

**DRESDEN CHINA,
AND OTHER SONGS**

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Dresden China, and Other Songs by F. E. Weatherly

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F. E. WEATHERLY

**DRESDEN CHINA,
AND OTHER SONGS**

DRESDEN CHINA,

AND OTHER SONGS.

BY

F. E. WEATHERLY,

AUTHOR OF "NANCY LEE."



LONDON:

DIPROSE AND BATEMAN,

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

1880.

PR 5766
W15 D7

Henrietta Lee Baker.
June 6, 1880.

TO

J. L. MOLLOY,

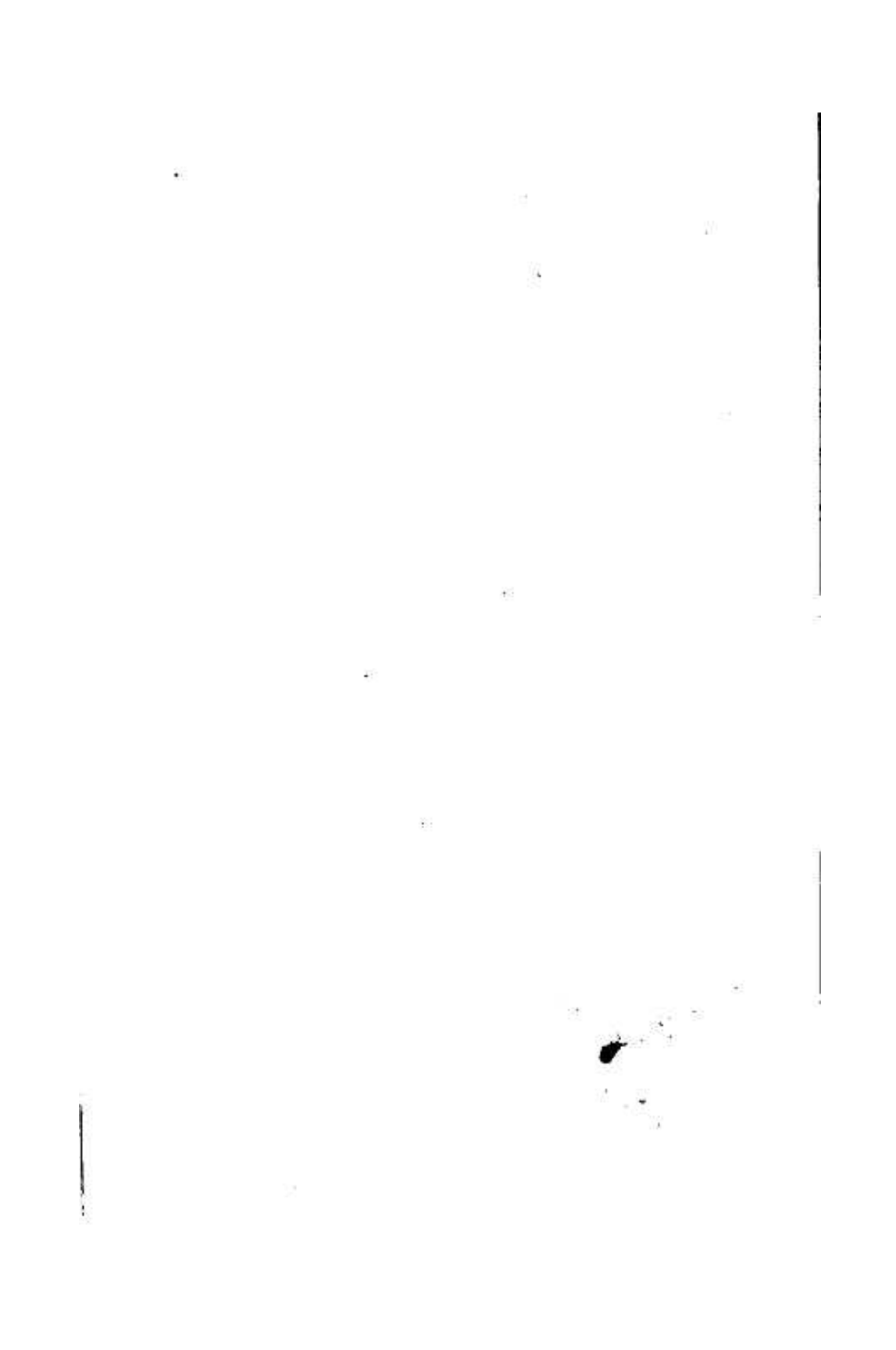
TO WHOSE

DELICATE FANCY AND WISE CRITICISM

I OWE SO MUCH,

I Dedicate

THESE SONGS.





DRESDEN CHINA.

IN the twilight as I play,
and fancies come and go,
dreamland falls on the old oak walls,
from the firelight's fitful glow.

Side by side, in the corner wide,
stand a little lass and lad ;
and, thro' the gloom of my lonely room,
come their two little faces glad.

Side by side, in the corner wide,
I watch their every look ;
she peeps at him 'neath her hat's white brim,
as he leans on his little crook.

Hour by hour I watch them there,
but they take no heed of me ;
they make my dark room bright and fair,
the little He and She.

DRESDEN CHINA.

And as I dream in the flickering gleam,
 he takes her wee sweet hand ;
and to and fro, in a measure slow,
 they tread a saraband.
Still they dance and still I play,
 till the music gives a sigh ;
as dancing aye, they fade away,
 and in the shadows die.

Dimness falls on the old oak walls,
 and loneliness on me ;
when they are gone, my song is done,
 and the music hushed must be.
Oh, how I loved to watch them there,
 though they took no heed of me ;
they were only Dresden china fair,
 the little He and She !





LONDON BRIDGE.

PROUD and lowly, beggar and lord,
over the bridge they go ;
rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
poverty, pomp, and woe.

Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
hour by hour they crowd along,
while, below, the mighty river
sings them all a mocking song.

Hurry along, sorrow and song,
all is vanity 'neath the sun ;
velvet and rags, so the world wags,
until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powder'd and gay,
rolleth my lady by ;
Rags-and-tatters, over the way,
carries a heart as high.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Flow'rs and dreams from country meadows,
dust and din thro' city skies,
old men creeping with their shadows,
children with their sunny eyes,—
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
all is vanity 'neath the sun ;
velvet and rags, so the world wags,
until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
over the bridge they go ;
floating on in the tide of life,
whither no man shall know.
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
waifs that drift to the shade or sun ?
gone away with their songs and sorrow ;
only the river still flows on.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
all is vanity 'neath the sun ;
velvet and rags, so the world wags,
until the river no more shall run.

