



To Scilly

by

ALEC GRAY

Property Of
American Daffodil Society, Inc.

Alec Gray was born in 1895 and served with the Royal Marines in the 1st World War, during which he was awarded the Belgian Croix Gueve.

He and his family have a long association with the Isles of Scilly; his mother spent a holiday there 100 years ago, and his son still lives here.

In 1923 he went to Scilly in charge of one of the larger flower farms and remained there, save for a short break, until 1963; he has visited the Islands every year since. He soon became interested in archaeology and was the first to excavate the stone-age village at Bant's Carn on St. Mary's. For his work there and elsewhere he was awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall.

His interest also developed in miniature daffodils; parallel with this went his work in hybridizing and he raised and distributed many new cultivars. He and his wife were well-known for many years in London at the Royal Horticultural Society Shows, where they collected several gold medals. His work was recognised with the Gold Medal of the American Daffodil Society, the first time this had been awarded outside the U.S.A. His book, 'Miniature Daffodils', remains the only volume devoted entirely to the subject.

Until his retirement, some 13 years ago, his entire living came from growing and selling his beloved little bulbs.



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Poems inspired by
the Isles of Scilly

LODENEK PRESS

Padstow Cornwall

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Alec Gray 1979 (text)

Frank Gibson 1979 (photos)

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PREFACE

Some while ago, without my knowledge, a rather lengthy paper on prehistoric Scilly, written by me some 30 years before, was published in the Journal of the Cornwall Archaeological Society. It naturally flattered my vanity that something written by a completely untrained amateur should, in this highly scientific age, be considered worthy of publication. But there was another reason why I was pleased; I felt that I was in some small measure repaying the debt I owe Scilly for what she has given me over the years. I knew that then I was only repaying her with the work of my hands and head; but I owe the Islands something far more important, an emotional debt in which the heart and imagination are involved: Hence this little volume.

All these verses (except the last), were written long ago. I know that fashions change in poetry, as in all other things; perhaps some of the lines herein may seem old fashioned. But, in spite of the fact that each year more and more visitors flock to Scilly, the Islands remain much as they were and in winter, when the crowds depart, I do not think that Scilly is very different from what it was when I dwelt there all those years ago.

Much modern poetry is difficult to appreciate when read or heard for the first time. But here the reader will find no obscurities, no hidden meanings, no messages; only the expression of my lifelong affection for Scilly.

In conclusion I must express my best thanks to F. E. Gibson for the photographs, which I feel add another dimension to the contents of this little volume.

A.G.

SEA PEACE

ntly, gently the waters slap
The planks that gently sway,
owly the petals wrap
With peace the heart of day.

stward the sea is grey and grave,
Westward the sea is bright
fires the sun each idle wave
With rose and opal light.

ound of sea-wind breaks the spell,
But softly, and from afar
whisper comes as the oily swell
Ends on the sandy bar.

rklly the circling islands rise,
Remote, grim Men-a-Veor
abs with its rock-hewn swords the skies
And guards a secret door.

hangs, a thing of dreams antique,
By lonely heart descried,
at drifts, some infinite shore to seek
Upon a dateless tide.

e fluttering terns now wheel and cry
In a sky of gold and rose;
mes from the rose-gold waves a sigh
Where a far-off porpoise blows.

peace that knows not life nor death,
Nor hope, nor love, nor fear,
angs in the air; a magic breath
As the June night draws near.



Gently, gently the waters slap the planks that gently sway.

ON ONE BURIED ON GUGH

ember, and the grey of dawn,
The withering bracken all around,
The sea-fog's curtain tightly drawn,
The logging sight and numbing sound.

ve the murmur of the sea
The sound of burdened men who grope
The fern and heather painfully
For footholds on the rocky slope.

ard, tho' the mist they bear
The one who in a blanket lies,
Though dawn thrills the twilight air,
No more at mortal dawn shall rise.

rocky grave the form they lay,
Upon the highest cairn of Gugh,
The winds the burial service say,
The prayers, the passing sea-birds mew.

ow, in fog-hid sea, a bell
Not wrung by human effort tolls;
The gentle wave helps ring his knell
Which over Spanish Ledges rolls.

lone amidst the western swell,
The Bishop fires a last salute
The one who loved the Islands well.
Only the voice of man is mute.

Lived as he had wished to live,
And died as he would wish to die;
The last small gift earth had to give,
He lies here where he wished to lie.

He held that we from nothingness
Came and to nothingness return.
Let none who seek immortal bliss
The faith of unbelievers spurn.

For not alone in those who stake
Their all upon a Father's care
Faith burns: it is the coat men make
To shield them from life's bitter air.

And who this clay can dare to scorn
Which eighty years, all undismayed
The iron-tipped shafts of life has born,
And cried not for celestial aid?

No man shall tend his windy grave,
And he, I know, would have it so;
Above his grave no yew shall wave
But fern and purple heather grow.

And none shall find more tranquil ground
Wherein to spend eternity,
With all the Islands spread around
Set in the ever-changing sea.

