

**POETRY AND
RHYMED JOTTINGS**

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Poetry and Rhymed Jottings by Henry Stevens

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HENRY STEVENS

**POETRY AND
RHYMED JOTTINGS**



Poetry

AND

Rhymed Jottings,

BY

HENRY STEVENS,

(DIED 9TH MAY, 1887).



Bristol:—

LAVARS & CO., PRINTERS, BROAD STREET.

1886.

APK 4372



TO THOSE WHO KNEW HIM,

The following pages are dedicated.

The contents both grave and gay are such as have, from
time to time, been preserved by the
compiler of the book. No care has been taken to exclude
trifles, which did not receive from the author
other than a moment's
thought, or to bring into prominence matter which
bears evidence of more careful consideration.

In the belief that many friends would take pleasure
in its perusal the present
collection is now issued in book form.

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THE ROAD TO RUIN.

[SUGGESTED BY FRITH'S EXQUISITE PICTURES.]

DRAW back the curtain, see the trembling light
That heralds day, is glimmering in the east.
Long has the orgie been, at last when brains
Were hot with wine, the cards were wily brought
And he just freed from bondage—as he deemed—
With all the golden fruits of non-age heaped.
His wealth of lands, must in flushed triumph see
The hectic, fleeting pageant, men call life.

Could no good angel guard him in that hour,
When soft as angels' breathings morning broke,
Speak of his home amid ancestral trees,
The terraces alive with summer flowers,
The fountains loosening silver to the sky,
The giant Lebanon cedars on the lawn ;
What ! barter these, for this ?

No angel spake, but rather devils cried,
" Our host has lost ; we'll give him his revenge.
Close up the curtains, bring more lights," and he,
The gilded fool, wavered awhile, and then
The stakes are doubled, troubled—higher play,
" More wine," " Ho, ho," the leering devils mocked.
What saw the sun a little later on ?
A youthful face, but haggard, as with age,
And whitened lips, that formed a stifled oath,
The first step on the road to ruin trod.

But two swift summers sped, and alien feet
Are treading gardens, terraces, and hall ;
And other owners stride the teaming fields
That once were his ; but his, ah, never more.

A grand stroke this ; sure fortune must at last
Smile on him now.

Our Isthmian games are on.
The broad blue riband of the turf
Dazzles a thousand longing eyes, and he,
Urged by the semi-devil at his side,
Whose vulture-clutch is on his shoulder gripped,
Who whispers with those stern satanic lips
" Take, take ; I know, I know ;"
And speaks with honied tongue,
And swears that all shall be recovered
" Be you bold enough." " No more, no more ;
What if I fail ?" " You cannot fail ;" and so
His book is made.