

**DRURY LANE  
LYRICS, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Drury Lane lyrics, and other poems by John Bedford Leno

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**JOHN BEDFORD LENO**

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DRURY LANE LYRICS,

And other Poems.

BY JOHN BEDFORD LENO.

[SECOND EDITION.]

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, 56, DRURY LANE,

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56, DRURY LANE, LONDON,

*December, 1867.*

It is a time-worn custom when an author presents a volume to the public, to offer a few prefatory remarks. Let me candidly confess that, while I believe in this custom, I find great difficulty in saying aught that would either excuse the deficiencies or increase the value of what I have written. The fact of publishing is in itself a confession that I believe my verses are not absolutely worthless, but this belief may result from the greenness of the spectacles through which authors are too apt to view their own productions.

My readers will, therefore, accept this as an apology for declining a task for which I feel a certain degree of incompetency, and leaving the results of my labours, with this slight preliminary bow, to the unbiased criticism of a free press, and the generous consideration of an indulgent public.

852872

TO THE  
TOILERS OF ALL NATIONS,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.



# DRURY LANE LYRICS.

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## THE TRAVELLERS.

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### I.

I saw a traveller passing o'er a bleak and barren heath ;

I said, " Where art thou roaming,  
And crowds that now are coming ? "

He answered, " To the gorgeous home of Death ! "

### II.

His locks, that had been raven, were white as driven snow ;

His frame, that told the story  
Of wasted strength and glory,

Was bending, 'neath a heavy weight of woe.

## III.

I pointed to a stone, and bade him rest awhile.  
I know that he was weary—  
The way both dark and dreary :  
He shook his head—and answered with a smile :

## IV.

“ I have rested far too long in this dismal vale of tears :  
No comfort can I borrow  
From such a land of sorrow,  
Although I've been a dweller four score years !

## V.

“ The world tells me I'm travelling to a bleak and friendless  
shore—  
But every friend I own  
Is going—or has gone—  
So let me tread the path they trod before !”

## VI.

He journeyed on his way, and others passed along—  
The young and old together—  
No resting place for either ;  
I could not weep for all—so wept the young.

## VII.

So silently they passed—like a noiseless breath of wind :  
Some hearts were wrung with anguish,  
While others seemed to languish  
For treasures they were leaving far behind !

## VIII.

But one whose bright eyes sparkled—who travelled  
on alone ;  
Whose brow was so benignant—  
It seemed that naught malignant  
Had ever sat there—rested on the stone.

## IX.

“ From all that’s gay and lovely, ’tis soon, alas, to part ;  
To rove through scenes of gladness  
In solitude and sadness,  
Before the warmth of youth has left my heart.

## X.

“ I journey to a land where all is dark and gloom :  
I trod the maze of pleasure,  
And thought to find a treasure,  
And when I thought I’d found it—grasped a tomb !