

Thoughtful

Hours  

Poems

by

S. M.

Herrick

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Thoughtful Hours



A Book of Poems

By S. M. HERRICK



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MRS. D. A. MORRIS
BY HER FRIEND ❧
THE AUTHOR ❧ ❧ ❧

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PREFACE

“**B**UT men of long - enduring
hopes,
And careless what this hour may
bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to
sing.

An Artist, sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim ;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir, you are hard to please ;
You never look but half content ;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament..

* * * * *

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot, a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt? ”

—*Tennyson.*

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THOUGHTFUL HOURS

O LET me dream of time that has
no strife,
Of hours when thought sits pleasant
on the brow;
When through Eternity the suns,
emitting life,
Tell of the part we know as nothing
now.
Then let me sing of all that I can
feel
The universe vastly doth by night
display;
Of all that to the sight doth seem
unreal:
These are the hours to sing my heav-
enly lay—
The thoughtful hours beneath the
moon's soft beaming ray.

FRIENDSHIP

HONOR sincere, kindness, love,
Essential qualities from above,
Must be in a friend.

Learning profound, but culture more,
From out the feeling heart must pour
To be a friend.

Taste, beauty, wit, but sympathy real,
Humanity, justice, truth ideal,
Are in a friend.

AFFLICTION IS WISDOM

AFFLICTION is wisdom: the man
who tramps for work
From morn till night, and looks at
Fortune's windows,
Whose heart wells at each impatient
shrug and nod
Of cool dismissal from her lavish door,
Knows what no books can teach, no
learned art convey.

ADDRESSING THE DEITY

FATHER of Mercies, watch my
restless soul,
Which far from thee doth often sadly
rove;
Save me from social, selfish pangs
which rend
The heart, and send it far from thee.
Show me thy throne of peace, of love,
of happiness,
And shed, thou God of Universal
Light,
Thy truth and gentleness on my way-
ward heart.

CHARITY

AND is a man who spends his
money free

A charitable man to thee?

Dost thou not have to labor to the bone
His petty dollar to loan?

Call that charity in one who should free
Give without recompense to thee;

Endow institutions, feed the helpless
poor,

Live nobly, expect not fewer

Thanks than Nature gets for her rich
store.

O heartless man, give more!

A PRAYER

GREAT God of Mercy, soul's de-
light,

O hear my humble prayer :
Beam upon me thy powerful light,
For I am full of care.

My heart and head alternate rule
This trembling frame of mine ;
The conflict seems so very cruel
Since I am wholly thine.

The days are long without the time
Measured by mortal hours ;
I wait the sign, thou who art kind,
To call me to thy bower.

The dreams I 've fancied of thy bliss
Reserved for purest souls,
Has kept me hoping for Death's kiss
To lay my body cold.

Resigned, however, to thy will,
I humbly bow my head;
Let wisdom give me all my fill,
Only by it I 'm fed.

The blessing thou hast showered on
me,
In giving me heart friends,
Such as long walked in step with
thee—
To heaven their soul tends.

Forgive, dear Father, I beseech,
My wayward, flighty thoughts;
They soar to thee, but rarely reach
The sphere where they are caught.

Command my life, thy service free ;
Thou gav'st this mind its home :
Command it to be true to thee,
And never let it roam.

No temple like the purest heart
Contains thy sacred name ;
No verse, unless of thee a part,
Will bring the author fame.

Thou art the body of the globe,
As well the life it holds ;
Thou swing'st with every planet
round,
Omnipresent, yet untold.

O, if thy care extends so far,
And comprehends the whole,
Dost thou upon me ever look,
And guide my burdened soul !

THE PICTURE

YOUR beauty runs to my finger's tip
And out upon my pen
I press the token to my lip,
Thou gavest me, again.

Thy perfect face, how can I tell
What only love can see!
The look is there I love so well,
'T is all I see of thee.

That look is beauty's lovely look,
So tender and so mild;
To me it is a favorite book,
In which there's nothing wild.

ADDRESSING
THE NIGHTINGALE

AND I am sad, sweet nightingale,
as you,
And I would gladly sing as sweet as
you.

A heavy gloom, like night, sits on my
heart,
Nor I know why; nor can I doubt but
that

My sympathetic soul imbibes from
souls
Something of their smart. Not I for
Nature,

But Nature in me has made me light
and sad

Alternately. A plant that shrinks by
touch;

A bird whose happy wings her freedom
gives;

A sparkling brook that murmurs in
flowery nook;

A star afar is seen to dwell alone;

A zephyr that floats between the forest
trees

Am I: companion of thy life, sweet
bird;

A philomel of running stream of song,
That from your tender throat I silent
learned

That melody not found in busy throng.

A SHORT LOVE POEM

AND I will tell you, as you wish
me to,

A story sad of lovers' broken bliss.
It was a meeting you may guess—an
accident.

After, he sought her, she thought a
spirit worn

With weary troubles since a man be-
come,

Searching for comfort as he ne'er had
known.

When young and light, it seems, he,
thoughtless, wed;

And now two lovely children, he has
bred.

But he has left them to the mother's
care—

A mother, but not a friend. For two
long years

He mourned his babies' voice, a dis-
traced man.

Thus they met, and by his sorrow his
heart she read.

Each, for merit displayed, grasped the
hand

In token of vow, and thus their friend-
ship

Grew, though it was ignorant love the
while.

Such love to her—unseeking, unselfish
love—

Could mean but eternal joy, or ever-
lasting youth;

A scented bower of fragrant heaven.

From his warm fingers, as they flew
o'er melting
Keys, forth melodies rang; soft by the
influence
Of her gentle face into divine im-
promptus.
And he could play and ne'er play again
the same,
So richly varied was his music; and as
His moody soul poured forth its thought
she loved him.

And she some little poem wrote — or
but
A verse, a stanza, a song with fainter
music.
It was her nature thus to show her
feeling.
Ne'er did young hearts so happy blend;
their love,

Like loveliest May, was fair and blossoming too—

And yet how sweetly sad their sudden parting!

She never told her love, but well he knew.

As when blush a rose a zephyr ardent dare,

He kissed her his farewell—on earth adieu!

Back to his heartless spouse she bade him go;

She thought 't was better so. But O, let nature

Shrink from looking into human woe!

TRIUMPHANT CUBA

CUBA, the Island of the Sea, where
nature
Grows luxuriantly, thy freedom given!
Welcome thee our hand, which for
thyself we
Now extend, trusting that the Heav-
enly Father bring
You blessing, such as he has shed on
sweet
America. May from this noble war
Thy great men spring, anxious for thy
peace and
Happiness. Our sister land we hail!