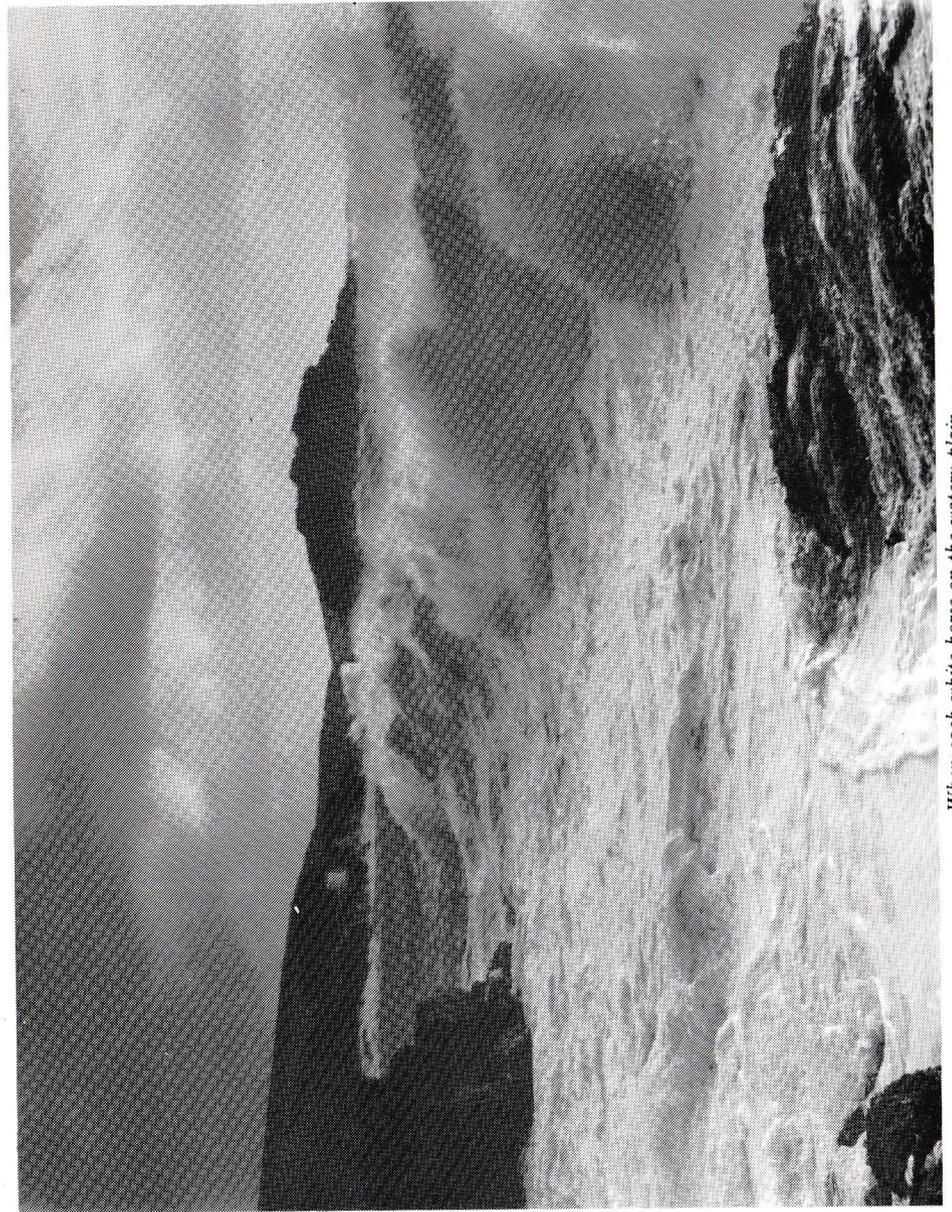
And thus he chose this lordly place
To rest in. All about his bed
The ashes of a noble race
Beneath the grass and rock are spread.

These mighty men of old renown,
Who worshipped some forgotten god,
And one who scorned Jehovah's frown,
Lie side by side beneath the sod.

If this man's faith proved to be lies
When Gabriel his trumpet blew,
T'would be a motley host to rise
Upon the windy cairn of Gugh!

he subject of this poem was chief engineer of a large London borough. When he retired he leased the Island of Gugh and here was able to realize some of the ideas which it had been impossible to fulfil in a London suburb. He built a house of very unusual design in which cattle occupied the ground floor, with cavity walls so arranged that the natural warmth of the animals should be able to heat the floor above on which he lived. He also ran a free - range herd of horses on the island which were intended to produce prime 'heather - fed' pork free of taint.

This burial was exactly as described in the poem.



*When each white horse on the watery plain
Shakes a rainbow out from his streaming mane.*



He lies here where he wished to lie.

SEA FRIENDSHIP

The shore recedes, and with it all that binds
Our fretful lives with cords of worldly
care;

The green seas raise inviolate walls, our
minds

Drink peace with every draft of sea-borne
air.

We live and think divorced from past sad
things,

And future shadows in a small sweet sphere
Which, comet-like, its brief bright orbit
wings

Thro' timeless space, till shattering land
draws near.

And those who share this fragile world are
brought

By chance from nowhere and to nothing glide
Away again; but if blind chance has caught
With random hand, and set down by our side,
Someone who stirs us to companionship,

Why, then is that companionship more sweet
Than in the larger world, and moments trip
Past us with dancing but unnoticed feet.
Such friendship, tho' so circumscribed by
time,

Can yet refresh as none more lasting can;
In it alone sincerity can climb

High peaks and stand undizzied by the span
Of future consequences spread below

In endless vistas; we can say the things
Nearest the heart, scatter its secret store
Heedless what nemesis tomorrow brings;
We can keep tryst with timid truth unseen,
And know our meeting will not end in
sorrow.

Thus, lady, our companionship has been
All the more sweet since it had no morrow;
Our friendship was a honeysuckle spray
Destroyed 'ere time could steal its scent
away.

AMPHITRITE

Woodlands dreaming 'neath the noonday
Are very sweet, and so are purple braes
Frost-drenched and misty when day's just begun,
And frost-jewelled meadows on still
Winter days;
The flash of the sun on the crests of
The waves is sweeter.

There's magic in a flowery garden side
Lit by June moon-light, and in cities vast
That wake each night and beckon million-
d
To high romance when day's dark hours are
Past;
The magic of the land cannot bind like
The spell of the sea.

Dreams bright dreams shadowed by yellow
Sun,
Or on the scented grass of chalky hills,
In some well-known room when rain forlorn
Beats on the roof and wind the darkness
Fills;
The dreams that are born mid the roll
Of a ship are best.

A weary heart content for a while may rest
In the folds of two white arms, or seek
For bliss
In a bright mocking eye, or curving breast,
Or think the world well lost for a
Woman's kiss;
Only the curve of the wave and the kiss
The spray give peace.

SUNSET IN SCILLY

Far in the West there is a rocky land,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
Where the last grim outposts of Britain
Stand
Beset by the waves on every hand,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
Where the grey mists creep or the great
Winds sweep,
But in the summer the azure waters sleep
(Scilly, O Scilly).

Here when the shades of evening fall,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
And the Western Ledges rise black and fall
And all is still but the curlew's call,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
As the daylight dies the ocean lies
Violet and bronze 'neath the flaming skies,
(Scilly, O Scilly).

