

CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE.

CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE  
AND OTHER VERSE

By

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with Illustrations by the Author.

WRITTEN IN THE GOLD COAST,  
1924.

To His Excellency

BRIGADIER GENERAL

SIR GORDON GUGGISBERG,

K.C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E.

Governor of the Gold Coast.



*And all my African and European Colleagues  
who so ably assist His Excellency in the  
carrying out of his Policy of Progress.*

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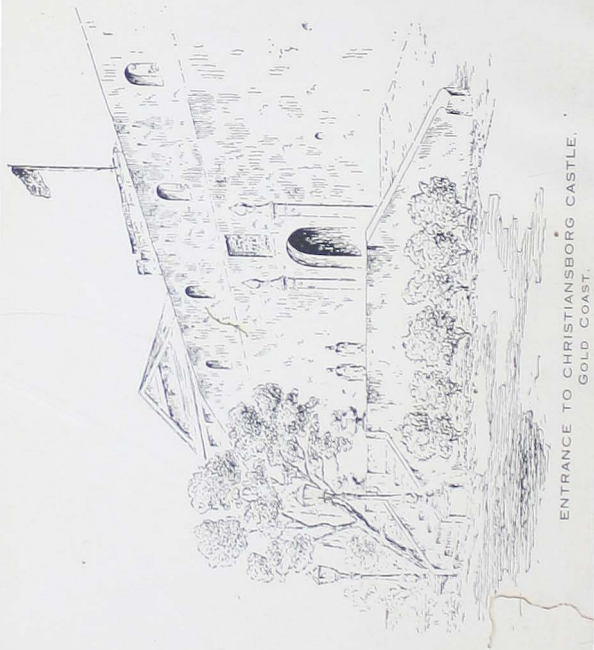
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TO MY CRITIC.

Since the day when Adam, heedless,  
Struggled for his daily bread,  
Many fools have ventur'd, needless,  
O'er the paths where angels tread ;  
So, good critic, read me kindly,  
We may both be in this rhyme,  
Perhaps I, too, have ventur'd blindly,  
Hast not thou, in other time ?



ENTRANCE TO CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE.  
GOLD COAST

CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE.

I.

Thou noble structure by the sea,  
Built on the solid rock,  
To me, thou dost appear to be  
Hewn out of one huge ~~block~~.

2.

Thy walls surf-batter'd, massive stand ;  
Thy gates are now unbarred.  
In pride thou reignest o'er the land,  
And keepest faithful guard.

3.

Old cannon, deeply flaked with rust  
Lie scattered o'er thy lands.  
In ages past they guarded thee  
From savage warlike bands.

4.

The flattened arches of thy courts  
Are restful, and near by,  
Broad easy stairways lead to rooms,  
All pleasing to the eye.

5.

The waves have washed and hollowed out  
The rocks beneath thy land,  
And dungeons grim, which lie within,  
Are sprayed with sea and sand.

6.

The Sun doth turn thy grey stone walls  
To marble rich and clear,  
And stately palms abound within  
Thy gardens, lying near.

7.

Stone panels sunk within thy face,  
Are quaint in their design.  
They tell of lines of Northern Kings,  
Who lived in ancient time.

8.

And what of that brave race of old,  
Who planned these simple halls,  
And built with stone from off thy rocks,  
Thy rugged solid walls?

9.

Who were these men? And tell me why  
They came to this far shore?  
Was it to help in peaceful trade?  
Or came they to make war?

10.

Alas ! Thou dost not make reply,  
But as I gaze about,  
I dream of cruel deeds within,  
And savage wars without.

11.

Thou noble castle by the sea,  
At rest upon thy shore,  
To me thou dost appear to be,  
Enthroned for evermore.

## THE LEOPARD SKIN.

### I.

In my cool lounge, a leopard skin  
Doth decorate the floor.  
It spreads its spotted coat so fine  
Far o'er the polished boards of pine,  
This tawny skin of mine :—  
I sometimes dream of days gone by  
And hear my leopard's noble cry.

### 2.

I picture his first jungle home,  
Far in the tangled bush :  
And watch the sport of his young day  
The graceful, keen and gentle play.  
Alas ! Youth will not stay :—  
And so, the frolic of the year  
Is passed, and new scenes now appear.

## 3.

I watch his crouching, lithesome form,  
Stalk softly through the wood.

And now, quick as the lightning's flash  
He springs, and with a sudden crash  
Is on his quarry rash :—

And then I see his gleaming eyes,  
Reflecting light from out the skies.

## 4.

There cometh now his gentle mate,  
With tiny, playful cubs.

He guards her with a love sincere ;  
He knoweth not of any fear ;  
And he is ever near :—

But his scarred skin doth now relate,  
The story of much savage hate.

## 5.

Into this rhythm, man doth come  
With cruel, cunning mind,  
For in the bush, now coarse and dense,  
A covered pit, man made, I sense.  
O Leopard, get thee hence !  
For if thou venture here this day  
Thy precious life will fly away.

## 6. —

But creeping through the undergrowth,  
 With eyes alert and keen,  
 I see my leopard by the light  
 Of moon, now shining clear and bright  
 O'er this, a tropic sight :—  
 And slowly down the lying way,  
 His lordship comes with great display.

## 7.

Then suddenly, with mighty cry  
 Of fierce and untamed rage,  
 The noble beast doth disappear  
 Into the pit now open clear,  
 And savage roars I hear :—  
 Then men spring out from hiding place,  
 To mock this king of mighty race.

## 8.

They carry spears of tempered steel,  
 And knives of every shape.  
 But — this is where I hesitate,  
 The brutal story to relate  
 Of my poor leopard's fate :—  
 Alas ! The holes within its skin,  
 Show where the daggers entered in.

