

**FANNY WITH
OTHER POEMS**

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Fanny with Othere Poems by Fitz-Greene Halleck

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FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

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OTHER POEMS**

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Hart

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R. Hart.

FANNY.

I.

FANNY was younger once than she is now,

And prettier of course: I do not mean
To say that there are wrinkles on her brow;

Yet, to be candid, she is past eighteen—
Perhaps past twenty—but the girl is shy
About her age, and Heaven forbid that I

II.

Should get myself in trouble by revealing
A secret of this sort; I have too long
Loved pretty women with a poet's feeling,
And when a boy, in day dream and in song,
Have knelt me down and worshipp'd them: alas!
They never thank'd me for't—but let that pass.

III.

I've felt full many a heart-ache in my day,
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown,
And caught some dreadful colds, I blush to say,
While shivering in the shade of beauty's frown.
They say her smiles are sunbeams—it may be—
But never a sunbeam would she throw on me.

IV.

But Fanny's is an eye that you may gaze on
For half an hour, without the slightest harm;
E'en when she wore her smiling summer face on
There was but little danger, and the charm
That youth and wealth once gave, has bade farewell.
Here is a sad, sad tale—'tis mine its woes to tell.

V.

Her father kept, some fifteen years ago,
A retail dry-good shop in Chatham-street,
And nursed his little earnings, sure though slow,
Till, having muster'd wherewithal to meet
The gaze of the great world, he breathed the air
Of Pearl-street—and "set up" in Hanover-square.

VI.

Money is power, 'tis said—I never tried;
I'm but a poet—and bank-notes to me
Are curiosities, as closely eyed,
Whene'er I get them, as a stone would be,
Toss'd from the moon on Doctor Mitchill's table,
Or classic brickbat from the tower of Babel.

VII.

But he I sing of well has known and felt
That money hath a power and a dominion;
For when in Chatham-street the good man dwelt,
No one would give a *sous* for his opinion.
And though his neighbours were extremely civil,
Yet, on the whole, they thought him—a poor devil,

VIII.

A decent kind of person ; one whose head
Was not of brains particularly full ;
It was not known that he had ever said
Any thing worth repeating—'twas a dull,
Good, honest man—what Paulding's muse would call
A "cabbage head"—but he excelled them all

IX.

In that most noble of the sciences,
The art of making money ; and he found
The zeal for quizzing him grew less and less,
As he grew richer ; till upon the ground
Of Pearl-street, treading proudly in the night
And majesty of wealth, a sudden light

X.

Flash'd like the midnight lightning on the eyes
Of all who knew him ; brilliant traits of mind,
And genius, clear and countless as the dies
Upon the peacock's plumage ; taste refined,
Wisdom and wit, were his—perhaps much more.
'Twas strange they had not found it out before.

XI.

In this quick transformation, it is true
That cash had no small share; but there were still
Some other causes, which then gave a new
Impulse to head and heart, and join'd to fill
His brain with knowledge; for there first he met
The editor of the New-York Gazette,

XII.

The sapient Mr. L**g. The world of him
Knows much, yet not one half so much as he
Knows of the world. Up to its very brim
The goblet of his mind is sparkling free
With lore and learning. Had proud Sheba's queen,
In all her bloom and beauty, but have seen

XIII.

This modern Solomon, the Israelite,
Earth's monarch as he was, had never won her.
He would have hang'd himself for very spite,
And she, bless'd woman, might have had the honour
Of some neat "paragraphs"—worth all the lays
That Judah's minstrel warbled in her praise.

XIV.

Her star arose too soon ; but that which sway'd
 Th' ascendant at our merchant's natal hour
 Was bright with better destiny—its aid
 Led him to pluck within the classic bower
 Of bulletins, the blossoms of true knowledge ;
 And L**a supplied the loss of school and college.

XV.

For there he learn'd the news some minutes sooner
 Than others could ; and to distinguish well
 The different signals, whether ship or schooner,
 Hoisted at Staten Island ; and to tell
 The change of wind, and of his neighbour's fortunes,
 And, best of all—he there learn'd self-importance.

XVI.

Nor were these all the advantages derived
 From change of scene ; for near his domicile,
 He of the pair of polish'd lamps then lived,
 And in my hero's promenades, at will,
 Could he behold them burning—and their flame
 Kindled within his breast the love of fame,