WICLIF: AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

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Wiclif: An Historical Drama by Charles Sayle

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CHARLES SAYLE

WICLIF: AN HISTORICAL DRAMA



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OXFORD: JAMES THORNTON, HIGH STREET. 1887.

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TO

THOMAS BAGOT OLDHAM,

BORN, AUGUST 18, 1861;

DIED, ASSAM, INDIA, JULY 10, 1884.

Because, when we were boys at school Together, and you led the way. My three years' senior, through the rule Of art and science, work and play;

Because, when on a summer morn, Freed earlier, I had gone ahead, Upon the boy's wheel quickly borne, To where our ways together led,

And swung my legs upon the gate, Till through the fields I saw you hie, And when I cried to you; "How lase!" "I bathed at Swift's," you made reply;

(Because you loved the tiny stream, And knew its history more than §; Who troated history as a dream, And dreamt of archeology;)

Because our journey that day then
Was to the church where he had died,—
I write your name upon this when
I lay the manuscript aside.

Because when on one summer more,

They told me you had "gone shead,"—
My first dear friend, that should be toru

Away by Death,—for you were dead;

Because it is your turn to wait, For me to join you, and I see You standing there by Heaven's gate, Wandering what has come to me;

Because whenever Swift is manued Your name I never can disserver From his for whom the stream is classed— Therefore your names are one for ever.

DRESDEN, APRIL 33, 1896,

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