Robert Louis Stevenson

Louise Imogen Guiney
When from the vista of the book I shrink,
From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage
Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage,
Nor keep with Shakespeare’s use one golden link;
When heavily my sanguine spirits sink
To read too plain on each impostor page
Only of kings the broken lineage,
Well for my peace if then on thee I think,

Louis, our priest of letters and our knight
With whose familiar baldric Hope is girt,
From whose young hands she bears the Grail away:
All glad, all great! Truer because thou wert
I am and must be, and in thy known light
Go down to dust, content with this my day.

—Louise Imogen Guiney

(This sonnet served as the “Postlude” to Alice Brown’s Robert Louis Stevenson: A Study, Boston, Copeland & Day, 1895, of which only 250 copies were printed, shortly after Stevenson’s death fifty years ago.)