

**FAITHFUL
FOR EVER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649211524

Faithful for ever by Coventry Patmore

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COVENTRY PATMORE

**FAITHFUL
FOR EVER**

FAITHFUL FOR EVER.

BY

COVENTRY PATMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel?

TENNYSON.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LXI.



Handwritten notes or numbers, possibly including '1821'.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

Cambridge :
Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

BOOK I.

HONORIA.



FREDERICK GRAHAM TO HIS
MOTHER.

MOTHER, I smile at your alarms!
Against my Wiltshire Cousins'
charms

I'm shielded by a prior spell.
The fever, love, as I've heard tell,
Like other nursery maladies,
Is never badly taken twice.
Have you forgotten Charlotte Hayes,
My playmate in the pleasant days
At Knatchley, and her sister, Anne;
The twins, so made on the same plan,
That one wore blue, the other white,

To mark them to their father's sight ;
And how, at Knatchley harvesting,
You bade me kiss her in the ring,
Like Anne and all the others? You,
That never of my sickness knew,
Will laugh, yet had I the disease,
And gravely, if the signs are these :

As, ere the Spring has any power,
The almond branch all turns to flower,
Though not a leaf is out, so she
The bloom of life provoked in me,
And, hard till then and selfish, I
Was thenceforth naught but sanctity
And service ; life was mere delight
In being wholly good and right,
As she was ; just, without a slur ;
Honouring myself no less than her ;
Obeying, in the loneliest place,
Ev'n to the slightest gesture, grace,
Assured that one so fair, so true,

Somehow he served that was so too.
For me, hence weak towards the weak,
No more the unnested blackbird's shriek
Startled the light-leaved wood; on high
Wander'd the gadding butterfly,
Unscared by my flung cap; the bee,
Rifling the hollyhock in glee,
Was no more trapp'd with his own flower,
And for his honey slain. Her power,
From great things even to the grass
Through which the unfenced footways
 pass,
Was law, and that which keeps the law,
Cherubic gayety and awe;
Day was her doing, so the lark
Had reason for his song; the dark
In anagram innumeros spelt
Her name with stars that throbb'd and felt;
'T was the sad summit of delight
To wake and weep for her at night;