# POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE AND LYRICAL

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Poems, descriptive and lyrical by Thomas Cox

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## **THOMAS COX**

# POEMS, DESCRIPTIVE AND LYRICAL



## POEMS

## Descriptibe and Lyrical.

BY

THOMAS COX.

A NEW EDITION.

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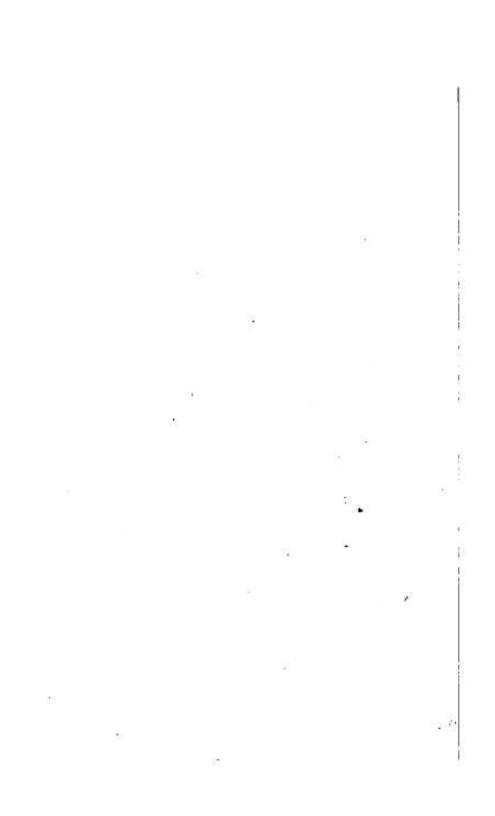
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### CONTENTS.

		_		•				
							1	HOE
Melancholy		***		(57.5)	30	355		1
Spring-Time	***		121		2220		: 200	28
The Old Manor	House	by th	e Sto	or		2290		32
The Three Old 1	Friend	.8	140		300		2999	48
The Hermit		1996		2406		*(*)		48
The Old Oak-Tr	00		655				***	52
Ode to Winter		144		,,,,		996		54
Song of the Lea	<b>708</b>		635				244	56
The Snowdrop					4.0			58
The Holly-Tree	7233		2					60
The Merry Mons	arch	***		111		2.27		62
The Rose					***		***	64
Sonnets:-								
Nature's Musi	c		120		1.			66
Норе		200		99900		160.50		67
The Nighting	alo		6000		99			68
The Mariner		00%		3000		9970		69
Time	***		9000		***		5900	74
Reflection				390		***		75
The Pilgrim t	o Lan	ra.	(80)		***			76
Lavinia and t	he Pri	mrose	•			444		77
The Pilgrim	4.04		947		76			78
The Wall-flow	er	222		***				79

20



### POEMS.

#### MELANCHOLY.

I.

1

By a lone and shady river,
Where the waterlilies grow,
Where the willows, bending low,
O'er the wavelets shake and quiver,
With dew upon her airy vest,
Sat a maiden, meek and lowly,
By the sad waves running slowly,
Fann'd by breezes from the west.

2

When morning cometh fresh and fair,
All in the Spring, the joyous Spring,—
When trees again their blossoms wear,
And breezes health and pleasure bring,—
Then, all alone, in dreamy mood,
She roams the sylvan solitude;
When nought is heard but the soft wind
Which in her ear doth welcome find;

Or the little plaintive rill Issuing from the sunny hill, Bickering down by field and tree, Soothes her with its melody.

3

Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!
The wavelets are murmuring,
Slowly meandering down to the sea;
Sorrow to-day, joy for the morrow—
Grief for the even, joy for the morn:
Over the stormy wave cometh the Spring,
With bloom for the black thorn,
And flowers for the bee.

4

Away, then, away, where the billow
Rolls heavily over the sand;
Away, away, where the willow
Droops over the meadow-land:
For the Spring-time and the swallow
Are both come over the sea,
And winter sleeps in the hollow
Under the old yew-tree.

#### 11.

Now from the rosy East the morning shows
Her smiling face, and merry sunshine glows
On every waving forest, brake, and dell:
Day 'gins his pilgrimage o'er the wide swell
Of surging waters, and Earth awakes with smiles
As the first gleam of light bestreaks the Isles.
What time the sun pursues his stately way
From east to west o'er the sublime expanse, till Day
Sinks weary on his crimson couch, shadow's pale
queen

In some sequester'd woodland might be seen, Humming a doleful tune beneath the shade Of some lone tree, whose spreading branches made With the low breeze a pensive harmony, Like the soft sighing of the summer sea.

#### ш.

1

Heigho! for the greenwood gay,

When the south wind woos the thorn;
Pleasure's voice sounds all the day,

When the shepherd blows his horn:
Here merry peasants spend the hours,
Laughing in the shady bowers.

2

Roses, blushing, downward look
When fair Flora, passing by,
Sees herself and the blue sky
Reflected from the tranquil brook.
Creep, gay wood nymphs, softly creep,
Nor wake the gentle brooklet's sleep.

3

Loving woodbines round her grow,
And sunbeams play upon her lips;
Sweet flowers waving to and fro
When the bee her honey sips,
And the winds are whispering low;
Thus the day, 'twixt song and glee,
Passes by so pleasantly.