

RHYMES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649519576

Rhymes by William Stewart Rose

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

RHYMES

PROLOGUE.



A monitory voice may cry 'tis time,
Crawling towards a grave, to abandon rhyme.
I think the warning well and wisely said ;
Whether pronounced by death's or by fool's head.
But I have hope (to speak in Petrarch's vein)
For pity, if not pardon, for my strain :
Since no delight is left to me beside ;
And I rhyme but to cheer a lonely ride ;
As it is said of old 'by such as have
Swam in a gondola' on Adria's wave,

Through the long night light-hearted gondoleer
 Was used to cheat his wonted labour, ere
 Upon the masquing city, like a spell,
 The moody Austrian's leaden sceptre fell ;
 To snatches of traditionary tune, }
 Oaring his sable barque by broad lagoon, }
 Or *rio*, (1) silvered by Italian moon. }
 Or (fitter symbol!) as our ploughboy whistles,
 Who plods his way through greasy clods and thistles,
 Timing his tread to what he thinks a fife ;
 So I to my own music limp through life.
 But mimic not the gondoleer or carle,
 If music, such as over burning marle
 Guided the feet of fallen angel, sound ; (2)
 Or such is heard, as on enchanted ground,
 When Ariel blows his pipe and beats his tabor,
 And, tasked by Prospero with welcome labour,
 Witches the monster and the mandlin two
 Foul-mantled pool, toothed furze, and bramble through.

—Say that your solitary days are dull
And dismal, saving when 'the isle is full
Of pleasant noises,' you may take your pleasure,
—If it be such;—up! sound a merry measure.
Sing—well or ill—sing boldly like a bird;
Sing for yourself; but *why not sing unheard?*
Let him of 'high arched elms and hedgerows green'
Say why he joys to wander '*not unseen,*'
And I will answer, by what motive stirred,
On down and dell I would not sing unheard.

NOTES.

(1)—*Or Rio.**Rio* (in Venetian speech) means a water-street, in opposition to a calle or lane.(2) *If music, such as our burning music
Guided the feet of fallen sages, sound, &c.*

To support uneasy steps
 Over the burning music. * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * Anon they move

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised
 To heights of noblest temper, heroes old,
 Arming for battle, &c.—*Milton.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN HOOKHAM
FRERE, IN MALTA.

*William Stewart Ross presents with such kind cheer
And health as he can give John Hookham Frere.*

Brighton, MDCCKKXIV.

THAT bound like bold Prometheus on a rock, O
Self-banished man, you boil in a *Scirocco*,
Save when a *Mæstrale* makes you shiver,
While worse than vulture pecks and pines your liver ;
Where neither lake nor river glads the eye,
Seared with the glare of ' hot and copper sky ;'
Where dwindled tree o'ershadows withered sward ;
Where green blade grows not ; where the ground is charred :

Where, if from withered turf and dwindled tree
 You turn to look upon a summer sea,
 And *Speronaro's* sail of snowy hue,
 Whitening and brightening on that field of blue ;
 Or eye the palace, rich in tapestried hall, (1)
 The Moorish window and the massive wall ;
 Or mark the many loitering in its shade,
 In many-coloured garb and guise arraid ;
 Long-haired Slavonian skipper, with the red
 And scanty cap, which ill protects his head ;
 White-kilted Suliot, gay and gilded Greek,
 Grave, turbanned Turk, and Moor of swarthy cheek :
 Or sainted John's contiguous pile explore, (2)
 Gemmed altar, gilded beam, and gorgeous floor,
 Where you emblazoned in mosaic see
 Memorials of a monkish chivalry ;
 The vaulted roof, impervious to the bomb,
 The votive tablet, and the victor's tomb,
 Where vanquished Moslem, captive to his sword,
 Upholds the trophies of his conquering lord :

Where if, while clouds from hallowed censer steam,
 You muse and fall into a mid-day dream,
 And hear the pealing chaunt and sacring bell,
 Amid loud 'larum and the burst of shell ;
 --Short time to mark those many sights which I
 Have sung, short time to dream of days gone-by,
 Forced alms must purchase from a greedy crowd
 Of lazy beggars, filthy, fierce, and loud,
 Who landing-place, street, stair and temple crowd ;
 Where on the sultry wind for ever swells
 The jangle of ten thousand tuneless bells, (8)
 While priestly drones in hourly pageant pass,
 Hived in their several cells by sound of brass ;
 Where merry England's merriest month looks sorry,
 And your waste island seems but one wide quarry ;
 I muse : and think you might prefer my town,
 Its pensile pier, dry beach, and breezy down.

Upon this tumbled bed of thyme and turf
 I lounge, and listen to the rumbling surf ;