

O woman, thou hast mighty pow'r  
Among the sons of men,  
For thou canst make deep, rankling wounds,  
And heal them up again.

Oh, let thy angel nature shine,  
And may we all refrain  
To wake the tiger in thy breast,  
Bound by a slender chain.

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## SYMPATHY.

'MID forces all, that work unseen,  
And cheer or warm the human breast,  
Thou, Sympathy, hath ever been,  
In active power, amid the rest.  
When raging hate, or heedless love,  
Aspir'd to rule and reign alone,  
Thou still did keep thy place above,  
And rul'd serenely, from thy throne.

Thou ever dost assert thy right,  
And walkest on thy gentle way,  
To rule with mild, persuasive might,  
But with a strong, unconcious sway,  
What pow'r thou hast o'er human hearts  
We daily feel, we daily see ;  
For men and women act their parts,  
Encourag'd and upheld by thee.

For, in an unseen current runs,  
From heart to heart, from soul to soul,  
Thy force, like heat from genial suns,  
To permeate and warm the whole.