

Anthia & Habrocomes



POEM
BY
C
DEAN

Anthia and

Sabrocomes

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fp *The Fair Anthia Leading her*

Companions to the Temple of

Diana in Ephesus ([Joseph](#)

[Paelinck](#), c. 1820)

**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
N**

Ahh what be

Anthia and

Sabrocomes

be it just a tale of young

love to entertain to amuse

perhaps to awaken ones

Muse an ancient tale of

only of value to the historian

Ahh perhaps not to the

awakened reader or shallst

we say reciter for this tale

of **Anthia and**

Sabrocomes

might be a tale of all US

oldies for US o go on a

journey back to past times

back back to our springtime

whenst love was new and
exciting not based on assets
or loneliness but *YES* but
on love this tale reminds us
of *US* whenst we were
young andst fresh ast the
spring blooms in perfumed
meadows whenst we first
felt love burn our harts
andst fire our flesh with
urges andst emotions so very
new andst so very

**unknowable whenst our love
was inexpressible andst we
felt woes andst joys whenst
alone andst we didst think of
our beloved So reader or say
we reciter read this tale
andst go on your journey of
memory andst remember
what wast then andst what
is not now andst smile at
those lucky youths for what
thee once had**

PREFACE Ahh whenst

Eros doth the fatal wound

inflict andst loves game doth

begin andst love both addict

to tyrannise with loves

decree andst whilst both

wouldst agree that love be

felicity andst all joyous

gaiety Yet it be heaven

andst hell andst joy ast well

Ast the hart doth write

both woe andst delight

Ahh this be a tale of love of love of
 adolescents that upon the brief sight
 of each at a Temple in Ephesus to
 the Goddess Artemis fell helplessly
 in love where one wast thru vanity was
 revenged by Eros to fall in love with a
 chaste She andst whenst didst She
 see didst He fell for He andst He
 for She But this tale be the tale of
 how at night they separately
 separated fromst each suffered
 miserably in their love for each to each
 in the dark in the night with their love

Oh whenst the eyes of *J* didst upon
 the face of *He* didst see my joys
 didst grow Yet with the hart beat of
J didst flow my joys into woe for
 in this night that be a shroud to *J* in
 which doth *Melinoe* do prowle the
 pain of *J* at not thy sight to see
 doth not ease for that we be apart
 andst that smart be like a knife that
 doth displeas for fromst *J* this life
 of *J* doth depart andst into woes to
 this hart impart andst into death it
 throws andst Oh on my breath
 though pain doth grow the more the
 pain the greater the love *J* gain

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
the face of She didst see lit up my life
that whilst I do in this night do lie
that face doth send forth the light of
Phoebus andst that face all others do
erase since that child of fair
Aphrodite that around I do fly didst
with that golden dart my hart didst
pierce that that beauty of She I spied
andst the soul of I didst love didst
taste upon that view of She more
lovely thanst all of the flowers hue
where this hart of I doth unfold like a
springs bloom upon the face of She
perfumed upon the breath of I But
But with love I do glow But parted
fromst She I sink into eternal woe

Oh whenst the eyes of *I* didst upon
the face of *He* didst see love upon
the hart of *I* didst fly But only
sighs upon the breath of *I* didst lie
for in this darkness of the night be
the hart of *I* but black with woe that
doth pine for that face of *He* in this
gloom where *Phobeter* doth roam
andst where *I* do groan with such
melancholy where my sorrows do
grow with this despair that upon
the air bleak my pain doth not cease
andst *I* find but woes andst no
peace Yet in this darkness where
woes are spun Yet my hart with
love a burning sun

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
the face of She didst see heated love
durst take up my hart for its rest
andst though this night be black that
beauty of that She that face became
the sun within this night of I andst
with wonder this love began andst
all that my eyes hath seen non But
none doth of She compare andst in
this darkness deep upon that face I
do stare andst this be night all that
see I be day full bright with the face
of She be Aurōra in this night of I
andst all my dreams have I won
whenst didst look I upon that sun that
be She But though this love I do gain
But it doth bring woe parted fromst
she andst pain