O Leopard Skin, I purchased thee  
 From wand'ring Hausa man.  
 He carried cloth and merchandise  
 Of every type, to mesmerize  
 The white man with his lies :—  
 He asked five pounds, I gave him one,  
 And therefore thou to me did'st come.

Methinks, fine skin, I'll take thee home  
 When I return on leave.  
 A story of heroic deed,  
 In moment of my dire need  
 Around thee I will weave :—  
 And who is there can say me nay,  
 Here is the skin, what more, I pray ?

## HUES OF SCARLET.

### I.

Hues of scarlet, hues of gold,  
Crimsons, blues, hues manifold,  
In the forests, on the plains,  
By the rivers and the lanes.

### 2.

Flowers graceful, blossoms bold,  
Calling forth to young and old,  
In the valley, on the mount,  
By the roadside and the fount.

### 3.

In profusion o'er the land,  
From the mountain to the sand,  
Blooms of brilliance, blooms of night,  
Purple, mauve and purest white.

### 4.

Does their beauty nature thrill,  
As they grow on dale or hill?  
Or does beauty count for naught,  
Are they passed without a thought?

AN EARLY MORNING RIDE.

*From Accra, through Christiansborg,  
to Aburi.*

I.

Ere the rising of the sun,  
In my tiny car I run  
O'er a road of "Mac-a-dum,"  
In Accra :—  
Over-shadow'd by the trees  
Which are twisted by the breeze,  
Growing near the surging seas,  
In Accra.

2.

O'er a wind-swept road I pass,  
By a dark, head-laden'd lass  
In the morning while the grass  
Is bedew'd.  
And I sight the castle bold  
(Very massive, very old),  
Standing bare, austere and cold,  
Stern and rude.

## 3.

Scatter'd idly o'er the land,  
 Built of earth, cement and sand,  
 With the stamp of native hand  
     On its face :—  
 Is a village of great name,  
 And of some historic fame,  
 Founded by the Christian Dane :  
     Noble race.

## 4.

By the dwellings of the high,  
 Near the road o'er which I fly  
 On the Ridge these buildings lie,  
     In their grounds :—  
 Housing men of gentle mien,  
 Also others I have seen,  
 When the great officials teem,  
     On their rounds.

## 5.

Here I must reduce my speed,  
For the cross-roads now I heed.  
These are dangerous, I read,  
    On the sign :—  
Then I travel to the right,  
Run along the road in sight,  
View the country looming bright,  
    Clear and fine.

## 6.

Rising up above the ground,  
Many ant-hills will be found,  
These with pinnacles abound,  
    Pointing high :—  
And a water tower stands,  
Looking o'er the distant lands,  
Richly clothed in purple bands,  
    Near the sky.

## 7.

Rounding now the first sharp bend,  
 Leading to the journey's end,  
 Here a cloud of dust I send,

O'er the grass :—

And bright Phœbus in the sky  
 Now begins to mount on high,  
 While the tall trees ever sigh

As I pass.

## 8.

Rushing o'er the narrow way,  
 At a speed which makes me say  
 Words not used on holy day

By the Church,

Looms a lorry laden'd high,  
 With the natives, and I sigh  
 For they leave me very nigh

In the lurch.

## 9.

Through the villages serene,  
 Some in places neat and clean,  
 Many menfolk can be seen,

Shirking work :—

While the ' picins ' gaily play,  
 Making pies of viscid clay,  
 They, the duties of the day,  
 Never shirk.

## 10.

But — this corrugated road,  
 Made by heavy lorry load,  
 May now interrupt my ode,

Should I skid :—

Senseless goats pass to and fro,  
 Stupid creatures ; very slow.  
 Hold now tightly, here I go  
 O'er a kid !

II.

Through the skies not twice the same,  
Mighty hills from off the plain  
Rise ahead : Aburi's fame.

But I fear :—

That the narrow winding way,  
Trailing upwards, will not stay  
On a hill so steep. It may  
Disappear.

12.

Listen to the birds' sweet notes,  
• In their gaily plumaged coats,  
On the thickly wooded slopes,  
Of this shrine :—  
Fronds of palm wave free and loose,  
And the trees are seen profuse,  
Ornamental and for use  
By mankind.

13.

Up the hill my tiny car,  
Slowly mounts without a jar,  
And I view the country far,  
    To the sea :—  
Long the grandeur of this scene,  
With the mountain and ravine,  
Will endure within the dream  
    That I see.

14.

On the summit, one soon learns  
Of the many twists and turns  
Hidden by the palms and ferns  
    On the way :—  
Here the air is cool and sweet,  
Overhead the trees now meet,  
Giving shelter from the heat  
    Of the day.

## 15.

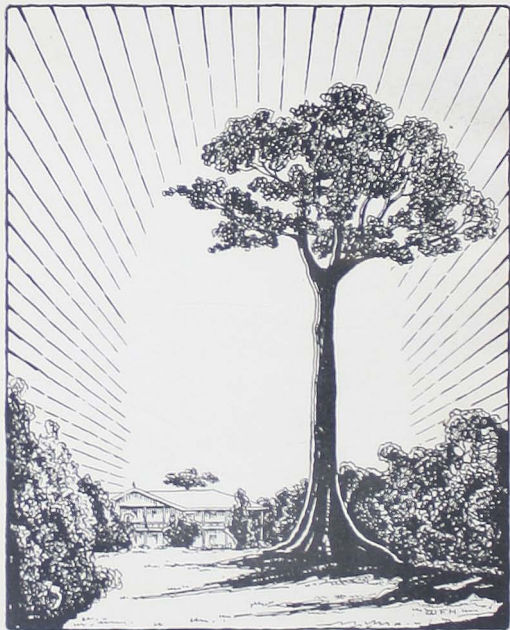
Now I see Aburi's town,  
 With its tree of great renown  
 In the agricultural ground,  
 (Bunting's pride).

