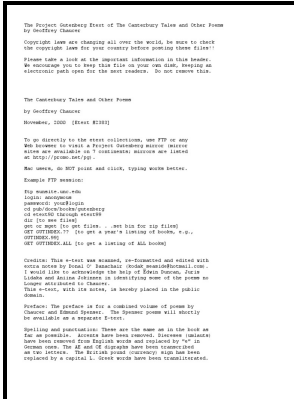


Tears on the diadem, or, The crown and the cloister - a tale of the white and red roses

Edward Dunigan - The Door Of Humility Poem by Alfred Austin



Description: -

-Tears on the diadem, or, The crown and the cloister - a tale of the white and red roses

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Shirley Institute publication -- S.28

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Wright American fiction -- v. 1 (1774-1850), no. 859Tears on the diadem, or, The crown and the cloister - a tale of the white and red roses

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At the Circulating Library Year Information: 1850

O haven of refuge, O salvation Of those who are in sorrow and distress, Now help me my labour to address.

Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous

I'd do what old John Koestein did t'other day. Sounds Aeolian Breath'd from the hinges, as the ample span Of the wide doors disclos'd a place unknown Some time to any, but those two alone, And a few Persian mutes, who that same year 390 Were seen about the markets: none knew where They could inhabit; the most curious Were foil'd, who watch'd to trace them to their house: And but the flitter-winged verse must tell, For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befel, 395 'Twould humour many a heart to leave them thus, Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

Keats; poems published in 1820/Lamia

The sunset rays through pictured pane Fell, fretted into weft and woof, On transept, nave, and aisle, to wane On column cold and vaulted roof. He drew his arrow to the head, and buried it in the deer, who, spite of the creature on his back, bounded high into the air, and fell dead.

Mary Ann H T Bigelow

Mortal hands had not arrayed it Thus, upon that Christmas night. Readers should be aware, however, that the conversion of monetary values across the centuries is a perilously inexact science, and that the figures given are for rough guidance only.

Tears on the diadem, or, The crown and the cloister : a tale of the white and red roses (eBook, 1846) [ne-x.uni.rf.gd]

When in their cradles they had been betroth'd; They knew it in a manner vague and dim-- Unconscious yet of what betrothal meant. The homing swallow knows its nest, Sure curves the comet to its goal, Instinct leads Autumn to its rest, And why not Faith the homing soul? Amid its lights and lovely flowers, The little tabernacle stood; Around it all was rich and golden, It alone was poor and rude. And when, for nuptials of the Spring

With Summer, on the vestal thorn The bridal veil hung flowering, A cry was heard, and I was born.

Keats; poems published in 1820/Lamia

He was beautiful, pure, and brave, The brightest grace Of a royal race; Only his throne is but a grave; Is there fate in fame? When he gives over work, then he runs to me straight, poor soul; and often he comes quite faint. He went into a wide and humble room -- The floor was painted, and upon the walls, In humble frames, most holy paintings hung; Jesus and Mary and many an olden saint Were there. They claim to have invented printing wooden type , oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, etc.

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