

**RILEY LOVE-LYRICS; WITH  
LIFE  
PICTURES BY WILLIAM  
B. DYER; PP. 23-190**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649269570

Riley love-lyrics; with life pictures by William B. Dyer; pp. 23-190 by James Whitcomb Riley

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**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

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**RILEY LOVE-LYRICS**



RILEY  
LOVE-LYRICS

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH LIFE PICTURES BY  
WILLIAM B. DYER



NEW YORK  
GROSSET & DUNLAP  
PUBLISHERS

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1897, 1898, 1901, 1905

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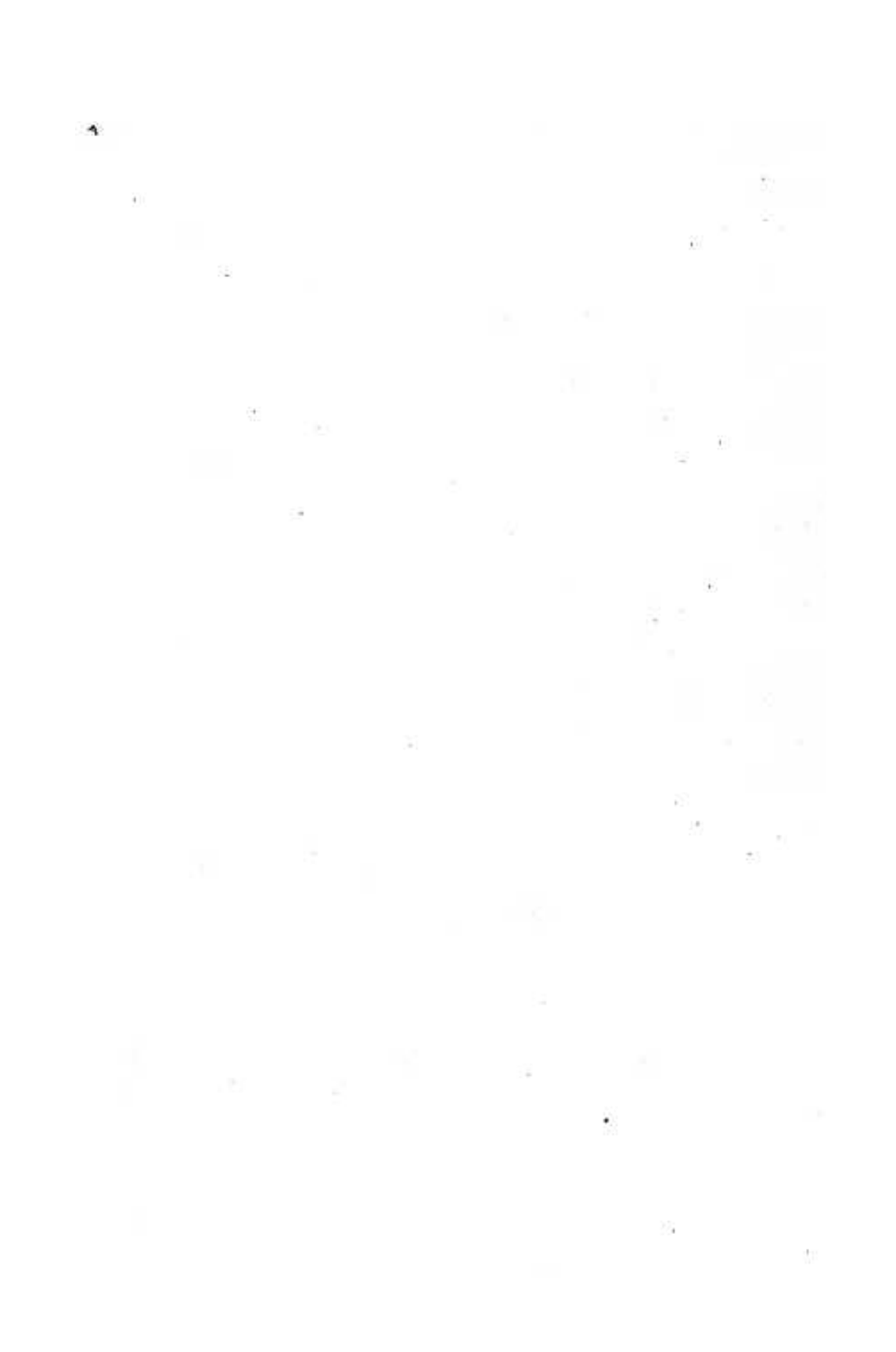


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## INSCRIBED

TO THE ELECT OF LOVE,—OR SIDE-BY-SIDE  
IN RAPTEST ECSTASY, OR SUNDERED WIDE  
BY SEAS THAT BEAR NO MESSAGE TO OR FRO  
BETWEEN THE LOVED AND LOST OF LONG AGO.



*SO were I but a minstrel, deft  
At weaving, with the trembling strings  
Of my glad harp, the warp and weft  
Of rondels such as rapture sings,—  
I'd loop my lyre across my breast,  
Nor stay me till my knee found rest  
In midnight banks of bud and flower  
Beneath my lady's lattice-bower.*

*And there, drenched with the teary dews,  
I'd woo her with such wondrous art  
As well might stanch the songs that ooze  
Out of the mockbird's breaking heart;  
So light, so tender, and so sweet  
Should be the words I would repeat,  
Her casement, on my gradual sight,  
Would blossom as a lily might.*