Here the homes of stone and swish,  
 Are not all that one would wish,  
 Neither is the smell of fish :—  
 (I confide).

## 16.

Through the avenue of palm,  
 In this graceful fairy realm,  
 As I pass I have a qualm,  
 Lest I ride :—  
 O'er the goblins and the elves,  
 Dancing on the elvan shelves,  
 But they scatter in the delves  
 And they hide.

Come and wander o'er this road  
Travel with me in the mode,  
View the scene of this, my ode,  
    It will cheer :—  
May I hope that this clear vision,  
Stated here with great precision,  
Will assist in your decision,  
    To come here.



"MONARCH OF ABURI'S HILL."

## MONARCH OF ABURI'S HILL.

Mighty monarch of the forest,  
Lord of all the distant hills,  
Thou dost lofty stand, full buttress'd  
With a stateliness that thrills.  
Symbol of all human greatness,  
Symbol of all earthly will,  
Thou dost speak of constant effort,  
Monarch of Aburi's Hill.

## THE SURF.

*Written on the Beach at Accra.*

### I.

Surf now roaring,  
Billows soaring,  
    Swirling o'er the sands.  
Sands a' shoaling,  
Waves a' rolling,  
    Flooding out the lands.

### 2.

All commotion,  
What a notion,  
    Thou dost give to me.  
Sheer disorder.  
Yet the order  
    Of the deep blue sea.

## 3.

Waves now falling,  
 Loudly calling,  
     To the Mother sea.  
 Crying, sighing,  
 Like the dying,  
     Through eternity.

## 4.

Earth attacking,  
 Nothing lacking  
     Of the love for strife.  
 Ever martial,  
 Never partial,  
     To a peaceful life.

## 5.

Tide receding,  
 Earth now pleading  
     For respite from thee.  
 But the ocean  
 Keeps in motion,  
     And rolls ceaselessly.

## 6.

Billows surging,  
 Onward urging,  
     Forces of the sea.  
 Spraying lightly,  
 Always sprightly  
     Full of life, and free.

## 7.

Beams of moonlight  
 Through the lune night,  
     Dance in grace o'er thee,  
 Sparkling crystals,  
 Silent Minstrels,  
     Jewels of the sea.

## 8.

Much assistance,  
 Thy persistence,  
     Now thou givest me.  
 And this moral,  
 Fully choral,  
     I accept from thee.

9.

Surf now roaring,  
Salt sea soaring,  
    Spraying over me.  
Mighty ocean,  
What a notion,  
    Of tenacity.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE COAST  
OF GOLD.

I.

Thou dusky daughter from the Coast  
Of sun and dazzling gold,  
Come list to me and I will sing  
Of thine ancestors bold.  
Of thy dark beauty ; flashing eye ;  
Thy lithe and graceful form ;  
Of that great ocean, flowing by  
The land where thou wast born..

2.

Thy beauty surely maketh thee  
A princess of thy race,  
With skin of blackened ivory  
And carriage full of grace.  
And dost thou in a palace dwell  
With alabaster halls,  
With tapestries of rich design  
Hung on thy marbled walls ?

3.

The Chief, thy husband, doth I vow,  
Seat thee upon his throne,  
And true and faithful he should be,  
To thee and thee alone.  
For he comes of a nation old,  
And nations only last,  
If love prevails and justice dwells,  
And men to truth hold fast.

4.

Tell me, sweet princess, of the days,  
When love came unto thee.  
Did he, thy husband, mighty chief,  
Woo kind and tenderly ?  
He must have close besieged thy heart,  
And woo'd by soft sweet song.  
For such as thee, I know would be  
Sought after far and long.

5.

This is not so, I hear you say,  
With sadness in your eyes.  
My lord and husband woo'd me not  
Kindly and tenderwise ;  
He valued me in measured gold,  
And I to him form part  
Of his estate. Alas my fate,  
Love lives not in his heart.

## 6.

My palace is of rude mud walls,  
 The tapestries are not.  
 My husband now has many wives,  
 And I count but a jot.  
 I live to slave ; to till the fields ;  
 To grind the corn, and wait  
 Upon the household of my lord,  
 From early morn till late.

## 7.

Men from the Coast of Sun and Gold,  
 The progress of a race,  
 Is judged by standards high in tone,  
 And qualities of grace.  
 Raise thine ideals of womanhood,  
 Place women on their throne,  
 Do not delay. Act now to-day ;  
 For thou shalt reap the sown.

## LAND OF SUNSHINE.

### I.

Land of sunshine, land of gold,  
With thy castles stern and bold,  
We thy beauty now behold.

### 2.

Land of mountains, land of surf,  
Mighty rivers and red earth,  
With their treasures of vast worth.

### 3.

Land of flowers, land of bloom,  
In the sun, and in festoon  
Shaded from the heat of noon.

### 4.

Land of forests, land of palms,  
Bamboo groves like fairy realms,  
Thy sweet beauty overwhelms.

5.

Land of sunsets, rich and clear,  
Wondrous skies for ever dear  
To thy people far and near.

6.

Land of sunshine, time grows old,  
But thy charm, dear land of gold,  
Will remain till life is cold.



Z. F. H.

HIBISCUS.

## HIBISCUS.

Vision of beauty,  
Gaily decked tree,  
Masses of colour  
Spread over thee.  
Up with the sunrise,  
Refreshed by the dew,  
Sleeping with Phœbus,  
Ali the night through.

## THE SAVAGE AND THE STONE.

### I.

I saw a savage bow the knee,  
To god of stone and clay.  
He worshipped deep and earnestly ;  
And long I watched him pray.

### 2.

This stone for worship which he 'saw,  
Was worthless and inane ;  
But he knew not of other God,  
So could he be to blame ?

### 3.

And as I watched him worship there,  
I thought of God's dear love,  
And wonder'd if this savage prayer  
Would reach to Him above.

