

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1996**

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

<b>10x</b>		<b>14x</b>		<b>18x</b>		<b>22x</b>		<b>26x</b>		<b>30x</b>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>12x</b>		<b>16x</b>		<b>20x</b>		<b>24x</b>		<b>28x</b>		<b>32x</b>

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

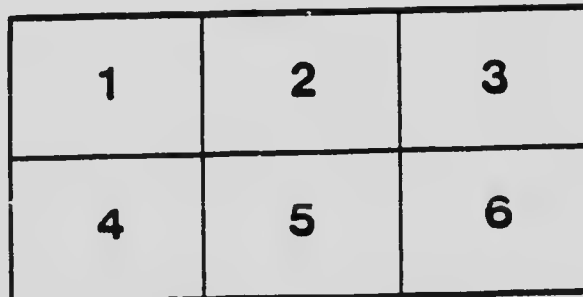
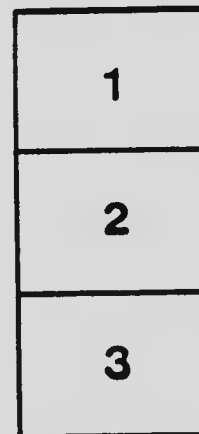
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

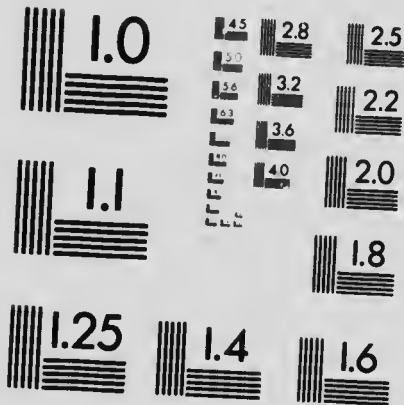
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaît sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

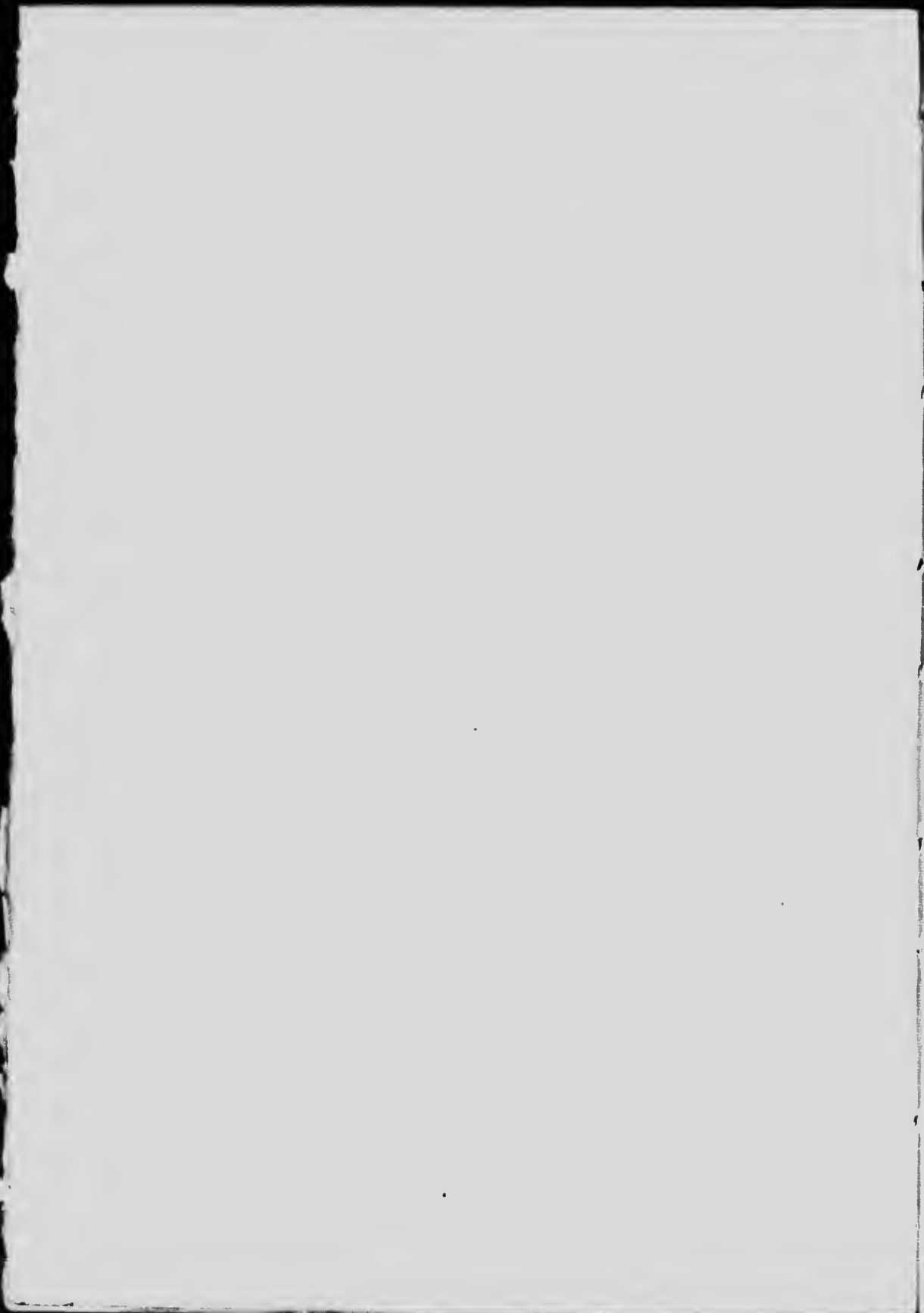
# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



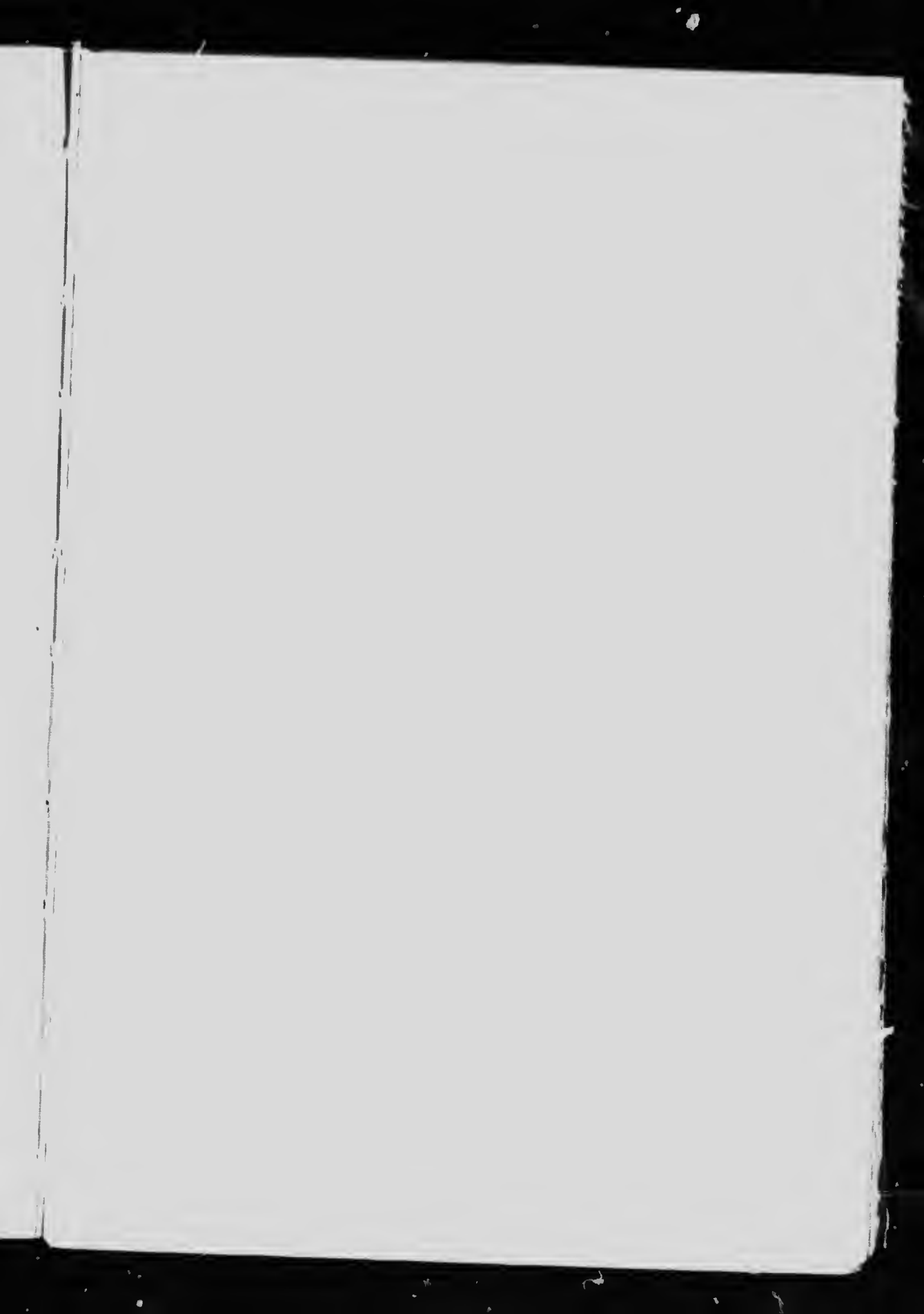
**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax



∨  
SONGS  
OF  
SENTIMENT  
∧









*H. Gardner Cattapani.*







SONGS OF SENTIMENT

HENRIETTA GARDNER CATTAPANI



THIS LITTLE BOOK IS  
DEDICATED  
WITH AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE  
TO MY BELOVED AUNT,  
MARY B. GARDNER.

P 8455

A83

566

1709

## CONTENTS

TO THE GOD OF FLOWERS . . . . .	11
LIFE'S RUDDER . . . . .	13
WHAT I WOULD BE . . . . .	15
THE HARVEST I NEVER SOWED . . . . .	17
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY . . . . .	19
BUTTERFLY FANCY . . . . .	21
AUNT MARY . . . . .	22
IN LOVE WITH LOVE . . . . .	24
THE LITTLE RED LARK . . . . .	26
TO THE ONE I LOVE . . . . .	28
FIRST LOVE . . . . .	29
BEAUTIFUL EYES . . . . .	30
A BUNCH OF KEYS . . . . .	31
CUPID WILL REIGN . . . . .	33
MY HERO . . . . .	34
THE MISTLETOE . . . . .	35
THE ANGEL OF THE YEAR . . . . .	37



