

STRAWBERRY HILL: AND OTHER POEMS

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Strawberry Hill: And Other Poems by Colburn Mayne

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COLBURN MAYNE

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BY

COLBURN MAYNE.



LONDON :

(FOR THE AUTHOR.)

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 AND 75, PICCADILLY.

1868.

280. m. 235.

LONDON:
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ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.

DEDICATION.

TO FRANCES, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE.

TEN years ago will reach the time

I saw beneath the surly skies

Of dim November ghastly rise

The walls that won my rhyme.

Stained o'er by years' and ruin's traces,

I saw gleam through the antique grove

The home that won so much of love

And eighteenth century praises.

How sad that wrecked and wasted whim

Of him, the witty and the wise,

Who bade the Gothic galleries rise

For Thames to fondly limn!

What loving labour's skill he brought,
What treasures fetched from famous lands,
What thought of brain and toil of hands
Went to the work he wrought !

There lived he happy 'neath its roof,
And gladly worked from year to year ;
How proud when from its press appear,
The printer saw his proof.

Beneath the roof where now reposes
Their pictured grace that grows not old,
Once swept the gracious garments' fold
Of Reynolds' three rich roses.

And mirth and wit and beauty's rays,
And Selwyn's jest and Wortley's punning,
Buzzed round the steps of each fair Gunning
In those Walpolian days.

How sad could prophet ray have shone,
And flashed the future on his mind,
And shown him scattered all he shrined,
'Ere sixty years were gone !

And yet 'twere worth the bitter sting
Such flash had sent to heart and brain,
Had it revealed the future's gain
From future loss to spring.

What rapture then his heart might swell,
To see the renovated fane—
See Strawberry's turrets rise again,
And "bear away the bell."

O, Lady, blest be thou, whose thought
Not lightly, noblest task conceiving,
With genial taste thy work achieving,
Hast to perfection brought

The halls whose famous Gothic screen
Gleams brightly as of yore it gleamed,
When Walpole in his study dreamed
Otranto's wondrous scene.

There, 'midst thy statesmen, wits, and sages,
Move thou orb'd round with all their fame,
And worthier poets send thy name
To live through coming ages.