A glorious victory won o'er Spanish
pride,
Whose reign of oppression, long with-
stood by humble
Souls, eager for sword to save thy
humble poor.
It was the hand of God, who for thee
raised
His scepter from on high and banished
Spain
To prayer. Hail, new-born Cuba! thou
mayst be
A nation fit to rank with all; for each
In turn must have its face to sleep in
history.

SAINT CECILIA

DAUGHTER of Music, Saint Cecilia divine,

Immortal player of the High, I look
On thee. A wonderful, happy thing
That human likeness preserved can be
In painting rare and fair of master hand.
Dim, with inspiration flowing through
thy

Quivering nerves, thy eyes appear,
calm,

Majestic, centered on the God they
loved ;

While raised thy hand, as if it speaks
on keys
Which tremble ere they sound the
Master's hymns ;
And in thy face a sunbeam breaks
through clouds
Of earth, and through the light sweet
cherubs sing,
Haloing thee with smiles and shower-
ing flowers.

A HUMAN ROSE

A BABE, whose loveliness we
watched from birth
To childhood's winning ways, and saw
it grow
A mystery ne'er to be revealed. At
first
The little eyes scarce put forth sight;
then
Appeared those radiant orbs, gazing
like one
With puzzled thought. My soul went
out to it.

And, though it came a stranger here,
it knew
Its home—the mother, dear. Then
brighter grew
The little mind; the head expanded;
the body
Forced itself into form of beautiful in-
fant
To the view, with foot as perfect as its
tiny
Hand, and cheek as plump as blushing
rose
And fair. What other flower with it
compare?

Now it just knows me when I come to
play
And touch its chin. Its grandmamma
thinks
She sees me mirrored there, in its dark
and

Glowing eyes. Such is love, that babes
so fair

Wear the image of purest soul; but
not I

Its resemblance share, though sweet
Friendship

Throws me there. Rather can I, in
the happy thought,

Find a reflection of her mind, and know
That her soul, like silvery brook, wears
modest

A nobleness so rare, through it you may
look.

But the babes, the sweetest face, just
as lovely

As the rose, fragrant yet with scented
heaven.

AN ELEMENTAL WAR

RESTLESS heaven is all at war to-
night,

And man in terror lives, watching her
black

Suspended clouds, fighting as they meet
for victory.

Hark! her cannons' roar proclaims the
battle's on,

And lightning terrifies the listening
sense.

What difficulties has heaven with sub-
dued man?

Is it to show an eager giant's power,
Tearing with his might the beauty seen
before?

And now the rain in drops falls large
and strong

As cannon balls rapidly on the greedy
Earth, absorbing all she can; this heavy
weight

From Heaven's rich store for Nature's
food

Pattering on the pavement near, a
music brings.

Sweet to the quiet peaceful ear—a
strain

A gracious blessing brings a loving tid-
ing

Unto man that yet the Provider lives.

SPECULATION

LIKE awful thought of poet, the
world before
Him lays, shines the red star a ruby
bright,
Other stars around forming a diamond
setting.
Man how singular looked below! a speck
'Mid blazing sea of fire. One step, he
passes
From the street below to regions dark,
unknown
Behind this lovely scene of starry night.

What destiny has he, what has been
reserved?

In all this vast creation better than
His reason to perceive its beauty here?
The thought o'erpowers me, to earth I
look,

And as I look, down fall millions of
miles.

THE SOUL'S PRAYER

WRAP me, dear Father, in thy
mystic veil,
Let eternal melodies thrill my trem-
bling nerves ;
Let life's low cares ne'er disturb my
peaceful dream
Of all that's lovely in the universe
untold.

Spare me from those whose vacant
minds ne'er rose
To dawn on you, who love and walk
the path

I dare not roam ; place me above the
foaming
Crowd, in quiet altitude to think of
thee.

Father, then let me strive my best to
sing
By feeling harp the beauties I survey,
Thy kingdom great is large enough for
all.
O help me to thy throne, the Lord of
all!

Many wretched hearts bow low to thee,
In every clime, in every nook of earth ;
But few are they who wear thee in
their hearts
From day to day, and feel thy holy
calm.

A TWILIGHT STROLL

WHEN thy sad heart, too sensi-
tive for one

Who, not knowing his frail self, re-
bukes it

For its virtuous faults, wanders forth
to get

A change of scene, and ease the sore
which smarts

With constant pain, what foreign sights
it sees!

The glaring street, so shocking with
rich things,

Rich to the vulgar, but vexatious to
the wise.

Soldiers parading on the pavement
clean,

Smiling the while with such an igno-
rant grin.

Women in silks a shopping go, but
more

Their self-love to show. Men hurry-
ing with speed

Their business to tend—a most pre-
cious thing.

But where's a heart looking to see the
destiny of things?

TO MRS. MORRIS

MOTHER to me, in spiritual
realm,
Thou whom my heart has oft ad-
dressed
In soliloquy at the starlight time,
When heaven to me appeared so near,
And God's loved inspiration charmed
my ear,—
Of thee they happy counsel ask,
As oft I've done. Woman of gentlest
soul,
Tender, severe, and mild,

Heaven's blessings ever shower thy
life

With peaceful friends, and may they
love,

Exalt, and know thee strong; armed
With the spirit of God, as I have done.

THE POET

THOUGH many pleasant days his
mind doth see,
Yet it as many stormy ones must feel.
A live nest of buzzing insects quarreling
Is that mind itself, pursuing, hunting
The mystic gold, bestowed alone by
Heaven.

Sometimes his willful mind with mad-
ness runs ;
Again, 'tis brighter than the midday
sun.

Through azure space unmeasured, it
soars and falls,
Leaving it a wreck of the distance
flown,
Though on wings of love hidden se-
crets found.

SONNET—GENIUS

GENIUS, thou lamp of purest heavenly light,
Thou burnst 'midst the foulest scenes of hell,
And what thy dangers are thou well canst tell;
Oft thy soul confused will take a foreign flight,
Oft thy body, its sufferings destroy delight,
Again, thy heart with hunger excessive fell,

And drops thee in a desolate, unhappy
dell,
Adversity's self spreads round the
deepest night.
Then friends unkind disclose an untrue
face,
And labor for thy food brings burdened
breast;
Thy powers with other powers run
rapid race,
And little time hast thou for natural
rest;
Thy fortune lies in sowing with God's
grace,
And thou on earth art left an unhappy
guest.

