
**The upland
hamlet and
other poems**

**Hall Spencer
Timothy**

Title: The upland hamlet and other poems

Author: Hall Spencer Timothy

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THE
UPLAND HAMLET,
AND
OTHER POEMS,

BY
SPENCER T. HALL,

AUTHOR OF

THE MINISTER'S OFFERING, RAMBLES IN THE
COUNTRY, MESMERIC EXPERIENCES, AND
OTHER WORKS.



LONDON,

PUBLISHED BY W. S. ORR & CO

1847.



MIN.

PR

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To D'EWES COKE, Esq.

Of BROOKHILL HALL, AND KIRKBY, NOTTS.,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

HIS ENCOURAGEMENT WHEN FRIENDS WERE FEW,

THIS PAGE

IS GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY DEVOTED BY

THE AUTHOR.

942179



PREFACE.

THE lay of the linnet is not less welcome because the lark fills the sky, or the thrush the woodland, with louder and richer melody. Neither will another strain from "THE SHERWOOD FORESTER" be disregarded by his friends because many poets of greater power and sweetness are engaging public attention. He feels happy in being cast on an age in which almost every village has its poet or its lecturer, manifesting abilities that a century ago would, on account of their rarity, have gained a national reputation. He sees the dawning of a better day for his race with unspeakable joy; and fervently hopes that the time is not far off when the good and true and beautiful shall so have taken possession of the general mind, that the sending forth of an interesting book by a man in ANY sphere of life shall have ceased to be a novelty, and when such book will be bought and appreciated for its own sake, according to the instruction and delight it may afford those into whose hands it may fall, irrespective of fame, or of that factitious notoriety which is sometimes mistaken for it, and which too often draws the popular eye from what is more honest and estimable because at the same time it happens to be more modest. It is only in the advance of such a genial day that the flower can cease to blush unseen and to waste its sweetness,—that the humble daisy can cease to be despised because it is not a rose, or the willow because it is not an oak,—that a reflex of God's love can be perceived in all his works, and his image respected everywhere, but especially in MAN, howsoever humble his sphere or his powers.

And this is one reason why the author of these simple effusions has observed with growing delight the unfolding of other intellects in his own locality, in addition to those whose thoughts have longer leavened the popular mind. Since (as will be seen by their dates) many of the following trifles were composed, our wonder and reverence have been arrested by the bold yet classical genius of the Author of "Festus;" the names of Thomson and Plumble have grown into household words throughout the Forest and beyond its borders; John Gibson, like a caged nightingale, has been singing the songs of the greenwood bower in the midst of London,—as John White, more free, is doing in the vale of the western Wye; and many others of the homely sons of old Sherwood, without neglecting a single duty of their ordinary callings, are living or striving to live "the life of the soul," and to imbue with its effluence the world beyond them.

Hopeful and earnest self-development, under the impulse of the holier and purer principles to which the mind of every one ought to be made obedient: this all men are entitled and called to; and are no more bound to ask leave because it chances to be "the season" of some louder man, than the redbreast or the wren are bound to ask leave to sing, or to wait, because "the cry of the cuckoo is still heard in the land."

With these sentiments to introduce it, another leaf is here added to our growing Forest Library; another note, albeit a feeble one, to the universal hymn of the times—times in which there are many kindly hearts, doing all they can to hasten better.

Wilford, near Nottingham, 1847.

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 ERRATA.

Page 18, line 13, for "*were*" read "*where*."

Page 30, last line, for "*wrapt*" read "*rapt*."

Page 63, for "*Stopt is the path*" read "*Turn'd is the road*."

Page 81, for "*castle and its spires*" read "*its castle and spires*."