

Northland Lyrics

And last ! with a clinking of glasses
Here 's each to the hearts of the others,
And we swear, by the pen and the ink-pot,
To scribble, stay poor, and be brothers.

BEFORE THE DUEL

[*London. 1750.*]

To-night I am alone in my own chair
Before the fire that good Janette has lit —
To-morrow, ere the sun is in the east,
I, who love life, will be all done with it.

And so the thoughts that I have long held down,
Of homely Devon and the mother-face,
Come surging back across my stricken soul,
And all these years of ink and town erase.

I know how tears will fill the mother-eyes,
How agony will chill her heart's soft beat,
When John takes up the news in Monday's mail
Of death, behind Paul Rober's, in Grub Street.

O God, is this reward for all her love ?
That I should cause her grief, because a girl
Who has no heart, nor soul, nor any good,
Has set me at Lord Clare with her lip's curl ?