

MISCELLANEOUS

(POEMS AND SONGS.)

BY GEO. HERBERT.

PUBLISHED

BY THE AUTHOR.

1885.

Printed in Great Britain by W.D.



Miscellaneous Poems.

To a Beautiful Flower by the Wayside.

O fair blooming flower adorning this tree,
How welcome thy presence and perfume to me,
I will not pass by thee without gentle care,
Beside thee I'll linger my song to prepare.

Thou own'st the sweet power true joy to bestow,
Then how can I pass thee when much yieldeth woe
Our daily meanderings oft lead us thereby
The grief we find there at thy presence may fly!

Sweet beauty is on thee—that wonderful power;
Which maketh us happy, makes charming life's bower;
Which giveth us patience with opposite views,
And tells us our beauties 'mong others to use.

Our love thou restorest, makes memory strong,
We think of the many who knew our loves tone
But misty indifference hath muffled its tongue
We decide near thy rays it no more shall be dumb.

How many sad hearts when on meeting thy cheer
May have seen o'er again faded scenes once so dear
And enjoyed the bright sunshine again in their heart
And gave thee their love that will never depart.

Of high honors given may some on thee bloom,
That were given to dear ones now low in the tomb,
Then great honored flower receive such from me
A flower of remembrance and sympathy be.

O how kind rest the sunbeam upon thy sweet bloom,
How soft doth the breezes waft forth thy perfume,
O beautiful humming bird with magical hum
Give glory, for great and true joys here are won.

AN ADIEU TO A LOVED ONE.

Adieu ! dear one, thou dost not think
 How true I care for thee,
 All cares and tears in parting hours,
 Are deeply felt by me.

My love for thee hath set thy charms
 On every noble thing
 That memory may honor thee,
 And fancy may have wing.

That thou may'st be like nature's face
 Whatever thy career
 I'll reap from thee joys less or more,
 As nature lov'd doth bear.

LOVE'S TEARS.

Tears must descend from every eye,
 Oft times through life's amazing way,
 But if they flow in love's fair fields,
 Ah ! then how grand is their display:
 E'en like the dew from starry skies,
 Which gives the earth a blessed dress,
 The sun doth kindly smile thereon,
 So God and man love's tears doth bless.

A TRUE WELCOME.**A FRAGMENT.**

The cheerful welcome; gladness, trust,
 The happy people showed,
 Made human worth so great, I loved
 Both them and there abode.

And greatly joyed, that I did wear
 The human form and heart,
 And could in spirit so enjoy
 What social powers impart.

Their kindness and their peaceful home,
 To me, was like a light
 Of clear blue sky when many days
 Has frowned in cloudy night.

Such grows apace, clouds disappear,
 We give the sky new love,
 Forgetting all the cloudy gloom
 For what aye dwells above.

So in this cosey happy home,
 True human excellence beams,
 So sweetly human wounding powers,
 Like passing clouds but seems.

MUSINGS ON A STILL NOVEMBER DAY.

Deep silence reigns on this November day,
 As here I wander in the forest grey,
 There does not blow the softest little breeze,
 Unmoved doth stand the tall and leafless trees.
 Save here and there a beech tree doth display
 Some yellow leaves, there hanging in decay.
 The birds and squirrels seems to have caught the mood
 Of silence too ! not any here was wooed
 To merry prattling company, and I
 In sympathy to silence far and nigh
 Among the fallen leaves to stir did cease
 To muse a moment, on this death-like peace.
 This Autumn day becomes the silence well,
 And true and deep immortal meanings tell
 The Summer season's power and glories gone ;
 The fruits and excellence left for us to own,
 The singing birds from lakes, woods, fields are fled ;
 The humming bees and insects, good as dead.
 A pretty day calls forth no happy voice,
 In vain the breezes make a sighing noise ;
 No comely flowers doth bend, no leaves doth play,
 Because it is in truth an Autumn day
 Another winter must reign in its power

E'er stir and glory yield again their dower,
 So when our life's grey Autumn doth appear,
 When merry songs all merriless we hear,
 (When merry laughter seemeth but a sham,
 And everything that's not a gentle calm,)
 When mortal strength desire and cheer is gone,
 The smallest cross doth cause a real moan,
 What can we do but look upon our kind
 As holding all the virtues of our mind ;
 Receiving gratitude for wrath and love,
 Which like the light is sweet however we move.
 And look beyond, and through death's mighty way,
 And long to meet our second spring time's day.

