

Classic Poetry Series

Frederick Locker Lampson

- poems -

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At Her Window

BEATING Heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes;
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating;
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone! O hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;--
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush--
Dearest Mabel!--dearest...

Frederick Locker Lampson

Our Photographs

She play'd me false, but that's not why
I haven't quite forgiven Di,
Although I've tried:
This curl was hers, so brown, so bright,
She gave it me one blissful night,
And -- more beside!
In photo we were group'd together;
She wore the darling hat and feather
That I adore;
In profile by her side I sat
Reading my poetry -- but that
She'd heard before.

Why, after all, Di threw me over
I never knew, and can't discover,
Or even guess;
May be Smith's lyrics she decided
Were sweeter than the sweetest I did --
I acquiesce.

A week before their wedding day,
When Smith was call'd in haste away
To join the Staff,
Di gave to him, with tearful mien,
Our only photograph. I've seen
That photograph.

I've seen it in Smith's album-book!
Just think! her hat -- her tender look,
Are now that brute's!
Before she gave it, off she cut
My body, head, and lyrics, but
She was obliged, the little slut,
To leave my Boots.

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Rotton Row

I hope I'm fond of much that's good,
As well as much that's gay;
I'd like the country if I could;
I love the Park in May:
And when I ride in Rotten Row,
I wonder why they call'd it so.
A lively scene on turf and road;
The crowd is bravely drest:
The Ladies' Mile has overflow'd,
The chairs are in request:
The nimble air, so soft, so clear,
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath those pleasant trees, --
And drop my bridle-rein,
And, quite alone, indulge at ease
The philosophic vein:
I'll moralise on all I see --
Yes, it was all arranged for me!

Forsooth, and on a livelier spot
The sunbeam never shines.
Fair ladies here can talk and trot
With statesmen and divines:
Could I have chosen, I'd have been
A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean.

What grooms! What gallant gentlemen!
What well-appointed hacks!
What glory in their pace, and then
What Beauty on their backs!
My Pegasus would never flag
If weighted as my Lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by?
I miss the curls of Cantelupe,
The laugh of Lady Di:
They all could laugh from night to morn,
And Time has laugh'd them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
With dukes and dandy earls;
Then I was thought a nice young man
By rather nice young girls!
I've half a mind to join Miss Browne,
And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no -- I'll linger here awhile,
And dream of days of yore;
For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
The sunny smile they wore: --

Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
That I'm not quite so handsome now.

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To My Grandmother

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Frederick Locker Lampson