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Ursula Fitzgerald

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SONGS AND POEMS.



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# SONGS AND POEMS

FROM 1819 TO 1879

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ



London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1881

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LOAN STACK

*Ballantyne Press*  
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON





## P R E F A C E.

I HAVE collected from my dear father's papers the following songs and poems, hoping they might prove interesting to his numerous friends, not alone for their poetic genius, but as illustrative of his gentle loving nature, which enabled him to live to the great age of eighty-four, beloved by all who knew him, without, as has been frequently said of him, "a single enemy." I have included amongst them some which have been published in magazines and in his "Recollections." I have also added some songs from a drama called "The Follies of a Night," which he turned into an Operetta, the music of which was composed by poor Miss Gabriel. Many difficulties occurred to prevent its being produced, and as the words of the songs are charming, I venture to add them to the collection. The whole Operetta is published by Messrs. Wood & Co., 201 Regent Street.

The numerous operas for which he wrote the libretto are all in print, I believe. In 1823 he wrote a poem called *Shere af Khun*, and in 1873 one called

“William with the Ring;” this he did from an opera he had written for Mendelssohn—which he never, after all, composed. He tells in his “Recollections” the history of this, to him, bitter disappointment. The lyrical portion of “Babil and Bijou,” a fairy spectacle by Dion Boucicault, he wrote the year before. One song, which was not sung, I have added to this collection.

If the book is only bought by those who loved the author and appreciated his talents, both mine and the publishers’ aim will be fully realised.

M. A. MACKARNESS.





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*PART I.*







*STANZAS TO A BROKEN LUTE.*

**L**OVE thee, Lute, though from thy strings  
No sounds of mirth or mourning start ;  
Thine image to my fancy brings  
An emblem of my lonely heart.

Like thee when erst the false one's pride  
Responsive sung its faithful measure,  
With her it mourned when'er she sighed,  
With her rejoiced in scenes of pleasure.

Like thee ere played upon too much,  
Alive to every tender feeling,  
'Twould vibrate to the slightest touch,  
Or softest sigh across it stealing.

Like thee—by her deserted—left  
Of woman's falsehood bitter token !  
Of sound, of feeling robbed, bereft—  
That pulse is fled, those chords are broken.

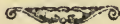
No mirth the present moments bring,  
No fears alarm it for the morrow ;  
A silent, solitary thing,  
Which naught can wake to joy or sorrow.



SONG.

**W**HEN the blaze of thy beauty was beaming  
Unclouded and kindly on me,  
When my heart was of happiness dreaming,  
Which fondly I looked for from thee—  
Like the fountain-wave joyfully flowing,  
By zephyrs and sunshine carest,  
My bosom was bounding and glowing  
By the light of thy loveliness blest.

That blessing thy falsehood hath banished,  
That bosom thy coldness hath chilled,  
Those visions for ever have vanished,  
By fancy with happiness filled !  
The sunbeam hath sunk on the mountain,  
The smile of thy fondness is o'er,  
And my heart like the desolate fountain  
Will leap in its lustre no more.





TO ———

“O dolitura mea multum virtute Noera.”—*Horace.*

**W**HEN time hath bereft thee  
Of charms now enchanting ;  
When youth shall have left thee,  
And beauty be wanting ;  
In the hour of thy sadness  
Then think upon me,  
And that thought shall be madness,  
Deceiver, to thee !  
Think on him who adored thee,  
And still had adored ;  
Think on him who implored thee,  
And vainly implored—  
On the vows thou hast spoken,  
But laughed at to be ;  
On the heart thou hast broken,  
Devoted to thee.  
When the roses shall vanish  
That circle thee now,  
And the thorn thou wouldst banish  
Shall press on thy brow—

In the hour of thy sadness  
Then think upon me,  
And that thought shall be madness,  
Deceiver, to thee !  
A gloom shall come o'er thee  
Thou canst not dispel ;  
Around thee—before thee—  
It ever shall dwell ;  
All joy shall forsake it,  
All pity shall flee,  
Or beam but to make it  
More hateful to thee.  
When he who could turn thee  
From virtue and fame,  
Shall leave thee, and spurn thee,  
To sorrow and shame ;  
When the arm that caressed thee  
Shall deal thee the blow,  
And the lips that once blessed thee  
But smile on thy woe ;—  
When like him thou hast slighted,  
Thy brain shall be stung,  
Thy hope shall be blighted,  
Thy bosom be wrung ;—  
In the depths of thy sadness,  
Then think upon me ;  
And that thought shall be madness,  
Deceiver, to thee !



TO ———

**W**ES, I have loved and I have known  
What 'tis to sigh and sigh in vain,  
And feel when every hope was flown  
That still my heart must bear its chain,  
That still my soul must hold as dear  
The form that taught it first to sigh,  
Whose smile but mocked my falling tear,  
And jested with my agony ;  
And still though many a rolling year  
Hath shed its change of sun and snow,  
No ray of hope hath beamed to cheer  
The winter of my bosom's woe.  
My heart is like a dreary tomb,  
Neglected love lies buried there,  
And mournful 'midst the rayless gloom  
Sits the wan shade of mute despair.  
The shafts of fate that, frequent dealt,  
Had humbled others in the dust,  
Glance off from me unfeared, unfelt,  
Like arrows from a marble bust.

True to one cherished apathy  
Is this devoted heart and brain ;  
This silent breast has ceased to sigh,  
These eyes shall never weep again.





*STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*



SWIFTLY flew the summer hours  
Of innocence and youth,  
When every look was full of love,  
And every thought was truth ;  
When the rose of Hope bloomed sweetly,  
And the voice of beauty stole  
Like a Seraph's song of gladness,  
O'er the pulses of my soul.

There's a darkness o'er my day of life,  
That ever must remain ;  
There's a blight upon the flower,  
It will never bloom again.  
And beauty's harp neglected lies,  
As silently and lone,  
As the withered heart that bowed before  
The magic of its tone.



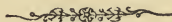


TO ———

ON HEARING OF HER INTENDED MARRIAGE.

**A**ND must those fairy visions drest  
By fancy, vanish into air ?  
And must that hope desert my breast,  
So long, so fondly, cherished there ?  
But thou'lt be happy, and that thought  
Imparts a little bliss to me ;  
Yet, dearly is that little bought,  
Since purchased by the loss of thee.

I will not curse his happier fate,  
Though darker it hath made mine own :  
I cannot sacrifice to hate  
What still I fondly doat upon.  
Yet is this heart a dreary void,  
Once filled by love and hope and thee ;  
Thy lot is fixed, my hope destroyed,  
E'en love will soon be crime in me.







TO ———, WITH A RING.

**Y**ES, take the ring—love's promised ring,  
By love which seemed as true requested.  
Alas! I deemed not it could bring  
To ruin—hopes, which on it rested.  
That night—oh! never can that night  
From memory's page be wiped away,  
When thine eyes beamed beneath a light  
Less brilliant, but less false, than they.  
That night when Love lent Time his wings,  
Who, all too fast, unhelped could flee,  
Thou said'st the softest, sweetest things—  
More soft, more sweet, when said by thee.  
Why didst thou say them? wherefore wake  
To joy a heart thou leav'st uncherished?  
Why bid the light of Heaven to break  
On hopes which else had pangless perished?  
I could have borne thy cold neglect—  
Nay, Lady, I *have* borne it long.  
It needed not thou shouldst affect  
A passion—but to edge the wrong,

Like those whose cruelty refined  
Prompts them the tortured wretch to heal,  
That, when again his limbs they bind,  
More keenly he the rack may feel.  
Take, take the ring—that hoop of gold—  
Emblem of both our loves may be ;  
Like thine, 'tis hollow, heartless, cold ;  
Like mine, 'tis endless—and for thee !





TO ———

**W**HEN first I beheld thee, thou dear little  
sprite,

I found there was something about thee  
Which shed round thy presence so cheering a light,  
Even day appeared darkness without thee.

'Twas a magic that mastered the soul by surprise,  
Where archness was mixed with-good nature ;  
It sparkled and spoke in thy laughing dark eyes,  
And heightened each eloquent feature.

There was nothing coquettish or prudishly coy,  
But a spirit of affable gladness,  
Which threw round my heart such a holiday joy,  
It bade a defiance to sadness.

And from the first moment it beamed upon me  
The smile which all bosoms engages,  
I felt as much friendship and fondness for thee  
As if I had known thee for ages.

And Time has but made those emotions more sweet ;  
Still lovely, still gay, I perceive thee ;  
And feel more delight when I know we shall meet,  
More pain when I find I must leave thee.

---

Thy mind—does an epithet strike it?  
What now can be called the sensation, I prove  
It cannot, no surely it can *not*, be Love,  
But really it's *very much like it*.





TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

FAREWELL to thee, Son of Erin ;  
Light may the breezes be  
Whilst thy brave bark is steering  
Over the dark-blue sea.

Though we but met and parted,  
Linked is my soul to thine ;  
And let those who are colder-hearted  
Laugh at the warmth of mine.

Farewell to thee, Son of Erin ;  
But in thine own green Isle,  
When love is thy bosom cheering  
With the light of thy lady's smile,  
Forget not the friends who hung round thee,  
And joyed in *thy* smile when here,  
And who (if e'er sorrow should wound thee)  
Would "weep with thee tear for tear."

Farewell to thee, Son of Erin ;  
Like a wandering star of night,  
Thou hast left in thy disappearing  
Behind thee a train of light.

'Tis the hope of thy soon returning,  
'Tis the memory of moments past,  
'Tis the flame of a friendship burning  
While the pulses of life shall last.





TO ———

“ Felicité passée,”

“ Qui ne peut revenir,”

“ Tourment de ma pensée !”

“ Que n’ay-je en te perdant, perdu le souvenir ?”

—*Bertaut.*



H bright be thine eyes though on others they  
shine,

And the tears of regret stand for ever in  
mine ;

And free be thy spirit, and glad be thy heart,  
Though freedom and gladness from me must depart !  
Oh never may sorrow or suffering strip  
The rose from thy cheek, or the smile from thy lip ;  
But cloudless the light of thy loveliness be  
As when it was shining, sweet ———, on me.

On me—did it ever ?—oh yes, ———, yes,  
And dearly my bosom hath purchased the bliss  
Those moments have been ; but those moments are  
past,

And my soul is awakened to sorrow at last.

---

'Twas but seeming perhaps—'twas my fancy that  
erred,  
And friendship was all that those glances inferred ;  
But oh ! 'twas enchanting whate'er it might be,  
And seeming or not—it was heaven to me.

But fare-thee-well, ——, and would that my mind  
Could leave all its sorrows as lightly behind,  
And fly to the world unrepining and free,  
As if it had ne'er been devoted to thee.  
The world—can its pleasures a magic impart,  
To cheer the dark spirit or heal the crushed heart?  
Or bears it a balm the wild grief to repel  
That bursts from my bosom with ——, Farewell ?







*SONG.*

**B**ELIEVE me, thou dear little girl of my soul,  
When I gaze on thy beautiful eyes,  
Which planets outshining resplendently roll  
Amidst azure more pure than the sky's,  
I scarce can imagine a being so bright  
Can belong to us mortals below,  
But fancy it must be some angel of light,  
Till thy kisses, my love, tell me "No."

For if ever the sweets had been tasted above  
That hang on thy soul-thrilling lip,  
They ne'er had allowed from Elysium to rove  
What alone 'tis Elysium to sip.  
Unless thou wert banished because of their worth,  
As blessings too great to be given ;  
For if they can make such a heaven upon earth,  
Oh ! what would they make of a heaven ?





TO ———

**A**ND canst thou, lady, bid me sing,  
Yet turn thine ear unmoved away ;  
And still with cold indifference wring  
The heart that bends beneath thy sway ?

And canst thou bid my harp with glee  
From theme to theme inconstant rove ?  
Or think that when 'tis touched for thee,  
Its chords will echo aught but love ?


How can I sing of morning's smile,  
And pass unpraised thy brighter eye ?  
Or evening's breeze, nor think the while,  
Sweet lady, on thy softer sigh ?

How cruel, then, the task I prove—  
Why, lady, ask a lay from me,  
Who cannot sing of aught but love,  
Yet must not sing of love to thee ?





