

**ORIGINAL
POEMS**

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Original poems by Olive

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BY

"OLIVE."

(The Hollies Farm, Churchstoke.)

EDITED BY R. JASPER MORE.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
SHREWSBURY: BUNNY AND EVANS.
1874. *

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Preface.



THESE poems were printed two years ago for sale for a local charitable purpose, but the book could not be got ready in time for a particular Bazaar. Many friends of the authoress have expressed their disappointment at the non-production of the poems they knew I had proposed publishing. I have, therefore, acceded to their wishes by ordering this little book to be brought out now in the state in which I left it. It may possess interest, beyond the circle of the acquaintance of the authoress, as shewing a result of education in a village school before the passing of the Elementary Education Act. My attention was first called to "Olive's" poems by verses I had seen written in newspapers containing local allusions to my own neighbourhood. I found, on inquiry, that they were written by the youngest daughter of one of my father's tenants, who had been educated at Linley School, and that she had become a regular contributor to a London as well as to provincial publications. With respect to the poems, they are not revised by any other hand than her own, beyond my marking a few lines in which the metre

PREFACE.

required improvement, but the lines, thus altered, are "Olive's" own. There is a poem in the middle of the book which I wished to be exchanged for some other, but no new poem was received before the whole was printed.

Two poems at the end of the book, describe traditions well known on the Montgomeryshire Border of Shropshire. The first, on the "Robber's Grave," tells the story written in prose by the Rev. Mostyn Pryce. It was the fact that for many years after the alleged sheep-stealer's execution, grass did not grow on his grave, as he prayed it might not, in proof of his innocence. It might of course be suggested that the inhabitants or friends of the man were interested in preventing the growth of grass on the grave. The grave, however, may be seen in Montgomery Churchyard, and I have not found any local testimony favour the suggestion that artificial means were used to establish the man's innocence in accordance with his dying prayer.

The poem of "Maggie's Pinfold," describes a well-known tradition connected with a circle of stones near Corndon, which may also be seen by any one who has the curiosity to visit a spot well worthy of a visit. The story of the Lake, which appears in another poem, is, of course, a tale of the North, and not connected with Shropshire.

R. JASPER MORE.

June, 1874.

Original Poems.

PART I.

The Poet.

WHAT is a poet? not some wondrous thing,
But just a person you may meet with often
In daily life; who does his best to sing,
The ruggedness of his own lot to soften.

Who goes his way and does his work as well,
As if he heard no pleasant echoes ringing,
From that far land where none but poets dwell,
With nought to mar the sweetness of their singing.

Who, though he loves to notice birds and flowers,
Can yet plan out and do a good day's labour,
Who thinks it not beneath his mental powers,
To do his duty and respect his neighbour.

This is a poet; and 't is such as he,
Who, though the great ones pass them all unheeding,
Though hard their hands and small their learning be,
Make their whole lives a poem worth God's reading!



An Invocation.

Shine, crystal moon, where the river's sweet flow
 Creeps through the alders that grow by my home ;
Beam, golden stars, as in years long ago,
 Forth from your watch-towers in Heaven's high dome.

Blow, western wind, o'er the green clover lea,
 Sigh through the aspens your old summer chime,
Weave the same chants that were music to me
 When my heart was so light in that mystic spring-time.

Sing, happy bird, in the white cherry bloom,
 Float through the rosy-tipped orchards away,
Till your carol is lost in the wood's leafy gloom,
 And its echo dies out with the vanishing day.

Come, joyous Spring, with your old sunny glow,
 Gladden the earth with your sunshine and rain,
But can ye restore me the lost "long ago ?"
 Can ye bring, can ye bring me my childhood again ?



In Memory of Rev. C. F. M.

Once more we gather round the blazing hearth—
Not with the careless glee of other years—
A gloom has fallen on our Christmas mirth,
And dimmed our glowing holly-wreath with tears.

For one has passed from out this troublous scene,
A noble heart whom we would fain have kept;
Old men have mourned his death, and tears have been
In eyes that have not since their childhood wept.

For he was one who knew the varied strings
Of life's great harp; to wake its lowest tone
Into sweet music, and to common things
To give a grace and sweetness of his own.

When death or sickness visited a home,
His was the hand that pointed us above,
That led us weeping from the grave's dark gloom,
And pierced the clouds that veiled a Father's love.