

**SKETCHES OF
CAMBRIDGE,
IN VERSE**

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Sketches of Cambridge, in Verse by Julian Home

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JULIAN HOME

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CAMBRIDGE,
IN VERSE**

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IN VERSE.

BY

JULIAN HOME.

FIRST SERIES.



London:

NEWMAN AND CO.,
43, HART STREET, OXFORD STREET.

1879.

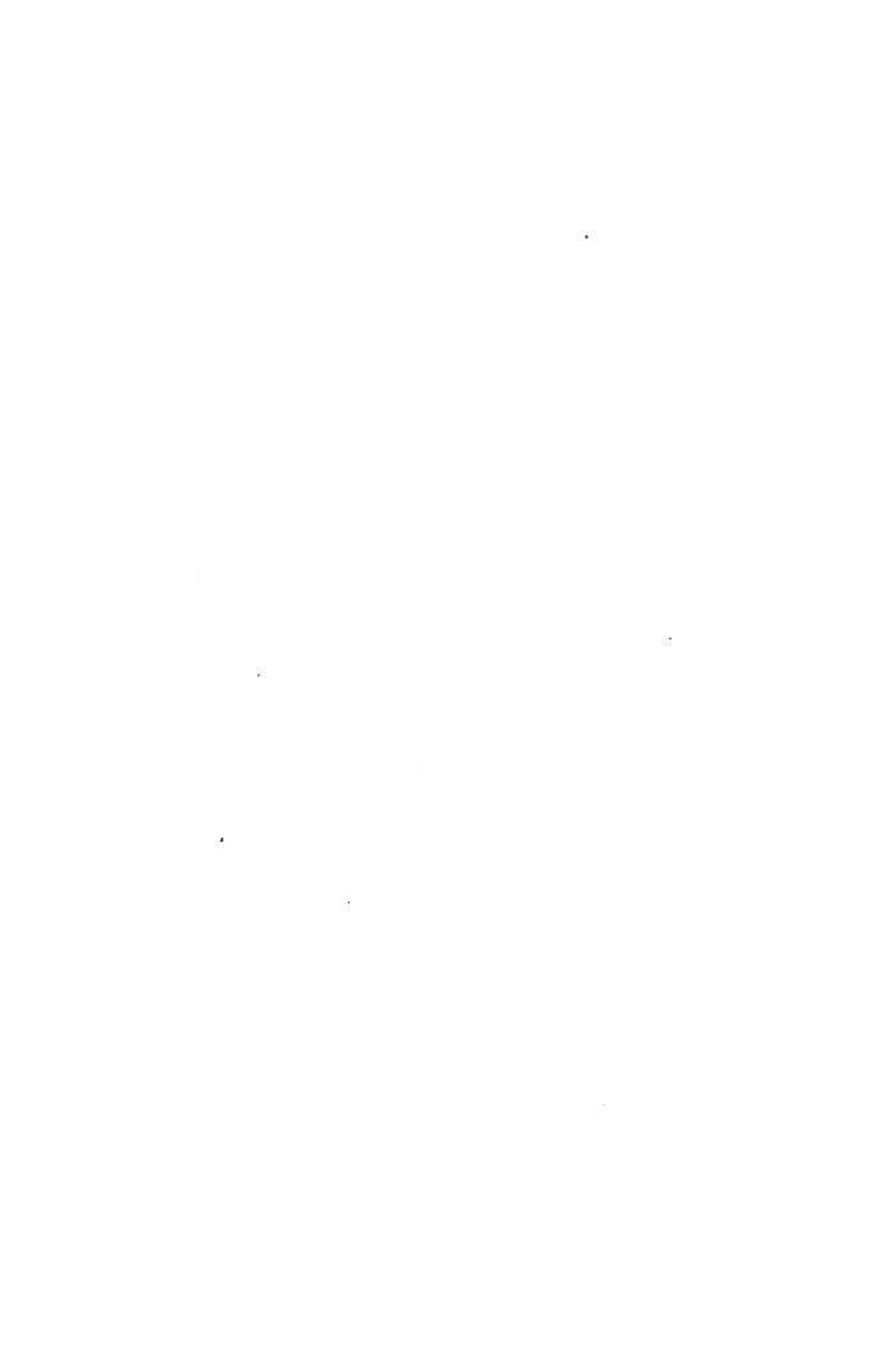
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DEDICATED TO
ALFRED TENNYSON, Esq., D.C.L.
(POET LAUREATE),
TO WHOSE TEACHING I OWE MORE THAN
I CAN EVER REPAY.

JULIAN HOME.

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PROLOGUE.

Granta, our Alma Mater, to thy Halls,
And College Piles, ateming with the gusts
Of strange philosophies, and settl'd truths,
I wake my Muse, here by the Winding Cam.
Here, in the walk of limes, within the view
Of John's and Classic King's, and while the bells
Of Great St. Mary clang the marriage chimes,
I sing the culture of thy men of fame,
And moralise on what was once, and is.

SKETCHES OF CAMBRIDGE.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

PART I.

The morning sun lets fall a brede
Full on the gateway, and the crown
Of England's king, who o'er the gown
Flung regal smiles and courtly rede.

I pass beneath the portico,
I mark the quietude around,
I see the fountain's plash rebound,
I hear its wavelets ripple low.

Here, from the chapel, murmurs come
Of matin psalm, while Nature's prayer
Steals languidly across the air—
The woodlarks' trill, the wild bees' hum.

Here, by the dial, many a mood
Of changeful fancy sweeps my brain—
Now ebbing, and anon again
Returning with more steadfast flood :