*PARTING.*

HE Moon was on thy pallid brow,  
The night-winds waved thy flowing hair,  
Earth seemed some fairy isle—and thou  
A lonely, lovely spirit there.  
The tears were in thy gentle eyes  
Like half-shut blossoms bathed with dew ;  
The very stars bent from their skies  
To gaze upon their softer blue.

I pressed thy trembling hand in mine,  
And echoed every timid sigh,  
That pity stole from virtue's shrine  
To sweeten parting's misery.  
I heard thee breathe thy last adieu,  
I felt that hand withdrawn from mine ;  
Alas ! till then I never knew  
How wholly, dearest, I was thine.

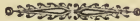




*SCOTCH MELODY.*

**H**AVE you seen the silver mist,  
When rising from the stream or furrow,  
Just as day's first beam hath kissed  
The mountain-tops that blush good morrow?  
So deceiving thoughtless youth,  
From the heart where hope enshrined it,  
Fleets the dream of love and truth,  
Leaving nought but tears behind it.

Where's the sun that with its ray  
Shall dry those tears for rapture vanished?  
Can its brightest joys repay  
The heart for those its beam hath banished?  
Noon may pass, and evening mild  
Fling her wreaths of shadows round it,  
But none half so sweet and wild  
As the one at morn that bound it.





VENETIAN MELODY.

AIR—“*Le Beondina in Gondoletta.*”

WHEN the yellow moonbeams quiver  
The rippling waves among,  
And o'er the shining river  
Floats the Gondolieri's song,  
Night's silence sweetly breaking,  
The gentle echoes waking,  
That sleep the shores along,—  
Then haste in thy beauty hither,  
More bright than the moonbeams be,  
Nor leave the fond hopes to wither  
That blossom alone for thee.

When the stars their watch are keeping  
In the dark-blue arch above,  
And the evening dews are weeping  
The close of the flowers they love ;  
When fairies trip it featly,  
And the ringdove murmurs sweetly  
In the depth of its lovely grove—

Then haste in thy beauty hither,  
Thou dearer than life to me,  
Nor leave the fond hopes to wither  
That blossom alone for thee.





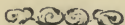
*FRENCH MELODY.*

AIR — “*J'étais bien jeune encore.*”

**L**ET not her smile deceive thee !—  
Love ne'er was to that bosom known ;  
Too soon its faithless light will leave thee,  
Hopeless, joyless, blighted, and lone,—  
Let not her smile deceive thee !

Or when her scorn shall grieve thee,  
And that false smile no more shall beam ;  
And the bright wreath thy hopes now weave thee,  
Seared and faded, alas ! shall seem ;—  
Then too late thou'lt believe me.

Think not I would bereave thee  
Wantonly of thy vision fair,  
But when the guileful dream shall leave thee,  
Ah ! how wilt thou thy waking bear ?—  
Let not her smile deceive thee !





*LINES ON PASSING THROUGH  
FRANCE.*

**C**AN this be the land that war's tempest hath  
shaken,  
The soil by the earthquake of anarchy torn,  
Where the breeze only whispers the violet to waken,  
And the hue of the violet is mocked by the morn?  
Where woman's dark eyes, with expression still beam-  
ing,  
Now charm by their sweetness, now awe by their  
blaze;  
As warm as the sun-beams that round them are stream-  
ing,  
And gay as the fountains that sport in their rays?

Can this be the land, on which millions in madness  
Have trampled the soil on which thousands have fled,  
And wave its fair flow'rets in beauty and gladness,  
O'er fields where the blood of its bravest was shed?  
Ah! who could believe it that gazed on it now,  
And viewed from its valleys of fountains and roses,  
To the hill that bends o'er them with vine-covered  
brow,  
How calmly, how sweetly, all nature reposes?



But such is the climate, and such are the souls  
Of those who inhabit its paradise bowers ;  
Away with the tempest that over them rolls,  
Sweep the gloom and the grief of its darkest of hours !  
Awaken their fury, and instant it flies,  
As swift as the death-shot, as fatal its force ;  
Like that, too, when past, there remains in the skies  
No mark of its mischief, no track of its course.

PARIS, *June 1, 1818.*





TO ———

**I** DREAMED that thou wert kind and true,  
That I alone engrossed thy heart ;  
I dreamed thy breast no falsehood knew,  
That thou wert all—but what thou art.  
Now is that lovely vision past,  
The spell that bound *my* heart is breaking ;  
My dream is o'er—how long shall last  
The anguish that I feel in waking !

Yet who could see thee smile so sweet,  
And doubt that smile to be sincere ;  
Or mark that form, and deem deceit  
Could ever find a harbour there !  
Farewell, farewell, forget the pain—  
If thus to part a pang hath cost thee,  
Nor think of him 'midst fashion's train  
Who living loved and loving lost thee.





*ELLEN.*

**O** the cot of my love I returned broken-hearted,  
And sighed o'er each scene that enchanted  
before ;

The moonbeam shone brightly as when we last parted,  
But Ellen could gaze on its lustre no more.

Though trimmed by strange hands, still her garden  
blooming,

Ungratefully gay seemed the smile that it wore ;

The flowers she had cherished the gale was per-  
fuming,

But Ellen rejoiced in their fragrance no more.

Shine on, envious moon, nought thy brightness ex-  
celling,

Far closed is that eye which more brilliancy bore ;

And flourish, ye flowerets, around her lone dwelling,

Your rival in sweetness and bloom is no more.

Unprized be your beauty, unmourned your decaying,

Your splendour, your fragrance, new seasons restore ;

Each morn, every eve, to my sight is displaying

Fresh beams and fresh blossoms—but Ellen—no more !



*SILENTLY.*

(SPANISH AIR.)

**H**OW oft, when like beauty at rest,  
All unruffled reclines the blue deep ;  
And the moonbeam hangs over its breast  
Like a lover who watches her sleep  
Silently.

I roam on the beach, and recall  
The fond hours when I strayed there with thee ;  
And thoughtless, unthought of by all,  
We've gazed on that silvery sea  
Silently.

And as the light breeze murmurs by,  
And awakens the wave from its trance,  
So I've spoken to thee in a sigh,  
And thou hast replied by a glance  
Silently.

Ah, lady, in moments so dear,  
I forgot they so soon might be o'er,  
And leave me all joyless and drear,  
To wander alone on the shore  
Silently.



*VULCAN AND HYMEN.*

**V**ULCAN once for Hymen forged  
A chain of wondrous power ;  
Who twined each magic link around  
With many a beauteous flower ;  
On frolic bent, then hastily  
He left the God of Fire,  
And in it caught one sunny morn  
Young Love and warm desire.  
Pleaséd awhile in mirthful mood,  
The thoughtless couple sported ;  
So fragrant breathed the flowery band,  
They e'en its pressure courted ;  
Till Time came by, and with his scythe  
Cut through the wreaths around them,  
Which drooped and died, and left to view  
The iron chain that bound them.

Scaréd at the cheerless sight  
Of bands and roses blighted,  
Desire stole the wings of Love,  
And fled away affrighted.

Who, left alone, not long could bear  
The links 'neath which he smarted,  
Essayed in vain to snap the chain,  
Then perished broken-hearted.  
Hymen, weeping, Vulcan sought,  
And of Love's fate apprised him ;  
Who o'er his smithy smiling bent,  
And calmly thus advised him :  
"Oh ! had your chain but been of gold,  
Though every flower had faded,  
The glittering links had pleased as much  
As when with roses shaded."





*IRISH MELODY. No. 1.*

**H**ENCE! my dream of bliss is o'er,  
And pleasure's syren voice no more  
Can lull to rest the tortured heart,

Or pluck away the poisoned dart

Deceit hath planted there.

In vain by moonlight in the grove

Sweet music's voice awakens love ;

The harp hath lost its power to charm,

And woman's eye no more can warm.

Ah, fled! ah, fled!

Fled is now that faithless maid,

And broken every spell she laid

Around these scenes so fair.

Welcome now, thou wintry hour,

Here exert thy baneful power,

Blight the once beloved bowers,

And wither all the fragrant flowers

That round them fondly twine.

For falsehood's frost hath nipped the bloom

Of this young heart, and now the gloom

Of deep despair holds sov'reign sway  
Where love late shed his lucid ray,  
    Ah, fled ! ah, fled !  
Fled is now that beam of light,  
And never more shall its lustre bright  
    Illume this soul of mine.







*IRISH MELODY. No. 2.*



H, life is but a day, my dear,  
Alternate dull and gay, my dear,  
And Love's bright beam the sunny gleam  
That lights the wanderer's way, my dear ;  
Then haste thee here, my dearest love,  
Whilst youth's blue sky shines clearest love,  
Ere night lets fall its sable pall  
And chills the heart thou cheerest, love.

Oh ! let us seize the hours, my dear,  
Whilst pleasure round us showers, my dear,  
And love and truth enable youth  
To spread our path with flowers, my dear :  
Then haste ere morn be flown, my love,  
And eve usurp its throne, my love,  
For look but gay, and thou'lt lengthen the day  
By the light of thine eyes alone, my love.





*IRISH MELODY. No. 3.*

**D**ARKNESS sinks upon heath and hill,  
Jocund day dethroning ;  
November's blast is loud and chill,  
Through wood and valley moaning.  
Of the garlands gay that graced each bough  
Scarce one red leaf's remaining,  
And the gloomy groves of the change are now  
To the reckless winds complaining.

Erin, such is thy pitiful plight,  
Fled is thy summer morning ;  
Thy sun of glory has sunk in night,  
No longer thy hills adorning.  
The stranger came like the whirlwind dread,  
Of pomp and of power he bereft thee ;  
Of the glorious wreath which encircled thy head,  
But a few withered leaves are left thee.

Erin mavourneen ! alas ! how long  
Shall thy minstrels mark thee declining ?

Land of bravery, beauty, and song,  
How long shalt thou be pining?  
Shall I once more behold thy brow  
Its ancient glories regaining?  
Or must my harp like the blighted bough  
Be still to the winds complaining?





*IRISH MELODY. No. 4.*

**H** EARD a voice by Morno's stream,  
A voice of bitter wail,  
That mourned beneath the moon's pale beam  
The woes of Innisfail.  
The gale that sighed through Morno's groves  
Was hushed to hear the lay,  
And Morno's stream that swiftly roves  
Then lingered on its way.

“Ah, where,” it cried, “is freedom's flower  
That bloomed on plain and hill,  
Thy chiefs of fame, thy kings of power,  
Thy bards of matchless skill?  
Ah, withered are thy glories all,  
Thy blossoms cease to blow,  
Thy harp hangs silent on the wall,  
Or echoes nought but woe.

“But one sad joy to me belongs,  
Which sorrow well may claim,

That stranger bards shall sing the songs  
Of Erin's former fame.  
And hearts shall throb with pity's throes  
At Erin's mournful lay,  
And eyes shall weep for Erin's woes  
When mine are closed for aye !”





*IRISH MELODY. No. 5.*



LADY, do not sing of love,  
Unless thy heart will own its sway ;  
Thou wak'st anew each pang I strove  
So long to lull or chase away.  
Yet would I fain those notes prolong,  
Still mark those fairy fingers rove ;  
But change the subject of thy song,—  
Sing any lay but that of love.

Oh ! sing the youthful patriot's thought,  
When first he grasps his father's brand ;  
And then my soul, with feelings fraught,  
Will fire to free my native land.  
Or sing some tale of Erin's woe,  
In Erin's wildly mournful strain ;  
And then perchance my tears may flow,  
And that may ease my burning brain.

Or, prophet-like, in lively strain,  
Foretell that happier hours shall smile,

---


And freedom's sun shall gild again  
The mountains of my much-loved isle.  
But do not—do not sing of love,  
And probe the wound thou wilt not heal ;  
Mock not the pangs thou dost not prove, .  
Nor feign the joys thou scorn'st to feel.





TO ———

*“It is too true an evil.”*—SHAKESPEARE.

HOU didst not think, then, I had loved?—  
Ah! lady! were I but to tell  
The pangs this breast hath vainly proved  
For her I loved—alas! too well;  
For her who ne'er by word or look,  
Although she knew the secret woe  
My cheek that blanched, my frame that shook,  
Would even coldest pity show;  
But, borne on youth and beauty's tide,  
Looked down with scornful eye on one  
Who withered in its glance of pride,  
Yet wanted heart that glance to shun.  
Thy wonder, lady, then would be  
That I should e'er have smiled again,  
And on my brow that thou shouldst see  
No token of those hours of pain:  
Ah! deeper than my cheek and brow  
Are sunk the signs of sorrow's smart—  
The scar, that marks affliction's blow,  
Is where the wound was—in my heart.



