

**SOCIAL SKETCHES,
IN VERSE**

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Social Sketches, in Verse by Rose E. Thackeray

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ROSE E. THACKERAY

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IN VERSE**

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BY

ROSE E. THACKERAY.

"From grave to gay; from lively to severe."

London:

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1868.

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DEDICATED TO

MY SON,

W. R. E. T.

HORSTEAD RECTORY,
May 3rd, 1868.

"Tho' no bold flights to thee belong,
And tho' thy lays with conscious fear,
Shrink from judgment's eye severe,
Yet much I thank thee, spirit of my song.
For lonely Muse, thy sweet employ,
Exalts my soul, refines my breast;
Gives each pure pleasure keener seat,
And softens sorrow into pensive joy.
From thee I learnt the wish to bless;
From thee to commune with my heart;
From thee, dear Muse, the gayer part,
To laugh with pity at the crowds that pass;
Where fashion haunts her robes by folly spun,
Whose buccs gay varying wanton in the sun."

COLERIDGE.

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THE VILLAGE SABBATH-DAY.

I love along the meads to stray,
When brightly shines the Sabbath-day ;
The rustics, all their toil forgot,
Prepare to leave each lowly cot ;
The housewife plies her wheel no more,
But shuts her peaceful cottage door,
And takes her calm and happy way
To the neat church, her vows to pay.
The youthful to the aged sire
Are dressed in all their best attire,
And all is hushed in wood and dell,
Except the sheep's low tinkling bell.
Now, when the morning prayer is o'er,
They issue from the low porch'd door ;
The rosy children haste to share
The smoking board of humble fare,