

The Weekly Observer

BEING

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Vol. 1

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No. 28.

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Children, weeping in their play?

For the stars of light are peeping,

And the sun has sunk away,

As the dew upon the blossoms,

Shows them on their tender sides,

So, might as their own bosoms,

Balance sleep hath conquered them.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Marilyn, compassed round with mo,

Xyzida, wearied out with weeping,

Close for very weakness now?

And this dream is all so vain,

Struggling to contend with pain!

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

With their many-colored spools,

All they love—again they sleep,

Feel again their long lost joys,

But the haze with which they grasp them,

Every fairy form destroys.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Misses by their hoarded gold,

Gems and pearls of price untold,

Golden chains their limbs encumber,

Diamonds seem before them strown,

But they wake from their slumber,

And the splendid dream is flown.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Thane's monarchs, softly tread,

Angels friends are fondly sleeping,

Vigil by the sleeper's bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken,

One gem—this slumber sleeping?

Break out, lest the slumber sleeping?

From that sweet—this slumber sleeping?

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Thousands who have passed away,

From a world of woe and weeping,

To the regions of decay!

Shine they, the green leaf under,

Shining breeze, music's breath,

Wine's wind, or summer's thrush,

Cannot break the sleep of death!

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THE GARLAND.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

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THE RIVAL PLEASURES.

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