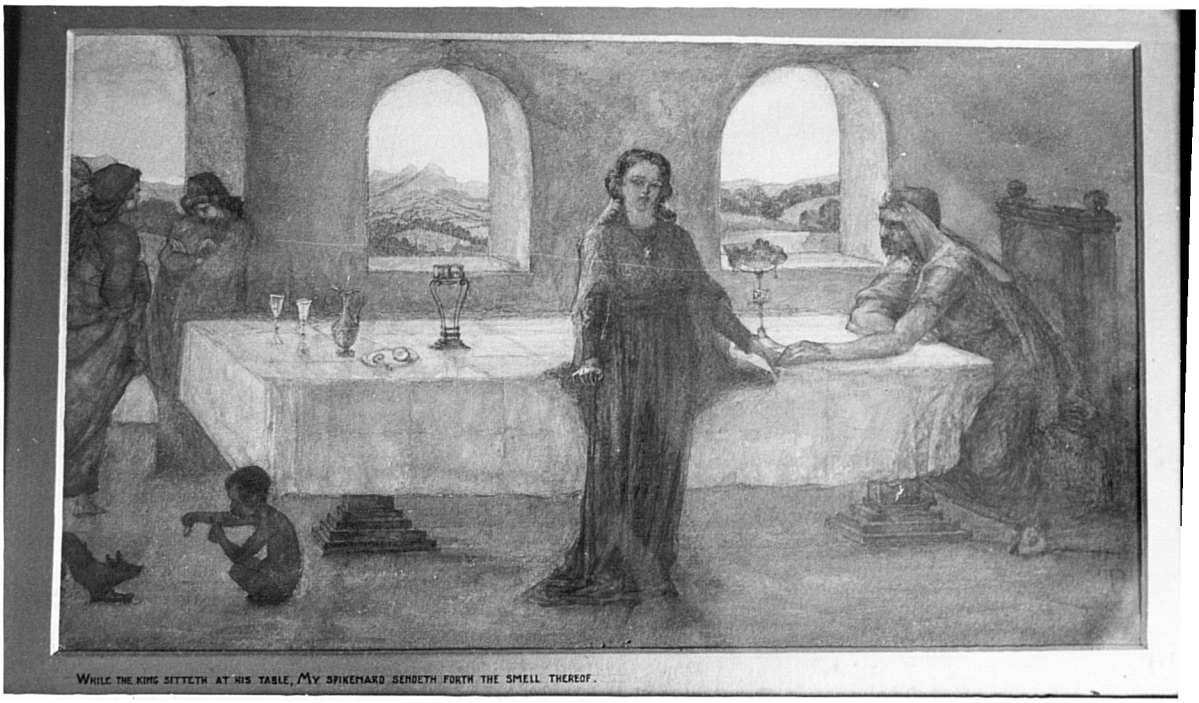
140a



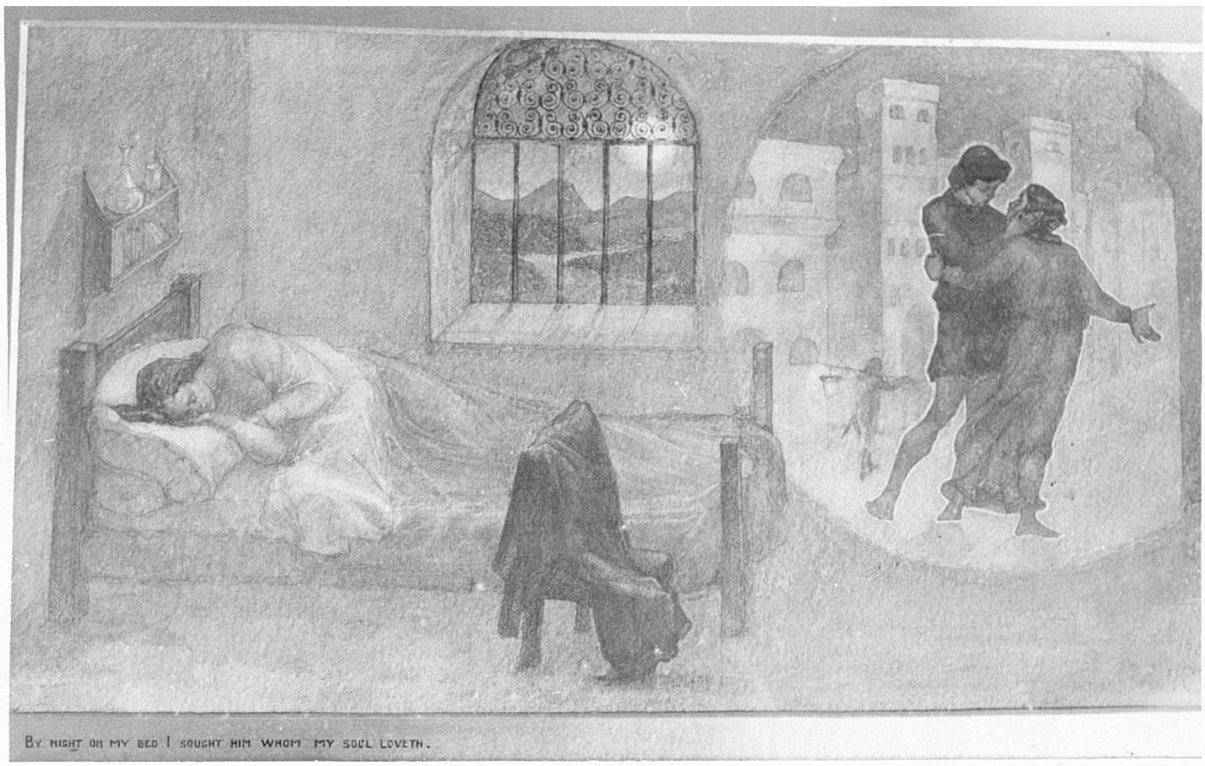
1406


BEHOLD, THOU ART FAIR, MY LOVE; BEHOLD, THOU ART FAIR.

