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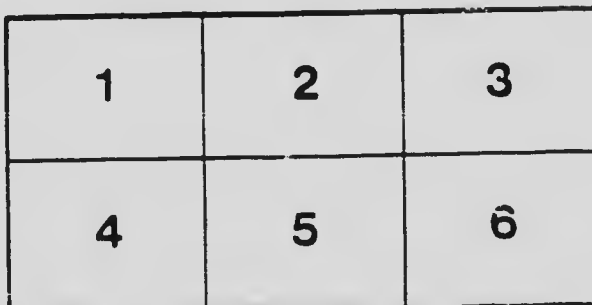
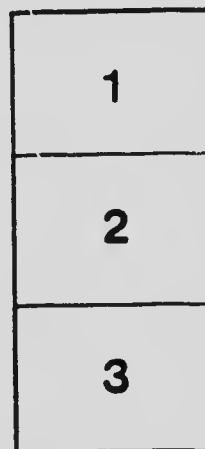
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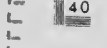
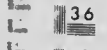
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862
1.

THE
TAKING OF QUEBEC

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
SIDNEY SAMSON



LONDON
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E C
1907

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TO MY FRIEND

T. ALLAN INGRAM, M.A., LL.D.

"'O Life, 'tis thy picture,' said I—
'Tis just thus we saunter along :
Months and years bring their pleasures or pain ;
We sigh 'midst the right and the wrong,
And then—we go round them again !' "

R. BLOOMFIELD.

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THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

Queen of the New World, wondrous fair,
Surviving siege and wreck,
What city can with thee compare?—
The stately, proud Quebec!

Perched on a lofty promont'ry,
The first explorers saw
Thy site of rugged majesty
With deep admiring awe!

A second Athens seems to dwell
On that bold precipice,
Crowned with the famous citadel,
A new Acropolis!

And full three hundred feet below
St. Lawrence bends the while;
Though narrowed here, till bearings show,
To Lévis scarce a mile.

That shrunken passage ever barred
By frowning batteries,
Which serve the citadel to guard
From daring foe's surprise!

Above the city, many a mile,
Grim threat'ning cliffs drop down
To water's edge in rocky pile,
Like natural barriers thrown.

Below St. Charles's mouth protracts
A ridge that skirts the shore,
Till Montmorency's cataracts
Plunge down with foaming roar !

Here lay entrenched, six miles or more,
The French with brave Montcalm ;
At Beauport then his centre bore
The shock of war's alarm.

For still, with hostile forces hurled,
A deadly conflict raged,
'Twixt France and Britain, through the world
For empire fiercely waged !

Here proud Quebec, the prize at stake,
The glory of New France,
That famous stronghold stern to take
The British now advance.

And gallant Wolfe vain efforts bent
To pierce those strengthened lines ;
He backward falls, with forces spent,
And almost hope resigns.

Yes ! e'en that lion-hearted chief
Shrank from the carnage there ;
Racked by disease and mental grief,
Half yielding to despair !

At Fontenoy, or Dettingen,
Or Louisburg's fierce fray,
On fatal field of Culloden,
Or Rochfort's vain essay,

Wolfe ever foremost fighting shone,
And oft alone reaped fame,
Where others tarnished laurels won,
Or home returned in shame!

But yet Quebec, impregnable,
Withstood his prowess all;
Bombardment fierce, with scarce a lull,
No nearer brought its fall!

Already waned the summer fair.
No vain manœuvre tried
Could lure the foe from his strong lair,
The issue to decide!

Retreat must come with winter near,
Keen as around the pole,
A thought that raised a sick'ning fear
In Wolfe's heroic soul.

Despondent message homeward sent
To Pitt the news announced—
The task on which his mind was bent
Wolfe feared must be renounced!

And then, it seemed by Heav'n's decree,
The inspiration came,
Which gained a glorious victory
And won him lasting fame!

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

Wolfe left his camp with force mobile
And gained the southern shore ;
His guns remained at Orleans Isle,
And Lévis as before,

To demonstrate in front again
And hold the foe in play ;
While, by a startling *coup de main*,
He won a secret way !

'Twas midnight, and the city slept
From vague alarm secure ;
For each assault had backward swept
From those defences sure !

The sentry paced the lonely heights,
Nor recked of foemen near ;
His thoughts where absent love invites,
Or home, or kinsmen dear !

A fleet of boats went creeping by
Down swift St. Lawrence' stream ;
Four thousand British hearts beat high
Past failures to redeem.

With muffled oars they neared their goal ;
No sound the stillness broke,
Save when their chief's romantic soul
In poesy awoke !

Presentiment of tragic doom
Hung o'er his spirit proud ;
The shadows of an early tomb
His dear-bought trophies shroud !

And so that noble elegy—
The noblest in our tongue—
That tells of glory's vanity,
To lips spontaneous sprung!

And as he closed, a tribute sweet
To that great bard conveyed;
What need to Genius so complete
As that by Valour paid?

"If I might choose," he said aloud,
"What palm my name might bear,
I'd rather be that author proud
Than take yon city fair!"

At length they gained the Fuller's Cove,
From whence a little track
Ran zigzag up the heights above,
Where sentry's watch was slack!

Despite his sickly, suff'ring frame
Wolfe, ever to the fore
Where perils dread unheeded came,
Stepped first upon the shore!

And up that bushy rugged steep,
Which scarce a goat might climb,
They followed him in silence deep,
With confidence sublime!

Till, when they reached the summit grand,
The startled sentry found
Too late the dreaded foe at hand,
And swarming fast around!

The little outpost, soon borne down,
Gave loud alarm in vain ;
No force was nigh that might be thrown
That onset to sustain !

When on the Heights broke morning grey,
All obstacles subdued,
Before Quebec in firm array
The British army stood !

In early hours to Beauport far
The evil tidings pressed,
Where brave Montcalm, from toils of war,
Was snatching hasty rest !

He leaped to horse and dashed away,
Where danger now inclines,
Where through the mist he might survey
The long-drawn British lines.

That gallant army seemed to fill
The Plains of Abraham ;
To Montcalm's mind a passing thrill
Of keen emotion came.

His soldier's eye quick measure took
And grasped his serious plight ;
No weak delay resolved to brook,
He next prepared to fight.

Fresh reinforcements and supplies
To Wolfe might upward go ;
Thus instant means he must devise,
To deal a crushing blow !

Montcalm then ranged his valiant host :

Three hours, employed right well,
Sufficed an equal force to post
The British to repel !

