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P O E M S .

BY

MISS CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.



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TO

THE HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,

TO

WHOSE KINDNESS I AM INDEBTED

FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THESE POEMS,

AND WHO,

WHILE HE IS WORTHY OF ALL THAT GENIUS

CAN OFFER AT HIS SHRINE,

WILL NOT SPURN THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS WORTH,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

PREFACE.

Two years ago the author of this little volume launched her barque on the sea of literature, little hoping that she would meet with the success that has so far crowned her labors. From a child it has been my intention, at some time, to publish a volume of poems ; but, until within the past few months, I have thought it would be long before I could accomplish the task. But through the persuasion of many friends I have been induced to give to the public the poems contained in this volume, the most of which have been written during the past year. Whether or not they will meet with a kind welcome, I do not know. I only ask that they may have a place in the hearts of those who love me. If some eye, as it bends o'er these pages, weep in sympathy for her whose life has been one of sorrow—if some warm heart will long to clasp me to its own, my mission is performed, and

the fervent God bless you! of a grateful heart is yours.

My task is done: and should this little book meet with a kindly welcome from all, I will at some future time give to the public a large volume of my poems.

AUGUSTA, GA., JAN. 22, 1860.

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P O E M S .

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

SLOWLY sinking from the hill-tops
I have watched the god of day,
Marked the shades of twilight gather,
As the sunlight fades away ;
I have caught the gentle murmurs
Of a streamlet gliding by ;
Watched each fleecy cloud that moveth
On the bosom of the sky.

I have caught the perfume wafted
To me by the evening breeze ;
Heard the music of the song-birds
From the shady forest trees.
Oh ! 'tis hard to die while summer
Lingers o'er a world so bright ;
While her beauty clothes the meadows,
And the fields are robed with light.

Summer leaves are round me falling,
As the soft winds fan each bough ;
And I mark how, like their beauty,
My own life is fading now !

Never from the hill-tops sinking
Will I watch the sun again ;
Nor in sportive summer hours
Lightly trip across the plain.

I have seen my cheek grow paler,
Marked the hours each weary day ;
Felt the pulse of life grow weaker
As its tide fast ebbs away ;
And I've sometimes longed to rest me
Where my dreams will all be o'er ;
Where the heavy heart will waken
To the ills of life no more !

But I know my life is passing
Like a pleasant dream away,
As, behind the hill-tops sinking,
Fades the dying god of day ;
But to die while summer lingers
O'er a world so fair and bright !
Oh ! 'tis hard to die so youthful,
With a heart so free and light !

I have looked with weary longing
On the blooming, flowery plain ;
Gazed my last upon the beauty
I shall never see again !
Oh ! there is a charm in summer
That doth bid my spirit stay ;
I would linger till its beauty
With the last leaf dies away !

Never more I'll welcome summer !
I have looked my last on thee !
And the joys that thou hast given
Ne'er will come again to me.
When another spring shall blossom,
And her flowers so lightly wave ;
When the birds awaken music,
It will be around my grave !

Ne'er again my eye will wander
O'er the scenes I love so well ;
Never more I'll hear the music
Of that river's gentle swell !
Nor again my feet shall wander
Where the summer flowers wave ;—
When thy beauty fades, bright summer,
It will die around my grave !

I shall never welcome gladly
Joys once more that thou hast given,
And, when weary of my watching,
Turn my gaze from earth to heaven.
Fading from me all thy beauty !
Dying all the joys you gave !
Oh ! to linger till sweet summer
Sinks with me in her dark grave !

They will lay me where the waters
Of a bright stream glideth by ;
While the waves dance on its bosom,
Heedless of the sleeper nigh !

Near where yonder willow droopeth
I will sweetly lie at rest ;
Summer skies will smile above me,
While her flowers lie on my breast !

Never more I'll greet thy footsteps
Lightly tripping o'er the plain ;
Look no more upon thy beauty,
Or thy smiling skies again.
Not for this my spirit clingeth
To this weary world of care ;
Not for thee alone, bright summer,
Do I pray to linger here.

I have watched an aged mother
Bending o'er my couch of pain ;
Heard her pray the God of Heaven,
" Give me back my child again !"
And a loving sister bendeth
O'er the sufferer's bed each night ;
Oh ! that voice, sweet as an angel's !
And that footstep, soft and light !

I have seen the tear-drop tremble
In that gentle sister's eye,
As she bent to kiss my forehead,
Praying that I might not die !
She will miss me when the twilight
Gathers in that lonely room ;
She will miss the patient sufferer
When she looks upon its gloom.

Oh ! I cannot bear to leave them
All alone, with none to love
Save the form of one they cherished,
Gone to dwell in worlds above.
Who will cheer that weeping sister ?
Who will dry that mother's tear ?
Who will be their cherished idol
When I am no longer here ?

Oh ! I cannot, cannot leave them
All alone, with none to love
Save the memory of their loved one,
Dwelling in those realms above.
Not for thee, O smiling summer,
Nor the beauty thou didst give,
But for those my soul doth cherish,
'Tis for them I pray to live.

But the sunset shadows linger
Faintly on the distant plain ;
And I'm gazing on the beauty
I shall never see again !
Ne'er again my eye shall wander
O'er the scenes I love so well ;
Never will I hear the music
Of that river's gentle swell.

Never will my footsteps wander
Where the sweet spring flowers wave ;
When thy beauty fades, bright summer,
It will be around my grave !

Oh ! there is a charm in summer
That doth bid my spirit stay ;
Bids me linger till its beauty
With the last leaf dies away !

Fading from me all thy beauty !
Fading all the joys it gave !
Oh ! to linger till sweet summer
Sinks with me in her cold grave !
But the evening shadows linger
Faintly on the distant hill ;
I am dying with the sunset,
And my heart at last is still !

WHERE DO THE STARS SHINE BRIGHTEST?

STARS of the quiet midnight,
Thy lonely watch now keeping ;
Moonbeams, in thy wanderings,
Where are thy footsteps creeping ?
Where the dew sleepeth
On the breast of some flower !
Where the maid dreameth
Of love in yon bower !
While the lover is clasping her
Close to his breast,
While his warm ruby lip
To her fair cheek is pressed,—
We linger there !

Stars, in your nightly watchings,
Where do you shine the brightest ?
Moon, in your nightly round,
Where do you tread the lightest ?
Not where sorrow resteth
Heavy on some heart !
Not where the wail of anguish
From some lip doth start !
Not where the furrowed cheek
Is wet with the falling tear !
The home of the broken-hearted :—
No, not there !

Moon, in thy nightly wanderings,
Say, do you linger where

The sound of midnight revelry
 Rings on the silent air?
 Where vice rears a gilded temple
 And virtue a ruined shrine?
 Where gold tempts the wretched victim?
 Where sparkles the ruby wine?
 Dost thou thy brightest vigils keep
 Where the happy smile,
 Or the wretched weep?
 Not where the wretched weep!

Tell me, ye silent Moonbeams,
 Where are thy rays the lightest?
 And, quiet Stars of night,
 Where do ye shine the brightest?
 Where sorrow has folded
 Her dark wings to rest!
 Where sin never enters
 The pale sleeper's breast!
 Where the mourner is bending
 Above the cold sod!
 Where innocence sleeps
 'Neath the smile of its God!
 Where the weary have passed
 Over life's stormy billow
 Before sin had planted
 A thorn in their pillow
 Lightest we step
 Where they heed not our tread!
 And brightest we shine
 Round the home of the dead!

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, Old Year ! a kind farewell,
Thy journey now is o'er ;
I hear the footsteps of the New,
But thou wilt come no more :
Yes, I am sad, Old Year, for thou
Hast carried in thy flight
My brightest joys, my happy dreams,
And hopes that once were bright !

I cannot smile, though all around
Seem joyous, bright, and gay ;
A mournful sound still lingers here,
The Old Year dies away !
And though the New may bring with it
As much of joy for me,
I cannot cease to think of those
That I have lost with thee.

Farewell, Old Year ! though all may turn
With smiles to greet the New ;
These tears thy tribute are from me,
And this my last adieu ;
'Tis gone, alas ! like many a dream
Hope pictured fair and bright,
And left with me no gleam save that
Of memory's fadeless light !

Ah ! many a joyous scene has passed ;
Scenes that my heart held dear
Have passed as have thy golden hours,
Thou dear departed year !
Oh, Time ! thy wheels too swiftly move,
Thy hand doth move in haste,
To blight the blossoms hope has nursed,
And leave but cruel waste !

For who hath never cherished joys
Too bright to linger here ;
Nor felt the heart too soon must bow
Beneath a chill despair.
Oh ! there are lips sad tales will tell,
And hearts, whose cruel blight
Will still remain thy wreck, Old Year,
When thou hast taken flight.

Amid the ruins thou hast left
No star doth brightly burn ;
Beneath thy wreck lie buried joys
That will no more return ;
But, Time ! thou too must cease to be !
Thy flight His hand will stay,
And thou shalt sink in ruins when
The world shall pass away !

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

FATHER ! thy grave is far away,
On a distant, sun-bright shore ;
That hallowed spot, still dear to me,
I ne'er may visit more.
For oh ! between this spot, my home—
Between thy grave and me,
Lies many a long and weary mile,
And the waves of the swelling sea.

But oh ! my heart still wanders back
To my father's lonely grave ;
No sweet spring flowers are blooming there,
Nor drooping willows wave.
Long years have passed, and changes come
Since they have laid thee there ;
And thy child has felt how cold the world
Can look on the orphan's tear !

I scarcely knew, when they laid thee there,
That the world had aught of strife,
For the heart of childhood ne'er can know
How dark are the ills of life ;
But now I feel how sad it is
Alone the world to roam,—
No father's hand to guide my way—
How cheerless is our home.

Though I was nothing but a child,
And though long years have passed,
I still think I can see thee now
As when I saw thee last.
I stood beside thy still, cold form,
And stooped to kiss thy cheek ;
You did not smile upon me then—
I could not hear you speak.

I thought it strange you did not move—
I could not feel your breath ;
And when I asked the reason why,
They told me it was ' death ;'
And when they bore thee to the spot
Where they had made thy bed,
I wept to see the cold earth rest
So heavy on thy head !

I turned, and went from that lone spot
Back to my cheerless home,
And listened for that welcome sound—
Those footsteps never came !
Thy hat was hanging on the wall—
I saw thy vacant chair ;
Oh ! then I felt how sad it was
To see no father there !

And there, upon the little stand,
The time-worn Bible lay,
And many a page thy hand had marked
I've read from day to day ;

'Twas there I learned each promise sweet
That Christ to us has given,
And taught my sinful heart to look
To that bright home in heaven.

Oh, Father ! sad is orphan life,
And bitter is its woe ;
Yet I can look to that bright stream
Where living waters flow ;
And when the waves of trouble come—
When dark the billows roll—
I come to that blest fount and find
Rest for my weary soul.

Father, my heart is sad to-night !
No gentle form is near
To hear my heart's deep-smothered sigh,
Or check the rising tear ;
The gentle moonbeams linger near,
Yet shed no ray of light ;
Those beams are resting on thy grave—
I cannot call them bright !

And when the gentle zephyrs kiss
My cheek, or fan my hair,
I think I feel that sister's hand,
Who died so young and fair ;
And then upon my father's grave
Another tear doth rest
For that sweet sister sleeping there,
Upon her father's breast.

And on that sacred, hallowed spot,
Where two dear loved ones sleep,
How oft, in hours like this, my heart
Will wander back and weep.
Oh, Father ! when my grief is o'er,
And earthly ties are riven,
Then bear thy child to dwell with thee
In thy bright home in heaven !

DEAL GENTLY.

DEAL gently! Do not crush a heart
Already bowed 'neath woe;
Nor speak so lightly of my tears—
'Twas sorrow bade them flow.
My heart too much of sorrow knows,
Too much of all life's cares;
Ah! 'tis no hollow mask I wear,
Nor mockery these tears!

Speak kindly! Wouldst thou break a heart
Grief has made desolate,
And add another pang to life's
Already bitter fate?
Speak kindly, then! Each joy has fled,
• And life seems, oh, so drear!
No loving hand to clasp my own,
Nor scatter roses here!

Ah! once my heart was happy, light—
Time passed on golden hours,
And youth seemed but a garland bright
Of summer's fairest flowers;
But winter came and blighted all—
My hopes, the fondest, died;
And I am left with none to love,
And this cold world to chide!

Deal gently with the orphan now!
 Her heart is sensitive,
 And didst thou know its weight of woe,
 In pity thou wouldst give
 One smile to light my darksome way,
 One word of love to bless
 A heart whose every pulse doth ask
 For words of tenderness.

O for one heart to love me still!
 One word of loving tone,
 To tell me in this cruel world
 I am not left alone.
 'Tis all too soon to sorrow thus,
 Too few have been my years
 To give up every hope of joy,
 And only live in tears!

THE CHEROKEE LAY.—A REPLY TO
 “DEAL GENTLY.”

BY THE CHEROKEE BARD.

“There comes a voice that awakes my soul.”—OSSIAN.

'Tis true I hear a plaintive note—
 Or is it that I'm dreaming?—
 A straggler from its home remote,
 On strings with love-light gleaming.

Or, has that light grown dim, and left
Those strings all cold and careless
Beneath the touch, which has bereft
The harp, now wrecked and cheerless.

You may have seen Arabia's sands
All strewn with ruined temples ;
You may have seen her spicy lands
All rudely torn by tempests :
Yet ruined fields, nor temples waste,
To me are half so saddening
As broken hearts, so pure and chaste,
Who've lost the power of gladdening !

The desolation of the heart,
So painful, still, and breathless,
Defies the most convivial art
To break a spell so deathless !
You'll move along the vacant aisles,
Or kneel beside the altar,
Nor catch you now, as erst, sweet smiles,
Nor hear sweet voices falter.

