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# **The Honeymoon**

**Fisher John**

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**Author: Fisher John**

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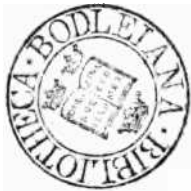




# THE HONEYMOON.

BY

JOHN FISHER, A.M.



—  
Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,  
Scire velim chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?  
—

*Horace.*

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;

AND MAY BE HAD OF

THE BOOKSELLERS AT NEWPORT PAGNEL, WOBURN, BEDFORD,  
NORTHAMPTON, ETC. ETC.

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131.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY MANNING AND MASON,  
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## P R E F A C E.

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“THE HONEYMOON”—published by a Septuagenarian thirty years after it was composed. The history of the Poem—if so it may be termed by courtesy—is brief and simple. It was written originally on the occasion, and at the very period which its subjects and allusions indicate, in blank verse. Perhaps, on comparison with the original composition, it might as well have so remained. The latter part of the second Canto, and the two Books, printed as at first written, will prove the success, or the reverse, of the author’s labour. The glorious Childe Harold had so entirely captivated and engrossed public favour at the time, that all the *minores* became *imitatores*; and amongst the *servum pecus*, the author

thought it might improve his production by following the fashion. He experienced much facility and amusement in the task, and was cheered by smiles that fully rewarded him. That it was not finished or published, is accounted for by fears and cares which came on him thick and pressing. It was laid up, with other papers of as little importance, for many years; and at last, if not forgotten, so imperfectly remembered that it was read and revised with as much impartiality as a parent can feel for an offspring, and submitted to a literary friend, by whose judgment and sentence it is committed to the press. Long as the poem has slumbered in oblivion, the author is by no means indifferent to its success. He prays his family and friends to accept it as a testamentary offering of esteem and affection, and he will be grateful if it shed one bright ray on his departing hours.

*Wavendon, June, 1840.*

# THE HONEYMOON.

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## PART I. . . . . LONDON.

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### CANTO I.

I.

Ye youthful lovers! who in fancy's loom  
Weave for a mistress charms her glass denies—  
Ye sentimental fair! who waste your bloom  
In dreams romantic, and unwitting sighs  
For bliss that never yet was mortal prize—  
Ye libertines! who lemans loose among,  
Snatch at deceptive pleasure as it flies;  
And ye whose cuckoo-ledden all day long  
Mocks married men;—come all, and hear the bridal  
song.



## II.

And you, gay pair! new-bless'd by pompous Dean,  
Who fly from fashion's, folly's favourite round,  
And dream that joys in each entrancing scene,  
In woods, and groves, and bowers, are only found;  
Imparadised in bliss, in love fast-bound,  
Ye find the dear delirium o'er,—that soon  
Ye need the masque, the dance, light music's sound  
To charm your hours away,—now list the boon  
On humbler pair bestow'd, and busier Honeymoon.

## III.

Connubial Love! without thee sad, alone,  
Still wander'd Adam through his fair domain,  
And sigh'd to find a partner for his throne,—  
Taught by his subjects how unblest his reign,  
Who fill'd in dallying pairs wood, air, and plain,—  
To taste the blessings that environed,  
Converse and counsel with her to maintain;  
And when to bower, for rest or plaisance led,  
On her soft bosom laid, to soothe his weary head.

## IV.

She came! the heavenly vision, onward brought  
By the Creator's hand, and lovelier came  
As work of after-thought, if after-thought  
Impute we to the Maker, void of blame:  
Adam his Benefactor's sovereign name  
Homaged on grateful knee. The pillar-pine  
And cedar form'd the fane, by heaven's blue frame  
O'er-canopied; and fitting was the shrine,  
Where God himself was priest, to seal the rite divine.

## V.

Affianced and espoused, the primal pair,—  
Man's graceful mother, and earth's new-made lord,  
The regist'ring archangels wing'd through air,  
On adamantine tablets to record  
The holy act; and sovereign Love adored  
In hymenean strains. Not gladlier sang  
The same celestial choir, in grand accord,  
When all the firmament of morning rang  
With notes of golden harp, and trumpet's louder clang.

## VI.

Nigh her voluptuous lap had Nature spread  
Of printless moss, prank'd with the pansy sweet,  
Harebell and asphodel, the bridal bed,  
And wove the o'erarching arbour, close retreat,  
Where emblematic plants unbidden meet:  
The palm's round waist the light clematis bound,  
And wantonly his limbs the tendrils greet,  
Till dropping in luxuriance all around,  
The pensile strings again salute the verdant ground.

## VII.

Near, blow'd the virgin-rose of Sharon pale,  
And gave her scent unguarded by the thorn;  
With fragrant breath the lily of the vale,  
Geranium and myrtle fill'd the morn,  
And aromatic herbs their sweets new-born  
Distill'd around. But penitential rue  
Wither'd far off, not yet in wedlock worn:  
Thus the first pair, to mystic covenant true,  
Twain of one flesh, again in close reunion grew.

## VIII.

One sole command heaven mingled as it blest—  
And e'en a benediction that command—  
"Go! multiply in peace," was the behest,  
"Replenish and enliven this fair land."  
And in whatever else they did withstand,  
They most religiously abided this.  
Oh, Love of Paradise! in holy band;  
Oh! how unlike the wanton's barter'd kiss,  
Unequal marriage-vows, or cryptogamic bliss.

## IX.

Can other Love this purest rite profane,  
Since heaven-enkindled burns the bridal lamp?  
To join divided fields forge ye the chain?  
Would doting eld, whom chronic torments cramp,  
Fling o'er reluctant youth chill horror's damp?  
Would virgin'd age her golden magic bring,  
Approach the altar, ask the ritual stamp?  
See, in her arms the sick boy withering,  
In winter's icy fold like early budding spring.