

THE BOOK OF BALLADS

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The Book of Ballads by Theodore Martin & William Edmondstoune Aytoun

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THEODORE MARTIN & WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

THE BOOK OF BALLADS

THE
BOOK OF BALLADS.

EDITED BY

Theodore Martin & H. E. Axtell.
BON GAULTIER.

A NEW EDITION, WITH SEVERAL NEW BALLADS.

With Illustrations.



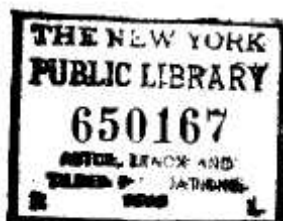
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T'Enny.

COME, buy my lays, and read them if you list;
My pensive public, if you list not, buy.
Come, for you know me. I am he who sung
Of Mister Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicomb the mild and wond'rous song.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
How Wordsworth, battling for the laureate's
wreath,

Bore to the dust the terrible Fitzball;
How N. P. Willis, for his country's good,
In complete steel, all bowie-knived at point,
Took lodgings in the Snapping Turtle's mouth.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
The mingled music of all modern bards
Floating aloft in such peculiar strains,
As strike themselves with envy and amaze;
For you "bright-harped" Tennyson shall sing;
Macaulay chant a more than Roman lay;
And Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer erst,
Unseen amidst a metaphysic fog,
Bawl melancholy homage to the man:
For you once more Montgomery shall rave
In all his rapt rabidity of rhyme;
Nankeen'd Cockaigne shall pipe his puny note,
And our Young England's penny trumpet blow.