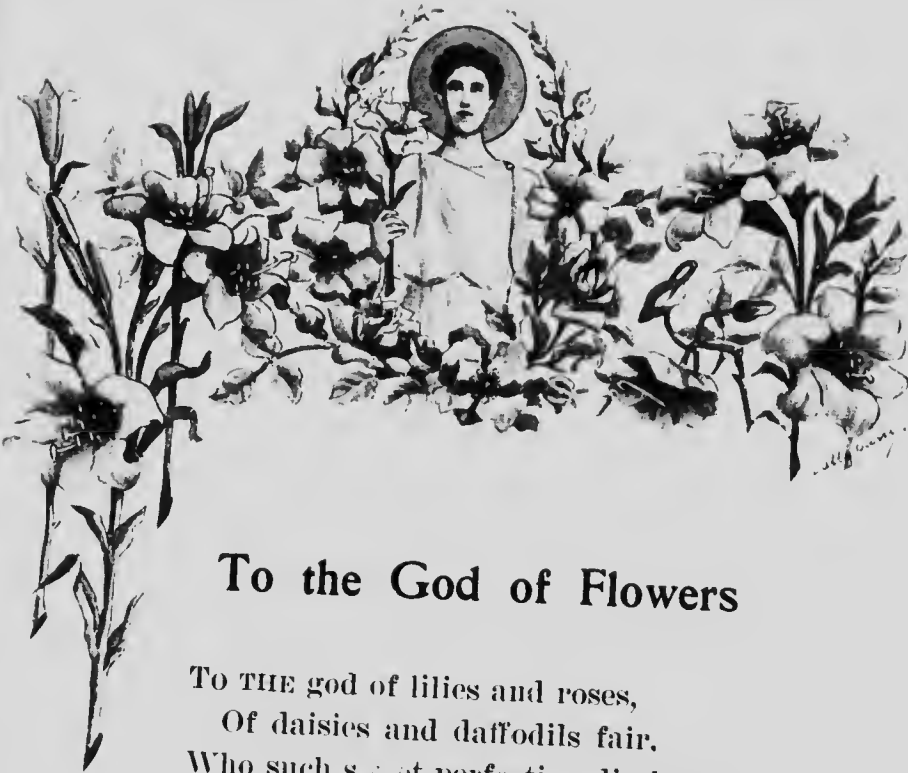
THOUGHTS IN THE SPRINGTIME . . . . .	38
THE FAIRY FUTURE . . . . .	39
THE WILD ROSE . . . . .	41
SPRING . . . . .	42
LOVE'S LOCOMOTIVE . . . . .	43
LIFE'S PLEASURE-BOAT . . . . .	45
TOO LATE . . . . .	47
SPRING'S LOVE-LETTER . . . . .	48
MAY . . . . .	50
ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .	51
THE STRAWBERRY . . . . .	53
I WOULD—WOULDN'T YOU ? . . . . .	55
WELCOME TO SUMMER . . . . .	57
THE FIRESIDE FAIRY . . . . .	59
THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH . . . . .	61
CUPID'S CALENDAR . . . . .	63
ABSENT, BUT DEAR . . . . .	64
TO MODJESKA . . . . .	65
LULU . . . . .	67
THE SWORD OF SORROW . . . . .	68
ON EASTER MORN . . . . .	70
MUSIC . . . . .	71
THE MUTINEERS . . . . .	73

CONTENTS

ix

THE FAIRY QUEEN . . . . .	75
NO HARM IN KISSING . . . . .	77
LOVE AND SONG . . . . .	79
THE ANGEL OF THE STARS . . . . .	80
LOVE ME TO-DAY . . . . .	82
FLOWER-LIKE . . . . .	84
BRING ME NIGHT FLOWERS . . . . .	86
CUPID . . . . .	87
SNOW STARS . . . . .	88
THE BEACON-LIGHT . . . . .	89
MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER . . . . .	91
THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL . . . . .	92
LOVE'S LOOKING-GLASS . . . . .	94
FLIRTATION . . . . .	95
THE STAR AND THE NIGHTINGALE . . . . .	97
SONG OF THE LOOKING-GLASS . . . . .	98
CLAUDE MELNOTTE TO PAULINE . . . . .	100
THE POETRY OF NATURE . . . . .	101
OUR FLAG . . . . .	103
THE DEAREST NAME . . . . .	104
GOD'S GARDEN . . . . .	106
THE ANGEL AT THE HELM . . . . .	108
THE KEY-NOTE . . . . .	113

THE MESSAGE FROM THE STARS . . . . .	115
YOU . . . . .	117
ONLY ONE KISS . . . . .	119
LADDERS TO HEAVEN . . . . .	121
LOVE'S SWEETEST FLOWERS . . . . .	123
A LITTLE HEART . . . . .	125
THE RAINBOW . . . . .	126
TWINE THE CROSS WITH FLOWERS . . . . .	128
I CANNOT FORGET THEE . . . . .	130
LOVE'S GOLDEN THRONE . . . . .	131
THE LILY'S TRANSFORMATION . . . . .	133
IN MEMORIAM—EDWIN BOOTH . . . . .	135
LOVE <i>VERSUS</i> LEARNING . . . . .	137
PANDORA'S BOX . . . . .	138
TO MY FATHER . . . . .	140
THE WEAVERS . . . . .	142
ALWAYS THE SAME . . . . .	144
THE DEATH OF SUMMER . . . . .	146
I LONG FOR YOU . . . . .	148
BEFORE WE MET . . . . .	151
ILLUSION . . . . .	153



## To the God of Flowers

To THE god of lilies and roses,  
Of daisies and daffodils fair,  
Who such sweet perfection discloses,  
I offer up praises and prayer;  
Be he Greek or Hindu,  
Or god of the Jew,  
I know not, and hardly I care.

## To the God of Flowers

For the god of such poems of beauty  
Must be good and beautiful, too;  
So to study them, then, is our duty,  
Though bound in bright green and not  
blue;  
They are sonnets sublime,  
Only wanting a rhyme,  
That appear each Spring ever new.

If so lovely are earthly bowers,  
And so sweet to scent and to sight,  
Oh! how fair are immortal flowers  
That are bathed in soft, golden light  
As they tell a story  
Of heavenly glory  
In each of their pure petals white!

## Life's Rudder

"NEPTUNE, mighty god of ocean!  
Thine the pow'r for good or ill;  
Thou canst save or thou canst sink me,  
I the plaything of thy will.  
Should I live to steer my vessel,  
Or to hope soon bid adieu,  
Still, no matter what may happen,  
I shall keep my rudder true!"

Thus, these words were bravely spoken  
By the pilot at the mast,  
While the ship was wildly tossing,  
Like a feather on the blast.  
But this happened, I must tell you,  
Many hundred years ago;  
Still, like stars, those words are shining,  
Guiding mariners below!

**Life's Rudder**

Thou, my brother, who art sailing  
On the mighty "flood of years,"  
While the demon-blast, Temptation,  
Fills thy soul with mortal fears;  
Though the waves are wildly rolling,  
Though the sirens sweetly woo,  
Oh! be sure, like that old sailor,  
Still you keep Life's rudder true!

## What I Would Be

Oh! would I were a silver lyre,  
Still thrilling with poetic fire!  
Or laurel leaf, whose lustre rare  
Twines sparkling round a hero's hair.  
Would I might be the ruby rose  
That on sweet Juliet's bosom glows;  
But oh! within those moonlit bow'rs,  
Her words alone are lovely flowers!  
I'd be Anacreon's gold'n bowl,  
In which he "cradled" all his soul;  
Yet spark of wit should not be drowned  
In foamy wine and choral sound —  
A gem of genius, richly wrought,  
I'd sparkle on the brow of Thought!  
And I'd be present e'en in death,  
And fling around my balmy breath;  
A stately lily, I'd illumine  
With paly splendor th' dismal tomb.



## What I Would Be

Or I would be a captive's dove,  
Returning with a song of love,  
Oh! I'd be all in nature bright  
That swells the soul or joys the sight;  
Yet let me be the least, small thing  
That comfort to one heart can bring,  
Now, shall I say what more I'd be?  
Or anything—beloved by thee!

## The Harvest I Never Sowed

I DREAMED, that a little meadow  
Was given to me by the Lord,  
For thoughts to blossom like daisies,  
That dapple the dewy sod.

And in that glorious harvest,  
My deeds were the golden grain;  
'Twas wet by my tearful sorrows,  
And reaped by the sickle—pain.

And Work—Oh! he was the farmer,  
And Duty his help-meet true;  
And Hope was the little lantern  
That cheered us the long night through.

18      **The Harvest I Never Sowed**

And when in the eve, sweet Fancy  
Was winding her mellow horn,  
Came startled, my cares out flitting  
Like ravens, from midst the corn.

And oft in my twilight visions  
I see that field of my dreams,—  
Far up in the sky's blue meadow  
It glistens with golden gleams.

But never can Reaper gather,  
And never the grain be mowed;  
Alas! in that field, shines only  
The Harvest I never sowed!

## The Sleeping Beauty

Like the princess, in the olden,  
Golden time of long ago,  
Earth lies sleeping, tranced and frozen  
'Neath her coverlet of snow.

Cometh Spring, the fairy lover,  
Stands beside her slumbering form,  
And within an ivy bower  
Wakes her with his kisses warm.

And she feels their magic power,  
Feels a stirring of the blood ;  
Where he kissed her, in that hour,  
Straight there bloomed a fragrant bud.

## The Sleeping Beauty

Golden curls of daffodillies  
Flash upon his dazzled sight;  
Brow and breast of whitest lilies—  
Never was so fair a sight!

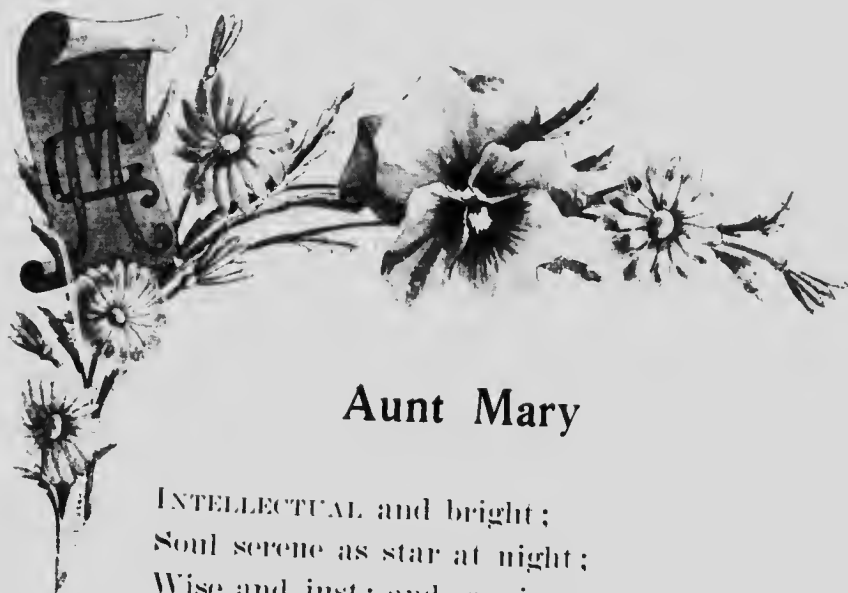
Eyes of violet's deepest azure,  
Breath of perfume from the south,  
And he sees, with thrilling pleasure,  
Just a rosebud, for her mouth!

## Butterfly Fancy

There's a spry little fly  
 With a bright, golden eye,  
 And his name is Butterfly Fancy;  
 In the rose of the world  
 He lies cosily curled  
 Where the critics, blind owlets! can't see.

For they'd gobble him up,  
 Fairy wings—coral cup;  
 And pledge him a toast in an ink-horn.  
 Oh! sure 'twould be cruel,  
 Just to flavor their gruel,  
 To make our poor butterfly forlorn.

Let the poet, kind friend,  
 Long his bright race defend,  
 With pinions all purple and sheeny;  
 And they'll lend him their wings,  
 And they'll show him the springs  
 That flow from the fount Hippocrene.



## Aunt Mary

INTELLECTUAL and bright ;  
 Soul serene as star at night ;  
 Wise and just ; and gracious, too ;  
 "Up to date " in all things *new* .  
Aunt Mary.

Generous, and kind and good ;  
 Giving like a Lady food—  
 "Alms of love," true bread of life,  
 That we long for after strife,  
Aunt Mary.

## Aunt Mary

23

Such a one can ne'er grow old;  
Time but purities fine gold;  
Golden words and golden deeds,  
Plant in Heaven God's perfect seeds,  
Aunt Mary.

Seeds that in celestial soil  
There shall *bloom*, dear, after toil;  
May you gather flowers fair  
Some day when you enter there,  
Aunt Mary.



