

**AMERICA TO  
ENGLAND: AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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America to England: And Other Poems by Minot J. Savage

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and

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By  
Minot J. Savage

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DEDICATION

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To her whose loving eye divines  
Rare meanings writ between the lines,  
And on whose ear oft falls a tone  
Caught by the listening heart alone.  
But shall I to the world disclose  
Her name? Enough to say, she knows.

141361

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## Preface

IN his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Pope writes,

I lisped in numbers—for the numbers came.

I can hardly say that, with perfect truthfulness. I sometimes wonder if Pope himself could. But I have been writing rhymes ever since I was seven years old. My father—a farmer—offered the munificent reward of one cent a page—nothing said as to size—for all I would write in the way of original composition—either prose or verse.

When some of Mr. Beecher's parishioners complained because he said so many witty things in the pulpit, he told them that they would appreciate his reticence if only they knew how many witty things he refrained from saying. So, although I have published a great deal of verse, my friends would appreciate my self-denial if only they knew how much I have *not* published. The world in general has a way of protecting itself by declining to buy or read.

During a life of hard work, verse writing has been my recreation or play. If it has served no other purpose, it has enabled me to escape, now and again, from the tragedy and burden of the real world and find recuperation by wandering in the ideal lands which lie "East of the sun and West of the moon."

As poetry was my first, so it is my last love. Hood somewhere says that there are three grades of work in this kind: 1st Poetry; 2d Verse; 3d Worse. I have written floods of "Verse." I fear I have written a large quantity of "Worse." I venture to hope I have also written at least a little "Poetry." A good many years ago I printed a volume of Poems. Some of it I trust is worth keeping; much of it I know is not. I have also printed a volume of Hymns. The present volume contains selections from them, together with some things which have appeared in newspapers and magazines, and some others which have not before been printed at all.

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My frail craft must now take its chances

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with a thousand others on the vexed sea of interest and opinion, and float or go down as friends, the great public, or fate may decree.

M. J. S.

NEW YORK, 26 June, 1905.