APOSTROPHE TO ALICE
AND PHŒBE CAREY

ALICE, thou much-loved poet of
our dell,
And thou, Phœbe, sister by birth and
love,
Did ye, when from us ye did cheer-
ful go,
Leave on the hilltop your genius spir-
its so
There to rove, as angels to the inner
sight,
Greeting the midnight student when
pours his soul

Into eternal thought, which happy
dwelt in you.

Thought which God gives and raises
to his throne,

Hearts pure and free, spiritual—such
as ye.

MORN

'T IS Morn who brings the blush to
my sad cheek,
'Tis Morn who sends me out with
grateful smile ;
'Tis she, fair mistress of the ardent
sun,
Who in my sparkling, dazzled eyes
doth dwell,
And pours her loving freshness on my
heart,
'Tis she, in rosy dress, inspires my
song.

Hail, modest morn, the glory of kind
Heaven,
Thou his pride, thou noblest touch
'mid his creation,
To Night no coloring like to you He
gave ;
The flowers' sweet face ne'er winning
ope for him,
And happy sun, in splendor dressed,
does not
In beauty, health, outshine the dreary
moon.

NIGHT

'T IS Night who on my forehead
 heavy sits
With wisdom as I gaze upon his
 sights;
The region of the sky, its blooming
 stars,
Its sad and melancholy moon, who
 sways
Him listless as her dark and yielding
 slave,
Yet radiates his thoughtful, sober face.

Below the blazing cities with delight
Look and admire this busy scene
above;

Admire the amour of the playful stars,
And watch the constellation families,
And all the innocent light of heaven
Watch, rarely love, what infinite
hearts approve.

A PLEA

LISTEN to the lowing calves, as
in a car
They ride through busy streets to ig-
norant death.
Perhaps they know their companions'
cruel fate
And sad, look puzzled, sudden parted
now
From grassy knoll and vernal shallow
pool.
O spare them, glutton man, thy food
enough

The fertile earth abundant yields for
thee;

Why take a life, however humble be,
And deprive it of the heavenly sun
and air?

Spare them for what thou, thyself,
lovest to share.

RETIREMENT

WHO would the pleasures of the
heart forbear,
Or music that the eternal soul doth
yield;
Contemplation's scene, with heaven
dropped below
In some loved, rustic, shadowy,
thoughtful dell,
With brooklet flowing at thy quiet
feet,
While Rovers and Maybells on the
flowery lawn,

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Play tricks with Nature, innocent with
glee.

Or rest the eye upon the charms of
day,

Or troubled, starry ocean, seen at
night.

O who, these mirthless delights e'er
willing knew,

Regret the stormy scenes of fevered
life,

Or folly's seizing, selfish, fearing joys,
Which please but those whose empty
minds ride high?

CUPID

CUPID has me now I know,
He has shot me with his bow;
Now no longer doth my soul
Roam in Nature uncontrolled.
By his fetters I am bound,
Fetters pleasant wound around
By Love's threads so fine yet strong,
I can hardly raise a song.

LOVE'S SPRING SONG

O WHY has Nature from me kept
my mate?

If he doth live, why have I met him
not?

The soul repines her dainty choice to
make,

Now spring is here, and favored birds
do wed.

The flowers bloom fairer for those
hearts which glow;

The voice of God in every sound is
heard;

The trees tower higher, warm with
 flowing sap ;
The birds sing sweeter; innocent
 zephyrs laugh ;
Cupid looks out and hears the twilight
 song,—
O why from me Love's pleasures kept
 so long?

ON BYRON'S POEM,
"TO WOMAN"

BYRON, we know that we are frail,
Why tell us this in pretty tale;
No frailer though are we than thou,
Men with hearts which glow for an
hour,
Glow if we so negative be
That thou in affirmative mayst see.
If thou canst enjoy the charms we
throw,
Thou think'st not of the love bestowed.
Indeed, I scarce know man's strongest
mood,
To yield to woman his heart or soul.

A WISH

WELL would I love to live in
bower

With some kind spirit, glorious hour,
When all to us the world is lost,
And heaven descends to live with us.
From one the other would imbibe
What she may need and he not hide
From her the same, and O the bliss
Such friendship rarely doth exist.
Two powers with light shed from on
high
Could rouse the world to weep or fly ;
But not for me a mind so rare ;
Alone I live, alone despair.

FASHION

THOU art in fashion, 't is the same
As being one among the lame,
Who walk with crutches, or by sight,
And see not farther of beauty's light
Not more than several blocks ahead.
Such persons think not—feel, are led,
Only by passion are they fed.

TO MAUDE :
ON HER PICTURE

SWEET, amiable, and kind, but vain
art thou ;

This likeness shows thy character—thy
soul.

Thou lovest richest dress, not modest
gown,

I'm sorry, Maude, thou art too good
for this ;

Vanity unbecoming is in thee.

Schoolgirls should leave it when they
leave their books ;

And too, I see, complacent self-love
 smiles
That plays winning on thy dimpled
 cheek.
More proud thou art than the known
 author is
Who has for many years held thee as
 dear
As any one, and yet thou never knew-
 est—
Your portrait lies with many more of
 mine,
But I would like a fairer one of thee,
Where innate virtue will illumine thy
 brow.

TO H.—SONNET

THY figure dressed in reason,
statue stood ;

Thy face wore calmness as a virgin's
veil,

And yet thou, seraph, never hast be-
wailed,

And all that passed that ere thou
understood.

Thy eyes so fair with inspiration could
See all, and O how delicately frail

Thy beauty is, thy eyes when in a
gale

Shine as no jewel shines, they were
as food
To hungry souls, when heaven was
dark to sight,
And Nature from fancy's eye hidden
lay,
No spiritual illuming soul-felt light
To make them happy in their little
day.
But body love prevents this reason's
flight,
And keeps the eagle soul in moulded
clay.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE, a maid of sober eye,
Like autumn leaves that fall to
die;

Sweet as the rose when in its bloom,
And the bee steals the soul's perfume;
Pure as a brook in shady nook,
The veil of love has graceful took.

Dressed in Melancholy's favorite gown,
Worn by angels, whose spirit around
Guides, unforeseen, Innocence when
found,

And soft whispers to Purity alone
Before the enemy will have flown.
Nun of the world, unsheltered, un-
known,

In thine heart only, thou art a recluse.

ON MY FRIENDS

I WEEP my unworthiness I feel
Loved by friends who see noble-
ness appear
In every thought which illumines their
brow,
And smiles on me, making me happy
now,
While sincerity, with suffering grace
So perfect, free, shines in their face.