TO A SNOW BIRD.

O ! bird of restless active wing,
 The winter's faithful mate,
 Thou wisdom can'st to me bestow,
 If I upon you wait.

The summer birds doth yield us joy,
 By beauty's sojourn song
 Assisted by the summer charms
 That winter cannot own.

What thoughts of peace and happiness,
 The green leaved trees convey,
 Where birds doth build their cosey nests,
 And warbleth forth their lay.

Majestically the eagle soars,
 On high in genial air,
 Among the summer's graceful clouds,
 How grand the picture there.

So is it on the crystal lake,
 When lordly loons doth go,
 So grandly on the wavelets breast,
 From whence their callings flow.

But ye poor birds see no such joys
 In winter's sterile time,
 Yet in thy way, ye give to me
 Instruction great, sublime.

When darkly frowns the wintry clouds
 And chilling winds blow high,
 And snowy tempests sendeth forth,
 With howling, forlorn cry;

Then are ye seen among the storms,
 With swift and powerful wing,
 Your voices sounding as ye fly,
 In sweet collateral ring.

Auspicious then the moments are,
 Made by your scene and deed,
 Which gives unto my mind, a light
 That doth to virtues lead.

I think upon our own high life,
 Its winters and its summers,
 In that high season, many kind,
 And smiling are our comers.

All finds a virtue in our sphere,
 The gay is beautified,
 The wise made wiser, fools made wise,
 High praise and honors plied.

And every heart is touched to bring
 The sweetest flowers of pleasure,
 It seems the grandest aim in life
 To bring a pleasing treasure.

But when adversity appears,
 Like winter's chilling powers,
 Then many welcome ones forsake,
 Like summer birds and flowers,

But few doth visit us like thee,
 True, both in face and heart,
 But those how heavenly, sweet, and dear,
 When real love's there part.

I would like thee to others be
 A joy, in clouded hours,
 The work is sweet, rewards are true,
 From them and heavenly powers,

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

Again I meet thee, humble bee,
 And kindly greetings give I thee,
 A happy occupant of life,
 Another year come to the strife;
 I welcome thee with thy bass drone,
 Like all our friends that cometh on,
 Thou art entitled to respect,
 By all that fields or woods bedeck;
 Because amongst high things ye rove,
 That's great in beauty, dear to love,
 The beauteous flowers so comely rare,
 And well thou lookest among them there;
 For what thou dost in beauty lack,
 With thy unlovely brownish back,
 Thou full mak'st up as thou dost fly
 Among them in thy melody;
 A well becoming teaching scene,
 Beauty and music much doth mean,
 True draws the human heart and eye,
 And longings great doth satisfy—
 Longings that by them only rise
 That all life's scenes were but likewise;
 Thou dost deserve my sympathy,
 Oh! long imprisoned humble bee,
 Thou surely must be very weary
 With thy long sleep, stiff, cold and dreary;

Say, wast thou conscicus at the hour
 Of departing vigorous power,
 That thou must sleep a long half year,
 And neither see, feel, fly nor hear?
 I think thou wast thy manner now,
 Make me suppose that thou didst bow
 Beneath surmisings melancholy,
 Concerning thy long stupor wholly;
 For as thou felt at lying down
 Such feelings now will fill thy crown,
 According as thy sense did fail,
 So will it now grow and prevail;
 Oh! humble bee, I shed a tear
 For thee for what did then appear,
 For thee, I now give pity, care
 For thy meek shyness very rare,
 A tenderness is in thy voice,
 That tells thou art glad to rejoice.
 Just anyway beneath the light
 Of Heaven so sweet to thee and bright
 I see thee on this opening balm,
 So earnest, thankful, busy, calm,
 At my approach thou spreadst thy wing
 And pleased away ye droning swing;
 Go, happy one, on thy sweet way
 'Mong flowers to roam in thy life's day,
 As thou art now, be always shy,
 And there is room for thee to fly;
 Flowers in abundance for thy food,
 And for thy coming desired brood,
 And to thy tribes, sweet peace display,
 Thou hast an influence them to sway.
 A joyful yielding thankful mien,
 Sunshine and flowers are ever seen;
 Thou hast my sympathy and praise,
 Ah! humb'le bee, what high displays.

