

SUMMER AND WINTER HOURS

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Summer and Winter Hours by Henry Glassford Bell

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HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

**SUMMER AND
WINTER HOURS**

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BY

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

As tints fall down upon October leaves,
Brilliant, and many-hued, yet touch'd with sadness,
So are the summer fancies of my mind
Chequer'd with thoughts more wintry.

LONDON:

HURST, CHANCE, & CO. ST PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD:

HENRY CONSTABLE, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXXXI.

PREFACE.

THIS volume has been entitled "Summer and Winter Hours," because its contents are, in truth, the fruits of such hours, snatched at intervals from literary pursuits of a graver and more continuous, though not more congenial kind. The author was desirous of publishing a selection of his fugitive pieces, more as an intimation of his poetical existence than as any attempt to prove himself entitled to the highest honours of the Muse. If he live, he will put his capabilities as a poet to a more ambitious and arduous test.

It need only further be remarked, that if, in the following pages, the writer has occasionally spoken

in the first person, it was simply for the sake of embodying more vividly emotions which he himself was at the time experiencing, and with which, he believes, most readers are, in a greater or less degree, prepared to sympathize.

Whatever be the fate of his book, he has already had his own reward. The happiness he has enjoyed in clothing in words the various sentiments it contains—in giving a “local habitation and a name” to the different moods of mind which it illustrates, has been to him, as it is to every brother of the lyre, a sufficient and abiding recompense.

EDINBURGH, *January*, 1831.

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