

**THE LADY
OF LA GARAYE**

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The Lady of La Garaye by Mrs. Norton

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MRS. NORTON

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OF LA GARAYE**



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THE
LADY OF LA GARAYE

BY THE
HON. MRS. NORTON.



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1866.

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TO
THE MOST NOBLE
The Marquis of Lansdowne
THIS LITTLE POEM
IS AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY
INSCRIBED.

B

DEDICATION.

FRIEND of old days, of suffering, storm, and strife,
Patient and kind through many a wild appeal ;
In the arena of thy brilliant life
Never too busy or too cold to feel :

Companion from whose ever teeming store
Of thought and knowledge, happy memory
brings
So much of social wit and sage's lore,
Garnered and gleaned by me as precious things :

Kinsman of him whose very name soon grew
Unreal as music heard in pleasant dreams,
So vain the hope my girlish fancy drew,
So faint and far his vanished presence seems.

To thee I dedicate this record brief
Of foreign scenes and deeds too little known ;
This tale of noble souls who conquered grief
By dint of tending sufferings not their own.

Thou hast known all my life : its pleasant hours,
(How many of them have I owed to thee !)
Its exercise of intellectual powers,
With thoughts of fame and gladness not to be.

Thou knowest how Death for ever dogged my
way,
And how of those I loved the best, and those

Who loved and pitied me in life's young day,
Narrow, and narrower still, the circle grows.

Thou knowest--for thou hast proved--the dreary
shade

A first-born's loss tastes over lonely days ;
And gone is now the pale fond smile, that made
In my dim future, yet, a path of rays.

Gone, the dear comfort of a voice whose sound
Came like a beacon-bell, heard clear above
The whirl of violent waters surging round ;
Speaking to shipwrecked ears of help and love.

The joy that budded on my own youth's bloom,
When life wore still a glory and a gloss,
Is hidden from me in the silent tomb ;
Smiting with premature unnatural loss,