Then someone opens an ivory door,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
And the waves they break with a muffled roar
On the rocks of Faery's timeless shore,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
And the Bishop Light, thro' the gathering
Night
From the Land of Heart's Desire shines
Bright
(Scilly, O Scilly).

SAMSON

Samson's slopes the fern grows tall
tops each grey and crumbling wall.
Great peace is there the whole day long,
Great silence save the sea's low song
cuckoo's call.

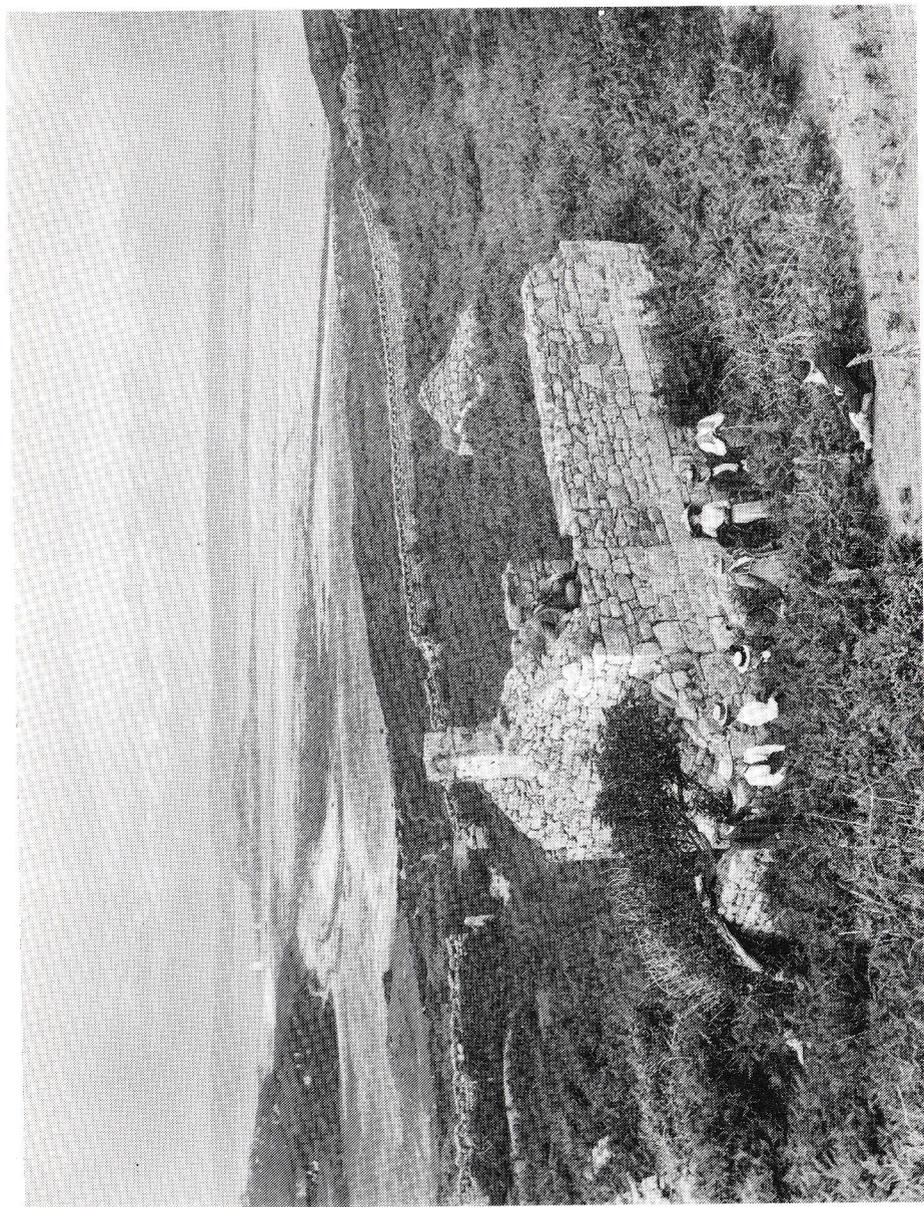
garden splatt the bramble springs;
n year the ferny ocean flings
higher round roofless house its tide,
o ruined windows, lilac-eyed,
sandwort clings.

re gentle beauty dwells, and there
memories hovering in the air
f those who dwelt here long ago
nd did life's changeful seasons know
joy and care.

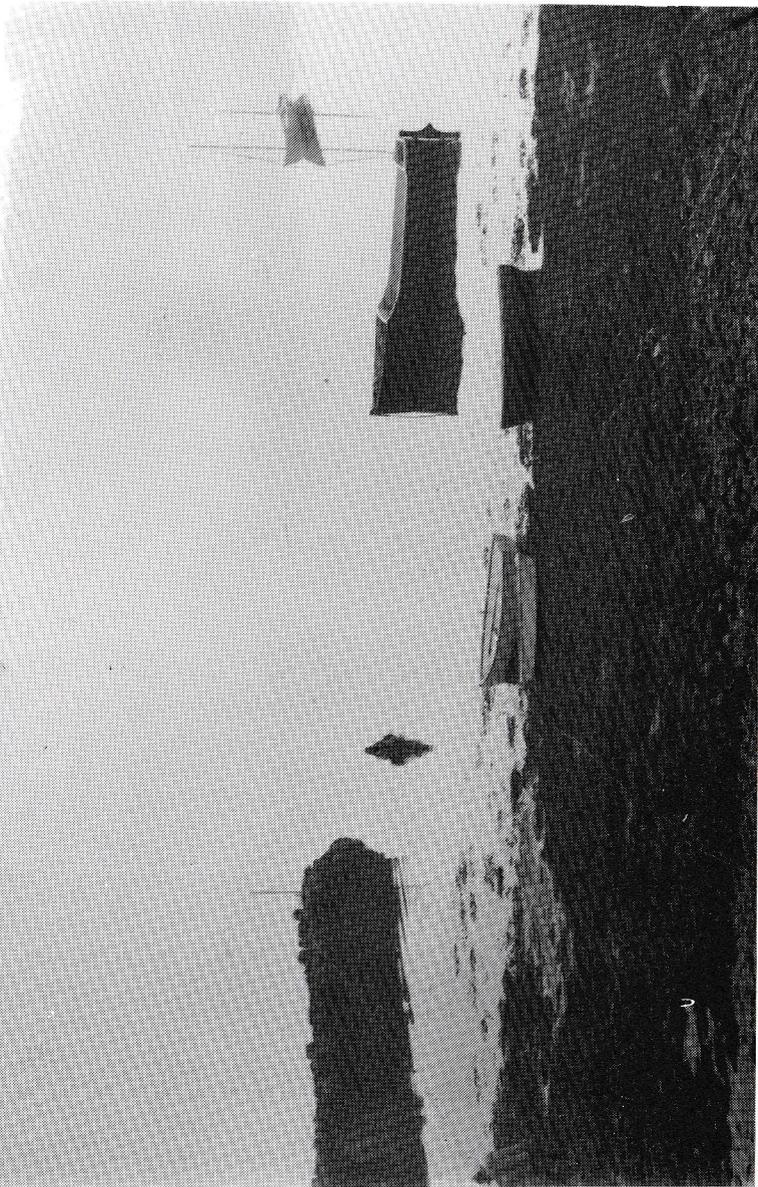
re nature writes for all to see
tale of man's mortality,
ow all of beauty, youth, and pride
oon in the flowing of life's tide
ulped shall be ...

