

The Composer of these two volumes of Verse was Albert J. Edmunds, a young Librarian friend of my father's, who went to the United States of America some time in the 1880s. It is probable that he gave the mss to my father both before and after he left England. I found the mss. during my father's declining health, and had the lot bound in two volumes by the great book-binder Cedric Chivers, at his Bindery at Weston, Bath. Chivers was a life-long friend of my father, and had binding business in America, connected in some way with the Library Association here. I know nothing of Edmunds' adventures in America. Cedric Chivers was Mayor of Bath three times.

Donald A. MacAlister
1962

Wanted an Organist.

The ~~mind~~^{heart} is like an organ: many a one
Touches the keys, but few make music. Friends!
Behold in me an instrument that ne'er
Has thundered out an anthem, ne'er dispersed
More than the wayward notes of wayward hands,
Or Nature's crudest airs — varied, 'tis true,
But always with some favorite chord's return,
And always in the same old key of thought,
Set once for all by Fate himself. O Fate!
Thy changeless key shall yet be modified
By hands I know not now: I can but yearn
To feel their touch ineffably divine,
And sweep of love controlling, as they range
The mazy keys and complicated stops,
To wake the harmony that slumbers now
In its cathedral silence. Deep that sleep,
Till she commands, with judgment majesty,
The depths of music to give up their dead! ~~+++~~

~~They come, and, teeming~~

They come; and, teeming from the orient sea,
The forms once pale, now glorified, appear

In varied splendors only to reflect
 His image; for she seems the very God
 That with her life inspires them to subdue;
 Seems to create the notes that no one dreamed
 Were hidden here — such mellowness of bass,
 Such dances of ^{will} ^{spring} ~~trills~~ leaping to the roof
 In waves of fiery ether, surging round
 To thrill the grey, cold walls with heat of
 hearts,
 And melt the vaults of stone to vaults of sky!

Olas! I dream! for all around me sleeps
 The stony forest, where no quivering leaf
 Can sigh; and music's throne is vacant still,
 Or only haunted by the spectral forms
 Born of the minster, twilight: no one fills
 That mystic, sacred, solitary seat!
 Retire, O friends! and leave the organ, leave
 Its stacks of gloomy gold in Gothic shade.
 These pipes are silent, but they recognise
 The warbling of the birds around the file
 As breathing kindred notes, content with this,
 And with the voice of childhood in the choir,

To which they half respond; but here they stand,
Pregnant with ^{tones} notes inaudible to you —
Innumerable anthems held within,
Till when? Till some fair morning when
the church

Resounds at last with hymeneal hymn,
And, ushering in the festival of song,
The bride herself becomes ~~an~~ ^{the} organist!

Sunderland; June, 1883.