Sweet Influence, ever shed thy dew,
Wholesome and godly of these few,

Upon my feeble heart, there let it rest,
As I would lie upon stronger breast.
My soul, thankful, can not express,
How much I feel myself blessed.

O let my God new friends oft choose,
My judgment wavering doth refuse ;
But leave it for thyself, dear Lord,
My vision apt to err. A cord
Unites my soul to thee, thou Fount
Supply me with each Virtue's want.

FAME—SONNET

FAME, a feather that doth blow
from place to place,
And lights on few, blown by the wind
as fickle
As the wind which the ambitious bard
doth tickle.
With vanity he rides in air; he runs
a race
With minds of every caliber; pleasing
face
Of Fortune smiling with smiles which
wrinkle

His genius, a shining star alone should
twinkle

And number him as one, the immortal
race.

Thus he who's popular, loved, and
courted,

His verse as dust—it can not live—
returns,

For is not such a greedy heart dis-
torted?

A god he'd be, yet oft the early worm
Of earthly mold with spirits oft re-
warded

Creeps o'er the soil, and eats but
genius' germ.

TO A
VIRTUOUS YOUNG MAN

A SMILE thou gavest, but not to
me ;

I can not say deserve I thee,
Such treasure as a smile to me
To spend so carelessly.

Smiles on thy face, like sun to earth,
Can melt the hardest heart, if worth
May touch the fickleness of mirth
To win her graciously.

Rosy thy cheek as fair as worn,
Beautiful, yet thy eye forlorn
With early sorrow, careless worn
To hide it thoughtfully.

And on thy brow cool reason sits,
And thou art thankful for thy wit,
And doth all favors soon requite
To feel as honorably.

Thy brow, thy cheek, thy face, thy
smile,—
Such nobleness can ne'er beguile,
Though thou may'st forget the while
To look as generously.

TIME

TIME, thou angel-footed, unseen,
mighty thief,
Thou art sublime, thou representative
of Him ;
Eternity's broad - flowing, navigable
stream,
Thou fleetest ere our eyes to slumber
go,
For night is sleepy death when thou
dost pass
Unnoticed and unheard. Messenger
of Heaven,
Opportunity bring to every low op-
pressed
And wretched heart, they profit for
moments misspent
They ne'er can recall, howe'er the
bosom weep.

A FALSE FRIEND

TAKE it from mine eyes, dear
Father,
Let his beauty plead no further;
Once I should have loved to see
The picture now I long for thee
To cast from out my sight.

He was unkind, no reason mine,
I thought that he who long was thine
Could never, never be unkind,
But constant friends are hard to find
To follow in thy light.

I could not rest myself content
If I my love had never lent
To warm the care of Patience's heart,
When she so thoughtful acts her part,
To sorrow in the right.

Regrets there are which never fade,
For Memory from her thought ne'er
laid
Away these flowers with thorny stem
Which prick us in the gem,
To pluck we would delight.

Friends all will be when Heaven's
with me,
For under foliage of shady tree,
Which spreads its branches far and
wide,
They love to dwell, but ever hide
When summer takes her flight.

Though beauty plead, if once untrue,
My thoughts of him are very few;
Fair eyes and thoughtful brow conceal
Not always virtue though seems real,
But dark as starless night.

Friends should be few as golden books,
And from a favored few I took
But one nobly to represent my soul,
And he faithless represents the whole:
O cast him from my sight!

ON FRIENDSHIP

IT is enough, if friendship we would
gain,
To quiet nobly wait, and still remain
Firm, constant, loyal,—a proof we are
sincere,—
Instead of eagerness, with constant
fear
Of non-acceptance. Mutual our hearts
should feel,
For love is not a phantom—it is real.

A HYMN

WRITE, read, mourn, and silent
pray,
This the routine of a thoughtful day;
Thy spirit clothed in mortal clay,
Thy heavenly pilgrimage do not delay.
Thy shadow walks the world about,
And the enemy of God doth rout;
Happy in doing all grace allow,
Glorified in sorrow, reverent bow.

ON AN OAK PLANTED FOR
ME AT MY HOME—1899

GROW, slender tree, make shade
for me

When I to home return;
Make foliage fair, and let me see
A bud without a worm.

Now spring is here, and you are young,
Scarce ten feet from the ground;
Shoot out thy sprays before I come
To view the scene around.

You promise well, as I am told
By him who placed you there;
Your little leaves will soon unfold,
And spread so very fair.

Dear plant, for dear you are to me,
Shoot quickly now to heaven;
For by thy side I shall be free
The depth of nature fathom.

CININNATI

SPRING and fall are swallowed up
By muddy winter's horrid slush,
And summer's blazing cloudless sky.
Then 't is the time the birds do fly
For seashore's frolic, foolish scene,
Or spend the summer driving team
At Saratoga—a giddy, fashionable drive.
Others at a mountain inn derive
More pleasure, and more comfort, too,
To mingle quietly with a few;
But many, like myself retired,
Could not from here to move be hired.

AWAY, YE YOUTHFUL
FRIENDS

FRRIENDS of my former hapless
days,
The time I spent with ye now fades;
Away, away, ye foolish ones!
From ye, from pleasures am I won.
Nothing but recollections sad
Ye bring when I am cheerful, glad,
Or happy in my element.
No reproof, howe'er, have I meant
By writing this, for it is known
The choice I 've made now for my own
Is God.

A REGRET

O WHAT a happy eve 't was mine
to feel
But once, and only once, with an ideal
More brilliant mind than I had ever
met!
'T is mine the sorrow and mine the
regret
That friendship's willing love not ready
found
In this kind breast. Only in history
are renown
Friendship of noble cast, of noble mind,

As mirrors to each other do refine
Themselves and the susceptible world
as well;
But who, though able to divine, could
tell
What may have come had confidence
here been felt,
With knowledge and wisdom they had
dealt.

POETRY

POETRY, thou mistress of my
lonely heart,
Thou givest me cares, and thou givest
me light;
From fountain of ecstasy thou spring-
est as shower,
And sprinklest the earth with love
from thy bower ;
From friends thou hast torn me,
To God thou hast borne me,
From home thou dost take me,
Thy word is my law.

Sweet are the meadows when thou
 breathest thy soul;
Soft is the brook when it moves by
 thy strain;
Melodious the birds when thou givest
 them song;
Pure, noble, fair, is the soul-beaming
 eye;
Sweeter the fragrant earth,
More glorified the world,
More beautiful the heavens,
But loveliest art thou of all.

