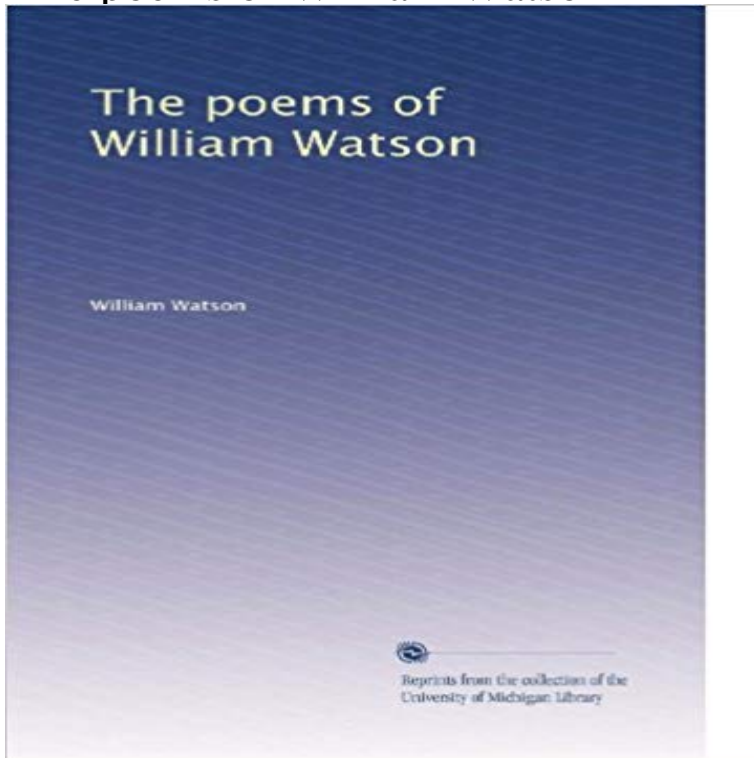


The poems of William Watson



This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1912. Excerpt: ... THE ELOPING ANGELS A Caprice Faust, on a day, and Mephistopheles, In the dead season, were supremely bored. What shall we do, our jaded souls to please? Said Faust to his Familiar and his lord. All pleasures have we tasted at our ease, All byways of all sin have we explored. What shall we do, our jaded souls to please? 1 Ah, what indeed? said Mephistopheles. To whom thus Faust: c Mephisto mine, thou art A devil of exceeding rich resource; Hast in thy time played every human part, And under Satan braved celestial Force; Thou carriest lightly in thy brain a chart Of all the worlds, and every planets course: Canst not procure us, by thy wits rare power, Admission into heaven for half-an-hour? THE ELOPING ANGELS Thou knowst the approaches well; didst learn to scale The starriest heights, in thy distinguished Past: The Seraphim familiarly couldst hail, And with Saint Peter an old friendship hast. Some private influence surely would avail, Joined with the prestige of thy name and caste. Twould mightily amuse me, I declare, For once to see how wags the world up there. To whom Mephisto: Ah, you underrate The hazards and the dangers, my good Sir. Peter is stony as his name; the gate, Excepting to invited guests, wont stir. Tis long since he and I were intimate: We differed;--but to bygones why refer? Still, there are windows; if a peep through these Would serve your turn, well start whenever you please. So, on the wings of magic power, these twain Ascended through the steep and giddy night; And soon this earth and all it doth contain Shrank to a point of hesitating light, Till, as they climbed those altitudes inane, The battlements celestial dawned in sight, And domes and turrets

made one golden gleam, Splendid beyond
all splendour born of dream. Un...

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON VOLUME TWO THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON IN TWO
VOLUMES VOLUME TWO JOHN LANE . THE BODLEY HEAD History by William Watson. .Here peradventure in
this mirror glassed Who gazes long and well at times beholds Some sunken feature of theSir William Watson. Sir
William Watson was an English poet, most certainly at his peak in the latter years of the 19th century. He could be
described as the archetypal Victorian Poet with his style and idioms being firmly entrenched in that period. But both
times poets considered by many to have Song by William Watson. .APRIL April Laugh thy girlish laughter Then the
moment after Weep thy girlish tears April that mine ears Like a loverSir William Watson, in full Sir John William
Watson, (born Aug. Sussex), English author of lyrical and political verse, best-known for his occasional poems.William
Watsons biography and life William Watson (1858 1935), was an English poet, popular in his time for the political
content of his verse. He wasThe Poems of William Watson, Volume 2. Front Cover William Watson, John Alfred
Spender. John Lane Company, 1905.Browse through William Watsons poems and quotes. 104 poems of William
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