

1. Blessed is the hearth where happier than this sire,
 Daughters and sons that shall be, gird the fire.
 Ebenezer Elliot

2.

She is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be;
 Her loveliness I never knew,
 Until she smiled upon me.
 Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold
 They ne'er reply to mine!
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The lovelight in her eye.
 Her very frowns are far sweeter
 Than smiles of other maidens are.
 Hartley Coleridge.

4. (The gems) (were) (rich and rare) she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,
 But oh, her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.
 On she went and her maiden smile

In safety lighted her round the green isle,
 And forever blessed is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

J. Moore.

5.

This night the heath must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 The wanderer's tread my lullaby,
 May, far far from love and thine;
 Tomorrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 Thy wail sweetmaid, my vesper song!
 May it will not waken me!

W. Scott.

3. Evening, (slow) thy placid shades descend
 With gentlest touch, veiling the landscape still
 The lonely battlement and fastness (wood and hill,
 And wood — I think of those that have no friend:
 Who now, perhaps by melancholy led
 From the broad blaze of the day when pleasure flames
 Retiring, wanders (unseen) amid thy lonely haunts
 And mark the tents that hang (lovely) o'er thy head bed,
 Oft presenting to musing Fancy's eye

Fairy vales where (might rest) the tired mind
Beyond the murmur of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.

W. L. Bonker.

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Exercise on Prosody.

K. Natsume
18th yr. Lit.