

**THE POETICAL
WORKS OF BARRY
CORNWALL. VOL. I**

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The Poetical Works of Barry Cornwall. Vol. I by Barry Cornwall

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THE

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OF

BARRY CORNWALL.

Proctor

VOL. I.

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MDCCLXXII.

The Falcon to the Decameron

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE outlines of the ' Sicilian Story ' and of the ' Falcon ' may be found in the Decameron.

I have attempted two poems in the octave rhyme. It is, with all its apparent ease, (and indeed principally on that account,) a difficult style; and it is not without some hesitation that I lay these poems before the public.

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TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

I AM desirous of taking advantage of the opportunity which this edition affords me, to say a few words upon the two poems written in the octave rhyme. It has been objected to them, even by critics who were evidently kindly disposed towards the book, that the humour was not sufficiently obvious. I may be allowed to say in answer to this that the humour was *purposely subdued*; in conformity, as I believed, to the Italian models, where the writers of the octave rhyme appear to have insinuated rather than insisted upon their jests.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt to-night she saw.....
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent.

JULIUS CÆSAR, *Act II. Scene 2.*

And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy; -
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future.

LOBD BYRON.—*The Dream.*

THE TWO DREAMS.

This scene is founded on a tale of Boccaccio. Gabriello, a young gentleman of Brescia, was privately married to the daughter of a nobleman there. Andreana (which was her name) excluded him one night from her society. On his remonstrance afterwards, she related to him a dream; and he, at the moment of relating another, intending to shew her the fallacy of dreams, fell dead.

GABRIELLO, ANDREANA. (*A Garden.*)

Gabr. Come hither, Andreana; you and I
Have lived in Brescia here as lovers—nay
Husband and wife, full three years now: or more?

And. 'Tis more.

Gabr. You're right, sweet: 'tis so. In that time
I never failed to see you at the hour
We fixed for meeting: if 'twere fine, 'twas well;

If cold, my love was warm: if stormy, I
Wrapped my cloak round and smiled, for *you* were safe:
And when the piping winds of winter blew
Sharp sleet against me and the blinding rain,
And the loud quarrelling elements cast out
Their sheeted fires, 'twas something cheerful still
To think of the after-welcome you would give me.
But these are trifles.

And. Not to me: I know
How constant you have been, love: have I not
Confess'd it often?

Gabr. Often.

And. Well then, why
Remind me thus—thus harshly (for you did)
Of what I own so gratefully?

Gabr. Andreana,
Last night 'tis said (the only night when I
Since our sweet marriage, have been barred from you)
The young Count Strozzi visited—your father:
Was't not so?

And. Yes.

Gabr. And why was I excluded?

And. I had a silly trouble on me then :

You'll laugh when I shall tell you of it, (I hope
You *will* laugh ;) I have had—a dream ; sit closer,
And press your palm 'gainst mine—that's well ; but you
Have quite forgot your usual kiss.

Gabr. There.

And. Oh!

You press my lip too hard.

Gabr. I'll try again.

And. Pshaw ! but laugh at me now, dear. I have had
A horrid dream : methought we lay together
Beside this splashing fountain : it was night,
(A sultry night) and over-head the stars
Went rolling 'round and 'round the moonless skies :
The noise they uttered in their rushing course
Was like a serpent's hiss.—Look there, Gabriello,
Orion's centre star mov'd then.