

SHAKESPERE'S HOUSE

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE

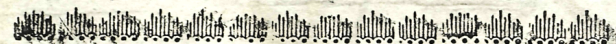
E. M. HODGES, Printer, (from PITT'S,) Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.



THOU art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,

And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream,
Oh! I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.
In the stillness of night when the stars mildly shine
My heart fondly holds a communion with thine,
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

Of the birds in thy bower new companions I make
Every simple wild flower I prize for thy sake,
The deep woods and dark wilds can a pleasure impart
For their solitude suits my sorrow-worn heart. [part
Thou art gone from my gaze, yet I will not repine,
Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine.
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.



SHAKESPERE'S HOUSE

'Pulling down and building up is all the go,
And the scene changes like a race-show,'
Yet is it not disgraceful to the nation,
That Shakspeare's house is doomed to mutilation?
The house in which that great man first drew breath,
As past renowned before and after death—
Where pilgrims from every land have come,
To see his birth place, Nature's learned home—
Where first shone forth a pile, an infant light,
As spreading brilliancy which still burns bright.
Oh, who shall have the writings on the wall,
Oh, who can save the house that's doomed to fall?
True genius of which we vainly boast,
By our rulers seem neglected most,
How we took the kernel, and threw by the shell,
Profanation, degradation,—O England, thou
art a hard nation!

Time hallowed spot, could we call back those days,
When Shakspeare here in thoughtless boyhood plays
Before his parents had graced the mimic scene,
Since which three hundred years have been
Food for reflection, here the thinking mind,
"And good in everything" we ought to find.
From our toe walls in fancy we might trace
Macbeth, Hamlet, and King Richard's face;
And all the clouds that on this house have lowered
Looks frowningly, as 'twere upon a coward
Who thus stands meekly by this sacred wood,
Nor helps to save it for its country's good.

But let it go, our Shakspeare needs no fame,
'Tis but a house! a house! "What's in a name?"
Let it be sold, or in the sea be tossed—
His loved and mighty labours never will be lost,
Alas! carion, disapidation,—Time steps in and
cheats the nation!

Great premier,—Oh, King John—grant this our
Why in this land should genius be a martyr? [charter
The Tempest's rising, if we fail we fall,
And time may tell you a sad winter's Tale.
Come As you like it, make this house a treasure.
Do not divide it, Measure for Measure.
Methinks in sadness I can see the Moor,
Othello, looking blacker than in before;
Therefore, good John, we look to you
To put this house in order, & to tame the Shrew,
The very age and body of the time (reflecting mirrors)
Proclaims this sale a Comedy of Errors.
While England wastes her thousands, tis not sooth-
to say this is Much ado about nothing; [ing-
For to the wise and thoughtful this would seem
A summer cloud or Midsummer Night's Dream.
Moderation, preservation,—Is all we are asking of
the nation!

Robins, at knocking houses down so fond,
Exclaims, with Shakspeare's Jew, I'll have my bond,
Put down your hammer, Mr. Robins, stop;
You take my house when you do touch the prop,
Hard-hearted man, such antique relics ridding,
With hammer soon to fall and looks-for-bidding,
Shakspeare by you has been puffed up and praised,
To sell his house you have a story raised,
And is it true this house is coming down
To be put on wheels and dragged about the town?
Can such things be, can it be so!
What, make this classic pile a travelling show?
Tis true, tis pity, chaps from Yankee land
Are coming over with the cash in hand.
Bow wins cack cheeks, their paltry lucre spurn
To what base uses may we not return,
Speculation—British nation, Oh, save the house
from exportation!

time was, and it seems but to-day,
when we could see a real Shaksperian play,
with Miss O'Neel, Siddons, or the great John Kem-
Could laugh at Munden, or at old Kean tremble [ble.
Macready does Shakspeare now with Kean son Char.
and Drury lane holds legitimacy with Harley, [lie,
Shakspeare inside has long been quite neglected
His statue outside looks forlorn, dejected,
For great folks now run after Gaiety or Al-bony,
tamburini, Jenny Lind, or raglioni,
which John Bull's dire indignation rouses
till he exclaims "A plague on both your houses."
Portia, Miranda, Juliet for him plead,
Preserve this house, thy potent spell we need,
My song is done, and you I pardon crave—
All's well that Ends well, if this house we save.
Determination, stimulation,—and Shakspeare's
house an honour to the nation.

1850

