

**BETHANY, AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649488353

Bethany, and Other Poems by Joseph Henry Stephenson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JOSEPH HENRY STEPHENSON

**BETHANY, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOSEPH HENRY STEPHENSON, M.A.,

RECTOR OF LYMPHAM, PREBENDARY OF WELLS,

AND RURAL DEAN.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE: C. ROBBINS, HIGH STREET.

LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO., PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1876.

APK4351

My generous friends having indulgently accepted two Editions of my former Stanzas, I venture to ask their renewed favor in the perusal of my present volume of verses, which a brief holiday amongst the hills and streams has enabled me to retouch; while the summer artists have been reproducing nature under her own canopy, or finishing their morning sketches in the crowded corners of the tourist's hostelry.

Dove Dale, June 15, 1876.

TO HER,
WHO FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS
HAS BEEN
THE SUNBEAM OF MY HOME,
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED, BY AN
AFFECTIONATE AND GRATEFUL
HUSBAND.

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Gethany.

HARP of my joy ! that oft my spirit cheers,
When saddening thoughts come wildering o'er
my brain ;

Awake once more, awake to dry these tears,
Wake not in mournful, but in joyous strain :
What, though the autumn gale comes howling by,
And trees are surging in the gathering blast,
And withered leaflets prematurely dry,
Falling in eddies on the turf at last,
Torn from each bending bough o'er every glade
are cast.

Wake ! since soft friendship listens to the chime,
And bids a trembling hand attune the shell,
Gently forbearant though imperfect time,
And notes discordant should disturb the spell :
Wake ! for of sacred theme I fain would sing,
Transport the listener to the olive grove,
Where, 'mid the clustering vines in budding spring,
Hidden in perfumed bower, the turtle dove
Bids gentle echoes rise in answering notes of love.