4.

I saw a maiden in a Church  
Of richly carved fine stone.  
She knelt before a golden cross  
Near by a Bishop's Throne.

5.

She, too, was praying, most devout,  
From old and sacred book.  
And God in Heaven, saw, I'm sure,  
Her sweet and holy look.

6.

I saw a miner in a street,  
In prayer, with hat in hand.  
He had no cross ; no block of stone ;  
But he, too, sought God's land.

7.

Tell me, sweet maiden, dost thou know  
Of this man's form of prayer ?  
Or hast thou knowledge of the stone  
The savage guards with care ?

8.

And tell me, miner, dost thou know  
Of this crude, batter'd stone ?  
Or knowest thou of golden cross,  
Or costly Bishop's Throne ?

9.

Dear Lord in Heaven, dost Thou hear  
The prayer of all mankind,  
If it is true and cometh from  
The heart to thee resigned ?

10.

Or must the miner search for cross,  
Or savage find the throne,  
Or maiden stand within the street,  
Before they are Thine own ?

---

### THE RADIANT SUNSHINE.

The radiant sunshine hath its shade,  
The summer day its night.  
Our lives on earth are also made  
With shadow and with light.  
Yet think ; the glories of the day,  
The sun, its power and might,  
The shadows fade and pass away  
And leave the darkness bright.

## ANDANTINO.

### I.

All music hath its memories,  
Which waken when we hear,  
Familiar strains and old refrains,  
Such memories are dear ;  
They bring back scenes of childhood,  
Of days long passed behind ;  
They lift us far above the earth,  
And call old friends to mind.

### 2.

In this far land, I sometimes play  
An oaken gramophone.  
With records, such as I possess,  
Of clear and pleasing tone.  
One is apt named Andantino,  
It is an organ song,  
And always it brings back to me  
Scenes which still linger long.

## 3.

The music calls me back to home,  
Near my Cathedral town,  
With its fine building, grey and old,  
In shadow of chalk down.  
And in my reverie I pass  
By massive, gothic way,  
And enter in to meditate,  
On work of other day.

## 4.

The cluster'd columns of the nave,  
With heads of deep cut mould,  
Relate in their simplicity,  
Of unknown men of old,  
Who labour'd for the love of truth,  
And of the beautiful,  
Who worked and died within the walls,  
And who were dutiful.

## 5.

Dust-laden'd sunbeams filter through  
 Old colour'd panes of glass,  
 Reflecting far their soften'd light,  
 From ornaments of brass.  
 And panell'd in the grey stone walls,  
 For all the world to see,  
 Are tablets ; scrib'd to famous dead,  
 Of glorious memory.

## 6.

But listen ! to the organ song  
 . Which fills the Holy place.  
 Enthralld, I feel my littleness,  
 When near this Throne of Grace.  
 The music leads me to the key,  
 For here it may be found,  
 To that great problem in our life,  
 Whence came we ? Whither bound ?

## 7.

The organ tones reverberate,  
    Resounding from the walls,  
Like mellow'd, clear and sacred notes,  
    From Heaven's hallow'd halls.  
They swell now forth in volume deep,  
    Then softly die away ;  
They enter far within my soul,  
    And live there through the day.

## 8.

The lofty nave, with vaulted roof,  
    Doth echo back to me,  
The strain in D. Andantino,  
    Most wondrous melody.  
The music draws me nigh to God,  
    And long I think upon,  
The beauty of this glorious earth,  
    For us who dwell thereon.

POOR WOUNDED BIRD.

I.

Poor wounded bird. Thou must now  
soon return  
To that great source of life  
From whence thou came, to live on earth,  
The Land of toil and strife.

2.

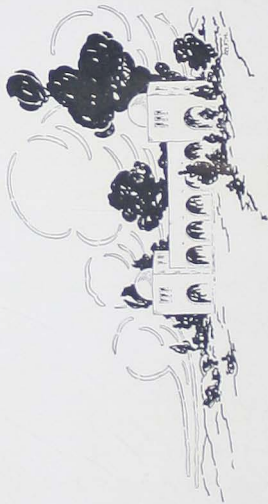
Some thoughtless hand hath cruelly laid  
thee low,  
And therefore I now see  
Thy wounded, broken, suff'ring form,  
In deep mute agony.

## 3.

Sweet, gentle, beauteous bird. Didst thou  
once cause  
Harm to befall to him  
Who hath now struck thee down, to bear  
Thy stern death-struggle grim ?

## 4.

The world must be the poorer for thy  
loss.  
For thee, I'll mourn in grief.  
No more wilt thou sing clarion song.  
Thy life hath been so brief.



DESIGN FOR SPORTS PAVILION, PRINCE OF  
WALES' COLLEGE, ACHIMOTA.

## ACHIMOTA.

*Written after a visit to the site of  
The Prince of Wales' College, on  
July the 28th, 1924.*

### I.

Achimota, thou art waiting  
For thine opportunity ;  
Thou art waiting for the greatness  
Which must surely come to thee  
If thy people now but hearken  
To the clear, insistent call,  
Of the higher truth and knowledge,  
Giving greater life to all.

### 2.

O'er thy verdur'd slopes so proudly  
Guarded by full crested trees,  
I have walk'd and loved thy beauty,  
In the cool, refreshing breeze ;  
Wafted from the distant ocean,  
In my vision from thy hill,  
Surely this wide view doth token  
Higher thought and firmer will.

## 3.

On thy summit for an emblem,  
 Standeth high the first laid stone,  
 It doth promise wondrous freedom,  
 Glory of a lofty tone ;  
 But thy people must be faithful  
 To the truth which thou shalt teach ;  
 To the honour of thy Country,  
 If this glory they would reach.

