

**A WREATH  
OF RHYME**

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A Wreath of Rhyme by Matthew Harman

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**MATTHEW HARMAN**

**A WREATH  
OF RHYME**



C.B. Marshall

19<sup>th</sup> Feb 1874

with best love



"I would," Musella sighed, "poor Seth was here;  
Romantic grandeur would his spirits cheer."

# A Wreath of Rhyme.

BY MATTHEW HARMAN,

Author of "Poetic Buds," "Wayside Blossoms" &c.

"Buds" and "Blossoms" form my wreath—  
Careless hardy untrained flowers;  
Daisies, harebells, sprays of heath,  
Wildlings from the furzy bowers.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

SCARBOROUGH:

JAMES AINSWORTH, QUEEN STREET.

DRIFFIELD: T. HOLDERNESS.

1871.

THIS BOOK IS, BY NOBODY'S PERMISSION,

DEDICATED TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS OLD SCARDEBURG,

THE UNRIVALLED

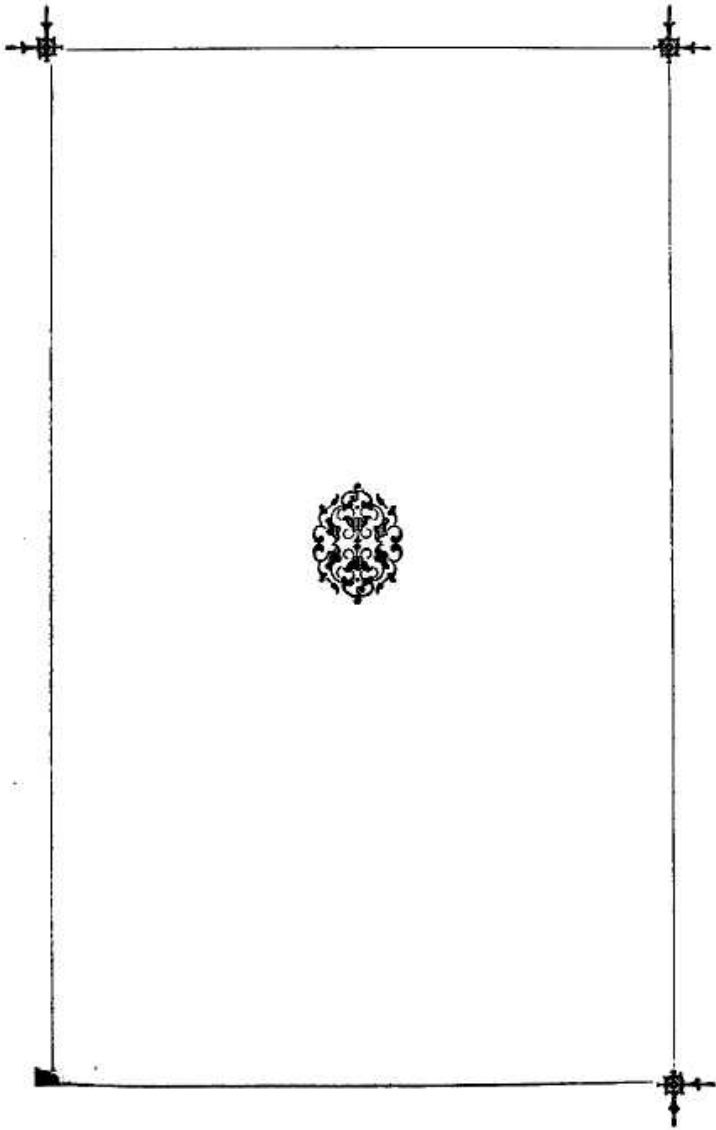
QUEEN OF ALL WATERING-TOWNS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,

WHOSE PROSPERITY IS

THE SINCERE DESIRE OF HER'S HUMBLY

THE AUTHOR.





## Preface.

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"Life is made up of trifles," and every rational child born into the world possesses some peculiar gift or talent which, if discreetly used, may benefit his fellow-mortals, and show to posterity the owner's

'Footprints on the sands of time.'

This is my only plea for adding another trifle to the literary world, and here I may remark that my books have had a fair share of patronage, considering the author's position in life and the many beautiful poetical effusions daily issuing from the press. To those who would be critical I would say, "Be lenient!—the author was a fisher boy, born to toil: he has passed through many phases in life, carefully fanning the small spark of genius which has ever glowed within him."

Well, if life is made up of trifles this book is another trifle added to the stock; and my patrons have shown a generous spirit in their effort to drag a lowly poet from the shades of obscurity, though, doubtless, my works are of little value. That this "Wreath of Rhyme" may, at least, afford my readers some little amusement is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR.

Trafalgar Street, West,  
Scarborough, August 12th, 1870.

