

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Caroline Elizabeth Sarah  
Norton**  
**- poems -**

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## **I do not love Thee**

I DO not love thee!--no! I do not love thee!  
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;  
    And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,  
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!--yet, I know not why,  
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me:  
    And often in my solitude I sigh  
That those I do love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!--yet, when thou art gone,  
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)  
    Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone  
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!--yet thy speaking eyes,  
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,  
    Between me and the midnight heaven arise,  
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!  
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;  
    And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,  
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

## Love Not

LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade and fall away  
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.  
    Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change:  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.  
    Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die,  
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.  
    Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said  
In present hours as in the years gone by;  
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,  
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die,  
    Love not!

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

## The King Of Denmark's Ride

WORD was brought to the Danish king  
    (Hurry!)  
That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
And pin'd for the comfort his voice would bring;  
    (Oh! ride as though you were flying!)  
Better he loves each golden curl  
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;  
    And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,  
    (Hurry!)  
Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of need;  
    (Oh! ride as though you were flying!)  
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;  
Worn-out chargers stagger'd and sank;  
Bridles were slacken'd, and girths were burst;  
But ride as they would, the king rode first,  
    For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;  
    (Hurry!)  
They have fainted, and falter'd, and homeward gone;  
His little fair page now follows alone,  
    For strength and for courage trying.  
The king look'd back at that faithful child;  
Wan was the face that answering smil'd;  
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,  
Then he dropp'd; and only the king rode in  
    Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;  
    (Silence!)  
No answer came; but faint and forlorn  
An echo return'd on the cold gray morn,  
    Like the breath of a spirit sighing.  
The castle portal stood grimly wide;  
None welcom'd the king from that weary ride;  
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
    Who had yearn'd for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
    Stood weary.  
The king return'd from her chamber of rest,  
The thick sobs choking in his breast;  
    And, that dumb companion eyeing,  
The tears gush'd forth which he strove to check;  
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:  
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain

To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

## **We Have Been Friends Together**

WE have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade;  
Since first beneath the chestnut-trees  
In infancy we played.  
But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
A cloud is on thy brow;  
We have been friends together—  
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;  
We have laugh'd at little jests;  
For the fount of hope was gushing  
Warm and joyous in our breasts.  
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
And sullen glooms thy brow;  
We have been gay together—  
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,  
We have wept, with bitter tears,  
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd  
The hopes of early years.  
The voices which are silent there  
Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
We have been sad together—  
Oh! what shall part us now?

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton