

"Barry Cornwall"

PROCTOR (Bryan Waller). "Barry Cornwall." Author of the "Flood of Thessaly," "Charles Lamb, a Memoir," etc.

Bryan Waller Procter.-Born in London 1787; died ~~the~~ there 1874.-An English poet and author.-He was a school-mate of Byron and Sir Robert Peel.-In 1820 he began writing under the ~~p~~pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, and in 1831 was called to the bar.- He wrote "Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems"(1819), "A Sicilian Story"(1820), "Flood of Thessaly"(1823).- His "Mirandola" was performed at Covent Garden in 1821 with success.-His songs have obtained much popularity.-

POEMS WORTH READING

No. 108. THE SEA

"Barry Cornwall."

Barry Cornwall, familiarly known as "Barry Cornwall," was born at London, November 21, 1787, and died there, October 4, 1874. He was educated at Harvard, and was a schoolmate of Byron and Sir Robert Peel. In 1807 he went to London to study law. In 1820 he began writing under the pseudonym "Barry Cornwall," and in 1831 was called to the bar. From 1832 to 1861 he was commissioner of lunacy. He wrote "Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems" (1819); "A Sicilian Story" (1820); "Mirandola" (1821); "Flood of Thessaly" (1822); "Lullabies Poetica" (1824); "English Songs" (1832), and memoirs of Keat, Lamb, Ben Johnson and Shakespeare.



THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It spanneth the earth's wide regions round,
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go,
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! how I love) to ride On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide, When every mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles aloft his tempest tune, And tells how goeth the world below, And why the southwest blasts do blow.	The waves were white and red the morn, In the noisy hour when I was born; And the whale it whistled, the por- poise rolled, And the dolphins bared their backs of gold, And never was heard such an outcry will As welcome to life the ocean child!
I never was on the dull tame shore But I loved the great sea more and more, And backward flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest; And a mother she was and is to me, For I was born on the open sea!	I've loved since then, in calm and strife, Full fifty Summers a sailor's life, With wealth to spend and a power to range, But never have sought nor sighed for change; And Death, whenever he came to me, Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

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