

**THINGS OF BEAUTY SET  
WITH GEMS OF VERSE: "A  
THING OF BEAUTY IS A  
JOY FOR EVER"**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649720361

Things of Beauty Set with Gems of Verse: "A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy for Ever" by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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THING OF BEAUTY IS A  
JOY FOR EVER"**



*in Smart*

THINGS OF BEAUTY,

*not in it.*  
*10/7. i*  
*A. J. C.*

SET WITH

## Gems of Verse.

**"A Thing of Beauty is a joy for ever."**

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NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED FOR CARROLL & HUTCHINSON,

BY C. W. BENEDICT, 12 SPRUCE STREET.

1853.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
493304  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION  
1916

TO  
THE PATRONS  
OF  
**CARROLL & HUTCHINSON,**  
IN PARTICULAR,  
AND TO THE LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL  
GENERALLY,  
THIS UNIQUE VOLUME  
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY  
**Dedicated.**

Transfer from Mrs. Dept. Muhlenberg Br., A.C.C. P.

## GEMS OF VERSE.

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“Inez.”

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around  
with hazel brake,  
(Like the holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and  
half awake,  
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's  
sake),  
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-  
enamored lake.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in  
the decline,  
Shot his arrows, long and golden, through the maple  
and the pine :  
And the russet-thrush fled singing from the alder to  
the vine,  
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy  
whine.



And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves, a pleasant  
music made,  
And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossoms  
thick inlaid :—  
There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet  
woe we played,  
Till fair Inez' eyes, like evening, held the dew be-  
neath their shade.

There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only  
weaves,  
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving  
maiden grieves ;  
And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets  
from the leaves,  
As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning 'mid the oriental  
sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet :—gazing deep  
into her eye,  
There I told her all my passion ! With a sudden  
blush and sigh,  
Turning half away, with look askant, she only made  
reply,  
“How deep within the water glows the happy eve-  
ning sky !”

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met  
each in each,  
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up  
the reach ;  
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along  
the beach,  
“Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is  
stirred to speech.”

Thus I gained the love of Inez—thus I won her gen-  
tle hand ;  
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on  
the strand ;  
We have vowed to love each other in the golden  
morning land,  
When our names from earth have vanished, like the  
writing from the sand !

THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

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## Poetry.

POESY ! Poesy ! I'd give to thee,  
As passionately, my rich-laden years,  
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,  
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find

Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.  
Bare, bald, and tawdry as a fingered moth,  
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst  
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?  
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!  
As well may some wild maiden waste her love  
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.  
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.  
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,  
I, a weak wave would break on thee, and die.  
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads  
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,  
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—  
A heart to hew his name ont upon time  
As on a rock, then in immortalness  
To stand on time as on a pedestal;  
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,  
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,  
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart.  
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;  
I am so cursed, and wear within my soul  
A pang as fierce as Dives, drowsed with wine,  
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;  
Waked by a fiend in hell!—  
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me