

**THE UNRIPE
WINDFALLS, IN
PROSE AND VERSE**

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The unripe windfalls, in prose and verse by James Henry

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JAMES HENRY

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PROSE AND VERSE**

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THE UNRIPE
WINDFALLS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE

OF

JAMES HENRY, M.D.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CRITICISM ON THE STYLE OF LORD BYRON, IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR
OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

SPECIMEN OF VIRGILIAN COMMENTARIES.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW METRICAL TRANSLATION OF THE ÆNEIS.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
BY M. H. GILL.
1851.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF
THE YEAR 1846.

—♦—
VAUX DE VIRE.

STAY, stranger, stay: why leavest the Vaux de Vire?
'Tis the sweet spring-time, just the opening year;
Have we done aught to hurt thee or displease?
Or in France find'st thou lovelier fields than these?

STRANGER.

Sweet is the spring among the Vaux de Vire,
And sweet the opening of the new-born year;
Nought have ye done to hurt me or displease,
Nor in France seek I lovelier fields than these.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Then why, O stranger, why so soon away,
And thy back turned upon our coming May?
With softer breath each morn the zephyr blows,
With brighter tints each even the sunset glows.

STRANGER.

A land there is beyond your northern sea,
More dear than even the Vaux de Vire to me ;
A land of hill-and-dale slope, flower, and tree,
And ruddy sunset and bird-melody.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Far off *that* land, far off beyond the deep ;
Rocks rise between, waves roll, and tempests sweep ;
Our spring is nigh ; thou see'st the violet peeping ;
In yonder bush 'tis Philomel that's cheeping.

STRANGER.

In that far land, beyond that stormy sea,
Are friends that love me, know me, think of me ;
Beneath its sod my babies twain are laid,
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head ;

Waves o'er that mother's head who so oft blessed me,
And to her beating bosom so oft pressed me ;
That noble mother to whose love I owe
All that I am, or hope, or feel, or know ;

That wont so oft, on such an eve, to lean
Her arm on mine, and point to such a scene,
To such a glowing heaven and setting sun ;
Then turn and see the night come slowly on ;

And then the flush upon her furrowed cheek
Would tell the thought she ventured not to speak,
That *her* night, too, was coming, *her* day past,
And from her loved ones she must part at last.

And she is parted; in that far land laid,
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head:
Then fare ye well, sweet fields, I stay not here;
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire;

Be with those orchard walks and coppiced braes,
Where hapless Basselin poured his untaught lays;
Long shall your memory to my heart be dear;
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,

WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT FOR
THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

—◆—
Do'st thou but mock me, when thou bid'st me sing
The captive's gushing tears for liberty?
Or do'st not know thou hast bound me with a chain,
From which I would not, if I could, be free?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, *Jan. 5, 1846.*

—◆—
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

—◆—
THE sculptor, ere he takes
The chisel in his hand,
Draws the inkling of his thought
On pasteboard or in sand:
So to thine album I
The secret first impart,
Which my true love burns to write
On the marble of thy heart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, *March 5, 1846.*

P A R I S.

'Tis Paris! huge Paris! before me extending,
With her spires, and her domes, and her streets never-
ending;
With her boulevards, gardens, and obelisks tall,
And the blue summer sky looking down upon all.

'Tis Paris! gay Paris! soft palace of pleasure,
Where to joy there's no end, to refinement no mea-
sure;
But café and theatre, salon and ball,
And the stars' midnight-watch looking down upon all.

'Tis Paris! wise Paris! staid city of learning,
Of reunion, and cercle, and savant discerning,
Of academy, college, and institute-hall,
And Molière's calm spirit looking down upon all.

'Tis Paris! strong Paris! that rose in her might,
And crushed with one heel-stamp earth's kings'
divine right,
Awoke sleeping nations with freedom's trump call,
And shook God on his throne, looking down upon all.