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
 the face of He didst see there be in
 I the kiss of bliss but now but
 naught but despair fromst He I
 miss where the woes of I do taint
 this darkened air with disease faint
 that doth flow fromst my breath
 whilst Boreas doth breathe cold
 chills upon the hot flesh of I whilst
 I cry for He where here I lie with
 no end to this blackened doom andst
 though I try his face to see whilst
 my sighs with woes be blend But
 still I dwell absent fromst He
 Yet in this hell my hart with love
 be heavenly

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
the face of She didst see all desires in
this hart of I didst burn andst for this
love of She I wouldst die I wouldst
give my soul to Hades to in the earth
to rot for eternity if Oh if She wouldst
give but one kiss thenst though in
Tartarus I do dwell I wouldst dwell
in bliss andst complain not with all
that pain for in this night Sol doth
around I do spin where weave I the
sighs on my breath the light fromst
that face of She that doth I surround
that face Ohh that face that to which
my love abounds where bliss is too
too sweet But though fromst this
love I do find joy But fromst She
apart the pain fills with woe my hart

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
 the face of He didst see my face
 didst light But within this night I
 lie in waste through which my lips
 do pour out my sighs where pain be
 upon my tongue the taste ast about I
 doth fly Oizys andst all misery do
 gain whilst wail I my despair that
 separate fromst He doth prove my
 woes for they do fromst my lips my
 soul my hart doth flows andst
 grieve I in despondency for this
 sorrow that wont I leave Yet e'en
 though without He be such blight
 Yet e'en then this love of I for He
 doth send fromst me I loves light

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
the face of She didst see the love I
burst forth fromst my hart ast Atnas
flames and lit this night where Helios
doth on his chariot doth sail though
night yet but day andst joy thru my
flesh doth love enforce fromst those
eyes of She the source of all this
happiness that be that gift fromst She
that sets my breath of fire lit Ohh lit
by that beauty that turns my mortal
flesh to the divine andst fromst I doth
shine that love of She be but mine
andst that I couldst with lingering kiss
about her neck place lilies that breathe
out my bliss But though my joy my love
doth prove apart fromst She no woes
remove

Oh whenst the eyes of *J* didst
 upon the face of *He* didst see thenst
 the *Elysium* didst appear to me *But*
 all miseries *Alas!*" hath fallen on
J *J* with passions aflame with
 love afire these desire that be but of
 my years inconsistent be within this
 night full of the spawn of *Nyx* that
 doth about *J* cry with moan woeful
 that doth fromst my lip do breathe
 these lamentable sighs these anthems
 that about the air do fly with wings
 that seem to upon my flesh to lie
Yet though these pains no pains
 do compare *Yet* my love doth burst
 to light the night andst everywhere

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
the face of She didst see didst see the
stars light up the night andst Luna
bright before my face that be the face
of She andst the dark turned to day
where the beauty of She be more
golden than the face of Helios andst I
do say those eyes of She outshine all
the stars that circle I in this night Oh
that I couldst in my arms to hold to
place my lips upon her face andst to
press Ye to press these hot lips of I to
the lips of She Ohh that thought doth
turn I to flames to flames to flames
enamoured in loves games kissing
those paps upon those breasts to rest
But within this dream of loves
ravishing delight be still woes blight

**Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
 the face of He didst see happiness didst
 warm the hart of I But in this night
 my woes do grow andst whens willst
 my Griefs terminate or my Desires end
 andst my sorrows abate for in this
 night**

**I be in hell Yet with this love I in
 heaven dwell**

**I be in pain Yet with this love all joys
 I do gain**

**I be in sorrows throws Yet with this
 love brings happiness for all tomorrows
 Though overthrown with grief Yet its
 conquest be fromst this love fromst this
 hart grown**

Oh whenst the eyes of I didst upon
the face of She didst see Love didst
conquer I andst I be a suppliant to
She to succour on that Love that She
wouldst give to me Ohh grant me this
Ohh Anthia andst give I bliss in this
night where

Happy I in love Yet I languish in woe
Embracing loves dream Yet
embracing me be sorrow

I sigh loves joy Yet alone I do moan
My mind with love doth happiness
bring Yet my hart doth with misery
groan

But I love thee Anthia with joy But
this love doth bring happiness with a
sting