

# CHARADES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649198764

Charades by Winthrop Mackworth Praed

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Cover @ 2017

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# **CHARADES**

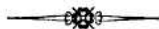




CHARADES.

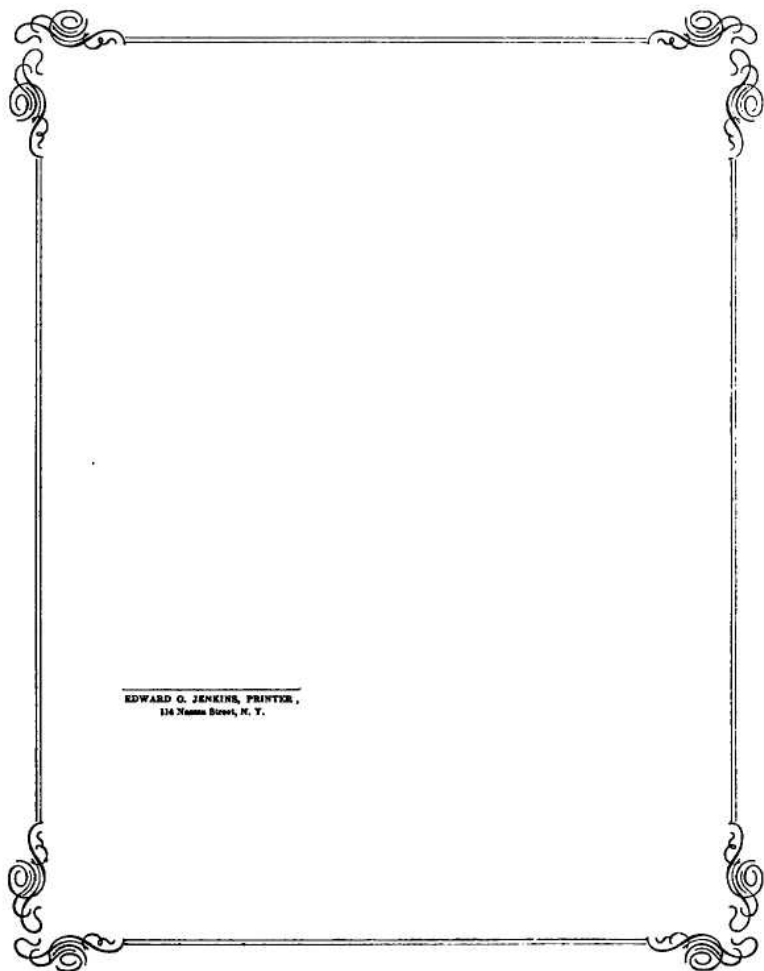
BY

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.



New York:

MDCCLII.



EDWARD G. JENKINS, PRINTER,  
114 Nassau Street, N. Y.

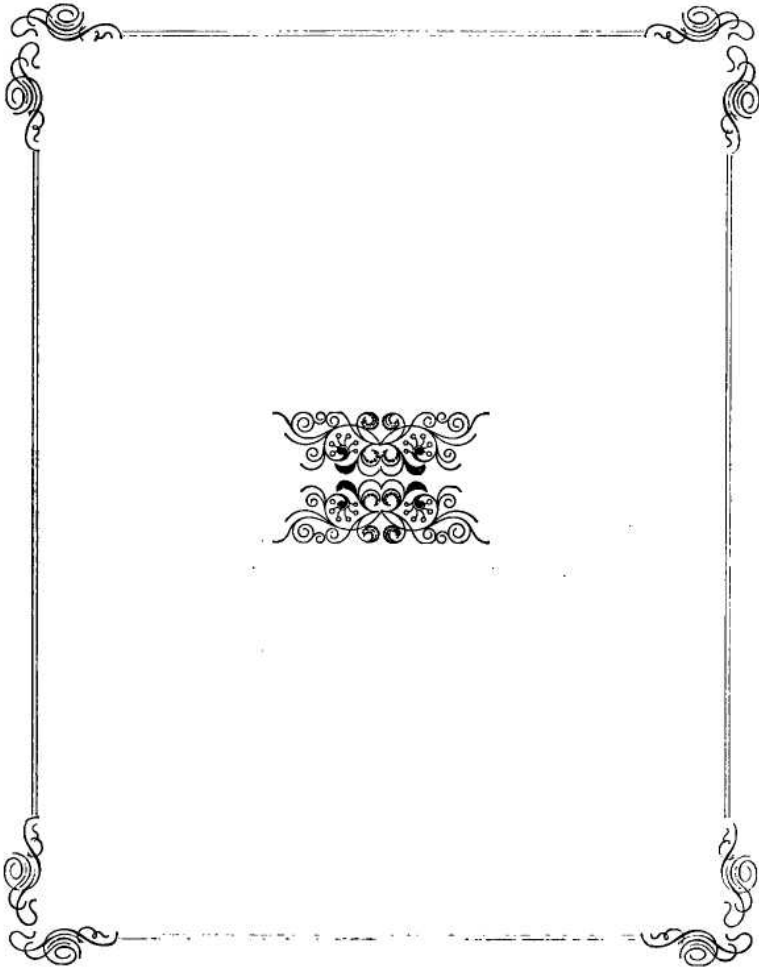
Presented to

*Mr. Lewis A. Rice*  
*President*

with the respects of the

*New York, 1852.*

PUBLISHER.





## Charades.



### I.

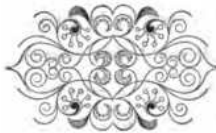
MORNING is beaming o'er brake and bower,  
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower:  
Call ye my FIRST from her chamber now,  
With her snowy veil and her jewelled brow.

Lo! where my SECOND, in gorgeous array,  
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,  
Looking for her, as he curvets by,  
With an arching neck, and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song,  
Ranged in meet order the menial throng;  
Jerome is ready with book and stole,  
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my WHOLE?

## Charades.

Look to the hill—is he climbing its side?  
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?  
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—  
Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget.



## II.

THERE *was* a time young Roland thought  
His huntsman's call was worth a dozen  
Of those sweet notes his ear had caught  
In boyhood from his blue-eyed cousin.  
How is it *now*, that by my FIRST  
Silent he sits, nor cares to follow  
His deep-mouth'd stag-hound's matin burst,  
His clear-toned huntsman's joyous hollo?

How is it *now*, when Isabel  
Breathes one low note of those sweet numbers,  
That every thought of hill and dell,  
And *all*—save that sweet minstrel—slumbers?  
Why does he feel that long, dull pain  
Within my SECOND when she leaves him?  
When shall his falcon fly again?  
When shall he break the spell that grieves him?