

**THE VICAR OF
SOUTHBURY'S
STORY. A CHRISTMAS
POEM, BY A POET**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649729203

The Vicar of Southbury's Story. A Christmas Poem, by a Poet by Southbury

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

SOUTHBURY

**THE VICAR OF
SOUTHBURY'S
STORY. A CHRISTMAS
POEM, BY A POET**

THE
Vicar of Southbury's Story.

A CHRISTMAS POEM,

BY

A POET.



A youth
That means to be of note begins betimes.
SWANSEAFORD.

London:
ALFRED W. BENNETT,
& BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.
1867.

280. k. 27c.

ERWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS, BUCKLESBURY, LONDON, E.C.

PREFACE.

THE publication of a Poem is, as it were, the launching of a Bark on a great Ocean—the Ocean of Public Opinion. Great are the risks attending the Voyage; almost infinite the chances against the safe arrival of the frail Vessel at Success Haven, in the Continent of Fame, wafted thither, as it must be, by the Trade Wind of Applause. For the Arctic Ocean of Disappointment, out of which rise the bleak and barren Islands of Neglect and Hope Deferred, in which latter heart-sickening waters abound, is far more frequently reached by the Young Voyager. Should the far off Land of

Posthumous Fame be gained, it is oftentimes by sailing down the dreary Straits of Life-long Poverty. But the Bark is launched, and, may I venture to think, is launched at a propitious period of the year ; and to keep his eye steadfastly fixed on the Compass of Hope, and pray for a fair wind, is all that is left for

THE POET.

CANTO I.

THE TEMPEST.

15

By the sea stands the village Southbury,
As lovely a village as you might see
Were you to travel a long summer's day.
It stands on the shore of a horse-shoe bay,—
A bay surrounded with worn old rocks
That have braved the furious tempest's shocks
Thousands of years ; they were worn and grey
In the eagle-bannered Cæsar's day.

Southbury stands three furlongs, or more,
Back from the rock-defended shore ;—
Rock-defended, save where, as if cleft,
These to the right hand, these to the left,
The rocks are parted—leaving a way
To the tide-uncovered strand of the bay

Where, when the pitiless gale has rolled
Its death-bearing billows over the hold
Of some good vessel, the drift-wood comes,
Telling of desolate, ruined homes,—
Breaking the stalk of the sweet sea-pink
That grows on the very extremest brink
Of the cliffs, enlivening the sombre shore,
As the western tints 'liven the twilight hour.
The village has been a village for ages ;
Its name is seen in the Doomsday Book's pages.
There's a ruined, useless, worn out windmill ;
And a quaint Norman church upon a hill,
About whose porch now the ivy climbs.
There's a stately mansion, they call it " the Limes, "
Where Sir Hubert de Horne, Baronet, dwells ;
In the aisle of the church a tablet tells
That his ancestors fought by the Conqueror's side,
And people forgive him an inborn pride,
That looks from his eye, that points every word,
For of Southbury manor he is the sole lord.

Hidden in foliage the vicarage stands.
Time, alas ! now with his meddling hands

Has taken away the vicar I knew,
With his cheery voice—his eyes of sea blue—
His welcome to all—his old shovel hat ;—
But, as the French say, “ We have changed all that.”
And his place is filled, and filled well they say,
By another vicar whose hair is grey,
Who has grown old watching the seasons glide
In Southbury vicarage by the sea-side.

But it's not with him that we have to do,
But with the first loved vicar I knew,
When calmly, peacefully, down life's hill—
As flows some gentle meadow-land rill—
His years were gliding ; the bordering flowers
Were imaged in never-forgotten hours,
When sage advice—the forget-me-not that—
Or—shadowed by daisy—the friendly chat,—
Or the story—we'll call that the fair king-cup—
Filled every line of his journal up.

But the meadow-land brook, tho' it rolls along
With cadence sweet as a mother's song