

IDYLLS AND LYRICS

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Idylls and lyrics by William Forsyth

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WILLIAM FORSYTH

**IDYLLS
AND LYRICS**

LOAN STACK

4053F

MANY of these Poems were written long ago, and appeared in one or other of the principal periodicals of the day, including 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 'Punch,' 'The Cornhill Magazine,' 'The Dublin University Magazine,' and 'Good Words.'

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I.

FAMILIAR THINGS

“*Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem.*”

-- HORACE.

I would choose some familiar subject for a poem, and treat it in a simple way, so that any one might think he could do the same. -- *Free Translation.*

THE OLD KIRK BELL.

"Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month; in the day of the atonement shall the trumpet sound throughout all your land."—Levit, xxv, 9.

"How soft the music of these village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet."—Chowton.

I.

THEY sing the lays
Of golden days,
But sweetest tongue could never
Tell half the bliss
Of a day like this,
Although it sung For ever.
The green earth breathes its hymns of praise,
And fragrance through the air;
And the day is as fair as the golden days,
Of the times that never were.

II.

A day all light,
All song, all rest,
With sunshine brightly glowing!
A cup divine
Of amethyst
With golden wine o'erflowing!
The far-off hills, half-brown, half-blue,
The far-off sea of silver rays,
The woodland homes that glimmer through
The faint sweet gleams of summer haze!

III.

A day of rest,
Of light and song,
A perfect thing and peerless,
When life is blest
And love is strong,
And timid things are fearless;
And one sweet sound runs through it all,
Through hearts and homes, o'er hills and dells,
Through all the land with kindly call,
The faint and far-off sound of bells.