## 4.

If thy people seek thee truly,  
 As the hungry seeketh food,  
 Thou shalt guide and counsel nations,  
 And direct their every mood.  
 Thou shalt be the heart that givest  
 Glorious life to those whose need  
 Is so great. If, Achimota,  
 If thy people seek thy lead.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL HOPE.

### I.

Love envieth not, is kind and meek,  
In truth it takes delight.  
Rejoiceth not in evil thought  
But maketh darkness bright.

### 2.

Has no conceit ; it is not vain  
Nor easily provoked.  
It faileth not, but doth remain  
The Fountain of all Hope.

### 3.

Love suffers long and silently ;  
Love seeketh not her own,  
And selfish deed will never be  
Where Love reigns on her Throne.

4.

Is faithful, even unto death ;  
Gives hope beyond the veil.  
Is gentle, just and merciful,  
In all things does not fail.

5.

It loveth not iniquity,  
Uplifteth those who fall.  
Endureth for Eternity,  
Believeth good of all.

6.

Love beareth gladly all our woes,  
It is of God, His sign :  
Is seemly, pure and beautiful,  
Is in all things Divine.



ACCRA FROM THE EAST.

## ACCRA.

### I.

Accra, thou City of the plain,  
Thou City by the sea,  
Tell me the secret of thy charm,  
Why dost thou call to me ?

### 2.

Is it because the Golden Sun,  
Bathes thee so constantly  
With beams of light, so pure and bright,  
Ethereal and free ?

### 3.

Is it because thy sunsets clear,  
Spread gently over thee,  
The wondrous, mellow'd, evening light  
Reflected from the sea ?

### 4.

At times thy skies are rich in blues,  
With crimson bands of flame,  
And golden ribbons intertwine.  
Accra, beloved name.

## 5.

I often stand upon thy cliffs,  
 And gaze along the shore.  
 The ocean wide rolls at my feet,  
 With surf in deafening roar.

## 6.

I love to watch the tropic moon,  
 When night is drawing nigh,  
 Rise gently, brightly, silently,  
 Across the evening sky.

## 7.

It spreads its light of heavenly fire  
 Far o'er the restless sea,  
 And glideth upward in the night,  
 In wondrous majesty.

## 8.

But sometimes thou dost change thy song  
 And tire of peaceful life,  
 Then I too join in with the throng,  
 And revel in the strife.

## 9.

I love to watch the lightning-flash  
 Tear through the livid sky,  
 And hear the mighty thunder crash,  
 And watch the dust roll by.

## 10.

Then tropic rains in fury pour  
 Upon the earth in scorn,  
 Refreshing all, and making life  
 New as the early morn.

## 11.

Tall scatter'd palms, fringed near the shore,  
 Dance in the cooling breeze.  
 They revel in the glory of  
 The rolling surf-lined seas.

## 12.

And, town of mine, thy whitened forts,  
 Are also dear to me.  
 They speak of ages long since past,  
 And of thy infancy.

## 13.

They tell me of those troubled times,  
 When slaves were locked within,  
 And human souls in agony  
 Cried out against this sin.

## 14.

But now, Accra, those days are o'er,  
 And progress calleth clear,  
 Awake, and hearken to the call,  
 And thou shalt never fear.

15.

Be brave and truthful in all things,  
And one day thou shalt be  
The Queen of Cities, for thy coast  
Hath no place such as thee.

16.

Thine opportunities are great,  
But if thou failest now,  
Thou wilt betray a sacred trust ;  
Take here and now a vow ;

17.

That for the future of thy race,  
Thy country, rich and free,  
Thou wilt arise from lethargy,  
And mighty thou shalt be.

18.

Accra, thou city by the sea,  
Thou City of the plain,  
I know now why thou callest me,  
I know now of thy pain.

## GAY MOMENTS, GRAVE MOMENTS.

### I.

Gay moments, grave moments,  
Moments of pleasure,  
Kind moments, stern moments,  
Moments of fear ;  
Bright moments, dull moments,  
Moments we treasure,  
Lengthen to days and so  
Build up the year.

### 2.

Light moments, dark moments,  
Moments neglected,  
Right moments, wrong moments,  
Moments of grief ;  
Moments in which deeds long  
Past are reflected,  
Moments of gladness, of  
Hope and relief.

## 3.

Strong moments, weak moments,  
    Moments pedantic,  
Rash moments, wise moments,  
    Moments of mirth ;  
Good moments, bad moments,  
    Moments romantic,  
Each with its message of  
    Failure or worth.

## 4.

Short moments, long moments,  
    Moments of leisure,  
Clear moments, dim moments,  
    Moments of strife ;  
Moments of sunshine and  
    Those when we measure  
The value of all that  
    Is highest in life.

JOHN REGINALD AUGUSTUS  
DREW.

I.

John Reginald Augustus Drew,  
Or some such appellation,  
He wears, and works throughout the week,  
In civil situation.

2.

He is a native of this land,  
And has been since creation,  
If one can judge by depth of tone,  
And force of application.

3.

He prides himself upon his work ;  
Upon his education.  
He is an elder of the Church ;  
This is his recreation.

4.

Is zealous in the guarding of  
All laws of sanitation,  
And if he had his own sweet way,  
Would introduce cremation.

5.

He is a model, I may say,  
By way of illustration,  
And is accepted as the type ;  
Is not upon probation.

6.

Has but one wife — one married wife,  
This is no innovation.  
O please ! calm down, get not into  
That state of indignation.

7.

He has, though, many lady friends,  
Much to his degradation.  
Who live within his dwelling place  
(This is true information).

8.

His wife objects, and rightly so,  
To this strange occupation.  
And his affairs are always in  
A state of conflagration.

9.

He tells me all his little woes,  
Without discrimination,  
And I in patience listen to  
His solemn dissertation.

## 10.

I saw him some few days ago,  
 In state of declination,  
 Apparantly there had been wars  
 Within his habitation.

