DULCE COR, BEING THE POEMS OF FORD BERETON

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Dulce cor, being the poems of Ford Bereton by S. R. Crockett

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S. R. CROCKETT

DULCE COR, BEING THE POEMS OF FORD BERETON



To Nell.

DULCE COR



"THE LADY BEATRICE"

DULCE COR

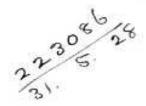
REING

THE POEMS OF FORD BERÊTON

[Samuel Further Frank recket]

" My youth's dear book"

VITA NUOVA



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

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To you, my heart's Sweet Heart, Ideal still to me, My life's far better part— To you, O wife to be,

Wherever thou mayst wail, By what dear trysting-gate, Thy feet all wet with dew, Thy youth's clear deto—

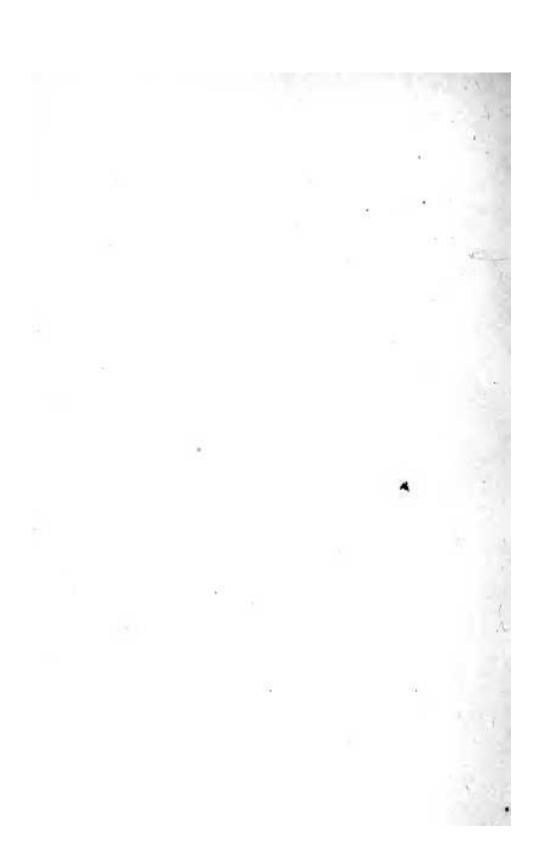
Dear Muse, so often sought,

Tender and wise and true,

I dedicate anew

My 'youth's dear book' to you,

Howe'er imperfect wrought
Its Pansies of pure thought,
With Rosemary for remembrance,
And Rue, sweet Rue, for you.



FOREWORD.

In the ancient Abbey of *Dulce Cor*,

The pleasant Solway near,

Two passionate hearts they laid of yore

And a love that cast out fear.

And still love casts out fear,

And hearts like the passionate hearts of yore

Throb in the Abbey of *Dulæ Cor*,

The pleasant Solway near,

SWEET HEART ARREY, 1885.

"When John Baliol died in 1269 Devorgilla, his wife, had his dear heart embalmed and enshrined in a coffer of ivory, enamelled and bound with silver bright, which was placed before her daily in her hall as her sweet silent companion. At her death she desired the relic to be laid upon her heart, when sleeping in the New Abbey which she caused to be built. Hence it received the name of Sweet Heart Abbey."—Scoti Monasticon,