

1833

[n.d.] Handwritten version of poem titled Corcyra

John Henry Newman

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Corcyra.

~~Corcyra~~

I sat beneath an olive's branches grey
And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
By sage & poet chosen for renown;
Where dwelt a Race that on the sea held sway
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to dream
That multitudinous stream we now rote deem
As though one life, in birth & in decay
Yet, in their being's history spent & run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness
Each in his self formed sphere of light or gloom?
Henceforth, while pondering ^{the future} deeds then done
Such reverence as we shall it set implies
As though I corpses saw, or walked the tomb. §

Newman

Mrs

Cardinal

Jos H. Newman