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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 Terms."-Tonnyson.

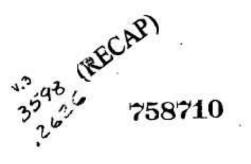
VOLUME III.

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THE EDITOR.

BY HIS OBBDIENT SERVANT,

"COLLEGE RHYMES"

IS, BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED

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THIS THIRD VOLUME OF

Doet Taureate,

ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQUIRE,

TO

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.

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College Rhymes.

"The blossom of the flying Terms."-Tennyson:

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.

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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. TRIN. COLL., CAMB.

R. F. W.

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THE DREAM OF FAME.

HE saw her once, and in the glance-A moment's glance of meeting cycs-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;

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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. vol. 111. 3

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THE DREAM OF FAME.

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.