That couldst thou see, then mightst thou trace  
The path of passion through its core,  
Thoughts which long years can ne'er efface,  
Hopes blighted—ne'er to blossom more !  
Why, at the banquet and the ball,  
Should sadness o'er me seem to reign ?—  
Weep thou who will, I'll smile with all,  
As if I ne'er had tasted pain.  
Not mine the ostentatious woes  
That claim from all the tribute-tear ;  
I would not cast a cloud o'er those  
Whose spirits are like sunshine clear ;  
I would not wake in friendship's breast  
A sigh, for what mine own hath proved ;  
Nor could I bear the heartless jest  
Of the cold few who never loved.  
Not mine the childish griefs that flow  
Brawling, like brooks, o'er ev'ry stone :  
It is the deep, full tide of woe  
That smoothly, silently, glides on.  
Still cheerful is each look and tone,  
As erst they were ere love had birth ;  
And e'en my harp, to mourning prone,  
I sometimes wake to notes of mirth :  
But ah ! not less the water's force,  
When lilies on its surface beam ;  
As rapid is the river's course,  
Though roses overhang its stream.

Pass round the bowl, raise high the song—  
As lightly will I sing and quaff ;  
Bound merrily the dance along—  
I'll join alike the group, the laugh ;  
But when the song is heard no more,  
The bowl is drained, the dancers fled—  
Then comes the gloom my spirit o'er ;  
Then, lady, would that I were dead !





*ON THE DEATH OF MRS.* ———

**I** STOOD beside the grave of one whose love  
To me was like a mother's, and my heart  
Sunk cold and sick within me as I looked  
Upon the flat grey stone which covered her ;—  
Whose smile was like the morning's earliest beam,  
Dispensing joy to all it shone upon.  
Death had been busy with me : I had followed  
A father to his narrow house—my tears  
Still glistened on his grave—but I had watched  
Beside his bed of sickness ; slow decay  
Had whispered warning, and each fainter sigh  
Sounded a note of preparation. But  
The bloom of health was on her cheek when last  
I parted from her, and her eloquent eye  
Spoke volumes to the heart. That eye was closed,  
That cheek was colourless. It was a change  
Instant and awful, like a summer sky  
By darkness suddenly defaced. I came,  
And she had passed away ; all that remained,  
Her image in her offspring, and her name—  
Her hallowed name upon that flat grey stone.



*SONG.*

**F**AIR as the morn's light o'er heaven stealing,  
Pure as the fountains that leap in its ray,  
Sweet as the flowers that, its influence feeling,  
Open their blossoms to welcome the day,  
Were the young hopes time hath stolen away.

As when the morn's light is suddenly shrouded,  
Dull flows the fountain deprived of its ray,  
As droop the flowerets when chilly and clouded,  
Slow o'er the mountain arises the day,  
So sunk my heart when those hopes fled away.





*RONDEAU.*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)



H, how sweet the heart reposes  
On the hopes of future hours !  
Thus before the bud uncloses  
We prize it for its promised flowers.  
'Midst the gloomy shades of night  
How we long for morning's light !  
So, ere yet it loves—the breast  
Sighs for love to make it blest.  
Oh, how sweet, &c.





*OLD ENGLISH MELODY.*



H, dost thou, sweet, remember  
That lone but lovely hour  
When the stars had met, and the dews had  
wet

Each gently closing flower ;  
When the moonlit trees waved in the breeze  
Above the sleeping deer,  
And we fondly strayed through the greenwood shade  
“ In the springtime of the year ” ?

When all was still beneath  
The bright moon's chaste and quiet eye,  
Save the ceaseless flow of the stream below  
And the night-wind's fragrant sigh,  
Which brought the song of the distant throng  
So faintly to the ear  
As we fondly strayed through the greenwood shade  
“ In the springtime of the year ” ?

Oh, like an infant's dream of joy  
Was that sweet hour to me,

---

As pure, as bright, as swift in flight,  
From care, from fear, as free ;  
And from my heart the life must part,  
Which now its pulse doth cheer,  
Ere the thought shall fade of that greenwood shade  
“In the springtime of the year.”





TO J—— H——, ESQ., ON HIS  
MARRIAGE.

**I**F ever flow of song be dear  
To poet's heart, to poet's ear,  
'Tis when its ready numbers lend  
Their aid to 'gratulate a friend ;  
'Tis then the language of the soul  
Bursts forth contemning all control,  
And rushes into verse as glowing  
As the warm fount from whence 'tis flowing.

Though slender be, alas ! my claim  
To poet's skill, to poet's fame,  
Yet few with warmer heart there be,  
And none with dearer friend than thee  
Then flow my lay, nor check my zeal,  
And let them scoff who cannot feel.

I fain would wish thee every bliss  
That man can know in world like this ;  
But fate to thee hath been so kind,  
It scarce hath left a wish behind.



If greater bliss for him remain  
Who loves and is beloved again,  
'Tis when he hails in tend'rest tone  
That loved and loving one his own ;  
And such, my friend, thy blessing rare,  
And friendship shall thy feelings share,  
And I will joy such lot be thine,  
Although it never can be mine !


But come—away with thoughts like these,  
I will not sully with a sigh  
The verse that should be framed to please  
And hail a friend's felicity.

Oh may your life be like the beam  
Of morning on a summer stream,  
Without a cloud to shade its hours,  
Without a blight to scathe its flowers :  
May every thought by love be nurst,  
And every moment like the first ;  
And age, when youth hath passed away,  
The twilight of a summer-day.

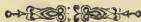
Such is the wish I frame for thee,  
And such thy bliss will surely be ;  
For since love, beauty, sense, and worth,  
To thee in one rich prize are given,  
Thou canst not sigh for more on earth—  
And scarce can hope for more in heaven.



*A SONG.*


 O dream by day more than by night—  
To see but one sweet face ;  
To chafe at Time's too rapid flight—  
To curse his limping pace ;  
Be faint with joy—be wild with woe—  
Be raised the stars above—  
To fall as deep the earth below,  
This, this it is to love !

As from a fevered sleep to start,  
Your eyes around to cast,  
In search of aught which to the heart  
May realize the past ;  
A tress of hair—a withered flower—  
The fragment of a glove—  
Alone remain in that dark hour  
Of all your dream of love !





*A SONG.*

HE dear old haunts once more I've seen,  
Where many an autumn day,  
With one so long, so fondly loved,  
It was my joy to stray—  
The sunny field, the mazy woods,  
The quiet leafy lane—  
The gate at which so oft we met,  
But ne'er shall meet again !

The golden meads no more derive  
A glory from her eyes ;  
Her fairy form no longer makes  
The wood a paradise.  
But sacred still is every spot,  
Though flown be many a year—  
No word, no smile, no sigh forgot,  
That made them first so dear !





*TO MY WIFE AFTER AN ILLNESS.*



H dear as thou wert, when of health the red  
    rose  
O'er thy cheek all its loveliness shed,  
Believe me, this bosom more tenderness knows,  
    For thee, now that its bright hues have fled.  
Enchanting as then was the task to adore  
    The beauty that played round thy brow,  
The feeling is sweeter that bids me watch o'er  
    And cheer thee and cherish thee now.

*June 4, 1820.*

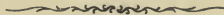




*I LOVE THEE.*

**I** LOVE thee! I love thee! I've rushed from  
thy bower  
To murmur my secret beside the lone sea!  
No mortal is near me!  
The waves only hear me!  
I whisper to them what I dare not to thee!  
Oh rapture! to roam the wild beach at this hour,  
And pour forth unchecked all my deep love for thee!

I love thee! I love thee! But ne'er shall thou  
dream it;  
'Tis folly! 'tis madness! Thou couldst not love me.  
Then why by revealing  
My heart's treasured feeling,  
The torture incur of one cold glance from thee?  
Ah no! let me doat on in silence, and dream it  
Atones for my crime, if 'tis crime to love thee!





*I'M IN LOVE.*

*Composed by F. CLAY. Sung by SIMS REEVES.*

**I**'M in love, there's no denying,  
As deep as deep can be ;  
And I'm sighing ! sighing ! sighing !  
For a girl who loves not me.  
From my heart still vainly trying  
Her sweet image out to blot ;  
Ever dying ! dying ! dying !  
For a girl who loves me not.

There is nought I prize above her,  
None on earth like her I see ;  
And I love her ! love her ! love her !  
Though I know she loves not me.  
Scenes and sounds in memory floating  
Which can never be forgot,  
Keep me doating ! doating ! doating !  
On a girl who loves me not.



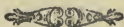


*A SONG.*

**A**GAIN, again to the mountain's crest  
Let us hasten when day is closing,  
And mark the sun on the golden breast  
Of the sea below reposing.


For love has hallowed that rocky seat,  
Where we murmured his language first ;  
And the sunset hour seems doubly sweet  
On the spot where our joy was nursed.

Again ! again in the deepening shade  
Of the ilex there reclining,  
We will list to the fairy music made  
By the night-bird's fond repining.  
Oft have we mingled our happy sighs  
With the sobs of that warbler lone ;  
And, blessed in the light of each other's eyes,  
Never knew that the days had flown.





“*THERE WAS A TIME.*” \*

“ERE was a time!” what sounds, what  
forms, what feelings,  
Those little words can like a spell recall—  
The dreams of hope, of joy, the festive pealings,  
The dance, the dirge, the cradle, and the pall!

“There was a time!” How rich the pilgrim’s  
treasure,  
Who, near his rest in life’s declining day,  
With honest pride his footsteps back can measure,  
And smiling shake his silver locks and say—  
“There was a time!”

---

\* These lines, written to a Russian air, were arranged for the piano by Mr. Tully.



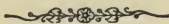




*A SONG.*

**F**EAR not to love me, if thou only fearest  
Absence or time may cause some change  
in me ;  
Love and believe that whilst thou lov'st me,  
dearest,  
No change in one so happy can there be !  
But oh ! if thou once having loved should leave me,  
If coldness in those eyes I e'er should read,  
If the high hopes that thou hast raised deceive me,  
Then wilt thou mark a change in me indeed.

Time, who his hand so lightly on me pressing,  
Has reft my spirit young as in my prime ;  
Rapidly there will find his work progressing,  
For Grief will take on her the task of Time ;  
Absence will also her sad aid be lending ;  
For if the sight of thee I must forsake,  
Soon the last change will love with life be ending,  
And leave thee free another heart to break.





*A SONG.*

**W**HAT though no more their emerald rings  
The fairies trace on dewy green?  
What though no more their tiny wings  
Are glittering in the moonlight seen?  
Their memory haunts each glade and dell,  
And lovers, roaming hand in hand,  
At love's own hour confess the spell,  
And feel themselves in Fairy Land.

What though in Scottish barn no more  
The Brownie plies his friendly flail?  
What though on Ireland's wilder shore  
Is hushed the Banshee's warning wail?  
The sweetest bards have sung their praise  
On Albion's hills and Erin's strand;  
And those who list their witching lays,  
Still feel themselves in Fairy Land.



*A SONG.*

**H**AVE you marked the silver mist,  
When rising from the stream or furrow,  
Just as day's first beam hath kissed  
The mountain-tops that wish good  
morrow?

So, deceiving thoughtless youth,  
From the heart where hope enshrined it,  
Fleets the dream of love and truth,  
Leaving nought but tears behind it.

Where's the sun that with its ray  
Shall dry those tears for rapture vanished?  
Can its brightest joys repay  
The heart for those its beam hath banished?  
Noon may pass, and evening mild  
Fling her wreaths of shadows round it;  
But none half so sweet and wild  
As the one at morn that bound it.





*TO LIZZIE.*

BELOVELY, lively Lizzie !  
Were I rich and young,  
At your feet my fortune  
Should with myself be flung !  
But young I am no longer,  
And wealth I never knew—  
Love only can I offer,  
•And what for mine care you ?

Though I feel 'tis folly,  
And know too well my fate,  
Still for your voice I listen,  
Still for your glance I wait.  
Although you cannot love me,  
I've yet one comfort true,  
And that is, darling Lizzy,  
That I can still love you !





