

**THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF HORACE SMITH. IN  
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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The Poetical Works of Horace Smith. In Two Volumes, Vol. II by Horace Smith

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**HORACE SMITH**

**THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF HORACE SMITH. IN  
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**





*Horatio Smith.*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

HORACE SMITH,

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:  
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MDCCCXVI.

1500.

## PREFATORY STANZAS.

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TALK not to me of Necromantic wights,  
And dread magicians,  
Who, by their potent spells, could conjure sprites,  
Ghosts, apparitions,  
And raise the dead from the forgotten past,  
Each in the perfect mould of pre-existence cast.

I, though no conjuror, have far outdone  
Such Archimages,  
For, as I culled and ponder'd, one by one,  
These scattered pages,  
From the dark past, and memory's eclipse,  
Up rose in vision clear my life's Apocalypse.

Mutely each re-creative lay outpour'd

Its own revealings;

Youth, manhood, age, were momentarily restored,

With all their feelings.

Friends long deceased were summoned from the tomb;

Forgotten scenes regain'd their vividness and bloom.

Again did I recline in copses green,

Gazing from under

Some oak's thwart boughs upon the sky serene,

In reverent wonder;

Or starting from the sward with ear acute,

To hear the cuckoo sound its soft two-noted flute.

Association! thy transcendant power

What art can rival?

Muse-haunted strolls by river, field, or bower,

At thy revival,

Return once more, and in their second birth

Bring back each former scent and sound of air and earth.



In social joys where song and music's zest  
    Made beauty fairer,  
In festive scenes with all their mirth and jest,  
    Once more a sharer,  
I see the smiles, and hear the laughter loud  
Of many a friend, alas! now mouldering in his shroud.

So, when the hands are dust that now entwine  
    These prompting pages,  
Some future reader, as a jest or line  
    His thought engages,  
Feeling old memories from their grave arise,  
May thus, in pensive mood, perchance soliloquise :

“ I knew the bardling; 'twas his nature's bent,  
    His creed's chief feature,  
To hold that a benign Creator meant  
    To bless the creature,  
And giving man a boon denied to brute,  
Loved him to exercise his laughing attribute.

“ He felt that cheerfulness, when unalloy’d  
    With aught immoral,  
Was piety, on earth, in heaven enjoy’d;  
    And wished his laurel  
To be a Mistletoe, whose grace should make  
The mirth-devoted year one hallowed Christmas wake.

“ In mystic transcendental clouds to soar  
    Was not his mission,  
Yet could he mould at times the solid ore  
    Of admonition;  
Offenceless, grave, or gay, at least *that* praise  
May grace his name, and speed his unpretending lays.”

If such thy welcome, little Book! discard  
    Fears of thine ordeal;  
Go forth, and tell thy readers that the Bard,  
    • With fervent, cordial  
Feelings of gratitude and hope combined,  
Bids them all hail, and wafts them ev’ry feeling kind.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of Earth's creation,  
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly  
Before the uprisen Sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty,  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create!