

**WESTON-SUPER-  
MARE. POEMS**

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Weston-Super-Mare. Poems by Thomas Beedle

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**THOMAS BEEDLE**

**WESTON-SUPER-  
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WESTON-SUPER-MARE POEMS.

**WESTON-SUPER-MARE**

**P O E M S**

BY



**THOMAS BEEDLE.**

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"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—SHAKESPEARE.

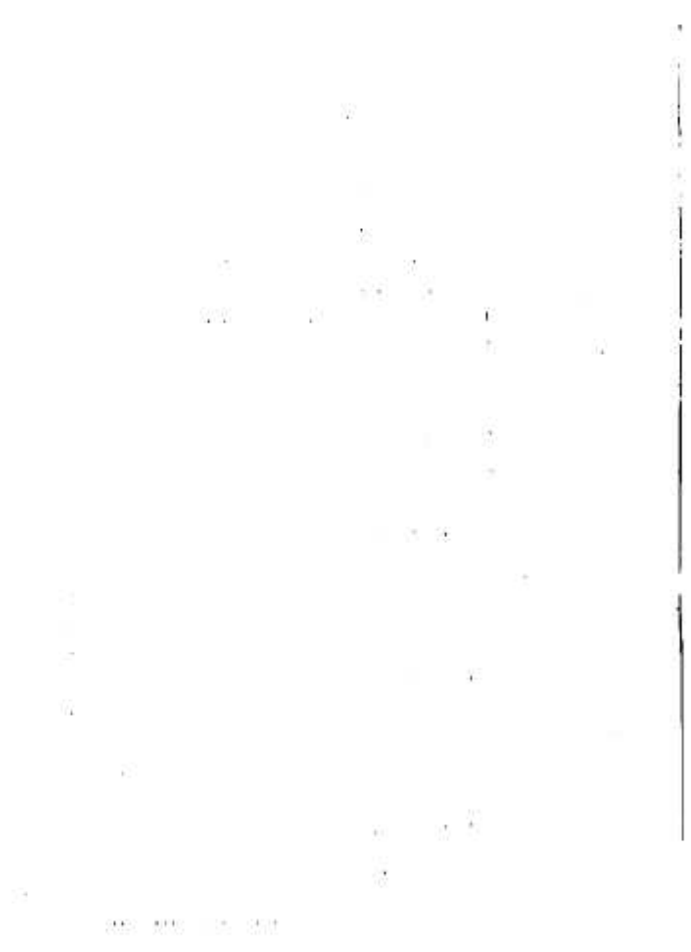
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TO MY READER.

A bunch of blushing roses,  
Without a flower beside,  
Is not the best of posies,  
If flowers be rightly tried,  
Their virtues fair to know ;

But a nosegay well arranged,  
With flow'rets wild and gay,  
Will in its varied beauty  
Yet sweeter charms display,  
For 'tis in Nature so.

Some random thoughts pourtrayed  
In verse upon these leaves,  
May be like scarlet poppies,  
'Midst corn in golden sheaves,  
And void of perfume grow.

Then leave, my kindly reader,  
The scentless blooms behind,  
And like the careful reaper  
The corn together bind,  
In bounteous wealth to glow.

May here and there be found  
A word that heavenly light,  
Has fill'd with clearer shining  
And made its darkness bright,  
For comfort here below.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

TO

**ROBERT ARTHUR KINGLAKE, ESQ.,**

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR  
THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET, ETC., ETC.

AND A MOST ENERGETIC PROMOTER OF THE

WESTON-SUPER-MARE CHARITIES,

BY

**THE AUTHOR.**

Nature—which mirrors heavenly scenes,  
And clears the mist that intervenes,  
When by his selfish grief and care,  
Enwrapp'd in gloom and dark despair,  
Man sinks in "slough of" dark "despond,"  
Nor lifts his head to look beyond.

Not so the down-trod daisy bright,  
Besmear'd and hidden from the light,—  
When shower-revived—it smiles again,  
With upturned face, sunlight to gain  
From heaven, that gives its little day  
To deck the mead—to strew the way  
When Winter's gone, to welcome Spring,  
And show to man, the meanest thing  
Is cared for in a thousand ways,  
For Nature, in her wealth displays  
Perfection true, and beauty rare,  
Without a fear—without a care.

But God provides in wisdom true,  
For man, mixed joys and troubles too,  
That wean him from this world of care  
For Life divine, a future,—where  
Unclouded by the dust of time  
Love ever reigns supreme, sublime!

The flowers, so beautiful and gay,  
A moment bloom—then fade away;