

**THIRTY
SHORT POEMS**

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Thirty Short Poems by Alexander Sutherland

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ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND

**THIRTY
SHORT POEMS**

Miss [unclear]:
With kind regards
THIRTY
from the [unclear]

SHORT POEMS

BY

ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A.



MELVILLE, MULLEN & SLADE

MELBOURNE AND LONDON

1890

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Preface.



MY little book, that dost unfold
The thoughts I sometimes cherish,
And must thou forth into the cold,
And only bloom to perish?
Alas! thou ne'er wilt meet a friend
Like him whose hand thou'rt leaving,
For, to thy numbers, none will lend
An ear, so self-deceiving.

No other eye will seek to see
Thy beauty, not thy failing.
If any do,—perchance 'twill be
A quest of small availing.
Yet if the world should quite neglect,
Too busy far to heed thee,
Bring back to me thy fortunes wrecked,
And I, at least, shall read thee.

I have an attic, far aloft,—
Thy fellows there may slumber.
And them the dust in showers soft
Will coat—with other lumber,
If thou may have no readers,—then
The joy of song's in singing;
And thou wast born afar from men,
Where many charms were springing;

And I was happy while I lay
Where summery fields were gleaming,—
By voiceful stream,—by thunderous bay,—
A-dreaming still and dreaming.
And all the gladness of those days
While thou wast still a-making
A peep between thy leaves will raise.
When I am old and aching,