

**MORE VERSE AND PROSE  
BY THE  
CORNLAW RHYMER. IN  
TWO VOLUMES. VOL II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649652020

More Verse and Prose by the Cornlaw Rhymer. In Two Volumes. Vol II by Ebenezer Elliott

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**EBENEZER ELLIOTT**

**MORE VERSE AND PROSE  
BY THE  
CORNLAW RHYMER. IN  
TWO VOLUMES. VOL II**



# MORE VERSE AND PROSE

BY THE

CORNLAW RHYMER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

---



LONDON :

CHARLES FOX, 67, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1850.

## CONTENTS.

---

LYRICS FROM "LIVE ACCORDING TO LAW," AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA..	1 to 10
MISCELLANIES, INCLUDING A CRITIQUE BY THE LATE ROBERT SOUTHBY WRITTEN FOR THE QUARTERLY REVIEW .....	11 to 124
A LECTURE ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT POETRY IS SELF-COMMUNION....	125 to 157
A LECTURE ON THE POETS WHO SUCCEEDED MILTON AND PRECEDED COWPER AND BURNS.....	158 to 190
A LECTURE ON COWPER AND BURNS, THE TWO EARLIEST GREAT POETS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.....	191 to 220

LYRICS

FROM

“LIFE ACCORDING TO LAW,”

AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA.

VOL. II.

B

7-2

## LYRICS

FROM

### “LIFE ACCORDING TO LAW,” AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA.

---

Afore the woodwele, owre the brere,  
Shall lanely toot, “ Sic’ bodies were,”  
Foreslow they daft unmaklye loons,  
Wha’re fettled weel to chow their spoons :  
Owre fat for wark, too lang they steal  
Fra’ sair-toil’d folk their claes and meal.

*Old Ballad.*

---

### YOUNG POETS’ PLAINT.

1.

God, release our dying sister !  
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss’d her :  
Whiter than the wild, white roses,  
Famine in her face discloses  
Mute submission, patience holy,  
Passing fair ! but passing slowly.

2.

Though she said, “ You know I’m dying.”  
In her heart green trees are sighing ;  
Not of them hath pain bereft her,  
In the city, where we left her :  
“ Bring,” she said, “ a hedgeside blossom !”  
Love shall lay it on her bosom.



## ARTISAN'S OUTDOOR HYMN.

Again, Oh, Lord, we humbly pray  
 That thou wilt guide our steps aright :  
 Bless here, this day, tir'd Labour's day !  
 Oh, fill our souls with love and light !  
 For failing food, six days in seven,  
 We till the black town's dust and gloom :  
 But here we drink the breath of heav'n,  
 And here to pray the poor have room.  
 The stately temple, built with hands,  
 Throws wide its doors to pomp and pride ;  
 But in the porch their beadle stands,  
 And thrusts the child of toil aside.  
 Therefore, we seek the daisied plain,  
 Or climb thy hills, to touch thy feet ;  
 Here, far from splendour's city-fane,  
 Thy weary sons and daughters meet.  
 Is it a crime to tell thee here,  
 That here the sorely-tried are met ?  
 To seek thy face, and find thee near ?  
 And on thy rock our feet to set ?  
 Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies ;  
 Where sings the woodlark on the tree ;  
 Beneath the music of thy skies,  
 Is it a crime to worship thee ?  
 " We waited long, and sought thee, Lord,"  
 Content to toil, but not to pine ;

And with the weapons of thy Word  
 Alone, assail'd our foes and thine.  
 Thy truth and thee, we bade them fear ;  
 They spurn thy truth, and mock our moan !  
 " Thy counsels, Lord, they will not hear,  
 And thou hast left them to their own."

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

GRAHAM.

1.

Sabbath holy !  
 To the lowly  
 Still art thou a welcome day.  
 When thou comest, earth and ocean,  
 Shade and brightness, rest and motion,  
 Help the poor man's heart to pray.

2.

Sun-wak'd forest !  
 Bird, that soarest  
 O'er the mute, empurpled moor !  
 Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest !  
 Wind, that over dewdrop goest !  
 Welcome now the woe-worn poor.

3.

Little river,  
 Young for ever !  
 Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee !  
 Happy woodbine, gladly weeping !  
 Gnat, within the wild rose keeping !  
 Oh, that they were bless'd as ye !

4.

Sabbath holy!

For the lowly

Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;  
 For affliction's sons and daughters,  
 Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,  
 Pray to God, the poor man's God!

5.

From the fever,

(Idle never

Where on Hope Want bars the door,)  
 From the gloom of airless alleys,  
 Lead thou to green hills and valleys  
 • Weary Lordland's trampled poor!

6.

Pale young mother!

Gasping brother!

Sister, toiling in despair!  
 Grief-bow'd sire, that life-long diest!  
 White-lipp'd child, that sleeping sighest!  
 Come, and drink the light and air.

7.

Still God liveth;

Still he giveth

What no law can take away;  
 And, oh, Sabbath! bringing gladness  
 Unto hearts of weary sadness,  
 Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day!"