

Around the couch gathering, friends vainly regretting  
That the spirit from earth to soon must take wing;  
But faster & faster the sun goes west on setting,  
Till at last the soul soared to its Saviour & King.

Scenes that on earth appear noblest & fairest,  
Are as soon changed to death as the morning to night,  
For a friend whom to day, we prize as a thing rarest,  
To-morrow has flown like a bird from the sight.

## The old Chartist

By Geo. Meredith

Whatever I be, Old England is my dam!  
So there's my answer to the judges, clear.  
I'm nothing of a fox, nor of a lamb;  
I don't know how to cheat, nor how to leer:  
I'm for the nation!  
That's why you see me by the way side, here,  
Returning home from transportation.

II.

The summer in her bath, this morn, I think.  
I'm fresh as dew, & chirpy as the birds:  
And just for joy to see Old England wink  
Thro' leaves again, I could harangue the birds;  
Isn't it something  
To speak out like a man when you have got words,  
& prove you are not a stupid dumb thing?

III.

They shipped me off for it; I'm here again.  
Old England is my dam, whatever I be.  
Says I, I'll tramp it home, & see the grain:  
If you see well, you're bring of what you see;  
Eye sight is howing  
If you're not given, I said, to gluttony,  
Such talk to ignorance sounds as rowing.