

**SONGS OF A
STROLLING PLAYER**

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Songs of a Strolling Player by Robert George Legge

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ROBERT GEORGE LEGGE

**SONGS OF A
STROLLING PLAYER**

Songs of a
Strolling
Player

ROBERT GEORGE LEGGE.

Frank A. Weston

from

R.P.H.

SONGS OF A STROLLING PLAYER

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SONGS
OF A
STROLLING PLAYER.

BY
ROBERT GEORGE LEGGE.

London:
A. D. INNES & CO.,
31 & 32, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

—
1893.

TO ALL THAT AIDED.

TOWARDS the hands that stretched out to my hand
 I put these common flowers ;
One vagrant seller in dense streets I stand
 That every smile empowers
To offer fresh a gathering of my time ;
 I have no garden rare,
But pluck the simplest weeds of fashioned rhyme
 For one brief hour's wear.

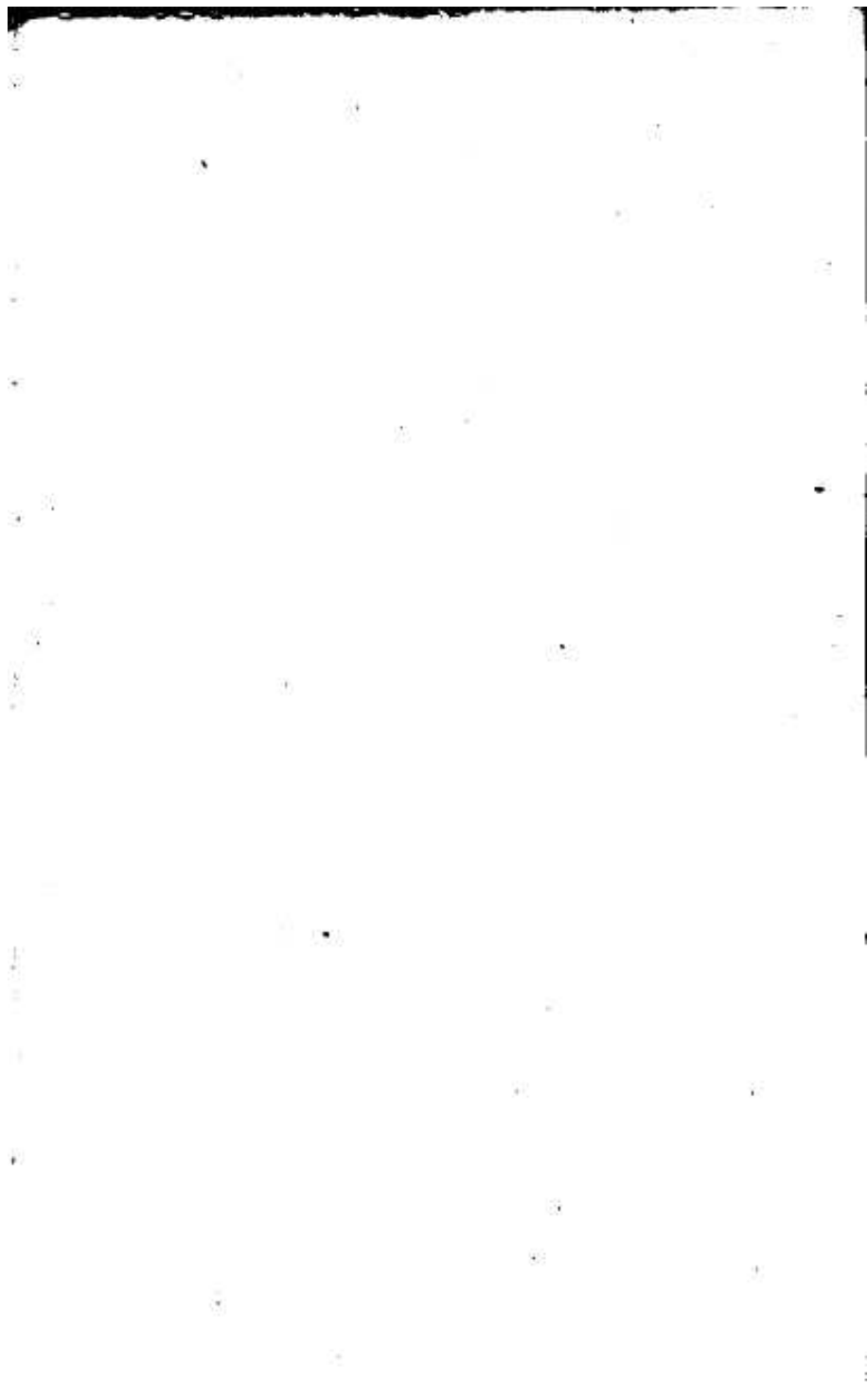
TO M.

WHOSE-e'er these be, yours are they still
Who lent them sunshine in their need ;
And I with feet upon the hill
Slow-climbing caught the warmth indeed ;

Though sad seeds of our mutual art
Bring bitter fruit on many a soil,
To me the actor's human heart
Transcends all value of his toil ;

Where men are malice is ; but now
I think on you so haply met,
And vapours wrap from off my brow,
And I can love men and forget ;

Our little is so much to us !
My little to your hand I give,
And leave these in contentment thus—
Do thou but bless them and they live !



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