FORGET-ME-NOT: OR, THE PHILIPENA

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

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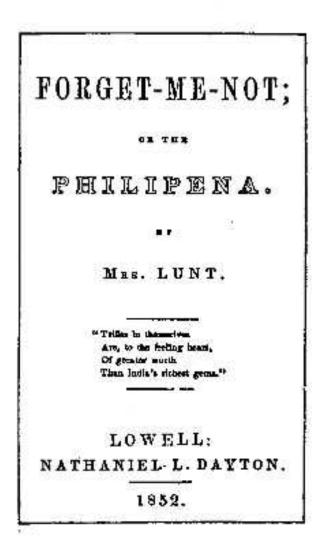
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MRS. LUNT

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Trieste





PREFACE.

. .

Tax compiler of this little volume might adopt the off-repeated but besutiful sentiment of Montaigne,—"I have here only made a nonegay of called flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that the them."

But, to ream through the wide field of poetry, and gather such flowers, and such only, as might contribute to grace a friends bouquet, has been no very slight task for supracticed fingers. Nor dares the culler of the avergay flatter herself that, she has wholly succeeded in the attempt to do this. Some, of superior tasts and judgment, may down nome of the flowers unworthy the pince they occupy. Others may think they might have been more tastefully arranged. But she boyes that, to the eye accustomed to apprecisito beauty wherever it is found, and foring the simple wild dower as well as the stately rose, none of them will appear utarly valueless. Of one thing she is certain—none are poteonotes.

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

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FORGET-ME-NOT; OR THE PHILIPENA. ----FORGET-ME-NOT. Go where the water glidath gently ever ; Glideth through meadows that the gracoast be--Waddet beside our own beloved river, And think of me. Wander in forests where the small flower layeth Its fairy gam bonesth the giont tree ; Listen the dim brook, pining as it playeth, And think of me. And when the sky is silver pale at aven, And the wind grieveth through the lonely tree, Go out beneath that solitary beaven, And think of me. ETONIAN.

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