*OH! NOT BY THE RIVER.\**



H, not by the river, though bright be its tide,  
And fragrant the flowers that fringe its fair  
side ;

Nor yet in the lime grove, although its deep shade  
Seems a shelter for lovers by Love himself made ;  
Not there be our meeting, the stream and the bower  
Have witnessed fond vows that were broke in an  
hour :

The murmuring wave and the whispering tree  
Are full of sad warnings ! Not there let it be.

And not in the valley, its emerald green  
With tears of repentance oft watered hath been ;  
Nor yet on the cliff, for its forehead so bare  
Hath rung with the shriek of a lost one's despair !

---

\* Set to music by Vincent Wallace. Published by Cramer,  
Beale, & Co.

“Then where,” dost thou ask me, “say where shall we meet?”

“Where shall solitude render love’s sweet voice more sweet?”

Go, find me the spot upon mount or in glade,  
Where woman hath listened and man not betrayed!

*February 10th, 1847.*





*FROM THE FRENCH.*

I.

**K** NOW ye in Barcelona,  
An Andalusian Doña,  
Brown as a Moor of Barbary,  
But beautiful as an autumn night?  
She is my mistress, my delight,  
The Marquesa D'Amaguei!

2.

I have made for her many a rhyme ;  
I have fought for her many a time ;  
Stood sentinel many a day,  
From morn till eve, through storm and shine,  
To catch but a glimpse of her form divine,  
As the wind blew her curtain away.

3.

And now she is mine and mine alone !  
Those arched brows are mine own,  
Black as the raven's wing.

And those tresses, that when unbound  
Fall about her to the ground  
Like the mantle of a king!

## 4.

From her eyes, when the swift light flashes  
Through the fringe of the silken lashes,—  
By our Lady of Sevilla!  
Old age would fling aside his crutch  
And leap like lusty youth, to touch  
But the hem of her mantilla!

## 5.

And shall I forego my serenade?  
Shall my song of triumphant love be stayed?  
The God of love forbid!  
Let them threaten again, and a din I'll pour,  
Shall startle each cursed Corregidor,  
From Gerona to Madrid!







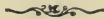
*FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF  
CACCEORUS.\**

**I**N the silence of that hour  
She hath made so dear to me,  
With the breeze that seeks her bower,  
Sigh of love, I mingle thee.  
Should thy trembling wing betray thee,  
Should she ask thee what thou art,  
Say a sigh ; but ah ! I pray thee,  
Tell her not from whose poor heart.

O'er the silver brooklet bending,  
Which I saw her first beside ;  
With its stream my tears are blending,  
At her feet perchance to glide.  
Gentle water, should she stay thee,  
And demand what swells thee so,  
Tell her, tears ; but ah ! I pray thee,  
Say not from whose eyes they flow.

---

\* Set to Music by Mrs. Curteis Whelan.





*ASK YE WHERE MY HOME?\**

**A**SK ye where my home? 'Tis yonder  
On the blue and pathless main;  
Of his mountain cottage fonder,  
Never yet was shepherd swain!  
Home is sweet where'er it be,  
But the gallant vessel's deck for me!

Ask ye who my friends? The billows  
Are the best I ever knew.  
Ye whom fortune softly pillows,  
Know ye any half so true?  
Friendship changed by straws may be,  
Heaven alone can change the sea.

---

\* Set to Music and Published by Mrs. Curteis Whelan.





GIOVANNA.

WANDERING one day I found  
A diamond Giovanna ;  
I had searched the world around  
For that diamond Giovanna.

Worth a Sultan's diadem,  
Nobles coveted that gem ;  
Nobles ! Ho ! who envied them ?  
Not I, Giovanna !

How I prized that jewel rare !  
Kissed it, Giovanna ;  
Some few months, and oh ! Despair !  
'Twas gone, Giovanna !  
On another's hand it gleams,  
With its sparkle pleased he seems,  
But that 'tis a diamond dreams  
He *not*, Giovanna.

Oh, how much I envy him !  
Him, my Giovanna ;  
Should a breath the lustre dim  
Of that gem, Giovanna !

Lightly from him 'twill be tossed,  
Not one heart-pang him 'twill cost ;  
For he will never know he lost  
A diamond, Giovanna !





*SOUVENIR OF MOUNT EDGECUMBE.*

WRITTEN ON LEAVING IT.

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrata.”

—*Dante.*

**A**LL hope abandon ye who enter here,  
If any hope ye entertain to find,  
Elsewhere, upon this sublunary sphere,  
A place more lovely, or a host more kind.





*ON HEARING A LADY SING "LOVE IS  
PASSING."*

"**L**OVE is passing," say'st thou? Nay,  
Dost thou Love so little know?  
Where thou singest he must stay,  
Even should'st thou bid him go!  
Without the will or power to flee,  
Drinking in the silver tone  
Of a voice, which seems to be  
A tender echo of his own.



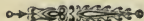


*AN ACROSTIC.*

**B**EAUTY to claim, amongst the fairest place,  
**E**nchanting manner, unaffected grace,  
**A**rch without malice, merry but still wise,  
**T**ruth ever on her lips as in her eyes ;  
**R**eticent not from sullenness or pride,  
**I**ntensity of feeling but to hide ;  
**C**an any doubt such being there may be ?  
**E**ach line I pen points, matchless maid, to thee !

---

Proud birds of Juno, prouder may you be  
That such a mistress here to tend ye deigns ;  
No mythologic Queen of Heaven is she,  
But one who makes a heaven where'er she reigns.  
Nature triumphantly has done her part  
The goddess with the woman to combine ;  
And mingle, in a mortal form and heart,  
The best of all that's human and divine.





*WEARY.*

I'M weary—not of living, but of life,  
Which makes continued burdens for itself,  
And curdles milk to blood—turns peace to  
    strife,  
    And like a wicked, witch-born, changeling elf,  
Repays kind Nature that has been its nurse  
By proving her tormentor and her curse.

I'm weary—not of living, but of life ;  
    For I have found living for others sweet ;  
And this fair world is with rich blessings rife,  
    But man perversely will its gifts maltreat,  
And seek for pleasure only in such joy  
As tends to madden, poison, and destroy.

I'm weary then of life, but not of living ;  
    And when the work is done I had to do,  
Gratefully back to Him who gave it giving,  
    Without regret I'll bid to it adieu—  
In humble hope to live the throne before  
Of Him who is "The Life" for evermore.





*A SONG.*

**W**HAT is it makes me tremble  
When he is murmuring near,  
In tones of which the melody  
Still lingers on the ear?  
'Tis that another fairer,  
More loved, is by his side,  
Her eyes so bright, while mine grew dim  
With tears I tried to hide.

What is it, when we're parted  
That breaks the magic spell,  
And leaves behind a something  
That seems so like "Farewell"?  
'Tis that his words of friendship  
Make slumbering sorrow start,  
And his adieu to hopes of love  
That cling around my heart.

What is it, makes me cherish  
The flowers he loved to see,

And water oft the lifeless leaves  
With tears of memory ?  
'Tis that my love-dream dies not,  
Though every hope be gone,  
As gentle blossoms perish, while  
The cruel thorns live on.





ACROSTIC

TO THE RIVER CAMEL.

**P** URSUE thy course, thou richly storied stream,  
**E** ver of British bards the darling theme ;  
**N** or merlins' art, nor fay Morganna's spell,  
**C** amalan need'st thou more thy fame to swell !  
**A** rthur will live as long as thou shall flow,  
**R** omance beside thy waters dream. What though  
**R** ock-throned Tintagel sink into the sand,  
**O** ne matchless scene round which thy silver band  
**W** inds lovingly, will aye be Fairy Land.

*September 1868.*





ON LEAVING PENCARROW.

CUNNING Camel! I've a notion  
Wherefore thou art ever winding  
As if to the thirsty ocean  
Thou had'st failed a channel finding.  
Most mysteriously meand'ring,  
'Stead of flying like an arrow  
Straight a-head, thou keepest wand'ring  
Round and round about Pencarrow!

'Midst its groves and moorlands doubling,  
Like a hunted hare zig-zagging.  
Rapidly o'er rocks now bubbling,  
Lazily in pools now lagging;  
In the deepest bottoms hiding,  
Struggling through the gorges narrow,  
Leaping, dashing, creeping, gliding  
Anywhere save *from* Pencarrow!

Who can wonder, "crooked river,"  
Once that thou hast found thy way in,  
Thou should'st use thy best endeavour  
Such a paradise to stay in?

---

Surely none, who like me quitting,  
    Envy e'en yon tiny sparrow  
On the window sill there sitting,  
    Not forced to fly from sweet Pencarrow !

Farewell ! farewell ! thou stream romantic,  
    Reluctantly the law fulfilling,  
Which bids thee to the wide Atlantic,  
    Conduct thy waves howe'er unwilling.  
Adieu, Tintagel ! Hantizautic,  
    Danish fort and British barrow,  
Crabs' pool, Pentire, and nearly frantic,  
    I finish with——Adieu, Pencarrow !





## *A PROLOGUE.*

WRITTEN FOR A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE GIVEN IN AID OF  
THE LANCASHIRE RELIEF FUND IN 1862.

**W**HEN threatened England's honour or repose,  
The British soldier well his duty knows—  
To mount, to march, to fight, to fall, to die,  
But never weakly yield or basely fly !  
We boast not this,—all who deserve to bear  
The name of soldier, so would do or dare ;  
But claim with honourable pride we may  
The courage to endure and to obey.  
Need you the proof? 'tis not in battles won,  
The shattered colours or the captured gun ;  
Not in the charge, though Balaclava's vale  
Of hopeless valour, saw the sanguine trail ;  
Nor in the shock—though Inkerman's dark hill  
Could tell of iron nerve and iron will !  
'Tis in the frozen trench, the fevered camp,  
The famished fort, the pestilential swamp,  
Where war is stripped of all its pomp and pride,  
The metal of the manly heart is tried.

Who can forget—sure, none of British strain—  
The ship that foundered in the Indian main?  
Upon whose deck, steady as on parade,  
Their last command, the noble band obeyed ;  
And to the grave, of all but their renown,  
Shoulder to shoulder, in their ranks went down.  
If we as soldiers glory in such deed,  
Must we not honour those in bitter need,  
Who, with like courage, face their fearful doom,  
The humble heroes of the mill and loom?  
No frenzied outbreak of despairing men,  
Scares the dull town, disturbs the quiet glen ;  
No wail of suffering woman renders less  
Their brave endurance of prolonged distress ;  
Of all that to privation adds a smart,  
Of hope deferred that maketh sick the heart ;  
No trumpet cheers them in their struggle hard,  
No cross, no clasp—their valour will reward,  
Their only prayer, throughout this trial dread,  
Again to labour for their daily bread.  
Patient and pale around the factory door,  
Which opens to the moving stream no more,  
In groups they stand, or wandering o'er the plain,  
Cull herbs, which yield no medicine for their pain ;  
Brave fellow-warriors ! honour ye we do,  
And muster here to-night to help you too !  
Receive it as the soldier's tribute paid  
To gallant conduct, not as arms, but aid !

Would we could more, but what we can we will,  
Friends for our cause, forgive our want of skill.  
It is a cause, if e'er one was, demands  
The best support of English hearts and hands !







*AN EXCHANGE.\**

“**H**OE is me ! I’ve lost my heart !  
Through the village I have sought it,  
In the woods where’er I thought it,  
Vainly looked in every part—  
Colin ! have you found my heart ?”

“No, Colette, for, charming maiden,  
And with greater grief I’m laden ;  
For though I have not found thine,  
I have managed to lose mine !”

“Well, then, Colin, let us go  
And seek our poor lost hearts together.  
But you tremble ! tell me whether  
’Tis with fear you tremble so ?  
Colin ! you should more bolder grow !”

“’Tis with fear, Colette, and therefore  
I’ve no heart to tell thee wherefore ;

---

\* This song, a little altered, was inserted in the operetta of  
“The Follies of a Night,” composed by Miss Gabriel.

But if thou wilt seek for mine,  
I'll endeavour to find thine !”

So together off they start,  
Trembling both with strange emotion ;  
And they search with such devotion,  
That Cupid plays a friendly part,  
And shows to each the other's heart.

When two hearts Love thus discovers,  
Little time is lost by lovers :  
“ Colin,” says Colette, “ take mine,  
Since 'tis clear that I have thine !”





AN ANSWER.

YOU missed me? Well, perhaps you might  
When o'er the Common boomed the gun,  
As the last rays of crimson light  
Shot up from the descending sun,  
And the grey gloom of evening stole  
Over the sullen, silent sea,  
Something might whisper to your soul,  
"There *was* one here who cared for me."