## 11.

"I cannot understand my wife,"  
 Was his fierce acclamation.  
 "She is so narrow in her views,  
 Of social reformation."

## 12.

"If she, like me, would only be,"  
 Continued his oration,  
 "Broad-minded, gentle, and treat me  
 With more consideration."

## 13.

There is no moral to this tale,  
 No reconciliation ;  
 It has no end, but rests with you,  
 As food for meditation.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

I.

My name is — well, I will not say,  
But I live on the Coast.  
“ The Coast ? ” You say inquiringly,  
“ Where is this place you boast ? ”

2.

Why ! surely there is only one,  
Whoever can you be ?  
Do you not know the Golden Land,  
Washed by the mighty sea ?

3.

Dark coloured boys tend to my wants,  
In splendid theory,  
But in the practice of the day  
Those wants are met by me.

4.

I have a boy whose name is John,  
So he doth say with ease.  
But this is sport, and so for short,  
I call him 'Topheles.

5.

He is a lad, both good and bad,  
Like others of that ilk.  
He has now joined the local scouts,  
And wears a badge of silk.

6.

A badge of silk ! I hardly think.  
Avaunt, O vanity !  
If this I saw, far I should fall,  
And doubt my sanity.

7.

Now on a bicycle I sail,  
To office in the day.  
But, sad to say, I travel not,  
Unless I push my way.

8.

It is the custom of the Coast,  
The place where I reside,  
To tax all kinds of vehicles,  
Upon which man doth ride.

9.

And tiny, cute, enamelled plates,  
The Council boys will fix  
Upon all licensed bicycles  
(Mine cost me two and six).

10.

Now, John (or Mephistopheles,  
To give him his full name).  
Is keen upon all scouting law,  
And I do him not blame.

11.

He told me once of all the work  
A Scout must undertake.  
The underlying principles  
Are sound, and no mistake.

12.

A Scout must once upon each day,  
Do someone — let me think.  
Do someone, needy, one good turn ;  
This law is writ in ink.

13.

And all this, John explained to me  
In phraseology,  
Of quaintest type, but he well knew  
The Scout theology.

14.

- And so to him I kindly said,  
“ You do good thing to-day ? ”  
“ Yes, Massa ” ; was the boy's reply,  
Without the least delay.

15.

- “ My brudder, he catch bicycle,  
But he forget to pay  
The Council for his license plate,  
So police take him away.”

16.

- “ But I am now a stalwart Scout,  
And must once every day,  
Do goodly deed, and sow the seed  
Of friendship by the way.”

17.

- But John expressed this sentiment,  
In quite a different way.  
He used crude words and sentences,  
Opposed to classic lay.

18.

- “ And so, my Massa,” John now said,  
“ I go do proper job ” ;  
I help my brudder once to-day  
With licence plate I rob.”

19.

“ I take from off your bicycle,  
The plate fixed on the back !  
O, Massa, please. I beg, I beg,  
You no give me the sack.”

20.

And thus the burden of the day,  
Is lighten'd with great ease.  
When one is tended by bright boys  
Like Mephistopheles.

## HAUSA MAN.

### I.

Hausa man, why do you sell me  
With your pleading words profuse,  
Rubbish of the worst description,  
Goods which are no earthly use ?

### 2.

'Tis because I know not agate  
From the beads of colour'd glass,  
And because you buy in Europe  
All your models made in brass.

### 3.

For your cloth you send to Kano,  
Near by Manchester, I fear,  
Since my knowledge of fine weaving,  
Sometimes costs me very dear.

4.

Then the ivory you show me  
Does indeed resemble bone,  
I have purchased this for ivory,  
When I've been with you alone.

5.

When I sometimes doubt your statements  
In a diplomatic way.  
You will rise and seek to leave me:—  
Hausa man. I pray you, stay!

6.

I wish not to hurt your feelings,  
Or perplex that noble brow,  
But I fear you seek my money,  
This you'll get, some way, somehow.

## THE SKIPPER'S YARN.

### I.

The scene. The Western Coast of fair  
And sunny Africa,  
Renown'd for gold, and once the land  
Of plague bubonica ;  
The characters, I,-D.S.O.  
Of Elder Dempster's Line,  
And natives, whom the priests in charge,  
Are trying to refine.

### 2.

The time has long since pass'd away,  
When I sail'd as the mate  
Of old and weather'd cargo boat,  
Her name I will not state ;  
We handled goods of every class,  
And sail'd through sun and rain,  
We cater'd (?) for deck passengers,  
When such we could obtain.

## 3.

At times, these dark, deck denizens,  
 Would over-run the boat,  
 And when aboard the sons would hide  
 In places most remote ;  
 " Why should we pay for passages,"  
 They reason'd in their way,  
 " If we can travel free of charge  
 By hiding through the day ? "

## 4.

This state of things continued on  
 For months, until at last  
 'Twas fixed, all passengers should pay  
 Who sail'd beneath our mast ;  
 And so we sought to raise the tone  
 Of morals, then in force ;  
 To teach the native standards high ;  
 To discard habits coarse.

## 5.

From Secondee, one early morn,  
 We set out on our way,  
 To Sierr' Leone, the beautiful,  
 (Though sometimes very gay).  
 Our passengers were scatter'd o'er  
 The ship, to custom true,  
 So well we search'd the hidden ways,  
 Before the custom grew.

- We brought them up upon the deck,  
 And gather'd all their fares :  
 That is, from those who had the means,  
 In coin or native wares.  
 But there were some devoid of coin ;  
 Devoid of merchandise,  
 And these we lock'd within the hold,  
 Despite their many cries.

In course of time we duly reach'd  
 The Port of Sierr' Leone,  
 And there released our human goods,  
 (Those who had paid, alone).  
 The rebels in the hold we held  
 Until their friends on shore  
 Discharged their debt, of one pound ten,  
 And not one penny more.

