

**A COLLECTION OF POETRY FOR
THE PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION,
MADE FOR THE USE OF THE
LADIES AT THE COLLEGE IN
BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON**

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A Collection of Poetry for the Practice of Elocution, Made for the Use of the Ladies at the College in Bedford Square, London by F. W. Newman

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COLLECTION OF POETRY

FOR THE

Practice of Elocution.

MADE FOR THE USE OF THE LADIES AT THE COLLEGE
IN BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON.



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PREFACE.

No effort has been made to arrange the following pieces of poetry according to their subjects, their form, or their era. Facility of Elocution alone has been regarded, and the only endeavour has been to delay towards the latter part of the volume the more difficult pieces. Otherwise, the greater the variety, the less tedious to the pupil.

The inflections of the voice to be *principally* regarded are four; namely,—

1. The extreme falling inflection,—as, at the absolute end of a subject.

2. The half-falling inflection,—which is used at a colon, when the grammar is complete and yet the thought is incomplete. This may be understood by an example. “Be wise *to-day*: 'tis madness to defer.”

Here *to-day* should be so sounded as to make the hearer supply “not to-morrow.” The voice must fall, but be caught up before it reaches its deepest point.

3. The extreme rising inflection. It is distinctly heard, when a question is put which involves an alternative; as: “Is it *white?* or black?” This

inflection is generally appropriate, in the middle of a complicated sentence which has one principal verb, immediately before that verb.

4. The half-rising (or penultimate) inflection. This prepares the ear for a final close. I cannot farther describe it.

Poetry is more important than Prose as practice to a reader, because it develops *power*, by reason of the variety of passions expressed: and it better teaches to manage the breath. Musical time in the accents is less and less important the more oratorical the poetry becomes: it is *most* important when the poetry is most song-like. As a peculiar exercise in musical time, one eccentric translation from Horace has been admitted.

It has not been thought expedient to print any exercises in Prose; nor indeed any passages from the *Paradise Lost*, since the entire poem is so accessible.

F. W. NEWMAN.

ERRATUM.

Page 2, line 2, *for* But read That

A

COLLECTION OF POETRY.

FROM THE FIRST PAGE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

I AM a harp of many chords, and each
Strung by a separate hand. Most musical
My notes, discoursing with the mental sense,
Not the outward ear. Try them: for they bespeak
Mild Wisdom, graceful Wit, and highwrought Taste,
Fancy and Hope and decent Gaiety.
—Come, add a string to my assort of sounds;
Widen the compass of my harmony:
And join thyself in fellowship of name
With those, whose courteous labour and fair gifts
Have given me voice, and made me what I am.

(N. J. H.)

PASTORAL SONG.

COME Anna, come! the morning dawns;
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies.
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise:
While Nature, clad in vesture gay,
Hails the lov'd return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
And then, secure beneath the shade,
We'll listen to the throstle's tale,
And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they move.

B

STILL MIDNIGHT.

Come, Anna, come! and bring thy lute,
 But with its tones, so softly sweet,
 In cadence with my mellow flute,
 We may beguile the noontide heat,
 While, near, the mellow bee shall join,
 To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,
 Except when heard the beetle's hum,
 We'll leave the sober-tinted plains;
 To these sweet heights again we'll come;
 And thou on thy soft lute shalt play
 A solemn vesper to departing day.

(KIRKE WHITE.)

NATIONAL PEACE RESTORED.

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the Ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up as monuments,
 Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now,—instead of mounting barb'd steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the voluptuous pleasing of a lute.

(SHAKESPEARE.)

STILL MIDNIGHT.

(From the "Siege of Corinth.")

'Tis midnight. On the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down.
 Blue roll the waters; blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,