"Cared," 'tis a better word than "loved,"  
Which has been worn so sadly bare,  
By thousands who have never proved  
That in their love was *any* care.  
Nay more—who would have flung away  
The fondest heart that ever beat,  
If summoned for a single day  
One serious care for it to meet.

But be it feeling—be it flame,  
By far too much a woman you,  
Not to have seen—whate'er its name,  
That it is tender, deep, and true.

And though it might not touch her heart,  
There never yet was woman known,  
With one who prized her so, could part  
And feel not—for a space—alone.

How lonely, then, must he have felt,  
Who anxious watch had o'er you kept,  
And worshipping in silence knelt  
Beside your couch the while you slept.  
Oh how much more must he have missed  
That form so fair—that voice so sweet,  
The hand that he had held and kissed,  
The while his heart was at your feet.\*

There ! Smile—or, if it please you, scoff,  
Both you and I believe in fate ;  
We cannot cast our natures off,  
Some live to love—some live to hate.  
What I have lived for, oft I've sung,  
'Tis all I live for now I'm old ;  
For still I feel my heart is young,  
And will but in the grave be cold.

---

\* “ Mes lèvres sur tes mains, et mon cœur à tes pieds.”—*Les Nuits d'Hiver*, par Henri Murger.





*TO MY WIFE.*

**L**OVE thee ! how I love thee ! This once said,  
What is there left to say—again but this,  
With kisses mingled ; till the lips to aid  
The tongue forget, and only care to kiss,  
And swimming eyes, half closed with rapture, speak  
A language which for words would seek !

Oh ! in that silence—broken but by sighs,  
From hearts o'ercharged with bliss, or murmurs low,  
Sounds inarticulate which faintly rise,  
And need the ear of love that sense to know.  
In that delicious silence canst thou tell  
How much I love thee, dearest, and how well.

No, surely no, encircled by those arms,  
And pillowed on those heaving hills of snow,  
May'st thou not deem 'tis only to the charms  
Of that voluptuous banquet thou dost owe  
The homage of a heart—to be deceived  
When passion's selfish thirst is satisfied ?

For easy 'tis for man to say "I love,"  
And sweet to kiss and toy with one so fair,  
And there be those will vow by Heaven above,  
Eternal truth—and mean it *when* they swear,  
How canst thou tell like them I may not be,  
As prompt to promise and as prone to flee?

Because thou feelest in thy woman's heart  
The love I bear thee is of purer fire,  
A love that can all passion put apart,  
And burn as brightly unfanned by desire,  
That shone when from all hope shut out afar,  
Fixed, unextinguishable—like a star.

For from that moment when our eyes first met,  
And the frank, cordial pressure of thy hand  
Seemed, to some bond between us, seal to set,  
And all around me raised a fairy land,  
From that eventful moment thou hast been  
My worshipped Goddess and my heart-throned  
Queen.

'Twas not thy beauty, though amongst the fairest  
Thou seem'st to me most fair; nor yet thy voice,  
Though to my ear its tone is of the rarest,  
That ever made the soul of man rejoice;  
It was thyself that looked out of thine eyes,  
Another self to find and idolize!

---

To be that other self I did not dream,  
And yet the feeling would not be repress,  
That if those eyes on me *could* fondly beam,  
In blessing me thou might'st thyself be blest ;  
But for that thought thou never should'st have known  
How from that moment I was all thine own.

And I have lived to kiss the tears away  
From those sweet eyes—to see them on me shine,  
Melting with love ! to hear thee fondly say,  
“ My darling,” lived to be thy darling ! thine !  
Nay more, thy husband ! oh my own, my wife,  
This 'tis indeed to live ! without thee what were life ?





*“POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY.”*

**T**HE Baron is feasting in lighted hall,  
He feels not the bleak wind, sees not the  
snow fall ;  
His kinsman is left in the cold porch to sigh,  
“Poverty parts good company.”

The Baron’s proud mantle hath vair on its fold,  
His hose are of velvet, his girdle of gold ;  
The coat of his kinsman, is threadbare well nigh,  
“Poverty parts good company.”

The Baron he rides to the greenwood at morn,  
With page and with huntsman, with hound and with  
horn ;  
His kinsman unheeded is toiling hard by,  
“Poverty parts good company.”

Baron and kinsman have sickened and died,  
Scutcheoned and plumed is the hearse of pride ;  
But a coffin of plain elm tree,  
Must bear this proud hearse company.




Into the same dark vault they thrust  
The rich man's clay and the poor man's dust ;  
Side by side again they lie,  
In heaven, we are all of one company.





*THE FLOWERS OF TOWTON FIELD.*

A BALLAD OF BATTLE ACRE.

 HERE is a patch of wild white roses that  
bloom on a battle-field,  
Where the rival rose of Lancaster blushed  
redder still to yield ;  
Four hundred years have o'er them shed their sun-  
shine and their snow,  
But in spite of plough and harrow, every summer  
there they blow ;  
Though rudely up to root them with hand profane  
you toil,  
The faithful flowers still fondly cluster around the  
sacred soil ;  
Though tenderly transplanted to the nearest garden  
gay,  
Nor cost, nor care, can tempt them there to live a  
single day !

I ponder o'er their blossoms, and anon my busy brain,  
With bannered hosts and steel-clad knights re-peopled  
all the plain—

---

I seemed to hear the lusty cheer, of the bowmen bold  
of York,  
As they marked how well their cloth-yard shafts, had  
done their bloody work ;  
And steeds with empty saddles came rushing wildly  
by,  
And wounded warriors staggered past or only turned  
to die ;  
And the little sparkling river, was cumbered as of  
yore,  
With ghastly corse of man and horse, and ran down  
red with gore.

I started as I pondered, for loudly on my ear  
Rose indeed a shout like thunder, a true good English  
cheer ;  
And the sound of drum and trumpet came swelling  
up the vale,  
And blazoned banners proudly flung their glories to  
the gale ;  
But not, oh ! not to battle did those banners beckon  
now—  
A baron stood beneath them, but not with helmed  
brow,  
And Yorkshire yeomen round him thronged, but not  
with bow and lance,  
And the trumpet only bade them to the banquet and  
the dance.

Again my brain was busy : from out those flow'rets  
fair,  
A breath arose like incense—a voice of praise and  
prayer !  
A silver voice that said, “ Rejoice ! and bless the  
God above,  
Who hath given thee, those days to see, of peace and  
joy and love.  
Oh, never more by English hands may English blood  
be shed,  
Oh ! never more be strife between, the roses white  
and red.  
The blessed words the shepherds heard, may we  
remember still,  
‘ Throughout the world be peace on earth, and towards  
man good will ’! ”





*PROLOGUE TO THE "FORTY THIEVES."*

**T**WO or three sentences, with your good leaves,  
Ere you pass one upon the "Forty Thieves."  
Who, in a winding-up act, now propose  
To bring this "joint-stock" business to a close.

The rumour runs, and each of us believes in it—

A joint-stock company with forty thieves in it,

Who may all act with more or less rascality,

Cannot lay claim to much originality.

And this deponent positively swears,

That every one who has in ours ta'en shares

Paid for them but in joke—and yet feels certain

He can't be called on—save before the curtain.

An after-clap he has no cause to dread,

Our liability is limited.

Too limited, I fear, you may reply,

Is our ability—without a lie.

No matter, in this desperate speculation

We did not seek the "bubble reputation ;"

Nor our own nests to feather do we aim,

To succour others is our "little game ;"

And should we find we've played it well to-night,  
We can but be transported—with delight.  
Atrocious punsters ! villanous jest breakers !  
We laugh the dull old dictionary makers'  
Abuse to scorn. Admit the fact, and mock it !  
The men who made these puns would pick your  
pocket,  
And don't mind getting two months with hard  
labour,  
Like this again, to help a needy neighbour.  
Boldly we say, friends, countrymen, and lovers,  
Lend us your hands. Though pledged to Gallic  
glovers,  
You'll grant, we're sure, as patriotism bids  
Some small protection to poor English kids,  
By you, we trow, sirs, will the boys be breeched.  
The ladies for the girls shall be beseeched,  
Petticoat influence was always great,  
And, judging by the petticoats of late,  
We may presume, without being offensive,  
Such influence was never more extensive.  
Hear us, ye beauties, then, in box and stall,  
Come with a hoop, and kindly, at our call ;  
From your vast superfluity let fall  
Some drapery for those who've none at all ;  
Though, iron-bound, your garments may not yield,  
Your hearts by fashion never can be steeled,  
And you can aid us, without impropriety,  
In the wide circles of your sweet society.

Don't frown, for we are serious, we protest,  
There's many a true word may be spoken in jest ;  
We've double meaning, but no double dealings,  
And though we play on words, we don't on feelings.  
The charity which smooths misfortune's pillow  
We hope will cover every peccadillo,  
And save the thieves who shall in crambo-verses,  
Cry "Open sesame" to cram-full purses.  
When we can screen one shorn lamb from sharp  
    weather,  
Hang us if we don't always hang together !





PROLOGUE TO "VALENTINE AND  
ORSON."

FROM a gay woodcut—no dull tract with trees  
on,  
Behold me here ! "The Lion of the Season,"  
Mr. Gorilla ! I announce myself,  
For the stage-door keeper, poor timid elf,  
Soon as he saw me in the distance dim,  
Bolted !—no doubt for fear I should bolt him.  
His fear was groundless. Really I am not  
The great gorilla Monsieur Chaillu shot.  
That monster, about whom there's so much jaw,  
Must be the perfect one the world ne'er saw ;  
Nor am I e'en like those whose bones you see,  
But *débonnaire*, and full of *bonhommie*.  
In short, of Mr. Punch's own creation,  
Proof of his power of investigation ;  
Cut off on wood myself, to aid I came  
The orphans of a woodcutter of fame.  
Stern fate has left them few sticks and small stock,  
We trust to save some chips of the old block !



A strange wild set of harum-scarum savages,  
Of whom the town before have felt the ravages,  
Have formed a club, with which they take great  
    pains,  
For their poor friends to cudgel their own brains !  
From this you might suppose, no brains they've got,  
But you'd be wrong, for they've dashed out a lot,  
On paper, which is now from duty free,  
In hopes to pay the widow's tax on tea,  
The times and their intents are savage, wild,  
They've seized upon the story of a child ;  
Torn it piecemeal, mangled its mother's tongue,  
Excruciating puns from out it wrung ;  
And are exulting in the hope soon after  
To feast upon your groans and shrieks of laughter.  
Well, what from savages can you expect ?  
Yet glimmerings of sense you may detect.  
There's method in their madness, much barbarity  
Is oft enacted in the name of Charity ;  
While, on the other hand, we sometimes find,  
We " must be cruel only to be kind."  
And now, perhaps, you may begin to see,  
To speak the prologue, why they fixed on me ;  
I'm thought a link, though some the fact dispute,  
Between the "genus homo " and the brute,  
Something that was, ere peg-tops made the man,  
Or " wild in woods the lordly savage ran."  
Now granting that in war all weapons are fair,  
Particularly in gorilla warfare ;

And without weighing of each fact the value,  
Or standing on the matter *shilly-Chaillu*,  
Whether I'm both at once, or one, or t'other,  
Say, "Am not I a savage and a brother?"  
Do not I bear in this especial case  
A stròng resemblance to the human race?  
Then let me hope, with pardonable vanity,  
To prove a link 'twixt our and your humanity.  
In brief—for sure I need no longer pause—  
In your good-will let me insert my claws ;  
Spare not, I pray, your purses or your palms,  
The actors crave your hands, the fatherless your *alms*.





*SONG FROM "BABIL AND BIJOU."*

OMITTED IN THE REPRESENTATION.



H! not alone in ocean's caves or waters  
Monsters are like the fierce octopus found ;  
Crawling amongst earth's fairest sons and  
daughters,  
Such fiends in human shape, alas ! abound,  
Out of their dens, the graves of victims strangled,  
Their fatal feelers stealthily they stretch ;  
Once in the deadly grasp of them entangled,  
No mortal power can save the sinking wretch !

On the young guardsman, gallant gay, unheeding,  
Prodigal heir, or ill-paid, struggling clerk,  
Do we not see some vile octopus feeding  
Sixty per cent. above high water mark ?  
Upon the turf, or at the gaming table  
(Neither so green as those who bet or play)  
In rich saloons, the ring, or e'en the stable  
Is no octopus watching for his prey !