But where is gallant Bougainville ?—

He should be drawing near.
Perchance intent he lingers still
To take the foe in rear !

On coal-black steed the Marquess then

Rode slowly down the front,
To animate his trusty men
To conquer, as their wont !

Meantime, on foot, with keen delight,

Preparing for the storm,
Was seen opposed Wolfe's towering height
In gay new uniform !

Then 'cross that open broad expanse—

The British force lay higher—
The French in even line advance,
And, still advancing, fire !

And many a mark their bullets found

In serried ranks arrayed ;
Thus early Wolfe received a wound—
But no reply was made !

Stiff discipline approved its worth,

When from that line of red,
At range of forty yards, burst forth
A fearful storm of lead !

A second volley fierce outpoured
No foe could e'er withstand ;
With bayonet then and good broadsword
They charge at Wolfe's command !

That ardent chief, while leading on
His faithful Grenadiers,
Again was struck when nearly won
The battle now appears !

And yet again by cannon-ball !—
He reels, but comrades near
Support him, lest men see him fall,
And bear him to the rear.

The wavering French are forced to fly,
Their fortunes quite undone,
When suddenly is raised the cry
In joyful tones—" They run !"

It smote upon Wolfe's anxious ear :
" Who run ?" he asks—" The foe !"
From falt'ring lips, for Death drew near,
The last firm orders go !

" Now God be praised ! I happy die !"
The words were scarcely sped
When, with that last triumphant cry,
His dauntless spirit fled !

Thus they who Britain's Empire won
Examples bright bequeath,
Whose sense of duty bravely done
Sustained in life and death !

Meantime, Montcalm the rout withstands ;
Hard by the city gate,
To save his guns from hostile hands,
He dares—and meets—his fate !

With mortal wound, all pale and worn,
Supported on his horse,
He reached Quebec, from whence that morn
He led his gallant force !

E'en then his firmness, unsubdued,
Bids weeping friends be still ;
And know this last vicissitude
As Heav'n's appointed will !

Next day he, too, resigned his breath,
Amid the tears of all,
Rejoiced to meet a soldier's death
Before Quebec should fall !

And when Bougainville came at length,
Full wisely he forbore
From striving with his scanty strength
To turn the tide of war !

But gath'ring up that shattered force
Beyond the city wall,
To Montreal pursued his course—
Quebec, alas ! must fall !

No longer might De Ramezay reck
Of vain attempts to save ;
In four days' space above Quebec
The British colours wave.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

Such was that brilliant feat of arms—
Its glories ne'er can pale
Till Peace abound, and War's alarms
No more on earth prevail !

And far away to Europe sped
The news of weal or woe ;
Where England, with her hero dead,
Might scant rejoicing show,
Respecting widowed mother's grief,
Bereaved of her brave son,
Thus snatched away from triumph brief,
His work of glory done !

But Pitt, who planned that great campaign
Which time had now approved,
The last sad tribute paid in vain
With feelings deeply moved !

And in that ancient Abbey close,
Where England's heroes rest,
A worthy monument arose
To Wolfe, the last, the best !

Nor near his field of fame forgot,
On Abram's Plains retired
A lofty column marks the spot
Where, fighting, he expired !

But neither these nor Westerham
Affords him sepulchre,
At Greenwich, once of royal fame,
The hero they inter.

There, where St. Alphege for the faith
Committed to his keep
With spirit meek gave up his breath,
Wolfe sleeps his last long sleep.

Thus native Kent, through length'ning years,
Still keeps his honoured bones,
Who, linked with Sidney, now appears
The noblest of her sons !

No honours might Montcalm expect,
Forgotten by his King,
Whose conscience else that base neglect
With keen remorse might sting !

For what to Louis mattered loss
Few acres, more or less,
Of snow-clad waste the seas across,
If Pompadour cares ?

Or what the death of brave Montcalm,
Who served him long and well,
And often gained the victor's palm—
Let other heroes tell !

Brave Lally murdered, bold Dupleix
Last years in hunger spent ;
And, in Bastille, Labourdonnais
May loyal zeal repent !

What marvel that in savage mood
Grim retribution came ;
That weak successor shed his blood
To purge the grandsire's shame ;

But New France, nobler than the old,
Repaid those just arrears ;
On glory's page Montcalm enrolled
Through all the endless years !

And at Quebec, in Upper Town,
From Governor's garden fair,
A stately monument looks down
On that grand Terrace there !

To Wolfe and Montcalm reared on high
That pile is dedicate,
To teach how glorious 'tis to die
In service for the State !

Fit emblem of traditions dear
That weld two races now ;
'Tis only just we witness here
A mighty nation grow !

Proud destiny must be assigned
Her sons in every age,
Who in such heroes' fame can find
A common heritage !

The past of strife behind her lies,
Repaired the ancient wrong,
And all the coming centuries
To Canada belong !

For French and Britons since, combined,
Have faced a common foe ;
The raid on great Quebec designed
Could but disaster show !

That happy fusion, lasting well,
Made all endeavours vain ;
And Arnold, wounded, backward fell ;
Montgomery was slain !

And as the centuries roll by,
Those common bonds increase,
Till now the only rivalry
Is in the arts of peace.

See from that ancient stock proceed
A Minister whose name,
And high repute in word and deed,
All Britons true acclaim !

Still, fair Quebec, thou lookest down
On fields of deathless fame,
Where heroes strove for Valour's crown—
The Plains of Abraham !

And still thy lofty citadel
Keeps ever watch and ward,
O'er all the land stern sentinel
Its sacred shrines to guard !

The site o'er which rude Indians ranged
Thy stately buildings deck ;
Since Stadacona's name was changed
To world-renowned Quebec,

Three hundred years have passed away ;
Yet shalt thou never wane,
Till earth like garment old decay,
Proud City of Champlain !

LUX IN TENEBRIS !

WHEN stormy conflict's waves are round me
swelling,

And from vain longing I find no release,
Comes thy blest spirit to my heart rebelling
To whisper words of peace.

Should gloom oppress me, and earth's joys
prove unreal,

And nothing around seem worth striving for,
Thou sheddest on me, as I in fancy kneel,
The balm of hope once more !

When sinks my burdened heart 'neath sin's
deadly taint,

And in Life's race I fain would slacken speed,
Again to me thou bringest, else I should faint,
The comfort which I need.

And ever, in days alike of storm and shine,
Thy gentle, loving image lingers near ;
And always fall those melodious tones of thine
On my enraptured ear.

