

And now I bow the head indeed ; alas ! I can but bow,  
But grief has seized the bleeding heart, and clouds the sullen brow,  
I stand beneath the falling dews alone, bereft, forlorn,  
And wait through all the hateful night the scarce less hateful morn.

.....Sweet calm is dreaming in the heavens, sweet sleep enwraps  
The moon in peaceful majesty pursues her endless round : [the ground  
I seem to hear from plain and stream, and from the clouds above,  
Faint whispers of a wondrous tale—words of Eternal Love.

Methinks I heard them once before—the strain is not unknown.  
But yet my heart forgets the words—the very notes have flown ;  
And still the great moon shouts it out, and still the soft calm breeze  
Comes from the deep abyss of Heaven, and sings it to the trees.

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STARLIGHT.

The moon has sunk beneath the west, and glancing in her stead  
The bright Eternal guards of Heaven are watching over head.  
I love the happy happy stars that tremble in the skies—  
All night I watch them in the Heavens, all day time in her eyes.

And now the strain comes sharp and clear, unlogged by doubts and fears,  
I hear the glorious symphony that swells throughout the spheres,  
My whole soul swells to echo back the notes to realms above,  
And join all nature in the hymn that tells that God is love.

What ! can a mother hate her child, the child of smiles and tears,  
E'en though it rend her loving heart, unchanged through weary years ?  
Yea let a mother cease to love, and nature leave her throne,  
Yet He will not forget His word—nor God forsake his own.

His own ! and she is one of His, so pure, so fair, so mild,  
If e'er God's children tread the Earth she is His loving child—  
Yea though He tear my heart away yet will I love and trust,  
He will not leave me comfortless—Our God is good and just.