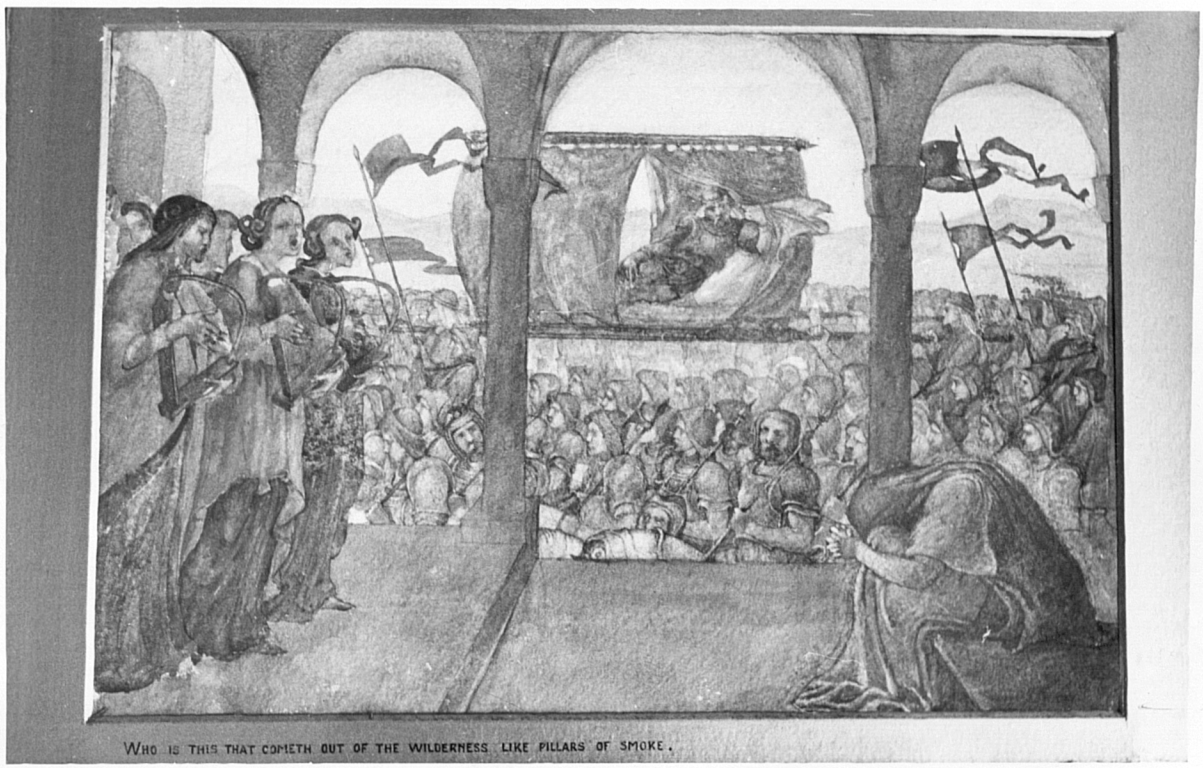
141a


WHILE THE KING SITTETH AT HIS TABLE, MY SPIKENARD SENDETH FORTH THE SMELL THEREOF.

141b


BY NIGHT ON MY BED I SOUGHT HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH.