While there dwells between us such sweet
communion,

And I such rare delightful transports share,
And signs appear to tell of hearts in union,
Be this my fervent prayer :

A SEASIDE SUNSET

15

That, throughout thy sojourn in this wilderness,
The weight of care may never cloud thy
brow;
But fresh verdant hopes around thy pathway
press,
To cheer thee while below !

From all the dull pangs of pain and sorrow free,
May thou in peace thy happy way pursue,
And every manifold blessing of life for thee
Assume a brighter hue !

And when, at closing, Life's evening falls serene,
And long shadows cloud thy declining day,
May thy pure heart find rest where, through
pastures green,
Still waters glide away !

A SEASIDE SUNSET

ALONG the shore the waves are gently breaking,
And melting into fountain streams of spray,
And sadly their incessant murmur making,
Which ebbs and swells, but never dies away.

The setting sun, across the water shining,
Sheds o'er the bay a brilliant golden sheen ;
The soft rainbow tints of eve combining,
Impart a wondrous glory to the scene.

And still at sea three graceful yachts are sailing,
Their silv'ry sails outspread to catch the breeze;
And, as the beautiful evening glow is failing,
The softened prospect speaks of rest and ease.

The shrinking soul that 'neath Life's blast is
bending,

The anxious heart long laden sore with care,
Or fearful from a sense of ill impending,
Or sorrow more than mortal strength can bear,

Can find in this fair scene the balm of healing
For every care that frets and gnaws within;
Its tranquil calm upon the spirits stealing,
Can quell each fear and check each secret sin!

Around this coast, where peace is all-abounding,
Creation seems, as at the first, most fair;
The breaking waves, upon the rocks resounding,
Make music sweet as choral anthem rare.

Ye restless sons of earth, old paths forsaking,
Of disappointing toil and vanity,
From idle dreams of wealth or fame awaking,
Or pleasures which can never satisfy.

Come to this lovely spot—find Nature yielding,
Through Nature's God, all ye would elsewhere
seek—

Rest for your souls, from sore temptation shielding,
Joy for the sad, and strength unto the weak!

And when night's shadows o'er the main are
 closing,
 In heav'nly thoughts your chastened spirits
 steep,
 And learn that He, of all our ways disposing,
 Who led us through the desert still doth keep !

And homeward turn, no longer then rebelling,
 Nor doubting God's great mercy, as of yore ;
 Deep thankfulness within your hearts now swelling,
 Like ocean's tide, to flow for evermore !

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears !"

WORDSWORTH.

PANSIES for thoughts, when thou art far away,
 And time hangs heavy, or the road seems long ;
 Pansies for thoughts amid the glare of day ;
 Pansies for thoughts when comes the evensong.

Pansies for thoughts ; their varied hues suggest
 The transient phases of the human soul—
 From lighter shades, when life is at its best,
 To sombre moods when round the storm-clouds
 roll.

Pansies for thoughts, when skies are bright and
fair,

And mere existence seems a happy dream ;
Pansies for thoughts, when hope yields to despair,
And darkened days with mournful mem'ries teem.

Pansies for thoughts, when tossed on bed of pain,
And hideous nights drag out with shadows
drear ;

Pansies for thoughts, when health comes back
again,
And glad thanksgiving flows from hearts sincere.

Pansies for thoughts, when faith is pledged anew,
And kindred souls respond unto our own ;
Pansies for thoughts, when friends have failed us,
too,
And we are left to face the world alone !

Pansies for thoughts—thoughts of the dear old
home,
And mem'ries of those bygone early years,
When round their beds our footsteps used to
roam,
And childish eyes shed only happy tears !

Pansies for thoughts which cannot be expressed,
Those long, long thoughts that flitter through
the mind,
That question all the joys we once possessed,
For leaving only vain regrets behind !

EASTER DAY

19

Pansies for thoughts—ah yes! they can convey
Thoughts boundless as man's life and destiny;
Provoking smiles or tears from day to day.
And teaching how to live and how to die.

Pansies for thoughts—yet let this one prevail
O'er all the myriad thoughts they bring to thee:
Whate'er may chance, though all things else
should fail,
My heart is with thee still beside the sea!

Pansies for thoughts: the golden thoughts of love
Must rise when thou art near, or absent far,
Since from man's life all lesser lights remove
When once appears that bright and morning
star!

EASTER DAY

I.

E-OSTRE, goddess of the Spring,
Or Dawn, as some would tell,
Our Saxon fathers worshipping
In wood, or grove, or fell,
Her name consigned to Christian feast,
That day when death's dominion ceased.

II.

And still that Easter Day comes round
With sense of holy joy,
And far and near glad pæans sound
The peace that nought can cloy ;
For, though bereavements shadows fling,
We know that Death has lost his sting.

III.

For now, indeed, the Dawn has come
Athwart our gloomy sky,
And ushered in to many a home
That dayspring from on high
Which speaks of rest, of sin forgiv'n,
And lifts our thoughts from earth to Heav'n.

IV.

The angel form, the vacant tomb
On that first Easter Day,
Are pledge to all of life to come,
Who follow in His way—
Since He, who o'er man's grave had wept,
Became first-fruits of them that slept.

V.

We know, indeed, all flesh is grass,
And fadeth like the flower ;
Full rapidly the seasons pass,
And ends life's little hour !
But Christ has ris'n—and we shall rise
To life immortal in the skies.

VI.

There ancient friendships are renewed
With them that fell asleep
In earlier days, the friends imbued
With pure affection deep,
Who ever gave us counsel true,
And with it strength to fight anew !

VII.

And there all doubts are laid to rest,
And longings satisfied,
And cares which once had sore distress
Have entrance all denied ;
There ills of body, too, are healed,
And life's dark purpose stands revealed.

VIII.

No wonder, then, we hail this day
Such prospects that allure ;
For, were this life of earth our stay,
What man could well endure
The fever and the fret of years
That only bring regrets and tears ?

IX.

But since, beyond our mortal ken,
The life eternal lies,
How light our sufferings figure then,
How slender earthly ties,
Compared with glories that shall be
When death shall set our spirits free !

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES

X.

Then welcome, Resurrection morn,
 To our dull earth again,
 Where men had else been only born
 To hopeless toil and pain ;
 But Easter comes to end the strife,
 And Death appears the gate of Life !

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos !"

Æneid X. 782.

I.