## In Love with Love

Oh, I'm in love with you, beautiful Love!  
 With thy silken hair and thine eyes' soft  
 splendor;

Thy voice is the voice of the turtle dove,  
 Thy smile like the dawn is rosy and tender.

I dream at night, and I dream all the day  
 Of thy magic pow'r and thy mystic glory;  
 Thy light wings sparkle on every spray,  
 And the birds and the brooks sing on thy story.

I feel thou art near me, though hidden from  
 sight,  
 Like a beautiful bee on the breast of a flower;  
 But Psyche shall lend me her lamp i' the night  
 And discover sweet Love in summer's green  
 bower.

In Love with Love

25

The stars that adorn with flowers of flame  
The crystalline steps of thy heav'nly altar,  
Be witness that though I but guess at the name,  
Its musical sound I feelingly falter.

Then come, little Rover, come to thy rest!  
What is the need that thou further shouldst  
wander?  
Fold thy soft wings o'er my heart's rosy nest,  
And thou and I, Love, shall only grow fonder.

## The Little Red Lark

Oh! where has my heart gone?  
Can any one find it, pray?  
On wings like the bright dawn  
It flew o'er the hills far away.

'Twas a little red lark  
In my body's fair prison;  
Hang the cage in the dark—  
Love's lark hath arisen!

For the cage may still glisten  
Though flown the bright bird;  
But vainly we listen  
For the voice we once heard.

The Little Red Lark

27

Oh! the heart has one song —  
Its wild melody o'er,  
Though the day lingers long,  
It is mine evermore.

Heart took Love for its mate,  
And no more will return;  
But it learned all too late  
Love the Phoenix can burn!

## To the One I Love

Would I might be the glass, love,  
That's by thy fingers clasped!  
'Twould flutter to thy lips, love,  
And fill itself unmasked.

Would I might be thy shoon, love,  
To lift thee from the sod;  
They'd tread upon the stars, love,  
Be winged like Hermes' rod.

Would I might be the breeze, love,  
That rocks thee to thy rest,  
When Day, his journey o'er, love,  
Takes off his golden vest.

Would I might be the grave, love,  
To hold thee when thou'rt dead;  
And oh! I'd be the star, love,  
That crowns thy angel head!

## First Love

My first love! Oh, how sweet the maid—  
How beautiful was she;  
As, hand in hand, through wood and glade,  
She wandered on with me.

It seemed that joy smiled everywhere,  
While pleasure bade us stay;  
It seemed no change could e'er come there,  
As slipped the years away.

Alas! one night my love grew cold;  
The next—and she was gone!  
Now, soon my story will be told;  
For I was left alone.

There's naught on earth can take her place;  
Indeed, I speak the truth,  
I'd give the world to see her face—  
She was my vanished youth!

## Beautiful Eyes

Oh, beautiful eyes that I love so well!  
Eyes where the fountains of life seem to dwell.  
There is naught in the world so clear or so bright  
As thy deep, dark, wild and mystical light;  
As the moon draws the sea, so thine eyes draw  
my soul,  
Till, lured from my body, it flies from control!

Even the planets in heaven less bright than ye  
are;  
For a mind lights the eye, but not so the star.  
Oh! thy splendor in memory ever shall shine,  
And will dazzle and haunt me 'till life shall  
decline;  
As a man who, in gazing too long on the sun,  
Will see its bright spectrum when daylight is  
done!



## A Bunch of Keys

Oh! men are but a bunch of keys,  
 Upon Time's girdle strung;  
 But some would like to cut the cord  
 And slip off the thong.

One is the "open Sesame,"  
 The golden key of wealth!  
 Another key—the "Skeleton,"  
 Gets all he has by stealth.



## A Bunch of Keys

This one unlocks the Universe,—  
The massy key of thought!  
Another key but opens well  
The door that leads to—Naught.

And some are keys that open hearts  
Whose locks are black with rust;  
And some are keys that coffins lock,  
Wherein our hopes are dust.

And there are keys that open Heav'n,  
And some are keys to Hell;  
But worst of all the heavy bunch  
Is the key to a Boodler's cell!

## Cupid Will Reign

Too much dost thou love me,  
 Too much do I love thee,  
     Coldness to feign,  
 What, though the whole world chide,  
 Useless our love to hide,  
     Cupid will reign.

E'en 'neath a coronet  
 Eyes may with tears be wet,  
     By grief cast down,  
 Hearts, they will often ache,  
 Aye, and for love will break,  
     In a silk gown.

With you, then, by my side,  
 I will forget my pride  
     And the world's frown;  
 For gems and silk attire  
 I do not now aspire—  
     Love is my crown.

## My Hero

My hero must be brave, but gentle, too;  
No savage conqueror of might,  
Yet valiant in the cause of right,  
To all around him faithful, kind and true.

A nobleman by nature, not by birth,  
His words, well chosen and refined,  
Must be the coinage of his mind,  
And still attest his manhood's honest worth.

His manners pleasing and his dress not gay;  
Complexion rather dark than fair,  
Of black or chestnut hue his hair,  
And thoughtful, clear-cut eyes of crystal gray.

He may be small and plain and poor, if he  
In heart and mind and soul be great;  
I'll gladly greet the king I wait,  
And bow before my hero blushingly.

## The Mistletoe

The Lily's a lady,  
The Rose is a queen,  
The Violet's nun-like,  
And seldom is seen.

But, best of Earth's children  
Is the bright Mistletoe,  
Who brings us the berries  
All covered with snow.

Oh! once she was honored  
In an age before ours,  
And her leaves were then worshipped  
For their wondrous powers.

High up in the heavens  
Her bright berries shone,  
And she looked in her oak tree  
Like a queen on her throne.

## The Mistletoe

Then came to the forest  
The Druids in white,  
All chanting her praises  
In the frosty moonlight.

They cut off the branches  
With gold sickles keen,  
And threw to the people  
Her shining leaves green.

For if in a goblet  
There floated one leaf,  
'Twould cure every sickness  
And sorrowful grief.

Then let us be grateful  
To healers of woe,  
And remember at Christmas  
The green Mistletoe.

## The Angel of the Year

SEE the New Year coming  
Down Time's golden stair,  
With a crown of glory  
On her shining hair.

Welcome the fair stranger  
Coming in the night;  
Let her find us ready—  
Hearts and homes alight.

Every year an angel  
Cometh down to earth;  
Sharing in our sorrow,  
Joining in our mirth.

Let us then remember  
Midst our grief and cares,  
We are entertaining  
Angels unawares.

Angels that will bless us  
Ere they shall depart  
If we do our duty  
With a faithful heart.

## Thoughts in the Springtime

Now the flowers awaken  
From their wintry sleep,  
And come with smiling faces  
Above the earth to peep.  
Thus, springing from our sorrows,  
New joys will oft arise;  
And, ripened in the darkness,  
Meet us in sweet surprise.

But, as the flowers wither  
And fall into decay;  
So, man and all he strives for  
Must swiftly pass away.  
Still like them, pale and drooping,  
When destiny is done,  
He holds within his bosom  
The seeds of life to come!

## The Fairy Future

SANTA CLAUS, the Fairy Future,  
 Now will soon be coming here  
 With a pack of gifts and playthings  
 In the basket of the year.

No one is by him forgotten --  
 Rich and poor he goes among,  
 Visiting the homes of mortals,  
 Bearing gifts to old and young.

Leaving in the tent of soldier  
 Sword, and life, and rolling drum,  
 With a dream of martial glory  
 And of laurels yet to come.

To the lawyer brings he bag-wig  
 (Would that he brought wisdom, too!)  
 And the doctor has a pill-box  
 That shall make his patient blue.



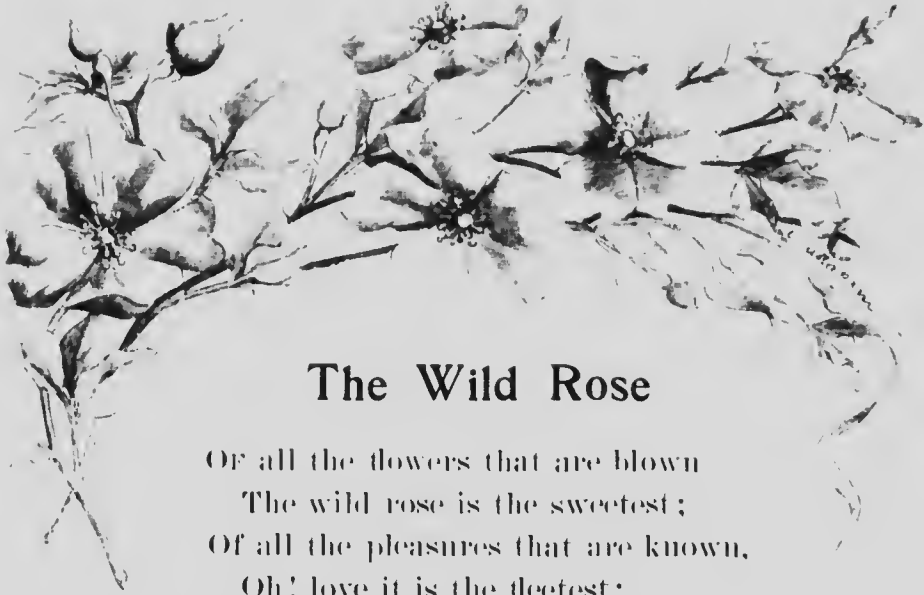
## The Fairy Future

But the maiden, lovely sweetheart,  
Shall receive a golden ring;  
Happy hopes that shall awaken  
Summer in the heart of Spring.

To the sick he brings an angel  
That shall take away their pain;  
And they learn, beyond Death's gateway,  
Earthly loss is heavenly gain.

But the poet, mystic dreamer,  
Shall receive a living lyre;  
Sweep the chords of human feeling  
With his ardent hands of fire.

Thus we wait the Fairy Future,  
Bringing gifts to you and me!  
With our hopes, like little candles,  
Shining on Life's Christmas tree!



## The Wild Rose

Of all the flowers that are blown  
The wild rose is the sweetest;  
Of all the pleasures that are known,  
Oh! love it is the fleetest;  
Yet roses live but for a day,  
And Cupid seldom comes to stay,  
He's such a little rover!

Then pluck the rose while still divine,  
Ere with its odors dying;  
And kiss the maid while she is thine,  
Won with enamored sighing;  
For sweetest roses soonest die,  
And she shall languish by and by,  
And all thy joy be over!

## Spring

WINTER is old, and white and cold,  
But Spring is blithe and bonnie;  
With crook of gold to guide her fold  
Of fleecy cloudlets sunny.

A teardrop lies within her eyes,  
The rainbow in her smiling;  
Whate'er her guise, or smiles, or sighs,  
All nature still beguiling.

In green array she comes this way,  
Dappling the field with daisies;  
While loud and gay, in joyous lay  
The birds chant out her praises.

But coming soon is gentle June,  
Filled with celestial fires;  
When brooks attune their rustic rune,  
And sweet Springtime retires.

## Love's Locomotive

THERE'S a gay locomotive, called "Cupid" by  
name,

All filled with bright vapor and roseate flame;  
'Tis the best locomotive that ever was made,  
And it casts Father Time's all into the shade,  
From the glance of an eye once let Cupid's car  
start,

And it will reach, in a twinkling, Love's station,  
*the heart,*

Oh! 'tis filled with the foolish, both young and  
the old;

And its wheels are made often of silver and gold,  
The lover and loveless, the bridegroom and bride,  
In a sweet *tête-à-tête* there sit side by side,

Thus around the whole world merry Cupid's car  
goes,

All padded and painted lovely *couleur de rose*.