If such were mine as true and high
 As my true nature could enjoy,
 I could let all the world know
 How gratitude and love should grow.

TO A LOVED ONE NOW NO MORE.

I heard grand echoing through the woods,
 A sweet and charming sound,
 I loving listened, still the voice
 Did clearly onward bound,
 The sun was sinking in the west,
 Which signed my going home ;
 And spread a glory through the woods
 In honor of the song.
 I homeward travelled, came more near
 To where arose her voice,
 And found I knew the happy one
 Who thus did high rejoice.
 And still flowed sweetly forth her song,
 I stood a while in thought,
 Whither to mar the harmony
 Or let its glory float.
 Who loves not music, let it swell,
 Who loves not hallowed ground,
 Where happy memories make their home
 And to all joys redound,
 Which from the earth and Heavens make
 A dear world of our own.
 Where bliss is sung the cold wide world
 Knows nothing of its song ;
 Sing on sweet one the charmed trees
 Are tuning now more dear,
 The very ground retains the spell,
 Now only good will bear.
 The air is full of happiness,
 How lovely is the sky,
 O while this great world is our home,
 There's joy for you and I.

TO LILA. * * *

SONG.

Come, Lila, let us wander forth,
 But not into the aimless crowd,
 We'll wander by the lovely lake,
 Its birds are calling sweet and loud.

'Tis twilights charming hour O see.
 The rapturous beauties near and far,
 The lake still holds day's lingering beams,
 The Heavens now show the evening star.

The loveliness, sweet language breathes
 Our hearts the wondrous meanings hear,
 See my allurements always new,
 Accept the virtues which I bear.

My glorious fulness calls for thought
 Which you high favored mortals own,
 To think upon yourselves and me,
 And garner truths of highest tone.

I've always blessed mankind with joy,
 Both old and young may see in me,
 A harmony 'twen Heaven and earth,
 'Tween day and night—sweet sympathy.

And many mortals hath wooed me,
 As feelings of their hearts required,
 For joys or tears I favored all
 Still more by them I was desired.

But none I love so much to bless,
 With excellence, fulness of my powers,
 As such like you, true, loving hearts,
 Receive my highest, dearest dowers.

Oh! Lila, hear let's feel and take
 The riches of the twilight's time,
 So dear to loves sublimest hours,
 As time rolls on still pure divine.

THE POOR TRAVELLER'S SORROWFUL TALE.

A poor aged traveller on his way,
 Sore wearied, near the close of day,
 Did sigh, and earnest thought of rest,
 Of human things among the best ;
 Beheld a grassy hillock near,
 Which his weak, weary frame might bear,
 There sat him down, but still his eye
 Did on his onward goings lie ;
 For even faint desires, doth mock
 The rest that winds the bodies clock.
 As he lone sat and looked, a boy
 Came whistling onward in his joy,
 And as he passed the old man by,
 A tear sprang to his withered eye ;
 His tattered handkerchief he took,
 And in his weeping loving look
 He wiped the tear away, and said,
 God's blessing rest upon thy head,
 My pleasant, happy, little man,
 Make happiness now all ye can ;
 These are the days of thy sweet power ;
 Ah ! clearly now I mind the hour,
 Or rather years, when powers like thine,
 I did possess them well as mine
 Who was the oldest among five,
 In every place pleased and alive ;
 Their leader unto every game,
 And loved and honored was my name,
 Their guide to meadow, brook and hill,
 And kindly followed was my will ;
 I think I see again the smile
 That lit my mother's face the while
 When we'd rehearse the wondrous deeds
 We had preformed among the meads,
 When baby brother would declaim,
 And give some other one the blame
 Of his own faults, with stammering tongue,
 O ! can I not again be young ?

