



No more shall I pore on the hard tawny grasses  
That colour the steep spurs and long level reaches,  
No more shall I haunt the high desolate passes  
Where the elfinwood sprawls on the fringe of the beeches.

No more shall I see, as the high sun is westering,  
In the steep dusky valleys that look to his setting,  
Thin streams in the late light all twining and glistening,  
Like threads of fine silver the purple gloom fretting.

No more shall I hear the white mountain gull crying  
Among the bare rocks where the great gusts go booming,  
Six thousand feet up where in rough hollows lying,  
The broody old tarns hang a-drowsing and glooming.

I shall see them far off in the magical distance,  
With bloom like a ripe plum, so fresh and so tender,  
They will beckon and woo me and call with insistence,  
The big shining Alps in their pomp and their splendour.

But I camp no more in the beech-wooded valleys,  
No more shall I sleep in the roar of the river,  
Or wander alone in the cool shady alleys,  
For my feet have come down to the lowlands for ever.

Arnold Wall.

-----oOo-----

Recently our attention was drawn to a poem by the late Professor Arnold Wall which was thought would interest our members.

Professor Wall, 1869 to 1966, was Professor of English at Canterbury College from 1898 to 1931 and was well known for his contributions in many fields, including alpine botany.

This poem reached us in a xerox copy from an unidentified source, probably a minor New Zealand periodical which it is hoped some reader can identify for us.

At first it was assumed that the poem referred to Professor Wall's own retirement, but he continued long after the date of the poem's first appearance in book form in "London Lost, and Other Poems" published by Whitcombe and Tombs.

This little volume bears no date, but apparently appeared in 1922, with acknowledgement to the "Press" Christchurch for permission to reprint the poem from its first publication there.