## Love's Locomotive

There's a sound like a kix and the Belle gives a  
scream,

But 'tis only Love's way of thus letting off  
steam!

Then away goes the train with a rumble and  
roar—

And there always iz room for one passenger  
more;

But, as accidentz happen no doctor can cure,

You had best with *Good Sense* to first fully  
insure!

## Life's Pleasure-Boat

PLEASURE'S a fairy-boat,  
All wreathed with flowers;  
Oh! a sight to admire  
In sunshiny hours.  
Gently she glides along  
On life's Summer sea,  
While round her silken sails  
The winds blow in glee.

But when comes the tempest  
And loud howls the gale,  
Broken her gilded mast,  
And torn her silk sail,  
The waves for a moment  
Her requiem roar,  
And then our frail shallop  
Is seen nevermore.

## Life's Pleasure-Boat

But, Duty's a pilot  
Can hold the helm fast,  
Can brave the bright lightning  
And weather the blast.  
While Virtue will lend us  
Her binnacle light,  
Until the fair haven  
Is safely in sight.

## Too Late

Too late you came, your only crime,  
For fled were youth's bright hours,  
While Love himself is winged like Time,  
And seeks the freshest flowers.

For in the bright and liquid morn,  
How brilliant bloom the roses;  
But when the Winter comes forlorn,  
How soon the brief bud closes.

Then chide me not that I am cold,  
That you no passion waken;  
Remember, dear, that we are old,  
And Love his leave has taken.



## Spring's Love-Letter

DAINTY Spring has lovers many,  
Beautiful and bright is she;  
One more dear there is than any,  
Oh! whoever can it be?

Open lies his loving letter,  
Writ on Nature's page of green;  
Hide it soon the maid had better,  
If she would not have it seen.

Not like feeble words of ours  
Do his ardent thoughts appear;  
For an alphabet of flowers  
Tells us that a God writes here.

Spring's Love-Letter

49

Snowdrop, crocus, primrose, daisies,  
And the periwinkle blue,  
Make the starry chain of praises  
That avows His love so true.

Violets and daffodillies,  
Venus's sacred myrtle vine,  
Blushing rose and fairest lilies,  
Love and flattery combine.

And one flower of flaunting brightness  
Mid them all we now behold;  
'Tis her lover's faithful likeness—  
Shining, sun-like marigold!

## May

MAY is the month when merry maids  
Do gather buds and flowers,  
And listen to the tales of love  
In Nature's verdant bowers.

May is the mild and magic month  
When moon and stars are brightest,  
When meadows are most fresh and fair,  
And loving hearts are lightest.

May is the time for youth and mirth,  
And May's the time to marry;  
While she who will not *then* be wed  
Deserves to ever tarry.

May is the sweetest, brightest, best  
Beloved of all the seasons,  
And for that prond opinion here  
I've given goodly reasons.



## Romeo and Juliet

O JULIET, thou fairest flower  
That ever bloomed in mortal bower,  
How oft at moonlit eve I dream  
I see thy dark eyes softly beam.

I dream; and thy fond lover see  
As ardently he bends the knee;  
And wishes that he were thy "glove,"  
Or swears "by yonder moon" above.

## Romeo and Juliet

The moon! and is it still the same  
That circled then with silver flame?  
And was it but the change of time  
That quenched their spirits so sublime?

Ah, no! such love can never die,  
They meet with rapture in the sky;  
Far as the stars though now their flight,  
Still do their wingèd souls unite.

Would that Juliet I could be  
To feel so deep and fervently;  
Or a Romeo I could find  
As good and gracious, fond and kind.

Fame, like the sun, now gilds the gloom,  
And sheds a glory on their tomb;  
The lover's altar, poet's shrine,  
Where Passion breathes its prayer divine!

## The Strawberry

FROM flowers fair and rosy wine  
Should poet's theme ne'er vary?  
Let others praise the purple vine,  
I sing the sweet strawberry.

So perfect the delicious fruit,  
We scarcely heed its flower;  
While from one plenteous green shoot  
There falls a ruby shower.

It suits full well the castle hall,  
And decks the lordly table;  
And, yet, at rural festival  
To minister 'tis able.

## The Strawberry

Its perfume is as fresh and sweet,  
Its leaves as graceful growing,  
As any flower you can meet,  
When buds are softly blowing.

It, thus, alike delights the eye,  
The taste as well as smelling;  
And, 'neath the pure, bright Alpine sky  
'Tis all the year fond dwelling.

It is the one, sweet, perfect thing,  
In sympathy still given,  
Which some good angel here did bring  
'To 'mind us still of heaven.

Oh! then, the lesson let us learn,  
To add to use still sweetness!  
This gives the mind that may be stern  
The Strawberry's completeness!

## I Would — Wouldn't You ?

WHAT would you do if a youth called you  
"fairest?"

What would you do if a youth called you  
"wise?"

Wouldn't you try just to believe him in earnest,  
And be sure to see yourself through his eyes?  
I would—wouldn't you?

What would you do if a youth said he *loved* you?  
What if he swore that his bosom did "*burn*."

Wouldn't you believe the miracle *was* true,  
And love him a little just in return?  
I would—wouldn't you?



56      I Would—Wouldn't You?

What would you do, if, made bold by his passion,  
His lips sought your own in love's exquisite  
bliss;

But, since Mother Eye herself set the fashion,  
Make happy your lover with one little *kiss*?  
I would—wouldn't you?

What if a youth in some sweet summer bower  
The twilight is veiling with silvery gray,  
Should breathe forth his passion in that magic  
hour,

Would you grant his request by *naming the  
day*?

I would—wouldn't you?

## Welcome to Summer

DEAR Spring, adieu!  
You have been gentle, sweet and fair  
As your own sorry daisies are;  
But, then. Oh! you  
Do bring,  
Dear Spring,  
The royal summer,  
And wait upon her;  
Who, like an Oriental queen,  
Now, here, right sov'reignly is seen;  
Clad in vermilion, jewelled race,  
With amber in her auburn hair;  
Like Isis, sprinkled o'er with spice,  
And smiling, fresh from Paradise!  
With sandaled feet, and roses crowned,  
She scarcely treads the sacred ground,

## Welcome to Summer

When in the dew-bedabbled dawn,  
She passes through the golden corn,  
Then haste away,  
Sweet Spring, not stay!  
Though bright you shine,  
Still more divine  
This glad new-coming  
The queenly Summer

## The Fireside Fairy

THERE is a little fairy  
Who comes at close of day  
To soothe us in our sorrow  
And take our grief away.

A dainty little creature,  
All clad in rosy red,  
With bright and flowing mantle,  
And crown upon her head.

She comes in silence only,  
This spirit of the fire,  
From out the ruddy embers,  
When footsteps all retire.

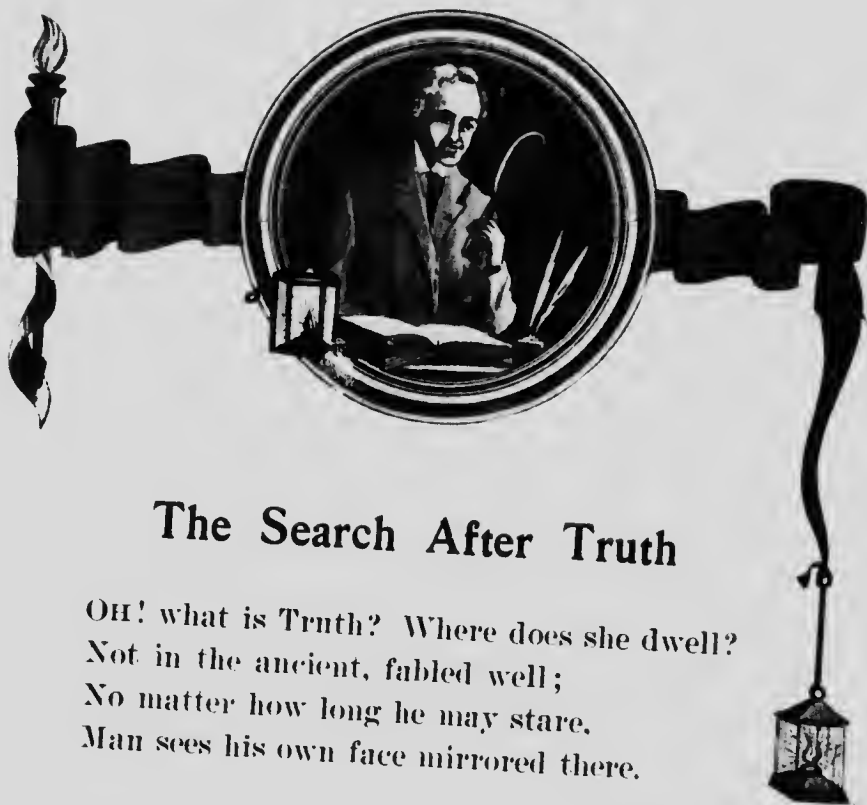
## The Fireside Fairy

And pretty are the pictures  
She shows us in the light,  
Of tower and of temple,  
Of lady and of knight.

And 'mid the embers shining,  
We once again behold,  
In their own form and semblance,  
The friends we knew of old.

Then give the fireside fairy  
A place among the rest;  
Though coming uninvited,  
An ever welcome guest.

But cherish the sweet sylphid,  
Whose tresses shine like gold;  
Nor let in doleful darkness  
Thy hearthstone e'er grow cold.



## The Search After Truth

OH! what is Truth? Where does she dwell?  
 Not in the ancient, fabled well;  
 No matter how long he may stare,  
 Man sees his own face mirrored there.

Not in a part but in the whole  
 Does Truth encase her shining soul.  
 We see her tresses in the sun;  
 The stars they deck her, one by one.

## The Search After Truth

She plants her feet upon the earth,  
But heaven alone her soul gave birth.  
She holds aloft the lamp of life;  
Her other hand clasps Death's keen knife.

She's in the earth beneath our feet;  
The golden grain; the flowers sweet;  
The lucid lake; the heavenly dew;  
The crawling snake; the upas, too.

Oh! all without, and all within;  
In God and nature, man and sin;  
In thunder, lightning, and in air,  
Invisible, the Truth lives there.

She drops her gems upon the ground,  
And man thinks he the Truth has found;  
Then builds an altar—or a spire—  
But far aloft shines Truth's bright fire.

Religion—science—are but steps  
In Truth's grand temple. No one leaps  
Into her presence, or her throne,  
For no one yet the Truth has known.

## Cupid's Calendar

OH, when my Julia opes her eyes,  
Then daylight is appearing;  
But when those orbs in slumber close,  
'Tis then dull night is nearing.

While summer comes with her sweet smiles,  
Sad winter with her scorning—  
So flowers watch my lady's looks,  
And little birds take warning.

For, like the fickle April day,  
Her moods so quickly vary:  
She changes like the weather-cock,  
Or clouds so light and airy.

Such liberty my Julia's charms  
Have taken with each season,  
That I, who lost my heart before,  
Now fear to lose my reason!



## Absent, But Dear

'Tis not while their friendship and faith are our  
own,

'Tis not while our loved ones are here,  
That our warmest affection is felt or is known—

'Tis when they are absent, but dear.

Oh! 'tis not 'till the vessel has passed from our  
sight

That we its bright furrows can view;  
As 'tis distance that lends a dim silvery light  
And robes the dark mountain in blue.

So, thinking of pleasures that once did abound,  
We prize not the joys we have here;  
And we turn from the friends that are gathered  
around

To sigh for the absent, but dear.

For, although Time has taken our loved ones  
afar,

Fond memories linger here yet;  
As the rays that arrive from some vanishing star  
Long after the planet has set!

