

**LEAVES OF
AUTUMN FROM THE
VALE OF THE EMS.**

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Leaves of Autumn from the Vale of the EMS. by Henry Knight

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HENRY KNIGHT

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AUTUMN FROM THE
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FROM THE

VALE OF THE EMS.

BY

HENRY KNIGHT.

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STAMPFORD.



TO

MRS. DIXON,

OF

STANSTED HOUSE, SUSSEX,

This small Volume is,

BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED,

BY HER HUMBLE AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

STAMFORD, Nov., 1854.

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THE VALE OF THE EMS.

I.

I KNOW a cool and sparkling spring
Among the silent hills,
Where violets white their fragrances fling
O'er gurgling crystal rills.
There could the poet lie and dream—
Dream out the rosy hours;
Ah! dream that life's dark-rolling stream
Is ever fringed with flowers.
No spot so dear on this fair earth,
Though rich in gold and gems,
As that which gave my spirit birth—
The sunny vale of Ems!

II.

I've seen the rainbow's gorgeous arch
Spring out from hill to hill,
When summer-clouds were on the march
To slake each thirsting rill:

It seemed, to fancy's dreamy eye,
 With brilliancy replete—
 A pathway thrown from earth to sky
 For angels' glittering feet.
 I've heard the voice of the water-spouts,
 Their tramp along the air—
 Among the hills the thunder's shouts
 Awake the echoes there.
 Though memory bears the wandering muse
 Back to the swan-specked Thames,*
 Yet memory paints in lovelier hues
 The lovely vale of Ems.

III.

Adown the deep-descending cooms
 The moss-clad ash-tree throws
 Its arms above the yew's thick glooms,
 To every wind that blows.
 There, towering like the cypress trees,
 The prickly junipers
 Shake their green plumes upon the breeze,
 Among the golden furze,—
 Among the yellow, bright gorse-fields,
 Whence the brown lizard sprung,

* See Note A.

Where nature, ever bounteous, yields
 Food for the linnet's young ;
 There summer leads the frisking hours,
 All crowned with diadems,
 To wanton in the fields of flowers
 That scent the vale of Ems.

IV.

Once, on these hills, the red-haired Dane *
 The Saxon arm defied ;
 Here Edelwalch, 'mid heaps of slain,
 Like a lion fought and died ;
 And here, within a barrow, sleeps
 Cadwalla's kingly foe, †
 Round which the lambkin frisks and leaps,
 And blue-eyed harebells blow.
 But these old hills are silent now,
 The battle-shout is fled,
 And the green turf the warrior trod
 Ensepulchres his head.
 Oh, peaceful scene ! May war no more
 Invade these vales and hills,
 Nor carnage dye them with its gore,
 Nor stain these limpid rills !

* See Note B.

† See Note C.