

# POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649197248

Poems by John N. Russell

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)

**JOHN N. RUSSELL**

**POEMS**



# P O E M S.

BY

JOHN N. BISSELL,

FOR SOMETIME MASTER IN THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS  
OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT WORCESTER  
AND HALIFAX.

L O N D O N :

HELFE BROTHERS, 150, ALDERSGATE-STREET.

1861.

TO  
THE REV. RICHARD WILSON, D. D.,  
Of Gough House, Chelsea, London,  
LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
IN PROFOUND VENERATION FOR  
HIS TALENTS,  
GREAT ESTEEM FOR HIM AS A CHRISTIAN AND A GENTLEMAN,  
AND GRATEFUL MEMORY AND  
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIM AS A KIND PATRON,  
By Permission,  
THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED  
BY HIS  
HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
ESTHER AND MORDECAI .....	9
A TALE OF THE CLIFF .....	17
I ONCE WAS YOUNG, BUT NOW I'M OLD .....	26
TO MISS H. H * * * * * .....	28
THY WORK IS NEARLY DONE .....	80
DESPAIR.....	81
UNKNOWN CARE .....	82
TO THE CARE-WORN FAITHFUL MAID NOW GONE	83

	PAGE
ODE TO SOLITUDE.....	34
ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT .....	35
OH BLAME NOT THE YOUTH.....	37
A THOUGHT .....	39
ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY .....	40



## Esther and Mordecai.

---

A SCENE FROM THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

---

MORDECAI.

Ah, woe am I!—In this my last old age, after having toiled hard in the prime of life, to have been banished from my country, to have had my ancient right of citizenship torn from me in the most unjust manner, and to have been compelled to pass my days in a land not my own, and dwell with a people whose customs have taught them that I am not worthy of communion among them.

Ah! who can tell of grief? Who has had his mind torn with angry care? And who has lived as though his soul would break the barriers of his feeble frame; and yet, having but little strength, it is compelled to dwell within its dungeon?

Ah! my grief is more than this. For the bread which perisheth I am compelled to stand as a dog at the king's gate, and bend the knee alike to the virtuous and the vile. And having used that judgment with which man, the highest of the Creator's works, has been endowed, my life is at stake. Yes, there is he who carries in his breast malicious designs, and who even pants to see my blood spilt near those old gate pillars which have borne my feeble frame, when, overwhelmed with grief, whilst leaning against which, for my country, the land of my birth, the scenes of my childhood, and liberty dear to man, I've sighed; and grieved for a time which, in my short day, can never return. Yea, my life is sought, and that by a powerful subject, one in whom the king delights and has

honoured, and against whom my weary prayers could never prevail. There is nothing before me but death, to the valley of which, through care and toil and angry grief, I'm called to walk.

## ESTHER.

Why grieve you thus, my father,  
 For thy country and thy fatherland?  
 I'm still thy child, I share thy grief,  
 I too am banished from the land  
 I love, for ever and for ever.

## MORDECAI.

Ah, happy maid, thou'rt not my child;  
 Thy father and thy mother died  
 Far in that land for which I sigh  
 And I, thy father's kindred born,  
 Was once to thee a parent dear;  
 But now thou art the Queen, and I