Are there not beings with fair female faces,  
    Bearing unfortunately woman's name,  
Who daily down within their cursed embraces  
    Drag fools from honour, duty, fortune, fame !  
Cold, cruel, calculating, and rapacious,  
    Drawing the life blood, picking the bones bare,  
And flaunting with effrontery audacious  
    Over the skeletons of men that were !

Poor eight-limbed wonder of man's vain aquarium !  
    What are thy deeds to those on earth we view ?  
In the deep sea, or in its mock scenerium,  
    Thou doest but what instinct bids thee do.  
Ah ! thoughtless youth, in life's bright early morning,  
    Eager to plunge headlong in folly's fair,  
Take, from the lips of age, a friendly warning—  
    Of the octopus lurking there, beware !





*LOVE'S GIFTS.*

I.

**I** GAVE my love a fan, before she knew  
I loved her more than dared my tongue  
impart!

She took it with a smile; but saw not through  
Mine eyes, that I had given her first my heart.  
O fan! how envied I the happy air  
Thou brought'st a wooing to that face so fair!

II.

I gave her flowers, Nature's living gems;  
The likest things to her on earth I've known!  
All beauty, grace, and sweetness, diadems  
To bind her brow, and posies for her zone.  
O happy flowers! what had I given to be,  
Like ye, on that fair breast, though but to die!

III.

I gave my love a ring. No costly prize;  
Nought but a little, simple hoop of gold.

She placed it on her fingers with sweet sighs,  
And sweeter looks, that made my tongue more  
bold.

“O happy ring! upon that hand to shine!  
O lovely lady! would that hand were mine!”

## IV.

My love gave me—a kiss. O wanton air,  
I envy thee no more! O luckless flowers!  
I breathe fresh life upon that bosom fair,  
Where ye but perish in a few short hours!  
O ring! a finger thou dost clasp alone!  
My arms encircle all, for she is all mine own!





*WOMAN.*

FROM "THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT."

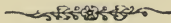


H woman, sweet woman, our blessing! our  
bane!

What will we not peril thy smiles to obtain?  
Health, honour, dominion, and glory we prize,  
But as baubles to dazzle of beauty the eyes!  
Lured on by their lustre we count not the cost,  
So woman be won, what's the world we have lost!

Oh, but for the flames at love's altar they caught,  
What bard would have sung, or what soldier have  
fought!

How barren the conquest, how poor the renown!  
Had woman be wanting the victor to crown,  
Had love ne'er existed, my fine Madam Fame,  
The millions that seek thee had ne'er known thy  
name.





*LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.*

FROM "THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT."

**W**E may learn to esteem,  
To regard, to approve,  
Till at last we may dream  
That we really do love.

But the beams of the pale wintry moon,  
To the summer sun's glorious light,  
You may liken, believe me, as soon  
As such love at first sight.

In misfortune's dark hour,  
Disdained or betrayed,  
Love that grows like a flower,  
Like a flower will fade.

But the love that lives on to the end,  
That can brave both the frost and the blight,  
That no wrong from the heart can up-rend,  
Was born in that heart at first sight.







*“ WITH WOMAN AS WITH OTHER  
GAME.”*

FROM “THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.”

**W**ITH woman as with other game the pleasure’s  
in the chase—

Once caught the interest ceases, yet to  
blame us they’ve the face ;

If they would not be hunted why so chary of their  
charms ?

Can’t they fling themselves at once into the nearest  
lover’s arms ?

’Tis wicked, ’tis immoral, to run after them, they say,  
When it’s very clear we couldn’t if they did not run  
away.





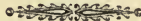
*“WHEREFORE NOT BEING SAD.”*

FROM “THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.”

**W**HEREFORE not being sad, do I so often  
sigh,  
Why seek from ball and banquet gay to  
steal away ;

Young, and if some tell me true ?  
Not quite displeasing to the view ;  
Why live I in a dream, as 'twere,  
Without a joy, without a care ?

Oh ! censuous heart, thou knowest too well  
The cause to tell ;  
Be silent until I some day can say,  
Heart thou art no longer mine ;  
The world may now the cause divine,  
Indifference has ceased to reign,  
I love, and I am loved again !





*OH! YE LORDS OF THE CREATION!*

FROM "THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT."



H! ye lords of the creation!  
As you please yourselves to style,  
Whilst neglecting no temptation,  
Which weak woman may beguile;  
In successful art exulting,  
Of your conquest making boast,  
And ungenerously insulting  
Those you have deceived the most.

Ye who take our sex to task,  
Are we not provoked to ask,  
Ever since the world began  
Has there ever been one constant man?  
Yes, in Eden, I believe  
Adam faithful was to Eve;  
But, as we are all aware,  
There was no other woman there!





*LINES ON THE  
DEATH OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.\**

**W**EEP! for the word is spoken,  
Mourn for the knell hath knolled ;  
The master chord is broken,  
And the master hand is cold.  
Romance hath lost her minstrel,  
No more his magic strain  
Shall throw a sweeter spell around  
The legends of Almaine.

His fame had flown before him  
To many a foreign land,  
His lays were sung by every tongue  
And harped by every hand.  
He came to seek fresh laurels,  
But Fate was in their breath,  
And turned his march of triumph  
Into a dirge of death.

---

\* Set to Music by Braham, and sung at the Benefit for the Widow.

Oh, all who knew him loved him,  
For, with his mighty mind,  
He bore himself so meekly,  
His heart it was so kind.  
His wildly warbling melodies,  
The storms that round them roll,  
Are types of the simplicity  
And grandeur of his soul.

Though years of ceaseless suffering  
Had worn him to a shade,  
So patient was his spirit,  
No wayward plaint he made.  
E'en Death himself seemed loth to leave  
His victim, pure and mild,  
And stole upon him gently,  
As slumber o'er a child.  
Weep! for the word is spoken,  
Mourn for the knell hath knolled!  
The master chord is broken,  
And the master hand is cold.





*PART II.*







*SOME OLD READINGS OF OLD NURSERY RHYMES.*

EDITED BY J. R. P., AND DEDICATED TO  
J. O. HALLIWELL PHILLIPS.

I.

**R**IDE-a-cock horse  
To Kennington Cross ;  
Come and see Planché,  
Who works like a horse,  
Sucking his fingers,  
And roasting his toes ;  
He would have you come  
Wherever he goes.

II.

Halliwell-Halliwell,  
My pretty man,  
Make me a book  
As fast as you can ;  
Write it and print it,  
And mark it with P.,  
And send it by Parcels Delivery.

## III.

Jamesay, Pamesay,  
Ride in a coachee, poachee,  
And come and see Planché, can't ye ?

## IV.

I'll tell you a story,  
I hope it won't bore ye,  
The Easter piece is begun.  
I'll tell you another,  
I'm quite in a pother,  
And wish the piece was done.

## V.

James met Jill  
At Middle Hill,  
And very charming thought her ;  
James fell in love  
His ears above,  
And Jill came tumbling after.  
Fly away, James,  
Fly away, Jill,  
From Middle Hill,  
From Middle Hill.

## VI.

Cuckoo—cherry-tree,  
Write a book and give it to me,  
Let the book be great or small,  
Any is better than none at all.

VII.

See-saw, scan a down,  
When are you coming to London town ?  
If you don't come up, I must go down,  
And show you the way to London town.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,

Let me know if you're alive ;

6, 7, 8, 9, 10,

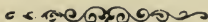
When the deuce shall I see you again ?

VIII.

A diller doller,  
You Cambridge scholar,<sup>1</sup>  
Why don't you come and call ?  
You used to come now and then,  
And now you don't come at all.

IX.

Ding dong bell,  
Planché's at Stockwell.  
What took him there ?  
His wife, you may swear.  
When will he come back ?  
As soon as he can—good lack !





*TO SYDNEY HALL, ESQ.*

Mr. Planché having been requested by Mr. Hall to sit for his picture of the ceremony of the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, lent his tabard, &c., to him ; and on their not being returned as soon as he expected, wrote the following lines to him :—

**I** SENT you all, I could no more,  
Though poor the loan may be ;  
My tabard, chain, and three or four  
Bad photographs of me.

You promised full three weeks ago  
You'd soon return the lot ;  
I only ask you " Did you so ?"  
For here at least they're not.

My chain ! my collar of " Esses,"  
Of silver every link ;  
My choler rises, I confesses,  
When of its loss I think.

My tabard ! that so oft has been  
The envy of beholders,  
When our dear Queen's own arms they've seen  
Folded around my shoulders !

I'm all for Lorne ! I am, indeed,  
And proud to have a corner  
In your tableaux ! so there's no need  
To make me still *for Lorner*.

Of Gowers and Campbells I have known  
Four noble generations ;  
And to the former house I own  
Some special obligations.

To you, to learn it may be news,  
That but for its good "*Graces*"  
No tabard had been mine to lose,  
No collar eke of Essess !

Such recollections only make  
Me value them the more ;  
Return my coat, for goodness sake,  
'Twas never turned before !

Pack up my tabard and my chain,  
Leave half smoked your regalia,  
And glad me with the sight again  
Of my paraphernalia !



*A CHRISTMAS GREETING.*

**F**AREWELL to the Lilies and Roses,  
Adieu to bright lakes and clear skies,  
Prepare for red hands and blue noses,  
Fogs, chilblains, sore throats, and old guys.  
The sun, Sagitarius nearing,  
Begins to look blowing and queer,  
And winds howl in accents uncheering,  
The last dying speech of the year.

The days they grow shorter and shorter,  
The town's worse than ever for smoke,  
Invention, necessity's daughter!  
How long must we blacken and choke?  
Contract with some wholesale perfumer,  
To wash off the soot as it falls,  
Or let a gigantic consumer  
Be placed on the top of St. Paul's.

Oh! strive by some channel to turn it,  
Ere down our poor throttles it rolls;  
Why can't the Gas Company burn it,  
'Twould save them a fortune in coals.

Much longer we ne'er can endure it,  
The smother each resident damns,  
Unless something's done to cure it,  
'Twill cure *us* like so many hams.

The Cit now from Thanet's fair island  
Stears back to Bartholomew Lane ;  
The Peer posts it over the dry land,  
To pace Brighton's new *pier* of chain.  
The Lord Mayor, by mud and by water,  
Displays his long draggletailed show ;  
And the judges to dinner besought are,  
Too good judges are to say No.

The columns of each morning paper  
With coroners' inquests are filled,  
On some who in air chose to caper,  
And some who their craniums have drilled  
With thy fogs, all so thick and so yellow,  
The most approved tint, for "ennui."  
Oh, when shall a man see thy fellow,  
November, for *felo de se*?

But lo ! through the dark cloud of evils  
A ray is beginning to peer,  
Which startles the host of blue devils,  
As though 'twere Ithuriel's spear.

The pulses again freely play, for  
    Though faster may fall the snow flakes,  
Merry Christmas is coming, and hey for  
    Waits, turkeys, mince pies, and Twelfth cakes!

A fig for each cynical railer!  
    We'll keep it up early and late;  
I shall have a long bill from my tailor,  
    But, curse him, the rascal must wait!  
Come, what shall it be, pretty lasses,  
    Hot cockles, pope Joan, blindman's buff?  
It matters not how the time passes,  
    So you do but make racket enough!

Though fashion such sports has exploded,  
    Its firman ne'er think upon now,  
But bring, with its pretty pearls loaded,  
    The misletoe's mystical bough;  
Oh! why should we forfeit such blisses,  
    To follow the taste of a few;  
Though some people may not like kisses,  
    I honestly own that I do.

Round a good wassail bowl of rich fluids,  
    Would quench e'en a Tantalus' thirst;  
Libations let's pour to the Druids,  
    Who gathered the misletoe first!



And next, to the sweet girls who've bless'd it,  
Wherever the pretty rogues be,  
Who though they must seem to detest it,  
Would live and die under the tree.

And surely it won't be deemed treason,  
Here met as we are round the hearth,  
Of one who ne'er stands upon season,  
To add to our comfort or mirth!  
To wish him and his every blessing  
Man knows in this unstable sphere,  
And all the good friends I'm addressing,  
An old-fashioned happy New Year!





