





E.C. Schmidt sc.

*James Henry M.D.  
Act. Page 56*

POEMS

CHIEFLY

PHILOSOPHICAL,

IN CONTINUATION OF  
MY BOOK AND A HALF YEAR'S POEMS,

BY  
JAMES HENRY, M. D.

"Begone, foolish babbler! I hate and despise thee,"  
Said Newton to Poesy, turning his back;  
But Philosophy smiling said:—"Dost thou not know me,  
Thine own only loved one?" and threw down her mask.

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DRESDEN,  
O. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

1856.

THESE thoughts, while through my brain they passed, were mine;  
Passing through thy brain, reader, they are thine;  
Use them as best thou mayst; who I am, thee  
Concerns as little, as who thou art, me.

COME, Máry with the eyes so blue,  
 Come, Máry with the heart so true,  
 Côme and let 's roam a while together  
 In the bright, wárm, sunshiny weather,  
 Alóng the lane, beneath the trees,  
 In the fiéld or garden, where you please,  
 For it 's nót about the walk I care,  
 Bút to be with you anywhere.

If you don't like to walk, we 'll sit  
 In the jéssamine bower and while you knit,  
 Or dráw, or work in filligree,  
 Í, on a stool beside your knee,  
 Will téll you tales, read poetry,  
 Or líft to my guitár an air,  
 Nót that guitár or book 's my care,  
 Bút to be with you anywhere.