

GS312

FATED OTHERWISE,

A POEM,

BY

BLANCHE MORTIMER,

AUTHORESS OF THE POEM

"IN OTHER LANDS," &c, &c.

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FATED OTHERWISE.

It is customary, now, to acknowledge the source from whence our Plays and Poesies are inspired, hence, become identified in Madame de Valerie at her meeting with Ernest Maltravers. Lord Lytton's Romance.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Visions sweetly fair shone before me in array;

A beauteous form in white,
So maidenly and slight,
With rosy cheeks so bright,
Like a fay,
Like a fay,

As I lay a-dreaming, she skipped o'er heath and spray.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Gazing in a boudoir soft sounds swept by my ear:

"Bright-eyed Canary, tell to me
"Whether One could ever see,
"How One's lot in life would be,
"It isn't clear
"It isn't clear."

As I lay a-dreaming, her bird she asked in fear.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Shaking all his plumes he merrily chirped away:

"Now can I look so sage,
"When confined within my cage
"I do not know the Age,
"Life's not play,
"Life's not play:"

As I lay a-dreaming, he chirped "we turn to clay."

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
A Parrot from her perch screamed "Closely watch the PAGE,

"Scratch poll, I'm Pol, Polly knows,
"Mark the vane when it blows,
"Darling is her Papa's rose,
"Love's the rage,
"Love's the rage."

As I lay a-dreaming, screeched "Remain sixteen in age."

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 Charming was the ball room presented to my view,
 Those bosoms heaving there,
 With diamonds as a snare,
 Like serpents in their lair,
 Folly too,
 Folly too,

As I lay a-dreaming, thought Satan must have you.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 Hidden in an alcove two lovers fondly coo'd:

"Darling, lovest thou me,
 "My wife, Sweet, wilt thou be?
 "Say yes, for I love thee,"
 Oh, love's mood,
 Oh, love's mood.

As I lay a-dreaming, 'twas thus he won and woo'd.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 His hand she gently pressed and blushing answered soon,

"There's one more query yet,
 "Papa must free his pet,
 "He would not see her fret."
 'A honeymoon!
 'A honeymoon!'

As I lay a-dreaming, she mused 'twixt lip and spoon.'

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 "Quite early yet to marry," said the Earl in hauteur;

"No, no, my noble boy,
 "Thou must not make a toy
 "Of her, my fondest joy."
 'Lose my daughter!
 'Lose my daughter!'

As I lay a-dreaming, thought could he not thwart her.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 Thus spake her Sire again, a vivid whim to strike,

"Go, England's Flag to wave,
 "To dwell amidst the brave
 "A great name boy to pave,
 "Cutlass and pike!
 "Cutlass and pike!"

As I lay a-dreaming, mused he, this ruse I like.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Sadly sobbed the Earl with his face between his hands :

“ Acquired in every art,
“ So fashioned to my heart,
“ I could not with her part,
“ Brief are life’s sands,
“ Brief are life’s sands.”

As I lay a-dreaming, willed, “ she bends to my commands.”

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
So fondly a letter she has clasped to her breast :

“ Lina, Pet, I am well,
“ Hugh writes from sea to tell
“ Love to his own Blue belle.
“ Fears at rest,
“ Fears at rest.

As I lay a-dreaming, cried, P.S. ? No ! Which I detest.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Lina and her Aunt were embarked in fierce contest :

“ His talents are so great,
“ Likewise that huge estate,
“ While there’s a marquiseate,
“ Which is no jest,
“ Which is no jest.

As I lay a-dreaming, ended, “ wealth grasped is best.”

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Our heroine replies, in simple earnest tone :

“ Golden fetters, chains they are,
“ Happiness at best is far,
“ Spring and Winter more than jar,
“ My love is flown,
“ My love is flown.”

As I lay a-dreaming, breathed, no throne would I own.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
“ Heart-rending loss,” read the Earl from his Court Review :

“ A cyclone it is said,
“ Caught “ Canute,” and o’erspread
“ All lives in their last bed.”
“ Poor dear Hugh,
“ Poor dear Hugh.”

As I lay a-dreaming, She sobbed and breathed A DIEU.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 I wondered how quickly faces from memory fade,
 When from dying friends we're torn,
 Nature yields our grief a bourn,
 Then virgins sigh, widows mourn.
 Born, soon decayed,
 Born, soon decayed.

As I lay a-dreaming, mused, How should I be laid.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 At the Altar stood a Marquis with his young bride :
 Her eyes glistened with tears,
 Her heart panted with fears,
 Those cheers jarred on her ears.
 " For life tied,
 " For life tied."

As I lay a-dreaming sighed, "wreath thou dost deride."

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 From the Church-porch issued the joyous wedding throng,
 Silver coins pleased the crowd,
 Children strewed flowers and bowed,
 Harriidans grinned aloud :
 " May you live long !
 " May you live long !"

As I lay a-dreaming, the bells pealed out SO-WRONG.

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 Lina strolled around the scenes of her childish glee :
 " 'Twas here he stood that day,
 " Here kissed that frown away...
 " That coming form ! Oh stay !
 " Alive and free,
 " Alive and free,"

As I lay a-dreaming, shrieked, " yes ! to torture me."

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
 Hugh bounding o'er a rivulet has reached her seat.
 ' His kiss gives my eyes a gleam,
 ' Do I wake as from a dream,
 ' Madness, but ecstasy supreme,'
 " Art sad to meet ?
 " Art sad to meet ?"

As I lay a-dreaming, Hugh cried, " Speak, I entreat !"

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Hugh rattled gaily on as there she sat tongue-tied :

“Nine jumped in an open boat,

“Providence kept us afloat,

“Till ta'en to a Port remote.

“What! a Bride!

“Thou! a Bride.”

As I lay a-dreaming, moaned, “Thou my life, my guide.”

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,
Starting to her feet she wildly cried “leave me not,

“I will fly, if you dare;

“Spurn me not, if you share

“One wish for my welfare,

“Pity my lot,

“Pity my lot.”

As I lay a-dreaming, urged, “help me tear that knot.”

As I lay a-dreaming, a-dreaming, a-dreaming,

He said, “Darling, Civilization leads astray,

“Yet scorn her she wields hate,

“Women map the maiden's fate

“As Fiends hate, of love in hate,

“Hard to obey,

“Hard to obey.”

As I lay a-dreaming, cried, “Fortune does betray.”

As I shook in dreaming, in dreaming, in dreaming—
Sweetest Lutestring, another word then I am gone,

“Try thy sad lot to bear, dear,

“Sorrows are not given here,

“Without some cause rests quite clear,

“But each May morn,

“But each May morn.

“If I fall in dream-land I'll muse for my lovelorn.”

BLANCHE MORTIMER.

As I lay a-dreaming, 'neath the
 moonlight's silver gleam,
 He said, "Thinking of this, 'tis
 not a dream, but a scene
 I've seen in my life,
 As I lie a-dreaming, 'neath a
 moonlight's silver gleam,
 He said, "Thinking of this, 'tis
 not a dream, but a scene
 I've seen in my life,
 As I lay a-dreaming, 'neath a
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THE END