

# POEMS

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Poems by George Morine

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**GEORGE MORINE**

**POEMS**





GEORGE MORRIS

*Mary Senior Clarke*  
*from Gaynor Simpson.*  
POEMS *May 1889.*

BY

GEORGE MORINE

LONDON  
GEORGE BELL & SONS  
YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN  
1888

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THIS VOLUME  
OF  
GEORGE MORINE'S POEMS  
IS DEDICATED TO  
RICHARD MORRIS, ESQ.,  
OF  
BEECHFIELD, DONCASTER;  
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP  
GAVE HAPPINESS TO THE POET'S LIFE,  
AND WHOSE LIBERALITY  
GAVE TO THE WORLD THE POET'S WORKS.

## PREFACE.

IN that truly delightful volume, *English Sonnets by Poets of the Past*, edited by Mr. Waddington, and published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, in 1882, there was one Sonnet, the last in the book, by George Morine. It was entitled "Sunset," and it at once attracted the attention of leading critics. A desire was expressed at the time, and subsequently, that more of the same poet's work should be given to the world. It is to meet this desire that the present volume is published. The Editor was encouraged in his design by the opinion of an impartial critic to whom all the Sonnets were submitted, and who said of them, "The rhythm and cadences are often truly admirable—full, swelling, and tender—grave and yet entirely musical. The colouring too and the feeling



for landscape are both of them genuine." And this opinion has been confirmed by many excellent judges who have seen a portion of the Sonnets.

A few particulars respecting the Author will interest the readers of his poetry.

George Morine was born at York January 31st, 1809. He was of French descent on his father's side, but his mother was a York lady. Her maiden name was Lois Harland, and she was sole daughter of George Harland Esq., of that city, who owned estates in the neighbouring villages of Fulford and Dunnington. From his mother he inherited a small income, which perhaps was a doubtful benefit, as it took away one motive for exertion. He was warmly attached to his mother's memory, and appears to have been her favourite child. Of his early years little is known. He came to Doncaster when he was about twenty-five years old, and there continued to reside, in a very retired manner, until his death. He was never married. During the greater part of his residence in Doncaster, Mr. Morine occupied solitary lodgings. But he had chosen haunts where he could enjoy congenial society: and his rooms, hung round with favourite pictures, were not unvisited by attached and admiring friends, who will cherish a lifelong recollection of his genial and affectionate nature, his

upright character, his sound judgment, and his charming powers of conversation.

The writer of this Preface recalls with gratitude the many happy youthful hours enjoyed in Mr. Morine's rooms, when the conversation always turned to subjects of art and literature: and he well remembers how, from time to time, his Cambridge days were brightened with a letter and a Sonnet from his friend, suggesting trains of thought and feeling in full accord with those classic walks and avenues.

Of incident Mr. Morine's life was singularly devoid. As he himself said of it, in one of his letters, "The sunny side of the street in winter, and the shaded side in summer, gave the sum of its variety."

The following sympathetic paragraph appeared in the *Doncaster Gazette* (where many of his poems had been printed) for December 20th, 1872.

"Death of Mr. George Morine. Amid the gloom of winter, Doncaster has lost one of its worthies; and though little known beyond his own circle of friends and acquaintances, his memory will long be cherished by those who could appreciate at their worth a highly cultivated mind, and an unobtrusiveness rarely met with. Nearly forty years ago, Mr. Morine came to reside in this town. Public duties gave him no anxiety. His was a life of quietude, devoted only to

study and thought, and allied with no common intellectual power. He had, as was once observed, many of the faculties, all the virtues, and scarcely one of the faults, generally supposed to be connected with the character, mind, and temperament of a poet.

"Mr. Morine's illness was of short duration—an ordinary cold, terminating in congestion of the lungs, which was never overcome; and on Monday afternoon last he peacefully passed away from this to a brighter world, leaving a name unsullied and irreproachable."

Mr. Morine died on Monday, December 16, 1872, and was interred in Christ Church burial ground, close to the resting-place of his valued and accomplished friend, Dr. Scholfield, to whose connections several of the poems in this volume are dedicated. (See pages 71, 79, 104.)

The modest view Mr. Morine took of his own poems is expressed in a letter to an unknown friend (1843) a copy of which was found among his manuscripts.—

"Truth is, I grow daily more fastidious on the subject of poetry—more diffident of my own capabilities in this way. When I lived with you, I thought the attainment of fame a *probable* circumstance:—six years later it came under the chance *possible*: now I study Poetry simply as a fine art, by which I may sometimes