## To Modjeska

Oh, thou art a rose, made of sunlight and dew,  
And thou art a lamp, with the light flashing  
through;

But thou art a fairy, and thou art a queen!  
And were I a youth I thy lover had been.

Modjeska!

Thy face is a garden where Love's flowers grow,  
Thy forehead a mount ever silvered with snow,  
Thy brows lurid serpents and threaten a storm;  
But thy smile, a fine fire, still keeps thy face  
warm,

Modjeska!

Thou art the gazelle of all graceful girls;  
The phoenix could make his bright nest of thy  
curls.

Oh, thy voice might beguile a young babe from  
the breast

Or sing, like a siren, sailor lads to their rest,

Modjeska!

Thy mouth is a rich, rosy casket of gems;  
Thine eyes are more brilliant than king's  
diadems;

Thy hand is a sceptre of ivory fair,  
While you, I oft fancy, the "lost Pleiad" are,  
Modjeska!

And were I another, I would slip from my  
sphere

To flame and to dazzle beside you, my dear,  
A feminine Castor and Pollux we'd be;  
But we'd shine on the land and not on the sea,  
Modjeska!

Of maids there are plenty—sad, sour or droll—  
But thou, oh, my lady, art "rich in a soul";  
So I lay my poor verse at my queen-woman's feet,  
As Sir Raleigh his cloak in the old London street,  
Modjeska!

From the throne of thy genius look royally down,  
Thou pearl of great price in fair womanhood's  
crown,

And smile on thy subject, so loyal and true,  
For I laid, with my verses, my loving heart, too,  
Modjeska!



## Lulu

You're fair as Byron's Du-Du, Du-Du,  
 You've won my heart, sweet Lulu-Lulu;  
 Your head is like a golden star  
 That twinkles in the sky afar.  
     Lulu! Lulu!

Your voice is like the Bul-Bul, Bul-Bul,  
 That cheers the soul when dull-dull, dull-dull;  
 You seem made up of sweet sunshine;  
 One-half is human—half divine,  
     Lulu! Lulu!

Your form is fair as Hebe-Hebe  
 Who ever, Dear, now, she be, she be;  
 My ev'ry thought is bent to prove,  
 'Tis you alone, alone I love,  
     Lulu! Lulu!

## The Sword of Sorrow

In the wonderful East, at a glorious feast,  
A Sultan once sat on his throne;  
While sweet perfume and wine made the night  
    seem divine  
    'Mid splendor from cresset and sconce.

On a couch at his side, sat his beautiful bride,  
Fit bud for a Bower of Bliss;  
While her gem-spangled lace half veiled her  
    sweet face,  
    And mouth that seemed made for a kiss.

So, there, happy and proud, amid the gay crowd,  
The Victor in war, as in love;  
Without one thought of gloom, or sad, sudden  
    doom,  
The Sultan glanced idly above.

When he saw *overhead*, 'neath the canopy  
spread

That fell from the ceiling to floor,  
By a *single hair hung*, a sharp *cimeter* swung,  
As bright as young Sultan e'er wore!

There, as if turned to stone, he, still, sat on his  
throne;

But, forgotten both pleasure and pride,  
His fair Bride of an hour, his pomp and his  
power,  
For of *fright* the Sultan had died!

Oh, on one and on all, the sharp sword may soon  
fall,

Though we cannot see it to-day;  
For the Sword we call "Sorrow," may, yet, *fall*  
to-morrow,  
But, now, hidden in roses away.

Yet, those moments of pain, often prove our  
great gain,

As pure pearls are brought up from brine;—  
And love the most tragic, will, oft, with its  
magic,  
Turn Life's muddy water to wine!

## On Easter Morn

THE angels sang of peace and love,  
    Bathed in the golden glow ;  
And ev'ry note they sang above  
    Fell as a bud below.

That's why the flowers are so bright,  
    So full of nameless grace ;  
As if, in every leaf of light,  
    There shone an angel's face.

Thus sweetly are they eloquent  
    Of heaven and its ways,  
And tell of days in goodness spent,  
    For they are songs of praise !



## Music

ONCE when earth was young and fair  
    (Ere sin came),  
Many angels lingered there  
(Mortals' happiness to share),  
    Bright as flame.

Only one stayed here below  
    All alone,  
After Satan wrought us woe,  
In Eve's garden long ago,  
    To atone.

And forever still she sings,  
    Men to cheer;  
With her white and shining wings  
Comfort still she ever brings  
    Sad hearts here.



## Music

Something of that sacred clime  
Thrills her strings;  
Influences sweet, sublime,  
Hinting of a happier time,  
Here she brings.

She is Music; so divine  
Are her strains,  
Thrilling souls like mellow wine,  
Mortals then no more repine,  
As in chains.

For she fills their hearts with cheer,  
Makes earth bright;  
Wipes away dark sorrow's tear,  
Frees the mind from doubt and fear  
By her might.

Greater love can none inspire;  
By God's throne  
Her bright symbol shines in fire,  
The constellation called the "Lyre."  
Music's own!

## The Mutineers

Now, up from their dark hatches swarming  
The Passions run madly on deck;  
They are rushing about and storming,  
And the good Ship trying to wreck.

They have taken the helm from Duty  
And have snatched the ropes from Remorse;  
But thinking of plunder and booty,  
Are steering the bark from its course.

They have quenched the bright light of Reason,  
And Conscience fast bound to the mast;  
They are plotting murder and treason,  
As they sail in the stinging blast.

As they steer on, heeding no warning,  
They mark not the lighthouse red glow;  
But where will they be in the morning,  
If wrecked on the dark reefs of Woe?

Oh, pray, then, all ye noble-hearted,  
And, pray with a right earnest will,  
That Christ be from Earth not departed;  
But, say to the waves, "*Peace!—be still!*"

And that the good ship we call "Dnty,"  
Oh, never may thus go astray,  
But, sail on, in splendor and beauty,  
Its gallant and smooth-sailing way!

## The Fairy Queen

Now is the time the god of Love  
Doth string his bow with flowers;  
While bright the sun that shines above  
Makes golden all the hours.

So sweet these fragrant shafts now seem  
We scarcely feel their smart;  
And thus it is in spring we deem  
Love's arrows reach the heart.

Green is the grass, and bright the skies,  
The clouds are clad in white;  
And though their home in heaven lies,  
Shed here their angel light.

## The Fairy Queen

For spring has come, that fairy child,  
And winter stern has fled;  
Lo, where the dreaming maiden smiled,  
Each flower raised its head.

The daisy and the snowdrops fair,  
That make the meadow bright;  
While cowslips now come crowding there,  
In sooth a gladsome sight.

And on they come, the fairy crew,  
Each lovely to behold;  
All dressed in robes of changing hue,  
Of silver, blue and gold.

The pretty pageant of the year  
It is that now is seen,  
For gayly do the flowers appear  
To greet their fairy queen!

## No Harm in Kissing

Of all the joys  
That love employs  
There's none so sweet as kissing;  
From morn till night  
It gives delight  
No wise maid will be missing.

The silly prude  
May call it rude;  
Nor kiss one, willy-nilly;  
But angry Love  
Will fly above,  
Nor choose a heart so chilly.

A little kiss  
Is not amiss  
If but the maid be willing;

## No Harm in Kissing

But, if denied  
With look of pride,  
Why, glances are not killing.

Oh! 'tis the dish  
E'en gods do wish,  
From Paradise descending;  
It fills the earth  
With joy and mirth,  
And nectar never ending.

Chaste Dian, too,  
Oft left the blue  
To hunt this wide world over;  
And dropt her bow  
On meadows low  
To kiss her own dear lover.

And why should we  
Now wiser be  
Than Mother Eve, or Moses?  
Then, steal a kiss  
And know the bliss  
Of "Love among the roses!"

## Love and Song

WITHIN a lute  
 Lay cradled mute  
 The infant we call Song,  
 'Till straying far  
 From some grand star,  
 The Love God came along.

In master style,  
 Then, with a smile,  
 He clasped it to his breast;  
 With hands and wings  
 He swept the strings  
 Till Song leapt forth full dressed.

And, since that time  
 Has song sublime  
 Been bride of Venus' son,  
 Still more divine  
 Their hearts entwine—  
 "Two hearts that beat as one."





## The Angel of the Stars

I saw a vision in the night  
 Float o'er the cloudy bars,  
 With pinions strong that glimmered white—  
 The Angel of the Stars!

What sweetness lit that lovely face  
 I strive to tell in vain;  
 And in her hands, with nameless grace,  
 She held a starry chain.

And as she floated through the air  
 With flames so crystalline,  
 The heavens seemed a temple fair  
 With altar lights a-shine.

## The Angel of the Stars

81

Some stars were scarcely to be seen,  
While others did dilate  
And shone clear, steadfast and serene,  
All solemn in their state,

Like many-colored gems enshrined,  
Though some with lesser light;  
Yet all in harmony combined  
To make the heavens bright.

Methought how like poetic souls  
You stars do throb and shine;  
All rounding to the selfsame goals,  
The beautiful—sublime!

And though beyond count multiplied,  
Both stars and poets are  
Yet by the same light glorified—  
God's Singer and—the star!

Long watched I with dilated glance  
That Angel form divine,  
Till daylight woke me from my trance,  
When stars no longer shine.

## Love Me To-day

If you'll love me to-day,  
I'll not ask you to-morrow;  
A care for the future  
I never will borrow,  
And if for the present  
The sunshine is bright,  
I'll not think of the curfew  
That tolls a good-night.

And since on this planet  
All creatures must change,  
That Love, too, should alter  
Were not very strange.  
Then ne'er will I languish  
Or weep with regret  
While one of Love's roses  
Shall linger here yet.

Love Me To-day

83

The spirit of pleasure,  
Love's here—Love is there  
As fresh as a fountain,  
As free as the air;  
For, oh! should it happen  
That love dragged a chain,  
His beautiful pinions  
Were given in vain!

## Flower-Like

How lovely are the flowers fair!  
More lovely still is woman;  
The gods set ev'ry blossom there,  
But left her sweetly human.

She wears the daisy's innocence,  
The rose's blushing beauty;  
Yet has no thorns for her defence,  
But only love and duty.

And hers the destiny divine,  
The mission of the flowers,  
To purify, to raise, refine,  
And gladden all the hours.

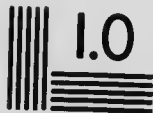
Oh! such her dainty elegance,  
Like them she gives such pleasure  
No praises can her charms enhance—  
She is man's dearest treasure.

Yet, like the chaste mimosa rare,  
From evil touch she's perished;  
But, oh! how wondrous sweet and fair  
When wisely loved and cherished!



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



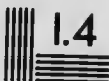
1.0



1.1



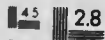
1.25



1.4



1.6



1.8

2.0

2.2

2.5

2.8

3.2

3.6

4.0

4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10.0

11.2

12.5

14.3

16.0

18.0

20.0

22.5

25.0

28.2

31.5

36.0

40.0

45.0

50.0

56.2

63.0

71.0

80.0

90.0

100.0



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax



## Bring Me Night Flowers

BRING me night flowers, all passion pale;  
 For those that bloom by day  
 Are all too cheerful, gay and bright  
 Till sunlight dies away;  
 When, like a silver star at night,  
 Shines forth the splendid Cereus white.

Night's Violet and Tuberoses,  
 Far India's Jasmine red;  
 The fairy flowers of wondrous hue  
 That Love himself has wed;  
 As clothed in colors fresh and new,  
 She blushes through the gemlike dew.

Come, bring those flowers of silver light  
 That for the night are made;  
 Like them a lonely watch I keep,  
 And dwell within the shade;  
 So, when the world is all asleep,  
 They'll tell me, then, their secrets sweet!