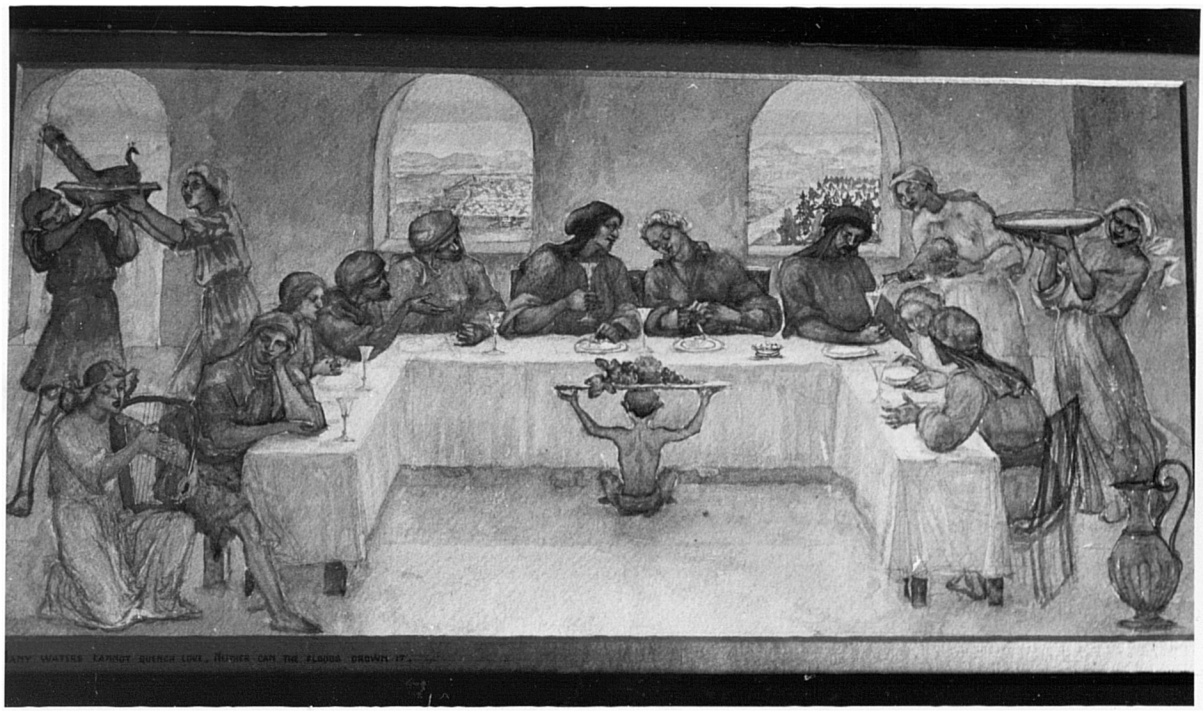
142a


WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH OUT OF THE WILDERNESS LIKE PILLARS OF SMOKE.

142b


I AM MY BELOVED'S, AND HIS DESIRE IS TOWARDS ME; LET US GO FORTH INTO THE FIELD.

