

Classic Poetry Series

**Agnes Louise Storrie**  
**- poems -**

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## **Agnes Louise Storrie(1865 - 1936)**

Agnes' father, James Storrie, was an accountant who moved to Adelaide in 1849 from Scotland, and lived on Mosely St, in Glenelg. In 1856 he married Agnes Tassie, who had also been born in Glasgow. They had ten children, Agnes Louisa being their sixth. Agnes lived a major part of her life at Glenelg, and was one of those who inaugurated the Congregational Church at Glenelg. She wrote short stories under the name of 'Senga', and ran a newspaper column, 'Home Topics' in Dalgety's Review (1907).

# A Confession

You did not know, - how could you, dear, -  
How much you stood for? Life in you  
Retained its touch of Eden dew,  
And ever through the droughtiest year  
My soul could bring her flagon here  
And fill it to the brim with clear  
Deep draughts of purity:  
And time could never quench the flame  
Of youth that lit me through your eyes,  
And cozened winter from my skies  
Through all the years that went and came.  
You did not know I used your name  
To conjure by, and still the same  
I found its potency.  
You did not know that, as a phial  
May garner close through dust and gloom  
The essence of a rich perfume,  
Romance was garnered in your smile  
And touched my thoughts with beauty, while  
The poor world, wise with bitter guile,  
Outlived its chivalry.  
You did not know - our lives were laid  
So far apart - that thus I drew  
The sunshine of my days from you,  
That by your joy my own was weighed  
That thus my debts your sweetness paid,  
And of my heart's deep silence made  
A lovely melody.

Agnes Louise Storrie

# Twenty Gallons Of Sleep

MEASURE me out from the fathomless tun  
That somewhere or other you keep  
In your vasty cellars, O wealthy one,  
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Twenty gallons of balmy sleep,  
Dreamless, and deep, and mild,  
Of the excellent brand you used to keep  
When I was a little child.

I've tasted of all your vaunted stock,  
Your clarets and ports of Spain,  
The liquid gold of your famous hock,  
And your matchless dry champagne.

Of your rich muscats and your sherries fine,  
I've drunk both well and deep;  
Then measure me out, O merchant mine,  
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Twenty gallons of slumber soft,  
Of the innocent, baby kind,  
When the angels flutter their wings aloft  
And the pillow with down is lined.

I have drawn the corks, and drained the lees,  
Of every vintage pressed;  
If I've felt the sting of my honey bees,  
I've taken it with the rest.

I have lived my life, and I'll not repine;  
As I sowed I was bound to reap;  
Then measure me out, O merchant mine,  
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Agnes Louise Storrie