

A Final Word.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

BROWN books of mine, who never yet
Have caused me anguish or regret,—
Save when some fiend in human shape
Has set your tender sides agape,
Or soiled with some unmanly smear
The whiteness of your page sincere,
Or scored you with some phrase inane,
The bantling of his idle brain,—
I love you : and because must end
This commerce between friend and friend,
I do beseech each kindly fate—
To each and all I supplicate—
That you whom I have loved so long
May not be vended "for a song,"—
That you, my dear desire and care,
May 'scape the common thoroughfare,
The dust, the eating rain, and all
The shame and squalor of the stall.
Rather I trust your lot may touch
Some Cræsus—if there should be such—
To buy you, and that you may so
From Cræsus unto Cræsus go
Till that inevitable day
When comes your moment of decay.
This, more than other good, I pray.

From "Ballads of Books." (Coombes.)