melancholy's ghostly sway
fairy touch was charmed away
nd nature's beauty hid for shame
hen a greater beauty came
summer's day.

h did the gods who dwell on high
s truth unveil to mortal eye;
hat beauty lives tho' beauty dies,
nd from youth's ashes youth shall rise
she pass by.



*On Samson's slopes the fern grows tall
And tops each grey and crumbling wall.*



*From the dark South the furtive mist creeps up
Warm and dense, like the humid breath.*

HOPE

Once more comes Autumn to this temperate
land,

Not with a torch which sets the woods
aglow,

Not stealthily by night with frosty hand
Laying the glory of the garden low.

Here comes she with great winds that sweep
the sea,

Driving the foam like dust upon the shore.

But swiftly as they come the great winds flee
And warm sunlight thrills the air once
more;

Sweet October paints the placid sky

And level sea with a gentler blue

Than the gaudier sapphire which July

From Summer's many-coloured palette drew.

Here, before Winter Autumn can despoil,

The daffodils are green above the soil.

MIST IN SCILLY

In the dark South the furtive mist creeps
and dense, like the humid breath
of some primaeval monster of the deep.
The world recedes beyond its cloudy wall,
The mists and melts and leaves to fill its
silent void whose unseen confines press
around filled with the phantom shapes
of elementary beings who, denied
the garments of material life,
kiss with damp lips to touch the face of men
and thereby steal their living form and
age
and for substance - vampires of the soul.
The sound is hushed; only the unseen waves
from the unseen shore break at intervals
in a muted voice; while, somewhere circling
above the fog, in the moonlight calm,
bewildered curlew wails.

TO A LANDSMAN BURIED AT SEA

Here lies one who all his mortal days
Was doomed to plough the ocean of the land;
Nought but the rolling ploughlands met his
gaze
But ever felt the ocean near at hand.
He saw far isles beyond the swelling downs,
The village pond by mighty storms beset,
Beyond the land the palmy tropic towns
And boundless seas where sky and stubble
met.
In life, a slave to one small parish bound;
In death, his dust may pass the whole earth
round.

TO JOHN BROWN, A CAT

lies a cat,
thy cat was he;
humble stone keeps green his memory.
stere but useful, John Brown was he
ned;
few him loved, respect by right he
aimed.
ave no favours and no favours sought,
useful service board and lodging bought.
oof from man his own wild ways he went,
secret things the gold of life he spent.
n not that here a cat with honour lies;
men live lives so useful, or so wise.

THE GRAVE OF AN UNKNOWN SAILOR IN OLD TOWN
CHURCHYARD, ST. MARY'S.

Here alone in this temperate clime
God in His wisdom gathered thee
(As one day he shall gather me),
And laid thee down by Ocean Sea
To sleep to the end of time.

And long and sound shall be thy sleep,
As over thy head the ages flee;
As the great winds blow strong and free,
And the waves roll in eternally
Sad-voiced from the lonely deep.

And when at length the time draws nigh
When I must shed mortality,
To God on high I'll make this plea
That my last resting place may be
Here, where the palm trees sigh.

* * *

If pictures are to be believed, about a hundred years ago the old churchyard on St. Mary's was situated on a bleak, rocky hillside sloping down to Old Town Bay. Today, the picture is very different; all around are little flower fields hedged with pittosporum, cupressus and escallonia, fifteen to twenty feet high; while the churchyard itself is shaded with tall dracaenas, whose leaves are for ever rustling in the sea

like palms on some tropical island
rred by the Trade Winds. It is a very
tered and secluded spot where the only
nd you are likely to hear (unless the
ch - east wind lashes the sea to fury)
the whispering dracaenas or the wash of
wavelets on the sandy beach just below.

is a very steep and crowded churchyard,
e it is next to impossible to keep down
grass and weeds using a mower or scythe.
t time I was there an attempt had been
e to solve the problem by penning in a
l flock of sheep.

is a peaceful acre, but far removed,
n in place and spirit, from that church-
d where 'The curfew tolled the knell of
ing day'. Here, it is true, some of the
de forefathers of the village lie', but
y form only a portion of those who rest
eath this soil. You will find names that
frequent in Island records over the last
years or so - Boase, Edwards, Banfield,
deford, Mumford, Woodcock; but there are
y more utterly unknown in Scillonian
tory. In addition to those whose names we
on marble, granite, or slate, how many
e lie in unmarked graves no one knows.

his is the only consecrated ground on
Mary's, having been in use, certainly,
500 years; and, while no headstone dates
n before about 1700, not only must many
gotten islanders rest here, but also
y bodies recovered from wrecks, and sold-
s from the many garrisons that have been
tioned here since the Middle Ages. This
now, from a grave-digger who once worked
me, that it was impossible to sink a

grave without disturbing the bones of some
previous occupant of the plot.

