

**PATCHWORK POEMS
AND ANTEDILUVIAN
RHYMES; PP. 4-112**

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Patchwork Poems and Antediluvian Rhymes; pp. 4-112 by Jane Vaughan Pinkney

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JANE VAUGHAN PINKNEY

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LONDON:
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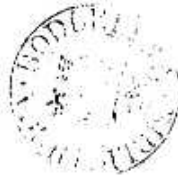
AND

ANTEDILUVIAN RHYMES.

BY

JANE VAUGHAN PINKNEY,

AUTHOR OF "SIR ARTHUR BOUYERIE," "THE YOUNG DOCTOR,"
"THE WILFUL WARD," ETC.

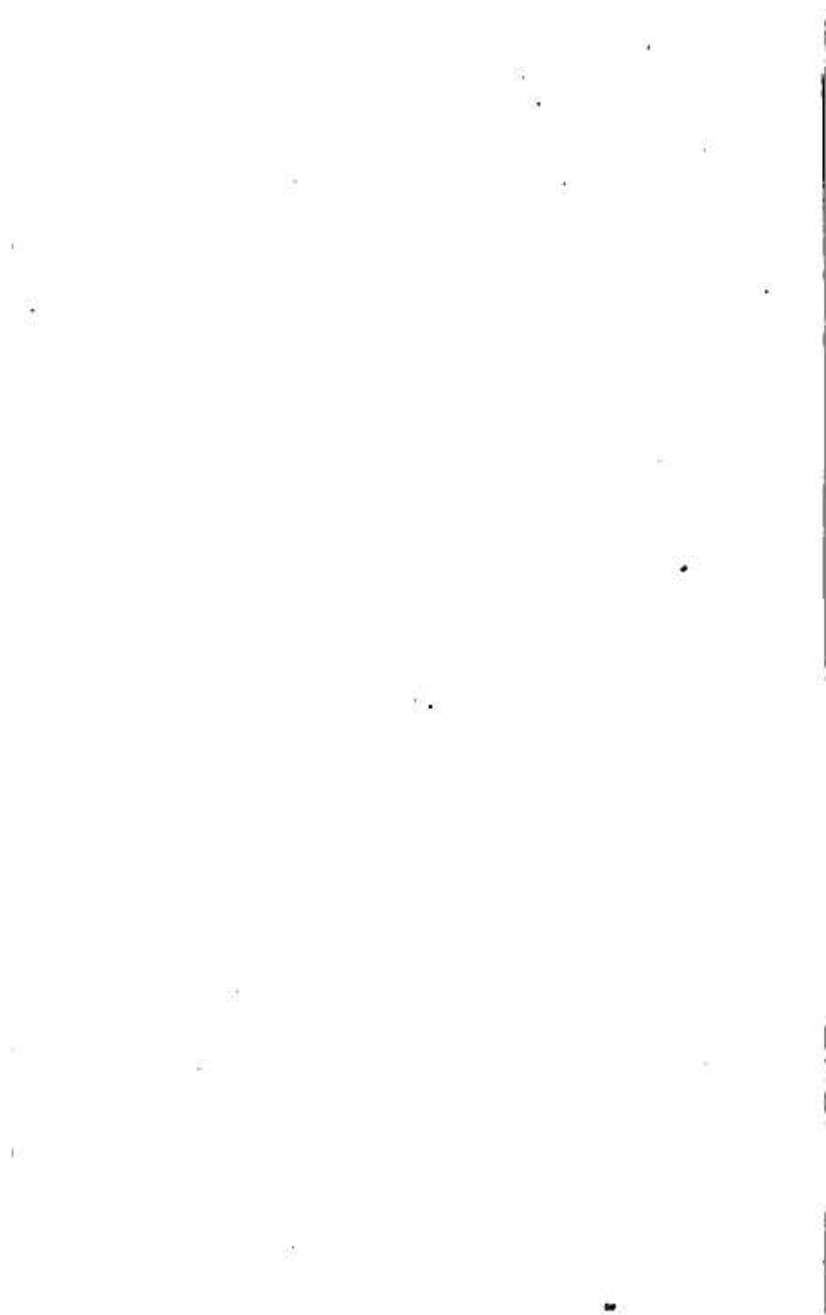


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With a lie to face thy Saviour,
 Wilt thou go from hence?—wilt die?
 No! 'twas false!—his life's past honour
 Raleigh never could belie!

And he had no hand for treason,
 Or for base and lynx-like guile,
 Towards friend, or foe, or monarch—
 Walter Raleigh, I could smile!

I could smile, though thou art dying;
 Though my tears are falling fast;
 These, thy words, in thy last death-pangs,
 England must believe at last.

Hush!—in breathless silence standing—
 Crowds in wonder on him gaze;
 For a voiceless pray'r he's praying
 Ere the headsman ends his days.

Up he rises, calmly smiling,
 As the glittering axe draws near;
 On the block his head he's laying,
 With no single sign of fear!

See!—for not a muscle quivers—
 Yet our hearts beat fast and high.
 God! most bitter is this picture
 Of a true man doom'd to die!

Headsman, dost *thou* shake and tremble?
 Raleigh speaks to him again.

“Quick! what dost thou fear?—now, strike, man!”
 And the head and trunk are twain.

And there is the head, all gory—
 Ha! that I such sight should see!
 Loyal subject, valiant warrior,
 Friend, and wisest statesman, he.

Falls the blood yet, wildly gushing
From the pain'd and quiv'ring frame ;
Neighbour, take me from the scaffold
Ere I curse our monarch's name.

Shame and scorn cling to the monarch
Who could track a man to death—
Calmly, patiently, with falsehood—
Sure as bloodhound after breath !

James of Scotland—art a Stuart ?
They were brave as they were bold ;
But, thou minion of thy minions !
Whence could come thy spirit's mould ?

Out upon thee ! Were Spain's Indies
Even offer'd thee instead,
They'd be poor blood-price to barter
For a loyal subject's head.

But I know for Spain's Infanta
Thou hast shed yon blood that flows ;
And, by Heav'n ! in stern rebellion
My now anger'd spirit glows.

James of Scotland ! shame be on thee—
Widow'd wife and orphan pine,
Blood thou shed'st—then blood be on thee !
It shall cling to thee and thine.

While, in after years, old England
Scorning thee, this deed shall view ;
But shall know thee, Walter Raleigh,
For a brave man and a true !