

**A LOST EPIC: AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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A Lost Epic: And Other Poems by William Canton

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**WILLIAM CANTON**

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OTHER POEMS**



A LOST EPIC

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# A LOST EPIC

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCLXXXVII

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TO  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

1837———1887

*When God enthroned You, fifty years ago,  
And the grey Dukes in homage would have knelt,  
You rose up to prevent them, blushing—*

“No,

I am your niece Victoria !”

*England felt  
Her heart beat ; England loved You ! It was good  
So great a Queen should be a girl so true !*

*Madam, these Realms praise God—and reverence You—  
For Fifty Years of Sovereign Womanhood.*

181562

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### A LOST EPIC.

**T**HIS is his little grandchild! . . . Run away,  
And pluck the gentleman a bunch of  
flowers!

A pretty tot! Poem he never wrote  
To match in freshness and in winning grace  
That rosy little slip of roguery!

Here are his poems—all he gave the world—  
A crown octavo, thin and printed wide—  
Forgotten now, but forty years ago  
Noted with wonder as a new-seen star,  
Deemed sweet as snowdrops after months of snow,  
And simple as snowdrops too! He prized them  
not—

“The babble o’ green fields in his feverish youth;  
Mere chirps and fluted trills—because the earth