

**ZETA, HISTORIC GLIMPSES
OF ENGLAND AND HER
SONS, AND OTHER POEMS**

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Zeta, Historic Glimpses of England and Her Sons, and Other Poems by Thomas Greenwood

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THOMAS GREENWOOD

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OF ENGLAND AND HER
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ZETA,
HISTORIC GLIMPSES
OF
ENGLAND AND HER SONS,
AND OTHER
P O E M S.

BY
THOMAS GREENWOOD.

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TODMORDEN: S. W. WALTON, PAVEMENT.

—
1861.

280 e 73

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



ADVERTISEMENT.

"The following poems were never intended, &c."

"But having been urgently, &c."

"I have, after much hesitation, &c."

"And therefore can scarcely with justice be held responsible for whatever faults the partiality of friends may have been blinded to—"

—&c. &c.

"Such" would observe the learned counsel engaged for the prosecution. "Such, will probably be the line of defence adopted by this audacious disturber of the literary equilibrium."

Now, in this the learned counsel aforesaid, though doubtless supported by precedent and long established custom, would greatly err; no such line of defence having been thought of: on the contrary, it is only by having breasted a "sea of difficulties" that the author has been enabled to assert an individual right to pay the duty upon paper, and volunteer as one atom on the ever-changing literary parade ground. But, having done this, there need be no hesitation in declaring that "ambition is satisfied."

A general of division would smile at such humility. The Author lays claim to no dignity; but is content to serve as a soldier of the lowest rank in that amateur army, which, trying to do something, endeavours to do no harm; having regard to the truthful aphorism of the great dramatist.

"The *œd* that men do lives after them."

If such a result has been attained, small is his hope of literary immortality; for doubtless it is equally true, that

"The good is oft interred with their bones."

This is the true "line of defence;" and, having thus disposed of the apologetic and ambitious portions of it, it is proper to recognise the existence of the critical army; and in so doing, it may be mildly suggested, (with a most deprecatory salutation) that glasses of the slightest possible magnifying power will be perfectly available in the present instance, and also (the which no doubt all the various *corps* will carefully consider) most agreeable to the Author's feelings.

Those few *literari* errors, which, notwithstanding careful attention, have been retained, the Author has endeavoured to collect into a sheet of "*errata*," which is appended. He is, however, bold enough to promise that should a second edition be called for, they will be found duly corrected.

In further extenuation of all faults and shortcomings, it is submitted that the production of the following "efforts" has been entirely a labour of love. That it has not been allowed to encroach upon any other duty. And, that the offspring of so-called "leisure hours" is but too apt to sympathise with, and contain evidence of, the "tired Nature" (induced by the fulfilment of other duties) of him who calls it into being. When these pleas are duly weighed, perhaps there may be a few, who, not wholly condemning, will extend a friendly greeting to this present representative of

THOMAS GREENWOOD.

TODMORDEN,
June 1st, 1861.

P R E F A C E.

On yonder cliff's lone height,
High 'mid eternal snows
Which, play'd on by the light
Like piled up silver glows,
An eagle soared and lived.

Her constant, loving task
To guard her clam'rous brood ;
Each morn, or they could ask,
She brought them eagles' food,
Which they with love received.

A dove, with panting breast,
Which, helpless, to the ground
Had fallen from its nest
With broken wing, she found,
And straight she bore it home.

Its very weakness prov'd
Defence most sure and strong ;
And, by the parent lov'd,
It nestled 'mong the young,
Nor ever wish'd to roam.

That dove, 'mong eaglets there,
On eagles' food was kept ;
It grew beneath her care,
Beneath her wing it slept :
Nought could such love excel.

PREFACE.

Oft would the eaglets try
To tempt her, from her bed,
On broken wing, to fly ;
While lovingly they spread
To bear her if she fell.

Thus nurtur'd was my muse :
With trembling she essays
Her untaught pow'r to use,
And sing her broken lays,
Where sweeter songs are known.

Yet, may her efforts move
The mercy of her foes ;
As eaglets to the dove,
Let pity interpose
To bear her gently down.

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