

**FIRST
FRUITS: POEMS**

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First Fruits: Poems by Elizabeth Harcourt Rolls

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ELIZABETH HARCOURT ROLLS

**FIRST
FRUITS: POEMS**

FIRST-FRUITS.

P O E M S .

BY

E. H. R.

"They are the first-fruits unto the Lord."
LEV. xxiii. 17.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1857.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

YOU ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO OFFER UP
TO HEAVEN THE BEST OF ALL I HAD, OR COULD
DO. ACCEPT THIS LITTLE BOOK IN TOKEN THAT
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS HAVE BEEN REMEMBERED BY

YOUR EVER AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

E. H. R.



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FIRST FRUITS.

THE PASSING BELL.

*Written after boating down the Wye with a party of friends, and hearing the bell toll at Dixton Church. Inscribed to Amy B***** in memory of a very happy day.*

I.

THE woods were darkly green ;
We glided down between
The flowery banks of that calm, glassy stream,
Whose tide flowed onward into mist,
As thoughts flow in a dream.

B.

II.

How soft the evening glow!
The burning sun was low;
The moon looked down as one who cannot feel
Regards a heart too full of love,
Its passion to conceal.

III.

The day had been most fair—
A merry crew we were—
Laughter and song had cheered our happy way,
When, hark! a single knell we heard;
What did that lone bell say?

IV,

A little spire looked o'er
That green and peaceful shore;
And from its belfry came the warning toll.
Hushed were our voices as we thought
Of the departed soul.

V.

O has it gone to rest
Upon the Saviour's breast?
Or is it floating o'er us as we pass?
The air is still—the shadows fall
Dark on the churchyard grass."