LOVE

WHO has not loved, can he recall
an hour
Spent with love in a celestial bower,
But what has often sorrowed, and wore
the pain,
If more the joy, and O what is the
gain?
Possession chills the glow we now
enjoy,
And often does in domestic relations
cloy.

But wedded love, though tame, is
kinder far;

Its settled joys may tune the poet's lyre
To loftier song, more heavenly strain,
And all forget his youthful flames, he
gains

By this a blazing hearth and children
dear;

He has his love without the lover's
fear.

But sweet the hours the single hearts
enjoy

When in quest it goes for love to buoy
It up above the tide of troubled sea;
When all in dark and drear without
the glee

Young hearts should feel; for short is
merry spring,
When everything in nature seems to
cling.

Love is a vain but pleasant good we
hold,
And what of it now feels the aged cold ;
Discretion yet is to be found with love,
It is not the way the fervent soul doth
rove ;
Who has not tasted of her violent sweets
Has never loved, nor sipped that love
in Keats.

The stolen looks which satisfy the
sight ;
The weary hours when of that sight
denied ;
The laughing tears at lover's charmed
delight ;
The heart-breaking thoughts which on
the wind doth ride,
Are only few of tortures lovers feel,
And mar the bliss, imagined, nothing
real.

MENACES

WHEN instruments of torture
doth arise,
Its influence, like day, at evening dies;
The freedom of the mind disdains
These petty trifles, reason's reign
Rejects, or passes by as calm
As doth the sun the tempest profound.

THE EVENING STAR:
HESPERUS

O LOVELY star, thy beams afar
Tell of the ocean filled with
stars,
In which thou movest as moves my
soul
Now gazing at Eternity's vast whole.
O Night, how beautiful is thy light,
How wondrous fair, and what a de-
light
Thou art to a million penetrating eyes
Seen in this star before it dies,
Or drops far back, away from sight!
Good-night, bright star; again good-
night!

THE STORM

UPON my couch at night I lay,
With heaven all at war;
In terror there I heard the fray,
And wished it were afar.

At once my mind grew wild with
thought,
And fears of lightning threw
Me into awe; my heart thus wrought,
The lightning I felt drew.

So bright it shone, so spiritually wild,
With thunder's loud reports;
It fell upon my face, then died,
My thought, the lightning courts.

To God I prayed, deliver me
From frenzy such as this;
Show me thy love once more to see,
While rain the earth doth lash!

My prayer was heard, the morn brought
light
Which illumed my frightened brow;
But ne'er shall I forget that night
When heaven at me did scowl.

SELF-INTEREST

SELF-INTEREST will, thy heart
as sure
Distort, turn upside down;
If thou dost buy a toy, endure
This torment, do not frown.

That train of thought will sweep away,
And new one take its place;
Thus knowledge in her way displays
For art to illumine her face.

Whether a book thou willing publish,
Or purchase a pair of shoes;
Thy work to you seems merely rubbish,
And is this virtue's dues?

ON GREATNESS

GREATNESS is doing what is just,
Not in wearing the conqueror's
crown ;

In living nobly, with few to trust,
For confidence is wisdom profound.
The great man will not feign to show
His spirit to the public mind
Until he feels it's old enough to crow,
And both his verse and himself re-
fined.

Only the spiritual deserves this term,
Those who like a monument stand,
Are erect in God, and are as firm
As iron bands, because they can
With knowledge sure, and wisdom di-
vine,
Claim without honor this due place,
And show their strength in living
rhyme,
And die, members of the immortal
race.

REPOSE IN SORROW

IF thou art sad, denied, bereft,
Of every favorite look,
Thy troubles then are found and left
Within a much-loved book.

We should our sorrows never tell;
Who has much sorrow shared,
Prefers to hide, and often dwell
With those who thus have fared.

No sweeter pleasure can be known,
We're happiest when we're sad;
Fortune wells tenderly when down,
Then cares not to be glad.

The miserable are Heaven's guests,
Who dine at angels' board;
With them to live is my request,
Their food earth can't afford.

The soul afflicted pants for home,
And looks for it above,
In heaven's bowers show longs to
roam,
And feel but power of love.

'Tis proof enough the soul must rest,
From cares her peace harass;
Its haven is the heavenly breast,
There love God does not class.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

PHILOSOPHY, Religion—in nature
one,—

But there is a distinction:
He who loves philosophy has some,
But not enough religion.

Philosophy walks without a crutch,
'T is well as long as strong;
But let adversity quickly touch,
It can not walk so, long.

INTRODUCING A BOOK

A BOOK when into the world is
sent

Is Nature's flower, there it unfolds;
It is a gift the author presents,
And with it, his soul.

But if that soul in heaven doth dwell,
Disdains to fall to earth;
His book will close, its petals shall
Only in heaven have birth.

TO METAPHYSICIANS

DOUBT matter if you wish to
doubt,

Doubt when you speculate bold;
But mind you can not possibly doubt,
You thus its power unfold.

WISDOM

IF vessel full with knowledge falls
Upon the worldling's floor;
It is a waste one ne'er recalls,
Such mind will call for more.

The mind more thought will never hold
Than is enough for one;
Wisdom more precious than knowledge
cold,
Because not overdone.

O maid of years and thought and love,
None fairer to the mind;
Thou art an angel from above,
And to the soul art kind.

TO Y——

O YOUTH, simplicity divine
Doth grace thy thoughtful brow;
Perfection will be thine in time,
Thy mind He will endow.

Thou docile nature, rise to heaven,
Let arrogance see thy soul;
Folly no longer claims thy heart,
Apart thou art a whole.

A generous nature, ever kind,
Thy mien is worthy praise;
Thy manner is the most refined,
It speaks thee prosperous days.

THE WISH

(THE AIR CAUGHT FROM A HAND-ORGAN)

MORNING fair,
Morning fair,
Listen to my lay;
Bring me love, bring me love,
To cheer me my day.
Morning bright,
Morning bright,
Send me from above
Blessing that with me will stay,
Something more than clay.

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Evening dew,
Evening dew,
Let thy zephyr blow ;
Shed upon my brow thy tears,
Let them silent flow.
Evening dew,
Evening dew,
I have many fears,
The morn with love forgot to give
The token to live.

ADDRESS TO
MY OWN PERSONALITY

FAREWELL to the mortal, fare-
well to myself;

I'm something of one, I'm something
of all:

From the flower I imbibe its purity
rare,

From the bird its music, and from man
His life as I find it; gowned in joy,
Misery, or strife, it is at the time, my
life.