I have just said that there is no head-
stone more than 250 years old, but that is
not strictly true. The salt wind of the
Atlantic deals nearly as harshly with stone
as the polluted air of a city; there are
a number of stones quite defaced which may
very well be older. So rapidly does stone
decay that some, erected not much more than
fifty years ago, are now almost undecipher-
able.

Today Scilly is a haven of rest for the
jaded city dweller; but in times past its
romantic isolation did not seem quite so
desirable, as this sad inscription shows:

'In memory of Jenepher Potter of
Lelant, who was buried 27th July,
1804 aged 45. She died in labour
of her eleventh child for want of
aid in this unlucky isle.'

If such an inscription tells of sorrow,
this one tells of a long and happy married
life:

'Susannah, the faithful and beloved
little sailor wife of Captain
William Ashford, who has spent 30
years of her life at sea amidst
calm and storm.'

Susannah found calm at the last; one won-
ders where Captain Ashford lies.

As I have said, many must lie here who met
their end by the fury of the storm or trea-
chery of the fog, but few of these are com-
memorated by headstones. One such, however,
which recalls one of Scilly's grimmer wrecks,

ds above the remains of
Francis Edward Lascelles Craig, 1st Lt.
Royal Marines, who perished
in the wreck of the 'Thames', steamer,
on this coast on the 4th day of
January 1841, aged 27 years'.

The phrase 'on this coast' seems rather a
vague one to use as the 'Thames' went down,
with the loss of about sixty persons, out
west of the Western Rocks while on a passage
to Dublin.

The most conspicuous monument in the church-
yard recalls another and far more tragic
wreck, that of the S.S. Schiller on May 7th
1859; the wreck that claimed the second
largest number of victims of which we have
record: 310. The memorial is to Loise Holtz-
mayer of New York and the 309 others who
drowned in the 'Schiller'. Actually,
thirty-eight bodies rest here and they were
brought for a mass burial in nineteen carts.
Many years have almost obliterated the in-
scription on the monument, but it is just
possible to read on the side of the obelisk
the following words:

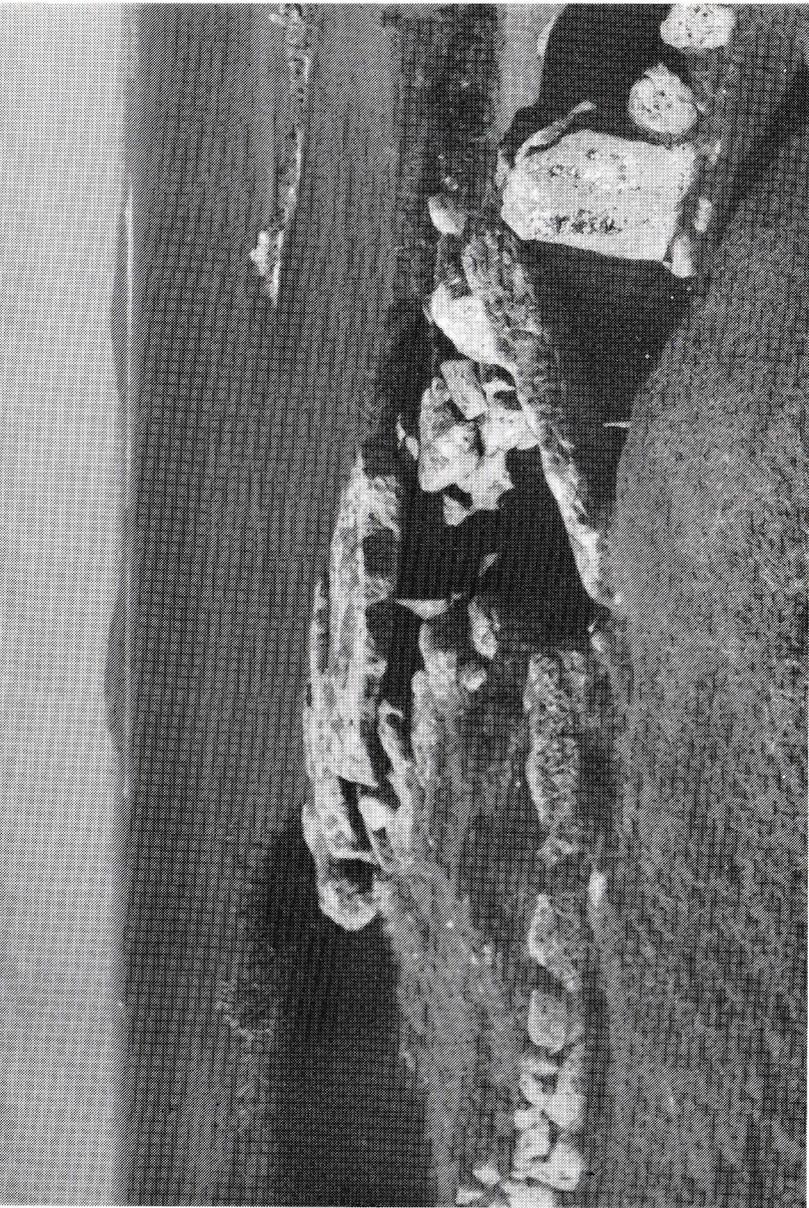
'Ruhe sanft du schone steele'

Within a few yards of this obelisk is an-
other, almost exactly similar, but in this
case it is a cenotaph. It is in memory of
John Smith, first Lord Proprietor of
the Isles of Scilly; he is actually buried
in St. Buryan, and his grave looks across
many miles of sea to the islands for which
he did so much.

I have mentioned the wreck of the 'Schiller'
as the second greatest disaster in Island



That my last resting place may be
Here, where the palm trees sigh.



*Rude cairn and shard still mock
At man's own swift decay.*

history; one wonders if any rest here from the greatest calamity, the wreck of four of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ships in 1707. Surely some of those 2,000 sailors must.

But not only the wrath of the sea has helped to fill this churchyard with strangers. Witness the inscription on the grave of Captain Thomas Jackson of Cley, Norfolk, 'who died of cholera in this port, July 15th, 1849'. It does not need a strong imagination to picture the shudder of apprehension that must have passed through St. Mary's when it was known that there was a ship in port carrying the dread disease.