Ah ! me, that blessed face is gone,
 And of the young I'm left alone,
 No one to follow me or love,
 All powerless I about do move ;
 Since then, fate has to me been cold,
 Unkindly, harsh and very bold,
 When I with all my power and skill,
 Had matters going up the hill,
 Then would fate come before my face,
 And them and I a tumbling chase
 Down to the bottom, and a friend
 At the same time would from me rend.
 My fulness thus did fade away,
 My honor, too, sank in decay ;
 Myself I homeless, friendless, found,
 And who could occupy such ground.
 'Twas like the plucking of a flower,
 Which once adorned the garden bower,
 Then, in its fading, placed again
 Among its comrades, such my pain.
 I, from my home did wander far,
 So that I've seen the evening star
 In every clime, with its sweet light
 Which doth men's hearts to Heaven invite
 And draws their thoughts to all that's good,
 In which is found our loved boyhood,
 I have returned to its sweet spheres ;
 The difference of all things bring tears.
 Here brake his voice and tears down ran,
 And sobbed, and wept, the poor old man ;
 But quivering said God bless the boy,
 And ever give him happy joy.
 On onwards path he looked again,
 And lo ! a lady on the plain,
 Was walking in a sad like mien,
 A child upon her arm was seen.
 In silence did the traveller gaze,
 As silent as the starry rays.
 No sound did draw the lady's eye,
 She never saw him, passed him by ;

Yet from her face he never drew
 His eye, since she first met his view.
 He saw a sorrow deeply set
 In her sweet face, her eyes were wet,
 Those lovely eyes which should have shone
 Like waters where the moon's rays on
 For joyfulness, she never spake,
 The silence she did never brake ;
 Unto her child she did not smile,
 The child's sweet prattle could not wile
 Regard from her in anywise,
 For grief she wore without disguise.
 The traveller's heart within him sighed,
 Stay, lady stay he softly cried ;
 Why lookest thou so sad, tell me,
 Hath death thy partner took from thee,
 Or some dear friend ; or hath hard fate
 Been greatly troubling thee of late.
 She turned and told her woeful tale,
 Yet had no friend found death's dark vale,
 But yet, the nature of her grief
 Was such that death would bring relief,
 She left him, went in tears away ;
 True pity did the traveller sway.
 Ah ! me, he cried, deep sorrow's power
 Did in my heart this day high tower,
 By memories of my boyish joy,
 Brought to my mind by that sweet boy,
 And when a thought hath once begun,
 Through all its natures course 'twill run
 Like as the lightnings firey dash,
 Through all the gloomy clouds 'twill flash ;
 So sorrows' thought has done in me!
 Ran through all my life's history.
 At every special furious raid,
 That fate and sorrow on me made
 The awful feelings suffered then,
 This day I've suffered o'er again.
 I wished for death, forgive me God,
 And patience give to bear the rod,

I now could bear a harder stroke,
Since I have seen the heavy yoke,
That this sweet creature's doomed to bear,
Who youth and affluence doth wear,
Who now in sorrow equals me,
Who is indeed of low degree.

O! sorrow's equalizing power,
Thou dost the weed and pretty flower
Together bring in brotherhood,
Such yet has ne'er been done by good,
Except that sorrow's good, if so,
The good would rather it not know.
However, that be, I feel a joy
Doth in my heart its power employ,
To feel for her and sympathize,
Though not again may meet our eyes,
Sweet one, I could take all her load
Of grief with me upon my road,
And leave her happy to live long,
And sing again her cheerful song,
With all her sorrows weight with me,
O! far, far happier, would I be,
To feel I'm living for some one
Whose gratitude returning come.
The few frail hours that I may see,
Will be more dear and sweet to me;
Sweet echoings, my heart will hear,
From kinder, gone-by days most dear,
When was received my love and care,
With gratitude and happy prayer;
Though now I'm on the graveward shore,
Yet from the happy days of yore,
Across the central joyless years;
There echoes come to grace my tears,
As the sun oft decks the eve and morn,
While all between is cloud and storm.
O! hard it is to the lone heart,
When no one's care for it takes part,
To feel his care and love is mocked,
Ah! many a time I have been shocked,

And pained at heart, to feel the scorn
 My care and love found for return.
 I have seen much of human life,
 Its joy, indifference, ardor, strife,
 But my life's fortune's been so hard,
 I've ever been beneath regard ;
 The highest good to me men owes,
 Is that they strive to shun my woes,
 Yet I have ever loved man,
 Though I've found little, he's the balm,
 That's led my thoughts to joyous spheres,
 Such joy in his high hope appears.
 But since my sympathy's received,
 And sympathy's to me bequeathed,
 I'll lift my trembling voice in song,
 And take what comes without a moan,
 Now yon bright sun sinks in the west,
 I must go seek my sleep and rest.