THERE IS NO MARRYING
IN HEAVEN

POSSESSION is sweet to those
loving sight,
It is the chief motive to wed;
But he who loves best, having God's
light,—
A lover may be of the dead.

Those marriages made by the sly, woo-
ing heart
Have been said to live long and be
true ;
But they are not noble who take such
a part,
And the soul should not when they
do.

SORROW:
FOOD FOR GENIUS

'T IS sorrow lights the genius part,
And sets it in a flame;
'T is pang or torture rends the heart,
Which gives to it the name.

'T is only when the rose is crushed,
The fragrance does not die;
'T is laid away in jar as dust,
Not there its perfume lies.

The soul with anguish, mortal born,
Speeds quickly to its grave;
It breathes divine when it's forlorn,
And is not mortals' slave.

VIEWING A PARADE

ONE in spirit, one in thought,
Our souls looked out together;
The mob enjoyed what we thought
naught,
We sailed above like feather.

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL

O IMMORTAL tune that stirs my
soul,

Like earthquake shakes the earth;
How many a thought within doth roll,
Unfettered and sans birth!

How oft when I'm severely pushed
By trial too hard to bear,
Thou tripped along and bore the crown
To deck my patience fair!

ETERNITY

THROUGH the dark space, Eter-
nity's realm,
The soul must travel alone;
O'er the ocean, with God at the helm,
The spirit rides the foam.

This prospect vast, it thrills my heart
With fear it can't control;
Of it I know I am a part,
Only a speck, my soul.

This consciousness alone will live,
How, when, or where unknown;
'Tis vain to wonder when God tells
The secret of death's groan.

Go—show the learned 't is folly, then,
To try to fathom death;
Through boundless space the spirit's
ken
Is but suspended breath.

No mortal eye hath seen the light
That in the bosom lay
Of those whose souls had taken flight,
And told us not the way.

And what they 've told the soul pro-
claimed,
Freed from its earthly mold;
'T is little, but no one is blamed,
For all they saw they told.

TO —

WHY doth thou now pursue,
A love that doth not warm
thy breast?
None but thy affinity to sue
Will build for thee the heavenly nest.

Why sympathy to her give
If perfect love doth not respond?
Without her you can live;
You are of her, perhaps, too fond.

Dost thou not know that love
Alternate given is unblessed?
Two hearts at once, above,
Must feel that love which is our
rest.

MELANCHOLY

MELANCHOLY, thou bury'st me
in a grave so deep,
That I, a prey to every reptile, weep;
The sight of heaven, to me so dear,
denied,
And every face I love now seems un-
kind.

Despair sits heavy on my stony heart;
My tears may soften if some other
heart
Grieves and sorrows for an untrue
friend,
But not for me this lonely heart mus
rend.

Thou art the cause of many evil acts ;
Poor wretch, when tried by fate and
wisdom, lacks,
Puts the weapon to his fevered brow,
which snaps,
And what is left the sod forever wraps.

Thou makest many a cushioned home
so drear
That inmates long have ceased to joy
or fear ;
Their heavy hearts have learned to
bear thee well,
Which wrinkled brow and saddening
brow oft tell.

But thou art saddest when to youth
thou comest,
These tender hearts so soon to grieve
thou lovest ;

The lesson of life early to them to
teach,
And thus by care their hapless souls
to reach.

'Tis well, for we who are by sorrow
taught
The loss of self, with love of God are
fraught;
And to His service early bend our
wills,
And with His Spirit He us freely fills.

TO —

I HAD not thought to meet you in
a cheerful mood;
Thou seemst to me to be of thought
a wall
Through which my spirit searching
thine for food
Could penetrate not. How oft to
God I call
In friendship's name a congenial soul
to feel;
And have I found one? Must I sacri-
fice the ideal
To make the friendship seem to us
more real?
Beautiful mind thou hast, superior!
I seal
My broadest love—the spiritual—thine
I hope to feel.

WRITTEN AFTER A WALK
IN SPRING GROVE

SLOW, slow, slow moves the fu-
neral to the grave,
Where now will sleep some soul. It
is a cave
Where worms devour, yea, feast on
man so strong.
Is it to humiliate him that he not
wrong
These creatures like himself when
reason gone?

I20 A WALK IN SPRING GROVE

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O here will lie a breathless person long
Beneath the sod, when midnight shadows stir

(If stir they do) alone to be ; so weird
A thought crept o'er me as I viewed
the scene

Of loved ones laden with tokens. So
keen

Their sufferings were when deep was
laid his all,

A husband of his wife bereft! To fall
Before them into the fated grave, yet
blessed

I wished myself, save this form, and
give mine rest.

DREAMS

DREAMS clothe the mind in
Fancy's gown,
The color varies with the mood;
Merry or sad, the cause the same!
To dreams we do not give a name.
One may, he thinks, a mountain raise,
Or sleep with worms for many days.
Wed and be happy for an hour
In some unknown airy bower;
Ride the pale moon and view the space
Through which the stars forever race.
E'en murder the purest soul will clinch,
And bring it before a supreme bench;
No crime, no pleasure, no ill or weal,
But what the soul in dream will feel.

TO H——

I LOVE your gentle spirit, and I
taste your soul,
O shed on me thy radiant self!
The story of my love lies in thy book
untold,
O search, my friend, this written leaf.

O never, never can my heart from thee
sever,
Unless they are broken in two;
From the world I would flee, but from
thee I never
Would leave what I most love to sue.

IN LIFE—ADIEU

ONCE more they met, at evening
tide,
And listened to each other's heart;
In one the other did confide,
For now they will forever part.

Once more he played the inspiring
strain
She loved; he never will again;
From desert world at first he came,
'T was happiness, but all in vain.

It will be place which parts them now,
O when loved hearts roam far apart
How soon the thread which binds by
sight
Breaks and winds around another
heart.

Once more she sighed, and well she
might;
'Tis seldom that the heart is wrung
By deathly farewell. In this plight
How oft the soul has passionate
clung.

NO YEARS IN TRUTH

THERE is no age in Wisdom's
ways,

View Pope at twenty-one;
Joy, sorrow, fear, and love are days
Unlike the seasons run.

A man is old if he has truth,
And progress may be slow;
A man at eighty is uncouth
If he has known no foe.

MAN

HOW great, how glorious is the
might of man!

His will bent to works of God, har-
monious

With His as well, doth rule the whole,
he can

Together with His power wield: mo-
notonous

The day mortal in weakness with only
eyes

To view the wonders of man's great
dominion.

