

THE
WILD BRIER:

OR

LAYS BY AN UNTAUGHT MINSTREL

MRS. E. N. LOCKERBY-BACON.

The Poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

Dark-browed sophist, come not anear;
All the place is holy ground;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer,
Come not here.

—*Tennyson.*

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