

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Cornelius Webb**  
**- poems -**

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# Cornelius Webb(1790-1850)

# January

COLD January comes in Winter's car,  
Thick hung with icicles-its heavy wheels  
Cumbered with clogging snow, which cracks and peels  
With its least motion or concussive jar  
'Gainst hard hid ruts, or hewn trees buried far  
In the heaped whiteness which awhile conceals  
The green and pastoral earth. Old Christmas feels,-  
That well-fed and wine-reeling wassailer,-  
With all his feasts and fires, feels cold and shivers,  
And the red runnel of his indolent blood  
Creeps slow and curdled as a northern flood.  
And lakes and winter-rills, impetuous rivers  
And headlong cataracts, are in silence bound,  
Like trammelled tigers lashed to th'unyielding ground

Cornelius Webb

# March

LIKE as that lion through the green woods came,  
With roar which startled the hushed solitudes,  
Yet, soon as he saw Una, that white dame  
To Virtue wedded, quieted his rude  
And savage heart, and at her feet fell tame  
As a pet lamb,-so March, though his first mood  
Was boisterous and wild, feeling that shame  
Would follow his fell steps, if Spring's young brood  
Of buds and blossoms withered where he trod,-  
Calmed his fierce ire. And now both violets  
Breathe their new lives; the tawny primrose sits  
Like squatted gypsy on the wayside clod;  
And early bees are all day on the wing,  
And work like labour, yet like pleasure sing.

Cornelius Webb

# Sonnet I The Nightingale

Not farther than a fledgling's weak first flight,  
In a low dell, standeth an antique grove;  
Dusky it is by day, but when 'tis night,  
None may tread safely there, unlit by Love.  
In lonelier days, it was my mood to rove  
At all hours there—to hear what mirth I might  
Of the passionate Lark, the brooding Dove,  
And the strong Thrush—all breathers of delight.  
When Night's drawn curtains darkened the deep vale,  
And the rich music of the day was ended,  
Out gushed a sudden song of saddest wail,  
Breaking the silence it with sweetness mended:—  
It was the voice of the waked Nightingale—  
Come, love, and hear her melancholy tale.

Cornelius Webb