No garland now adorns the wall—
And withered each love-token ;
And bud, and bloom, and leaf, and all,
Are piled in ruins broken !
The dome, once lit with hope's clear light,
Will now bend o'er you glooming,
While love's calm ray has made its flight,
Or, may be, lies low looming.

“ Deal gently,” then, with “ Carrie Bell,”
Nor be in haste to chide her ;
You may not know the cruel spell
That soon, too soon has tried her.
You should not break the bruised reed
With iron hand, indignant ;
You should eschew the savage deed,
And show yourselves benignant.

Say, Carrie, why this darkening mood—
This dreary heart-repining ?
Why not deem it all for good,
Abandoned hope regaining ?
Then tearless be the radiant eye,
And painless be the bosom,
As jewelled moments pass you by,—
And may you never lose them !

There are fond hearts to love thee still,
And better for thy weeping ;
And tongues there are thy heart to thrill
With words of trustful keeping.
The world's a harp, though out of tune,
On which sweet music lingers ;
It only needs the proper strings
Swept by thy fairy fingers.

TO THE CHEROKEE BARD.

I HEAR a voice which cometh from
A land so far away ;
Where wandereth the Red man brave—
An Indian's gentle lay.
It lingereth like music sweet
Borne on the evening air ;
And bringeth words of comforting
My lonely heart to cheer !

But why should one in that far land
So kindly care for me ;
A stranger, 'mid a savage band,
The lonely Cherokeee !
'Twas my sad song that charmed his ear,
And tuned his lyre to sing,
And gentle breezes bore to me
The Indian's offering !

Oh ! tell me not the Red man's home
Must be forever drear ;
With that sweet Indian bard to sing,
'Tis not all darkness there !
The savage rude can learn to love
The gentle and the good ;
He loves the song whose notes have power
To brighten solitude.

'Tis long since I have tuned my lyre
To sing in joyous strains,
And even now I know not if
One note of joy remains ;
But if beneath these trembling strings
The echo slumbers there,
The minstrel now will call it forth
To charm the Indian's ear.

For why should not these mournful chords,
That slept in silence long,
With rapture fill my soul again,
Or yield to gentle song ?—
And yet, why strive to hush these strains,
Or bid those sounds depart,
For they are but the echoes that
Have lingered in my heart !

For how canst thou, my trembling lyre,
One note of gladness borrow ;
The minstrel's song is never glad,
Whose heart doth droop in sorrow !
Yet why should I forever thus
'Mid scenes of joy repine,
While hope doth weave a garland bright,
Whose sweets may yet be mine ?

I love the heart whose every pulse
Doth tell alone of gladness ;
I love the lip that never yet
Hath told a tale of sadness ;

I love the eye undimmed by tears,
That ne'er a grief has known ;
But oh ! I'd prize them dearer far
If they were all my own !

But Nature, while it gave to some
A heart attuned to gladness,
Gave me a heart whose chords alone
Doth vibrate unto sadness !
In vain for me the Indian bard
May sweep his harp-strings o'er,
Its gentle sounds may reach my ear,
But joy will come no more !

Oh ! would thy words had power to give
The joy thou wouldst impart,
For earth has nothing half so sad
As youth with broken heart !
But wheresoe'er my feet may roam,
'Mid scenes of mirth or sadness,
I'll bless the Indian bard who strove
To tune my heart to gladness !

I know " the world may be a harp
On which sweet music lingers,"
And, when its gentle chords doth feel
The light touch of my fingers,
If pleasure thrill again those strings,
That drooped in sorrow long,
Thy name, sweet Indian bard, shall wake
The minstrel's sweetest song !

WHY DON'T HE WRITE ?

I WONDER why he does not write !

Oh ! I should like to hear
Glad tidings from an absent one
Who is so very dear ;
I'm sure upon his promise
I firmly did rely,
And told him to his letters
With joy I would reply.

Then what can be the matter ?

Why is it he don't write ?
Am I seldom ever thought of,
Perhaps forgotten quite ?
He told me, when we parted,
That he would not forget ;
But he surely has forgotten,
For he has not written yet.

I'm sure he saw the tear-drop

That trembled in my eye,
And *felt* my soft lip quiver
When I tried to say good-bye ;
He knew I felt that moment
What I never could forget ;
And though he promised then to write,
He has not written yet.

I thought that every week or two
A letter I would get ;
But days, and weeks, and months have passed,
He has not written yet.
I wonder why he does not write !
'Twould be so sweet to hear
By letters often from a friend
Who is so very dear.

“OUR LITTLE CHARLIE.”

SMOOTH back the locks of golden hair
That kiss the little forehead fair ;
Then close the eyes so meekly blue,—
Charlie will smile no more on you.
Upon the little pulseless breast,
Then calmly fold his hands to rest ;
And where the sweetest flowers wave,
We'll make our little Charlie's grave.

Where the sunbeams love to play,
And the gentle zephyrs stray ;
Where the flowers will bloom in spring,
And the birds will come and sing ;
Where the turf is lightly spread,
There we'll make our Charlie's bed ;
Where the vines in summer creep,
There we'll let our Charlie sleep.

Not alone will he be sleeping,
For the angels will be keeping
Watch around his lowly tomb !
And at evening we will come.
Then, when stars are brightly shining,
They will find us fondly twining,
On the spot where he reposes,
Garlands of the sweetest roses.

Sleep there, Charlie! thou wilt wake,
When that day of joy shall break,
In thy Saviour's image bright,
Clothed in robes of spotless white.
In the shining courts above,
Dwells the little one we love ;
There his voice is sweetly ringing,
With the band of angels singing.

NIGHT SHADOWS FLITTING BY.

THE shadows are gathering,—how darkly they fall, —
Where resteth the gloom of yon funeral pall ;
And the moonbeams move on with a slow, gentle tread,
As they reach yonder city—the home of the dead.
One by one, I have watched the stars coming out,
And followed the moon on her lone nightly route ;
I have watched the night shadows that gather around,
Till the home of each shadow at length I have found.

Just yonder, where standeth a bride robed in white,—
I saw a light shade on that fair brow to-night ;
A tear stole its way to her timid blue eye,—
I had scarce seen the shadow, ere it had passed by.
Too light was that heart, so it found not its rest,
Nor made for a moment its home in that breast,—
But, flitting by lightly, it wended its way
To a spot where a sweet child was busy at play.

It paused but a moment ! and yet I could trace
The gloom that the shadow had left on that face ;
It turned back to look on the work it had done,
The child tried to grasp it, when lo ! it was gone.
But darker it grew as it wended its way
To a couch upon which a fair maiden lay ;
I watched, but the shadow no more would depart,
But folded its wings round that desolate heart !

I MET THEE IN DREAMS.

I MET in my dreams a being so bright !
Oh ! how fair was the vision that dawned on my sight ;
Like low-murmured music there fell on my ear
Such sweet words of love while that form lingered near.
It may be but a dream, but I cannot forget,
For those eyes, full of love, still beam on me yet :
Like the form of an angel, all radiant and bright,
Was the being that met me in dreams of the night !

Oh ! not with the dream can that image depart,
For I keep the bright being enshrined in my heart ;
And there will it dwell in the folds of my love,
Which steals round it soft as the wings of a dove !
I know that such rapture as this cannot be,
Or I'd wander forever in dreamland with thee ;
But may thy sweet image still dawn on my sight,
And meet me again in my dreams of the night !

For I'll look to thee always as on a bright star,
Whose beams shine so gently on me from afar ;
And like the soft zephyrs that sport around me,
My spirit will follow, and hover near thee ;
Thy form will remain, though the dream may depart,
For I'll keep it within the deep folds of my heart ;
And though I may know it will ne'er meet my sight,
It will come to me oft in my dreams of the night !

Oh! when from the world thou art seeking repose,
And when in soft slumbers thine eyelids may close,
I'll come to thee then, thou angel of light,
And hover near thee in thy dreamings at night ;
For never on earth will our spirits e'er part,
Though divided in form, we are still one in heart ;
For I know that thy spirit will linger near me,
And my life will be always one sweet dream of thee !

I WOULD I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

I WOULD I were that little ring
 Around thy finger bound,
For oh ! to me no dearer place
 Had jewel ever found.

I would I were that nice cigar
 That rests between thy lips,
For oh ! I grudge the honey
 Of the nectar which it sips.

I would I were a soft kid glove
 Upon thy snowy hand ;
Or yet, the gentle breeze by which
 Thy rosy cheek is fanned.

I would I were that little lock
 Above thy forehead fair ;
I'd twine myself into a curl,
 And lie forever there.

I would I were a little bird,
 I'd fly to thy dear breast,
And in one corner of thy heart
 I'd make my little nest.

I'd listen to the music
 Of thy soft heart as it beat,
And never, never wander more
 From out my sweet retreat !

MY TREASURES OVER THE SEA.

A HUMBLE cottage, bearing now the mark
Of years upon its bare, deserted walls,
Shaded by trees, beneath whose branches green
The music of a murmuring streamlet falls ;
A shady spot—my evenings' sweet retreat—
Where bloom in loveliness the sweet wild flowers,
And birds in summer sang their sweetest songs
To glad my young heart in its pensive hours.

This was my home in childhood's thoughtless days,
And this my home in girlhood's happier years ;
'Twas there I mused my wildest, sweetest dreams,
Ere my young heart was bathed in sorrow's tears !
And this—my once-loved home—is dearer far
Than princely hall, or mansion e'er can be ;
Yes, this is one, one treasure dear to life—
That little cottage o'er the deep blue sea !

The rustic seat, where I have sat for hours,
Busy with thought, or with some childish play,
Round which my hand had trained a tender vine,
Has fallen down, and mouldered to decay ;
But there still bloom the flowers I nursed with care,
And there the birds still sing their songs of love ;
The stream glides on as peaceful as before !
The blue sky smiles as lovingly above !

Years have passed on ! and I have wandered far,
In search of joys my heart has never known ;
But that sweet spot—the birds, the brooks, the flowers,
Are treasures that through life will be my own ;—
For memory pictures all ! each once-loved scene !
Each path I've trod ! each well-remembered tree !
Oh ! could I tread that winding path once more,
That leads to thee—my cottage o'er the sea !

But dearer far than e'en that cottage home
Is one sweet spot my tears have watered oft ;
'Tis where the grass waves o'er a humble grave,
And night-dews fall so lovingly and soft !
No marble stone, with lengthy epitaph,
Doth mark the place ! a weeping-willow tree
Droops o'er that spot—my father's lonely grave !—
My dearest treasure o'er the deep blue sea !

And on his breast a fair young rosebud lies,
Whose beauty lasted but four fleeting years !
One coffin holds the father and his child !
Its lid is wet with my own bitter tears !
The flowers perished ! and my sister fair,
Who came to earth, had perished too with them !
She sleeps ! but not alone, a faded flower,—
In death it rests upon its parent stem !

Oh, bitter fate ! when he who robbed my life
Of all its sorrow, and its weight of care,
Didst slumber in his earthly bed of dust,
And leave his child a stricken orphan here !

I've tried in vain to still my throbbing heart,
 I've tried to hush these mournful thoughts of thee ;
 Yet oft in hours of loneliness I stand
 Beside that spot—thy grave beyond the sea !

And they will cease only when life shall end
 Its fitful dreams, its fever, and its strife ;
 Father ! thy child will cease to think of thee
 Only when ends this dark and troubled life ;
 Till they have robed another form for rest,
 And laid her near the grave they've made for thee ;
 Till I shall sleep beside my cottage home,
 Close by thy grave—far o'er the swelling sea !

I have one more, and her I cherish well—
 A sister young, whose heart is light and free ;
 Her life has never been like restless waves
 Upon the bosom of the stormy sea.
 And these are all ! yet they are dearer far
 Than any treasures earth to me e'er gave,—
 That cottage home—that sister young and fair—
 And they who sleep together in one grave !

Oh ! there is much that I may learn to love,
 Where'er my weary feet on earth may roam ;
 Yet memory pictures brighter far than all,
 That one sweet spot—my dear old cottage home !
 And when my heart, my heavy heart is sad,
 In dreams again I wander back to thee,
 And gaze upon the treasures thou hast there—
 My treasures all, far o'er the bounding sea !

The winds are sighing sadly by to-night,
And my own thoughts are sadder far than they ;
For they are borne upon the ocean's breast
To that loved home—that cottage far away.
These are my treasures all—my cottage home,
That smiling sister dwelling close to thee—
A grave beneath a drooping willow's shade,—
Are all my treasures o'er the deep blue sea !

I have a wish that I may see once more
The home that childhood made so dear to me ;
If but a moment, but to drop one tear,
A sweet eternity of bliss 'twould be !
'Tis my last wish!—Kind Heaven, oh, hear my prayer !
Bear me once more beyond the swelling wave ;
And if I ne'er may tread that shore again,
Oh, bear me there, and let it be my grave !

I may not hear the stream go murmuring by,
The birds their songs may never sing for me,
Yet 'tis enough if I but sweetly sleep
By those I love, whose graves are o'er the sea !
For she will come—that one I cherish well—
Will come at eve, with soft and gentle tread,
To nurse the flowers that she has planted there,
And weep sometimes above her hallowed dead !

D R E A M I N G .

DREAMING a dream of long ago,
Of a brow as cold as the winter snow ;
Dreaming of lips that pressed my own ;
Dreaming of joys that all have flown ;
Dreaming of hands that lie at rest,
Over a cold and pulseless breast ;
 Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are these idle dreams to me ?

Dreaming of eyes that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days ;
Dreaming of words that filled my ear
When the form of a lover lingered near ;
Dreaming of what he said to me,
As he clasped my hand on bended knee ;
Dreaming of vows that then were spoken ;
Dreaming of vows that now are broken ;
 Oh ! what are these dreams to me ?

