

Union.

ABOVE the glamour of long-dead Romance
Attired in gold and dress of every hue,
The glitter was not all, for dead did strew
The war-torn fields of Italy and France.
Stern Valor raised the sword and broke the lance
By many an alien wall ; and gasping threw
From dying hand its weapon in the dew
Of bloody strife. Yet wherefore not advance
Thus bold and strong in love, my comrades, here
On peaceful plains ; and wherefore not unfold
The flag not drenched as yet with battle-stains
As proudly for its purity ; and bear
The glorious front of union, though the gold
And blazonry of courts stir not our veins ?

Home.

MY home, my loved, my tree-embowered land,
So dear art thou I never more would stray ;
Contented here to rest in joy alway,
Near by such loveliness of sea and strand.
Perfected Nature's sweet and mild command,
Full of the luxury of night and day,
And every season's bounty, all repay
This loving heart submitting to her hand.

Here would I die 'mid scenes that saw me born,
And filled my youthful eyes with happy things ;
That gave my spirit all the good of breath.
My happy day since life's short joyful morn,
To this high noon has passed on golden wings ;
May all its pleasant light shine on my death !