FAR from their fatherland away,
 Out on the veldt they lie,
 Fall'n in ambush or open fray,
 Daring to do and die !

II.

No conscript soldiers these, compelled
 To serve against their will ;
 They sprang to arms for faith they held
 In British justice still !

III.

Stricken with fever, worn with toil,
 Fighting an unseen foe,
 Blithe as men who divide the spoil,
 Till life was ebbing low !

IV.

Never a murmur heard at last ;
Courageously they died
By kopje, spruit, or desert vast,
In early manhood's pride !

V.

But many a dying soldier thought
Of those he left behind,
Trusting his countrymen, unsought,
Would bear them well in mind !

VI.

Those cheering crowds that sent him forth
To fight their battles, too,
Would surely prove their native worth
And see them safely through !

VII.

For well he knew his country's cause ;
He served till strength was past,
And, like the Spartan, to her laws
Obedient died at last !

VIII.

With mind thus eased, and parting sigh
For those his soul loved best,
He turned his face away to die,
And calmly sank to rest.

IX.

Then noble women, ever there
Where human sorrows crave,
First at the Saviour's sepulchre,
First at the soldier's grave,

X.

With loving ministrations came
To tend his resting-place ;
On many a doubtful grave a name
Their zealous care would trace !

XI.

And many a tear bedewed the veldt,
And many a prayer uprose
From those who sorrowed, as they knelt,
For gallant friends and foes !

XII.

Appeal to aid them comes at length—
Shall other thoughts engage ?
Then Empire proves beyond our strength,
Unworthy heritage !

XIII.

And on Time's scroll, till Time shall cease,
Shall Britain's shame be read :
"A nation sunk in selfish ease
Forgot her noble dead !"

XIV.

But if we help with gen'rous grace
To guard each hero's tomb,
E'en greater glories wait our race
In ages yet to come !

XV.

While widowed wives and mothers lone
Shall bless the kindly hand
That cares for grave of sire or son
In that far distant land !

XVI.

Shall woman's mercy plead in vain ?
Nay ! take my humble mite
For those who died across the main
For God, for King and Right !

SPRING

SPRING comes with gladness filled,
Gay fields and op'ning flow'rs ;
And groves with music thrilled,
And soft refreshing show'rs.

Spring comes ; the soaring lark
Gives forth its song of praise,
And, echoing through the par'
The blackbird's mellow lays.

Spring comes with breezes cool,
Warm sun, and radiant skies ;
The swallow skims the pool
In eager quest of flies.

Spring comes : the buttercup
The meadow fills with gold ;
The daisies dewdrops sup,
And varied hues unfold.

Spring comes : the year is found
Surpassing fresh and fair ;
While wallflowers bloom around,
And lilac scents the air.

Spring comes ; all Nature now
Seems freed from sorrow's pangs,
While, golden from the bough,
The bright laburnum hangs !

Spring comes : the hawthorn blooms
This happy month of May ;
The bluebell brightly looms
Throughout the woodland way.

Spring comes ; the pulses beat
Anew with quickened life ;
And, spite of past defeat,
Fresh courage for the strife.

Spring comes, a gladsome time
For golden paths of love,
When life is in its prime,
And lovers constant prove !

Spring comes, yet in my heart
Old questionings arise ;
And idols loath to part
Some sway still exercise.

Spring comes, and just the same
As spring-times that are past,
When oft bright blossoms came
That perished in the blast !

Spring comes ; but hopes are dead
That once gave life a zest ;
In vain the years have fled—
I gave them not my best !

Spring comes, and speaks full clear
Of life in every breath ;
And yet there hover near
The angel-wings of Death !

Spring comes : where are the friends
I loved and lost awhile,
While rough my path extends
O'er many a weary mile ?

Spring comes : I fain would hear
Their voices once again,
To drive away each fear,
And banish every pain !

Spring comes : my heart, be still,
From vain repining cease ;
Subdue that restless will,
And gain through conflict peace !

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

Spring comes, and lingers yet ;
 Oh seize the passing hour,
 Nor let it fruitless set,
 While yet within thy pow'r !

Spring comes : each task of love
 That blossoms now will bring
 Fruition full above,
 Where reigns eternal spring !

Spring comes : forget the past,
 Do all things with thy might ;
 No backward longings cast,
 Press forward to the Light !

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON a rocky coast where breakers roar
 And heather creeps down to the sea,
 He sleeps away by the northern shore
 Who will never come back to me.

Fit resting-place for child of the deep,
 For he came of the Viking race ;
 And many a sire doth the ocean keep
 In its sheltering close embrace.

Across the waste of the waters wild
 The curlew's mournful cry peals low
 But it may not rouse my darling child
 Nor the surf that thunders below.

Hot tears will rise which I may not stem,
When I picture his lonely grave;
And still hear his long-drawn requiem
In the dash of each restless wave.

Stilled are the sounds of his boyish glee
And the childish songs he would sing;
Gone are the arms, like tendrils to trees,
That lovingly round me would cling.

Innocent yet he was reft from me,
Ere evil his soul might assail;
His slumbers are deep beside the sea
Where his sires once gathered the spoil.

Away on its breast his father hies,
As the vessel its foaming track ploughs,
He remembers, alas! with deep sighs
The shadow that rests on his house.

A strange stillness broods over the home,
All desolate now I repine;
I could pray that my rest too might come,
For never was sorrow like mine.

Child of my heart, come back to me now,
For as yet I cannot believe
The seal of Death lies cold on thy brow,
Oh, surely they mean to deceive

When they tell me in vain I may seek
For thy presence so sweet and dear;
Since in fancy I still hear thee speak
To me out of the silence drear.

The world grows cold, and chilled is my heart
 That once beat so proudly with thee.
 Oh, cruel is Death, or now could he part
 My life's dearest idol from me?

Wilt thou never to earth come again,
 And, through the long vista of years,
 Must I ever endure this dull pain
 That finds no relief in my tears?

Yes! through seasons of calmness or strife,
 Long vigil of grief must I keep
 For my darling, the light of my life,
 Who sleeps on the verge of the deep.

