

**FORGET-ME-NOT:
OR, THE PHILIPENA**

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Forget-Me-Not: Or, the Philipena by Mrs. Lunt

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MRS. LUNT

**FORGET-ME-NOT:
OR, THE PHILIPENA**

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OR THE

PHILIPPINA.

BY

MRS. LUNT.

"Trifles in themselves
Are, to the feeling heart,
Of greater worth
Than India's richest gems."

LOWELL:
NATHANIEL L. DAYTON.

1852.

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PREFACE.

THE compiler of this little volume might adopt the oft-repeated but beautiful sentiment of Montaigne,—“I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.”

But, to roam through the wide field of poetry, and gather such flowers, and such only, as might contribute to grace a friend's bouquet, has been no very slight task for unpractised fingers. Nor dares the culler of the nosegay flatter herself that she has wholly succeeded in the attempt to do this. Some, of superior taste and judgment, may deem some of the flowers unworthy the place they occupy. Others may think they might have been more tastefully arranged. But she hopes that, to the eye accustomed to appreciate beauty wherever it is found, and loving the simple wild flower as well as the stately rose, none of them will appear utterly valueless. Of one thing she is certain—none are poisonous.

The nosegay, such as it is, is offered to the public, with the hope that it may prove a not wholly unacceptable Gift.

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FORGET-ME-NOT;

OR THE

PHILIPPINA.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Go where the water gildeth gently ever;
Gildeth through meadows that the greenest be—
Wander beside our own beloved river,
And think of me.

Wander in forests where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
Listen the dim brook, pining as it playeth,
And think of me.

And when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth through the lonely tree,
Go out beneath that solitary heaven,
And think of me.

ETONIAN.