

**EPIGRAMS OF ART,  
LIFE, AND NATURE**

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Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature by William Watson

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**WILLIAM WATSON**

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EPIGRAMS.

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OF  
ART, LIFE, AND NATURE.

BY  
WILLIAM WATSON.

LIVERPOOL:  
GILBERT G. WALMSLEY, 30, LORD STREET.

1884.

I.

Thou dost but fit, my merle ! from tree to tree,  
While on the heights of morn the lark is loud.  
Thou hast no wish thy native world to flee,  
Knowing the star is far, and dense the cloud.

II.

In youth the artist voweth lover's vows  
To Art, in manhood maketh her his spouse.  
Well if her charms yet hold for him such joy  
As when he craved some boon and she was coy !



### III.

The Poet gathers fruit from every tree,  
Yea, grapes from thorns and figs from thistles he.  
Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that grows  
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

IV.

*THE PLAY OF "KING LEAR."*

Here Love the slain with Love the slayer lies;

Deep drown'd are both in the same sunless pool.

Up from its depths that mirror thundering skies

Bubbles the wan mirth of the mirthless Fool.

V.

*BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY.*

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those

Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.

Only the odour of her wild hair blows

Back in their faces hungering for her face.