We work'd throughout the torrid day,  
 And toil'd fearlessly.  
 Upon our cargo of palm nuts  
 We labour'd ceaselessly ;  
 While one by one our prisoners  
 Lock'd deep within the hold,  
 Were brought to freedom, granted them  
 By one pound ten in gold.

## 9.

At last all had been sent ashore,  
 Excepting one old dame,  
 For no one came to take her off,  
 Or satisfy our claim ;  
 And as the duties on the boat  
 Full occupied the day,  
 We overlook'd the staid brunette  
 And her enforced delay.

## 10.

The cargo shipp'd and fasten'd down,  
 We thought to make for home,  
 When just as we were moving off,  
 We heard an awful groan ;  
 The skipper used most fearful words,  
 (As skipper's sometimes can),  
 I did not quite catch all he said ;  
 He was a fluent man.

## 11.

At speed towards us o'er the sea,  
 There raced a quaint canoe,  
 With citizen of Sierr' Leone  
 Who yelled for all he knew.  
 " Hi Massa, stop ! Hi, stop the boat !  
 You've got my modder, dere,  
 I want my modder, give her me,  
 I will you pay the fare."

## 12.

We call'd him up and took his gold,  
 The sum of — well you know,  
 And then went down into the hold  
 To find the dame below.  
 We brought her up upon the deck,  
 And gave her to the son,  
 Who, to our great astonishment  
 Exploded like a gun.

## 13.

He scream'd and fum'd and tore his hair,  
 And roll'd his flashing eyes,  
 Then yell'd and kick'd, while we on deck  
 Stood by for him to rise ;  
 But we were anxious to put off,  
 We had been long delay'd,  
 So in his craft, we packed him with  
 The stately, dusky maid.

## 14.

As we mov'd off we heard him call  
 In accents shrill and bold,  
 " Hi ! Gib me back my one pound ten ;  
 Hi ! Gib me back my gold.  
 This lady no my modder be,  
 She no lib in Leone,  
 Hi ! Massa ! You go take her back  
 And leab me all alone ! "

We wav'd a loving, fond farewell,  
And sail'd on cheerfully,  
And evermore collected fares  
With system skilfully.  
The lesson was not lost upon  
The dwellers of that shore,  
Who now pay promptly in a way  
To us unknown before.



THEVETIA.

Pale golden sunlight  
Thy blossoms reflect,  
Giving a message  
We cannot reject.  
Who formed thy beauty  
Of wondrous design?  
It speaks not of chaos  
But reason divine.

## THE DEW LIES ON THE ROSEBUD.

The dew lies on the rosebud,  
The larks soar in the sky,  
The whales live in the ocean,  
And eagles flyeth high :  
This valued information  
Has been collected long,  
To form a treasur'd poem,  
The burden of my song.  
But on consideration  
I think I will relate  
A very tragic story  
Of overwhelming fate.  
It is not too dramatic,  
No blood is shed herein,  
Thanks to the kindly person  
Who suffer'd for a sin  
Committed by another,  
A lady of the coast,  
Whose voice was (strictly speaking)  
A voice of which to boast.

She sang the songs of Gounod,  
Or someone of high fame.  
(I cannot quite remember  
The great composer's name).  
The lady sang from morning  
Till six o'clock at night,  
By which time all the neighbours  
Would sometimes lose their sight  
Through drinking gin and bitters,  
Or some such vile dope,  
To drown their heavy sorrows,  
Or spare the hangman's rope.

Now enters in my story,  
A Civil Engineer,  
Who in his high profession  
Could be described a peer ;  
For he design'd great bridges  
And famous harbour works,  
And his apt speech was noted  
For many quips and quirks.  
He lived within a dwelling  
Away from all the noise  
Of "mammies" in the market  
Or wandering steward boys.  
But sometimes boys would trespass  
And stray o'er his estate,  
Then woe betide their framework  
(I shudder at their fate).

For if caught they would always  
Meet punishment condign,  
(A blow or too well suited  
To their oft bare design).  
Our Engineer most civil,  
Toil'd (when he could), at home,  
For strangers in the office  
Throughout the day would roam.  
He work'd at home in comfort,  
His office (sad to state)  
Was always too disturbing  
For him to concentrate  
Upon his work of straining  
The stresses in a beam  
(A problem not so simple  
Though easy it may seem).  
The lady lived quite near him,  
In fact, she lived next door,  
And oft times our designer  
Would madly pace his floor,  
When early in the morning  
Till six o'clock at night,  
The lady sweetly warbled  
From music, read at sight.

Now work of great importance  
Our hero had in hand,  
Design'd to be constructed  
In steel, cement and sand ;

But this incessant warbling,  
Of which you have been told,  
Disturb'd his bending moments  
And theoretic load.  
How could a skilful draughtsman,  
A Civil Engineer,  
Create a mighty building  
Without a glass of beer ?  
(I humbly beg your pardon,  
The line above is wrong).  
Create a mighty building,  
Accompanied by song ?  
He was so kind and gentle,  
All engineers are so,  
But when one gets to know them,  
These virtues sometimes go ;  
And so the coarse and brutal  
Will oft predominate,  
Throughout their deeds and habits  
And lives so ordinate.

A complicated problem  
Now came up to be solved,  
'Twas how to stop the music  
And song with it involv'd,  
Without incurring hatred  
Or causing any pain  
To our high gifted lady  
(This problem needs a brain).

But engineers are equal  
To questions so complex,  
And our gay, bold designer,  
A lady could not vex.  
So taking pen and paper,  
He wrote a billet-doux,  
And said, "Dear Madame Melba,  
My work I can't pursue  
In peace, while your (adjective)  
Boys turn the bright day blue.  
They make a noise terrific,  
Which cuts me through and through,  
And if they keep on singing,  
My days here will be few."