War has also helped in filling this little spot. There is a row of fourteen small headstones that commemorate men of two world wars who, for one reason or another, found their last resting places here; each is inscribed with the name, rank and corps of he who lies beneath. All save one which reads, simply, 'A sailor of the 1939-1945 war'. A nearby stone makes the hand of war come very close indeed: 'Dorothy Paice, killed by enemy action at St. Mary's, August 26th, 1941'.

There is a tall stone beside the main path that must surely catch any observant eye. It is to John Watts (good Scillonian name!) and his family. Besides John himself, here rest his children, William James, aged 6 years, Sarah Ann, aged 9 days, Prochorus, aged 3 months, Nathaniel, died at Cadiz, aged 15 (a cabin boy?), William James, drowned, aged 16, Rovena, aged 6, and Sarah Ann Rogers, aged 21. Not wishing to waste good names John used both William James and Sarah

twice. One hopes that before she died
second Sarah Ann left offspring so that
n's efforts to perpetuate his line were
entirely in vain, even if there were none
carry on the actual name.

It is some years now since the Old Church-
d was closed to any fresh burials, and
adjoining field taken in as an extension.
n there, however, amongst the very recent
burials there are one or two that cause
contemplative spirit to pause. One low
and has nothing on it but a square of
stone, on which rests a small bronze propel-
ler; no words are needed here. On another
stone, beneath a brief inscription, are the
words 'Hasta luego che'. Why the Spanish
prediction, one wonders, to one with so
English a name as Grace Ward?

There is much food for thought in every
cemetery but in none, surely, more than
in Scilly, where one seems to hear echoes
in the four corners of the earth, and all
the seven seas. But no feeling of melan-
choly pervades this quiet spot; the bones
and ashes, of every one of us must, in due
season, rest somewhere, and where more
pleasantly than here? The words of E. K.
O'Brien's poem might quite as well be app-
plied to Old Town as to Lelant:

One might sleep well enough, no doubt
Where Tamsin lies,

.....

On slopes that front the western wave
The white gulls circle without cease
O'er Tamsin's grave.

A.G.

ON A PREHISTORIC SITE

They wrought in flint and bone
And flint and bone remain:
Flint and bone alone.
And all their joy and pain
Were as but morning rain;
But flint and bone remain.

They piled the granite rock,
And kneaded yellow clay.
Rude cairn and shard still mock
At man's own swift decay;
Mind, time and death immure,
But rock and clay endure.

The body's offspring lives
For one brief hour and dies.
That which our hands form gives
The centuries defies.
All life with death keeps tryst;
The dead by life are kissed.

But what if life and death
Are but the ebb and flow
Of the eternal breath
In some great form we know,
Though as a shadow dim
Bounding our vision's rim?

If so, these men of old
Change not, though death has touched:
While flint and granite cold
Still in one form are clutched,
Enchanted till time's decree
By change shall set them free.

TO A RABBIT

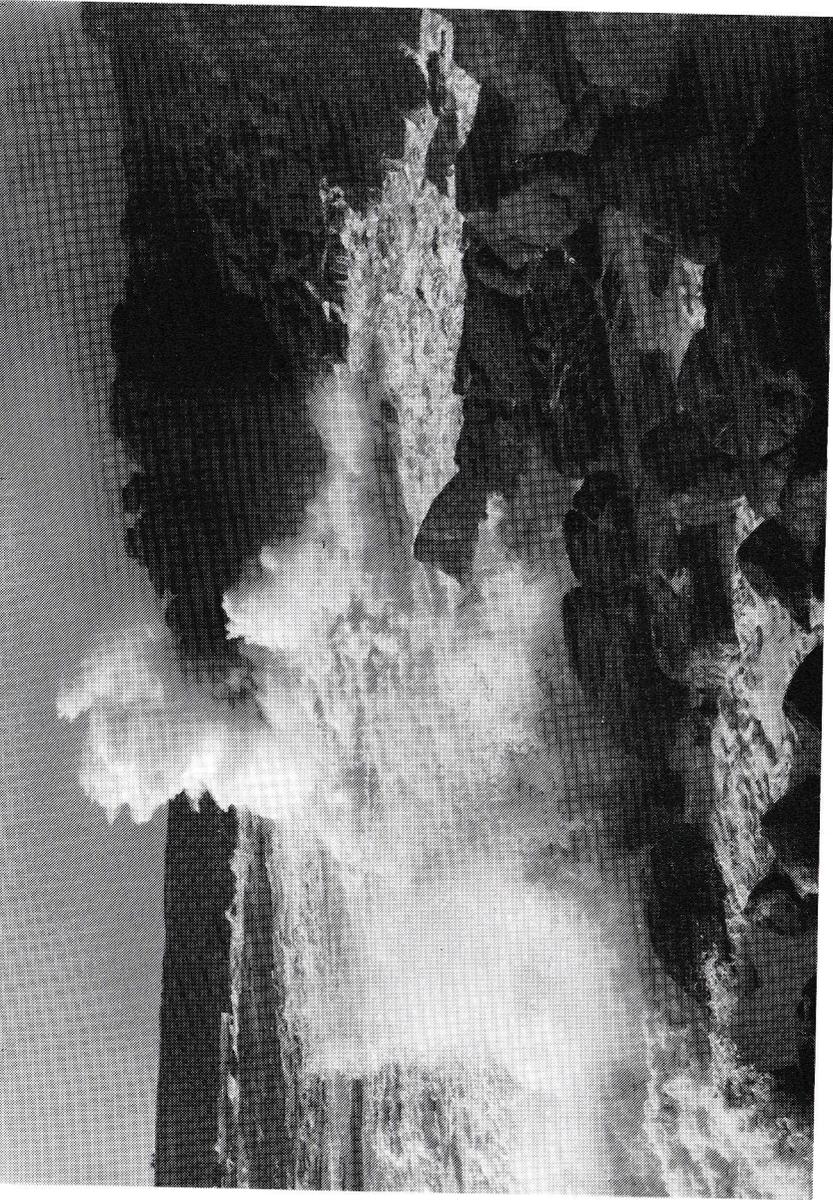
Its bones were once a rabbit, gentle-eyed
It joyed to play amidst the yellowing

It died,
But do not mourn,
For this primrose has to beauty
It brought.

