

# **SONGS AND VERSES**

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Songs and verses by Henry John Crofton

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**HENRY JOHN CROFTON**

**SONGS  
AND VERSES**





# SONGS AND VERSES

BY THE LATE

HENRY JOHN CROFTON

FIRST WEST YORKS. (14TH) REGIMENT



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1890

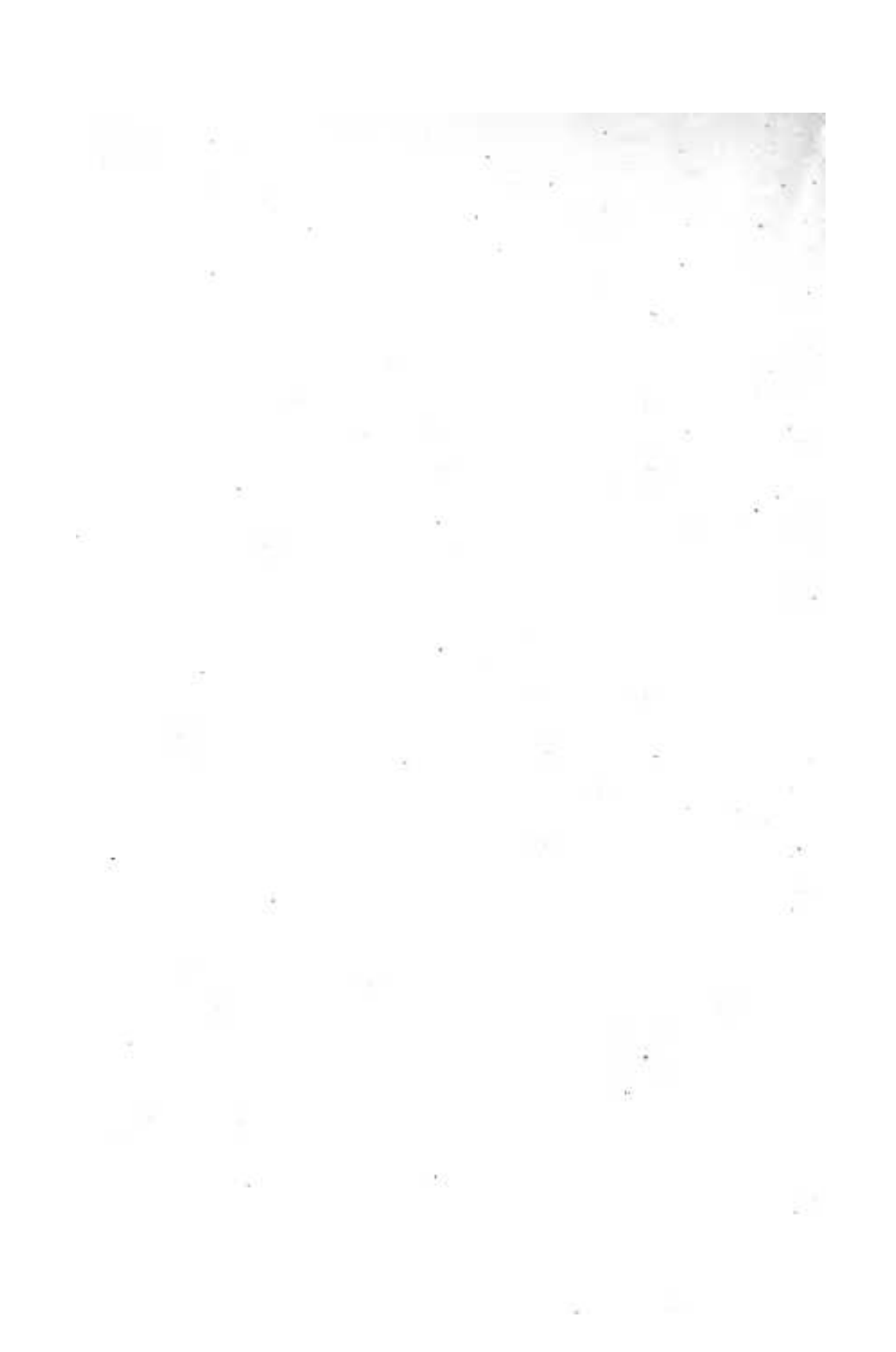


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*"We wish here to record our gratitude to Mrs. WYNDHAM PHILLIPS, of Greenroyd, Ripon, for the kind suggestion, help, and advice, which have encouraged and aided us in preparing this book.*

S. C. AND M. C."





## Proem.

THE singer's voice is hushed and still,  
That, grown to strong maturity,  
We dared to hope at last might thrill  
With some high strain that should not die.

And we who loved him, dare not claim  
(Lest love should make us overbold)  
For him the humblest place and name,  
In earth's great poet-band enrolled.

Yet since his songs to us were dear,  
And others loved them well beside ;  
And since he sang from heart sincere,  
We gather these in love, not pride.

Love is no cruel judge or cold ;  
The dross she counts not, but she finds  
The gold, though hidden, and some gold  
Is surely here for loving minds.

Pity for suffering, grief at sin,  
Love of all lovely things and fair ;  
High strivings of the soul within,  
To read God's presence everywhere.

These were his thoughts, these urged his song—  
Sparks caught from those immortal fires,  
Whose heat, from age to age along,  
Each noblest poet-soul inspires.

With faulty words, with utterance weak,  
He strove to sing the pure and good ;  
And deeper thoughts than he could speak  
Came to him, dimly understood,

And blest him—though he had his part  
In those dark riddles past our ken ;  
Which needs must vex each human heart  
That longs for God, and cares for men.

Sorrow he knew, yet joyed to live  
His glad young life on earth, and prize  
As best, what earth has best to give,  
Friendship and love's sweet sympathies.