

**A THOUSAND LINES:  
NOW FIRST OFFERED TO  
THE WORLD WE LIVE IN**

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A thousand lines: now first offered to the world we live in by Martin Farquhar Tupper

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**MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER**

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A

## Thousand Lines:

NOW FIRST OFFERED

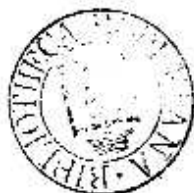
TO THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

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*"O deem not, midst this worldly strife,  
As idle art the Poet brings,—  
Let high Philosophy control  
And Sages calm the stream of life,  
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul."*

CAMPBELL.

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## A THOUSAND LINES.

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### PROLOGUE.

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My heart presents her gift ; in turn, of thee  
I ask a little time, an idle hour,  
Kindly to spend with these my thoughts and me,  
     wooing the fragrance of the Muses' bower ;  
Not without name or note, yet nameless now  
     As one devoid of fame and skill and power,  
     Bearing no charge upon mine argent shield,  
A candidate unknown with vizored brow,  
     Full of young hopes I dare the tented field !—  
Not so :—this is no time for measuring swords ;  
     Thou art no craven though thy spirit yield,  
For yonder are fair looks and friendly words :  
     Choose a more peaceful image :—here, reveal'd  
Shines a small sample of my golden hoards.

## SLOTH.

---

" A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,  
 A little more folding the hands to sleep."  
 For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,  
 Over my mind are beginning to creep,—  
 Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured  
 By your wild whispers, my fanciful train,  
 And, like a linnæus, be carelessly captured  
 In the soft nets of my beautiful brain !

Touch not these curtains !—your hand will be tearing  
 Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things ;—  
 Call me not !—your cruel voice will be scaring  
 Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings :  
 Leave me, O leave me,—for in your rude presence  
 Nothing of all my bright world can remain,—  
 Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasure,  
 Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain !

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,  
 Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,  
 Leave me to peace,—let me husband enjoyment,—  
 This is the heart and the marrow of life !  
 For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures  
 Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,  
 Lazily listening the musical measures  
 Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain !

Hush,—for the halo of calmness is spreading  
 Over my spirit, as mild as a dove ;  
 Hush,—for the angel of comfort is shedding  
 Over my body his vial of love. ;  
 Hush,—for new slumbers are over me stealing,  
 Thus would I court them again and again,  
 Hush,—for my heart is intoxicate,—reeling  
 In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain !

---

 ACTIVITY.

OPEN the casement, and up with the Sun !  
 His gallant journey is just begun ;  
 Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,  
 Banner'd with glory, and burnished with gold, --  
 Over the hills he comes sublime,  
 Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time !