THE PEARL OF EAST ANGLIA

LOVED Sheringham, "East Anglia's pearl," I sing,
 An ideal haunt where precious mem'ries cling;
 Within these islands, none with thee can vie.
 Contented could I live, contented die
 Within thy bounds; nor wish to change my rest
 For all the vaunted spots the world deems best!
 The grassy cliffs and wondrous bracing air,
 And woodland glades and dells surpassing fair,
 Where scarce a soul is seen the livelong day,
 Where pigeons flit and rabbits love to play,
 And rhododendrons' varied colours shine,
 Yet blending all with harmony divine—

Amid the ferns the foxglove rears its bloom,
The honeysuckle yields its rich perfume ;
There cherries wild and currants red are found,
Primroses bright and violets abound.
The stately elm, the beech, the fragrant pine,
The spreading oak, and silver birch combine
With larch and spruce to spread a grateful shade
Alike for rest and meditation made !
Blackbird and thrush in friendly striving raise
To their Creator's throne a song of praise ;
The sighing wind makes music in the trees,
And distant swells the anthem of the seas
Which sound upon the rocks their sad refrain,
Then back recoil with forces spent in vain.

The ancient church, just peeping through the
trees,

Speaks to the soul of calm and heav'nly peace ;
Reminds us e'en these beauties may not last,
The time appear when they shall all have passed,
Points to the skies, where change may never
come,

Where exiles here on earth may find a home ;
Calls with its pealing bells to worship there,
And bids us join once more in praise and prayer !

Another glimpse is gained—the modern Hall
Appears, 'mid flow'ry beds, with chimneys tall,
Recalls its earliest owner's tragic fate,
And bids us envy not the rich or great !
To found a house he hoped ; he laid the stone,
Then Death too early came and claimed his own !

His infant daughter soothed his widow's pain,
And made her live and even hope again.
Her growing beauty cheered the mother's heart ;
Her wondrous virtues chose the better part :
The Spirit's fruits in her were richly seen—
With easy grace she moved, with radiant mien.
In the first bloom of womanhood's estate,
Again descended there the stroke of Fate :
Too good for earth, it seemed, she fled above
To dwell with Him whom here she learnt to love !
In yonder church the marble tablet tells
Her name and years—her precious mem'ry dwells
Amid her kindred still in that fair Hall,
Abiding e'en when that shall ruined fall !
Next Pretty Corner charms with heath and gorse,
And harebells, bright'ning all the course ;
Whence glorious views o'er land and sea are gained,
And breezes fresh our flagging strength sustained.
From thence, the trees into deep valleys sweep.
Beyond in sparkling sunshine rolls the deep ;
The banks of bracken teem with insect life,
And drowsy humming lulls the thoughts of strife—
Far, far remote from tumult and from care,
'Tis joy unspeakable to wander there !
Our little lives, from vain desires set free,
Grow vaster 'neath that open canopy
Where endless charms the senses all beguile ;
E'en party passions slumber for the while,
Religious conflicts cease, their echoes dumb
In presence of that glimpse of life to come !

But who can tell the many charms around ?
On every side most pleasant walks abound :
The Lion's Mouth, a lovely shady lane,
Or Felbrigg Woods, which Windham loved in
vain ;
The Runtons, Northrepps, Gresham's castle old,
Which once a woman held with courage bold.
Though little save its site and moat endure,
Yet Margaret Paston's fame still standeth sure !
All these, and many more, their charms display
And offer fresh enticement every day ;
But best of all those glorious woodlands seem,
Where artists oft resort and poets dream.
Their gen'rous owner throws them open still
And bids us freely wander as we will.
Such varied beauties in their bounds alone
That scarcely e'er could they be fully known !
And then the people, hardy fisher-folk,
Are still unspoilt since Sheringham awoke
To her high destiny and future fame,
Preserving yet their simple kindly name !
The local clergy, too, compare in grace
With Auburn's priest who ran his godly race
Remote from towns, and deemed it nobler prize
To raise the fallen sinner than to rise !
A cheery smile, a greeting kind to all,
When by the wayside passing, they let fall ;
And each a father to his little flock
When sorrow comes with sudden tempest's
shock !

Oh! when my vital force is ebbing low,
And gloomy shadows round me come and go,
Let me, loved Sheringham, to thee repair,
Draw one more breath from thy refreshing air,
See once again thy woods surpassing all
Since Eden's glories vanished with the Fall;
Upon the Roman Camp take one last stand,
And gaze o'er all the goodly pleasant land,
From Beeston's crumbling tow'r to Cromer steep,
And onward to the garden where men sleep
On ocean's brink, till waves at length obtain
The prey which they have striv'n so long to
gain;
Or, from the golf-links, gaze o'er Weybourne old,
And watch the sunset purpling into gold.
My spirit then might quit this wearied frame
For realms above, from whence at first it came,
With peaceful sigh and farewell note of praise
For mercies there vouchsafed, for golden days,
And yet reluctant still to leave that shore
Where God's great glory shines for evermore.

WELCOME HOME!

I.

WELCOME again from holy lands afar!
Thou who hast now fulfilled the hopes of yore,
And viewed the scenes of int'rest passing rare
Where once the Lord our human nature wore—

Seen the rude khan at lowly Bethlehem,
 And Bethany where Martha loved to wait ;
 Stood on the mount, girt round with diadem
 Of olives, whence Christ returned that city's fate !
 With faith renewed and mind now richly stored
 With images of scenes in which He moved
 Who suffered once for all, redeeming Lord,
 A living sacrifice for us approved,
 Thee would we welcome now this gladsome hour
 And trust to hear the Word with sev'nfold pow'r !

II.

Oh ! that with thee we might have crossed the
 Vale
 Of Kedron, passing down the steep ravine,
 And climbed th' opposing slope by moonlight pale,
 And seen dark shadows flung upon the green ;
 Then wandered on unto Gethsemane,
 Which saw of old that awful strife begin,
 And heard the prayer, breathed forth in agony,
 To spare that bitter cup of mortal sin !
 If, passing to the site of Calvary,
 Which now beneath lies buried far from view,
 In fancy we had heard that loving cry
 "Forgive them, for they know not what they
 do !"
 Strength had been ours to count all gain but loss,
 To live for Christ and fight beneath His Cross !

III.

Such wish is vain—'tis not vouchsafed to all
 That blessed privilege of thine to share,
 The lowly tasks that to our portions fall
 Sufficing, if our daily cross we bear!
 A special blessing yet we may receive,
 As promised when St. Thomas late adored,
 To those who have not seen and yet believe,
 Who, falling at His feet, do own Him Lord!
 And this we claim. "Lord, help our unbelief;
 Remove our doubts far as the distant pole,
 And bless our pastor, come to bring relief
 To many an anxious, weak, desponding soul!"
 With this last prayer we haste to make an end,
 And welcome home our guide and faithful friend.