## Cupid

WHY do they paint the god of Love  
A blind and chubby child,  
With wings that ever seek to rove  
In careless freedom wild?

Love is a youth, I often dream,  
Who godlike is and strong;  
With tender lips and eyes that beam,  
And voice as sweet as song.

Ah, surely they have painted lies,  
Who make him weak and small;  
And, if they say he ever flies  
They know not Love at all!

## Snow Stars

PRETTY crystals of the air,  
Floating round us everywhere;  
Little stars so pure and bright,  
Making all the world so white,  
Surely Sinbad's diamond vail  
Shone with lustre far more pale.

On each bud that felt a blight,  
Now there rests a starry light;  
For each gem of snow and ice  
Is arranged in rare device;  
Thus the fairies of the frost  
Compensate for flowers lost.

Strange the snowflakes enter in  
Such a world of woe and sin;  
Lying in the crowded street,  
Trampled by a thousand feet,  
Brave and cheerful, pure and clear  
Are the stars that cluster here!

## The Beacon-Light

LIKE a fire in the snow of December  
There glows in my heart a hot ember,  
And I shiver and fever by turns,  
As my love-light now flickers—now burns.

Oh! I pray that my ember may last,  
And I shield it from each wintry blast;  
For a life is now tossed on the main,  
I would guide to its haven again.

Love had built me a beautiful fire,  
And it flamed ever higher and higher,  
Till its golden-wreathed vapor opened  
Like a halo around the whole world.

## The Beacon-Light

But long waiting and wearying pain,  
And the wet of my Life's bitter rain,  
With the blast of the World's hate and scorn  
Now have left but one ember forlorn.

There are some—ah! I know them full well,  
Who would fling that red brand down to hell!  
Oh! they know not that with *its* bright fire  
My *own* life itself would expire.

So I pace on Life's sands to and fro,  
As I watch its now fast fading glow,  
And I question the wild wind and rain:  
Can dead love ever kindle again?

Can my signal be seen from the shore?  
Will the waves thus rush dark evermore?  
Can he reach me out here in the night—  
And with only Love's Beacon for light?



## Mother, Dear Mother

MOTHER, dear mother; oh, what charm in that  
name!

Fairest of flowers in the garden of Fame!  
No matter how far in strange countries we roam,  
Our thoughts still fly back to dear mother and  
home.

Her smile has a sweetness, a tenderness, grace,  
We turn from the fairest to gaze on her face;  
And when in the future dear mother departs,  
Her memory 'll live, still enshrined in our hearts.

She shares in our gladness and soothes our  
distress,

And banishes sorrow with fond tenderness;  
Oh, if mortal be fit for bowers above,  
'Tis mother, dear mother, earth's angel of love!

## The Song of the Sea-Shell

" BEAUTIFUL shell of the ocean,  
Now far from the sounding shore,  
What is the music you murmur  
So softly for evermore?  
Is it the song of the mermaids  
Sporting in bright coral caves?  
Is it a dirge for the sailors  
Sleeping beneath the blue waves?"

Thus, oft in my room at twilight  
The children come from their play  
To see my bright shell of ocean,  
And ask me, "What does it say?"  
I answer, pleasing my fancy,  
Though foolish tears will oft start,  
For I hear within the sea shell  
The echo of my sad heart.

## The Song of the Sea-Shell

93

For there fond Memory's angel  
Has folded her golden wings,  
And oft she stirreth my spirit  
As minstrel touches his strings;  
And so in the dreamy twilight  
She weaves her magical spell,  
While soft is the music that murmurs,  
As that of the sad sea shell.

"Farewell! to the caves of amber!"  
Thus sings the shell of the sea;  
And "Farewell!" my sad heart murmurs,  
"My beloved one to thee!"  
"Farewell" sighs the plaintive pearl shell,  
From sea flowers far apart;  
And "Farewell!" more sadly echoes  
The voice of my faithful heart!



## Love's Looking-Glass

Love has a little looking-glass,  
'Tis made with cunning art;  
And he has slyly hidden it  
Away within my heart.

Oh, 'tis a magic looking-glass,  
Where you yourself may see  
The faithful mirror of my heart  
Reflecting only *thee!*

And never in that mirror shall  
Thy image cease to shine,  
Till Love, in his own careless way,  
Shall break the glass divine.

## Flirtation

So, you are "married," mon ami,  
And our "flirtation" is o'er;  
'Twas "pleasant, long as it lasted,"  
But, then, you— "never meant more"?

The eve we sat in the moonlight—  
That long and rapturous kiss—  
Those words you spoke of mad passion—  
They meant, monsieur, only this?

Well, hearts before have been broken  
By just such trifles, I ween;  
But, Tragedy' out of fashion—  
And, I am Comedy's queen.

## Flirtation

My eyes like "stars" are still shining,  
My curls yet gleaming like "gold"—  
But madame's coffers are brighter—  
Or, so, at least, I've been told.

Ambition your love may smother,  
When rich and flattered you roam!  
But, can you say, without falsehood,  
That you are happy at home?

Don't think me proud or reproachful—  
My heart's still happy and free—  
For, I, too, pray, friend, remember,  
Was only "flirting," you see!

## The Star and the Nightingale

A NIGHTINGALE sang to a pure white Star  
 That calmly shone in the heavens afar;  
 " Beautiful, beautiful angel of light,  
 Be thou less distant, or be thou less bright,  
 By night and by day I pine, oh, I pine  
 To bask in the light of thy smiles divine,  
 Oh! fain I would soar to thy silver throne  
 And clasp thee, and call thee, My own, My own!"

And, thus, the Nightingale sings 'till he dies;  
 For, ah! the cold Star it never replies,  
 But, oh! 'tis the fairest dream of delight  
 That e'er illumined a sorrowful night,  
 To think that, sometimes, that lay of sweet love  
 Will reach the bright home of the Star above,  
 I believe it—although it may seem absurd—  
 For thou art the Star and my soul is the Bird!

## Song of the Looking-Glass

SING the song of the Looking-glass,  
The friend of ev'ry pretty lass;  
With manners polished, and its look  
Clear as the crystal, babbling brook.  
Whate'er its station or its frame,  
Like virtue, it still shines the same.  
It flatters not, but tells the truth  
To prince or peasant, age or youth.  
A moral, too, it may convey,  
If but to hear it you will stay;  
The world's itself a Looking-glass,  
Where many mirrored selves do pass;  
If on it, now, you kindly smile  
Your pleasure it reflects the while,  
But, if with sour, ill-favored grace  
This mirror shows you your own face.  
Then learn by it that beauty's right;

Song of the Looking-Glass

99

And try to smile with all your might,  
But one thing more I have to say  
Ere from this theme we turn away;  
Look thou but in this glass of mine,  
Thou'lt see my own dear valentine;  
Yet fear I when your face you view  
Narcissus' fable will come true,  
Who died while bending o'er the brook,  
Enamored of his own fair look!

## Claude Melnotte to Pauline

THEY say you are a lady—  
As far beyond my love  
As noonday sun in heaven  
Is this dark earth above.  
Yet were thy pride more lofty,  
And were I twice as low,  
Pygmalion-like my passion  
Should make thy spirit glow.

And, though you were a seraph,  
Bright with celestial charms,  
I still should claim and clasp you  
Within these peasant arms;  
For ah! some secret power,  
Majestic yet benign,  
Has sealed our souls together  
With its own fire divine!

## The Poetry of Nature

THE face of Nature, how refined!  
The mirror of a noble Mind;  
No coarse or vulgar thought is there,  
Where all is lovely—all is fair.

Or if a phalanx of dark clouds  
One instant all the landscape shrouds  
Bright lightnings splendid banners form,  
While majesty rides on the storm!

Of Nature's beauty let me sing—  
Whose stars in crystal clusters cling;  
Where flowers flaunt and fountains flow,  
And golden suns above us glow.



Who does not feel the inward sense  
Of joy, that lofty scenes dispense;  
Or think the gale that round him sighs  
Might lift his spirit to the skies?

Or when he sees the chaste moonshine  
But grows himself almost divine;  
As though some bright, celestial ray  
Did mingle with his baser clay?

Oh, sweet the lessons to the soul  
Man learns in Nature's mystic scroll;  
He seeks a flower in the sod  
And finds as well, it may be—God!



## Our Flag

Our bright flag is the emblem  
Of freedom and right;  
May we carry it ever,  
For it bravely fight.

May the eagle of victory  
Still proudly perch there,  
When our "Star Spangled Banner"  
Shall float on the air.

Let the Goddess of Liberty  
Enlighten the world;  
And the flag of our nation,  
Oh! never be furled.

## The Dearest Name

If there's a name—a sacred name,  
More dear than any other,  
That echoes with a sound divine,  
It is the name of mother.  
The first in childhood's days we lisp,  
The last we oft remember;  
No other word is so supreme,  
Has memories so tender.

How can I doubt that God is love,  
When on my path of duty  
He gives me such an angel guide  
To His own Home of Beauty?  
And, as my mother was the first  
To greet me in life's morning,  
May she be first to meet me there,  
When heaven's light is dawning.

## The Dearest Name

105

No place could be a paradise,  
    However bright its portal,  
If, mother dear, you were not there,  
    The same, although immortal.  
The dearest name on earth to me,  
    More pure than any other,  
Affection's own, bright polar star—  
    The holy name of mother!

## God's Garden

If flowers had a language,  
I wonder what they'd say,  
As flitting in the garden  
They flutter all the day?  
The rose, I think, would whisper love,  
The snowdrop herald hope,  
The lily lead our thoughts above,  
And heaven try to ope,  
But not one word of anger,  
Of envy, or of fear,  
From any child of Flora,  
I think, we e'er should hear.

Yet are we not all flowers  
That in God's garden grow,  
Some like the saintly lily,  
Some with the rose's glow,

Some like the box, so useful,  
That guards the garden bed,  
Some like the bright sunflower  
That rears aloft its head?  
Some for their modest beauty,  
Some for their strength, we prize;  
For in each spirit petal  
Some hidden virtue lies.

Yet, with neglect and scorning,  
How oft is this forgot.  
We pass by human flowers,  
Alas! and heed them not.  
But still the soul we see not,  
Undaunted by our wiles,  
Content with its own glory  
Looks up to God, and smiles!

## The Angel at the Helm

I was a wild lad, stranger,  
And, seemed to be "hell bent";  
But time, the great reformer,  
Had taught me to repent.  
The money I had taken  
I longed, now, to restore;  
To tread again the pathway  
Before my mother's door.

I longed to ask her pardon,  
And see her saintly face—  
My brothers and my sisters,  
And view the dear old place.  
To turn their grief to gladness—  
Set mother's heart at rest;  
For, I had been her fav'rite—  
The son that she loved best.

One scene I saw in fancy,  
When I should cross the sea—  
The time, I recued glad Christmas  
With its gift-bearing tree,  
As "Santa Claus" I'd enter,  
Dres't like that carl of old;  
And, with a pack of playthings—  
Likewise the stolen gold.

I saw the yule log blazing,  
The mirth and mistletoe;  
The little ones all crowding  
Around the tree a-glow.  
And, then the cry of rapture—  
The quick, responsive start  
Of mother, as the wand'rer  
She presses to her heart!

Oh, yes! it is dear Noel  
That brings "good will to men";  
'Tis then that the sad exile  
Would hope for home again,  
Thence on I heard sweet music;  
While with bright, mystic gleams  
The golden star of Christmas  
Kept shining in my dreams.



## The Angel at the Helm

And mem'ries, vague but haunting,  
Came stealing, soft and low;  
While far, faint spirit voices  
Kept urging me to go.  
And, so for home I started  
Across the salt sea wave,  
To win my mother's pardon,  
Or seek a sailor's grave.

