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Verses by John Addington Symonds

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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

VERSES

Trieste

VERSES

BY

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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, M.D.,

F.R.S.Ed., &c., &c.

You might have won the Poet's name, If such be worth the winning now, And gained a laurel for your brow Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice, A life that moves to gracious deeds Through troops of unrecording friends, A deedful life, a silent voice.

Printed for private circulation only.

1871. Hiß

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REFA CE.

In issuing this volume for private circulation I am but fulfilling one of my father's last wishes, and executing a scheme which had been planned and partly carried out by him. During the months of November and December last, complying with the desire expressed by myself and other members of his family, he employed part of his time in looking over his MSS. and arranging such few pieces of verse as had been occasionally published for him in periodicals. The selection which he then made has been printed in this volume in the order and with the titles he designed. A few pages received his corrections for the press before his last illness suspended this and all the other movements of his wonderfully powerful and active mind. To shew how thoroughly the little book belongs to him alone, I may add that he chose the paper for it, the type, and even the binding. Two additions only' I have ventured to make-the

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stanzas printed on the title page and the poem on page 83. This is not the place for criticism or even for panegyric. I cannot, however, refrain from making the remark that those who study the following poems will come to the conclusion that their Author might, if the course of his life had permitted it, have been a poet of no ordinary excellence. The verses in the Vale of Beddgelert are by themselves enough to prove that neither the responsibilities of a most anxious life nor the graver studies of an absorbing profession had tamed his inspiration or obscured his vision. The stanzas I have chosen as a motto for the book seem better fitted than aught else to express the feeling with which we quit the perusal of these verses and reflect upon that noble life, higher and purer than all verse, which was itself a perfect Poem.

J. A. SYMONDS.

CLIFTON HILL HOUSE, March, 1871.

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