

VERSES AND TRANSLATION

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Verses and translation by C. S. C.

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BY C. S. C.

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VISIONS.

"She was a phantom," &c.

IN lone Glenartney's thickets lies couched the
lordly stag,

The dreaming terrier's tail forgets its customary
wag;

And plodding ploughmen's weary steps insensibly
grow quicker,

As broadening casements light them on towards
home, or home-brewed liquor.

It is (in fact) the evening—that pure and pleasant
time,

When stars break into splendour, and poets into
rhyme;

When in the glass of Memory the forms of loved
 oncs shine—

And when, of course, Miss Goodchild's is prominent
 in mine.

Miss Goodchild!—Julia Goodechild!—how graciously
 you smiled

Upon my childish passion once, yourself a fair-
 haired child:

When I was (no doubt) profiting by Dr. Crabb's
 instruction,

And sent those streaky lollipops home for your
 fairy suction!

“She wore” her natural “roses, the night when
 first we met”—

Her golden hair was gleaming 'neath the coercive
 net:

“Her brow was like the snowdrift,” her step was
 like Queen Mab's,

And gone was instantly the heart of every boy at
Crabb's.

The parlour-boarder chasséd by her on graceful
limb—

The onyx decked his bosom—but her smiles were
not for him:

With *me* she danced—till drowsily her eyes “began
to blink,”

And *I* brought raisin wine, and said, “Drink, pretty
creature, drink!”

And evermore, when winter comes in his garb of
snows,

And the returning schoolboy is told how fast he
grows;

Shall I—with that soft hand in mine—enact ideal
Lancers,

And dream I hear demure remarks, and make
impassioned answers:—