POEMS AND SONNETS. PART I

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Poems and Sonnets. Part I by George Barlow

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GEORGE BARLOW

POEMS AND SONNETS. PART I



POEMS AND SONNETS,

BY

GEORGE BARLOW.

"The rapture of pursuing

Is the prize the vanquished gain."—Longratiow.

PART I.

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DEDICATION.

SAND AND THE BAYS.

I.

She ever twine her hand amid the bays,
And ever render unto me the praise
Without which all men's praise, alas, is nil,
But which is potent by itself to fill
To the full the flowing current of my days:
Was it an omen for my future lays,
An evil omen, that she chose to spill,
And twine amid my locks a sandy wreath?
Have I, in fact, as Keats in humble thought
Deemed that in water he his name had wrought,
To shifting sand of poetry made bequeath;
And will the foamy, white, advancing teeth
Of Time bring both myself and mine to nought?