

## Emily's Poems

### Emily Harris, Come cast all gloomy cares away (1860)

Come cast all gloomy cares away  
Wear nought but smiles this festive day  
Let garlands gay adorn the street  
And loud acclaim the soldiers greet  
    Quick beat the drums,  
Behold the conquering hero comes  
Another such a victory won  
Another such achievement done  
And we may to our homes return  
And empty pas for pastime burn.

[New Plymouth, 11 Sept 1860]

Emily Harris. *Writing Lines: Emily Harris Letters and Diary Excerpts 1860-1863*. Edited by Michele Leggott, Fredrika Van Elburg, Makyla Curtis and Betty Davis from manuscripts in the Puke Ariki Heritage Collection, New Plymouth. Emily Cumming Harris in New Zealand and Australia.

<https://emilycummingharris.blogs.auckland.ac.nz/artandwriting/writing-lines/>

### Emily Harris, Lines Written on Visiting Glenavon during the War 1860 (1860)

Oh! I could sit and gaze for hours,  
    Musing alone  
Upon thy lovely blooming flowers  
Dreaming that fairies in their bowers  
    First tinted them.

Or on that tiny winding stream  
    O'er grown with weeds  
That erst would gaily flash and gleam  
Like silver neath the golden beam  
    Of summer's sun.

Or upward turn my wondering eye  
    Above the trees,  
To watch the gauzy clouds float by  
A snowy veil athwart a sky  
    Of deepest blue.

But now my stay so short so brief  
    I may not pause,  
To linger o'er one bud or leaf  
Or twine one fair or fragrant wreath  
    With thy sweet flowers.

One rapid glance around me cast  
    Noting the trace  
Of River's step I onward passed  
With painful thought that t'were the last  
    For years perchance.

Sweet Peace we little knew how dear  
    Thou wert to us.  
Until we mark'd the widow's tear  
And saw extended on his bier  
    One gone for ever.

Oh! we may learn to wear a smile  
    And heedless laugh  
Twill but the careless eye beguile  
For still we feel beneath the wile  
    A mournful heart

One hour can loosen War's red hands  
    And set him free  
But grey exiles in many lands,  
Can tell how hard to clasp the bands  
    Strife once has severed.

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**Emily Harris, 8 poems in *New Zealand Mountain Flora* (1894-1910)**

Harris, Emily Cumming. *New Zealand Mountain Flora*. Unpublished book containing 30 ink and watercolour paintings with typescript preface, plant descriptions and 8 poems. Compiled in Nelson, NZ, 1894-[1910?]. 30 bound signatures. ATL. E-001-q <https://emilycummingharris.blogs.auckland.ac.nz/artandwriting/watercolours-and-poems/>

**1.**

We know where the snow lies deepest,  
We know where the storm clouds rise,  
Where the mist comes down from the mountain  
And the treasure that all men prize.

Preface, Page 1a. Poetic epigraph.

**2.**

The mountain looked down from her realm of snow  
On the stately forest that grew below  
With ferns and blossoms sweet  
  
She cried to the forest, 'Oh, trees come higher  
I would that your branches and leaves were nigher  
A mantle across my feet.'

Then the forest trembled and whispered low

We fear the might of the wind and the snow

Would doom us to death or retreat.

With a timid step went the little flowers

But the mountain sent down her vapoury showers

And wrapped them round.

They broidered her robe as with silken sheen

They smiled up to Heaven the rocks between

And bloomed on their vantage ground.

Page 5b 'Flowers from Mount Egmont.' Poem appears facing painting of five kinds of flowers from Mt Egmont. Taranaki Mount Egmont in right distance.

**3.**

The mountain looks down on the river,

And the river flows on to the sea

In their grandeur and beauty for ever

As long as this planet shall be.

But the forest that grew by the river,

And the flowers on the mountain that bloomed

Will they gladden our hearts for ever

Or pass like a race that is doomed. [penciled in question mark]

Page 9b ' Various Flora: Callixene parviflora. Veronica. Euphasia cuneata. Celmisia laricifolia'. Poem appears facing painting of flowers from Mt Egmont, Gordon's Knob and other Nelson mountains, and Mt Torlesse. Inset black and white drawing of a snowcapped mountain with a trees and a stream in the foreground.

4.

The Edelweiss.

Enwrapped in garments soft and warm,

As robes of eider down,

And velvet caps, all starred with gold,

Serve for a regal crown.

Straight to the skies their upward gaze

Unchecked, unblenched they turn,

As if to reach some loftier plane

These gentle flowers yearn.

Page 12b 'Helichrysum grandiceps.' Poem appears facing painting of Helichrysum grandiceps (the New Zealand Edelweiss). Bare sharp-angled rocks with Mount Patriarch (Marlborough) in right distance.

5.

Snow-berries.

Oh, hardy, modest snow-berries,  
So close to earth ye grow  
Amid the yellow lycopod,  
And harebells bending low.

Ye gladden all who on thee gaze  
Just as a friendly smile  
Will cheer the toilers' upward path  
And shorten many a mile.

Page 17b 'Gaultheria / Snowberry.' Poem appears facing painting of Gaultheria  
antipoda, Snowberry. No scenery, small leaved tendrils around the top frame of the  
image.

**6.**

Let us camp on the hill-side  
The valley below  
The mountains afar  
With their clouds and their snow.

The blue sky above us  
The stream flowing near  
With our pipe and our dog,  
And our comrade so dear.

We'll dream that the way

Unto Paradise lies

Where yonder green hill

Meets the clear shining skies.

Page 20b ' Various Flora: Gnaphalium bellidioides, Ligusticum aromaticum, Cyperus ustulatus.' Poem appears facing painting of Gnaphalium bellidioides, Ligusticum aromaticum and Cyperus ustulatus at left, with drawing of tent, camp fire and mountain slope at right. Tent under trees, camp fire with billy, mountain slope, no human forms.

7.

Speak to me, mountain hoary,

Tell me thine old world story

The secret of thy birth.

Say in what ages past

Thy giant rocks were cast

Upon this trembling earth.

Did'st thou from atoms rise

To greet the morning skies

A form of strength and might

While earth in darkness reigned

E'er sun or moon had deigned

To shed their wondrous light.

Page 22b 'Mount Cook Lily.' Poem appears facing painting of Mount Cook lily, *Ranunculus Lyallii*, with backdrop of Aoraki Mount Cook and a rosy sky.

**8.**

The Spear-grass.

A warrior bold is the spear-grass straight  
He thrusts out his lance with a laugh elate  
Let no one pass by for unhappy the fate  
Of those who discover my prickles too late  
Ho, Ho, laughed the spear-grass bold.

Page 25b 'Aciphylla Squarrosa.' Poem appears facing painting of *Aciphylla squarrosa*, no scenery.