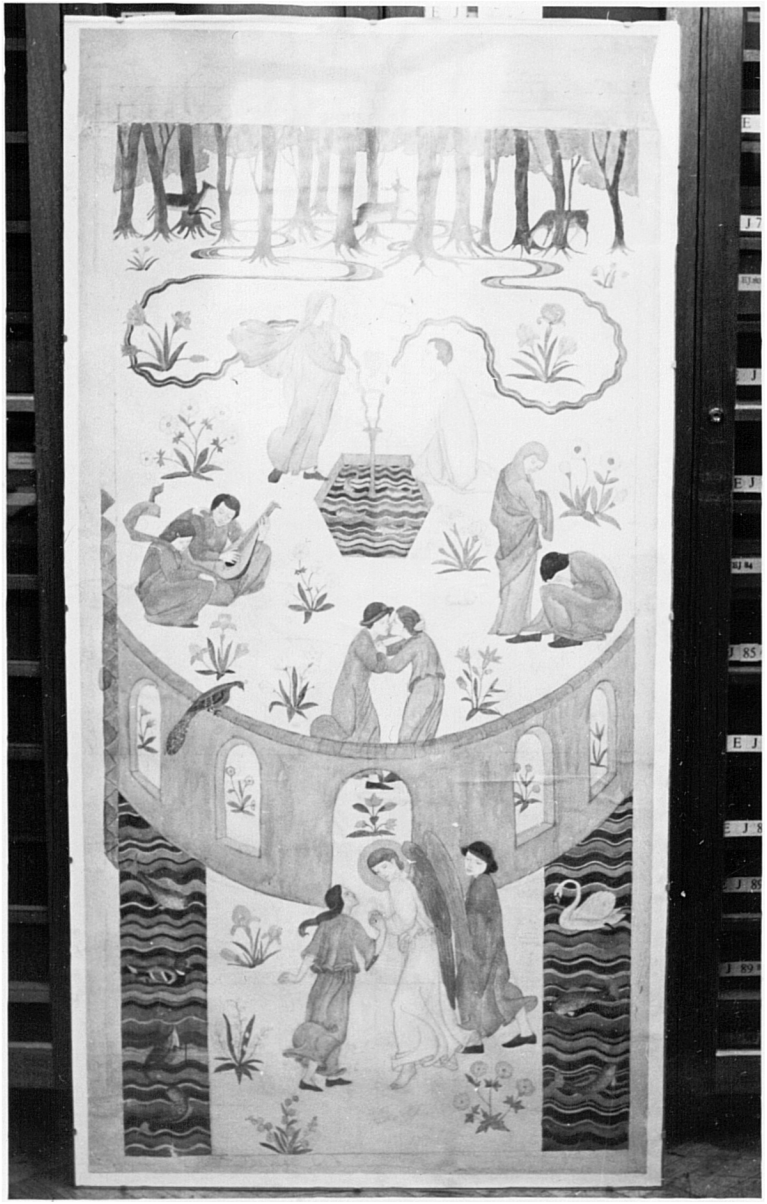
143a


MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE, NEITHER CAN THE FLOODS DROWN IT.