Dreaming of music half forgot,
That lingered one eve in a shady spot ;
Dreaming a dream of an olden time,
Filling my soul with its merry chime.
Dreaming again of by-gone years ;
Dreaming of smiles ; dreaming of tears ;
 Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are all these dreams to me ?

Dreaming now of the homestead dear,
Of the father who sat in the old arm chair ;
Dreaming of soft blue skies that smiled
So lovingly there when I was a child ;
Dreaming of things that met my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days.

Dreaming, idly dreaming on—
What are these dreams to me ?

Dreaming of shady sunny bowers !
Dreaming of music, song, and flowers ;
Dreaming o'er tales of love I told
Ere my brow grew sad, and my heart grew old ;
Dreaming a dream by the moon to-night ;
Dreaming a dream, oh ! wondrous bright ;
Dreaming a dream as fair as truth,
Too sweet to fade with the hopes of youth.

Dreaming again of the homestead dear,
Of the pale, cold forms that slumber there ;
Dreaming of things that meet my gaze
Through the dusky shadows of by-gone days ;
Dreaming to-night of other years ;
Dreaming of smiles ; dreaming of tears ;

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming on—
When will these weary dreamings end ?

THE SUMMER WINDS.

ONE summer eve I wandered out
To catch the cooling breeze,
That sported with the summer flowers,
And played among the trees ;
And, like a merry, laughing child,
When tired of its play,
I bent my head to catch the sound
Of what the winds would say.

I almost thought some angel bright
Had lent the breeze its wings ;
It floated like a thing of light,
And sung as angel sings.
It seemed as if some sacred spell
Dwelt in that summer day,
And made me love to listen still
For what the winds would say.

I almost feared to speak a word,
And so I'd only smile ;
The breeze played lightly with my hair,
And fanned my cheek the while ;
And as I lay upon the turf
That balmy summer day,
I still kept dreaming all the time
Of what the winds would say.

They hear the lover's whispered vow,
The maiden's murmured prayer ;
They smile upon the happy bride,
And weep above the bier ;
They linger 'mid the forest shade,
Around the rich man's door ;
They fan the brows of kings and queens,
But do not shun the poor.

They kiss the brow of furrowed age,
The maiden's rosy cheek ;
And, like a mother's lullaby,
They sing the babe to sleep ;
They wander on for many a mile,
Through palace and through cot ;
And never have I seen the place
Where they have wandered not.

Then floating nearer to the earth,
As if in search of rest,
They fold their wings beside some stream,
And sleep upon its breast.
Oh ! there is much of loveliness
In every summer day,
But nothing half so free and glad
As summer winds at play.

Oh ! could you only feel as I,
When, on that summer day,
I sat long hours, and heard no sound
But what the breeze did say ;—

You would not wonder that my thoughts
Are sometimes wild and free,
If you could only dream of half
The zephyrs said to me.

It may have been a pleasant dream,
(And dreams will pass away,)—
But would my life could always be
Like that sweet summer day,
When every thought that filled my breast
To the wild winds was given!
Oh! would that day were all of life,
And that sweet dream were—heaven!

TO A MOCKING-BIRD SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

SWEET bird of the night !
Pray, wing thee thy flight
To a bower more welcome than this ;
For thy song can impart
No joy to a heart
That ne'er felt a rapturous bliss.

Thy notes are too glad
For a heart that is sad,—
Then leave me, sweet warbler, alone !
Would my heart were as light
As thy song is to-night,—
My notes should be gay as thine own.

Why leave thine own bower
At this moonlight hour,
To sit at my window and sing ;
Sweet bird, did you come
To dispel all my gloom ?
Then sweet are the tidings you bring !

For as thy soft notes
On the evening breeze floats,
The gloom from my spirits depart ;
Wing hither thy flight,
Sweet bird of the night,
And nestle still nearer my heart !

I cannot be sad
When thy song is so glad,
One note of thy gladness I'll borrow ;
And my song shall be light
As thine, bird of the night,
And I'll leave to the world all my sorrow.

In life's sunny bowers
I know there are flowers,
And I'll heed not the thorns that repose ;
But gladly I'll greet
Their perfume so sweet,
Though I gather a thorn with each rose !

Soon the night will be gone,
And when morning shall dawn,
Away from my window thou'lt soar ;
And the song thou dost sing,
Sweet bird of light wing,
Will gladden my heart then no more !

Pretty minstrel ! thy song
To the woodlands belong ;
Then fly to thy bower, I pray,
Where the stars lend their light,
And the moonbeams are bright ;
For there thou art happy and gay !

But oft at this hour,
Leave thy sweet bower,

And come to my window and sing ;
For as thy soft notes
On the night breezes floats,
Sweet, sweet is the music they bring.

For the joy you bring,
Sweet bird, while you sing,
Doth bid all my sorrows depart ;
Wing hither thy flight,
Sweet warbler of night,
And nestle still nearer my heart !

TO ORIANNA.

SISTER, in the hour of twilight
Holy memories fill my breast,
And thy sweet voice, ne'er forgotten,
Makes that holy hour more blest ;
For thou'rt whispering—whispering softly,
While thy gentle form is near ;
And thy words of love, sweet sister,
Softly fall upon my ear.

Well I know thy heart, my sister,
Is the holy seat of love ;
And thine arms twine gently round me
As the soft wings of a dove ;
And thy face, with bright smiles beaming,
Cheers this life so dark and drear ;
Oh ! I pray, in shade or sunshine,
I may always feel thee near.

But there is a cloud, sweet sister,
Sometimes gathers on my brow,
And a thought that life not always
Will for thee be bright as now ;
For thy heart ne'er nursed a sorrow,
And thy days have all been bright ;
May thy life, so full of sunshine,
Never, never know a night !

Oh! 'twould grieve my heart, sweet sister,
Should that sunny brow of thine
Ever feel those clouds of sorrow
That so darkly rest on mine ;
But the prayer is vain, my sister,
Suffering, too, must be thy lot ;
On thy brow will fall some shadows ;
“ Who has lived and suffered not ? ”

But, I pray—oh ! Heaven grant it !
That in every darkened hour,
He whose strength doth never falter,
Shield thee when the storms doth lower ;
And where'er thy path may lead thee,
Through the shadows or the light,
May His hand who scatters blessings,
Make thy earthly pathway bright.

And a dearer boon, sweet sister,
To thee still I would have given ;
May His hand, who guides thy footsteps,
Lead thee in the way to Heaven !
That the star of Faith may guide thee,
Shining in the deepest gloom,
When thy days on earth are ended,
Light thy pathway to the tomb !

THE DESERTED CASTLE.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PAINTING OF SOME OLD RUINS.)

WHAT charms in these grand old ruins lie !
What picture to please a poet's eye ?
The shadows that o'er the ruins crawl
Are dark as the gloom of a funeral pall.
Feet that once pressed this Castle grand,
Have long since passed to another land ;
And voices heard here long ago,
Now echo within these walls no more.
Marble columns, that towered high,
Till they almost reached the far-off sky,
Long, long ago have tumbled down,
And lie in ruins upon the ground.
The grey moss hangs on the walls so bare,
Near the graves of those who once dwelt there.
Oh, wreck of a Castle, once so grand !
Thou hast been the pride of a sunny land,
But thy columns are piled in a massive heap
Beneath the shadows that o'er them creep,
And all is still within thy walls,
Where never the sound of a footstep falls ;
And, but for the transient ray of light
That lingers there when the day is bright ;
Or the soft moonbeams that wander there,
When the day is gone and the night is clear,

Thy ruins would be deserted quite,
And dark thy gloom as a stormy night.

Deserted Castle ! once the pride
Of a noble lord and queenly bride,
A charm in thy bare old ruins lie
That well might please the poet's eye.
For weary feet that pressed thy sod,
Have long since travelled the way to God ;
And forms 'neath these dim old grave-stones sleep,
Near the shadows that over thy ruins creep.
Ah ! many an image bright to see
Doth rise from the past as I gaze on thee !
Though hushed are the lips that here once told
Their tales of love, in the days of old,
I travel back to a by-gone age,
And linger again o'er history's page,
Till I see the Castle that once stood where
Thy ruins have lain for many a year,
And mirror in yonder lake of blue
A thousand pictures fair to view.
I hear the song of the balmy breeze,
As it winds its way 'mong the leafy trees ;
And the song of the lark as it soars on high,
When the morning breaks from the summer sky.
The lake has never hushed its song,
And the summer winds are sighing on,
But the Castle grand in ruins sleeps
Beneath the shadow that o'er them creeps ;
And weary feet that pressed thy sod,
Have long since travelled the way to God ;

And voices heard there long ago,
Now echo within thy walls no more.
Strange feet, through many a coming year,
Will wander amid the ruins there ;
And ages on ages thou wilt lie
A wreck 'neath the arch of the broad blue sky !

THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

YES, take them all! I give them back to thee,—
The bridal ring—the vows you pledged to me.
Yes, take them all! they seem but mockery now,
Thy love was false, and perjured is thy vow.
Go! thou hast slighted all,—my love—my truth,—
And left me but a broken heart and youth!
Farewell! farewell! thy heart once more is free,
Since false the vow that bound that heart to me.

Farewell! my lips have breathed the word at last,
I *will* forget all that has ever passed;
And, though my heart may break beneath its pain,
I'll give thee up, nor think of thee again;
And may the future be all bright for thee,
Though dark that future e'er must be to me;
I can forgive and bless thee even yet,
Though thou too soon my blessing wilt forget.

I have been true, though all thy vows were broken,
I chided not when cruel words were spoken;
But thou hast slighted all,—my love—my truth,—
And left me with a broken heart and youth!
I give thee up! my dream of love is past,
And I have said farewell to thee at last;
Thou'lt mingle in the giddy throng of life,
Forgetting her—thy broken-hearted wife!

I'll pray that Heaven may give me strength to bear
This weary life of bitterness and care ;
I'll pray that heaven in pity smile on thee,
Forgive thee all the wrong thou hast done me ;
And though *my* life may know no ray of light,
I'll pray that *thine* may be forever bright ;—
But take them back—the bridal ring and vow,—
Thy love was false, and these are mockery now !

LINES FOR ANNIE'S ALBUM.

I DO not know what offering
To lay upon thy shrine,
And yet, methinks thy heart would ask
The warmest love of mine.
Were I to bring the brightest gem
E'er found in earthly mine,
Howe'er so bright, it were not fit
To deck a brow like thine !

I cannot twine a wreath of flowers
To bind upon thy brow ;
For oh, the laurel wreath of fame
Is circling round it now !
But I choose thee jewels brighter,
'Tis Virtue, Love, and Truth ;
For these methinks are fitting gems
To deck the brow of youth.

Then bind them, Annie, round thy heart,
And may their holy light
Guide thee through youth, and when in age,
Still may they shine as bright ;
And, Annie, when all I can wish
For thee on earth is given,
Oh, then I pray that thou may'st be
An angel bright in heaven !

LINES DEDICATED TO A LITTLE CHILD.

SWEET little child! on thy fair brow
No heavy care doth rest,
Nor on that joyous heart of thine
Hath sorrow ever pressed ;
And may life always be as bright
As now it seems to thee,
While thou art plucking summer flowers,
And smiling in thy glee.

There's something in thy earnest gaze
That wakes my love for thee—
That brings to mind another form,
Still dear to memory ;
And though our paths in life, sweet child,
May be far, far apart,
Yet thou hast touched a tender chord
Within the stranger's heart.

I cannot gaze upon thy face,
So strange, yet wondrous fair,
But round the past there linger still
A thousand memories dear ;
For in thy earnest, thoughtful gaze,
And in thine eye of blue,
I see again the form of one
Who so resembled you.

Then let me bless thee once again
Ere thou and I shall part,
And fancy that in thee I clasp
His image to my heart.
I'll always love thee, little child,
Though we may dwell apart ;
For thou hast touched a tender chord
Within the stranger's heart.

And oft in hours like this my heart
Will wander back to thee,
While thou art plucking summer flowers,
And smiling in thy glee ;
But let me bless thee once again
Ere thou and I shall part,
And fancy that in thee I clasp
His image to my heart.

I would that it were mine to chase
All shadows from thy brow,
And make life always seem as bright
And joyous as now ;
I'd strew thy path in life, sweet child,
With naught but fairest flowers,
And time should always be to thee
As summer's rosy hours.

But not to soothe away thy care,
Or cheer thy lot, is mine ;
I can but sweep my harp-strings o'er
In rapture half divine ;

And while I sweep its gentle chords,
And wake the echoes there,
May they, like music soft and sweet,
Fall softly on thine ear.

O! who can know a poet's soul,
Its love so pure and deep?
Or who can tell how sweet the songs
That o'er its chords doth sweep?
And yet, that soul, almost as pure
As angels are above,
Can even stoop to bow before
The shrine of human love!

MY COUSIN TOM AND I.

OH! do you remember, cousin mine,
The little rustic seat
We made beneath that shady bower
We called our love retreat?
And how the long, long summer hours
Would pass us gaily by,
When life was one long dream of joy
To cousin Tom and I?

Or, sporting like the summer birds,
We'd hide among the flowers,
And heedless pass the moments by,
Nor dream of darker hours?
With tales of love, or gentle song,
Each eve went gliding by;
Oh, those were happy, happy days
To cousin Tom and I!

You used to pluck the fairest flowers
And twine them in my hair,
And call me then (you know you would!)
A thing of beauty rare;
And sometimes you would take my hand
And press it with a sigh;
But now our homes are far apart,—
My cousin Tom and I.

We used to share each other's joys,
And share each other's cares ;
Or if grief gave our bosoms pain,
We'd weep each other's tears ;
And when they told us Time's rude hand
Would break the golden tie,
We only loved the better then,—
My cousin Tom and I.

But though our homes are far apart,
We still can hold as dear
That little silken cord which binds
Our hearts together here ;
Though many a sad, sad change may come
As years go rolling by,
We'll love each other none the less,
My cousin Tom and I.

