

**WAY-SIDE
SKETCHES: IN
PROSE AND VERSE**

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Way-Side Sketches: In Prose and Verse by Edward Legge

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EDWARD LEGGE

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BY

EDWARD LEGGE.



LONDON:

(FOR THE AUTHOR.)

J. C. HOTTEN, 75, PICCADILLY.

1870.

270. g 289.

TO JOSEPH HATTON,
AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK,"
I Dedicate this Volume,
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF LITERARY ASSISTANCE
ALWAYS GENEROUSLY RENDERED.

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WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.



SHADOWS.

I.

THE north wind fiercely blows without,
The wood-fire redly burns within ;
Cast on a sea of hope and doubt,
I listen to the city's din,
As on this last night of the year
I smoke the soothing pipe of peace,
While changeful Shadows peep and peer,
And ne'er their ghostly gambols cease.

II.

The Shadows visit me, and go
So swiftly, that I lose them quite,
And look out at the drifting snow
That falls so fast this winter night ;
Ah ! what bright face was that which gaz'd
Upon me from the crowded street,
Amus'd in part, and half amaz'd ?
It was my darling Marguerite !

III.

My Marguerite, so fair and kind !
 How the old times come back again !
 I recollect me how the wind
 Toy'd with her chesnut hair amain,
 As underneath the trysting-tree
 We sat, or through the meadows stray'd—
 Who in the wide world half so free
 And happy as that winsome maid ?

IV.

Or who so gay as I, who clung
 (The oak-tree nestling to the vine !)
 To her, while Cupid, laughing, flung
 His barbèd shafts at me and mine ?
 Yes—in the flying sparks I see
 The bank on which we rested last
 That moonlit summer eve. Ah, me !
 How quickly has *that* shadow past !

V.

She lov'd me ? Well, dear brother, no :
 I thought she did, and that's the truth.
 What would you ? She was rich, you know,
 And I—a poor romantic youth !
 " 'Tis better to have lov'd and lost,
 Than never to have lov'd," they say
 To all who by Love's storms are tost,
 And lie aweary by the way.