



GREETING  
FROM  
SANDREWS  
UNIVERSITY



From Mrs. Herkless and the  
Ladies of the University.

Christmas, 1915.



## PATRIOTISM.

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There was a time when it was counted high  
To be a patriot—whether by the zeal  
Of peaceful labour for the country's weal,  
Or by the courage in her cause to die.

*For King and Country* was a rallying cry  
That burned men's hearts to fire, their nerves to  
steel :  
Not to unheeding ears did it appeal,  
A pulpit formula, a platform lie.

Only a fool will wantonly desire  
That war should come, outpouring blood and fire,  
And bringing grief and hunger in her train.  
And yet, if there be found no other way,  
God send us war, and with it send the day,  
When love of country shall be real again !

R. F. MURRAY.

## ALMAE MATRES.

(ST. ANDREWS, 1862. OXFORD, 1865.)

*St. Andrews by the Northern Sea.*

*A haunted town it is to me.*

A little city worn and grey,  
The grey North Ocean girds it round,  
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,  
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.  
And still the thin and biting spray  
Drives down the melancholy street,  
And still endure and still decay  
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.  
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand  
Dim mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

St. Leonard's Chapel, long ago  
We loitered idly where the tall  
Fresh budded mountain-ashes blow  
Within thy desecrated wall :  
The tough roots rent the tomb below,  
The April birds sang clamorous,  
We did not dream, we could not know  
How hardly fate would deal with us !

O, broken minster, looking forth  
Beyond the bay, above the town,  
O, winter of the kindly North,  
O, college of the scarlet gown,

And shining sands beside the sea,  
And stretch of links beyond the sand,  
Once more I watch you, and to me  
It is as if I touched his hand !

And therefore art thou yet more dear,  
O little city, grey and sere,  
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride  
And lonely by thy lonely sea,  
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,  
Where youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,  
Of willows and of poplars tall,  
And, in the spring time of the year,  
The White May breaking over all,  
And Pleasure quick to come at call,  
And summer rides by marsh and wold,  
And Autumn with her crimson pall  
About the towers of Magdalen rolled ;  
And strange enchantments from the past,  
And memories of the friends of old,  
And strong Tradition, binding fast  
The " flying terms " with bands of gold, —

All these hath Oxford : all are dear,  
But dearer far the little town,  
The drifting surf, the wintry year,  
The college of the scarlet gown.

*St. Andrews by the Northern Sea*  
*That is a haunted town to me.*

ANDREW LANG.

## ST. ANDREWS BAY.

### NIGHT.

Ah, listen through the music, from the shore.  
The "melancholy long-withdrawing roar";  
Beneath the Minster, and the windy caves,  
The wide North Ocean, marshalling his waves.  
Even so forlorn—in world's beyond our ken—  
May sigh the seas that are not heard of men;  
Even so forlorn, prophetic of man's fate,  
Sounded the cold sea-wave disconsolate,  
When none but God might hear the boding tone,  
As God shall hear the long lament alone,  
When all is done, when all the tale is told,  
And the grey sea-wave echoes as of old.

### MORNING.

This was the burden of the Night,  
The saying of the sea,  
But lo! the hours have brought the light,  
The laughter of the waves, the flight  
Of dipping sea-birds, foamy white,  
That are so glad to be.  
"Forget!" the happy creatures cry,  
"Forget Night's monotone,  
With us be glad in sea and sky,  
The days are thine, the days that fly,  
The days God gives to know him by.  
And not the night alone!"

ANDREW LANG.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

The mist hangs round the College tower,  
The ghostly street  
In silence at this midnight hour,  
Save for my feet.

With none to see, with none to hear,  
Downward I go  
To where, beside the rugged pier,  
The sea sings low.

It sings a tune well loved and known  
In days gone by  
When often here and not alone,  
I watched the sky.

That was a barren time at best,  
Its fruits were few;  
But fruits and flowers had keener zest  
And fresher hue.

Life has not since been wholly vain,  
And now I bear  
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain  
Some slender share.

But, howsoever rich the store,  
I'd lay it down,  
To feel upon my back once more  
The old red gown.

R. F. MURRAY.

## FOR SCOTLAND.

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Beyond the Cheviots and the Tweed,  
Beyond the Firth of Forth,  
My memory returns at speed  
To Scotland and the North.

