

**ENSENORE, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649317011

Ensenore, and other poems by P. Hamilton Myers

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**P. HAMILTON MYERS**

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OTHER POEMS**



# ENSENORE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

P. HAMILTON MYERS.

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"Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery . . .  
It was my hint to speak."

SHAKSPEARE.

"One of those still lakes,  
That in a shining cluster lie,  
On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky."

BRYANT.

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NEW YORK:  
DODD & MEAD, PUBLISHERS,  
751 BROADWAY.

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## PREFACE.

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“ENSENORE,” the principal poem in this collection, long ago achieved a local popularity, which was due partly to the name of the distinguished person who stood sponsor for it on its first publication (the world-lamented Seward), partly to the beautiful scenery which it celebrates, and perhaps, in a small degree, to some merits in the poem itself, — a little diamond-dust sparkling amidst much chaff.

Critics could afford to deal tenderly with it then, as the production of very young years; and although it is deliberately, not to say defiantly reproduced now, when the world is aglow with the light of poetical genius of the highest order, it is really and truly so done at the urgent and repeated request of many of its old admirers.

The literary firmament, like the celestial, has room for stars of all degrees of magnitude; and

one may well be content to obtain a small place in such a galaxy, even if it should be so minute as to require telescopic powers for its observation.

The second poem, "THE KNIGHT OF ST. JAGO," is the production of maturer years, and is consequently amenable to a closer criticism than its predecessor. It is now printed for the first time, after more than the Horatian period of seasoning, which, it is hoped, has not had the effect to render it very dry.

Most of the minor pieces have been published in the leading magazines and weeklies; and, inasmuch as they have been culled from more than thrice their number, the author thinks he has made sure of the thanks of his readers, either for publishing these, or for omitting the large remainder.

[THE author cannot refrain, even at the risk of being charged with vanity, from prefacing his book with the following beautiful lines written in compliment to "ENSENORE" by a distinguished divine and poet, the late Rev. Dr. William Croswell of Boston.]

### LAKE OWASCO.

"One of the seven fair lakes that lie  
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky."

ENSENORE.

FAIR lake! upon thy tranquil face  
The gilded clouds, in rich array  
Reflected, pass, and leave no trace, —  
Types of thy people passed away;  
And he who through thy pictured page  
Looks deepest down, with rapture sees,  
Like relics of that long-lost age,  
The glimmerings of dim mysteries.

Well may the statesman for such seats  
Resign the empire's helm a while,  
And deep within thy green retreats  
The languid summer hours beguile.  
Here Scipio had in joy repaired  
With Lælius at the senate's close,  
And by thy shaded strand had shared  
The charms of friendship and repose.



Bright visions haunt thy storied dells;  
Nor may thy crystal waters drown  
The mingled pomps of poets' spells,  
And legends of thine old renown:  
To fancy's ear they utter speech  
In tones unsyllabled before;  
And every ripple on the beach  
Seems faintly whispering "ENSENORE."

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