The Engineer most gallant,  
Now spends his day in peace,  
No more does our dear lady  
Require notes to cease  
Her modulating treble,  
Her mellifluous tones.  
Her song has ceased to burden  
The neighbours' tropic homes.

DEAR MR. ELDER DEMPSTER.

I.

Dear Mr. Elder Dempster

I have the honour to

Inform you that this little note

May be both brief and true ;

You were, I think, a Coaster,

A very famous man,

But where you live or what you do

I cannot understand.

2.

Come, tell me of your life in

That busy Northern town

Of Liverpool, a famous name,

A place of great renown ;

I think you rent an office,

Near by the water side.

For all I know you may rent two,

But where do you reside ?

## 3.

I know you own a vessel,  
 Which saileth o'er the sea,  
 But those who go aboard of her  
 Your features never see.  
 I think myself you shrink from  
 The voyage thro' the bay,  
 For surely it is not the food  
 Which keepeth you away?

## 4.

I've often seen your purser,  
 With his kind, pleasing face,  
 And many rules, two feet in length,  
 To measure one small case :  
 And, so kind Mr. Dempster,  
 You must have several clerks,  
 Creating your most famous bills.  
 So dear to Coasters' hearts.

## 5.

I picture you on Sundays  
 With silken, polished hat ;  
 A morning coat, a monocle,  
 And what? You wear a spat !  
 I'm sure you look most charming,  
 And almost you're divine,  
 But unlike some old Coasters bold,  
 Your nose has lost its shine.

Dear Mr. Elder Dempster,  
 I have the honour to  
 Remain your most obedient  
 And faithful servant, who  
 Someday perhaps will meet you  
 At new Adelphi's Inn,  
 To dine, and then we'll talk about  
 The old time Coaster's sin.

---

### HAPPY MAID.

Bare of footwear, joyous, graceful,  
 Unafraid,  
 Passing to the morning lessons  
 In the shade.  
 With a manner proud, vivacious,  
 But at times, I fear, audacious,  
 And I'm sure thou art loquacious,  
 Happy maid.

## STEWARD BOY.

### I.

Steward Boy, I'll sing thy praises,  
Thou dost guard well over me,  
Oft times I should go to blazes  
But for thee.

### 2.

Thou dost wander thro' thy duty,  
Silently in unshod feet,  
Whilst I dream of home and beauty,  
'Neath the sheet.

### 3.

I am called, in early morning,  
With refreshing cup of tea,  
Thou, whilst I'm in bed, still yawning  
Tendest me.

4.

Spread in order on the chair-back,  
Are my garments for the day,  
With clean footwear on the bootrack  
In array.

5.

Breakfast choice upon the table,  
On a cloth as white as snow,  
Thou, indeed, art very able ;  
This I know.

6.

But thou art a little rascal,  
I have seen thee once or twice,  
Eating my best chocolates (Pascall).  
And my rice.

7.

Also thou hast worn my "trousers"  
(After having cut them down).  
In thy wand'rings round the houses  
In this town.

8.

Thou, I fear, dost drink my whisky,  
For from me it flies away,  
And thou wert so very frisky  
Yesterday.

But I'm thankful thou dost leave me  
Something of my precious store,  
And from other boys who seek me,  
Guard my door.

This encomium I give thee,  
Is writ with a grateful heart,  
Steward boy. Thou must not leave me  
Or depart.



PRIDE OF BARBADOS.

PRIDE OF BARADOS.

Slender and graceful,  
Untrammelled and free,  
Shades of rich colour  
Are given to thee.  
Dancing in breezes  
Released from the sea,  
Joy from the fairies  
Thou bringest to me.

LAUGHING CARE-FREE BOY.

Joyous, blithesome, ever gay,  
Laughing, dark-faced boy,  
Thou dost think but of to-day,  
Laughing, care-free boy.  
Thou hast thought not for the morrow,  
Neither dost thou know of sorrow ;  
All thy world is joy.

Manhood, stern, will overtake thee  
Quickly, bright-eyed boy,  
But let not thy youth forsake thee,  
Laughing, care-free boy.  
Thou must train for manhood's duty  
And face scars as well as beauty  
In life, laughing boy.

## THE MOON FLOWER.

### I.

I saw a flower on a stem  
Of polished, slender green.  
It opened out its petals clear,  
And blushed at having to appear ;  
Then flew without a tear :—  
And like the bright and silent moon,  
It waited not to see the noon.

### 2.

The moon shone brightly in the sky,  
High o'er its child of earth,  
It scattered forth its beam of light  
Upon the flow'r so pure and white !  
Then living through the night :—  
But with the coming of the day,  
The tender bloom had flown away

Our life on earth is but a ray  
Of light from God above.  
And like the flower of my lay,  
We live till morn and pass away :—  
We cannot long delay  
The coming of the morning light,  
The passing of the moon so bright.

## COURAGE, FAITH AND HOPE.

### I.

As we travel through life's pathway  
In the gardens of bright hopes,  
We may see the sun shine gaily  
O'er the plains and mountain slopes.  
Here the air is sweet and fragrant  
From the wondrous blossoms rare,  
And the way is smooth and pleasing  
While the skies are clear and fair.

### 2.

But the earth has barren deserts,  
Winding pathways, rough and steep.  
Furious storms rage down upon us  
And we tread in pitfalls deep.  
Then the skies are dark and angry,  
All the world seems cold and bare,  
We may search in vain for blossoms ;  
In this path all is despair.

Be ye brave upon the journey,  
For the clouds will clear away,  
And the winding pathways rugged  
Lead to straight and smoother way.  
Hark ! The storms so fierce are passing,  
Play the game. Cast out despair.  
See ! A light looms in the pathway  
Courage, faith and hope are there.



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