\* \* \*

The sea was bright and sparkling  
When first we sailed the craft,  
Which floated like a feather  
While winds were fair abaft.  
But, when the land no longer  
A single eye could view,  
A hurricane descended  
That threatened ship and crew.

And fiercely flashed the lightning  
Along the flapping sail;  
The men grew faint and fearful  
Who gazed upon the gale.  
I felt myself a craven  
With blanched and haggard cheek;  
I feared the gold I'd hidden  
Had made the good ship leak.

## The Angel at the Helm

111

I thought of the dear mother  
I had not seen in years,  
Whose prayers like white doves followed  
Her sorrow and her tears,  
Of mother, sweet and gentle—  
And, of her broken heart,  
If now, some guarding spirit  
Did not its aid impart.

But, brighter dashed the lightning,  
And higher dashed the waves,  
Where many of my messmates  
Had found their wat'ry graves,  
Then called I upon heaven,  
And prayed with all my soul  
The ship might reach its harbor,  
The golden store its goal.

And, as I called in anguish  
Across the sea at night,  
Methought I saw a spirit,  
All clad in shining white,  
And, kneeling down, I worshipped  
Though waves sought to o'erwhelm;  
For, lo! there stood as pilot  
An angel at the helm!

## The Angel at the Helm

And there he stood in glory  
Until the dawn of day,  
When, ocean's conflict over,  
We anchored in the bay,  
But, oft, again in fancy,  
I see that raging tide,  
The dark, dismantled vessel,  
And bright, celestial guide!

\* \* \*

So, that sweet scene I pictured  
I, thus, was spared to see—  
Dear mother and the children—  
The candle-sparkling tree.  
And to return the money,  
With one repentant tear;  
And cry, hurrah for Christmas,  
The Monarch of the Year!

## The Key-Note

WHEN a poet sings a song,  
When a hero rights a wrong,  
All the world will quickly thrill  
Like a lyre struck at will!

For each life is but a part  
Of a larger, nobler heart;  
While thought echoes through the land  
With a diapason grand.

Be that thought, then, yours or mine,  
Let it sing and let it shine,  
Like a star by music made,  
And, no envy cast a shade.

## The Key-Note

Careless who received the praise,  
As the sun is of its rays;  
Let our hearts e'er vibrate still  
Unison with mighty will.

So in this way, we create  
Better music—better fate;  
When no discord mars the plan,  
God intends to uplift man.

With unselfishness of heart,  
Knowledge that we are a part;  
That the whole is only found  
In one "concord of sweet sound."

This the "Key-Note" we should seek,  
When we act, and when we speak;  
"Harmony" we sometimes call  
What is love, and, love for all!

## The Message from the Stars

LISTEN to the message  
 Coming from the stars,  
 Floating, now, like music  
 O'er the cloudy bars.  
 Not from one bright planet  
 Is the message sent,  
 But, from all that flicker  
 In the firmament.

Mars, that hero mighty,  
 Bids us to "be strong!"  
 Venus' verse is shorter,  
 "Love" is all her song.  
 Saturn sings, "Time's fleeting."  
 Mercury, "Be wise."  
 Jupiter, for greeting,  
 "Justice rules the skies."

116    **The Message from the Stars**

Let us learn these lessons  
    That the stars have sent,  
Coming such a distance,  
    And in kindness meant,  
That our souls may sparkle  
    Like the stars above,  
And our lives show ever,  
    Wisdom, strength, and love.



## You

Oh, I thought I knew what love meant,  
But I never felt its power  
Till the day that God you sent  
To me, here, one happy hour.

Since that time I've felt a pleasure  
That I never knew before;  
And your heart's a sacred treasure  
That I worship and adore.

Other men may be as clever,  
Other men may be as true;  
Let them be as handsome ever,  
Yet they are not, dearest—you!



There's a secret charm that lingers,  
Love, around thy form and face;  
And in thy caressing fingers  
Still some magic touch I trace.

Oh, were you to cease to love me,  
All my joy would fade away;  
And not e'en the sun above me,  
Then, could lend one cheering ray.

I might live to do my duty,  
In the busy world take part;  
But my life would have no beauty,  
Like a desert be my heart.

Now, the world seems full of flowers,  
And with melody the air;  
And the zephyrs and the showers  
Wake the earth to beauty rare.

While the light of summer's glory  
Makes the heaven dazzling blue,  
But the breezes tell the story  
That 'tis all because of—you!

## Only One Kiss

ONLY one kiss could you give me,  
Only one kiss—nothing more,  
'Twould open the pathway to Heaven,  
And show dull sorrow the door.

Only one kiss could you give me,  
Sweet, magic manna of love!  
'Twould nerve, like Jove's own ambrosia,  
And lift me all hunger above.

Only one kiss could you give me,  
'Twould fill with sunshine the day;  
And give to remembrance a treasure,  
Time never could take away.

## Only One Kiss

Only one kiss could you give me,  
No matter how far you might rove,  
My lips would forever be wearing  
That seal imprinted by love.

Only one kiss could you give me,  
When clouds turn silver and gray,  
'Twould waken more music within me  
Than Memnon's magical ray.

Only one kiss could you give me,  
Darling, in secret—alone,  
'Twould give life's summer a sweetness,  
Its springtime never has known.

Only one kiss could you give me,  
'Twould kindle a fire divine,  
'Till my soul with its sunlike splendor,  
Should burst its cerements and shine.

Only one kiss could you give me,  
'Twould yield me lasting delight,  
And hallow with hope all the future,  
Forever our spirits unite!

## Ladders to Heaven

The Lily of the Valley is sometimes called the May Lily; and is also called in some country villages "Ladders to Heaven"; while it signifies "Return to Happiness."

WHAT is fairer than a flower?  
 Truly, 'tis a perfect thing;  
 Beauty gives it magic power—  
 Opes the golden gates of spring.

Poems they, more fine than ours,  
 Where no feeble words appear;  
 For an alphabet of flowers  
 Shows us that a God writes here.

Yet, we deify the Rhymer,  
 Who with metric skill has wrought;  
 But neglect that scroll sublimer,  
 Shining with angelic thought.

## Ladders to Heaven

Learning not its happy story  
Of contentment, peace and love;  
Hinting of a higher glory,  
And celestial joys above.

Sermons they, and bright evangel,  
Scattered over hills and dells;  
Missals fallen from the angels  
That the blessed time foretells.

Into every scene of ours  
Still their magic sweetness blends;  
And we find these fairy flowers  
Coming always as our friends.

Roses the gay feast adorning;  
Forget-me-nots for lovers true;  
Buttercups for Childhood's morning;  
And for Grief sad Harebells blue.

Decking e'en Death's gloomy bowers,  
Cheering e'en the dreary tomb,  
Lovely with immortal flowers,  
Changeless, Amaranthus bloom.

Ladders, too, so frail that even  
Fancy, now, half fearful tells  
Souls may mount on them to Heaven  
Stepping light on Lily bells!

## Love's Sweetest Flowers

WITHIN a sunny garden fair  
A youth and maiden stood,  
The youth was handsome, tall and brave;  
The maid was sweet and good.  
Her eyes shone like two summer stars,  
Like roses were her lips,  
From which the little honey bee  
Delicious nectar sips.

They wandered in that garden green,  
And yet their words were few;  
Both felt a sylvan gladness there,  
But love to them was new.  
At last the gentle maiden spoke,  
Half longing to depart,  
For fear the strange and handsome youth  
Should hear her beating heart.

"What flower do you like the best?"

The bashful maiden said;

Then blushed beneath her bonnet's shade,

And shyly hung her head.

The youth, who loved a merry jest,

And loved the maid as well,

Said: "That, my dearest lady fair,

Will not be hard to tell.

"I like all lovely flowers, dear,

That in your garden grow,

Your roses and gay marigolds,

Your lilies white as snow,

Your pinks and pretty pimpernels,

Your dahlias and the rest—

But most, O dearest Mabel Lee,

I like your tu lips best!"

## A Little Heart

Oh! I had a little heart,  
But 'twas broken by a dart,  
By one of Cupid's tiny feathered toys,  
It was just an idle game,  
But it hurt me all the same,  
In the cruel way of bad and careless boys.

But my sorrow now is ended,  
For my heart is neatly mended,  
And just as good as e'er it was before,  
I've a new love to embrace—  
So I wear a smiling face,  
For my heart had room for just one lover more.



## The Rainbow

THERE hung a rainbow in the air,  
'Twas made of jewels, wondrous rare;  
Of ruby, topaz, sapphire blue,  
Of every size, and every hue.

Beneath that bright celestial arch  
Life seemed a grand triumphal march,  
And men would wonder and adore,  
As still its light grew more and more.

One day it fell upon the ground!  
And, all the jewels scattered round;  
Some fell a-neighbor, some rolled afar,  
But, each one glittered like a star.

And men soon came with eager hands,  
And took them to far, distant lands;  
And built them temples dim and vast,  
Each one more perfect than the last.

And many worshipped at each shrine,  
And called those precious gems *divine*;  
They named them *Faith* with solemn voice,  
And bade the multitude, "Rejoice!"

But, when that arch was seen aright,  
A splendid symphony of light,  
They were the steps that led above  
To God's own temple door of Love!

And ev'ry gem was needed there  
To make *complete* that rainbow stair,  
Where all gave light, in some degree,  
And blent in perfect harmony!

## Twine the Cross with Flowers

TWINE the heavy cross with flowers,  
 Ye who weary burdens bear,  
 And, by ever bravely smiling  
 Help to make the world more fair;  
 Useless 'tis, as truly selfish,  
 Sad and gloomy to repine;—  
 Sometimes, through the mists of sorrow  
 Let Hope's lovely rainbow shine.

Birds sing loudly in their branches,  
 But the wild beast seeks his lair;  
 Thus should Sorrow oft be silent,  
 Pleasure of its *largesse* share.  
 Pile the dust and heavy ashes  
 Over dead Hope's bleaching bones;—  
 Be not like that ancient soldier,  
 \*O'er some Carthage making moans.

\* Marius at the ruins of Carthage.

Twine the Cross with Flowers 129

As, among the flowers of Eden  
    Evil Nightshade was forgot,  
So, within the scroll Time's keeping  
    Be *your* griefs remembered not ;  
All that's dark, and drear, and fearful  
    Is by careful Nature hid ;  
But her stars and golden sunlight  
    Shine on tent and pyramid !

## I Cannot Forget Thee

LOVE, sweet love, I can never forget thee,  
No matter, dear, how hard I may try;  
Whatever th' time, or ever the place be,  
Still on my lips there hovers a sigh.

Others may woo in lover-like fashion,  
Yet, to me, now, like phantoms they seem;  
Turning away from words of mad passion,  
'Tis only of thee, my darling, I dream.

Though, now, forsaken—left sad and lonely,  
Feeling thou hast grown altered and cold,  
Yet I can think of thee, dearest, only,  
Tender and true, as in times of old.

So, my days are a burden of sorrow,  
And my long nights are filled with regret;  
But I can hope for no brighter to-morrow,  
For, love, alas, I cannot forget.

## Love's Golden Throne

Is there a more exquisite feeling  
On earth, or in heaven above,  
As when in the heart there comes stealing  
The first sweet emotions of love?

There's a glow, a glamor, a glory,  
A brief foretaste of heavenly bliss;  
For, oh, 'tis the best of Life's story,  
When fond lips first meet in a kiss.

Oh, friendship is kind and oft tender,  
And kinship has joys of its own;  
But no star has ever such splendor  
As shines upon Love's golden throne.

