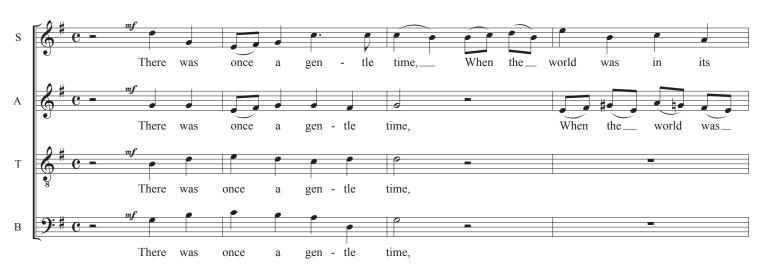
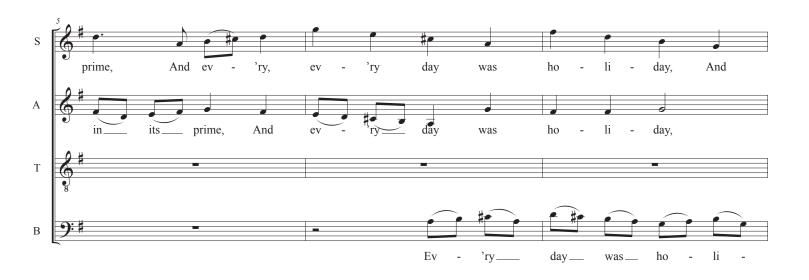


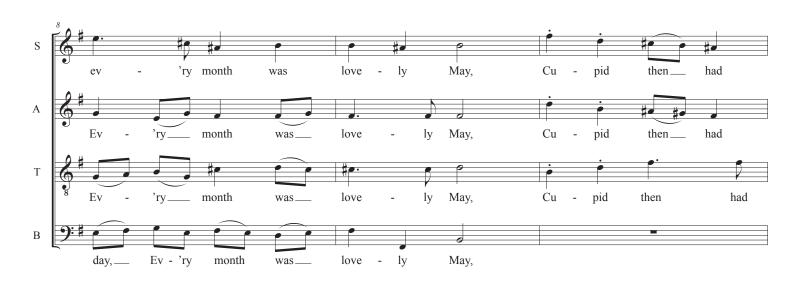


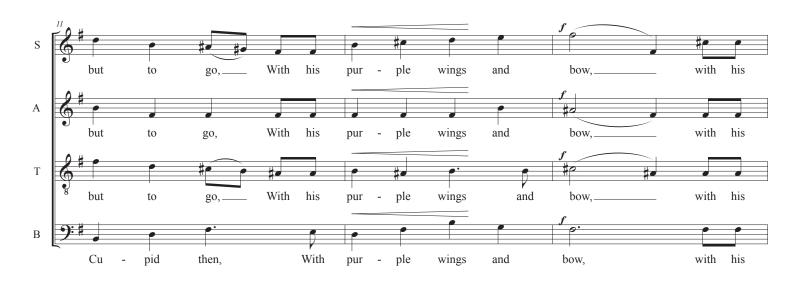
A. Wellesley Batson (1852–1917)

