

**THE RHYMES AND
RHAPSODIES
OF OLIVER GREY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649693368

The Rhymes and Rhapsodies of Oliver Grey by Oliver Grey

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES.

The Writer desires to thank the Proprietors of the "Fall Mall Gazette," the "Westminster Gazette," "Black and White," "Chambers's Journal," "Public Opinion," and "Funny Folks," for permission to reprint the verses in this book which have already appeared in their respective publications.

SSELKIRK:
GEORGE LEWIS & Co.,
ART PRINTERS.

THE
RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES
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LONDON AND NEW YORK:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED.

1898.



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TO CYNTHIA.

*La belle rose du printemps
Averti, admoneste les hommes
Passer joyusement le temps
Et pendant que jeunes nous sommes
Esbattre la fleur de nos ans.*

PIERRE DE MONSARD.

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DEAR Muse,
Whom I have wooed

In many a mood,
Gathering flowers
Of happy hours;
To thy fair use
A wreath I bind
Of eglantine.

What though
My song be slight,
And numbers light
As gossamer,
And I incur
Men's blame, I trow
Thy favour kind
May yet be mine.

So, here,
Even at thy feet,
My Lady sweet,
These rhymes I lay,
And fondly pray
The gift sincere
May welcome find
Upon thy shrine.