TO A LITTLE CLOCK

Go, little clock, to cheer
 My lady's sunny heart,
 To give fresh token clear
 My love can ne'er depart!
 Whene'er she looks at thee
 Bewailing Time's swift flight,
 Oh! bid her think of me,
 And days of past delight!

Go, little clock, and tick
The happy hours away ;
But prithee not too quick,
While round her pleasures stray !
Let every moment sweet
Be counted o'er for gain
That flies on pinions fleet,
And comes not back again !

Go, little clock, and tell
Long radiant precious days,
When summer's golden spell
Falls on the woodland ways ;
Be like the sundial seen
And number not the hours,
Except they prove serene
Within my lady's bowers !

Go, little clock—alas !
The hours thou canst not stay ;
Earth's brightest soon must pass
Upon our homeward way.
At least thou wilt invite
My Edith constantly
To use her time aright,
Till Time has ceased to be !

COME ONCE AGAIN!

COME back once more to make thy love rejoice;
For dreary hours have made a ling'ring stay,
Since last I heard thy soft melodious voice
In fondly-whispered parting die away!

Come when the rosy glow of op'ning morn
Shines from afar, and floods the land with light;
And bring that hope, of glad affection born,
Which springs up when I view thine image
bright!

Come when the shades of even slowly fade,
And summer zephyrs gently stir the trees,
To tread anew the paths where oft we strayed,
And pledge once more the love that cannot
cease!

Come with the love-light gleaming in thine eyes,
The tranquil light of love that knows no fear;
For sweet content that every care defies
Is mine, when once I feel thy presence near!

Yea! come full soon—I need my precious love
E'en more than when I bade that long farewell,
Sweet peace to bring, all earthly peace above,
And rapture more than mortal tongue can tell!

FEST UND TREU!

'Tis time alone that serves the final test
To prove affections false, or stamp them true ;
The loves which time defy, of earth the best,
How precious and sublime, and yet—how few !

Our fortunes change, fair prospects melt away ;
Then friendships, once so close, begin to wane,
And faith grows weak, while cherished hopes
decay,
And ancient mem'ries sweet are turned to pain.

Success and wealth can charm the fickle crowd,
Which, till our fortunes fail, will smile and
fawn ;
Then turns to idols new with plaudits loud,
By worldly hopes and selfish motives drawn !

And e'en, amongst the friends we trusted most,
Too many oft will fail our sorest need ;
And we are left to mourn the comrades lost,
With wounds that fester and with hearts that
bleed !

The one we cherished best, 'tis sad to say,
May faithless prove, and other hearts allure ;
Most solemn vows renounce, and love betray,
And leave a mind diseased beyond all cure !

How precious, then, mid shifting scenes, to prove,
Whate'er betide, one firm and constant friend ;
And yet more precious still, all joys above,
A love that cannot change, that knows no end !
Both precious gifts are mine, I thank my God,
Who gives with every ill the strength to bear,
And leads us on, where countless feet have trod,
To final conquest over sin and care !
But, best of all His gifts, I count my love
Abiding faithful ever, kind and true ;
With trust no faults can shake or fears remove,
And goodness ever old and ever new !
Across the waste of all-devouring years,
Bestrewn with many a stone and many a thorn,
Her beauteous form in golden light appears
To cheer me on to tasks that seem forlorn.
And when I fail, I hear no voice upbraid,
Nor chide my laggard steps to fair renown ;
More tender love, by subtle signs conveyed,
I find instead to conquer Fortune's frown !
Yea ! when I come with weary, aching head,
My lady tends me still with love benign ;
She bears with me when hope once more is dead,
And soothes with gentle touch and voice divine !
The fleeting years have failed her love to quench—
If aught, it burns more brightly than of old :
In fiercest storms of life it does not blench ;
In fiery furnace tried, comes forth as gold !

THE LAST APPEAL

41

Like dying Brihtnoth, then, on Maldon's field,
 I thank my God for all the joys of life ;
 But most of all for her glad promise, sealed
 Long years ago, to be my own true wife !

THE LAST APPEAL

" SHALL I for ever but a list'ner be " *
 And silent wait what Jove may soon decree ?
 Must I the hopes of toilsome years resign,
 Without one last appeal to power divine ?
 Few days remain ere I the tidings know
 That seal my final hopes for weal or woe ;
 E'en now, perchance, while thus I still bewail,
 No hand may aid, no succour aught avail.
 Oh, would that, like the dove, I wings possessed,
 To soar away from earth, and be at rest !
 Oft have my lips breathed forth expectant prayer,
 The winds dispersed the same in empty air.
 Does " heav'nly God to men have such regard," †
 Their ardent hopes to crown or toils reward ?
 Or does He know the prize we strive to gain
 Would yield a pleasure turning swift to pain ?
 Or does He Fortune's favours long deny
 Our mortal pride to quell or virtue try ?
 Howe'er it be, once more I'll raise my voice
 For blessing craved, and leave to Jove the choice,

* Juvenal, ' Satires,' i. 1.

† Spenser, ' Faerie Queene,' ii. 8.

If He at last should grant my fond desire,
 His name shall ever tuneful praise inspire;
 If He again deny my soul's request,
 I'll strive to own 'twas ordered for the best.
 Prepared for either fate, I dare to prove
 Once more the mercy of the powers above;
 And while to me these meeting hours remain,
 And pleasures toiled for turn not yet to pain,
 To Jove once more my last petition flies,
 And cleaves a pathway through the radiant
 skies:

“Great Jove, that sitt'st enthroned in might on
 high,

Oh! deign to view my woes with pitying eye;
 To my request incline a gracious ear;
 Each ling'ring doubt dispel, each trembling fear.
 'Tis ours to ask, but thine alone to give—
 Oh, speak the word that bids Thy suppliant live!
 Come not with flashing hand, O mighty Jove!
 Hurl not the bolts, but scatter gifts of love!
 Long years I toiled, and gained success at last.
 Oh, that my mind perverse had never cast
 The prize that offered with rash haste away!
 I might not then have thus implored to-day.
 But blinded was my sense, and great my pride;
 I spurned what now I pray Thee to provide;
 To greater things my secret soul aspired,
 And wider prospects keen ambition fired!
 In sooth—mad act!—once more my fortune tried:
 I tempted Thee to curb my soaring pride.