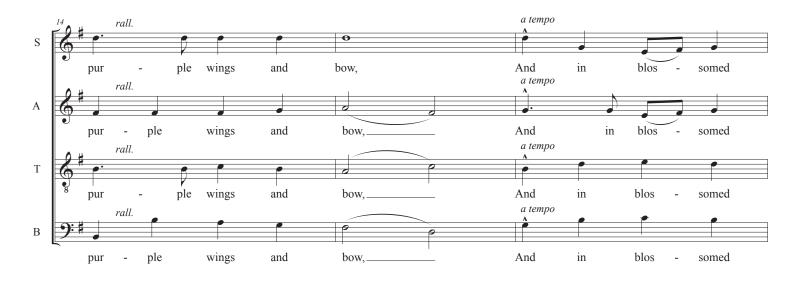


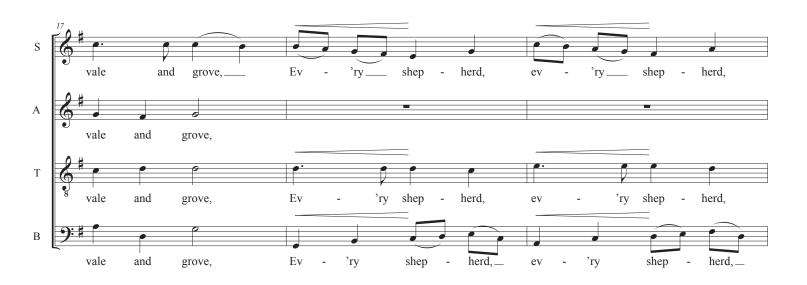


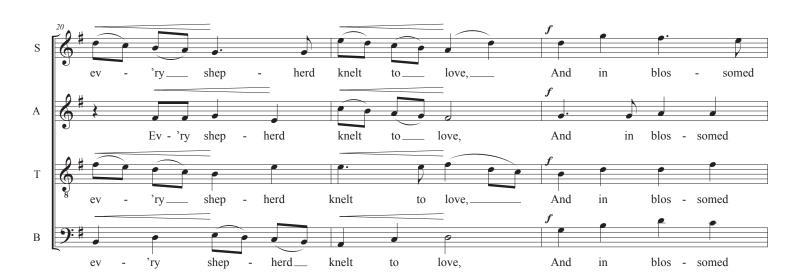


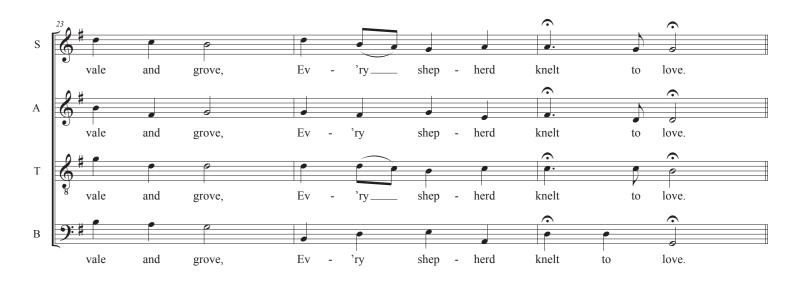


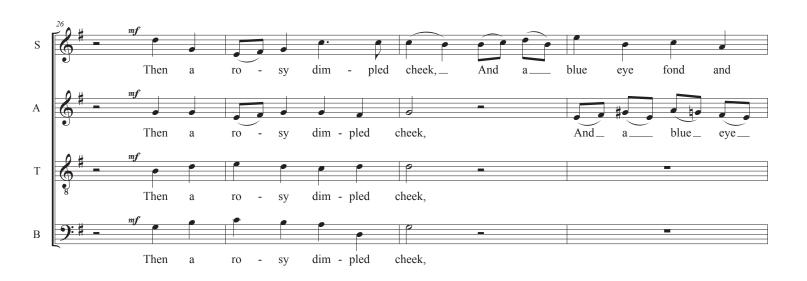


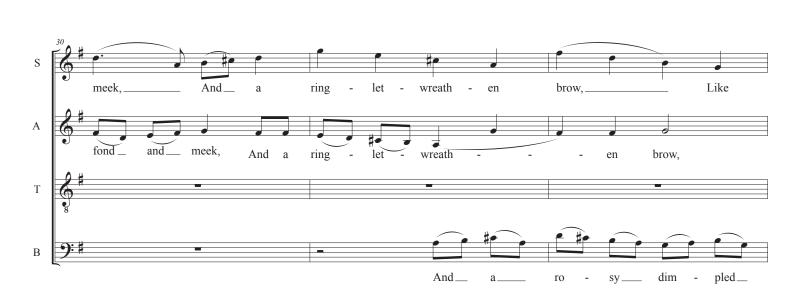


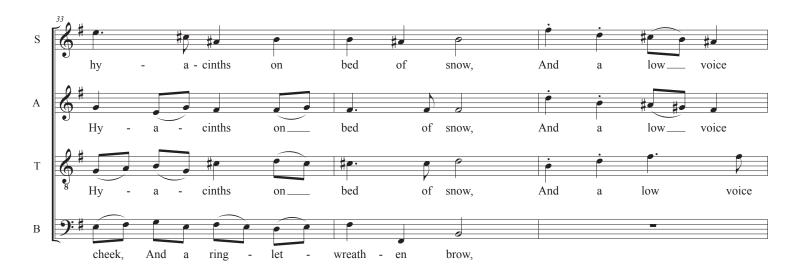


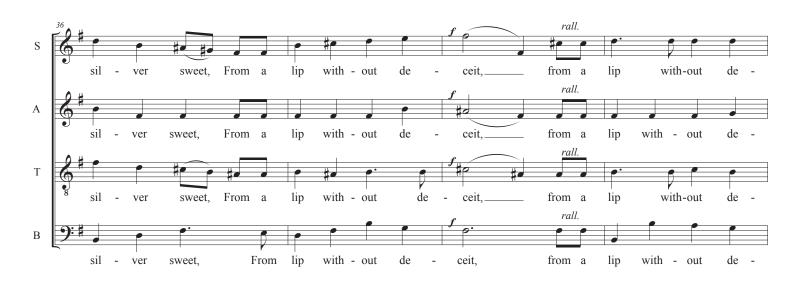


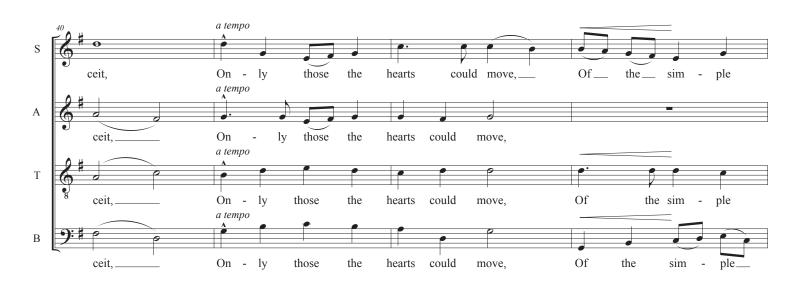


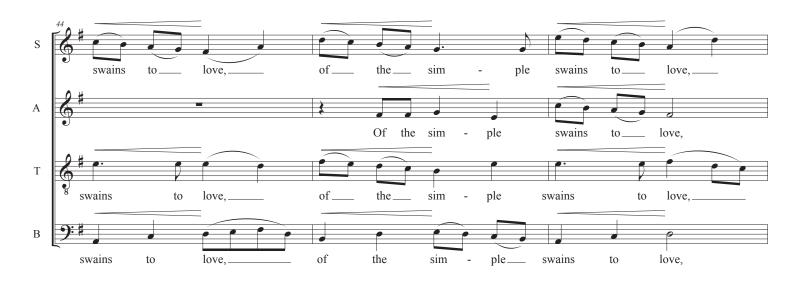


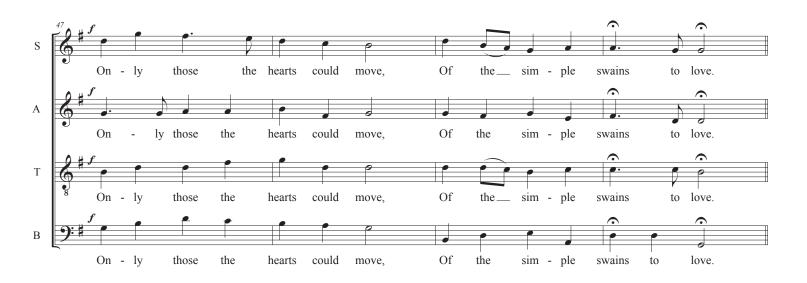


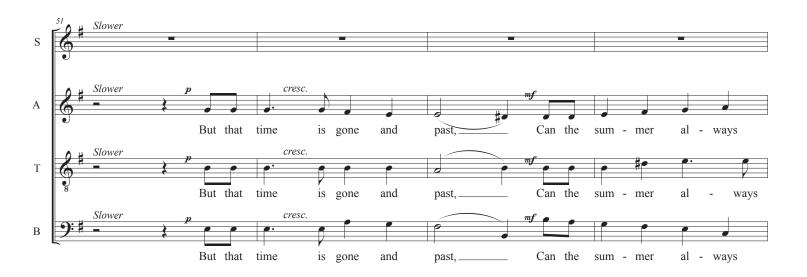


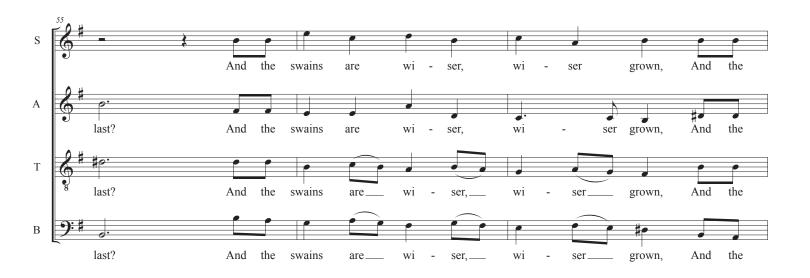


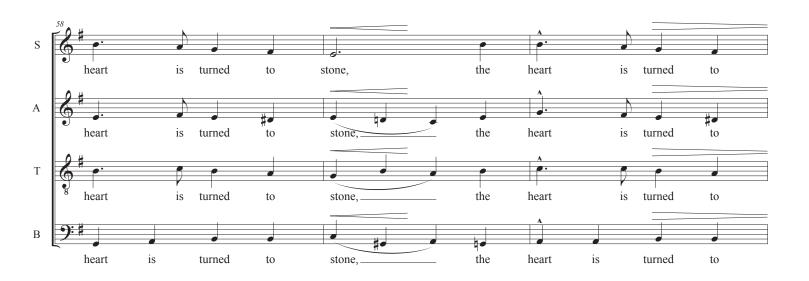


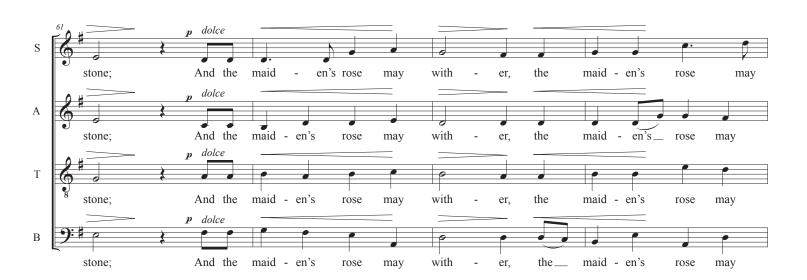