Oh, when at evening's gentle hour
You gaze upon some star,
I know your thoughts will wander forth
To one you love afar ;
And when the moon in beauty beams
Upon the earth and sky,
We'll wander forth again in dreams,—
My cousin Tom and I.

And though we ne'er may meet again,
We still will hold as dear
The little cord of love which binds
Our hearts together here :

•

And as o'er each the sunny hours
Of life go gliding by,
May Time still bring us brighter joys,—
My cousin Tom and I.

S M I L E O N .

SMILE on, my loving Jenny,
With heart so free and glad ;
Love scatters flowers in thy way,—
Why should thy heart be sad ?
“ I'm happy now ! ”—Oh, would thy lyre
Might breathe no sadder strain,
Nor tell of joys forever gone,
Or pleasures turned to pain ! .

Then let thy strains be merry,
Sweet, gifted child of song !
Oh, cherish well thy dreams of joy,—
They may not linger long.
Then smile on, happy Jenny,
With heart so light and free,
For life has many sunny hours,
And many a joy for thee.

Methinks that on a brow so fair
But little care should rest ;
And on a heart so full of joy
Sorrow be lightly pressed ;
And for thee, gentle creature,
My heart would breathe a prayer
That grief may never dim thine eye,
Or mark thy brow with care.

Smile on, my loving Jenny,
With heart so gay and light ;
May every dream you cherish now
But make your future bright.
Love scatters flowers in thy path,
And laurels deck thy brow ;
Oh, well thy gentle lyre may sing,
“ I'm happy, happy now !”

Oh, would the song so joyous
Might ever be thine own !
And never may a gentle chord
Vibrate to sorrow's tone.
Then smile, my loving Jenny,
With heart so light and free,
For tears may suit some other one,
But smiles were made for thee.

Oh, would that I could cast the shades
Of sorrow from my brow,
And, while I gently strike my harp,
Sing, “ I am happy now !”
Oh, smiles may sometimes light my brow,
And tears awhile depart,
But I can never sing of joy,
For sorrow clouds my heart !

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

'Twas midnight ! and beside her couch
A fair young maiden wept ;
For he—the one she fondly loved—
Far o'er the billows slept !
Hushed was the hour ! no sound was heard
Upon the midnight air,
Save the wild throbbings of that heart,
And that lone maiden's prayer !

The lamps above had almost ceased
To lend their feeble light ;
The moon forgot to shed a ray
Upon that piteous sight ;—
But still the maiden knelt and prayed
For him she loved so dear ;
He slept upon the dark sea foam,
And she was kneeling there,

To pray that Heaven would guide him safe
Across the swelling wave ;
“ O God, my trust is all in Thee,
For Thou art strong to save ! ”
Oh, 'twas a piteous sight to see
That maiden, young and fair,
With only beauty on her brow,
But in her heart despair !

She saw the waves dash rudely round
That gallant little bark,
And shuddered as she saw the storm
Above her head grow dark ;—
She saw the tempest raging wild,
The ship in fury tossed ;
The winds in triumph seemed to bear
To her the one word—*Lost !*

In a land where all was summer,
'Neath a fairer, brighter sky,
He had gone once more to gather
Health and beauty—or, to die !
“ Oh, Father ! no, I could not bear
His form in death to meet ;
The ocean bed his resting-place,
The waves his winding-sheet !

“ I will not heed the tempest's roar,
Nor fear the angry billow,
If Thou in mercy hear my prayer,
And watch around his pillow ;
Oh, Father ! Father ! hear the prayer,
And let it not be vain ;
But bring the loved one back once more
To home and friends again.”

And God in mercy heard her cry,
And o'er the swelling tide
In safety bore the loved one back,
Till he was by her side ;

Oh, Father ! thus in every hour,
Whate'er our dangers be,
Thou'lt save the trusting one, whose faith
Doth look to heaven and Thee !

MY NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL!

LAND of my birth, farewell ;
I may not linger more
Beside the streams I love so well,
Or tread thy hallowed shore ;
I ne'er may come again to pluck
The flowers that sweetly spring,
Or wander o'er thy sunny hills
And list the sweet birds sing!

'Twas here I roved a happy child,
When I was free from care ;
My girlhood's brightest, sweetest dreams
Have all been cherished here ;
'Twas here I taught my heart to nurse
The first wild dream of love—
Alas! that it should perish thus,
While memory's left to rove.

'Twas here that I first touched my lyre
To poesy's sweet strain,
And now beneath these sunny skies
I strike its chords again.
Ah! soon, my harp, thy notes so glad
Will breath a sadder tone,
For nevermore my heart can wake
To joy—each joy has flown.

'Tis evening ! and I come again
Beside this spot to weep,
While sadly o'er my spirit's chords
Sweet recollections sweep.
This is my last, my *last* farewell,
Thou dearest spot of earth !
My heart can have no other home
But thee, land of my birth !

But now, farewell ! in other lands
My weary feet must roam ;
I may not linger by this spot,
Once, but no longer, home.
Birds, flowers, and streams, farewell,—
All that was once so dear ;
I cast one lingering look on thee,
Then drop the parting tear !

Oh ! when I close my eyes in death,—
Yes, when my dreams are o'er,
Then bring me back, and make my grave
On Georgia's sunbright shore,
Where the flowers I loved so well in life
Above my head will wave,
And the birds will come and sing their songs
Around my lonely grave.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I'm dreaming of my childhood,
That happy long ago,
When I sported with my sisters dear
Around the cottage door.
We were a merry little band,
With hearts so light and free!
Oh, would my childhood's happy days
Could come again to me!

Where are they now,—that little band
That gathered round the hearth,
And filled the gentle evening hour
With songs of love and mirth?
I listen—but an empty sound
Is all that greets my ear;
A mournful voice the sound repeats,
And echo answers, Where?

My father dear! the willows wave
Above thy place of rest;
And she, the youngest, pet of all,
Is sleeping on thy breast;
And one, a sister young and fair,—
Her home is close to thee:
But both are far from me—their homes
Are o'er the swelling sea.

And, mother mine! my home is far,
Far from thine own to-day ;
Say, do you miss me, mother dear,—
Thy child so far away ?
Two sisters, younger both than I,
Like flowers upon one stem,
They need a mother's tender care,—
Oh, guard and cherish them.

And two, my elder sisters dear,
Are dwelling by my side ;
Fate cast our lot together here,
And may it ne'er divide !
I scarcely know around whose heart
The strongest tendrils twine ;
I know my heart doth fondly love
These sisters dear of mine !

Another one! I have not seen,
Her form for many a year ;
She has a smiling little band
Of blossoms young and fair ;
And he—the one to whom her love
In youth she did confide—
Still loves as fondly now as when
She was his fair young bride.

My childhood's home! I sport again
Beside that cottage door ;
But oh, the forms of other years
Are gathered there no more !

But I am dreaming of the joys
That have flown away too fast,
And I'm playing with the shadows
That doth linger round the past!

My childhood's home! how oft in dreams
I'll wander back to thee,
And gather with that cherished band
Around my father's knee ;
My childhood's days! those happy days
When life had naught of pain ;
Oh! would that I could only be
A thoughtless child again!

TO A WITHERED WREATH.

“The roses that crowned me are blighted,
The garland I cherished is dead.”

YES, thou hast faded too, sweet flowers !
And vanished from my sight ;
Like every other cherished thing,
Thy stay was brief as bright ;
For see ! thy leaves are withered now,
That once were fresh and fair,
And not a breath of perfume sweet
Doth even linger here.

I plucked them in their loveliness,
Gazed on them but a day ;
Then watched their leaves as one by one
They'd fade and fall away ;
For thou, like every dream of joy,
Were mine a few short hours,
And now I mourn above thy wreck,
Pale, faded, scentless flowers !

I love thee even better now,
Thou faded, withered wreath ;
For there lingers yet a holy spell
In every faded leaf ;

And memories cluster round them still,
 Fraught with life's happiest hours ;
But they must perish too, alas !
 Like these frail summer flowers.

I know that things we fondly love
 First vanish from our sight,
And things of loveliness must feel
 The cruel hand of blight.
Sweet flowers ! that with a mystic tie
 Doth bind me to the past,
I weep o'er joys that like thy sweets
 Have flown away too fast !

Ye mind me of my own young life,
 What are its sunny hours ?
A garland formed alas ! like thee,
 Of fair but fading flowers ;
Whose sweets, like thine, must soon depart,
 Whose beauty fades away ;
Oh, yes, my joys have been like thee,
 The creatures of a day !

A D R E A M.

I DREAMED of thee! thy whispered words
Of love fell sweetly on my ear,
And, like the music of a summer lute,
They stirred the fountain of my soul. Thy hand
Was softly clasped in mine, thine eyes
Were gazing too in mine. And I—
Ah, even now, the thought doth rapture bring—
I was thy chosen bride! Thy lips still
Called me by the name you loved
In days gone by; and when I told
You of my heart's deep love, you said
That you were happy. I did not dream
One moment of the past. No! leave me now,
Nor blight my present bliss;—I did not feel
That we had parted been—that it was
Long since we had met—that we had been
As strangers. Oh, no! the past was all
Forgot, and we had met again, and loved
As we had loved. Hand clasped in hand,
'Mid shady bowers we roved, and plucked
The flowers, whose language, too, is love.
The moon was shining brightly, and the stars
Smiled sweetly on us, while angels heard
The vows we breathed.

We parted then,
Each happy in the other's love! Oh, dream
Too sweet to last, too beautiful to fade! Why
Dost thou mock me so? It is not true.

He loves another now, and I am left
 To mourn a broken heart. Be still, my heart,
 And let the bosom he has crushed still be
 Thy hiding-place! Oh, would that thou
 Wert dead! For then to weep above thy grave
 Were not so bitter as this cruel parting is,
 For I could soothe my heart with the
 Sweet thought, that when death came to me
 I'd sweetly sleep beside thee in the grave,
 And meet with thee in heaven!

We met again!

'Twas in the festive throng. The bridal wreath
 Still pressed her brow. Another was his bride!
 They told him I was false, and he believed
 It true. Then, turning from my shrine,
 He wooed and won another's love.
 But he had told me all;—his hand he
 Gave to her—his heart was still my own.

We parted once again. He wept that
 He was wed to one he did not love; and I,
 That he was lost to me!
 My dream of love was o'er, and with it
 All that made life beautiful to me!

The morning dawned

At last, and with it I awoke. 'Twas but
 A dream that had disturbed my slumbers.
 Thank heaven it was no more!
 I could not bear to know that it were true.
 'Twas but a dream! He is not wed!
 And I am free to love him still the same!

M E L O D I A.

LONG, long ago, I heard a name,
A name so very sweet,
That I have longed since then the one
Who bears that name to meet ;
I've looked among the busy throng
That daily pass me by,
Yet never have I gazed into
Melodia's soul-lit eye !

We ne'er have met, save in that realm
Where poets often meet,
And then you breathed upon my ear
A song so very sweet,
That I have longed to tune again
That gentle lyre of thine ;
Oh, yes ! I know not, but I love
This stranger friend of mine.

I know her home must be somewhere
'Mid Georgia's sunny bowers ;
'Twas here she woke those notes for me,
In my bright home of flowers !
And I am in my native land,
She knows not I am near ;
I feel the very evening breeze
That fans her soft brown hair.

Yes, we are near, yet something keeps
Thy form and mine apart ;
I long to clasp thy hand in mine,
And fold thee to my heart !
I long to wander o'er the spot,
The place where thou dost dwell ;
I cannot bid my dreams of thee,
Those sweet, bright dreams, farewell !

I long to gaze with thee at eve,
Upon that world above ;
I long to press my cheek to thine,
And tell thee all my love ;
I long to roam my native hills,
And pluck with thee the flowers,
And tell thee all the dreams I've had
Beneath these sunny bowers.

I know that thou hast had them, too,—
Thy heart is like my own,
And all that I have felt or dreamed,
Melodia, thou hast known !
For hearts like thine have sometimes felt
The bitter weight of woe ;
And eyes like thine have felt how sad
The tears of sorrow flow !

Perhaps at evening's pensive hour
You gaze upon some star,
While fancy wings her gentle flight
To those you love afar ;

And then, perhaps a gentle thought
 May wing its flight to me ;
Oh, at that dreaming twilight hour
 I love to think of thee !

I fancy that all poet hearts
 Must love to dream of thee ;
I know thy soul is like thy song,
 All gushing melody !
Thou warblest forth thy notes as free
 As birds upon the wing ;
Oh, there is music soft and sweet
 In every song you sing !

I know not if this song of mine
 Thine ear will ever greet,
But tell, oh ! tell me, where's the friend
 I have so longed to meet ?
My heart will seek thee, gentle one,
 Wherever you may dwell ;
I cannot bid my dreams of thee,
 Those sweet, bright dreams, farewell !

'Tis just one year ! one year ago !
 A summer eve like this,
A voice stole softly on my ear,
 Soft as a lover's kiss !
Thy fairy fingers swept the harp
 That wake those notes for me ;
'Tis memory tunes my lyre to-day,—
 That memory is of thee !

'Tis strange we know each other not,
Yet love each other well ;
The soul will find its spirit mate,
Where'er that soul may dwell !
Farewell, sweet girl ! I know not if
Thy smile I'll ever greet ;
But we will meet in that bright realm
Where poets sometimes meet !

4*

T O A N N I E.

IN MEMORY OF HER MOTHER.

CHIDE her not with words all heartless
Tell her not her grief to smother ;
In her heart the words are ringing,
“ What is home without a mother ?”
Ah ! the orphan’s home is drear,
For she has no mother there.
Kind caressings !
Gentle blessings !
All are o’er !
She will never greet them more.