Like old Anchises, struck with fiery blast,
My prostrate soul renounced the erring past !
Oh, grant reward may come to me at length,
No longer leaning on my proper strength !
Pride is subdued by toilsome, weary years ;
Bereavements have sprinkled my path with tears ;
E'en health is not what once it was of old,
And ashes lurk within the fruit of gold !
Thou who canst stay the adverse hand of Fate,
Grant that repentance may not come too late ;
For anxious days are gliding swiftly by,
That closing page is drawing all too nigh,
No longer now, great God, my hopes confound,
But grant long toil with triumph may be crowned !
Oh, bid a brighter future me befall—
The wasted past I cannot now recall ;
That time I will redeem still in my pow'r,
Improving, while I may, each transient hour !
In truth, I have been richly blest in love,
Such rapture could proceed but from above ;
Grant now success to make that joy complete,
And far remove the danger of defeat.
I'll offer at Thy shrine, ere I depart,
The grateful incense of a thankful heart !
Nor shall I ever cease with gladness to proclaim
Thy goodness, Lord, the praises of Thy name ;
Until, when rend'ring up my latest breath,
There falls upon my lips the seal of death ;
E'en then, perchance, in purer, nobler strain,
In happier worlds, I'll chant Thy praise again !

44 THE PASSING OF THE OLD HOME

But if, for purpose wise, Thou wilt deny
This last petition, too, no more I'll try
To gain that prize I deemed of old my due,
But turn aside and other palms pursue :
For sure Thou wilt confer, O gracious Lord,
On faithful toil at last a rich reward !

THE PASSING OF THE OLD HOME

THE gold is paid, the deed is done ;
'Tis doubtless worldly wise,
Yet now I'm sad that " seventy-one "
Becomes another's prize—
Nor is it freak of woman's mind,
That passes fickle as the wind !

Though bargain good, I yet must grieve
The house is ours no more ;
Full sadly I shall take my leave
Of scenes beloved of yore ;
For precious mem'ries linger still
Around that house upon the hill.

However humble be the home
Where friends have lived and died,
Whene'er our musings thither come,
We feel a sacred pride,
Such as the noblest born enthalls
When pacing through ancestral halls !

There father, mother spent their days,
My Edith there was born—
Small wonder, as I backward gaze,
Regrets my heart have torn,
To yield possession of that land
For ever to an alien hand!

Yes! ghosts are flitting round that place,
The ghosts of bygone years,
And many a cherished vanished face
In fancy reappears,
And voices thrill with love and mirth
That I may hear no more on earth!

Too well I know that all things here
Must change and pass away,
And our possessions held most dear
Are but for one brief day—
Until our final rest be won,
Abiding city have we none!

And yet to this I fain would cling,
Because it sheltered long
Those whom no coming years may bring;
I seem to do them wrong
In handing o'er the dear old house,
And e'en their slumb'ring spirits rouse!

A SIMPLE LAY

Then, tell me not 'tis bargain good,
 That all is for the best ;
 Can money buy that happier mood,
 Or bring those days of rest
 Which once I knew in that old home,
 Whence weary feet need never roam ?

Thus landmarks on our way recede
 With every fleeting year ;
 Lest earthly ties our course impede,
 Each soon must disappear—
 One by one old links are broken,
 Fresh farewells for ever spoken !

A SIMPLE LAY

Go, little silver comb,
 To tend my lady's hair,
 And through it gently roam,
 With kindly, watchful care ;
 Tear not the wealth that strays
 Down from that precious head,
 But smooth its golden maze
 In rippling waves instead !

Go, little comb—ah me !
Proud privilege is thine,
To make those locks so free
In comely tresses shine !
By little fingers soft
Wilt thou, too, be caressed ;
Their touch I'd share full oft—
I then were richly blest !

Go, little comb, and greet
My lady far away ;
Give her the message sweet
My lips would fain convey—
Tell her that thou art sent
To light her sunny smile,
To cheer with rich content
Her heart that knows no guile !

Go, little comb, and when
Thy silver streaks her gold—
Go, whisper to her then
Of love that ne'er grows old !
At morn and evening hour
Tell her, my faith to prove,
Nor life nor death hath pow'r
To change my one true love !

IN MEMORY OF
A NOBLE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

My noble dog, oh! art thou gone,
And shall I never see thee more;
Nor hear that bark so truly known,
When home returning at the door?
And wilt thou never come to greet
Thy master in the morning light;
Nor gently lick, when at thy feet
He knelt to breathe a fond good-night?

Yes, dear beloved companion-friend,
Like all I love and cherish here,
Thou cam'st to an untimely end,
And left me desolate and drear!
Into those loving, truthful eyes
I never more may fondly gaze,
And see glad expectation rise,
As in the happy bygone days!

Thy dear old feet I ne'er shall hear
Pattering up the kitchen stairs;
Nor feel thy presence ever near,
When burdened with life's crushing
cares!

Oh, that upon the heath once more
I could but see thee gaily roll,
Or proudly swim the ponds of yore
When we together took our stroll!

Thy snowy tail and glossy coat
I would caress with tears again ;
But vainly thus I fondly dote—
The pleasures past are turned to pain !
Yet I shall miss thee every hour,
My Laddie, more than human friend ;
And, though to save was past my pow'r,
I'll love thee firmly to the end !

And thou didst suffer, yet so good,
Through many days and nights, alas !
I'd ne'er have forced the hateful food
Had I foreseen what came to pass !
So patient and so kind withal,
To lick the hand that protest spurned ;
Each gentle look I can recall
Which on thy master thou hast turned !

Now I have laid thee down to rest,
Beneath the grass thou lovedst well ;
With deep-drawn sighs and heaving breast,
I've bidden thee a last farewell !
My dear old doggie, sleep in peace !
But if to me it might be giv'n
To meet thee where all sorrows cease,
'Twould add unto the joys of Heav'n !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BENEATH my lady's window bright
My tuneful strains I raise,
To cheer her soul this happy night
And render songs of praise ;
And, as my ling'ring melodies
Float soft upon the air,
My lady wrapped in slumber lies,
Pure as a seraph fair !
And oft she thinks, in happy dreams,
We wander hand in hand ;
By woodland glades or murmuring streams,
Throughout a pleasant land.
She dreams we pass where blossom trees
Beside Life's crystal flood ;
For healing of the nations these,
That once in Eden stood !
A land with milk and honey blest
Our happy footsteps trod,
Where weary souls might find sweet rest,
Hard by the throne of God !
Until she feels all sin is dead,
And low death bleeding lies,
And righteousness and peace are wed
In earth's new Paradise ;
For surely Christ had come again,
At this glad Christmas hour,
To usher in His golden reign
On earth with love and pow'r !