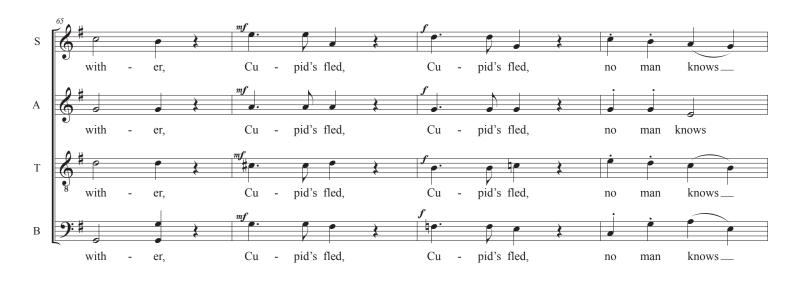


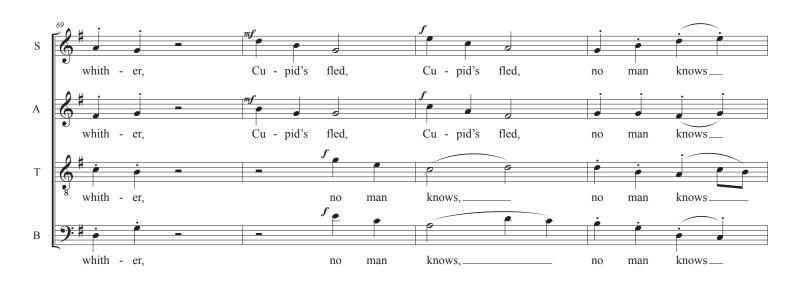


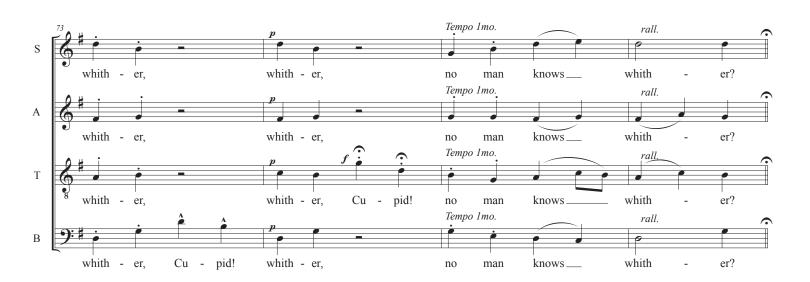


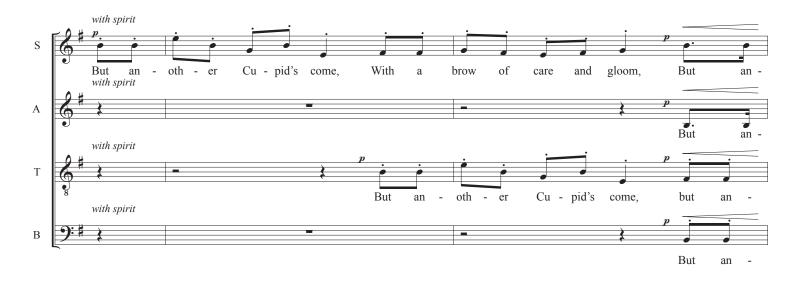


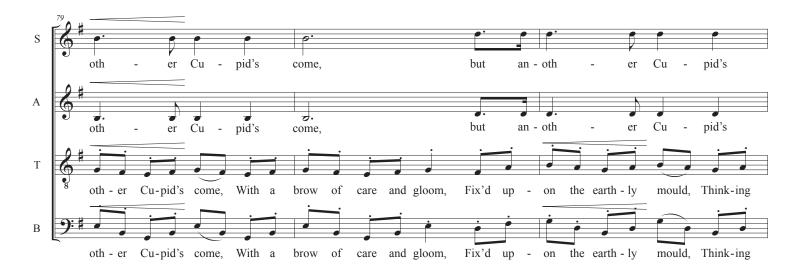


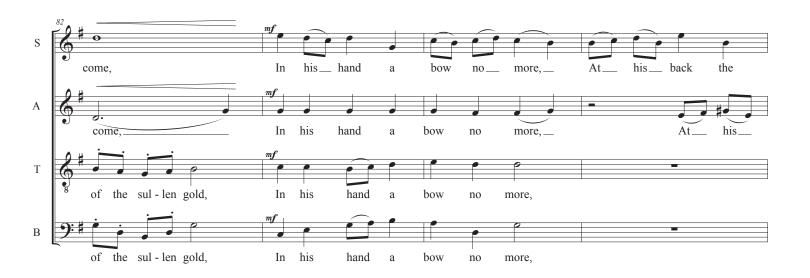


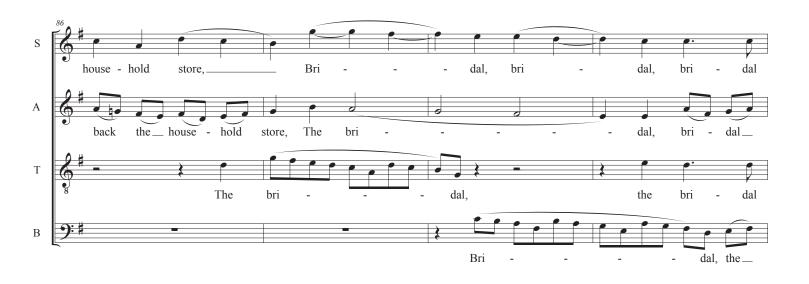




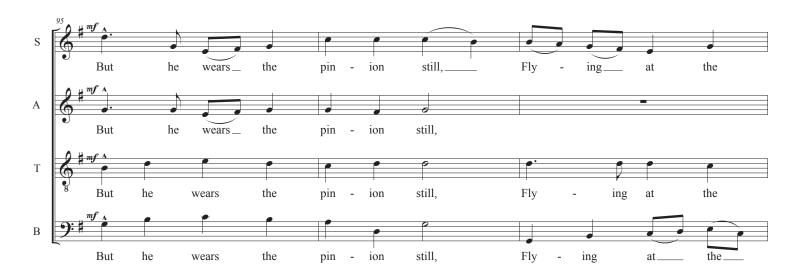


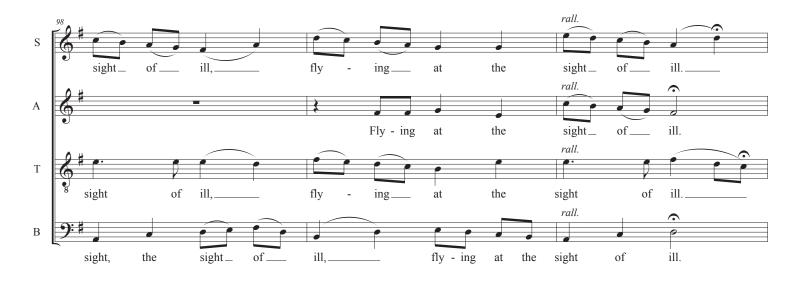


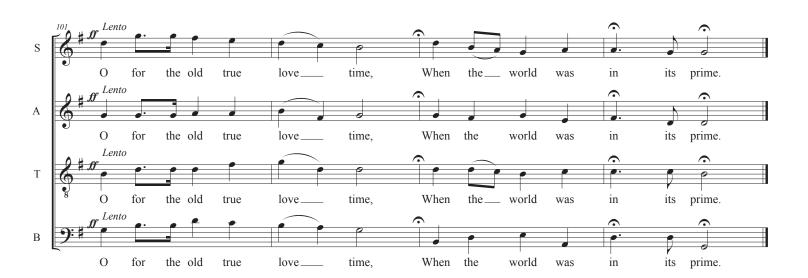












Novello, Ewer and Company (1893)

Rev. Arthur Wellesley Batson (1852–1917) studied at Oxford and Cuddesdon Theological College earning degrees in music and theology. He