

POEMS, LYRIC AND HEROIC

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Poems, lyric and heroic by William Morris Mousley

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WILLIAM MORRIS MOUSLEY

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AND HEROIC**

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BY

WILLIAM MORRIS MOUSLEY.

SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

NORTHAMPTON: G. N. WITTON.

MDCCL.

THE following Poems were written by the Author, an undergraduate of Cambridge, during some of the leisure hours of a college course; and are respectfully dedicated to those friends whose favourable opinion they have been fortunate enough to obtain, and at whose request a collection of them has been undertaken.

SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

LYRICS.

STANZAS.

HAST thou ever stayed to ponder
On those strains so softly sad,
Which like seraph vespers wander
From the lips that should be glad ?
Hast thou heard the music waning,
Like the passing of a sigh ?
List—it is the low complaining
Of a love that cannot die.

Hast thou e'er, in silent sadness,
Sat entranced at evening's hour,
And recalled thy former gladness,
Known beneath love's soothing power ?

Hast thou felt the tear-drop stealing,
All unbidden from thine eye ?
Then, perchance, thou know'st the feeling
Of a love that cannot die.

Hast thou seen the watch-light beaming
Fitfully across the sea ?
So is love's light ever gleaming,
In life's shadowy night for me.
Wilt thou ask what fairest treasure
In the spirit-mine can lie ?
'T is that sweetest—saddest—pleasure
Of a love that cannot die.

AN IMITATION FROM THE GREEK.

TO CELIA.

THE charm which made the Graces three,
Dear Celia now has flown ;
For in impartial justice they
A sister grace must own.

Or shall we say that they are now
As one, instead of three ;
For all the glories they can boast
Are centered, love, in thee.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

WHEN the changing hue of the deep night blue
O'er the water loves to play,
I sit and dream, 'neath the cool moon-beam,
Of "the land that is far away."

Of the brave and fair that wander there,
And the hearts for ever gay ;
For the smile is light, and the eye is bright,
In "the land that is far away."

By fancy dear, I still can hear
Sweet sounds in the distance stray,
The songs I love, in the air above,
From "the land that is far away."

'T is the night-wind's sigh thro' the leaves on high,
But my heart will its charm obey,
For that voice is fraught with the tender thought
Of "the land that is far away."