MARY JANE.

SONG.

When Mary walks into the fields,
 To bring the cows for milking home,
 Few may behold her, few may hear,
 Yet she is sweet, and grand's her song.

I have beheld her on a time,
 When nature wore her purest green,
 The Heavens were all divinely clad
 With sunset glories rich serene.

The cow bells tolled most charmingly,
 And filled with sweetness all the air,
 But Mary's voice rang forth in song,
 And all the glory did declare.

How great and beautiful appeared
 Kind nature's lovely powers then,
 But Mary's happiness filled all,
 And on the highest set a gem.

How charming to the heart, to see
 Such honor given to our race,
 From nature's glory to receive
 Adornments from a human face.

Come, charity, and fill my heart,
 To lowest ones make honor rise,
 To happy ones yield fervent love,
 Remember, Mary with the skies.

TO LINDA.

SONG.

O! Linda, listen to my song,
 My heart doth sing for thee,
 The utterance of my truest thoughts,
 Thy presence gives to me.

This morning is the first of Spring,
 That season of great power,
 Which from the common earth doth bring
 The substance and the flower.

On where no beauties now are seen,
 Soon will such splendors rise,
 Of every hue that all will find
 Delights for heart and eyes.

Where silence now supremely reigns,
 Soon by Spring's magi: hand,
 Sweet, true, endearing melody
 Will echo through our land.

So, Linda, let thy kindly heart,
 Be like sweet Spring to me,
 And yield those happy smiles of love,
 I long to feel and see.

Sad die decay that blighting power,
 Which Spring's sweet flowers doth meet,
 You need not fear my heart's true love,
 Thine fresh will ever keep.

Oh! Linda, with thy tuneful heart
 Breathe music in mine ear;
 My heart will keep its ecstacy,
 Its strains I'd ever hear.

And all the music in my soul,
 And love that's in my heart,
 Will sweetly harmonize with thine
 Without the aid of art.

SONG.

The heart, however it doth fare
 Has fancy at its call,
 And keeps her ever on the wing,
 In nature's mighty hall.

If earnest, longed-for true desires,
 It happily obtains,
 To honor such kind fancy brings
 The best that nature deigns.

If objects of such deep desires,
 Keep distant, will not smile,
 The heart bids fancy higher soar,
 Her failure to beguile.

That thoughts, whatever way they rise,
 Whither from joys or sigh,
 They may chime into harmony,
 With all that's great and high.

As waters from a heath or spring,
 Doth rise and join the stream,
 Which flows in majesty and power,
 And to the seas doth teem.

THE GEM OF THE WESTERN HILLS.

SONG.

I gaze upon yon western hills,
 So charming to the eye,
 While day give forth its blessed light,
 There grandeur's great and high.

Mine eye with rapture looketh there
 With tenderness, my heart
 For there dwells, Maggie dearest one,
 That holds its loving part.

O how transporting doth the rays
 Of morning's sun beam there
 A realm of glory thrills my heart,
 And makes the world all fair.

And Maggie there in love and joy,
 In comeliness complete,
 An hour in thought on all the scene
 Makes life pure, great and sweet.

But day and night my thought is there,
 And very oft mine eye,
 For trust and hope and love doth bring
 From there joys for a sigh.

Most sweet is nature's music here,
 But there it must be glorious,
 Yet Maggie's voice in tender speech,
 Will reign o'er all victorious.

How blessed the place which she adorns
 A heavenly power is there,
 That all the goodness of her heart,
 Doth far and near declair;

I feel most happy to attend
 Upon her in my love,
 For all the influence like the stars
 In heavenly spheres doth move.

ANNIE. * * * *

SONG.

My Annie dwells afar from me,
 But easy is the way,
 Though many mountains therein are,
 I travel swift and gay.

I oft have passed a weary one,
 Ascending with a sigh,
 Who wondering looked at me and asked,
 How I so passed him by.

Ah! weary one thou knewest not,
 The true cause of my power,
 It was the love of Annie's heart,
 That did my strength endower.

