

# POEMS

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Poems by Edith M. David

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**EDITH M. DAVID**

**POEMS**



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BY

EDITH M. DAVID.



SECOND EDITION.



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WHITTAKER & Co.

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TO  
MY PARENTS,  
THESE SIMPLE LAYS  
ARE DEDICATED,  
WITH THE IMPERISHABLE LOVE  
OF  
THEIR ONLY CHILD.





## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

—o—

A SECOND EDITION following the first at so short an interval, certainly admits of a few words by way of explanation. In offering these to her readers, the Author would at once say that she has been induced to take this step entirely at the wish of very many friends, for whose kind, generous, and candid criticism she takes this opportunity of gratefully thanking them. Printed as the first edition was for private circulation only, the Author was content to allow her simple little volume to find its way among those who were good enough to express some interest in its appearance, and who were aware that much that it contained had been written in the days almost of childhood. But when the suggestion was thrown out, by many of these friends, that the book

ii.           PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

might be acceptable to a larger number of readers, she felt at once how great was the responsibility of launching such a frail little bark upon the great ocean of criticism. At their suggestion, then, this second edition goes forth. The many faults (and that they are many no one can be more sensible than the Author) remain unaltered. To a generous public, then, she commits her little craft, and to these her indulgent readers she would use the couplet of a very kind friend—

“Praise when you can, for in your praise I live,  
And when you cannot praise at least forgive.”

*Oxford, January, 1873.*

## PREFACE.



THE Author, in sending forth these "trifles light as air," is anxious to offer to her readers this one fact, that they were written between the ages of eleven and seventeen. In making this confession, she is in no way desirous of extenuating their many faults, or of soliciting a more charitable criticism than they deserve. They have been called forth at the desire of many to whom they have been made known; and to those who may be good enough to peruse them she would use the words of the gentle Goldsmith :

" Blame where you must, be candid where you can,  
And be each critic the good-natured man."—

adding these words of a later poet :

" What is writ is writ,—  
Would it were worthier !"—(BYRON.)

*July, 1872.*