

**CATALINA, THE
SPANISH NUN; AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Catalina, the Spanish Nun; And Other Poems by J. Wimsett Boulding

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J. WIMSETT BOULDING

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SPANISH NUN; AND
OTHER POEMS**

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THE SPANISH NUN;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. WIMSETT BOULDING,

AUTHOR OF "AGNUS DEI," ETC.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CATALINA, THE SPANISH NUN.....	1
OH, WINNIE WAS THE FINEST MAID.....	131
OH, FIERCE THE BLASTS BLOW.....	133
TO A LADY	134
THE MISTLETOE, O!	135
OH, WHEN IS MY TRUE LOVE COMING?.....	138
IT IS NOT ALWAYS WINTER, DEAR	140
OH, WORTH ALL THE WORLD IS A WINSOME WIFE'S SMILE!	142
OH, DARK IS THE LIFE THAT IS CLOUDED WITH STRIFE!	144
SONNET TO LOVE.....	146
THE SHIP ON THE SEA	147

	PAGE
TO A BIRD	149
I LOVE THE SNOW	151
THE MOTHER'S PRAYER	153
ALL THINGS DO MAKE BUT ONE GREAT HOUSE- HOLD—GOD'S!	154
THE DYING DAY	155
FLOWERS PRECIOUS TO THE POOR.....	156
O LET MY EYES NE'ER SEE THE VULGAR WORLD..	157
LOVE THE SUPREME GRACE.....	158
WHAT IS THE DEVIL LIKE?	159
TO A LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY	161
THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.....	163
THE SOUL	166
TRUE BEAUTY IS OF THE SOUL.....	167
ON THE NEW YEAR COMING IN WITH A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW	169

CATALINA,

OR,

THE SPANISH NUN.

In the sixteenth century's wane, in the Town Saint

Sebastian,

The wife of a Noble provokèd her husband's displeasure

By adding a beautiful girl to the Flowers of their

Love-Tree,

Already o'erstocked, as he judgèd, with feminine

blossoms.

"For what is a maiden worth save to absorb the

bright sunbeams,

And dazzle men's eyes that they see not the stern road
of duty ?

To a nunnery go ! and, hid from the view of the
peccable,

Give your charms to the Heavens that cannot be
tempted of evil.

Naught bring ye but care, and contraction of means
of enjoyment,

Unfit for the sword or the plough, ye cumber the
vineyard,

Draining the parent soil of its wealth and giving back
nothing.

O blessèd Religion that comes with so kind a provision
To nobles, whom Nature hath richly encumbered with
daughters !

Well may she say, ' Of my graces is charity chiefest !'
In such strain thought old Don Erauso as he took the
fair flower

To the convent of good Saint Sebastian, and gave her
to God and the angels.

The Lady Abbess took the child
And blessed it in her fervour mild ;
And praised the father's pious deed,
And prophesied his future meed—
A daughter's unpolluted years—
Religious deeds, availing tears—
Fruits of the convent's calm restraint,
Maturing in the virgin saint.

The nuns all stood admiring by,
Like saintly star-groups in the sky,
When some new world is sent by God
Into their peaceful sisterhood ;
Some praised, some pitied, but all blessed,
And fervently their faith professed,
That coming years would prove their care
Had served an angel unaware.

The sire forgot his heart's complaint,
And felt *himself* a wondrous saint ;