My love for her made plain the way,
 And paved it all with joy,
 So that I travelled like a bird
 That doth its wings employ.

I oft have met one in distress,
 Who earnest asked for aid,
 Who wondering, looked when in his hand,
 A welcome gift I laid.

He saw a joy beam on my face,
 When such did leave my hand,
 Ah! pleased poor one, the joys true cause,
 Thou canst not understand.

The wealth of kindness, love and joy,
 That dwells in Annie's heart,
 That beams for me makes sweet the power,
 With such like things to part.

One loving look, one word, one smile,
 A thousand times pays all;
 'Tis easy for me to respond
 To every virtuous call.

BERTHA.

I first beheld her, as the day
 Was fading peacefully away,
 But though the day had lovely been,
 And night's great gems were to be seen,
 My thoughts on neither was beset,
 Their loveliness I did forget,
 As I did gaze on Bertha's face,
 So gentle, lovely, full of grace;
 So fascinating, pure and sweet,
 Perfection there did reign complete;
 I thought on her so highly blessed,
 Her cheeks had sunset cloudlets pressed,
 Did powers of a great summer's morn,
 Her dear expression so adorn,

Her kindness, sweetness had such power,
 Who saw her to those spheres did tower.
 Ah! Bertha there thou takest me,
 And I feel happy as can be;
 To feel and see what makes apart
 Of the blessed treasures of thy heart,
 Is happiness that I do love;
 O! all its sweetness dear to prove,
 With thy consent and love and joy,
 How glad would I my life employ.

TO A SWEET BIRD.

SONG.

Sing on, sing on, O! minstrel bird
 I'll give attentive ear
 To thy soul stirring plaintive strains,
 Which starts the real tear.

On every tree by my way side,
 Some of thy kind sweet bird
 Hath poured its music on my heart,
 How e'er that heart was stirred.

Ah! now an arrow sticketh there,
 From disappointments bow,
 Sent by the hand of her I love,
 Thou helpst to draw it now.

How is it that thou singest now
 Such strains to me as these,
 That kindly takes my heart away
 To spheres of peace and ease.

It may be, that the Heavenly realm
 Thy wing and voice doth know,
 Hath so endow'd thee with such power,
 To make this music flow.

And, having met with some mishap,
 Perhaps thou'rt calling clear
 For some consoling charm ye know,
 That's in thy sky sphere.

How e'er it be, I must confess,
 Those glorious strains of thine,
 Cheers well my heart, and makes me think
 Of a true loving clime.

TO DORA.

SONG.

I know that sorrow's in this world,
 Just now some feel its powers,
 I pity them, and for them hope
 Soon coming joyful hours.

But I in sweetest triumph sing,
 No sorrows dare come near,
 While Dora's smiles or Dora's voice
 Doth meet mine eye or ear.

I then feel rightly what joy means,
 Its nature deeply sounds
 Within my heart, and set its powers
 On grand beholding grounds.

I view each sorrow stricken one,
 And feel this truth to glow,
 If Dora's, such as mine were there,
 No sorrows would they know.

For in her heart true pity dwells,
 That makes her voice so dear,
 All hearing it, would gladly feel
 It sweetened every tear.

My fancy flies to joyous ones,
 If Dora was but there,
 With her grand powers, no other could
 In Heavenliness compare.

Sweet rays of joy would them surround
 With a meek charming light,
 To find its equal 'bove the earth,
 Their fancy must take flight.

I hear all natures melody,
 The sweet and plaintive breeze,
 As it upon the waters sound,
 As sighing 'mong the trees.

I hear the lofty songs of birds,
 The humble bee's base tone,
 All chimeth true with Dora's voice,
 So loving is her song.

If Dora was not them among,
 I still would be in joy,
 For all their sweetness, powers and charms,
 Is in her love'd employ.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

I met an unknown motly crowd,
 When passing down the street;
 But saw one there whose comeliness
 I did not careless meet.

Her presence formed unto my mind,
 A vision great and dear,
 Sweet beauty, joy and excellence,
 Did everywhere appear.

Her happy powers adorned the crowd,
 With honor and esteem,
 Making a picture delicate,
 Her charms the graceful beam.