At length she consciousness regains,
And wears her sunny smile
To think a passing minstrel's strains
Could with such dreams beguile !
Small wonder yet in dreams she feels
The joys those notes prolong ;
For such a strain to all appeals
As this, my Christmas song :
" All glory be to God above,
And peace to man below ;
And to my one and only love
All Christmas can bestow !
Grant her rich blessings, gracious Lord,
On this, Thy natal day,
And shield from harm my love adored
Who toils along life's way ;
But chiefly give this blessing rare—
Make her from fears to cease ;
Grant she may Christmas gladness share,
And know Thy Christmas peace !"

TO A LADY

A HUMBLE gift within there lies
To mark another natal day ;
When recollection backward flies,
How fast the seasons glide away !
'Tis sweet to think, though fleeting years
Speed onward to th' appointed goal,

A MOURNFUL BIRTHDAY

To friends around Time more endears
 Those blest, like thee, with sunny soul !
 The young in heart can age defy,
 No fear molests their tranquil mind ;
 Though sorrows come, though perils try,
 They pass through life serene and kind.
 And so I wish that Time may deal
 With thee as gently as of yore ;
 May each new year to thee reveal
 Some sweeter treasure than before,
 Till clouds disperse, till dawns the light,
 And faith at last be lost in sight.

A MOURNFUL BIRTHDAY

OH, sad, unhallowed, gloomy day,
 That witnessed my unhappy birth.
 Thou com'st athwart my lonely way
 To mock me with my former mirth !
 Rapidly must our lives unfold,
 Amid bright smiles and bitter tears ;
 Too fast we live, too soon grow old
 In the dim silent course of years !
 Whate'er our earthly hopes may be,
 Darke Lethe's stream awaits them all
 Man, creature of mortality,
 Is doomed to share the common fall ;
 Oblivion deep lies on before—
 None can escape that dreary shore !

This day let no rejoicing swell

Amid these scenes of deepest woe,
For I have bid a last farewell

To the best friend that man can know!
Dear father, ever in my heart

Dwell tender mem'ries of thy love.
In early years, when far apart,

I could thy matchless kindness prove;
Oft thou didst wish, upon this day,

That Heav'n might make me truly wise,
And keep me in that narrow way
That leads at last to Paradise.

If I should reach it in the end,

'Twill be through thee, my guide and friend!

Forgive my weak, unworthy love,

That waxed at times so faint and cold;
The world and self had pow'r to move

My thoughts from thee, when thou wert old:
And yet I loved thee all the time,

As men with aims engrossing can;
Ambition's dizzy heights to climb

My soul absorbed for one brief span.

Now sternly roused, life's journey through

I must e'er wander on alone,
Without thine aid and judgment true,

My surest stay for ever gone!
Would that my life had closed before,

For I shall mourn thee evermore!

TO A FADED BRIDAL FLOWER

ONE little faded flow'r
From nosegay of the bride,
Discarded in an hour,
And shorn of all its pride.
Alas! untimely was its doom
That in her hand so late did bloom.

For passing moments sweet
It nestled in her hand,
Which shook with tremors meet
No joy could quite withstand ;
So solemn did that time appear,
The flow'r absorbed a silent tear.

Ungrateful flow'r it seemed,
To fade so early here
From eyes that happy beamed
Bedewed with glist'ning tear ;
It should have ta'en fresh lease of life,
Thus watered by a fair young wife.

And yet it needs must fade ;
Its petals tinged with brown
That in pure white arrayed
Were once with rapture shown,
When putting forth their gay delight,
They burst upon our dazzled sight.

Too early torn away
From loving parent stem,

To grace a bridal day,
And add its charms to them
That decked the tables for the feast,
Among the fairest not the least.

And then to quickly find
An all untoward fate,
Which serves us to remind
Death cometh never late,
And earthly beauty soon decays,
And leaves behind but 'withered bays!

But, worst of all, to know
A life that love outlasts,
When earth cannot bestow
A shelter from the blasts
That rage around a young wife's head
When love and faith alike are dead!

One little joyous hour
Of love that thrills the heart;
Then storms of life o'erlour,
And oft souls drift apart.
Grant this event may not, I pray,
Befall the bride of yesterday!

But let her earthly love,
Though never perfect here,
By faithful striving prove
A title plain and clear
To full fruition in the skies,
Mid fadeless flow'rs of Paradise!

WHAT A FARCE

WHAT A FARCE!

"Tirez le rideau, la farce est jouée."

When a sliver darkened room
A young mother lay:
For she had realized her doom,
Laid her life at bay!
And she had grasped the bitter truth,
She gave a parting cry—
"Ah! what a farce," wung forth in sooth
From long-drawn agony!

Ah! what a farce! to die so young
When life was in excess,
To give another life; no tongue
Could deeper woe express!
Proud hopes and purposes denied
In which she set great store,
All in a moment dashed aside,
Like wreckage on the shore!

Ah! what a farce! that love should bear
The bitter fruit of death;
Its object to lie bleeding there,
And soon deprived of breath!
Is this the end of youth's bright dream,
Now fading with life's spark,
One moment spent in bliss supreme,
And then eternal dark?

Ah! what a farce!—to leave below
A helpless infant fair,
That mother's care may never know,
Or mother's love may share!
Grim farce indeed, and hard beside
With love to reconcile,
Had she but known for whom she died,
Her babe an imbecile!

Or known her life was giv'n in vain,
Its cherished plans reversed,
And all those blessings proved a bane
For which her soul did thirst;
The high ideals of love once held
With firm, unshaken trust,
When she had gone, too soon dispelled
And trampled in the dust!

Ah! what a farce!—those charms should fade
From fickle heart and mind,
When she beneath the turf was laid,
And leave no trace behind!
The vows of never-ending love,
Once breathed into her ears,
To other objects lightly move,
Within two fleeting years!

Ah! what a farce! but passing soon
To deepest tr
Till we would
To end it

WHAT A FARCE!

The pain and anguish borne in vain,
The toil endured for nought ;
The sacrifice of present gain
That never guerdon brought !

Ah ! what a farce !—that bitter text
We need no more rehearse ;
Too oft proclaimed, when sore perplexed,
We see fond hopes disperse !
Till thankfully we hear the call
That bids life's tumult cease :
The farce is played, the curtains fall—
Then welcome rest and peace !

THE END



