

**THOUGHTS AND  
SKETCHES IN VERSE**

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Thoughts and Sketches in Verse by John Hall

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**JOHN HALL**

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IN VERSE.

BY

JOHN HALL,

ALIAS "J. H. J."

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(FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.)

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SHEFFIELD:  
FAWSON AND BRAILSFORD, HIGH-STREET AND MULBERRY-STREET.  
1877.

DEDICATED TO

*My Wife,*

THE SHARER OF MY "THOUGHTS"

AND CRITIC OF ALL MY "SKETCHES"

FOR NEARLY QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF HAPPY

COMPANIONSHIP.



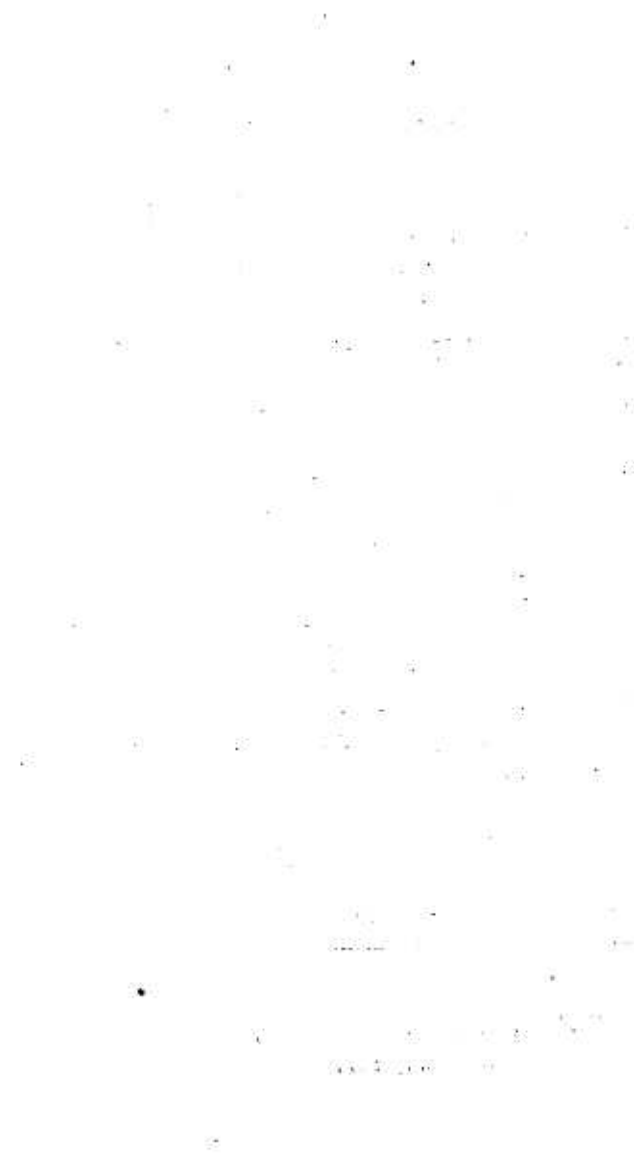
## PREFACE.

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The following Poems, or, as the title designates, "Thoughts and Sketches in Verse," have been published from time to time in "The Sheffield Telegraph" and other journals and periodicals during a space of nearly thirty years. They are now collected and reprinted for private circulation only, amongst the members of the author's own family, and numerous friends and acquaintances who have been kind enough to express their appreciation of the compositions as they appeared in print. Many of them, as the reader will perceive, have been written on special events, local and historical; also at Christmas, a season that always aroused the poetic element, and impelled the author almost irresistibly to dally with his fickle muse. He trusts, however, that the variety of the mode of treatment will prevent the subject becoming too monotonous.

Should the casual reader of these "Thoughts and Sketches" in future years find pleasure or amusement of any kind, or recall pleasing memories and associations of the past, their rescue from oblivion by publication will not have been altogether in vain.

*Norbury, Sheffield,*  
*June 22, 1877.*





## Sketches in Verse.

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### BASLOW.

Hail, smiling village of the vale !  
Pride of the Peak's wild desert, hail !  
No "lodge in the vast wilderness,"  
No "Auburn sweet," whose loveliness  
Fond poets sing in raptures rare,  
Can with thy matchless charms compare !  
With what delight do we descry  
Thy blue smoke curling to the sky,  
As down the moorland's shaggy side,  
From the bleak hills above we ride ;  
And view thee, like the promised land,  
An Eden at our feet expand ;  
Whose verdant landscapes spread around,  
With beauty and luxuriance crowned,  
Where "milk, and wine, and honey flow,"  
And all that nature can bestow ;  
While peace and plenty, health and ease,  
Yield every blessing that can please.

Here, far remote from worldly strife,  
The peasant plods his even life,  
Contented with the daily good  
Of healthy toil and plenteous food,

Employing here his leisure hours  
 To cultivate the garden bowers ;  
 To train the roses round his door,  
 Some passing stranger to allure ;  
 Or prune with a fantastic hand  
 The trees that round his cottage stand ;  
 And thus the day's long labour close,  
 To sleep the night in sound repose.

Here, from the town's tumultuous noise,  
 The man of trade for refuge flies,  
 And seeks amid thy rural calm,  
 For all his cares a needful balm—  
 A sweet oblivion of all  
 The ills that business befall,  
 Musing, instead of birds and flowers,  
 Of sunny streams or shady bowers.  
 Thrice happy he to rest or rove  
 By Derwent's banks, or Chatsworth's grove,  
 With pliant rod and slender line,  
 And tackle treacherously fine,  
 His angling skill anon to try ;  
 Or, basking in the sunshine, lie  
 And watch the deer gregarious stray  
 Along the park's untrodden way :  
 With pencil, book, or better still,  
 A fair companion, at his will  
 To read, or sketch, or climb the hill ;  
 And happy thus, without alloy,  
 Admire—exult—repose—enjoy.

Here, when the bees begin to hum,  
And orchards are all white with bloom,  
And blackbirds, piping through the air,  
The genial time of Spring declare ;  
Reminded then of thy dear charms,  
The town lets loose its busy swarms,  
Who long confined in noisome smoke,  
Through dreary Winter's tedious yoke,  
Like captive birds escaped, take wing  
To sound the first glad notes of Spring :  
A motley group, of every age,  
From laughing youth to manhood sage—  
Merchants, mechanics, men of trade,  
Professionals of every grade,  
With clerks and shopmen, and their chosen  
Wives and sweethearts by the dozen ;  
In open britska, shay, or drag,  
Or hired gig with doubtful nag,  
From Owler's heathered heights they come  
To thy sweet vale, Elysium !  
To spend the day in harmless joys  
Amid thy fairy Paradise—  
To breathe thy bracing mountain air,  
And feed their lungs with wholesome fare ;  
And through a lengthened summer's day  
Here pass their joyful holiday.

And here have I, (not less inclined  
Than others to relax the mind,)