Without God's grace, what is he? he
doth die

Enriched by heavenly blessing—a do-
nation

Would make him god, with power to
change his destination.

O LET ME WHEN I DIE,
IN RAPTURE DIE

O LET me when I die, in rapture
die,
With heart on fire, illumed by earth
and sky;
Like bird my soul while singing home-
ward fly,
And all the angels pass me smiling by,
Gaze, approve, and accept me in their
choir,
To sing my lays, touched by their im-
mortal fire.

TO H—

IMAGE of nature; thou god of the
sky,

On thy cheek roses bloom, peace in
thy eye;

Alternate the moon rise, and then the
fair sun

On thy countenance: thou art of
beauty the son.

O WHEN TO EARTH THIS
BODY MUST RETURN

O WHEN to earth this body must
return,
Give it no thought, no monument,
no tomb,
Nor sprinkle it with lilies; 't is a worm
Of earth, this delicate mold of clay,
where room
Is given it with other worms to creep
The cemetery through, and enjoy the
verdure there.

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O under some grand, noble oak to
sleep

Is better than a marble slab, howe'er
fair;

'T is something that doth live, enjoys
the air,

And shades the place for birds to
gather there;

Or if a little myrtle wreathes my bed,
To touch this forlorn spot no one
would dare.

EPISTLE TO MRS. MORRIS

A LETTER to thee I now write,
It bears a message of my love;
I am not feeling well to-night,
Yet I exist, thanks to God above.
The spirit moves me at this hour
To tell thee what thou art to me;
'T will suit thee,—a full-bloomed
flower,
While I am but a bud to thee.
Thou who the power of Heaven long
felt
From me no word of praise accept;

Forgive all thoughts I may have dealt
Now thou hast gone, the best thou
kept.

Many long and weary summer days
Shall pass before thou returnst; I
In virtue's ways may sing some lays;
A friend's long absence makes Apollo
sigh.

ADIEU TO EARTH

WELL, earth, thou hast thy share
of me, I know,

But canst thou claim this burdened
brow!

Yes, soon my form will lie in thee,
my woe

To even give you that right now.

I came here for an object, not to
breathe

Longer than that purpose gained;

When I my mission have fulfilled, I
leave,

My spirit now is on the wane.

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Those who learned home, and feel as
strangers here,

No longer look for years of health;
Nor do they hold the gift so temporal
dear

But as it gives them heavenly wealth.

Too soon, too soon, I'll greet thee,
parent earth;

The flower as soon as bloom doth
die,

And thus the soul: perfection shows
its worth,

To higher region then it fly.

FALSE HEARTS

WITHIN the grass, with flowers
 round,
Lies hidden the sting of reptile;
Before you see, he has you down,
Unfeeling man is just as subtle.

Where admiration has been shown,
 And among the noblest manners
 found,
You find there is a malicious tone,
 Upon the scoffer 't is well to frown.

If there be hearts with serpent's sting
 Within circumference of my love,
O never let me hear the ring
 Of groveling creatures sportive rove.

MIDNIGHT

'T IS midnight, and the suburb hill
Sleeps peaceful; moon and stars
bright peep;
I see them now from out my sill;
From earth to heaven a watch I
keep,
With books to fill, way in the night;
Nor wink the stars, but wink my
eyes,
If dark the heaven to my sight,
For in those orbs grave Wisdom lies;
My tutor's the weird and sleepless
night,
When God reveals to every heart
His beauty, majesty, power, delight.
O the rapture, by thyself apart!

TO H——

TO you I offer all—my heart,
Though gift to you, you may not
prize;
'T is all I have with which to part,
Unlike this rose—it never dies.

Most things are precious to the sight;
Possession seems to wound the
charm;
Rare gifts are welcome if the right
Mien offers them, the heart to warm.

A gift is loved when 'tis blessed,
We should not force, nor offer twice;
Soft it must lay within the breast,
A look for thee will then suffice.

Let silent thought win what it may,
For what is worth the thought is
worth
The pain; then offer up thy love,
Though in heaven only it have birth.

FORTUNE

ONLY one day is passed—it seems
an age;
The experience is one of a year;
My eager soul, freed from its narrow
cage,
Has roamed the gay world without
fear.

The pleasure it felt made up for the
tears
Which for years have silently flowed;
The smiles of Fortune, though cloy,
have no fears,
Yet give me the bliss felt alone.

A LOVER'S SONG

(AIR HEARD FROM MY WINDOW)

ROSES now bloom in the garden,
my love,

Bees are sipping the sweet;

What is it thyself hardened, my love,

Why doth thy heart not eat?

TO A FRIEND

COME, though weather be not
mild,

And stars are hid from sight;
And sun in splendor wild

Has taken his last hour's flight
Of this day's brief life; come,

And bring thyself, for the eve
Is lonely, that work is done,
Without my love not leave.

Come, renew the ardor of my soul,
It needs thy freshening thought;
To it new mind unfold
From some sad book thou caught.

Bring me that generous love
Which sparkles in thy eye,
And all thou receivest above,
Such blessing as not die.

Together we in love
Hold conference with our God,
And ask the stars above
To accept our humble laud.
Together feel the prayer,
Such prayer as grows within,
And dwells with nature fair,
Such souls God's favor win.

TO —

DEAD is the past, my own sad
past,

My breath thou hast willing become ;
O let this friendship forever last,
Let not thy spirit from me run.

Together at the world just peep,
Nor taint our souls with its foul
breath ;

Together o'er our misery weep,
United even after death.

Your verses told me of your woe ;
Your soul is troubled, that I know,
To find a place for me just so,
Within your heart you wish me low.

Do not, my friend, rebel, for I
Shall nestle there in time, and be
Some company to you, or I die:
I need you more, far more, you see.

In tears I came, you met them well,
But I to you then could not speak;
All that I felt I could not tell,
Yet softly did your spirit seek.

Happier am I than I was then,
That pent-up feeling soon would
burst;
And I without deep wisdom's ken
Would cloy upon your ideal thirst.

Many times our souls will troubled be,
The spiritual food partake while
may;
Not oft are we so entirely free,
Not to observe would cause delay.

TO —

DOUBT not, kind friend, my love
sincere,

I would not steal thine heart;
If another to it is very dear,
O—must I feel the dart?

No other one can take thy place
Within this soul of mine;
However sweet to thee her face,
So ever to me thine.

In verse I would express to thee
What look may fail to tell;
My heart is thine, you have the key
To where my treasures dwell.

