

FLOWERS OF MY SPRING, POEMS

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Flowers of My Spring, Poems by Anonymous

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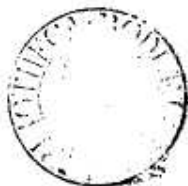
ANONYMOUS

**FLOWERS OF MY
SPRING, POEMS**

FLOWERS OF MY SPRING.

Poems.

Look ye for FLOWERS within MY SPRING?
That time when chilling blasts of care
Fann'd Nature's garden with rude wing!
Alas! foul weeds will rankle there!



LONDON:

RICHARD GROOMBRIDGE, 6, FANYER ALLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND R. AKED, LOW-STREET, KEIGHLEY.

M DCCC XXXIX.

548.

PREFACE.

It is an exceedingly difficult task for the young and inexperienced author to come before the public, and more especially before the critics—those hawks whose eyes are ready to detect every flaw, and whose talons are as ready to pick and mangle as the eyes to see. But far be it from the author of these to crouch beneath the feet of any critic, and supplicate for a miserable lenience; he wishes to be judged by a more *анотина* standard than the compassion of the critic; yet, while he says this, he would not be thought presumptuous or vain, for such authorities in literature as in civil matters are indispensably necessary, and he is willing, very willing, to confess that there is much that is bad in this volume; yet where, he would ask, would they look for perfection? not in the pages of the most faultless writers even at maturity. Those are but the productions of the author's seventeenth and eighteenth years.

But there are certain characters in this age,—the author does not mean to allude to any sect or party,—from whom he expects direct condemnation. To be judged by their vices

which he has lashed, he is careless; yet he would remind them, with all love, that he has not lashed individuals, but the vices which degraded them.

In Blackwood's Magazine the author saw a poem entitled "THE CATHEDRAL," the incidents in which bear some resemblance to those in THE REBUKE OF PEACE in this volume. He thinks it necessary to state, to avoid being charged with plagiarism, that all the passages in The Rebuke of Peace, to which he alludes, were written before "The Cathedral" appeared.

By the way, the venerable CHRISTOPHER NORTH, the king of critics in our age, has said somewhere, that all who have struck the lyre are worthy of immortality. Hear that, ye small fry of critics, who try to assume greatness, as the frog in the fable tried to be as huge as the bull which he envied!

In reading over the work the author discovers some errors in the printing, which have unfortunately resulted from his residing at a considerable distance from the press, and which he is grieved to say, cannot now be altered.

November 1st, 1839.

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FLOWERS OF MY SPRING.



THE BEBUKE OF PEACE.

Now let my muse attune the mournful string,
 (For mournful should it be of saddest sound)
Of her sad harp, and teach me while I sing
 To those who walk on agitation's ground,
 How they had banish'd Peace so long renown'd,
From England's plains where she had dwelt of yore,
And cheer'd each ample hall and lowly cottage poor.

Spirit of purest mind, who left high Heaven,
 And all its joys, to dwell on ingrate earth :
Who without sigh forewent the glories given
 To every angel of celestial birth,
 Yielding her sapphire crown, that glorious girth
Which greets the brows of those who dwell in light
Among whose beams ne'er comes pervading night.