

**THE FAIRY OF THE
STREAM AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The Fairy of the Stream and Other Poems by C. M. Farmer

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C. M. FARMER

**THE FAIRY OF THE
STREAM AND
OTHER POEMS**

THE
FAIRY OF THE STREAM,

AND

OTHER POEMS;

BY

C. M. FARMER.

" And ye of Eastern isle,
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls:
Gardens, whose fountains were of liquid gold;
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves—
Where are ye now ?"



RICHMOND, VA.:
HARROLD & MURRAY,—177 BROAD STREET.
1847.



WOMAN
DAILY
WOMAN

TO

THOMAS B. HARRISON, ESQUIRE,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE poems composing this volume were written from time to time during the last year, more with the view of beguiling the author's leisure hours, than of ever presenting them to the public in this form. Indeed, the latter was not at the first his intention. But, reflecting that from some of the most beautiful and poetic spots of Virginia, no song but that of nature's own minstrels, who sing not to "numbers and the harp," has ever come, notwithstanding the many of her sons and daughters whose pens *could* do her classic tribute, he has determined, despite the herd of *soi disant* critics, to lay his humble verse before the world in the shape of a *book*.

Some of the minor poems have already been published, but in a more crude state, in

a weekly newspaper. To revise and fit them for the present object has been a pleasing task to the author; and although he is still sensible of its many defects, he indulges the hope that his little book may be received in the spirit in which it is given. If it afford aught of interest or pleasure to any into whose hands it may come—any who love Virginia, with her hills, and streams, and romantic scenery, and who lament that these have been so long neglected by the Muse and the Lyre—the writer will be more than satisfied.

With this feeling, he sends forth the result of his labour, without a care or regard for those who may be inclined to cavil or condemn.

THE AUTHOR.

Seclusaval, May, 1846.

THE FAIRY OF THE STREAM.

INVOCATION.

Harp of the West! a feeble hand essays
To sweep thy strings, and swell the tide of song;
Nor strife nor death demands thy tuneful lays,
Nor aught that to the bards of old belong.
The lance and spear of chivalry are lost;
Heroic knights of other days are dead;
The valiant Hector and his Trojan host
Have from the plains of blood and battle fled,
Nor more invoke thy strains of martial song,
The cohorts of the brave and fierce among.

A holier theme invites thy gentler strain—
Such dulcet notes as Erin's bard once drew