Yes, the hearthstone now is lonely,
Sad hearts only gather there ;
One is missing in that circle,
See the mother’s vacant chair !
Chide you not the orphan’s tear,
For she has no mother there,
And that sorrow,
Ere the morrow,
Thou may’st know ;
Like her own thy tears may ow.

Friends may gather round her thickly,
Warm hearts clasp her to their own ;
But their words seem cold and heartless
To that lost one’s gentle tone.

For the world has not another,
Kind and gentle as that mother.

Warm embraces !

Smiling faces !

All are mine.

Mother, they are not like thine !

Flowers are blooming o'er her gravestone,

Flowers are withering in thy heart !

Once the grief thy bosom nourished

She would gladly share a part.

Tell her not her grief to smother,

What is life without a mother ?

Fond caressings !

Mother's blessings !

All are o'er !

She will smile again no more.

Let me fold thee to my bosom,

For I, too, have sorrow felt ;

By a grave where flowers bloometh,

Oft in anguish I have knelt ;

Sorrow deep as thine I've known,

Wept tears bitter as thine own.

My father sleeps !

A willow weeps

Above the spot.

That father ne'er has been forgot !

Weep no longer for thy mother,

She has passed the pearly gates :

With that sinless band of angels
She thy coming there awaits.
Life for thee seems dark and drear,
Heaven is brighter with her there!
Ne'er again
Shall grief or pain
Mark that brow!
She is free from suffering now.

Happy spirit! peaceful sleeper!
Calmly rest beneath the sod;
Thou hast passed the shining portals,
Thou hast gazed upon thy God.
There the Saviour's smiles unfolding,
Thou His glories art beholding;
Joy is beaming!
Love is gleaming!
Weep no more.
Thou shalt meet her on that shore.

Soft as sinks the golden sunlight,
Sank her spirit to its rest;
Like an evening cloud when floating
To its home far in the west;
Sweet as dies a summer wave,
Calmly passed she to the grave.
Sleep forever!
Waking never!
Till that morn
When His glorious day shall dawn.

Then again will you behold her,
Brighter than when last you met ;
Angel robes will then enfold her,
Hers an angel's coronet !
She the narrow stream has passed,
She has reached the goal at last.
Cease thy weeping !
She is sleeping
'Neath the sod,
But her spirit dwells with God !

Heaven bless thee, stricken orphan !
Saviour, take her to thy care ;
Thou canst heal the broken-hearted,
Thou canst dry the mourner's tear.
Claim her, Saviour, for thine own,
For thou, too, hast sorrow known !
Dry her tears !
Calm her fears !
Sweetly rest,
To the Saviour's bosom pressed.

THE ANGEL AND I.

THE sun was just setting ;—its last golden ray
Had sunk in the West slow and sadly away,
And far o'er the hills a gentle star shone—
Pale watcher of night ! it was beaming alone.
I likened my life to that star of the night,
Now hid by a cloud—now radiant and bright ;
Hope shed her bright rays on me from afar,
As I likened my life to that beautiful star.

I watched the light clouds floating off in the West,
In their bright-tinted colors so gorgeously dressed ;
I saw them glide on far o'er the blue sky,
Till each seemed the form of an angel on high.
How lovely was earth at that calm, twilight hour,
With the dew sweetly kissing each tree and each flower ;
I looked on the earth, then I'd gaze on the sky,
And I longed to be up with the angels on high.

Oh ! say, is it sin to wish sometimes to die,
And be with the angels in yonder bright sky,
When we think of the sorrow and suffering here,
While that is a heaven so peaceful and fair ?
I fancy I'd love for some light fleecy cloud
To fold itself round me and make me a shroud,
And while I would calmly lie down to my rest,
To be borne up above on the cloud's snowy breast !

The thought was too much for my bosom's control,
So I kept the sweet vision enshrined in my soul ;
Till I thought a being, all radiant and bright,
Had come down to meet me on that stilly night.

'Twas an angel, I know ! for its wings fanned my brow—
So soft was its breath that I feel it c'en now ;
And that form, oh ! there's nothing can ever compare
With the form of that angel so brilliant and fair.

The eyes were bent on me in pity and love,
And the wings were as soft as the wings of a dove ;
And the star seemed to shine more brightly on high,
While it gazed on the forms of the angel and I.
No watcher beheld us, save that One above,
Who had sent the bright spirit on its mission of love ;
Oh ! if I had aught in this wide world to fear,
I heeded it not while the angel was near !

Oh ! well I remember how soft was her tread,
How bright was the halo encircling her head ;
Methought that an image I loved I could trace
In that slight youthful form, and that sweet smiling face.
I had seen that same form ere it passed to the skies,
I had pressed her warm cheek, I had gazed in those eyes ;
But ne'er had she seemed half so fair to my sight
As when she was clothed in those garments of white.

Oh ! if there are moments than others more blest,
'Tis when we commune with the spirits at rest ;
When the soul, leaving earth, soars to heaven above,
To dwell in the presence of God and his love !
I never may meet with that angel again,
Till I'm free from the dream of life's fever and pain ;
Then she'll fold round me softly her pinions of love,
And bear me to dwell in her blue home above !

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF
A BOOK PRESENTED BY A FRIEND.

WHEN gazing on this treasured book,
The token of a friend ;
When long, long years have passed away,
In secret I may bend
To read some tale that tells of love,
Some poet's gentle lays ;—
All these will bring me thoughts of thee,
And thoughts of other days.

And when my eye shall wander o'er
The page thy hand hath pressed,—
Where words of simple truthfulness
And friendship are expressed ;
I'll not forget the one who gave
This token dear to me ;—
'Twill bring me memories of the past,
And with them thoughts of thee.

When memory over other days
Her shadows bright doth fling,
And bring back joys again that with
The past had taken wing ;
When other days and other forms
Shall hover over me ;
When looking to the past and *them*,
I will remember *thee*.

And for thy kind remembrance,
I bring this gift to thee ;
Perhaps 'twill serve in after years
To wake some thought of me ;
Oh, yes ! this little verse, when I
Would be remembered not,
May claim a passing thought of thine
When I have been forgot !

I THINK OF THEE.

I DREAM of thee! I dream of thee!
Bright visions o'er me glide;
Fancy restores thy form to me,
And thou art by my side;
I hear again that voice so dear,
Once more thy form I see;
And I am breathing in thy ear—
Oh, yes! I dream of thee!

There's not a breeze that fans my cheek,
And not a flower I see,
But has some magic power to speak,
And breathe thy name to me!
I love each dear familiar spot
That once was trod by thee;
And everything that you have loved
Is cherished now by me.

Go, gentle breeze! breathe in his ear
The love I do not speak;
Go fan for me his silken hair,
And kiss for me his cheek!
And bear upon thy gentle wings
His message back with thee;—
Go tell him all, and ask him if
He ever thinks of me!

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

GIVE me something to live for,
Some dear, cherished thing,
Round which my affections
The fondest may cling ;
Oh ! give me some heart
Warm and loving as mine,
Round which its dear tendrils
Forever may twine.

Oh ! give me a home
In some warm, loving breast,
Where my spirit may find
A sweet covert of rest ;
And where I may feel
The sweet gushings of love
Fold round me as soft
As the wings of a dove.

Where each throb seems to murmur
In love's gentle tone,
And wakes the sweet echo
Of love in my own ;
Yes, give me a heart
Warm, loving and kind,
Round which the sweet flowers
Of love I can bind.

Give me something to live for,
One fond heart to love,
And this world would seem happy
As heaven above :
'Twould seem like an Eden,—
This world which we rove ;
“ For love is all heaven !
All heaven is love !”

When my spirit is sinking
'Neath sorrow and care,
And the smiles of all others
No longer are dear ;
When the world can no longer
Its bright joys impart,
Let me nestle still nearer
One fond loving heart !

THE PAST.

THERE are bright visions of the past,
Too glorious to forget ;
And memories of that long ago
Deep in my heart are set.
I would not lose each happy thought
That mingles with it yet ;
Be it with pain or pleasure fraught,
I ask not to forget.

There are sweet voices of the past
That whisper in my ear,
And speak in gentle tones of love
Of those that once were dear ;
Yes, there are eyes that smile on me,
And rosy lips that tell
In gentle murmurs of the past,
That I have loved too well.

And though, perchance, my thoughts of them
Are mingled with regret,
They are sweet memories of the past
I love to cherish yet ;
Oh, no ! I would not break the spell,
But bid the vision last ;
'Tis sweet to feel the joy or pain
That tells me of the past.

Oh! there are memories of the past
That I can ne'er forget,
And images of long ago
I love to think of yet ;
Then come, sweet visions, come again !
Ye bright dreams, ever last !
I would not break the golden chain
That binds me to the past.

THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

No need of tears ! for she who sleeps beneath
This grassy hillock was the child of shame,
And death to her were sweeter far than life
Who lives to know only a blighted name !
No need of tears ! though youth and beauty sleep
With her who was the child of guilt and pride ;
Who scorned to live with those who spurned her here,
Yet calmly met her God a suicide !

No need of tears ! they came too late too save
The wreck of virtue, and the wreck of youth !
No need of tears from one who won that heart,
Then slighted all her trusting love and truth !
No need of tears ! 'Tis but a suicide !
Turn from her grave to busy life again ;
Tears cannot wipe the sin from off *thy* soul,
Nor blot from off *her* lifeless form its stain !

She resteth where the world can never know
Her shame and sin, whate'er her sins may be ;
Too proud to live, yet brave enough to die,
Rather than bear life's chain of misery !
Hid from the gaze of those who knew her crime,
She sweetly sleeps beneath the quiet sod ;
Leaving behind her guilt for man to blame,
And trusting in a sin-forgiving God !

T O M Y H A R P .

WHOSE hand will sweep thy gentle chords
When mine are laid to rest ?
And who will love to sing the songs
That I have loved the best ?
When cold and still the hands shall lie,
That now these chords doth sweep,
Will one who tunes my gentle lyre
Think of me then, and weep ?

And when some other lip shall sing
A half-forgotten strain,
Whose notes, once full of melody,
Are mingled then with pain,—
Will the sad notes that thou dost breathe
Awake some thought of me ?
And will thy strings some music wake
For her who so loved thee ?

I cannot bear that thou should'st lie
Neglected day by day ;
Nor have the notes that thou dost breathe
Always too wild and gay ;
For I have tuned thy strings, my harp,
To many a mournful strain ;
And I would have the songs I loved
To linger there again.

But, oh! when other hands shall wake
Thy soft, sweet melody,
And when thy music thrills the soul
Of her who bends o'er thee,—
Oh, let the one whose fingers love
To sweep my harp-strings o'er,
Awake some note for her whose hand
Shall strike these chords no more!

Oh, no! I would not have thee lie
A poor neglected thing,
Like some lone bird that's lost its mate,
And is too sad to sing!
For thou canst sing to others yet
Who love thy music well;
And thy sweet notes from many a heart
Some gloomy thought dispel.

I would not hush each joyous strain
That yet may linger here,
If, when those notes of joy arise,
I am remembered there;
But oh! 'twould grieve me much to know
I would forgotten be,
By those whose fingers strike the harp
That once was struck by me.

I'd have some other form at eve
Bend o'er my harp again,
Whose hand would love to tune its chords
To some familiar strain;

And while its music lingered soft
Upon the evening air,
Think of the minstrel girl, and weep,
Because I am not there !

Oh ! let some sweet remembrance
With every song be fraught,
Of one to whom thy music sweet
So oft has còmfort brought.
Yes, let thy echoes linger here
When this sad heart is still ;
And let the songs that I have sung,
The poet's heart oft thrill.

Oh, yes, my harp ! thou still hast power
Each troubled heart to cheer ;
And thy sweet notes of joy still bless
The lonely everywhere !
And though 'tis seldom I have sung
A merry, joyous strain,
I know, my trembling lyre, thy notes
Have not been breathed in vain !

Oh ! how the thought the poet's heart
With rapture wild doth fill,
To know its songs shall live e'en when
That heart is cold and still !
Oh, yes, my harp ! when I no more
Thy gentle chords may sweep,
Thy echoes still will linger here,
When in the grave I sleep !

Oh, when the trembling hand that tunes
 This harp is laid to rest,
Then let some other poet sing
 The songs I loved the best !
I could not bear then it should lie
 A poor, neglected thing,
Like some lone bird that's lost its mate,
 And is too sad to sing !

“MY MOTHER’S BIBLE.”

LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING A YOUNG LADY READING FROM HER MOTHER’S BIBLE.

My mother ! years have passed away\
 Since here these lines were traced,
And every mark thy hand has left
 By time has been effaced ;
Yet on each page I still can see
 The tears that thou hast shed ;
Ah, here my own tears sadly fall,
 For, mother, thou art dead !

Oh, sacred Bible ! teach my heart
 My mother’s God to fear ;
Her words of wisdom, love, and truth,
 I know were all learned here ;
And I would trust each promise sweet,
 Each hope that thou hast given ;
My mother’s Bible ! Blessed Book !
 Oh ! guide my soul to heaven.

My mother ! can you still behold
 The child thou didst so love ?
Do thy mild eyes still beam on me
 From thy bright home above ?
Oh, let thy gentle spirit guide,
 And shield me from all fear ;
For, mother, I will fear no harm
 If thou wilt linger near.

I’ll try to serve the God you loved,
 To heed thy warnings mild ;
 But, mother, from thy home above,
 Oh, smile upon thy child !
 There’s none in all this wide, wide world,
 My mother, kind as thou ;
 Time vainly strives to heal my grief,
 I mourn thee even now,

As deeply as when first they made
 My mother’s lonely grave ;
 And when the first pale flowers of spring
 Did o’er it lightly wave.
 Oh, time may lighten other grief
 Than that of broken hearts !
 But sorrow such as I have felt,
 Ne’er from the soul departs.