became deacon in 1881 and priest in 1882. He was Curate of Whitbourne, 1881-82; Precentor at St. Anne's, Soho, 1882-86; and Rector of Ringstead, 1888-1902. His compositions include a sacred cantata, "The Vineyard"; music to Fletcher's pastoral, "The Faithful shepherdess"; and a comic operetta, "The burglar and the bishop." He also published anthems, services, madrigals, songs, and part-songs. He seems to have been an artist, exhibiting a landscape at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1890, and he corresponded with American painter James Whistler. A descendent of the Duke of Buckingham, in 1906 he announced he would become "King of Lundy" (a large island off the coast of Devon) but abandoned the purchase of the island in 1907.

There was once a gentle time, When the world was in its prime. And every day was holiday, And every month was lovely May; Cupid then, had but to go, With his purple wings and bow, And in blossomed vale and grove, Every shepherd knelt to love. Then a rosy dimpled cheek, And a blue eye fond and meek, And a ringlet-wreathen brow, Like Hyacinths on bed of snow, And a low voice silver sweet. From a lip without deceit, Only those the hearts could move, Of the simple swains to love. But that time is gone and past, Can the summer always last? And the swains are wiser grown, And the heart is turned to stone; And the maiden's rose may wither, Cupid's fled, no man knows, whither? But another Cupid's come, With a brow of care and gloom, Fixed upon the earthly mould, Thinking of the sullen gold, In his hand a bow no more, At his back the household store, The Bridal gold, must buy, Useless now, the smile or sigh, But he wears the pinion still, Flying at the sight of ill. O for the old true love time, When the world was in its prime.

George Croly (1780–1860)

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