

**"CREVE-CŒUR.": A POEM,  
DESCRIPTIVE OF TWO  
AND FORTY HOURS, IN THE  
ENVIRONS OF SUNNYMEAD**

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"Creve-cœur": A Poem, Descriptive of Two and Forty Hours, in the Environs of Sunnymead by  
Anonymous

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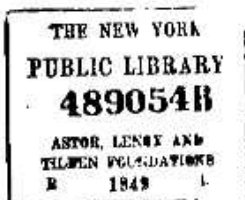
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**ANONYMOUS**

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Entered, according to Act of this "Centennial Congress,"  
in the month of July, by  
THE COURTLY ASHLEY & NAPOLEON,  
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the State of  
Missory.



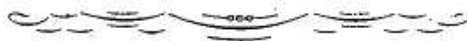
OUR MOST GRACIOUS HOST,

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MR. MOSS HUNTON,

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the following Poem is affectionately  
dedicated, by the grateful recipients  
of his kind attentions.





## PREFACE.



“Creve-Cœur” was written, not with the intention of a public circulation, but “In Memoriam;” not of the broken hearts of the Spanish maid and lover, who sought relief from this troubled world, beneath the peaceful waters of the lake which bears this name, —but of a gayer company of bold knights and gentle ladies, who

Wandered happy and free,  
O'er hill and o'er lea;  
Whose hearts did not break,  
Though on the enchanted lake;

and vividly to recall sweet recollections, of the 5th, 6th and 7th, three happy days “in the leafy month of June.”

1876.



THE PARTY.

*Miss Mary McCreery,*

*Mr. Moss Hunton.*

*Miss Mary McKinley,*

*Mr. John Davis.*

*Miss Grace McPheeters,*

*Mr. Ashley Cabell.*

*Miss Mary Davis,*

*Mr. T. S. McPheeters.*

*Miss Maggie Lionberger,*

*Mr. H. T. Kent.*

## Creve-Cœur.

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**I**N Anglo-Saxon pure and free,  
I will tell you a history;  
The story of a party gay,  
Who went out on a jolly day,  
In the merry month of June,  
When heaven and earth were in tune.  
Of this party we sing the praise,  
And care not what Mrs. Grundy says,  
For many a joke did remind us,  
We had left that dame behind us.

And first came the invitation,  
And then the acceptation.  
And now behold us at the train,  
Where 'twas sorely against the grain,  
And a matter we did hate,  
To find our friend Kent so late—  
But just on time he came, aghast!  
And here we are—off—at last!  
Over the valley madly we fly,  
O'er the meadows, under the sky,

From the group collected there,  
 Out upon the Summer air,  
 From voices sweet and strong,  
 Was heard the flight of song.  
 As along the road we pass,  
 I heard our friend John sigh, alas!  
 But here is Jennings Statton,  
 And John has occupation.  
 As he goes on the platform,  
 Buttons his coat to keep it on,  
 His heart heavily swells within,  
 As Mary comes stepping in;  
 And much to our surprise,  
 He raises his voice and cries:

"Now raise your glass,  
 And let the toast pass  
 To the coming Ines!"

(How's that for John?)

One with air Napoleonic,  
 Smiles with smile sardonic,  
 But he is at heart a cherub,  
 With voice as sweet as syrup,  
 And the time he loses in wooing,  
 Will be his hearts undoing.  
 To Miss D. he whispers low—  
 \* \* \* Starry skies,  
 \* \* \* And her eyes  
 \* \* \* Tender light,  
 \* \* \* Dark and bright.  
 What this means I do not know,  
 Possibly the sequel will show.  
 But ladies, 'tis but his way,  
 In the end he runs away,  
 And I would warn you Miss Davis,  
 That he is but a rana avis.