'Tis there prince and peasant come kneeling,  
The poet, the soldier, the sage,  
All bow before Love's master feeling,  
That never dies, even with age.

The love of a man for a woman,  
The love of a maid for a man,  
To prevent, while hearts are still human,  
No power on earth ever can.

Then fill up a bumper to Beauty,  
And drink, now, to Youth and to Love;  
To empty the goblet is duty,  
With "Hurrah for Cupid above!"

## The Lily's Transformation

I DREAMED the dove was once a lily fair,  
Ere it found wings to soar the azure air;  
And in the ground, with sweet and gentle grace,  
Contented grew, like all her saintly race.

Till, looking up one night into the sky,  
She saw a star, all shining clear and high,  
And felt, or did the lovely flower dream,  
Her breast received its brightest, sweetest beam.

And, thenceforth, with a foud and fatal gaze  
The lily sought to meet those dazzling rays;  
And, in the garden fair, began to pine  
To share the throne of that bright star divine,



134      The Lily's Transformation

Till Venus, once, alighting from her shell,  
Her glance upon the pallid lily fell,  
And, seeing her so pensive, slim and white,  
Her gaze still fixed upon that distant light,

Took pity on the lily, sweet and fair,  
And gave her wings to beat the upper air;  
So, changed her to a pure and snowy dove—  
The winged messenger of ardent love.

Then watched her soar above the cloudy bars,  
Until she reached the shining Home of Stars.  
But, oh, 'twould need an angel's golden pen  
To tell the transformed lily's rapture then!

Oh, would that Venus — bright, celestial  
queen—

Again upon this dreary earth were seen,  
That all might learn the magic spells and art,  
And lovers never languish far apart!



## In Memoriam—Edwin Booth

“The last, best birth, with his last breath  
Came in the dark disguise of death.”

A BETTER birth there scarce can be  
Than that which God gave here to thee;  
A sparkling eye; a soul serene;  
A classic face; majestic mien;  
A tender heart; a lucid mind;  
With disposition sweet and kind.

136      In Memoriam —Edwin Booth

All that the fairies gave of yore,  
God gladly gave to thee—and more;  
For He gave Genius' master spell;  
Protean skill sublime, as well;  
With pensive beauty to entrance;  
And made thee king of all romance,  
But now Death's curtain dark comes down  
On comic smile and tragic frown;  
And thou we loved, esteemed the most,  
Now to our hearts forever lost,  
In vain we cry "Return once more!"  
Thy spirit plumes its wings to soar;  
While like the sun at close of day  
Thy splendid life now fades away,  
So, every shadow from thee cast,  
May angels welcome thee at last,  
To rev'rent silence leave the rest —  
God in His wisdom knows what's best;  
But, if a better birth there be,  
May God give that above to thee!

## Love Versus Learning

“Love laughs at locksmiths,” so ’tis said,  
And oft at ladies, too,  
But mostly when, indeed, they tint  
Their pretty stockings “blue.”  
For Love and Learning are not friends,  
And oft I’ve heard men say,  
Whene’er Minerva comes to call  
Boy Cupid flies away.

For, ink, it is a darksome thing,  
That will fair fingers soil,  
And how can ladies’ eyes be bright  
Who burn the “midnight oil?”  
So if you would a lover win,  
Oh, don’t write odes or sonnets!  
And never look a book within—  
But buy becoming bonnets!

## Pandora's Box

PANDORA was a maiden,  
And lived in Greece, 'tis said,  
Who, many writers tell us,  
Has centuries been dead.  
The gods sent down a casket,  
All carved and wondrous rare,  
And gave it as a present  
To sweet Pandora fair.

They told her to preserve it,  
And never look within;  
For, just to lift the cover  
Would be a mortal sin.  
But Miss P. was a woman  
Whose passion was to find  
Out everything forbidden,  
Of any sort or kind.

So curious and prying  
Was this young Grecian maid,  
She lifted up the cover,  
Although almost afraid,  
Out jumped a hundred devils,  
Who filled the world with woe,  
And only Hope, fair angel,  
Stayed in the box below.

Alas! for poor Pandora;  
Alas! for all who peek  
Into the future, prying,  
Some treasure there to seek,  
Better to wait in patience  
Till time shall lift the lid;  
And when by gods commanded,  
Best do as you are bid.

\* \* \* \* \*

The New Year is a casket  
Containing gifts for thee,  
But what is hid within it—  
Oh, wait until you see;  
And, though a few dark sorrows  
May still be hidden there,  
Find Peace, and Love, and Pleasure,  
And Hope—bright angel fair!



## To My Father

Augustus K. Gardner, M.D.

DEAR FATHER! shall you, then, be soon *forgot*,  
And all your noble deeds remembered not?  
Oh, no! no star *unmissed* from heaven shall fall,  
How then the *best* and *brightest* of them all!

Thy mind like Mercury must travel space,  
And leave *somewhere* its true and shining trace;  
Though gone from here—we know it to our cost—  
Yet, in God's universe there's nothing *lost*.

To My Father

141

Some World is *richer* for thy lucid mind;  
Thy cultured skill; thy heart so fond and kind;  
Perchance thy soul lends lustre to yon star  
That, now, I watch with longing from afar!

I know not; but, such things, perchance, may be;  
Imagination on her wings flies free—  
Soars to the stars—yet, ever back returns.  
The Truth we know not till we *leave our urns*.



## The Weavers

THROUGH the busy loom of Fancy  
Quickly flies the shuttle Thought,  
Weaving threads of gold and silver,  
Till the shining fabric's wrought.

Seldom is that shuttle idle  
In the workshop of the brain;  
For within the loom of Fancy  
Rust must never leave a stain.

There the patient poet weavers  
Make their tapestries sublime,  
That the ages shall see hanging  
On the lofty halls of Time.

Delicate, fantastic fabrics  
Ornament that sacred place,  
Whose divine and noble meaning,  
Golden threads, the patterns trace.

Stars of song, and sylvan sonnets,  
Shining on the walls of Fame;  
Lighting up the mystic future,  
Like God's warning words of flame.

Tapestries and golden banners  
Flying on th' towers of Time;  
Glorious armorial bearings  
Heralding a race sublime.

But those plodding poet-weavers  
Seldom see reward ahead;  
On their tapestries of beauty  
Weaving ever until dead.

Only, when the loom grows idle,  
Then at last their skill is learned;  
When their mystic work is over,  
And the web is loosed and turned.

## Always the Same

ALWAYS the same, sweet, for Time cannot change  
thee,  
Or rob one sweet charm that endears thee to me;  
To break Love's bright chains he may try ev'ry  
art,  
But Time has no power, dear, over the heart.

Thine eyes may lose lustre, thy cheeks their fair  
bloom,  
But compassion will glow—those lamps will  
reburn,  
And Memory's moonbeams, with sweet, tender  
grace,  
Will make a bright halo around thy dear face.

The eyes most majestic are those of the mind,  
 With those I shall see thee still, beautiful, kind;  
 And never thy sway or thy splendor decrease  
 In this heart, where Love holds his fair diocese.

Always the same, sweet, never faded or old,  
 For Sympathy turns all she touches to gold;  
 As oft on an altar there slone the bright sheaves,  
 Shall Love on the past lay his beautiful leaves.

Like the dove from the ark, my heart has found  
 rest,  
 And never will wander, now, far from its nest;  
 Across the wide waters of Life's stormy sea  
 It flies with this token of love, dear, to thee.

Always the same, sweet. Love is surely sublime  
 When he holds in his hands the balance of time;  
 So serenely secure, now, move on thy way  
 Without fear of th' future, or any dismay.

Thy beauty will shine through the veil of the  
 years,  
 Uninjured by Time, and undimmed, still, by  
 tears,  
 As bright and unclouded as yon silver star,  
 That shines with soft splendor in heaven afar!

## The Death of Summer

AUTUMN leaves are flying,  
Autumn breezes sighing—  
    Summer now is dead;  
While around her coffin  
Shines the saffron, often,  
    And the sumac red.

While the leaves, like topaz,  
Jewels that were bright as  
    E'er a princess wore,  
Tarnished are and rusty,  
Turning dark and dusty,  
    Like the buds before.

Yet the Year, though olden,  
Wears a crown still golden,  
    Seated on his throne;

## The Death of Summer

147

And in robes of mourning,  
Now all comfort scorning,  
Grieveth sore, alone,

For he's sadly dreaming  
Of the bright eyes beaming  
Of his lovely queen;  
With her scarf so airy,  
Shining like a fairy  
In her kirtle green.

But in gladder hours,  
Summer, with her flowers  
In still brighter bloom,  
Will be home returning,  
Like Alcestris, yearning,  
From the gloomy tomb.

Though the clouds are crying,  
And all Nature sighing,  
Summer will revive;  
And in wifely duty,  
Come in all her beauty  
To her lord - alive!

## I Long for You

I LONG for you, my darling, though distant now  
you roam,  
I long for you as fondly as exiles long for home;  
As captives for their freedom, or flowers for the  
sun,  
Or sinners in perdition for heaven they might  
have won.

You are my home and sunshine, my night of  
starry skies;  
Wherever you are straying there, too, my heaven  
lies.  
No song of eastern bullbul has such entrancing  
note  
As that which bursts like magic in music from  
your throat.

I long for you, my darling; love like Minerva  
sprang,  
Full armed within my bosom, "sudden as  
trumpet's clang";  
Or like a rushing river, whose broad and gushing  
tide  
Spreads onward o'er the meadow—a world of  
waters wide.

Or like a forest fire, that winding through  
gloomy wood,  
Sweeps shrubs and trees before it where stately  
once they stood,  
Whose lurid waves triumphant leap gleaming to  
the sky,  
And leaves like bright stars falling all frantic  
flutter by.

I long for you, my darling; love conquers fear  
and shame;  
'Tis stronger than a river—more fiery far than  
flame;  
'Tis like a lovely angel that beckons one in  
dreams,  
And dapples night to daylight with bright and  
dazzling gleams.



I long for you, my darling! Oh, must I long in  
vain?

If so, this living temple will soon be rent in  
twain,

Thou ne'er canst find another such constant  
heart as mine,

'Tis Nature's own crown jewel, and, oh, 'tis only  
thine!

## Before We Met

I LOVE you not as mortals love,  
But as the angels do—  
With passion that all self above  
Is tender, pure, and true.

You are the one I long have sought,  
The very soul of me;  
And lie within my loving thought,  
Like pearl within the sea.

I kneel as if before a shrine,  
Nor fear to break the spell;  
To me you seem almost divine,  
I love so wildly well.

## Before We Met

Before we met I wandered lone,  
A "dark star" of the night;  
'Til, and on meeting you, my own,  
My soul at once grew bright.

And now, shall Love's splendor die  
Within my breast at heart,  
Up to the suns that from the sky,  
And sun and moon depart.

## Illusion

LIFE's fairy Illusions, oh! long let us cherish;  
Which, like clouds at sunset, illumine our way;  
Lest, like flow'rs forsaken, neglected they perish,  
And leave Life like winter—cold, barren, and  
gray.

'Tis Illusion, alone, whose silver veil shineth  
'Round the skeleton forms that sit at Life's  
feast,  
And hides with the beautiful wreaths she en-  
twineth,  
The features of Fate, false Mokanna like  
priest.

'Tis Illusion changes a dream to a vision,  
And that gives to the lovely, ethereal charms;  
And shines like the cloud; oh, so brilliant,  
Elysian,  
Bold Ixion once madly caught in his arms.

'Tis Illusion alone gives wings to the real;  
Who lights with her splendor the common-  
place day;  
And crowns with a halo fair Fancy's ideal,  
Whose glory, oh! never should fade, here,  
away!