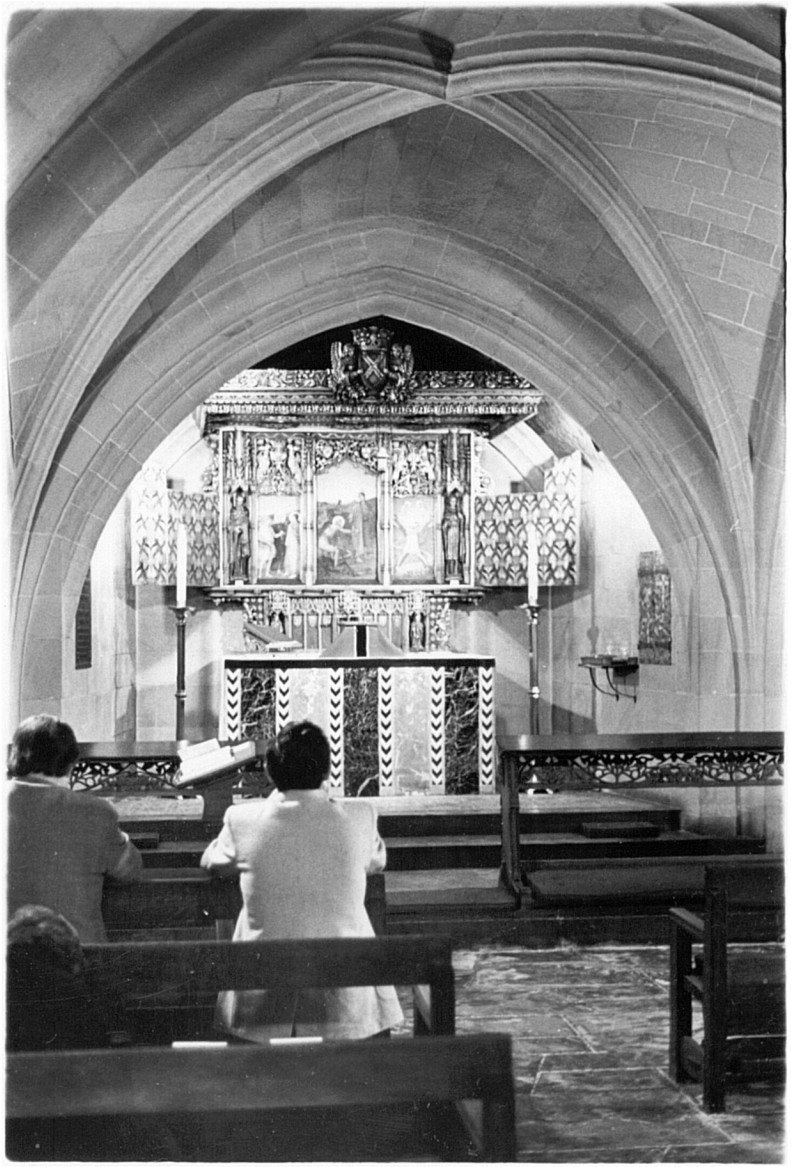
1436

94441

94441



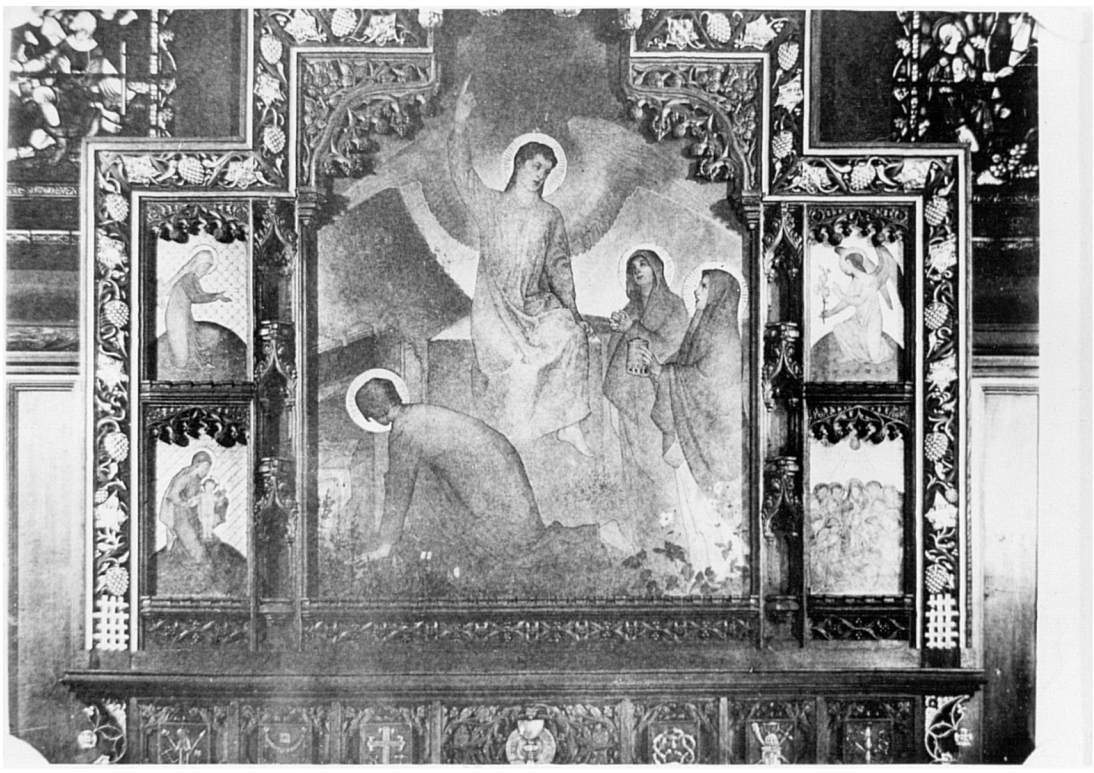
145a



145b



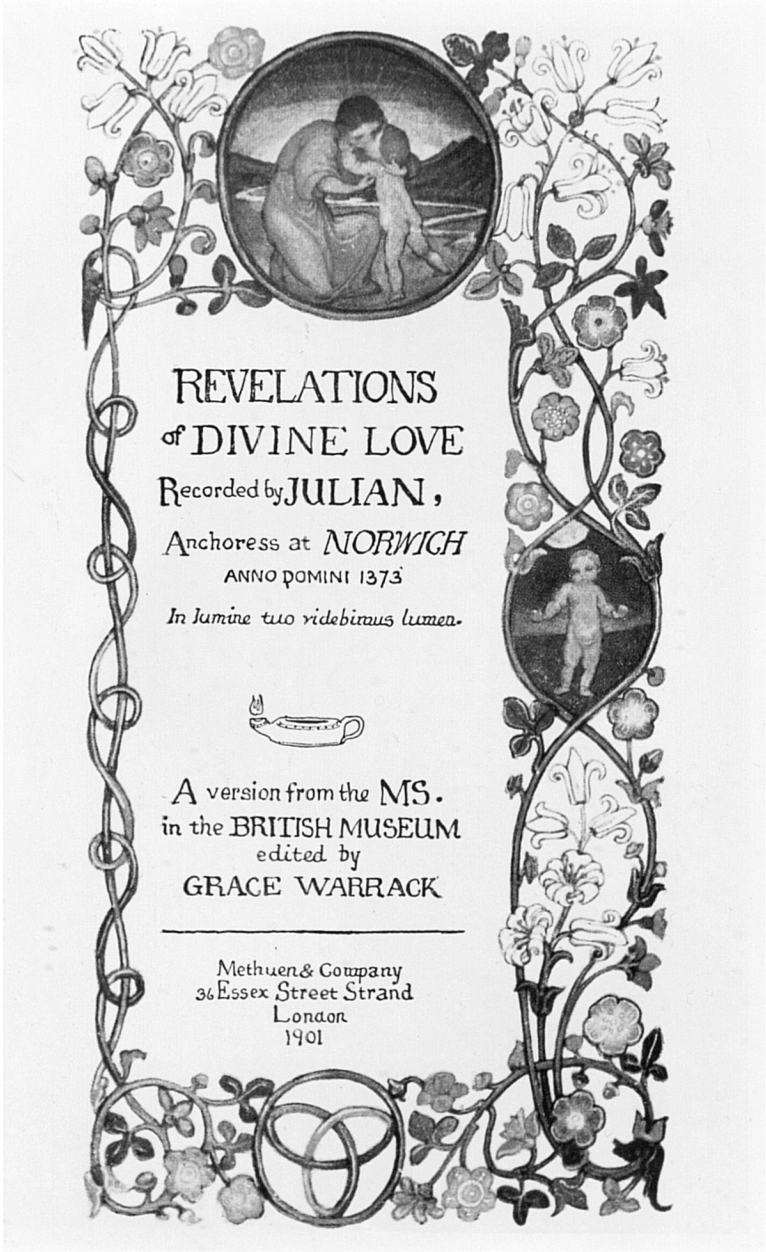
146a



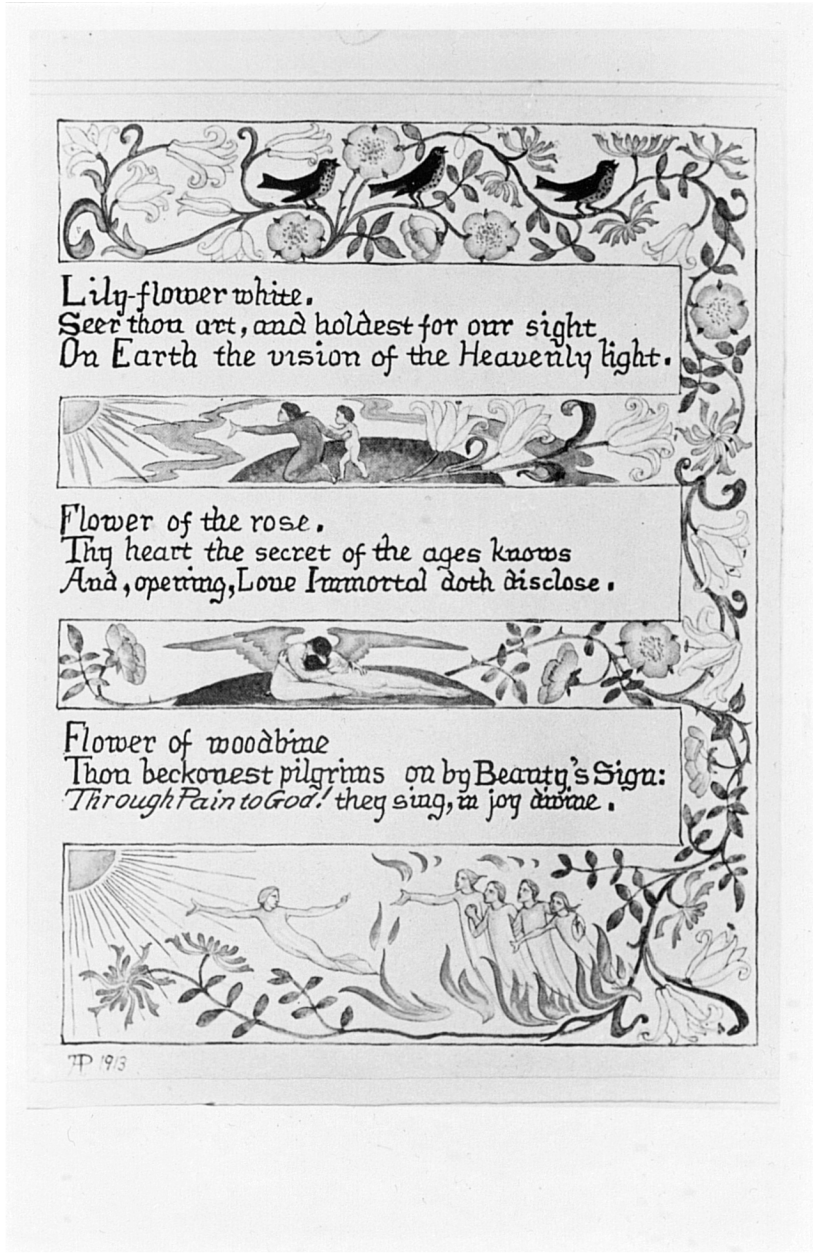
146b

741




REVELATIONS
of DIVINE LOVE
Recorded by JULIAN,
Anchoress at NORWICH
ANNO DOMINI 1373
In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.
A version from the MS.
in the BRITISH MUSEUM
edited by
GRACE WARRACK
Methuen & Company
36 Essex Street Strand
London
1901

149a


Lily-flower white.
Seer thou art, and holdest for our sight
On Earth the vision of the Heavenly light.
Flower of the rose.
Thy heart the secret of the ages knows
And, opening, Love Immortal doth disclose.
Flower of woodbine
Thou beckonest pilgrims on by Beauty's Sign:
Through Pain to God! they sing, in joy divine.

149b

SURGE PROPERA AMICA MEA, COLUMBA MEA, FORMOSA MEA, ET VENI.
IAM ENIM HIEMS TRANSIIT, IMBER ABIIT ET RECESSIT,
FLORES APPARUERUNT IN TERRA NOSTRA,
TEMPUS PUTATIONIS ADVENIT:
SURGE AMICA MEA, SPECIOSA MEA, ET VENI.



150a



150b