# VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS

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Verses and translations by Charles Stuart Calverley

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#### CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

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AND

## TRANSLATIONS.

By C. S. C.

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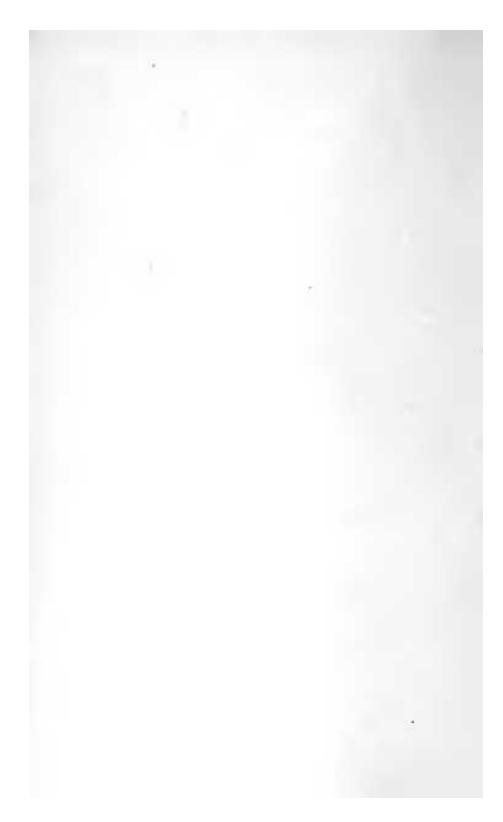
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#### VISIONS.

"She was a phantom," &c.

- IN lone Glenartney's thickets lies couched the lordly stag,
- The dreaming terrier's tail forgets its customary wag;
- And plodding ploughmen's weary steps insensibly grow quicker,
- As broadening casements light them on toward home, or home-browed liquor.
- It is in brief the evening—that pure and pleasant time,
- When stars break into splendour, and poets into rhyme;

- When in the glass of Memory the forms of loved ones shine-
- And when, of course, Miss Goodchild's is prominent
  in mine.
- Miss Goodchild!—Julia Goodchild!—how graciously
  you smiled
- Upon my childish passion once, yourself a fair-haired child:
- When I was (no doubt) profiting by Dr. Crabb's instruction,
- And sent those streaky lollipops home for your fairy suction!
- "She wore" her natural "roses, the night when first we met"—
- Her golden hair was glenning 'neath the coercive not:
- "Her brow was like the snawdrift," her step was like Queen Mab's,

- And gone was instantly the heart of every boy at Crabb's.
- The parlour-boarder chasséed tow'rds her on graceful limb;
- The onyx deck'd his bosom—but her smiles were not for him:
- With me she danced—till drowsily her eyes "began to blink,"
- And I brought raisin wine, and said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
- And evermore, when winter comes in his garb of snows.
- And the returning schoolboy is told how fast he grows;
- Shall I—with that soft hand in mine—enact ideal Lancers,
- And dream I hear demure remarks, and make impassioned answers:—