Oh, mother ! mother ! in that name
 What mingled thoughts arise ;
 I cannot hush my heart’s wild throbs,
 The tears that dim my eyes !
 The weary years go flitting by,
 Ah, many a one has gone !
 Yet I have ne’er forgot one word,
 Or smile that was thine own.

The words—the last that thou didst speak
 Ere thou and I did part—
 They linger like a mournful sound
 In my still bleeding heart ;

And this dear token, best of all,
Thy Bible! I have yet;
Oh, mother! 'tis in vain I strive,
Thy child can ne'er forget!

Oh! 'twas a bitter thing, you said,
To part with those we love;
I leave one child to mourn me here,
I go to one above!
Oh, mother! I will daily strive
To reach that goal at last,
That I may meet with thee again
When death's dark stream is passed.

My mother's Bible! let me read
Thy pages o'er and o'er;
It tells of that bright land beyond,
Where we will part no more.
Each line her trembling fingers traced,
Each word—I'll mark them well,
That they in after years may speak
The words I may not tell.

Perhaps when I have laid me down
In quietness to sleep,
Some other form may bend above
This hallowed page to weep!
Then cherish well the sacred Book,
My mother's Bible, dear!
And bathe its leaves, as I have done,
With many a bitter tear.

Some other one, whose heart has nursed
 A sorrow like my own,
 May call up in the lines I’ve marked
 A mother’s gentle tone ;
 And they may stoop to kiss the page
 Where she has lightly traced
 Words that by time, but memory,
 Can never be effaced !

My mother’s Bible ! blessed Book !
 Oh, how I treasure thee !
 Through life my only comfort thou,
 My only guide shall be ;
 And oh ! I’ll trust the blessed hope
 That this dear book has given ;—
 My mother’s Bible ! point my soul
 The way to her and heaven !

TO THOSE EYES.

OH! once I did prize
A pair of blue eyes,
And I thought I would always be true ;
But with you by my side,
It can't be denied
That the black has more charms than the blue.

For your eyes are as bright
As the stars of the night,
That twinkle far off in the skies ;
Then, say—is it harm
To own there's a charm
For me in those witching dark eyes ?

Since you know it so well,
I own there's a spell,
And my heart to the echo replies ;
For whate'er my lips say,
My heart must obey
The language that beams in your eyes.

Though once I did prize
A pair of blue eyes,
And I thought I would always be true ;
But the vision is o'er—
I love them no more—
They have met with a rival in you.

Oh ! the blue eye may shine,
With a love all divine,
But my heart says, when put to the test,
Though I own it is true
That I once loved the blue,
I now love the black eye the best.

Your eyes are as bright
As the stars of the night,
And mine like the violet blue ;
So if you will prize
A pair of blue eyes,
I'll willingly swap them with you.

TO MARY E. BRYAN.

(IN REPLY TO HER "ALONE.")

OH! tell me, sweet lady, is thine the sad fate
To suffer, yet bear it so well?
Are thy songs not the echoes that steal o'er thy soul,
Of griefs which thy lip may not tell?
Ah! thou strivest to keep all unseen in thy heart,
That fount that by sorrow is stirred;
Yet the notes that arise from thy soul seem to be
The notes of some poor wounded bird!

I know, oh! I know, even in thy concealing,
There are trials thy young heart doth bear,
And methinks that I see down thy timid cheek stealing,
In solitude, sometimes a tear;
And yet, thou art strong, and thy own noble soul,
Whatever its anguish may be,
Still strives to keep back every trace of its woe,
That the eyes of the world may not see.

'Tis well to bear up, when the clouds gather dark,
When rages the tempest of strife,
With a heart undismayed and a strong will to do,
And still look on the bright side of life;
But oh! there are moments the spirit *will* yield
To feelings we cannot control,
And a sigh will escape, even though all unheard,
From the innermost depths of the soul.

There are times when the soul all sadly will pine
For some boon that may *never* be ours,
And the buds we might pluck in the path at our feet,
We pass by to gather the flowers;—
Then say, hast thou not, in an hour like this,
When thy young heart is sighing “alone,”
Felt an echo all mournful sweep over its chords,
While you sigh for some joy that has flown?

Oh! say, when you murmur “alone”—all alone,—
Is there nothing for thee to regret?
No vision that haunts thee—no dream of the past,
Thou hast tried all in vain to forget?
I *know it is so*; yet, in striving to soothe
The sorrows that others have known,
A veil thou hast drawn o’er thy own bleeding heart,
To conceal the deep grief of thy own.

Oh! ne’er should thy lips ever murmur “alone,”
If *all* hearts beat as warmly as mine;
Each pulse that is throbbing, each grief that it feels,
Longs, dear one, to mingle with thine.
For I’ve blessed thee, sweet lady, a thousand times o’er,
For the songs that thy lyre hath sung;
Every sorrow that breathes in thy tremulous notes,
A sigh from my bosom has wrung.

I long to be pressed to a bosom like thine,
That has *felt*, but still hides all its woe;
It has griefs that are nursed in secret alone,
And of which the world never may know.

God bless thee, brave one ! in the conflict of life
Undaunted and firm may you stand,
While you labor thus nobly for good to the world,
With a strong heart and unshaken hand.

OH ! I AM WEARY, WEARY !

OH ! I am weary, weary !
A fair young creature said,
As she gently closed her eyelids,
And bowed her aching head.
I have toiled the long, long night out,
Till my brain begins to swim ;
My hand is growing weaker,
And my eyes are growing dim !

Then she laid her hands so gently
Upon her snowy breast ;
While a smile, sweet as an angel's,
On her spotless brow did rest ;
And ere the last sound faded
From her parting lips, she said,—
I have toiled the weary night out,
To buy the morrow's bread !

I thought the day was dawning,
And night would soon be past ;
And I've watched the fading shadows
Till I have seen the last ;
I see the daylight breaking
O'er yonder distant hill ;
Thank God I saw the light once more,
Ere heart and hand grew still !

A smile—the last one—faded
From her brow and from her cheek ;
The words died on her trembling tongue,
She tried in vain to speak :
But as the prayer died on her lip,
The answer had been given ;
She closed her weary eyes on earth,
And woke again in heaven !

TO THE FRIEND

WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A PEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE
FOLLOWING VERSE :

“The pen, forced round to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labor, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover’s solace and the author’s pride.”

THE token thou wast pleased to send,
My friend, I prize far more
Than gold, and gems, and rubies bright,
Or any glittering ore ;
For oh ! its worth is greater far,
And none that worth can tell ;
’Twill yield a world of wealth to him
Whose hand doth guide it well.

When visions bright, and fancies wild,
Doth fill the wandering brain,
This weapon then the mind doth aid
When others all are vain ;
And when the poet’s soul is filled
With dreamings wild and sweet,
The pen has inspiration caught,
And fills the snowy sheet !

Oh ! where’s the treasure half so dear,
My valued pen, as thou ?
No other e’er could tempt my heart*
To prize thee less than now ;

For thou hast been my solace sweet
In many a gloomy hour ;
The dear companion I have sought
When the dark clouds would lower.

And thou hast been, when friends desert,
Still faithful at my side,
My dear companion, and my friend,
My pleasure, and my pride !
To thee, the secrets of my breast,
I ever have made known ;
And thou hast been, through all my youth,
My confidant alone !

When others have been cold and false,
I've always found thee true,
And turning from the heartless world,
My comfort found in you ;
Companion of my lonely hours,
Friend of my youthful days ;
Ah ! well dost thou deserve my love !
And well deserve my praise !

A thousand thanks to thee, my friend,
For this thy token dear ;
I'll watch it with a faithful eye,
And guard with tender care ;
And that it may in after years
Some useful lesson tell,
When it doth touch the spotless page
I'll strive to guide it well.

A M E R I C A !

AMERICA ! my own loved home,
Fair island of the blest ;
We welcome to thy sunny shore
The weary and oppressed.
'Tis here the needy find a home,
The captive is set free ;
And all who come to seek for peace,
May find a home in thee.

God bless our own America !
The bright land of the free ;
Long may the stars and stripes above,
Float proudly over thee !
And when upon our peaceful home
Doth rest oppression's hand,
May thy brave sons stand firmly by
To save our native land.

And ever be thy banner bright,
By Freedom's hand unfurled,
Till Liberty's bright star shall shine
Upon a fettered world.
God save our own America !
The bright land of the free ;
Long may the stars and stripes above,
Float proudly over thee !

And thou, land of the sunny South !
The land that gave me birth,
I prize thee dearer far, my home,
Than any spot on earth.
For oh ! there's not a spot, I know,
Where'er my feet may roam,
My heart can ever love like thee,
My own dear Southern home !

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I SEE, at the foot of a sloping hill,
The old School-house once more,
And sport by the side of the winding rill,
As I did in the days of yore ;
And my heart goes out in longings wild—
But the very thought is pain ;
I dream of those sunny hours, and wish
That I were a child again.

I see the master's face so kind,
As he sits in the old arm-chair,
And I mark the silver locks that time
Has left in his glossy hair ;
For years have passed since I saw him last,
Long years of toil and pain ;
But I see them now—the teacher kind,
And the old school-house again.

I see the furrows grief has left
On his noble, thoughtful brow ;
But the smile he wore in days gone by
Still beams as brightly now ;
The frost of age is on his cheek,
And his locks are white as snow ;
But his heart still beats as warmly now,
As it did long years ago.

I remember, too, the school-house bell ;
 How I loved its merry chime !
Its music will linger in my heart,
 Defying the test of time ;
How I bounded off with an eager step
 When it summoned me away
To the old school-house—and then again
 When it told the hour for play.

I love those dear old playmates yet,
 Who shared those bygone joys,
That group of merry, laughing girls,
 And that score of romping boys.
I wonder if they have forgot
 Those sunny days of yore ?
Or if they sometimes sit like me,
 And dream them o'er and o'er ?

I remember one whose brow was fair
 As the softest summer skies ;
How I loved to twine her golden curls,
 And gaze in her mild blue eyes ;
She always had a loving smile
 For the one she loved so well ;
Oh ! I long to see the smiling face
 Of my darling, witching Nell !

And I remember wild Harry, too,
 With his sparkling eyes of jet ;
And Johnny, the little flaxen head,
 Who used to be the pet ;

And Willie—oh ! saucy boy you were
To whisper love to me,
While I was busily working at
A sum in the rule of three.

Oh, yes ! I'm dreaming once again
Of those bright days of yore,
And playing with a merry group
Around the school-house door ;
And my dreams are sweet, as I linger by
The side of the winding rill,
That sings its song near the old school-house,
At the foot of that sloping hill !

THE TIDE OF LIFE.

OUT in the world a busy throng
Of human beings move along,
Over the waves of Time.
Watch their faces ; on them see
Marks of pain and misery,
And some with the marks of crime.
 On they glide,
 Side by side,
Poverty ! want ! and pain !
 A mingled mass
 Together pass
Over life's stormy sea ;
 Heedless that they
 Are passing away
To the shore of Eternity !

 On ! on ! on !
Watch the passing train ;
 Figures light !
 Faces bright !
Where will ye pause again ?
 Where the waves quiver
 On a dark river,
Blackened by crime ?

Pause, then, and think !
You are nearing its brink ;
 Fleeting is time !
 Ere its waves roll
 Over thy soul,
 Mark you its flow !
For that same river is bearing you on
 To endless woe !

On ! on ! on they go,
 Pride and pleasure,
 Want and woe ;
Heedless some of the wants of others,
Forgetting they are sisters—brothers,
 Human beings all !
 Some have been
 Dyed in sin ;
With *some* it may be well.
 They who shall bear
 His banner here,
And walk the narrow road,
Too few ! yet only these shall look
 Upon the face of God.

See ! see ! see !
Men and maidens fair,
 Pass along
 With the giddy throng,
Going, going—where ?
Down, down, down they glide
 With the river's rapid tide ;

Pausing ! but too late to think,
When they reach the awful brink ;
And on, on, on they go
With the river's rapid flow !

On ! on ! on !
Over the stormy billow ;
Some on a bed as soft as down,
Some on a thorny pillow !
Some whose souls are laden
With the sin of years ;
Some whose hearts are burdened
With its griefs and tears ;
Some who have suffered nobly
On the field of Life ;
Some who have battled bravely
Amid its toil and strife ;
Some who have worn the armor
Of the Christian here ;
Some who will cross Death's river,
Feeling not a fear.
Some who will welcome gladly
The voice that bids them go ;
Some to reap eternal joy,
And some eternal woe !

Life ! Life ! Life !
A stormy ocean thou ;
And Time, that vessel laden well,
Moves o'er thy waters now ;

Bearing us ever on,
Over the stormy sea,
Till we are wrecked on the breakers wild,
And launched in eternity !

Gone ! gone ! gone !
The vessel and her freight ;
And the cry of the sinking crew is heard,
O God ! but heard too late.

Lost ! lost ! lost !
Are those who rode her deck,
And the howling winds, and angry waves,
Are all that tell the wreck.

Gone ! gone !! gone !!!
On to that wretched goal ;
And the cry of those who perished there,
Is the wail of each lost soul !

AUTUMN DAYS.

“The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.”

BRYANT'S DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE sweet, sad Autumn days have come,
The days I love so well ;
When everything in nature wears
A brighter, holier spell ;
Oh ! much I love the sweet spring time,
And summer's blooming flowers ;
But oh ! there is a dearer charm
In Autumn's dreamy hours.

Then say not Autumn days are sad,
With me they cannot be ;
In every faded, falling leaf
Some beauty new I see ;
I learn a lesson from each leaf,
And count by them my years ;
Spring is the sunshine of our life,
And Autumn is its tears !

The summer time is bright, I know,
And beautiful her flowers ;
But give to me the withered leaves,
And Autumn's dreamy hours !

There is a charm in nature then
That makes my young heart glad ;
The Autumn days are sad, I know,
But oh, so sweetly sad !

