

HERMIONE, AND OTHER POEMS

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Hermione, and Other Poems by Thomas Bradfield

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THOMAS BRADFIELD

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OTHER POEMS**

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BY

THOMAS BRADFIELD.



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HERMIONE.



It was a grove in fair and sunny Greece :
A grove with flowers of every charming kind,
A grove where Love the shady boughs did haunt,
Filling the cool air with her soft sweet breath.
'Twas moonlight when our tale begins ; a veil
Of purest light shone over the still trees.
There, by the cowslips, slept a dozen elves,
And 'neath a grand old oak two Satyrs talked :
" To-day I saw a maiden by the fount,"
Said one, a tall weird-looking animal,
With dark brown hairy skin, and a large face,
Grotesque as those that horrid nightmare breeds.

" I saw a maiden by the fount to-day,
Bathing her soft limbs in its cooling waves—
Limbs that were fair and rosy as the morn.
I loved her, and was trying to draw near
Beneath the shady trees, to seize her form,
When on some hazel-nuts I chanced to tread
Which made a cracking; this she heard at once,
And over the bright flowers she fled away,
Through the dark, woodèd dell, and I was left
Alone, alone."

The other Satyr laughed,
A laugh more hideous than the angry scowl
Of his dark brows.

" Forsooth, thy prying eyes
Leave nothing sacred; thou hast scared away
A dozen maidens from these pleasant groves,
So that through all the place a rumour flies
That 'tis not safe to walk beneath these trees,
And now thou venturèst unto the fount
That's in the precinct of the palace walls."

“Truly,” the other said, “you’re growing sage
To taunt me with my cunning practices ;
I love the maiden, and, by Tartarus,
Will win her. Well I know her name and home,
’Tis fair Hermione, the loved of all,
The fairest maiden of these sunny parts.”
“Better be quiet,” growled the other one :
“She is the daughter of the ancient chief
To whom that vast domain, which borders here,
Belongs : thou wilt do ill to seek her hand.
Love some vile shape that is a match for thine,
Not what is fair.”

“Why should I seek a mate
From my own race, when I can win a form
Lovely as goddess in Olympus bright.
Sooner would I revolve upon the wheel
For ever, ever in unceasing rounds,
Than have as love one of these hideous beings.”
“Take care, old fool, or you will find e’er long
That love has not thy rugged bosom stirred