

**HENRY AND ROSA: A
PATHETIC POETICAL
TALE; WITH A FEW
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS**

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Henry and Rosa: a pathetic poetical tale; with a few miscellaneous poems by Rosina Amelia Noah

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ROSINA AMELIA NOAH

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A Pathetic Poetical Tale;

WITH A FEW

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

MISS ROSINA AMELIA NOAH.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

LONDON:



PRINTED BY GEORGE STUART, 38, RUPERT STREET, BAYMARKET.

1846.

1255.

P R E F A C E.

MISS R. A. NOAH, the writer of the Poems contained in this little Book, begs the kind indulgence of all who may be induced to peruse them, assuring them at the time she wrote them she had not the most distant idea of publishing; but, from a variety of circumstances and the repeated solicitations of her friends, she has ventured to bring before the Public a few pieces, which she composed during severe affliction, and as she was, from extreme debility, deprived of the pleasure of reading, the Poems here produced are purely the effusions of her mind.

MISS N. is well aware the incidents are truly simple, but nevertheless, she sincerely hopes they will afford a satisfactory share of entertainment in the domestic and youthful circle,

without any ambition or desire of being considered, in any way, meritorious ; she therefore, humbly and respectfully trusts, that all who may honor them with a perusal will take into consideration the unassuming motives which have induced her to publish.

23, Swinton Street

Gray's Inn Road,

January, 1846.

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AN ADDRESS
TO THE
READER, AND INTRODUCTION
TO
HENRY AND ROSA.

With patience read this simple artless tale,
And let not criticism's eye prevail—
With cold severity, to scrutinize each part,
Let feeling hold, and pity sheath thy dart.

Look not for merit, such I do not claim,
My first attempt through weary hours of pain ;
Alone, retired, upon my bed I laid,
Smiling the muses o'er my senses played.

While fancy's pinions fluttered o'er my brain,
Imagination soared to Cupid's shrine,
Sweet meditation felt, and formed the plan,
From fresh ideas each verse successive ran.

No thought, no word, no intimation given,
No small assistance—save alone from heaven,
Who kindly breathed upon my drooping heart
Sweet poesy, attired in nature's simplest art.

Her purest garb, sincerity, and truth,
First speaks the maid, nipt in her tender youth,
Sweet beauty crushed, just opening into bloom,
By adverse fortune hurried to the tomb.

THE INTRODUCTION.

The generous youth claims the pathetic tear,
Midst wealth and grandeur died for love sincere !

If love and friendship ever warmed thy breast,
With glowing ardor, here it stands confessed—
Confessed too late, for death had mark'd his prey,
And snatched them both to realms of endless day.

Ah ! then forbear, let sympathy prevail,
For love and friendship solely form the tale ;
If learning breathes not, know a heart sincere
Would gladly hail thy love and friendship here.