I love to watch the changing hue
Of every forest tree ;—
Oh ! there is something beautiful
In these sad days for me ;
For Autumn days an emblem seem
Of my own fleeting years ;
For what is life ? 'tis but one scene
Of sunshine and of tears !

I love to count the falling leaves,
And number each short day,
And mark how rapidly my life
Like them doth pass away ;
Time tarries not, but bears us on
With every fleeting breath ;
And as the flowers are fading now,
So we must fade—in death.

I watch each season as it comes,
And mark their changes well ;
For every passing day and hour
Doth some brief lesson tell !
Life has its changing seasons too,
Its winter and its spring ;
Then let each season yield thee joy,
As each in time takes wing.

I know the summer of my life
Is fading fast away ;
I'll mark the hours, and strive to keep
A record of each day ;—
And when the frost and blight of age
Have gathered on my brow,
May that sad Autumn of my life
Be beautiful as now !

GO! WIN A NAME.

Go forth into the world and seek
The honors thou shouldst wear ;
When at my shrine thy heart is laid,
Lay, too, thy honors there !
I cannot be content with love,
I have a nobler pride ;
When thou hast won ambition's heights,
Then will I be thy bride.

Yes, when thou'st won a glorious name,
Come bow before my shrine !
'Tis not thy heart alone I ask,
The laurel must be thine ;
I'd have thee win a name of which
The world may justly boast ;
Much as I prize thy heart and hand,
I prize ambition most.

Then when thou'st won a noble name,
Come claim me for thy bride !
I know fame's coronet to thee
Will never be denied :—
Then go, till thou hast twined the wreath
Around that lofty brow ;
Then come to claim my heart and hand,
But do not ask it now !

Go, then, and when thou'st won a name,
A name that should be thine,
Come lay thy honors at my feet,
Thy heart upon my shrine !
Oh, leave me, then, till thou hast twined
Fame's chaplet round thy brow ;
Then come to claim my heart and hand,
But do not ask it now !

TO AN INFANT ASLEEP.

SLEEP thee, little baby,
On thy mother's breast,
With thy hands so sweetly folded
In their quiet rest ;—
And ever in the struggles
Of life's rolling billow,
May thy mother's bosom
Be thy softest pillow !

Thou'rt smiling, little baby,
In thy pleasant dreams,
And thou'rt fondly clasping
Joy's golden beams ;
Keep them, little baby,
And may thy dreams be bright ;
For I would not rob thee
Of one ray of light.

I have brought sweet roses
To deck thy spotless brow ;
And I'm fondly twining
Garlands for thee now ;
But may fairer flowers
Of purity and truth,
Form a brighter garland
To adorn thy youth !

May the fadeless flowers
That love doth fondly twine,
Shed their sweetest fragrance
Round every year of thine ;
Be thy heart all guileless ;
Free thy life from cares ;
And may virtue crown thee
In thy after years.

May thy days be happy ;
Sorrow all unknown ;
May earth's dearest treasures
Ever be thine own ;
May God's hand defend thee
In the deepest gloom ;
And His blessings crown thee,
From thy cradle to thy tomb !

MIDNIGHT FANCIES.

ALL night long, upon my pillow,
I have vainly sought for rest,
Vainly tried to hush the fancies
That upon my soul are pressed ;
All night long ! and now 'tis midnight,
Midnight—silent, dark, and drear ;
Darker than the gloom around me
Are the phantoms gathered here.

Oh ! these wild and wayward fancies !
Will they never, never cease ?
Will they haunt my spirit ever ?
Never let my soul have peace ?
I could bear this weary watching
If my brow were racked with pain ;
I could bear it if the fever
Of delirium burned my brain.

I could bear it if these phantoms
Gathered not so thickly here ;
Some that chill my very life-blood
With their wild look of despair ;
Some with forms all worn and wasted,
By an anguish all untold ;
Brows that bear on them the furrows
Of the cares that made them old.

I have seen the bright moon go down,
And I saw that same moon rise ;
For long hours I've sat and gazed out
On the starry, midnight skies ;
Silent stars, that in thy beauty,
Smile upon a world at rest,
Cold and mockingly thou lookest
On the gloom within my breast.

Midnight fancies, wild and restless !
Midnight hour, calm and still !
How unlike these ghost-like figures
That my soul with horror fill ;
I can hear their footsteps stealing
All around about my bed,
Like so many horrid spectres
That have risen from the dead.

Oh ! these gloomy midnight fancies
That doth haunt my soul to-night ;
Oh ! this weary, weary watching
For the coming of the light !
Would that I could close my eyelids,
Calm this troubled soul to rest ;
Would that I could still the fancies
That are raging in my breast.

Oh ! thou spirit of sweet slumber,
Let me feel thy touch so light ;
Drive away these gloomy visions,
That doth haunt my soul to-night ;

And ere I shall greet the coming
Of the morning's golden beams,
Let me close these heavy eyelids,
And forget myself in dreams.

I am weary ! oh, so weary !
Of my watchings through the night,
And I long to greet the coming
Of the morning's rosy light ;
Leave me, then, ye midnight visions,
That are gathered thickly here !
For ye chill my very life-blood
With your wild look of despair.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

I LOVE the bright South,
 'Tis the land of my birth ;
To me 'tis the fairest,
 The brightest on earth ;
Thy flowers are as sweet,
 And thy mountains as grand
As those that rise higher
 In some distant land.

Oh ! here the sweet woodbine
 And jessamine grow ;
The birds sing so sweet,
 And the smooth waters flow ;
The green spreading cedar,
 The tall waving pine ;—
And where are the forests
 More lovely than thine !

I know there are places
 Beneath the bright sun,
Where the icicles glitter,
 The cool waters run ;
And where thy bright waters,
 Niagara, so grand,
Might rival the beauties
 Of some other land !

But my heart turns to thee,
Fair land of my birth,
As the loveliest spot
On this beautiful earth ;—
Though others may boast
Of their splendors so grand ;
I love the dear South,
'Tis my own native land !

My country ! my country !
The land of the free ;
May the flag of our Union
Long wave over thee ;
May the blessings of heaven
Forever attend thee ;
Be thy sons ever ready
And strong to defend thee !

In peace or in war,
To the red, white, and blue,
May the sons of our country
Forever prove true ;
For prouder above us
Our banner will wave,
When borne o'er the land
By the hand of the brave.

When the watchword of danger
Shall call you away,
And each shall come forth
In his battle array,

Then brave be each heart,
And strong be each hand,
That shall fight for thy freedom,
My own native land !

Oh ! I know that the sons
Of my own native land,
Like the heroes of old,
For their country will stand ;
And the heart of a nation
Will ever prove true
To the flag of our Union—
The red, white, and blue !

TAKE BACK THY HEART.

TAKE back thy heart! 'tis madness now,
 'Tis folly longer to adore ;
Then give me mine, and I will learn
 To love, to worship thee no more.
Thou canst not give me all my love ;
 All, all—oh, no ! it cannot be,
For I have never coldly loved,
 But madly, wildly worshipped thee.

Take back thy heart, since hope is gone,
 And I can never more be thine ;
My heart must droop in sorrow now,
 Since I no more may call thee mine.
I love thee ! Once the thought was sweet,
 But now it only brings regret ;
I weep not that I loved thee then,
 But oh ! because I love thee yet.

Take back thy heart, false one, and lay
 Thy love upon another's shrine ;
But give, oh ! give me all my love,
 And I will give thee all of thine.
I loved thee once ! The dream is o'er ;
 To love thee longer would be vain ;
My heart may droop in sorrow now,—
 I would not have thy love again !

Take back thy heart, and I will strive
To bathe my soul in Lethe's stream ;
And think the love that once was mine,
Was nothing but a passing dream.
Then take thy love, and give me mine ;
All, all—oh, no ! it cannot be,
For I have never coldly loved,
But madly, wildly worshipped thee !

WEDDED—A HAND, BUT NOT A HEART.

SEE yon smiling youth and maiden
At the sacred altar kneel ;
She is smiling, but she smileth
That her tears she may conceal ;
And that maiden leaneth fondly
On that trusting lover's arm,
He whose hand is pledged to shield her,
And protect her from all harm.

See how proudly, too, he gazes
On the treasure at his side ;
He has wooed her, he has won her,
At the altar stands his bride ;
But her cheek is turning paler,
And her white lips slowly part ;
God of heaven ! hear her murmur ;
Pledged a hand, but not a heart !

Take the bridal veil and flowers,
They are thorns upon her brow ;
Take the diamond ring that glitters
On her trembling finger now.
No ! the fatal words are spoken,
See her tremble, shriek, and start,
While her ashen lips still murmur :
Pledged a hand, but not a heart !

She has yielded to the pleadings,
Not of love, but shining gold ;
Life has not one ray of sunshine,
For that trusting heart is sold.
Had the warning met her sooner,
But, alas ! it is too late ;
She must bear her weight of sorrow,
She must bear her cruel fate.

Thinks she of another lover,
One who was her heart's own pride ;
He had wooed—another won her,
And she is the rich man's bride ;—
But her soul is sighing sadly,—
All the wealth of worlds above
Ne'er can fill this weary longing
For one cherished word of love.

Take the bridal veil and flowers,
They are mockery to her now,
And the gems that sparkle brightly
Press too heavy on her brow.
Ah ! the robes are floating proudly,
Maiden, round that form of thine ;
But beneath those folds, in ruins,
Lies a wasted, broken shrine ;
And beneath thy snowy bosom,
From thy soul the echoes start,
Till thy lips have caught the murmur :
Pledged a hand, but not a heart !

THE SHIPWRECK.

HE was dreaming of home,—the sailor boy,
As he rode o'er the waters deep,
And the waves that dashed round the gallant ship
Disturbed not the sailor's sleep ;
He was dreaming of home, and he wandered back
To that sunny spot once more,
And stood 'neath the shade of the old oak tree
That grew by the cottage door.

And he heard the prayer of that mother fond,
As her thoughts went o'er the sea :
O God ! in mercy spare that one
Who is dearer than life to me ;
She saw not the angry waves that rose,
Nor the flash of the lightning bright ;
She knew not that he for whom she prayed
Would perish that stormy night.

But the sailor boy slept on his hammock rude,
Nor heeded the lightning's gleam ;
For the loved ones dear he had left behind
Had come to him in his dream ;
And he felt the soft clasp of a hand
As it fondly pressed his own,
And he heard the music of whispered words
That were breathed in a gentle tone.

And he heard the prattle of one whose voice
So oft had filled his ear,
And he was twining his arms again
Round the form of that sister dear ;
And she smiled upon the darling one
Who had been her life's one joy ;
While the mother wept and prayed that God
Would bless her sailor boy !

He thought of a moonlight night when they
Were wandering side by side,
How he told her then that his home must be
A home on the rolling tide ;
How he loved to see the storm-king wild,
And the tempest loved to brave ;
Oh ! his was a brave, stout heart, and his
Was " a home on the ocean wave."

He had braved the ocean many a year,
For a sturdy lad was he,
And he cared not for the dangers dark
That threatened him on the sea ;
And but for those who were dwelling where
His heart would sometimes roam,
He cared not where his path might lie
So the ocean were his home.

On, on it rode,—the vessel brave,
O'er the stormy sea that night,
Till the moon went down in the midnight sky,
And the stars were out of sight ;

Oh ! many a heart had breathed a prayer
For loved ones on the sea ;
And many a heart was doomed to bear
Its weight of agony.

Oh ! woe to the trusting hearts that prayed
For loved ones on the sea ;
For the briny deep will give no more
Thy loved ones back to thee ;—
Those eyes are closed forever now,
And the lips thine own hath pressed ;
And the hands are folded quietly
Over the sleeper's breast.

And, mother, watching anxiously !
Thy watching now is vain ;
Thou art waiting for one—alas ! that one
Will never come back again !
Last night, while the storm was raging wild,
And thy heart went out in prayer,
A vessel sank 'neath the ocean's wave,
Thy sailor-boy perished there !

A SONG OF GOLD AND WINE.

“HARK! did you hear the sound of gold,
That fell from the hand of a beggar old?
How eager he clutched the glittering toy,
As though it contained no base alloy!
There’s magic divine in this yellow ore,
For they who yesterday spurned from their door,
Now welcome the man with a smile and bend—
There’s magic indeed—a *wretch* turns to a *friend*.
So I sing a new song to an air quite old,
And the cadence shall ring with the sound of gold.”

A woman is bending in hunger and dirt,
Busily singing the “song of the shirt;”
What matters it if her hand is cold,
She must work for the pittance of shining gold.
All night the garment has pillowed her head,
She dares not leave it to go to bed;
The table is empty, the hearth is cold,
Her children are starving! she must have gold!

Pause awhile at the rich man’s door,
Counting his glittering treasures o’er;
He heeds not the cry of the hungry and cold,—
What cares he for them since he has gold!
A maiden is clasping a diamond ring,
While her lips the song of her heart doth sing;
He has wealth! ’tis enough! so the tale is told,
She barter her heart for a sum of gold!

See the youth by a feeble light,
As he bends o'er the well-filled page each night ;
He has heard the story so often told,
Go win thee *Fame* and thou shalt have *Gold* ;
So he lists to the song that the siren sings,
Till his soul is light with the joy it brings ;
And he toils each year for the shining gold,
And gains it when he is getting old.

Then he counts o'er the treasures he has won,
And he looks at the deeds that he has done,
And sighs, Oh ! even Heaven is sold,
That the world might say I had gold, bright gold !
“ Oh ! ye who worship the shining gold,
Ye who are bought, ye who are sold,
The treasures on which thy sordid hearts dwell
Will pave thee a way of gold to hell.
So I sing of the fool who selleth his soul,
For the sake of the dust that men call gold.”

