

**POETICAL TRIBUTES TO
THE MEMORIES
OF BRITISH BARDS, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Poetical tributes to the memories of British bards, and other poems by Emma Blyton

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EMMA BLYTON

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TO THE

Memories of British Bards,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY EMMA BLYTON.

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PREFACE.

On stepping for the first time into the literary arena I suppose it is necessary to make some apology to the public for the intrusion.

I cannot put forth the hacknied plea of publishing at the "earnest solicitation of friends," though I have a large circle of acquaintances who will peruse my poems with pleasure in a printed form.

I am aware that my slender bark is liable to be tossed roughly on the surging element of literary criticism; but pleading youth, and a defective knowledge of the "divine art," I hope my readers will not expect to find my productions polished, but merely a few spontaneous effusions; and consequently look upon them with an indulgent eye.

E. BLYTON.

STEPNEY, *May*, 1858.

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POETICAL TRIBUTES.

Song of the British Bard.

SHADES of departed Genius! is there none
To breathe the melody your notes inspire?
Say, hath Old England not another son
To weave the sonnet, or to sweep the lyre,
With SPENSER'S imagery, or SHAKESPEARE'S fire?
The soil that yielded such true gems as these
Is not exhausted. Do we not require
The odes that sooth us, and the songs that please?
Doth Mammon claim all votaries for its own?
Hath it usurped Apollo's vacant throne?

And thou, proud Commerce, dost thou supersede
The Doric quill, upon this wave-lashed shore?
Where now the tuneful and the airy reed?
Romance and chivalry, are they no more
The themes of poesy's heart-stirring lore?
Or does this age of pampered learning spurn
That which their ancestors have prized before,
And which, forsooth, they might be proud to learn?