

**THE CHANTRY OWL,  
AND OTHER VERSES,  
WITH ADDITIONS**

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The Chantry Owl, and Other Verses, with Additions by Henry Sewell Stokes

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**HENRY SEWELL STOKES**

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POEMS OF LATER YEARS.

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THE CHANTRY OWL.



Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;  
They gave our sires the honour due ;  
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,  
And pried into the depth of owls.

GAY.

Good night, my good owl.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

# THE CHANTRY OWL.

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## *PART I.*

### I

As slow the curfew knell'd the hour,  
When Night had spread her sable pall,  
The ghostly Owl came from the tower  
And rested on the Chantry wall :  
But long before that pile stood there  
He left his shell, as greybeards swear ;  
As solemn look'd and whoop'd as loud  
Ere the last Prior was in his shroud.

## II

Who doubts my verse his lamp may trim,  
And read in Humboldt's serious prose  
Of the grey parrot seen by him  
Where the grand Orinoco flows :  
Motionless as sepulchral stone,  
And mute till in a tongue unknown  
It plain'd the brave Aturian race  
Of whom no man could vestige trace.

## III

'Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!' the Owl began,  
And then his sounds took shape in words,  
And like a reasonable man  
He talk'd, as did the clever birds  
In Chancer's sylvan Parliament,  
The day when Valentines were sent ;  
Or those who taught in Æsop's time,  
Or still instruct us in Gay's rhyme.