

Ballad.

Ne meo hic sermo est, sed quem praecepit

Hor.

1
There was a time, when I could feel
All passions hopes and fears;
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone! no more, no more,
The cruel Fates allow;
And though I'm hardly twenty-four, —
I'm not a lover now;

 dady; the mist is on my sight;
 The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my sleep is blight;
 I'm not a lover now!

2
I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys,
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise;
I never wander forth alone.
Upon the mountain's brow,
I weighed last winter sixteen stone, —
I'm not a lover now!

 dady, the mist is on my sight,
 The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my beam is blight,
 I'm not a lover now!

I never wish to raise a veil,
I never raise a veil,
I never tell a tender tale,
I never tell a lie,
I cannot kneel as once I did,
I've quite forgot my bow,
I never do as I am bid,
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the maid is on my right,
She still is on my bow;
The day is night, my bloom is slight,
I'm not a lover now!

I make strange blunders every day,
If I would be gallant,
I take smiles for wrinkles, black for gray,
And noses for their harts;
I take from folks, tho' it flows
From lips of purpled pouts,
I don't expect to lengthen of nose,
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the maid is on my right,
She still is on my bow;
The day is night, my bloom is slight,
I'm not a lover now!

The Muse's need is very fleet,
I'd rather ride me more,
He'll hunt a quaint conceit,
I'd rather hunt a hare,
I'd rather to aton your undigested,
Instead of rhyme and thee;
And oh! I can't endure a Blue!
I'm not a dove now!

5
The Muse's need is very fleet,
I'd rather ride me more,
He'll hunt a quaint conceit,
I'd rather hunt a hare,
I'd rather to aton your undigested,
Instead of rhyme and thee;
And oh! I can't endure a Blue!
I'm not a dove now!

And the Muse is on my right,
The shell is on my brow,
The day is night, my beam is bright,
I'm not a dove now!

6
I find my bird very dross,
The search quite a pill,
No fangs for philosophy,
I'm more in Mr. Mill:
And I'll be more read, and I'll be more write,
I care not who on how,
I hunt my elbow Sunday night,
I'm not a dove now!

And the Muse is on my right,
The shell is on my brow,
The day is night, my beam is bright,
I'm not a dove now!

7
I don't encourage idle dreams
Of wisdom on of ropes,
I cannot do on airy schemes,
I cannot lay on hopes;
No milk, I own, is ^{in my} ~~in~~ ^{my} ~~cup~~,
The foaming from the dew,
But yet I want my ^{part of} ~~great~~ ^{time} ~~time~~: —
I'm not a lover now!

Love, the wit is on my right,
The skill is on my bow,
My day is night, my beam is light,
I'm not a lover now!

8
Then Adam sings down, hearts away,
In deeper than the day;
Then Adonia goes to sleep,
Sometimes go to sleep;
Then Mrs. Snows her white gloves out,
I have dance, I have
I have ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{kick} ~~kick~~ ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{heel} ~~heel~~ ^{about!} —
I'm not a lover now.

Love, the wit is on my right,
The skill is on my bow,
My day is night, my beam is light,
I'm not a lover now!

I've been near both state affairs,
In all the ~~doings~~ of ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~sea~~,
~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~sea~~,
~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~sea~~,
I ~~know~~ ~~the~~ ~~doings~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~sea~~,
I ~~know~~ ~~the~~ ~~doings~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~sea~~,
And this is all! no tender bloom
Upon the withered bough,
I have a fortune in perfume —
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow,
My hair is night, my bloom is slight,
I'm not a lover now!

I may be just what others are,
Of Boudoin's lasting fool,
The flattered star of Borch on Dan,
Of Pato's chief on toil,
Come Heaven or sunshine, — hope or pain,
The palace on the plough,
My heart and life are broken here —
I'm not a lover now!

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow,
My hair is night, my bloom is slight,
I'm not a lover now!

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