

**SANDGATE,  
A POEM**

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Sandgate, a poem by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**SANDGATE,  
A POEM**



# S A N D G A T E.

A Poem.



"Go, little book, from this my solitude,  
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways."

LONDON:  
EDWARD CHURTON, HOLLES STREET.

M. DCCC. XLVII.

The Author thinks it right to state, that the Characters  
introduced in the following pages are fictitious.



THE COTTAGE.

I.

SOME sing of arms, and some of beauty sing,  
And some of purling streams and shady bowers ;  
Some sing their homage to the ruling king,  
And some of grey and ivy-mantled towers ;  
Some sing of Time's untiring steady wing,  
And some of Ocean in her various hours ;  
Some sing, or some have sung, to every tune,  
The Earth, the Sky, the Stars, the Sun, the Moon.

## II.

One village small alone my soul inspires  
To court the Muse, to me so cold and coy,  
That not one spark of her celestial fires  
E'er tuned my mind to give my pen employ,  
Or taught me speech of what my heart admires,  
Or what my bosom grieves or fills with joy ;  
Yet do I now her friendly aid invoke,  
With truthful words her softening grace to yoke.

\*

## III.

On high and shelving beach, whose yellow strand  
Extends to almost every cottage door,  
Bounding at once the sea as well as land,  
Our Village stands, and neither fears the roar  
Of rising waves, whose drifting surge and sand  
Beat full upon a warm and southern shore,  
Nor yet the howling western winds, which sweep  
O'er the broad surface of the restless deep.



## IV.

By hills 'tis sheltered from the northern blast,  
And backed by rising downs, whose heights are crowned  
With sad mementos of the time when last  
We feared a hero and our terrors owned ;  
Recalling many pictures of the past,  
Of victory gained—but with such meanness bound,  
Detracting not from His so brilliant name,  
But, oh ! too little for our own high fame.

## V.

England ! thy voice is heard in torrid zones,  
Britannia's sway on Indian shore is felt ;  
And fraught with generous and benignant tones,  
Thy power to slaves has freedom nobly dealt,  
Has turned to cheerful smiles their tears and groans,  
The Christian altar raised where heathens knelt ;  
Yet how forgetful of thy creed wert thou  
When that Imperial head was bent so low !

## VI.

Oh ! England, mightiest of the mighty great !  
So mighty midst the hideous battle's rage,  
On board thy merchant ships and warring fleet,  
And mighty in the counsel of the sage ;  
But mightier far in slavery's grand defeat,  
The mightiest work of this or any age,—  
Yet still, with all thy might, I blush for thee,  
That thou so often canst ignoble be.

## VII.

In turbid waters floats unseen along  
The loathed thing, the toad, the grovelling worm !  
Where all is ill we notice not the wrong ;  
But from the clear pellucid stream we turn,  
Disgusted with its soft and murmuring song,  
If there we view the reptile or its germ :—  
More clear and more deformed your faults appear,  
Dear England, from the virtues which you wear.

## VIII.

Then deem not these reproaches lightly flow  
From want of love or cool indifference,  
But from sheer grief to see thee sink below  
The standard of thy merit, and thy sense  
Of wrongs unrighted warped to cringe and bow  
Before the weight of each new exigence :—  
The chiding mother loves her child the same,  
Although she find necessity to blame.

## IX.

One single street alone our village owns,  
The which is much improved since first we came,  
But still 'tis unlike that of larger towns,  
And neither boasts of paving, lighting, name,  
Yet house to house, or house to garden joins,  
And it, *this* street, is called by common fame,  
Being, in fact, a mere continuation  
Of the high road unto its destination.