

**COLLEGE RHYMES:  
CONTRIBUTED BY MEMBERS OF  
THE UNIVERSITIES OF OXFORD  
AND CAMBRIDGE. VOLUME III**

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College Rhymes: Contributed by Members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.  
Volume III by Various

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The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

"The blossom of the flying Terme."—*Tennyson*.

VOLUME III.



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TO  
ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQUIRE,  
Poet Laureate,  
THIS THIRD VOLUME OF  
"COLLEGE RHYMES"  
IS, BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED  
BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
THE EDITOR.

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## PROLOGUE.

**A** GAIN, with fuller swell and bolder tone,  
Our harp awakes; for many a varying strain  
Of solemn musing, high heroic deeds,  
And joyous mirth, its bards have breathed, and those  
Who yet shall dare an eagle-flight of song,  
Have tried their pinions, and the stream that soon  
Shall be a river, on its joyful course  
Enriching all the wide domain of mind,  
Has into daylight flashed, a youthful rill.  
Still may that flight be upward, still more bright,  
More clear and wider be that onward stream;  
Upon the waters of deep earnest thought  
Break gleaming ripples of a fancy gay,  
And nobler, sweeter be each burst of song.



## College Rhymes.

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"The blossom of the flying Terms."—Tennyson.

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### THE HOUSE UPON THE HILL.

#### I.

**M**Y thoughts are like a pennant  
That floats on an adverse wind,  
And as the bark toils onwards  
Streams lingeringly behind ;  
For though I am hurried southward,  
They are ever turning still  
To the banks of Derwentwater  
And the House upon the Hill.



## II.

A pleasant ramble by the lake,  
 And, may be, half a score  
 Of casual greetings, stolen looks,  
 A hundred less or more,  
 And three short visits,—these sweet bonds  
 By more than magic skill  
 Detain my heart a prisoner  
 In the House upon the Hill.

## III.

A voice that trips and ripples  
 Like the throstle's sweet refrain,  
 A perfect hand, a foot that falls  
 As light as summer rain,  
 Lush auburn hair, and liquid eyes  
 Bright as a breaking rill,—  
 Such are the spells that bind me  
 To the House upon the Hill.

## IV.

The Present is a blank to me,  
 The Future is a maze,  
 But I love to sit and sun me  
 In the "light of other days:"  
 Of other days and happier  
 That all my fancy fill  
 With summer-breathing memories  
 Of the House upon the Hill.

## THE DREAM OF FAME.

**H**E saw her once, and in the glance—  
 A moment's glance of meeting eyes—  
 His heart stood still in sudden trance,  
 He trembled with a sweet surprise,  
 As one that caught, through opening skies,  
 A distant gleam of Paradise.

That summer eve his soul was light;  
 With lighter step he pressed the ground;  
 And life was fairer in his sight,  
 And music was in every sound:  
 He blessed the world where there could be  
 So beautiful a thing as she.

But days went by—he found her not:  
 And years rolled on—she never came:  
 Though ever, round the fatal spot,  
 A mocking whisper of her name  
 In hollow echoes seemed to roll  
 Through the dark chambers of his soul.

From land to land he sought her face :  
To him were neither night nor day :  
The phantom he was doomed to chase  
Still glided from his touch away :  
And life, that once had been so bright,  
Seemed but a dream of yesternight.

So after many years he came,  
A wanderer from a distant shore—  
The street, the house, were yet the same,  
But those he knew were there no more :  
His burning words, his hopes and fears,  
Unheeded fell on alien ears.

Only the children from their play  
Would pause the mournful tale to hear,  
Shrinking in half-alarm away ;  
Or, step by step, would venture near  
To touch with timid, curious hands  
That strange wild man from other lands.

He sat beside the busy street,  
There, where he last had seen her face ;  
And thronging memories, bitter-sweet,  
Seemed yet to haunt the ancient place :  
Her footfall ever floated near :  
Her voice was ever in his ear.