

**POESIES FROM A COUNTRY
GARDEN: SELECTIONS
FROM THE WORKS OF E.
WAUGH. PART I, II**

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Poesies from a Country Garden: Selections from the Works of E. Waugh. Part I, II by E. Waugh

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E. WAUGH

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POESIES

FROM A COUNTRY GARDEN:

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF

EDWIN WAUGH.

"Oft from the forest wildings he did bring."—SPENSER.

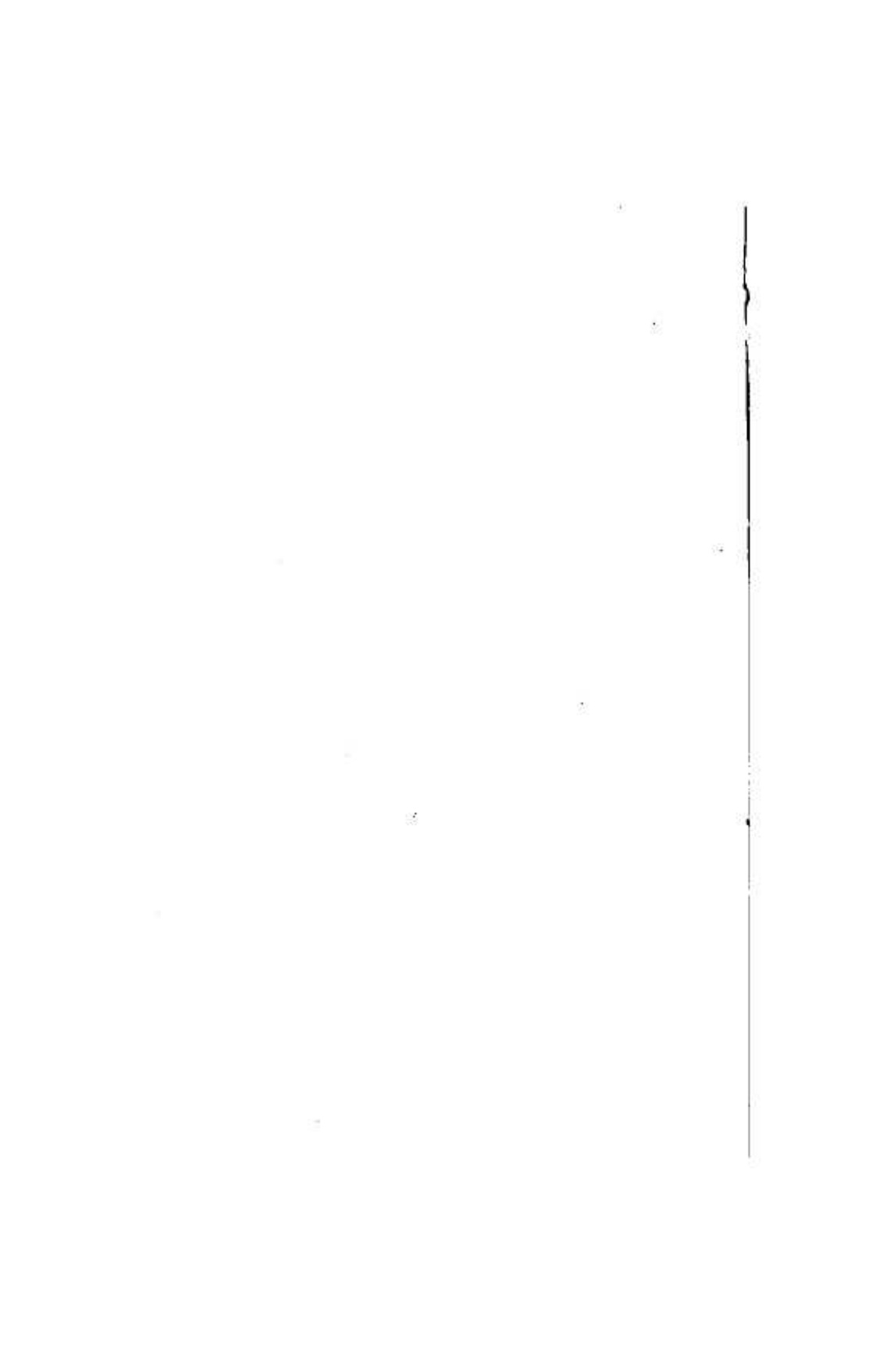
PART I.

MANCHESTER:

JOHN HEYWOOD, 149 DEANSGATE.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

1866.





THE WORLD.

I.

THIS foolish world doth wink
Its cunning lid;
And,—when it thanks,—it thinks
Its thoughts are hid.

II.

Its piety's a screen
Where vice doth hide;
Its purity's unclean;
Its meekness, pride.

III.

Its charity's a bait
To catch a name;
Its kindness covers hate;
Its praise is blame.

IV.

Its wisdom soweth seeds
Which follies prove;
And its repentance needs
Repenting of

V.

Its learning's empty talk;
Its heart is cold;
Its church is an exchange;
Its God is gold.

VI.

Its pleasures all are blind,
And lead to pain ;
Its treasures are a kind
Of losing gain.

VII.

Lust moves it more than love,
Fear more than shame ;
Its best ambitions have
A grovelling aim.

VIII.

Some sorrow doth attend
Its happiest dreams ;
And rottenness doth end
Its rotten schemes.

IX.

Oh, cure our moral madness—
Our soul-disease ;
Show us that Vice brings sadness,
And Virtue, ease.

X.

And teach us in the hour
Of sin's dismay,
That Truth's the only flower
Without decay.





THE MOORLANDS.

I.

SING hey for the moorlands, wild, lonely, and stern,
Where the moss creepeth softly all under the fern;
Where the heather-flower sweetens the lone highland
lea,
And the mountain winds whistle so fresh and so free !

I've wander'd o'er landscapes embroider'd with flowers,
The richest, the rarest, in greenest of bowers,
Where the throstle's sweet vesper, at summer day's
close,
Shook the coronal dews on the rim of the rose ;
But oh for the hills where the heather-cock springs
From his nest in the bracken, with dew on his wings !
Sing hey for the moorlands !