If from me you should go, my soul,
Eternal life I'd lose;
E'en Heaven to accept my scroll,
Perchance, might then refuse.

Doubt not, dear friend, doubt not my
love,
'Tis thine, forever thine;
For all thy tenderness, look above,
For blessing, not for mine.

TO —

COME, the moon and I both wait
thee now,
The day has been so long ;
And I have had a thoughtful brow,
Which wakens now my song.

I tremble for thou wilt not come,
The hour is drawing near ;
I look away, I dread. Though from
A distance, come, my dear !

The stars shine bright above my sight,
The noise is quelled below ;
All hushed, 't is beauty's lovely night,
The heavens are all aglow.

I dare not move for fear I lose
Thy spirit's favorite look ;
O if thou come, a sigh refuse,
Thee none, my soul thou took.

When last we met, come bring it back
This night, with thine together ;
I could not bear a soul to lack,
I may have stormy weather.

The hour has past, alas! alas!
Had I not been so sad,
Thou would'st have come by mental
dash
Along our line, and glad.

SORROW FOR A FRIEND'S ABSENCE

A FRIEND has left me, sweet and
near,
And I did truly love her;
She has been mine for many a year,
Ne'er shall I forget her.

The home in which we whispered all
The saddest things we feared,
Has now forever had its fall
In history of ours endeared.

Nothing remains to show the hours
Together spent in heaven;
There is not even one lone flower
To cheer my heart now riven.

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She from my memory is erased,
But her spirit's gently near;
Her heart's within my own incased,
And yet I shed a tear.

For years are well upon her head,
Which make her all the dearer;
But when she'll numbered with the
dead,
Then we to God be nearer.

WITH FRIENDS

HOW beautiful conversation is,
that glows
With brilliant minds, soft, easy, sym-
pathetic, kind,
Where superiority is suppressed, and
love prevails;
What ballroom scene compares with
gathered friends?
Who of each other think, inviting
good
And noble sentiments of the heart to
rise,

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And each as eloquent, speaks his
mind, and mild
As azure sky, charms, warms, soothes
so tenderly
That all the pain each every hour en-
dures
Is lost in one kind, social chat with
friends.

DECORATION-DAY

A PARADE is passing my bowers'
eye,
I hear the music, I care not for the
sight;
'Tis better without its strains to feel
and sigh
For patriotism, for love and duty's
right
Than show to vulgar cheers, encour-
age fever
Which now too often blazes,—O if
Thought prevailed
A paradise we'd have, and all be
clever,
Instead of deaths and heart-breaks,
thus bewailed
Our soldiers happier in repose, sanc-
tion my tale.

O FOR A SPOT

O FOR a spot unfrequented by all
Who of my heart are not;
Where misfortune never will befall
My friends with world forgot!

A quiet nook where dwells the owner's
soul,
Inviting Love's sweet rest;
Where secretly the powers of mind
unfold,
And wisdom is in quest.

But O, to live without one cherished
place,
Such seems to be my lot;
Where not one heart cheers me with
smiling face,
And bids my cares forgot!

O MOON, GOOD-NIGHT

O MOON, beautiful, sailing, silvery
moon!

Whom lovers love to chide, and long
for fate

To meet their wishes while thou
shin'st late

In full-orbed light—to-night thou
leav'st too soon;

But fare-thee-well, my spirit's kindly
tune

Bids thee adieu; to-morrow night the
date

May not be ours. Of thee none ever
sate;

The sun in fiery flight many doth doom,
 But thou, benignant friend, thy nature
 charms,
 And thou no spirit ever, ever harms.
 Through mountainous regions of re-
 splendent light
 Roll'st thou with easy liberty and slow
 to sight ;
 Thou travel'st through those spacious
 realms so bright
 That I upon thee look, and say good-
 night !

TO —

SWEET, delicious soul! thy pres-
ence soft

(Like fragrance of a full-blown rose),
And birds enchantingly fluttering aloft
Awaked me from a horrible doze.

Could I have felt thy gentle tread,
And known thee as my shadow, love,
Methinks a happy heart I'd sped,
But O, my soul it did not move.

All night, a trembling leaf, I lay,
Tossed by every unruly blast;
But morn has brought a peaceful day,
O that it might forever last!

TO C. W. T.

FELLOW in poesy, our ships now
set sail

O'er the ocean of art, with its cares
and its darts;

But we, with true, loyal, unconquer-
able hearts

Will brave the rough gales, though our
barks may be frail.

What were we lost—who for us would
bewail,

Unless 't is our pilot, who gives us
our start,

And keeps us together, though still
far apart,

But reviewers then left to report the
sad tale.

In song thou excell'st me, in music
and rhyme,

Yet I dare to exhibit my soul, 't is
no crime;

The poetic nature, if robbed of its
meed

May be crushed like the flower, and
put forth no seed.

Fair weather should favor, for God's
in the air,

No worse than others do we hope to
fare.

WRITTEN IN "LADY OF
THE LAKE"

(BOUGHT AT HAMILTON, OHIO, 1899)

SWEET memory sweet, record this
day
As one—the happiest of my life,
In which in realm unknown, my lay
Was freed from every care and strife.

Upon the heavens I looked unbound,
And felt the glory of Freedom's
dower;
I viewed the active scene around,
And lived exalted—those few hours.

My friend's kind presence fed my soul
With beauty none but his could give;
And O, the bliss remains untold,
In memory only can it live.

This little book the tale doth tell,
Read when my heart was happy—
light,
In dreamy mood, I know so well,
My cherished thoughts did take their
flight.

Forever let this city be
The fairest spot to memory dear;
Though little of it I did see,
Yet in it I have left a tear.

LIFE

LISTEN to the din of city life,
How it upon the tender ear doth
grate,

And rob it of the eternal with its strife.

And O, what is sad mortals' earthly
fate:

To drudge, to sleep, to eat, and last to
die

Is this all that we are—a problem
strange?

A breath which wrenches many a
heartfelt sigh,

And loses, with slightest change,
Imagination's range.

In trembling fear we view the empty
scene

Or uncertain strong, soar regions in
the air;

We gaze upon the solar melting beam,
And when it fades, in buried sleep
we banish care.

In anxious hour, we wait with hopeful
fear,

And strive the future to foresee and
change,

When God to us no longer keeps one
dear,

Our hearts bewail, droop, sigh, and
perish then,

Glad from this struggling fever to be
freed.

E'en joy her visits make in sorrow
gowned,

The fate of nations like us are, we read:
Its health, its wealth, its constitu-
tion too unsound.

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