*“ THE MAGPIE ” TO “ THE MAID. ”*

**H** E magpie begs to tell the maid,  
She's set his heart a-throbbing,  
For in the picture he's afraid  
He sees a little robin(g).

And oh ! if so, mistake he can't  
The floral indication ;  
It certainly must be some “ plant ”  
For this old thief's temptation.

Annette ! Annette ! Annette ! For shame !  
Have you no human feeling ?  
Would you of this old bird make game,  
Or catch him once more stealing ?

You know his pilfering of old  
Into much trouble brought you ;  
And now a little heart of gold  
You show him ! really, ought you ?

Cruel! you know that at my age  
 I cannot quit my perch,  
 To steal that heart, and from my cage  
 Fly with it to the church!

“I would I were a bird,” my love,  
 More fit to go a-wooing;  
 I’d seek you like “the travelled dove,”  
 And try my luck at cooing.

But as it is, ’tis much too bad  
 To tempt me such a “swag” by;  
 You’re only driving raven mad  
 A poor old chattering magpie!

I’m always dull on Christmas day,  
 It lets a flood of ills in,  
 For that’s the time those birds of prey  
 Bring all their horrid bills in!

So pardon if the rhymes I write  
 Seem rather void of reason;  
 I cannot take a higher flight,  
 But in *my* colours—black and white—  
 Wish you, with all my heart and might,  
 The compliments of the season!

BIRD CAGE WALK, ST. JAMES’S,  
 December 25th, 1867.



*POLLY CONNOR.*

**P**RETTY girl was Polly Connor,  
When first I met her years ago ;  
I was awful "spoons" upon her,  
She was nuts on me, I know.

One whole year we were so jolly !  
Hours like minutes seemed to fly ;  
For no end of fun was Polly,  
And a lively sort was I.

What began it I've forgotten,  
But a short time after that  
She and I seemed not to cotton,  
And lived at last like dog and cat ;  
Polly took to Fred a fancy,  
Used to meet him on the sly,  
And upon his sister Nancy  
Rather sweet, I own, was I.

So we parted, and with many  
Girls I flirted, dark and fair—  
Often thinking, were there any  
Who with Polly could compare ?

One night, rather melancholy,  
Thought Cremorne the thing to try;  
Who should I meet there but Polly?  
She seemed quite as pleased as I.

Rushing back came each old feeling,  
Lovers once again were we;  
But the fact there's no concealing,  
Time had changed both her and me.  
We agreed to love was folly,  
So shook hands, and said Good-bye!  
Polly was no longer Polly,  
And I myself no longer I.





*A WORD IN SEASON.*



CH ! Mrs. Belson, ma'am !  
You're raly too provoking,  
You bother one so—  
Nobody can know

If it's arnest you're in or joking.  
Sure you're not a believer  
In that big deceiver,  
That thundering owld thief, Plato,  
Who'd have sworn on a crook  
If it had suited his book,  
That a pig was like a potato !

Och ! Mrs. Belson, ma'am !  
It's only an evening to be wid you ;  
And it's aisy enough  
To see the stuff  
That you're taking will never agree wid you.  
Ye's getting thin,  
And go dreaming in  
A way no purliteness can gloss over,  
And a sin and a shame  
'Tis to do that same—  
For a haythen owld philosopher !

You've heard, Mrs. Belson, ma'am,  
So sweet were his orations,  
That the humming bees  
Came and fell on their knees  
To suck in his conversations.  
The mealy-mouthed thief!  
It's my belief,  
And I'll back it with any money,  
He murdered whole hives  
With his "catch 'em alives,"  
Which the poor devils took for honey.

Sure, Mrs. Belson, ma'am,  
You're not to be hummed as the bees were,  
The innocent varmin,  
To think of their swarmin'  
Round flowers of speech such as these were.  
Such blarney to swallow  
Beats Banaghar hollow ;  
To your heart surely something must nigher lie,  
Hearts are not made of stone !  
Don't I know by my own ?  
So come out of that entirely !

Dear Mrs. Belson, ma'am,  
It's a mighty deal too bad of you,  
Wid your eyes like onyx  
To talk of platonics,  
When there's scores of boys would be glad of you.

If a purty young chap  
Should fall into your lap,  
For the sake of human nature,  
Mind you don't say him "nay" to  
But pitch over Plato,  
And love like a dacent creature.







## A SONG

FOR THE END OF THE SEASON.

**E**IR JOHN has this moment gone by  
In the brougham that was to be mine,  
But, my dear, I'm not going to cry,  
Though I know where he's going to dine.  
I shall meet him at Lady Gay's ball  
With that girl to his arm clinging fast,  
But it won't, love, disturb me at all,  
I've recovered my spirits at last!

I was horribly low a whole week,  
For I could not go out anywhere  
Without hearing, "You know they don't speak;"  
Or, "I'm told it's all broken off there."  
But the Earl whispered something last night,  
I shan't say exactly what past,  
But of this, dear, be satisfied quite,  
I've recovered my spirits at last!

DRAMATIC COLLEGE ANNUAL.



*UNSUPPORTED SUPPORTERS.*

**T**HE Lion and the Unicorn,  
Who deigned till very lately  
The Heralds' College to adorn  
On pillars tall and stately,

Unceremoniously one day  
Were hoisted from their stations,  
And on the pavement left to stay,  
Pending the alterations.

The Lion sadly wanted *or*,  
The Unicorn lacked *argent*,  
Clearly they'd ne'er been thus before  
“*Depicted in the margent.*” \*

It therefore seemed of the offence  
A serious aggravation,  
That folks with arms of less pretence  
Obtained full compensation,

---

\* The customary reference in a patent of arms to the painting of those granted by it.

While they, supporters of the crown  
For centuries unaided,  
Who had graced standards of renown,  
Were to vile *flags* degraded.

The Unicorn, in language strong,  
The Lion laid the blame on :  
“ Without a growl to bear this wrong  
A blot will be your fame on.

“ If of us quadrupeds you were  
The king, or e'en the regent,  
You would be *rampant*, not beg there  
Like a tame poodle—*sejant* !

“ As *dexter* 'tis your right to make  
Them equal justice minister ;  
If I should up the matter take,  
They'd call the motive *sinister*.

“ The British lion you ! my brain  
Whirls round, it so provokes me !  
For half-a-crown I'd break my chain,  
My collar almost chokes me !

“ ‘ Dieu et mon droit ’ no longer may  
You boast as your proud motto ;  
‘ Adieu, mon droit, ’ you'd better say,  
And join Parkins & Gotto.” \*

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\* One of the many firms professing to find arms—and who are most successful in doing so—for those who have none.

So saying, like a vicious colt,  
To cut the matter shorter,  
He made a sort of demi-volt  
And rumped his co-supporter.

The Lion winced at the last sneer,  
But only gave a whistle,  
And said, "My ancient friend, I fear  
You've trod upon your thistle.

"The motto you to England brought—  
Excuse me, comrade, if I sigh  
To find you set it now at nought—  
Was 'BEATI PACIFICI.'

"Prithee, don't let the Heralds see  
Us thus '*addorsed*,' good brother,  
Where we in every sense should be  
'*Respecting one another*.'

"In youth, I'm willing to admit,  
More '*combatant*' was I, sir ;  
But then I'd much more pluck than wit—  
I'm older now and wiser.

"I can complacently repose  
Beneath my well-won laurels,  
And mean no more to poke my nose  
In everybody's quarrels.

- 
- “ Nor does it suit my present views  
To roar for every trifle ;  
I’ve got—and can, if need be, *use*—  
But won’t *strain* my new rifle.
- “ You seem to have forgotten quite  
The world’s in constant movement ;  
And neither King’s nor Lion’s might  
Can long repel improvement.
- “ London of a new street had need,  
And Heralds by profession  
Were bound to lead, and not impede,  
A grand public procession.
- “ The posts we held were on the go,  
And fallen soon had seen us ;  
We had nothing to support, you know—  
Not one poor coat between us.
- “ But reinstalled in the new court,  
And gay with paint and gilding,  
We shall our dignity support,  
With that of the whole building.
- “ Facing a street so broad and fine—  
When to our seats we’ve vaulted—  
My crown will cut a greater shine,  
Your horn will be exalted.

“So blazon not a long dull roll  
Of bickerings and bereavements ;  
Display the power of self-control—  
The greatest of *achievements*.”

'Twas all in vain ; the Unicorn  
Was deaf to explanation,  
And, with a toss up of his horn,  
Declined more conversation.





*A LITERARY SQUABBLE.*

**T**HE Alphabet rejoiced to hear  
That Monckton Milnes was made a Peer ;  
For in this present world of letters  
But few, if any, are his betters :  
So an address by acclamation,  
They voted of congratulation,  
And H, O, U, G, T, and N,  
Were chosen the address to pen ;  
Possessing each an interest vital  
In the new Peer's baronial title.  
'Twas done in language terse and telling,  
Perfect in grammar and in spelling :  
But when 'twas read aloud, oh, mercy !  
There sprang up such a controversy  
About the true pronunciation,  
Of said baronial appellation.  
The vowels O and U averred  
They were entitled to be *heard* ;  
The consonants denied their claim,  
Insisting that they *mute* became.  
Johnson and Walker were applied to,  
Sheridan, Bailey, Webster, tried too ;

But all in vain, for each picked out  
 A word that left the case in doubt.  
 O, looking round upon them all,  
 Cried, "If it be correct to call  
 T, H, R, O, U, G, H, 'throo,'  
 H, O, U, G, H, must be 'Hoo,'  
 Therefore, there can be no dispute on  
 The question—we should say 'Lord *Hooton*.'"

U "brought," "bought," "fought," and "sought,"  
 to show  
 He should be doubled and not O,  
 For sure if "ought," was "*awt*," then "nought" on  
 Earth could the title be but "*Hawton*."

H, on the other hand, said he  
 In "cough," and "trough," stood next to G,  
 And like an F was thus looked soft on,  
 Which made him think it should be "*Hofton*."  
 But G corrected H, and drew  
 Attention other cases to,  
 "Tough," "rough," and "chough," more than  
 "enough"

To prove O, U, G, H, spelt "*uff*,"  
 And growled out in a sort of gruff tone,  
 They must pronounce the title "*Huffton*,"  
 N said emphatically "No!"  
 There is D, O, U, G, H, "*doh*,"  
 And *though* (look there again!) that stuff  
 At sea, for fun, they nicknamed "duff"



They should propose they took a vote on  
The question, "Should it not be *Hoton*?"  
Besides in French, 'twould have such force,  
A lord was of "Haut ton" of course.  
Higher and higher contention rose,  
From words they almost came to blows,  
Till T, as yet who hadn't spoke,  
And dearly loved a little joke,  
Put in his word and said, "Look there!  
'Plough' in this *row* must have its *share*."  
At this atrocious pun each page  
Of Johnson whiter turned with rage;  
Bailey looked desperately cut up,  
And Sheridan completely shut up;  
Webster, who is no idle talker,  
Made a sign indicating "Walker!"  
While Walker, who had been used badly,  
Just shook his dirty dog's-ears sadly.  
But as we find in prose or rhyme  
A joke made happily in time,  
However poor, will often tend  
The hottest argument to end,  
And smother anger in a laugh,  
So T succeeded with his chaff  
(Containing as it did some wheat)  
In calming this fierce verbal heat.  
Authorities were all conflicting,  
And T there was no contradicting;





*JOHN BROWN'S ANSWER.*

I'VE listened to your song, and, unless I'm very  
wrong,  
There is much in it of what we now call  
"bosh," Tom Smith.

It is easy so to sing, but to do's, another thing,  
And I fear your philosophy won't wash, Tom Smith.  
Of course that's not your name, but 'twill answer all  
the same  
For the person I'm presumed to argue with, Tom  
Smith ;  
And offended you can't be, as you've done the same  
by me,  
For I'm no more John Brown than you're Tom  
Smith, Tom Smith.

What you love and what you hate, you're at liberty  
to state ;  
I've nothing upon earth with that to do, Tom  
Smith ;

“*De gustibus non est,*” I’ve no doubt you know the  
rest,

And besides, I’ve much the same dislikes as you,  
Tom Smith.

It’s on matters of finance, in which there’s no romance,  
I would break with you a lance, if you please, Tom  
Smith.

I’m myself a family man, and I don’t believe you can  
Contrive to live with yours on bread and cheese, Tom  
Smith.

You’ve “a hundred pounds a year ;” well, let’s say it’s  
even clear

Of Income Tax : that’s not two pounds a week, Tom  
Smith.

