

**THE TRAVELLER:
A POEM**

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The Traveller: A Poem by Oliver Goldsmith & Birket Foster

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH & BIRKET FOSTER

**THE TRAVELLER:
A POEM**

THE TRAVELLER

A POEM

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ETCHINGS ON STEEL

BY BIRKET FOSTER.



LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

1868. *rs*

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THE TRAVELLER :

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

—

REMOVE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;

THE TRAVELLER.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around

THE TRAVELLER.



Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.



THE TRAVELLER.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.