For still I keep and ever shall,  
A warm place in my heart for Scotland,  
Scotland, Scotland,  
A warm place in my heart for Scotland.

Oh, cruel off St. Andrews Bay  
The winds are wont to blow !  
They either rest or gently play,  
When there in dreams I go.

And there I wander, young again,  
With limbs that do not tire,  
Along the coast to Kittock's Den,  
With whinbloom all afire.

I climb the Spindle Rock, and lie  
And take my doubtful ease,  
Between the ocean and the sky,  
Derided by the breeze.

Where coloured mushrooms thickly grow,  
Like flowers of brittle stalk,  
To haunted Magus Muir I go,  
By Lady Catherine's Walk.

In dreams the year I linger through  
In that familiar town,  
Where all the youth I ever knew  
Burned up and flickered down.

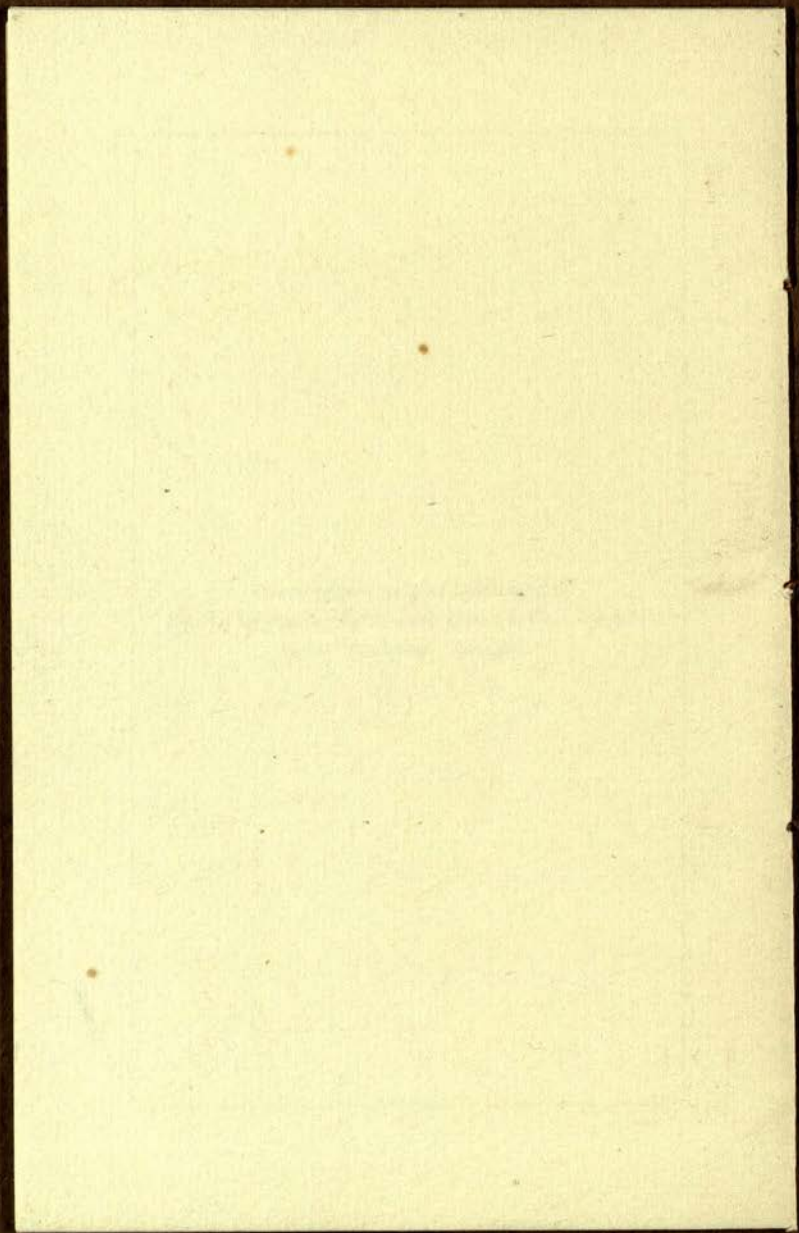
There's not a rock that fronts the sea,  
There's not an inland grove,  
But has a tale to tell to me  
Of friendship or of love.

And so I keep, and ever shall,  
The best place in my heart for Scotland,  
Scotland, Scotland,  
The best place in my heart for Scotland !

R. F. MURRAY.



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