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## ENGLISH POETRY.

## TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXXIII.

Some-one here, and Some-one there,  
 Some-one all my thoughts declare:  
 When in soundest sleep at night,  
 Some-one comes and wakes me quite.

LXXXIV.

My old companion, here he lies,  
 Who oft hath risen in my head;  
 And there again, no doubt, he'll rise,  
 Though now he moulders 'mong the dead\*.

LXXXV.

My fair one, turn thy face this way,  
 And hear thy lover's plaint I pray:  
 No youth there lives, who does not prize,  
 As well I wot, those sparkling eyes.

For me, I am just as you see,  
 Nor wealth I know nor poverty:  
 If thou consentest to be mine,  
 One half this lot shall then be thine.

LXXXVI.

Yon white breast, how full of blisses!  
 Oh, how fair yon blooming grove!  
 Oh, how sweet a maiden's kisses,  
 With the tender voice of love!

LXXXVII.

I have read, what schoolmen teach,  
 That there are eight parts of speech,  
 And that women (praise be given)  
 To themselves have taken seven.

LXXXVIII.

Love is painful, all will own,  
 Not to love is still a pain;  
 But the keenest sorrow known  
 Is to love and love in vain.

\* The reader needs hardly to be informed, that the worthy defunct, on whom this *pennill* is written, is no less a personage than the renowned Sir John Barleycorn.—ED.