

**POEMS: AN  
OFFERING TO  
LANCASHIRE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649760176

Poems: an offering to Lancashire by Isa Craig Knox & Christina Georgina Rossetti

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ISA CRAIG KNOX & CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI**

**POEMS: AN  
OFFERING TO  
LANCASHIRE**



# POEMS:

## An Offering to Lancashire.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE ART EXHIBITION FOR THE  
RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.



LONDON:

EMILY FAITHFULL,

Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty,  
VICTORIA PRESS, 83a, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.  
1863.

## P R E F A C E.

---

THE task of seeing this little volume through the press has been an easy and pleasant one. Most of the contributions have been written specially and many more might have been added but for the wish that the book should appear at Christmas, and the brief time consequently allowed for its preparation. Miss Faithfull undertook to print and publish a thousand copies free of expense, the compositors of the Victoria Press volunteering their services, and Messrs. Richard Herring & Co. furnishing the paper gratuitously, so that the proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the object to which the volume is dedicated.

ISA CRAIG.

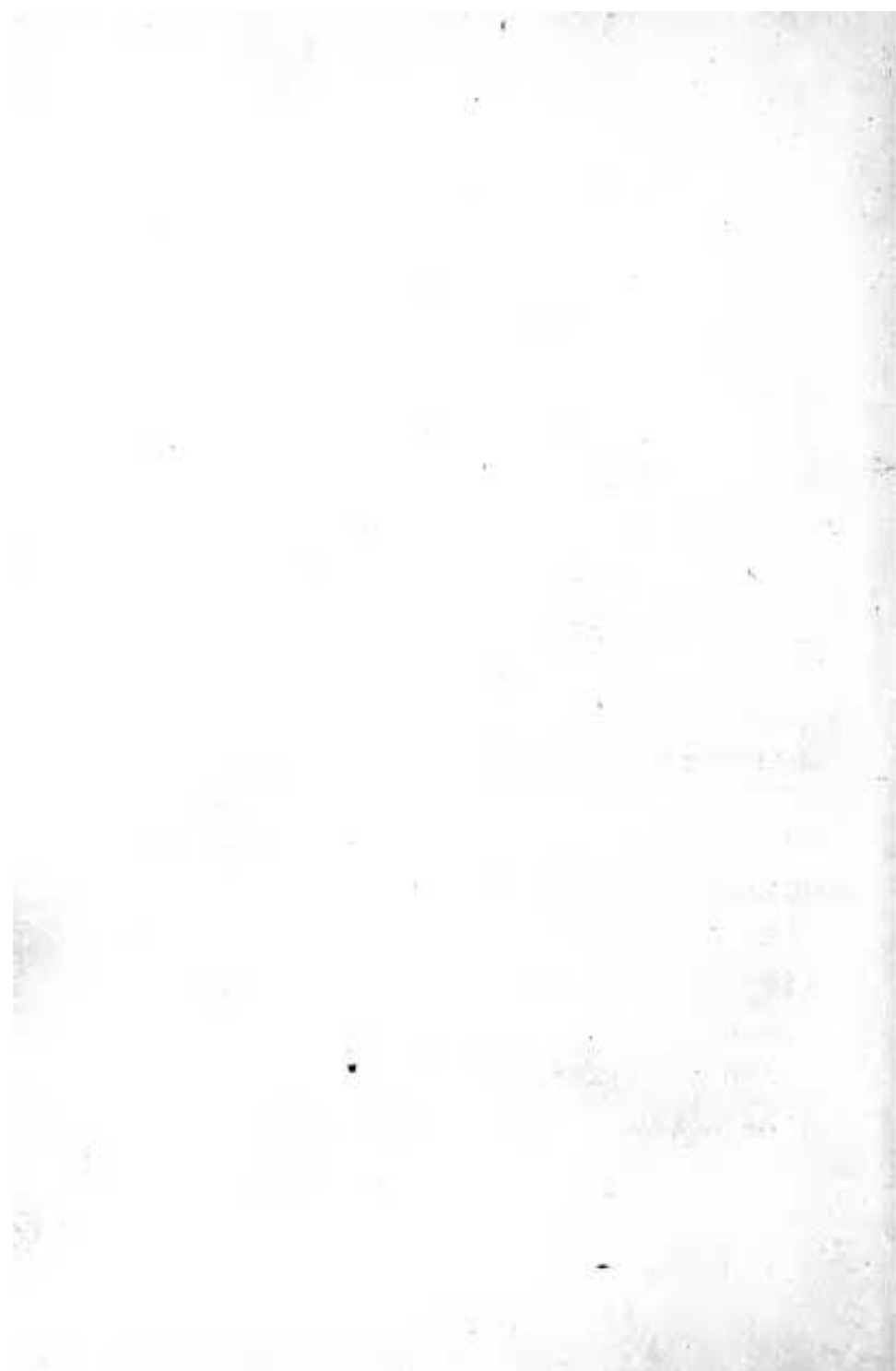


## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
SONNET . . . . .	EMILY TAYLOR . . . . . 1
A ROYAL PRINCESS . . . . .	CHRISTINA ROSSETTI . . . . . 2
SACRIFICE . . . . .	"V." . . . . . 11
IN THE WINTER . . . . .	"G. E. M." . . . . . 12
THE THREE HORSES . . . . .	GEORGE MACDONALD . . . . . 15
SUDDEN LIGHT . . . . .	D. G. ROSSETTI . . . . . 25
FOUR SONNETS FROM EARLY ITALIAN PICTURES . . . . .	W. BELL SCOTT . . . . . 26
AFTER SUNSET . . . . .	W. ALLINGHAM . . . . . 30
THE MERSEY AND THE IRWELL . . . . .	BESSIE R. PARKES . . . . . 31
THE EYE OF GOD . . . . .	MARY HOWITT . . . . . 34
AD SEPULCRUM . . . . .	C. B. CATLEY . . . . . 37
BROTHERS . . . . .	ISA CRAIG . . . . . 44
ENGLAND AND AMERICA. . . . .	R. MONCKTON MILNES . . . . . 58
THE JESTER'S PLEA . . . . .	FREDERICK LOCKER . . . . . 60





## POEMS:

### An Offering to Lancashire.



#### SONNET.

WHAT is the work, the duty of the hour?  
THIS, surely, chief:—to turn these ills to good:  
Out of sour poison draw the wholesome food;  
Chasing ill thoughts that sever rich and poor.  
Oh! could we feel that every open'd door  
Made way to HEARTS! drove out the spectral brood  
Of dark distrustings—so that now we stood  
*At one* in spirit—One for evermore!  
Is this too much? yet register the vow,  
Ye faithful Labourers! not to lose your hold;  
The bars once broken, still to keep them so;  
Then the fresh page in Life's great book unrolled,  
With eyes made clear to read it, shall repay  
With tenfold good the sorrow of to-day.

EMILY TAYLOR.

### A ROYAL PRINCESS.

I, a princess, king-descended, stuck with jewels, gilded,  
dressed,

Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her breast,  
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,  
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore;  
Me, poor dove that must not coo—eagle that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow  
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow  
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors whereupon I trace  
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,  
Selfsame solitary figure, selfsame seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,  
Almost like my Father's chair, which is an ivory throne:  
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.