

POEMS WORTH READING

No. 85.

PHILIP, MY KING.

By Dinah Maria Mulock.

Dinah Maria Mulock, afterward Mrs. Craik, was born April 20, 1826, at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, where her father was then minister of a small congregation. She obtained a good education from various quarters, and, feeling conscious of a vocation for authorship, went to London about 1846. She first confined herself to stories for the young, of which "Cola Monti" is the best known. In 1849 she produced her first three-volume novel, "The Ogilvies." In 1857 appeared the work by which she will be principally remembered, "John Halifax, Gentleman." She had published poems in 1852, and in 1881 brought her pieces together under the title of "Poems of Thirty Years, New and Old." They are a woman's poems, tender, domestic and sometimes enthusiastic. The verses "Philip, My King," addressed to her godson, Philip Bourke Marston, and "Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True," achieved a wide popularity. She died October 12, 1887.



LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities,
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible scepter laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven—chosen amongst his peers,
My Saul, than thy brethren talier and fairer.
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, my king!"

This series of poems began under the head of "Old Favorites" in "The Press" of Wednesday, October 30, 1901. One is printed every day.