

IN MEMORIAM

S. BARING-GOULD

Soul of the dead, if now Earth's task be done,
May ye return, in some new form, again,
To give us light - coeval with the sun –
Scattering the murky darkness of the brain.
Then might we boast - thy loss our mortal gain.

Thy pen was dropt, as from a palsied hand;
The call had come, although the march was long –
"Onward, thou Christian soldier!" (the command)
"For fairer fields and loftier flights of song."
"Strong was thy soul, and shall be doubly strong!"

The day is past - and ever is the night;
The hymning stars are nearer to thee now.
Immortal son of Devon, as thy right
The Amaranthine wreath is on thy brow –
But more than this will God and men allow'.

Albert Ash Allen
(Submitted by a member)

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