

**SCRAPS  
OF VERSE**

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Scraps of Verse by N. or M.

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**N. OR M.**

**SCRAPS  
OF VERSE**



# SCRAPS OF VERSE.

BY

THE LATE REV.

N. OR M.

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No stone that is thrown  
Can light on him, or sarcas-  
-tic kick can make quick  
His anonymous carcass.

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LONDON:

(For the Author)

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY

1871.

*280 n. 341.*



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### TO THE SEA.

Long rolling wave on the beach that breakest,  
Music of ages, never to cease,  
If sadness in some sad hearts thou makest,  
To me thy message is always peace.

Old regrets that are unavailing,  
Sorrows that nowhere else will sleep,  
Mingle in thy majestic wailing,  
Lose themselves in thy mighty deep.

Borne away by thine ebbing motion,  
Swallow'd up in those gulfs with thee,  
What's a sigh in that echoing ocean—  
A tear in that salt immensity?

Millions of ages ere my troubles,  
Measureless Lethe murmur'd o'er  
Griefs, the breath of whose being, like bubbles,  
Burst, and vanish'd for evermore.

Wisdom—fathomless, everlasting,  
 Fashioning all in one grand whole,  
 Ebb and flow, good and ill forecasting—  
 Gave thee liberty thus to roll,

In mirth tumultuous, wild, unresting ;  
 Beauty that knows no waste or wear ;  
 Still to our mortal eyes attesting,  
 Strength in immortal youth is there.

There His Spirit is ; there rejoices  
 Liberty without bound, divine ;  
 And His Almighty, glorious voice is  
 Utter'd in every sound of thine.

Oh, might I choose my place of dying,  
 Lay me in sight of the gladsome sea,  
 Best of all oracles yet replying  
 To my glad hope of eternity.

Vain the endeavour of Time to sever  
 From sympathy souls that soon in one  
 Must merge, where self shall cease for ever,  
 Lost in Love's great communion.

Indistinct in yon hazy distance  
 Blend sea and sky ; not a line between :  
 Such blest mingling of all existence  
 Ever shall be—has always been.

## LOVE AT LAST SIGHT.

And one brave lad who loved a lass,  
That still his suit denied,  
Lay foremost on the trampled grass,  
With an arrow in his side.

When carelessly she tripp'd along,  
On whom his care was spent,  
Ne'er had his unregarded wrong  
Soil'd her gay heart's content,

Till haply on that cruel dart  
Casting a heedless look,  
Fast hold for ever on her heart  
Keen-barbèd sorrow took.

She saw him in another sense  
Than pride allow'd before ;  
True grief tore off the prim pretence  
Half-hidden passion wore.

But little life yet linger'd there ;  
His eyes were fading fast ;  
The dew froze in his tangled hair :  
She look'd and loved at last ;