And, wine-cup ! bright and glittering thing !
Thou bearest like gold a serpent sting,
But the world still bows at a gilded shrine,
And thousands yet will bow at thine.
Go to the dismal halls of death,
Where the very air is a perfumed breath ;
Ask its victim, What curse is thine ?
He will point to the cup of sparkling wine.

Hear you that sound of human woe
From the lips of a mother bending low,

As she smooths back the locks of golden hair,
 Kissing the brow and the forehead fair?
 Pale as the moonbeams that round thee shine,
 Mother, young is that brow of thine;
 Close to her bosom the sleeper she presses,
 Cold are the night-winds, but warm thy caresses!

Listen again! and the mother's prayer
 Is wafted above on the midnight air;
 Even the silent stars of night
 Grow dim as they gaze upon the sight!
 Would God, my child! the mother cried,
 In death we were sleeping side by side!
 For the wicked cease from troubling there,
 And the weary are free from toil and care!

Oh! watcher pale, what bitter strife
 Has crushed the hopes of thy young life;
 Yonder! oh, see the gilded shrine!
 A hand is grasping the ruby wine!
 Ask *her* why her cheek turns pale,
 And her lips refuse to tell the tale;
 She will point you still to that gilded shrine,
 The sparkling cup, and the ruby wine!

Hear you the wail of a broken heart?
 See you the tears that madly start?
 A furrowed brow, and palsied limb!
 Eyes that have grown,—not old, but dim!
 A form that is bowed 'neath many a year!
 Not the burden of age, but the weight of care!
 O God! that a pall so dark is hung
 Over the life of one so young!

Ask *him* what means that dark despair,
Blighting a form once young and fair !
A voice is heard from a gilded shrine,
And the answer it brings is—The curse of wine !
Go to the brilliant halls of earth,
That ring with the hollow sound of mirth,
The temple of *vice* on a ruined shrine,
And virtue wrecked by the ruby wine !

Lips that are warm with a lover's vow,
Eagerly grasping the wine-cup now ;
O woman ! thine is a worthless shrine,
Compared with a goblet of flowing wine !
The feeble steps of the aged man,
Whose days have dwindled almost to a span,
Drowning his sorrow in the flowing bowl,
Forgetting, alas ! he is losing his soul !

Eyes that are dim, cheeks turned pale,
Forms that are wasted, have told the tale ;
Brows that are furrowed—these are but a part,
The rest, O God ! is a broken heart !
But the wine-cup gains another prey,
And a wreck there is more sad to see :
For who can tell, when a soul is lost,
What a drop of the ruby wine may cost !
O wine-cup ! bright and glittering thing,
Thou bearest, alas ! a serpent sting ;
But the world still bows at a gilded shrine,
And thousands yet will bow at thine !

LISTEN TO THE STORY.

WOULD you know my life? Then read it
In these lines my fingers trace;
Would you know my cares? Then see them
In the furrows on my face;
Would you know my sorrow? Lift you
The dark veil around my heart,
And you'll see so very many
They will make you wildly start.

Would you know my life—its joys?
Ah! I know they have been few;
Yet there is no life so dreary
But it has its sunshine, too!
Would you know then? Every eye that
Has on me in kindness smiled,
Every loving word that spoken
Has some grief of mine beguiled.

Would you know my life? Then listen
To the story—'tis not long;
And I'm sure 'twill seem still shorter
When 'tis told in gentle song.—
From a child I loved to ramble
Where the sweet wild flowers grew;
And I loved to sit long hours
Looking on the sky so blue.

Loved to listen to the sweet songs
That the forest birds did sing ;
Till my heart I found was growing
To a restless, wayward thing ;
Day by day I felt it yielding,
Till my thoughts knew no control ;
And one day the angels whispered :
Child, thou hast a poet's soul.

Then to me all things seemed fairer,
Brighter grew the summer-time,
And I loved to sit for hours
Breathing out my thoughts in rhyme ;
From that hour all things seemed brighter,
Nature wore a holier spell,
And my wild heart nourished fancies,
All of which I cannot tell.

But it is not some sweet secret
That from all the world I'd keep ;
This is all, the sweetest echoes
In my soul doth love to sleep ;
And I'm sure I could not tell them
Should I write a hundred rhymes ;
For so many bells are ringing
In my heart to different chimes !

Some are breathing their sweet music
In a low and mellow strain ;
Some so mournful, could you hear them,
It would give your bosom pain !

Not one echo would I part with,
Mournful though those echoes be ;
For in every note that breatheth
There is music sweet to me !

I was telling of my childhood—
I remember now full well,
Though long years have flitted by me,
How the shadows round me fell.
I was very sad and pensive,
'Twas but seldom that I smiled ;
For my heart was very heavy,
Even when a little child.

For I fancied that none cared then
For the many little things
That the tender heart of childhood
Looks upon as serpent stings ;
Often when my heart was bursting
With some silent, secret grief,
I would tell no one, but find me
In a flood of tears relief.

Thus it was I nursed a sorrow,
Deep as any heart hath known,
Till I found that other hearts, too,
Had some sorrow like my own ;
And I longed to draw still nearer
To some warm and loving heart ;
Longed for one to share my sorrows,
Bear of all my joys a part.

But I found none with a nature
Strange and wayward as my own ;
And I sometimes wept for hours
Thus to feel myself alone ;
Then it was my spirit led me
To the shady forest bowers ;
And I found me sweet companions
There among the birds and flowers.

And beside some laughing streamlet
I would sit the livelong day ;
Happy with my sweet companions,
Dreaming my young life away !
And I loved to watch the shadows,
That among the leaves would play,
Till the shadows grew so dark there
That they hurried me away.

•Then I'd watch the stars that shone out
Like so many jewels bright,
Glittering like a crown of diamonds
On the gloomy brow of night.
Oh ! I found so much to cherish,
In this weary world of care ;
And I blessed the God who gave me
Things to love so wondrous fair !

I remember one bright evening,
In the beauteous summer-time,
How I lay upon the green turf,
Penning my first idle rhyme ;

And I thanked the glorious Being,
That had made this world so fair,
That my soul had learned to worship
In my youth the bright things here.

But, forgive me ! for I promised
That the tale should not be long ;
And I fear you will grow weary
While you listen to my song ;
But you smile so sweetly, stranger,
On this simple page of truth,
I would have you listen to me
While I tell you of my youth.

Bend your ear still closer, closer—
I would have you listen well ;
For there is so much sorrow
In the story I will tell !
Ah ! I see you bending o'er me,
While your check is wet with tears ;
And I thank you, gentle stranger,
For your blessing and your prayers.

Listen, now, and I will tell you
All that you may wish to know ;
Listen to me, while I tell you
Things that happened long ago ;
Do not chide me should a teardrop
Tremble in my downcast eye ;
For so many memories waken
As those by-gone scenes flit by.

Once—I would not now confess it,
But I know you have loved, too—
Years ago my greatest joy
Lay in a soft eye of blue ;
And I thought that earth had nothing
That to me was half so fair
As that lovely face half shaded
By those locks of soft brown hair.

And I thought his voice was sweeter
Than the song of summer birds ;
And the first wild joy my heart felt,
Was in listening to his words.
Do not laugh at these wild fancies,
Such as every maiden knows ;
For you know love's own rich coloring,
Over life its beauty throws !

I have wandered in the moonlight,
(And the same you too have done !)
With the one whose smiles were brighter
To me than the noonday sun ;
Yet I blush to tell the secret,
Though you now may guess it well ;
If you cannot, ask your own heart,
And the secret it will tell.

Would you hear it all ? then listen,
For the tale is almost done,
And remember, I would read you
All its pages—every one !

I will tell you of a love-dream
That my heart had long ago ;
Let me turn back to those pages,
For I love to read them o'er.

Years ago I fondly worshipped
One who was my heart's delight ;
And the spell that love threw o'er me
Made all things around me bright.
But he died ! my young heart's idol !
And beneath a marble tomb,
He is sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
While the roses round him bloom.

For a while I mourned my idol,
For my heart was very young,
And I could not smile with others
When my soul by grief was wrung ;
But I knew the angels called him,
And I learned to give him up
To the God who had in mercy
Given me the bitter cup.

Years passed on ! and time had robbed me
Of this early grief of mine ;
And once more my soul in worship
Bowed before another's shrine.
Oh ! the heart is strangely fashioned !
Yes, I learned to love another,
And I loved him—this last idol—
Better than I had the other !

But a hand, than death more cruel,
 Broke once more the golden chain ;
Fate had robbed me of my idol,
 I had loved and lost again !
Oh! I weep not for that loved one,
 Sleeping in the silent tomb ;
But I mourn a young heart blighted,
 In its early love and bloom !

Oh! I weep not for that young heart
 That so early found its rest ;
But I mourn for one that beateth,
 In a mangled, bleeding breast !
No! I mourn not for that loved one,
 Sleeping in the cold grave now ;
But I weep for her that beareth
 Sorrow on that fair young brow.

I have told you of a sweet dream,
 That once made my girlhood bright ;
That sweet dream, that, when it faded
 Shrouded all my life in night.
But for this my days were brighter,
 And my heart a joyous thing ;
But, alas! it faded—perished !
 All my joy has taken wing !

Would you see the ruins? Lift you
 The dark veil from round my heart,
And you'll see a wreck so fearful,
 It will make you wildly start !

I have told you my life's history,
All its joys—all its tears :
But few years that life has numbered,
Yet my heart is old in cares !

I have learned amid the battle,
How to "suffer and be strong ;"
Yet a little while I'll tarry,
But I know 'twill not be long ;
Yet a little while to suffer,
Then my dreams will all be o'er,
And this weary heart will waken
To life's misery no more !

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

THE last bright hour of day was dying,
The rosy sunset hour,
And twilight dews were resting soft
Upon each leaf and flower ;
A youth, with brow as white as snow,
Was on the turf reposing,
Breathing a sweet song on that spot,
While the bright day was closing.

With no companion save the harp
That he had loved so well ;
No ear to listen to the tale
That his sad lips might tell ;
No loving form to bend above
The stranger's rude couch now,
And no soft hand to wipe away
The death-dew from his brow.

And none to kiss the cold, pale cheek,
Save the soft summer wind,
Whose kind caressing minded him
Of her so true and kind ;
And so he swept his harp-strings o'er—
He woke a gentle strain
Of music, soft, and low, and sweet,
But oh, so full of pain !

It told of one whose image bright
His soul had fondly cherished ;
Who'd mourn the idol she had loved,
When that sweet dream had perished ;
It told of absence and of love,
Of young hearts truly plighted ;
It told how death would break those ties
Ere they would be united.

It told what bitter tears would fall
Upon that pulseless breast ;
Above the place where perished youth
And beauty lay at rest !
It told how love like theirs would bloom
In a far brighter clime,
Where weary watchers pause no more
To count the steps of Time !

The harp was hushed ! and like the last
Faint ray of hope that lingers,
The notes that trembled on its chords
Grew still beneath his fingers ;
But oh ! the angels had been there
And caught that parting strain ;
Then gently bore his spirit up
With them in heaven to reign !

GOOD - B Y E .

GOOD-BYE, darling ! thou art going
Far in distant lands to roam ;
Thou whose smile so long has lingered
Like a sunbeam in our home ;—
I will miss thee when we gather
Round the hearth at eventide ;
For thy presence will not cheer me, . .
And I'll miss thee from my side.

Every song that now doth waken
In my heart a thrill of gladness,
Then will make my harp-strings tremble
To the notes of grief and sadness ;—
When the buds of summer blossom,
They will bring sad thoughts to me,
And the birds that sweetly warble
Will awake some thought of thee.

When the stars are brightly shining,
In their quiet home above,
They will waken in my bosom
Thoughts of thee, and dreams of love.
Good-bye, darling ! Heaven bless thee,
Wheresoe'er thy feet may roam,
And I'll pray that I may meet thee
In a brighter, better home !

When my prayers ascend at evening
To the Throne of Grace above,
I will pray that God will shield thee
With his holy wings of love ;—
Yes, I'll think of thee at evening,
And I'll breathe for thee the prayer,
That the God of love may bless thee,
Shield and guard thee everywhere !

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

WITH eyes upturned, and meekly-folded hands,
A sweet child knelt to say its evening prayer ;
And oh, it seems that Heaven must love to smile
On souls like that one humbly kneeling there !
The flaxen curls were floating o'er a brow
Of beauty such as ne'er was seen before ;
And like an angel's was the radiant smile
Which that young face in its bright beauty wore.

No sins it had ! and yet it knelt to pray,
Ere on its pillow it had sunk to rest,
That God would pardon every wicked thought,
And wipe away the guilt within that breast !
No sins ! and yet it prayed to be forgiven,
Because a Saviour died that soul to save,
And love for God had taught the child to pray
That it might have a home beyond the grave.

A child at prayer ! Oh, sin, where is thy shame,
And what can purge a guilty soul like thine,
When innocence like that which childhood knows
Will kneel in prayer before God's holy shrine !
I know that angels hover near that spot,
For if there is on earth a heavenly place,
'Tis that where sinless childhood humbly kneels
In prayer before a Father's Throne of Grace !

OH! BLESS THE BARD.

OH, bless the bard whose trembling hand
Doth linger o'er this little sheet!
Through many a long and weary day
I've strove to waken music sweet,
That it might cheer the heavy heart
When burdened with its weight of care :
Oh, then in kindness bless the bard
Whose trembling hand now lingers here !

Perhaps some little song of mine
May find an echo in thy heart,
May claim for me a passing sigh,
Or cause the truant tear to start ;
• And if within thy bosom beats
A heart that has much sorrow known,
Oh, bless the one whose heart has felt
As much of sorrow as thy own !

A gentle word, a loving smile,
Is all the minstrel claims of thee ;
A simple boon it is, and yet
'Twill be a world of wealth to me ;
Then as you bend above this page,
If gentle pity wakes a tear,
Oh, then I know you'll bless the bard
Whose trembling hand now lingers here !





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