

**VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649191079

Verses by Andrews Norton

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)

**ANDREWS NORTON**

# **VERSES**



V E R S E S

BY

A N D R E W S N O R T O N .

1853.



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET . . . . .	5
A SUMMER NIGHT . . . . .	7
A WINTER MORNING . . . . .	9
WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER . . . . .	11
THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR . . . . .	13
OH! NE'ER UPON MY GRAVE BE SHED . . . . .	16
TO — IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER MARRIAGE . . . . .	18
WRITTEN IN A YOUNG GIRL'S ALBUM . . . . .	19
THE PARTING . . . . .	20
TO A FRIEND ON HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE . . . . .	22
WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES ELIOT . . . . .	24
TO — ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND . . . . .	28
FORTITUDE . . . . .	30
HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH . . . . .	32
HYMN . . . . .	34
FUNERAL HYMN . . . . .	35





## V E R S E S.

---

### ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

---

I LOVE, thou little chirping thing,  
To hear thy melancholy noise ;  
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing  
Of summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,  
Nor sport along the traveller's path ;  
But, through the winter's weary hours,  
Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam  
But dimly shows the lettered page,  
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,  
Or wisdom of a purer age,—

Then will I listen to thy sound,  
And, musing o'er the embers pale  
With whitening ashes strewed around,  
The forms of memory unveil;

Recall the many-colored dreams  
That Fancy fondly weaves for youth,  
When all the bright illusion seems  
The pictured promises of Truth;

Perchance observe the fitful light,  
And its faint flashes round the room,  
And think some pleasures feebly bright  
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,  
When Care and Hope and Passion sleep,  
And Reason with untroubled power  
Can her late vigils duly keep.

I love the night; and sooth to say,  
Before the merry birds that sing  
In all the glare and noise of day,  
Prefer the cricket's grating wing.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

---

How sweet the summer gales of night,  
That blow when all is peaceful round,  
As if some spirit's downy flight  
Swept silent through the blue profound !

How sweet at midnight to recline  
Where flows their cool and fragrant stream !  
There half repeat some glowing line,  
There court each wild and fairy dream ;

Or idly mark the volumed clouds  
Their broad deep mass of darkness throw,  
When, as the moon her radiance shrouds,  
Their changing sides with silver glow ;

Or see where, from that depth of shade,  
The ceaseless lightning, faintly bright,  
In silence plays, as if afraid  
To break the deep repose of night ;