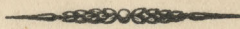


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THE BARD OF TOTHAM.



FAIN would my humble muse attempt to sing
The Totham Bard; for—unlike Byron—he
Does not despise the humbler “sons of song;”—
While to his pen old Tiptree owes its fame,
And Epsom is indebted for renown.
“John Noakes and Mary Styles” will long be read,—
And will to ages yet unborn transmit,
In purity, the **Essex** Dialect.—
Though he, at pleasure, can his page adorn
With mirth-inspiring puns, and sparkling wit,—
And though his playful muse can well describe,
In the quaint phrase of drollery and fun,
The Horse-Race or the Fair,—yet is his mind
Attuned to feeling and to serious thought;
For he will often pay the tribute due
To worth departed, or sing of “Sylvan Shades.”

J. H.

HAILSHAM, SUSSEX, DECEMBER, 1842.
