

**FANNY, WITH  
OTHER POEMS**

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Fanny, with Other Poems by Fitz-Greene Halleck

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**FITZ-GREENE HALLECK**

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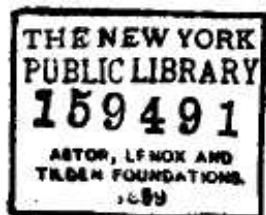
# FANNY,

"A faery vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds."

MILTON.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1821.

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## FANNY.

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### I.

FANNY was younger once than she is now,  
And prettier of course: I do not mean  
To say that there are wrinkles on her brow;  
Yet, to be candid, she is past eighteen—  
Perhaps past twenty—but the girl is shy  
About her age, and Heaven forbid that I

## II.

Should get myself in trouble by revealing  
A secret of this sort; I have too long  
Loved pretty women with a poet's feeling,  
And when a boy, in day dream and in song,  
Have knelt me down and worshipp'd them: alas!  
They never thank'd me for't—but let that pass.

## III.

I've felt full many a heart-ache in my day,  
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown,  
And caught some dreadful colds, I blush to say,  
While shivering in the shade of beauty's frown.  
They say her smiles are sunbeams—it may be—  
But never a sunbeam would she throw on me.

## IV.

But Fanny's is an eye that you may gaze on  
For half an hour, without the slightest harm;  
E'en when she wore her smiling summer face on  
There was but little danger, and the charm  
That youth and wealth once gave, has bade farewell.  
Here is a sad, sad tale—'tis mine its woes to tell.



## V.

Her father kept, some fifteen years ago,  
A retail dry-good shop in Chatham-street,  
And nursed his little earnings, sure though slow,  
Till, having muster'd wherewithal to meet  
The gaze of the great world, he breathed the air  
Of Pearl-street--and "set up" in Hanover-square.

## VI.

Money is power, 'tis said—I never tried;  
I'm but a poet—and bank-notes to me  
Are curiosities, as closely eyed,  
Whene'er I get them, as a stone would be,  
Toss'd from the moon on Doctor Mitchell's table,  
Or classic brickbat from the tower of Babel.

## VII.

But he I sing of well has known and felt  
That money hath a power and a dominion;  
For when in Chatham-street the good man dwelt,  
No one would give a *sous* for his opinion.  
And though his neighbours were extremely civil,  
Yet, on the whole, they thought him—a poor devil,

## VIII.

A decent kind of person ; one whose head  
Was not of brains particularly full ;  
It was not known that he had ever said  
Any thing worth repeating—'twas a dull,  
Good, honest man—what Paulding's muse would call  
A "cabbage head"—but he excelled them all

## IX.

In that most noble of the sciences,  
The art of making money ; and he found  
The zeal for quizzing him grew less and less,  
As he grew richer ; till upon the ground  
Of Pearl-street, treading proudly in the night  
And majesty of wealth, a sudden light

## X.

Flash'd like the midnight lightning on the eyes  
Of all who knew him ; brilliant traits of mind,  
And genius, clear and countless as the dies  
Upon the peacock's plumage ; taste refined,  
Wisdom and wit, were his—perhaps much more.  
'Twas strange they had not found it out before.

## XI.

In this quick transformation, it is true  
That cash had no small share; but there were still  
Some other causes, which then gave a new  
Impulse to head and heart, and join'd to fill  
His brain with knowledge; for there first he met  
The editor of the New-York Gazette,

## XII.

The sapient Mr. L\*\*g. The world of him  
Knows much, yet not one half so much as he  
Knows of the world. Up to its very brim  
The goblet of his mind is sparkling free  
With lore and learning. Had proud Sheba's queen,  
In all her bloom and beauty, but have seen

## XIII.

This modern Solomon, the Israelite,  
Earth's monarch as he was, had never won her.  
He would have hang'd himself for very spite,  
And she, bless'd woman, might have had the honour  
Of some neat "paragraphs"—worth all the lays  
That Judah's minstrel warbled in her praise.