

LYRICAL RECREATIONS

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Lyrical Recreations by Samuel Ward

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SAMUEL WARD

**LYRICAL
RECREATIONS**

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RECREATIONS

BY

SAMUEL WARD

*Je vous donne avecque ma foy
Ce qu'il y a de mieulx en moy.*

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.

1883



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1883

BY SAMUEL WARD.

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TO THE EARL OF ROSEBURY,

Decori Scotiæ et Humanitatis.

THE muse I wooed at fifty-two
Bore me these urchin lays,
Which raise their lowly heads anew
Since quickened by thy praise.

Will they live on, to vindicate
The memory of their sire,
Whom Fate compelled to leave to fate
These foundlings of his lyre ?

What care we ? Ere the pyramids
The priests of Isis sang,
While on the kingly coffin-lids
The graver's chisel rang,

vi *TO THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.*

Carving great deeds on stone to cheat
Oblivion of its prey,
Until the last reveille should beat
The dawn of Judgment Day.

The priests are dust, the crumbling fane
In piteous ruin lies ;
In loving hearts the holy strain
Of David never dies.

*WHEN in my walks I meet some ruddy lad
Or swarthy man, with tray-beladen head,
Whose smile entreats me, or his visage sad,
To buy the images he moulds for bread ;*

*I think that, though his poor Greek Slave in chains,
His Venus and her Boy with plaster darts,
Be, like the organ-grinder's quavering strains,
But farthings in the currency of art ;*

*Such coins a kingly effigy still wear,
Let metals base or precious in them mix ;
The painted vellum hallows not the Prayer
Nor ivory nor gold the Crucifix.*

Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

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