

**POEMS BY
A PAINTER**

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Poems by a Painter by Joseph Noel Paton

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JOSEPH NOEL PATON

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A PAINTER**

P O E M S

BY

A PAINTER

"Of grass, Hobbinol, I care no skill,
For they have daughters of the highest hill,
And hidden scorn of homely sheepherd's quill:
For still I heard that Pen with Phœbus peers,
Which him to woe rebuke and danger drives,
I never that prospect to Eurus hill,
But spying low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, all be it ill,"

The Shepherd's Coluber.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCLXI

280. c. 151.

PREFATORY NOTE

To account for the somewhat discrepant modes of thought and expression observable in many of the poems in this Volume, the Author thinks it right to state that the period of their production has extended over many years,—the greater number of them, indeed, having been written in very early life, and without any view to publicity.

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POEMS BY A PAINTER.

SYRINX.

Slowly the sunshine faded from the hill,
And dewy twilight found him bending still,
With hand on heart—as one who inly bleeds
From a deep wound—beside the trembling reeds.
Slowly love's star swam up, in bright unrest
Far-throbbing o'er Lampeia's purple crest.
Slowly, above the pine-wood's deepening shade,
White Artemis arose, as half afraid
To view the mighty sorrow she had made;

Arose, and gazed upon him silently ;
Then, sloping sadly down the western sky,
Sank with a dreary murmur ; leaving him
In darkness by the river's shadowy brim,
Moveless and silent as an oak o'erthrown
In some old forest ;—till a hollow groan
Shuddered athwart the midnight. Syrinx heard
Her lover's voice, and half in sorrow stirred—
And stirring sighed—and sighing sought to twine
Her leaves about him, lying there supine
In utter loneliness !

The ruthless sound,
The tender motion, from his deathly swoon
Of anguish roused him. Starting up, he cried
Aloud, " Thou lov'st me ! They shall not divide—
Those envious gods—the lover from his bride !
Thou shalt be mine ! to dwell with me afar
In leafy places, where nor moon nor star
Can watch our joy : save by our own glad eyes,
For ever unespied ! Yes ! thou art mine :