

**ITALIAN TALES,
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649617005

Italian Tales, and Other Poems by Thomas Browne

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

THOMAS BROWNE

**ITALIAN TALES,
AND OTHER POEMS**

ITALIAN TALES ^{7. 1829.}

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THOMAS BROWNE, ESQ.

Gesang und Liebe, in schönem Verein,
Sie erhalten dem Leben den Jugendschein.

SCHILLER.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1829.

41.

CONTENTS.

	Page
IMELDA and GIOVANNI	1
THE FORTUNES OF ANTONIO	17
ADORIO	53

SHORTER POEMS.

1 Kings, Chap. 22.	77
Imagination	80
Song of Caled before the Battle of Yermuk, A. D. 635	81
Song of French Maids after the Battle of Tours, A. D. 732	83
The Regicide	86
The Poker	90
Song	92
Song	94
Hymn	95
The Death of Ægeus, a Ballad	98
The Spirit of Thekla, from the German of Schiller.	104

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Goose's Soliloquy.	106
Song	109
Song	111
The Sicilian Vespers	112
An English Evening	116
Ode to the Memory of Washington	119
A Vision	124
Ode to Poetry	131
Sir Henry Mostyn	137
Song	149
Notes to Imelda and Giovanni	151
Notes to the Fortunes of Antonio	153
Notes to Adorio	156
Notes to the Shorter Poems	157

IMELDA AND GIOVANNI.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

IMELDA AND GIOVANNI.

By few unknown, who e'er have trod that ground,
So long for freedom, arts, and arms renown'd,
Bologna stands, though reft her ancient pow'r,
Not all unworthy of her earlier hour ;
Below the city, Apennine on high,
Above, around, the sky of Italy,
Might many a dream of fancy fair inspire,
To rouse the painter's or the poet's fire ;
And well her sons have nature's gifts repaid,
By forms more bright than nature self array'd,
Whose magic mimicry of colours mates
Aught that the mind of other air creates,

And few there be can view with heedless eye
Zampieri's martyrs groan, or Guido's virgins sigh.
But these are glories of a later day,

'Tis ours a tale of olden time to say,
While yet the city, free, by faction toss'd,
Her freedom priz'd not truly, till 'twas lost.

The young Imelda in her bower reclin'd
Alone, and commun'd with her pensive mind ;
Imelda, fairest of Bologna's maids,
Pale from her lattice watch'd the length'ning shades ;
'Tis eve, yet recks she not those colours bright,
That dye th' horizon with a flood of light ;
The soft repose, the quiet of that hour,
The odours wafted from each drooping flow'r ;
'Tis eve, her lover comes ere set of sun,
Yet dares she not bid time too swiftly run,
To speed an hour so fraught with hopes and
fears,

Within it seem to pass the thoughts of years ;