It matters not what weeds of winsome grace
The Lord's God ordains his children wear
A space;
But stranger spare
Your grief for he who killed God's child in
The night.



The sea at rest
Lies leaden, shot with fire, asleep outstretched.



*Beat the grey ocean till the tortured waves
Writhé in white anguish beneath its unseen flail.*

CHROMATICISM

Now are the rainclouds lifted from the west,
And Annet and the Bishop stand black-
etched

Against the sunset gold. The sea at rest
Lies leaden, shot with fire, asleep
outstretched.

The clouds draw higher and the sun revealed
Flames thro' the last thin drops of
falling rain,

Lights the brown hillside and the sodden
field

And treads a bright path on the sea's
grey plain;

Lights the dark ceiling of the cloudy vault
With orange, mauve and green and pearly
grey;

Seems for a breath on the sea's rim to halt,
Then plunges down and ends the winter day.

AUTUMN

once more the passing seasons wane
And Autumn's touch again has seared the
fern,
left bare the stubble of the yellow grain,
and bid the bramble leaves with scarlet
burn.
once again has the mad western gale
beat the grey ocean till the tortured
waves
lie in white anguish beneath its unseen
bill,
and round the granite cliffs the tempest
waves.
In last grey Autumn came the memory
of Summer's vanished beauty seemed to
hang
a pale, sad presence over land and sea,
and the late thrush of Winter's victory
sang.
Now, beneath the darkest Winter skies
I shall summer live - within your eyes.

BEAUTY PASSES ...

I have dreamed a beautiful dream
But the dream goes by;
I have lingered awhile 'neath the gleam
Of a halcyon sky;
But deep in my heart like the sound of a
distant horn
I have heard an insistent voice that cries
'Begone!'.

Zoned by the blue cup of the sea
I have let time pass;
Watched life and its happenings flee
Through a crystal glass;
But the glass is dimmed and its pictures
have melted away
As the sun melts the frost from the grass
on a Winter's day.

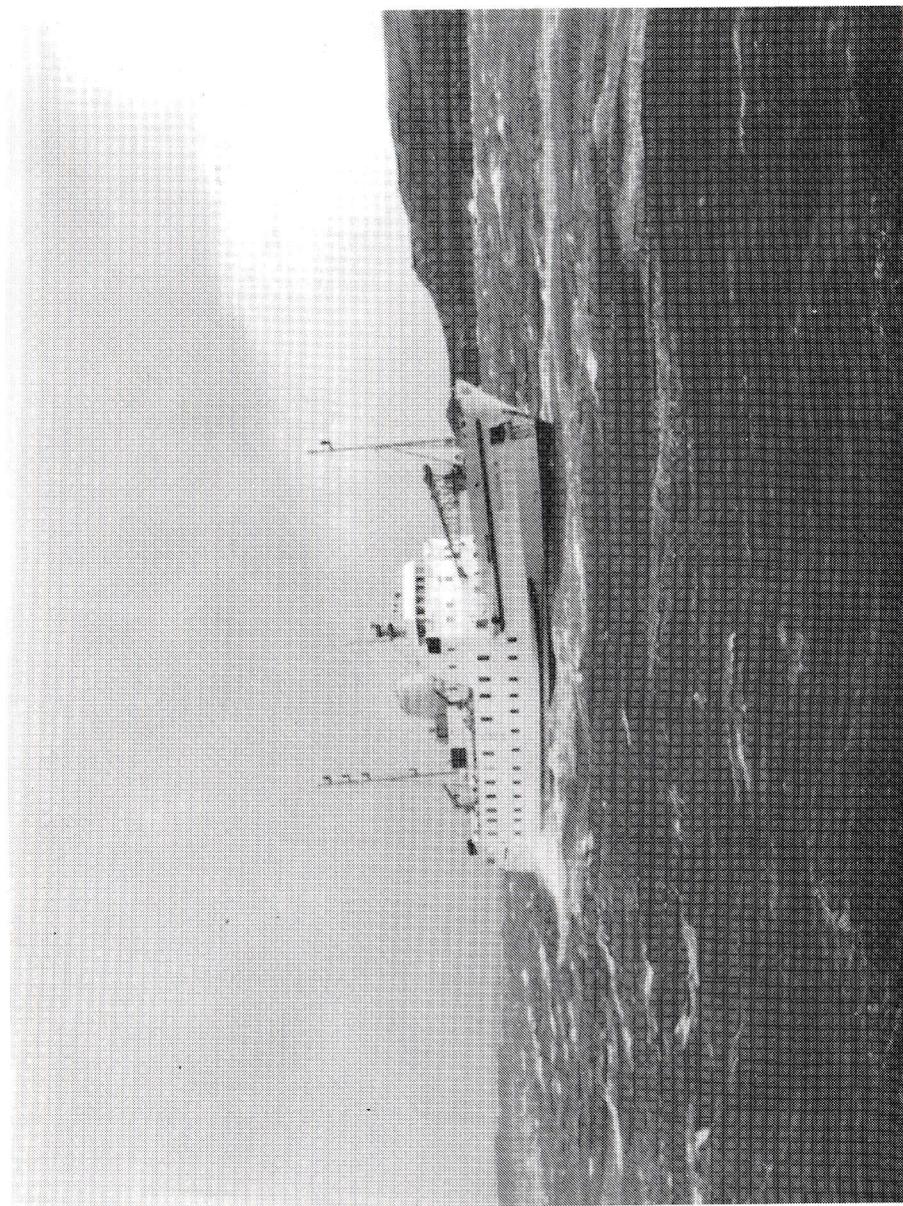
The song of the waves on the strand
Has lulled my mind;
My heart has been bound by the hand
Of the western wind;
I thought in these far islands' arms, in the
sea's all-changeable face
Mid the calms and the storms I should find
a resting place.

But no; from one born amid the fray
Wide earth cannot keep
The sound of the battle away
From his deepest sleep.
The sound of the waves cannot drown, nor
winds of lost Lyonesse bar
It from me, and I hear it now, that deep
call from afar.

