

**A BROKEN
ECHO: A POEM**

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A Broken Echo: A Poem by Esq Henry Pottinger

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ESQ HENRY POTTINGER

**A BROKEN
ECHO: A POEM**

A BROKEN ECHO

A POEM

(by Henry, 1841)



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1853

" THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

CHILDE HAROLD.



PREFACE.

LITTLE or no Preface is needful for that which is published anonymously, and consequently can interest but few. The following stanzas are the first offerings of one, who however unworthy to sing the praises of nature, may at least be believed to be one of her warmest admirers. That admiration, and the "*amabilis insania*," long allowed as the privilege of incipient Rhymesters, are the sole excuses for this trifling publication. The stanzas pretend to little connexion, having been written for the most part at different places, under different circumstances, and at long intervals; they cannot hope for more than a stray smile of approbation from those of similar feelings with the author, and if they be deemed unworthy of this, "*quiescant in pace*."



A BROKEN ECHO.

I.



HAVE not written that which he will
read
Who loves the studied action of a
tale,

But where my footsteps fate and fancy lead ;
And be it mine to wander as the gale,
'Midst that which careless eyes nor love, nor heed ;
An unconnected, varying theme I hail :
The voice that I have heard such scenes among,
Finds a faint echo in this broken song.

B

II.

Few years are mine, but if sometimes I breathe
A strain more suited to maturer time,
'Tis but that with the fairest flowers will wreath
Sad weeds, that unrestrained, unnoticed climb ;
I loathe the misanthrope, whose passions seethe
Upon the black stagnation of his rhyme,
Whose soul is as the mud where tides recede,
That rotting lies o'erstrawn with noisome weed.

III.

I love the sound of gaiety and mirth,
I love the voice of every happy thing,
The laugh of those who know few cares on earth,
The carol of the wild bird on the wing ;
The speaking eyes, whence young love hath his
birth,
The thrilling lay that beauty best can sing ;
For he that loves not music loves not thee,
Nature ! for thou art perfect harmony !