But the cottage is “*your own,*” so the rent must in  
be thrown,

Which I grant will help your income out to eke, Tom  
Smith.

*Per contra* you’ve a wife, as dear to you as life—

I hope she is, I’m sure, for both your sakes, Tom  
Smith—

But the more you hold her dear, the more must be  
your fear

If anything that little income shakes, Tom Smith.

Of children you’ve a troop, an interesting group,  
But to tell how many form it you forget, Tom Smith ;  
Say five or six in all, which for “a troop” is small,  
Of bread and butter they must eat a lot, Tom Smith.

Of their clothes you may be spare—but they cannot  
go *quite* bare ;  
And on whooping-cough and measles you must count,  
Tom Smith ;  
And if only one be ill, I'm afraid the doctor's bill  
Might at Christmas prove a serious amount, Tom  
Smith.

'Tis philosophy, no doubt, trifles not to fret about,  
And "Sufficient for the day" is a fine text, Tom  
Smith ;  
But at the garden gate, do you never scratch your  
pate,  
When you think what's in the cupboard for the next,  
Tom Smith ?  
The pot you know must boil, 'twould be better sure  
to toil,  
And add by honest labour to your store, Tom Smith,  
Than moon away your time in philosophic rhyme,  
Or sitting 'neath your shady sycamore, Tom Smith.

You bid me, as I pass, come and drain with you a  
glass,  
But it cannot be of wine or beer or grog, Tom Smith ;  
'Tis more like "Adam's ale," I'm afraid, than "Bass's  
pale,"  
And to drink—I water shun, like a mad dog, Tom  
Smith.

If "a guinea you've to spend," I advise you as  
your friend

To put it in the Savings Bank forthwith, Tom Smith ;  
You will want it before long and sing another song,  
Unless, as I suspect, you are a myth, Tom Smith.





*MADAME VESTRIS'S ANSWER TO THE  
ALPHABET.\**

**D**EAR friends ! although no more a dunce  
Than many of my betters,  
I'm puzzled to reply at once  
To four-and-twenty letters.

Perhaps you'll think that may not be  
So hard a thing to do,  
For what is difficult to me  
Is A B C to you.

However, pray dismiss your fears,  
Nor fancy you have lost me,  
Though many, many bitter tears  
Your first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me, till existence ends,  
Whatever ills beset you,  
My oldest literary friends,  
I never can forget you.

---

\* See "Recollections and Reflections," vol. ii. p. 21.



*INTRODUCTION TO "MIRTH."*

"**M**IRTH: a new humorous magazine!" Pre-  
serve us!

Another can the public really need?  
It is enough to make Minerva nervous,  
They seem so fast each other to succeed;  
Follow, perhaps, would be the better reading,  
For some, 'tis said, succeed without succeeding.

Well! that's the publisher's affair, not mine;  
From standing in his shoes, kind stars protect us.  
The editor declares the prospect fine,—  
The prospect's always fine in the Prospectus!  
With a strong staff, his fun at all he'll poke,  
But what I have to do I find no joke.

He has asked me to write an Ode to Mirth,  
For love—at least he hasn't *mentioned* money.  
Now, if there be a wet blanket on earth,  
It's asking a poor fellow to be funny.  
The wag! he knew an ode from me requesting  
Would prove his own capacity for jesting.



I don't refuse, I never could say No ;  
 So, snatching up a pen in desperation,  
 I turn to Milton, who wrote, long ago,  
 " An Ode to Mirth," which had some reputation.  
 It's safe to pilfer from a grand old poet,  
 For nowadays not one in ten would know it.

I'm sure I recollect a line or two  
 I might adapt, or as quotations give.  
 Yes ! here is " Mirth, admit me of thy crew,"  
 And " Mirth, with," no, " By thee I mean to live."  
 Poh ! stuff ! my Muse is not at all Miltonic ;  
 It's more akin to the (J.) Byronic.

" An Ode," an odious fancy of the editor's ;  
 " Or other composition," ugly word,  
 Suggestive most unpleasantly of creditors.  
 But stay ! a thought to me has just occurred ;  
 'Stead of an " Ode to Mirth," suppose I should  
 Invoke Mirth's great, good genius, Thomas Hood.

Matchless Past-Master of our craft ! oh let  
 Me strive to pay to thee a tribute fit !  
 In thy imperishable coronet,  
 Beside the flashing diamonds of thy wit,  
 Shine pearls as pure as ever Pity shed  
 Over the poor, the suffering, and the dead.

Best humourist ! beneath thy wildest fun  
The kindest current flows of human feeling,  
While splitting sides with some outrageous pun,  
Into our hearts insidiously stealing ;  
By tropes which seem intended but to tickle us,  
Extracting the sublime from the ridiculous.

Let thy pure spirit point and guide the pen  
Of each contributor to England's "Mirth!"  
May they be wise as well as merry men,  
And show of real wit the sterling worth,  
In verse or prose, didactic or dramatic—  
Never a bore *how'er* e-pig-rammatic.

I said but now I never could refuse,  
And yet I feel I daily am declining,  
And soon to "Mirth" shall pay my last adieus,  
To younger, brighter bards the harp resigning.  
I'm over eighty. Thus associated,  
I fear, dear friends, by you I'm overrated.





*SELF-EVIDENT.*

**W**HEN other lips and other eyes  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
Which means the usual sort of lies  
You've heard from many a swell ;  
When, bored with what you feel is bosh,  
You'd give the world to see  
A friend whose love you know will wash,  
Oh, then remember me !

When Signor Solo goes his tours,  
And Captain Craft's at Ryde,  
And Lord Fitzpop is on the moors,  
And Lord knows who beside ;  
When to exist you feel a task  
Without a friend at tea,  
At such a moment I but ask  
That you'll remember me.





*NOTES OF AN OLD MOCKING-BIRD.*

I TOOK a flight the other night  
When thought to be asleep ;  
At what was going on in town  
I wished to have a peep.  
Upon an opera-house I perched,  
And found that, strange to say,  
“The Music of the Future”  
Was all the rage to-day.  
I listened most attentively,  
And fear, upon my word,  
In the music of the future  
No music will be heard.  
'Tis possible I may be wrong,  
Though critics tell me soon  
There'll be no singing in a song,  
No melody in tune.  
But birds will warble in the trees,  
Nor for the critics care ;  
And in the murmur of the breeze  
We yet may find some air.

I looked into the Vaudeville,  
Where mirth the town enjoys,  
And found that they were acting still  
“Our” everlasting “Boys ;”  
They’ve run a thousand nights, and may  
A thousand more, and then  
They’ll change the title of the play,  
And call it “Our Old Men.”  
But pray mistake me not, and think  
I hold “Our Boys” in scorn,  
Or would in James’s bosom plant  
A less agreeable Thorne.  
When piece and actors are so good,  
As in this case they’re rated,  
I don’t see why they ever should  
Be superannuated.

Another theatre I sought,  
Where I had understood  
The stalls were filled with fashion  
And the fun was “Awful good.”  
So in I went, and certainly  
A brilliant house I saw full,  
And frankly own the sort of fun  
I witnessed there *was* “awful ;”  
Buffoonery devoid of all  
That makes an art of folly,  
Music that was “most music-hall,”  
To hear, “most melancholy.”

Such was the comment on it made  
By an accomplished joker,  
Who grieved with me such stuff should be  
Of laughter the provoker ;  
Still more that clever men for pay  
Should condescend to write so ;  
When swells drawled out, " That's not half  
bad ! "

We thought, "*No, for it's quite so.*"

Out through the crowd, into the air,  
Gladly enough I scuffled,  
My temper and my plumage torn,  
Considerably ruffled.

'Twas rather late elsewhere to go,  
But passing some gay broughams,  
I heard from one a lady say,  
" Drive to the Argyll Rooms."

The Argyll Rooms !—I'd heard of them,  
And thought that in I'd drop  
For half an hour. Though an old bird,  
I'm still game for a hop.

The brougham I followed, but before  
We reached the rooms, the clock  
Struck twelve, and out the company  
Had been compelled to flock.

I spotted some one whom I should ne'er  
Have thither gone to seek.

I name no persons : but amongst  
The rest I spied—a Beak.


His worship had gone there, of course,  
Only the place to view ;  
And felt that he was justified  
The license to renew.  
Homeward I therefore took my way,  
By no means loth to pop  
My head beneath my wing, and sleep  
On one leg like a top.  
But if you think a bird's-eye view  
Of men and things worth taking,  
I'll try another note or two  
The next time I go raking.





## *THE STORY OF ARIADNE.*

A NEW PER-VERSION.

HREE or four thousand years ago, as may be  
roughly reckoned ;  
King Minos ruled the isle of Crete, of that  
great name the second.

Minos the first, for wisdom famed, his grandfather, you  
know,  
Was dead, and Lord Chief Justice in—well, in the  
courts below.

The second Minos wasn't quite as wise as was the  
first,  
But there is no dispute about his being much the  
worst ;  
And on such terms he forced the poor Athenians to  
treat,  
The major part full often wished that he was Minus  
Crete.

In his garden was a labyrinth, according to report,  
Much more intricate than the one you'll find at Hamp-  
ton Court ;



Of its construction Dædalus has always had the  
credit,  
And dead, alas! were speedily all who essayed to  
thread it.

For a most fearful monster was therein incarcerated,  
Who to his Cretan majesty was distantly related.  
If we may trust the poets, he was called the Minotaur,  
And, half a bull and half a man, was quite an awful  
*bore* :

At least to the Athenians, for cruel Minos drove 'em  
To pay a yearly tribute to this "semi virumque  
bovem ;"

Seven fine young men, seven sweet young maids—with  
rage it used to fire 'em—  
Consigned per annum to the jaws of this "semi  
bovemque virum."

But as it chanced, amongst the batch of bachelors one  
year,

A youth of royal parentage came out a volunteer—  
Prince Theseus, who swore by all the Gods Olympian  
That he would be an *eat*-boy or slay that *oxen*-man.

Now Minos had a daughter, young, beautiful,  
romantic,  
Who for this handsome foreigner conceived a passion  
frantic ;

At the first sight of him she felt she couldn't live  
without him,  
Because, excepting his good looks, she nothing knew  
about him.

She instantly decided from the monster-man to save  
him—  
A wondrous clue to guide him through the labyrinth  
she gave him ;  
And in return he pledged to her his royal word of  
honour  
He'd marry her and settle all he had on earth upon  
her.

This portion of our ox-tale we propose quite short to  
cut ;  
Suffice it the young fellow cracked the ox-man's  
occiput,  
Then by the clue escaping through its thousand  
winding ways,  
Left no one in the labyrinth, but all folks in *a-maze*.

The happy pair to Naxos sped to pass their honey-  
moon,  
But when it came to forking-out, the bridegroom  
ceased to spoon ;  
And early one fine morning, I'm quite ashamed to  
say,  
He left poor Ariadne with the tavern-bill to pay.

Remember this was in an age when such affairs were  
common ;

No one in any rank of life now so deserts a woman.  
Even the monstrous Minotaur—deny it those who  
can—

Was less a brute than Theseus, and more a gentle-  
man.

She beat her breast, she tore her hair, which she'd a  
right to do,

For it was all her own, except, perhaps, a lock or  
two ;

And would have died (herself, not hair), if Bacchus,  
half-seas o'er,

Hadn't stopped to bait his tigers at that very tavern  
door.

“Fair one!” he hiccupped, “though 'tis but the first  
time that you've seen us,

Of course you know the saying, ‘Sine Bacchus friget  
Venus.’

Come, dry your eyes ; I whining hate, though god of  
wine I am ;

And I'll drown your real pain, my dear, in bumpers  
of my cham.”

The jokes were old ! but still they told, as old jokes  
often do,

Especially on those who're but accustomed to the new.

She dried her eyes, accepted his too tempting invitation,  
And took, as many since have done, to drink for consolation.

What finally became of her is not so very clear ;  
Some say she hanged herself when in a maudlin state of beer ;  
Others, that she reformed, became a model of sobriety,  
And actually founded the first Temperance Society.

Whatever may be the fact, which thus remains in mystery,  
Young ladies all, take warning from this most veracious history ;  
By handsome foreign strangers if you wouldn't be decoyed, it  
Is plain you shouldn't fall in love, unless you can't avoid it.

THE END.

October, 1880.



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