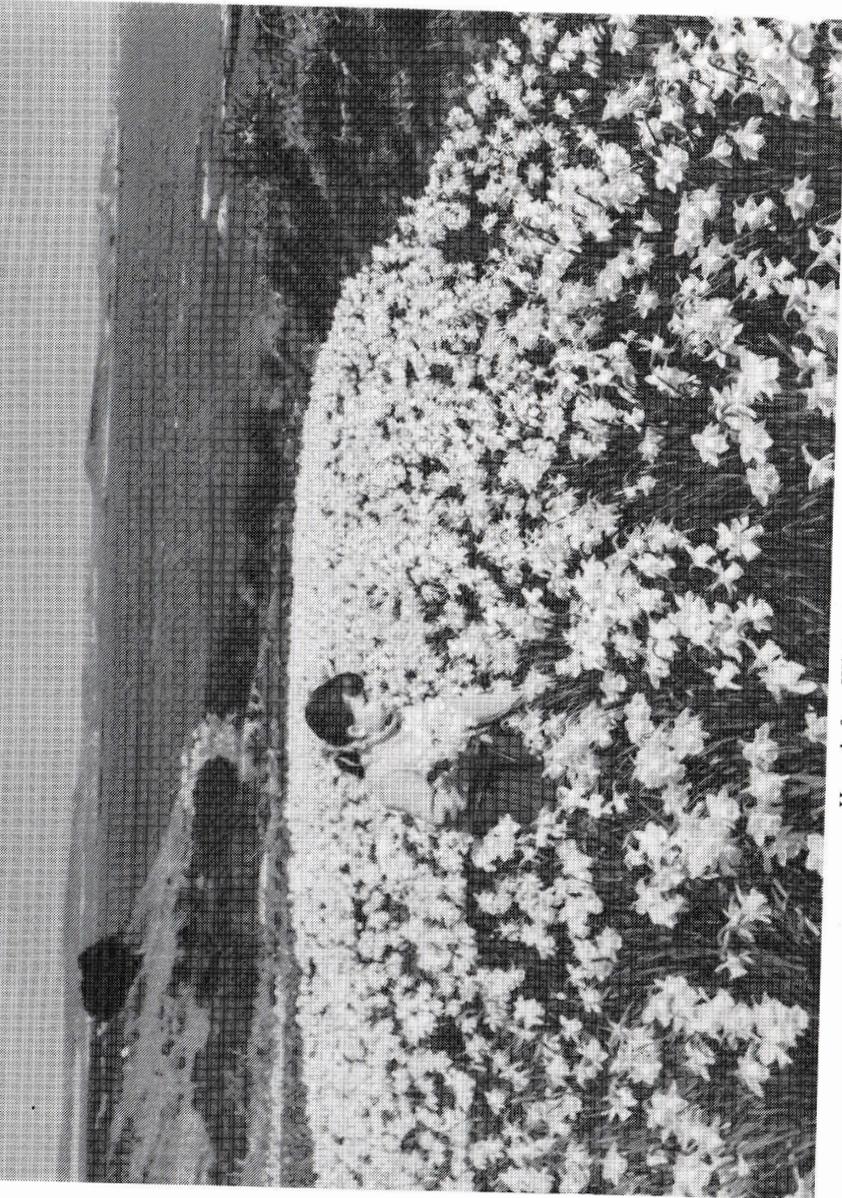
ve ye, fair Isles of the Sea,
And my love shall not die
gh fate shall bear me from ye
To an alien sky;
houghts seeking peace to your shores
l wing their swift way,
happily round those vanished days my
ry shall play.

Islands, how can I repay
All you have given
eauty and peace day by day
To one tempest driven?
ht in return but my love to your feet
I bring,
this song wherein I have striven your
h to sing.

n, in years yet unborn
I'll here muse for an hour,
the magic of days that are gone
With their subtle power,
l bid me remember a night by the moon-
led sea
love's golden amaranth flower first
med for me.



*The little steamer plods on her way,
Through the Winter sea.*



*Here, before Winter Autumn can despoil
The daffodils are green above the soil.*

FAREWELL TO SCILLY

The chill north wind,
A grey tumultuous sea,
A broken sky
Through the tears of which stray shafts of
 sunlight gild now this spot, now that;
Touching now Agnes Lighthouse, now Round
 Island, now Menewethin with pale fire,
Or transmuting a patch of sea to ultramarine.

Slowly the Islands lose their individuality
And melt into a low line of cliffs.

Rolling and pitching,
Swept by spray with decks awash,
Her black smoke billowing low to lee,
Burying her nose in green seas,
Shipping their white crests over her weather
 rail,
The little steamer plods on her way,
Through the Winter sea.

Cornwall rises up in the grey eastern sky,
Whilst from the south-east the tall pencil
 of the Wolf draws near.
Ere long the steamer is abreast of it;
St. Martin's Head has sunk beneath the rim
 of the world
And the western sky is empty.

Farewell, beloved Scilly ...

EPILOGUE: WHERE SHALL I REST?

ere would I rather rest, when the end of
now foreshortened road is reached:

re on this hot mountain-side mid the
t of rosemary and thyme, and blue haze
lax,

sound here but the slight breeze, but
the valley, far below, sounds of life
tly heard.

re, on this mountain-side in Spain, or
ome?

home in Cornwall mid the green fields
grey stone hedges; home where all one's
past life is tangled, like the honey-
le in the hedges.

, as I have long wished, where the waves
the brown kivits in the shallow waters
een those beloved islands in the west.

st there, perhaps, because the long
s and currents may in their season cast
of my ashes on the rocky shores of
t or Ganilly, some at Sennen, and some
he rocky shores of Viscaya.

us shall I be divided between those
es I love best. But what does it matter?
his it is but sentiment that intrudes.

shall not be there; I shall have vani-
as certainly as that wave which ten
nds ago fell in a cascade of foam on
beach in far-off Scilly.

I shall not be there, or there, or there,
but part of that whole which is Cornwall,
and Scilly, and Spain, and the furthestmost
stupendous galaxy in the universe.

Surely that is enough?

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