

**ANSELMO:  
A POEM**

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Anselmo: A Poem by George R. Parburt

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**GEORGE R. PARBURT**

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A POEM.

BY GEORGE R. PARBURT.

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1865.

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#### ERRATA.

- Page 27, verse 87—for "Ob," read "Ou."
- " 28, " 70—for "rincth on," read "rise upon."
- " 28, " 73—for "behold, read "beheld."
- " 42, " 26—for "Day-ood," read "Day-God."
- " 50, " 48—for "angel's," read "angelic."
- " 61, " 83—for "goodly," read "godly."
- " 62, " 86—for "love-stolen," read "love's stolen."
- " 71, " 9—for "flosted," read "floateth."
- " 89, " 56—for "reviving," read "reviying."
- " 96, " 88—for "shown," read "shone."
- " 98, " 1—for "humid," read "turid."
- " 114, " 48—for "horsemen," read "horseman."
- " 133, " 27—for "blast," read "blest."

## To Lella.

*Some years ago,—how many—matters not  
To others; by ourselves remembered well;  
While lingering near a favorite trysting spot,  
There was a promise made;—why? Who shall tell?  
Enough for us, it hath not been forgot;  
On its performance let your favor dwell:  
The promise was,—ANSELMO,—then a dream,  
Should don the habit of a living theme.*

*At the first glance you may not recognize  
The fondling of our days of young romance;  
For he hath grown in gracefulness and size,  
Like children who are early taught to dance;  
But whoso shall his features scrutinize,  
And make allowances for life's advances,  
Will doubtless be quite fully satisfied  
The child is in the man identified.*

*Doth it not argue weakness to forestall  
A smile of irony and tone sarcastic?  
"And call you this ANSELMO? Is this all  
Of that erratic genius once so plastic?"  
Patience, my LELLA—take the gift, though small;  
It is not guileful, nor is it bombastic.—  
ANSELMO hath no mysteries to unravel:  
So, having made his debut—let him travel.*



# ANSELMO.

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## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

THE Age of Gold warms not with themes of Love;  
It throbs not with the impulse of Desire;  
The Vulture is its emblem, not the Dove;  
To prey, and not to praise, doth it aspire:  
Banks are its temples—not the living grove;  
Friendship and Faith are victims of its fire:  
It stamps each virtue of the human breast  
With the adulterous face of interest.

### II.

The clink of Mammon is the tone extatic  
Of this Cash Age, yclept Utilitarian;  
In which all elements, grave and erratic,  
Forsake Elysia to become Agrarian:  
Air, water, fire, in labors are pragmatic;  
The glorious Sun a wandering Daguerrean;  
The lightning flits away from heaven, with joy,  
To outstrip Time as Traffic's errand-boy.

## III.

Presumptuous Age! Well may the timid Moon  
 Wrap her soft features up in cloudy sadness,  
 Lest in thy vanity to play the loon, .  
 Thou shouldst, with gravely mercenary madness,  
 Profane her charms, by offering them a boon  
 To dusky Labor in his steaming gladness;  
 Making her beams a power to grind a grist on,  
 To whirl a spindle, or to drive a piston.

## IV.

There was a time when Luna did inspire  
 In blooming vales, on mountain top and ocean,  
 Brave youth and Beauty with profound desire,  
 To analyze that hallowing devotion,  
 Shekina of love's lip-enkindled fire,  
 Which throbs the heart with rapturous emotion:  
 Wild, as Euroclydon at midnight hour—  
 Gentle, as Zephyrus in Flora's bower.

## V.

When pensive lovers, lest their love should moulder,  
 Sought the new moon for timely consolation,  
 And gazing at her, over the right shoulder,  
 Renewed their vows of endless adoration;  
 Till moon-like, nightly waxing warm and bolder—  
 Fraught with the pleasures of anticipation—  
 They sought, they found, Love's charming ideality  
 Excelleth far the raptures of reality.

## VI.

Maugre the Age! Love is my theme of Song;  
A youth the hero of, my untaught lay;  
Who whilom dwelt, where grandly flows along  
The proud Potomac through Columbia;  
He shunned alike the vain and busy throng  
Of crafty commerce and gay revelry;  
To woo in sylvan solitudes a muse,  
Whose charms imbued his mind with pensive hues.

## VII.

Oft-times he wander'd through the classic grounds,  
His cherished Alma Mater yet adorning;  
And often, where the river wildly bounds  
Over rock and chasm, like a sprite forewarning,  
Rapt as a babe whom slumberous dreams surround  
With blissful visions, he would muse till morning,  
Drinking deep draughts from that eternal ocean,  
Where stars renew their glory and devotion.

## VIII.

And so ANSELMO thought for aye to find  
The scene unchanging, and unchanged his dream  
Of mental joys, which charm the youthful mind,  
And with the purer lights of science beam;  
He knew not that an ever-varying wind  
And chainless tide control Time's rapid stream,  
Dashing, in its alternate ebb and flow,  
Life's cup of joy with bitter draughts of woe.