

**THOUGHT AND WORD,
AND ASHBY MANOR,
A PLAY IN TWO ACTS**

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Thought and word, and Ashby Manor, a play in two acts by William Allingham

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WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

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AND ASHBY MANOR,
A PLAY IN TWO ACTS**

THOUGHT AND WORD

AND

Asbby Manor

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

BY

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

WITH PORTRAIT
FOUR DESIGNS FOR STAGE SCENES BY MRS. ALLINGHAM
AND
A SONG WITH MUSIC

LONDON
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND
1890

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Thought is the shadow of Truth and Language the shadow of Thought.

PR
4004
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TO MY CHILDREN,
HOPING THEY (IF NO OTHERS) WILL BRING
A SYMPATHETIC ATTENTION TO THESE ENDEAVOURS
TO PUT IN WORDS
SOME FAINT HINT OF THE HIGHEST TRUTHS—
INEXPRESSIBLE IN ANY FORM OF LANGUAGE.

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ON A PORTRAIT.

WHEN a Poet knew himself, once on a time,
 And his joy of life overflow'd into rhyme,
 He had supple joints and curly dark hair ;
 Folk see him now with a pate half bare,
 Some grizzled locks hanging lichen-wise
 Over wrinkled forehead and sunken eyes :
 But why not show him (guarding truth)
 As he used to be in his days of youth ?
 Look and believe ! he once was young ;
 When he sung of Love, he felt what he sung ;
 A Poet then, if a Poet now,
 Why with sad cheer and wither'd brow
 Greet the good Friend who may wish to learn
 How he look'd ?—He looked *thus*, on the Banks of
 Erne,

(Nay, younger still, and merrier far,—
 Already long set is the morning star)
 Erne water dancing from dawn to dark :
 Over the green hills caroll'd the lark,
 Seagull screech'd over ocean-strand,
 Plover wail'd on the brown moorland ;
 Woman was loveliness ; life was wide,
 Fill'd with wonders on every side ;
 Heaven clear open as far as God,
 Maker and Guardian of sun and clod ;
 Truth, unselfishness, merely were right
 Poets walk'd in celestial light.
 Gloom and fear and longing and pain—
 He forgets them now,—is almost fain
 (But no !) to wish himself young again.