

**POETICAL
FIRST BUDS**

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Poetical first buds by Charles R. Rich

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CHARLES R. RICH

**POETICAL
FIRST BUDS**

POETICAL

First Buds.

BY

CHARLES R. NICHOLS

Of the West of England Conservatives.



The poet's strain
Is unction to the fevered brain,
And soothes all griefs and sorrows.

C. RICH.

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Introductory Address.

RESPECTED READER, may it please,
With lengthen'd preface I'll not tease,
But in a verse or two explain,
How I have learnt the poet's strain.

Know, then, that e'en, when first I read,
The lays of poets long since dead,
To me their writings seem'd to be
More lasting than mortality—
Their beauties all more lovely far
Than tinsel'd passing beauties are:
Their virtues always made me feel
A soothing balm, the mind to heal,
When friends proved false, and from me turned;
Or headstrong foes with envy burn'd:
Their words so awful, so sublime,
That oft I've wished in future time,

My soul should be by muses taught,
To give expression to a thought,
That might a mortal's spirits move,
To moral acts of faith and love,—
That should a warning prove to those
Who in the paths of vice repose,
And show to them a guiding light,
To set their wandering footsteps right.

Thus as I up to manhood grew,
Their bright example still in view,
To follow it was my delight,
My thought by day, my dream by night.

Oft have I gazed at evening time
In spots where Luna shone sublime,
And watch'd her in her queenly pride,
Light up the smooth, though mighty tide,
Where Britain's "wooden walls" repose
To guard us from all foreign foes :
Then have I asked where are those gone,
Who in their writings still live on?

My soul has answered they are where
They rest from labour and from care.
Oh! then should I improve each hour,
While life and health afford me power,
That I might share with them the joy,
Which earthly sorrows ne'er shall cloy.

Thus have I loved to study all
The works of nature great and small:
I've sung of fair Devon's charms,
Her Dartmoor wild, her rustic farms:
On other themes I've written too—
But that my book will show to you;
So now I leave it in your hands,
And thank you for your kind commands.

Worcester.

OH ! give me fair Devon ; her sons and her daughters,
Her highland and moorland, her upland and lee,
Her dark shady vales, and meandering waters,
Are each one, and all of them, charming to me.

The stranger will there have a kindly reception,
More welcome and free than he e'er had before ;
He's looked upon there with no unkind conception,
For charity dwells with the rich and the poor.

Her children in happiness rise with the day-light,
And go to their toil with their hearts full of glee,
Hospitality shines as the planets at midnight,
And friendship there reigneth unfettered and free.

Though her moorland looks cold, and far from inviting
To an imbecile few, who would live at their ease,
There's a charm in the hills, the spirits exciting,
As pure from the sea wafts the health-giving breeze.

Her valleys and woodlands are cool and refreshing,
The King of the Forest there mocks the rude storm,
And the notes of the birds in the air, sweetly clashing,
Can ne'er fail to make e'en the coldest heart warm.

Her serpentine rivers from mountain sides gushing,
The Tamar, the Meavy, the Exe, and the Dart,
Sweetest music discourse as onward they're rushing,
And make her lov'd homes ever dear to the heart.

Burns praises his home with patriotic devotion,
And lauds Caledonia in rapturous strain ;
But Devon's shores, washed by the deep ocean,
Look with majesty down on the foam-crested main.

'Tis the Garden of England, the pride of the nation,
The loveliest spot that a mortal can find ;
And the mind becomes lost in deep contemplation
Of Earth's every charm there so sweetly combined.

Give and let Give.

LET others live, and live thyself,—
Enjoy in peace what God hath given ;
But know thou, that thy well-stored shelf
Is mercifully lent by Heaven.

If thou hast wealth in boundless store,
And untold riches be thine own,
Remember there are thousands poor,
Who poverty and want have known.

The greedy wretch with niggard soul,
Who vainly makes his gold his God,
May even flesh and blood control,
But can't rule hearts with golden rod.

Then if thy soul e'er longs for peace,
Let charity thy bosom swell ;
And thou shalt hear, when life doth cease,
" Good servant, thou hast acted well ;

" And enter in the place prepared
" For thee before God formed the earth,
" To live in heavenly mansions fair,
" And ever sing thy Maker's worth ! "