Like the bright sunbeam 'mong the clouds,
 That floweth through the sky,
 Or like a flower among the leaves,
 Which them doth beautify.

How happy they who hold her hand,
 And feels her gentle grasp,
 If care doth wound their heart, her touch
 Would greatly it unclasp.

To hear the music of her voice,
 In sympathy's sweet tone,
 They'd kindness feel for every one,
 And love them as their own.

High favored is the man, who feels
 The heart-beats of thy love,
 His hope may surely build a home,
 Where joy and peace doth move.

O! happy one, so richly robed
 In virtuous noble powers,
 O! prove them to my fancy's faith,
 Thou wilt make blessed hours.

In loneliness to think of thee,
 Will give me cheer sublime,
 To know that in this gloomy world,
 Thou somewhere mak'st sunshine

LIZZIE'S DEPARTURE.

Could every one who doth not feel
 The excellence of true loving,
 Behold with care the tender scene,
 When Lizzie is removing ;
 The kindness, care and wishes sweet,
 Which every one is sending,
 They would believe in love's great power
 With such would be attending.

O! fellow travellers, now display
 To her sincerest kindness,
 If any chance to show neglect,,
 It must be done in blindness,
 With gladness I in thought behold,
 The care, esteem and honor,
 That all when seeing Lizzie's face,
 Will kindly shower upon her.

Now far away upon mine ear,
 The train is faintly sounding,
 And cow bells softly tolling swells
 My sadness that's abounding.
 Their melody in silence, still
 Lays on my heart all tender,
 The memory of her loveliness,
 May heaven all blessings send her.

THE AXEMEN'S ADIEU IN AUTUMN.

Adieu! fair Renna, think of me,
 With loving heart and true,
 For through long winter's dreary hours,
 I'll kindly think of you.

Remember, Renna, this fair tree,
 With branches waving green,
 In love we've oft beneath them sat,
 As now hath happy been.

There hath the grey birds pretty voice,
 With music charmed our ear,
 Our hearts in true joy did respond,
 And made a Heaven here.

And every kind of music sweet,
 And trees of every clime,
 In beauty and delightful power,
 Our fancies brought sublime.

O! Renna, to assist true love,
 Are ready nature's powers,
 The very grandest she doth own,
 At any time are ours.

Those twinkling stars so pure and high,
 That free and ample space,
 Invites, endears, preserves true love,
 We'll give ours there a place.

And from this known, remembered tree,
 Up to the highest star,
 Will sweetness flow we'll feel and see
 Though from each other far.

The sun will speak us joy each morn,
 The moon and stars each night,
 And winds that come and go will yield,
 Loves music with delight.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

Welcome the famous Christmas morn,
 Which speaks the day that Christ was born
 Upon this world of ours,
 That day of love and kindness high,
 When men first heard heaven's melody,
 As sung by Heavenly powers.

How that grand music thrilled the heart,
 Far sweeter than the touching art
 That mortals own to sing
 Even in their joy, as first loved ones
 More sweet than music that first comes
 From birds returned in Spring.

The power which from their language flowed,
 The shepherds hearts so deeply glowed,
 That nimbly they ran
 To the appointed place with joy,
 To see the Heavenly infant boy,
 To be the wondrous man.

O! shepherds, blessed was your sphere,
 When Heavenly echoes ye could hear,
 That angels, new had sung,
 Upon redeeming love's great theme,
 Who first with them from that did gleam,
 Heaven's peace on earth begun.

O! Bethelern that held Heaven's King,
 From thee what visions on the wing
 Of fancy to us come,
 The stable echoing his cries,
 The thoughts, love, care and prophecies,
 From wondering one's there won.

The honored shepherd's and their flocks,
 The mountains, vineyards, fields and rocks,
 The charming eastern skies,
 Made famous as the happy way
 That angels came to sing the lay
 Of love's sublime surprise.

The eternal truth the love divine,
 There did in human weakness chime,
 Subject to human power,
 The one whose love was to unite,
 Mankind unto the Heavenly light,
 Among all joys, the flower.

Though all the ages has made known,
 Since then with truest powers of song,
 Christ's marvelous birthday,
 With instruments of every voice,
 With all the arts which men rejoice,
 In grand combined array.

Though men of wisdom, fame and power,
 In lands of every tree and flower,
 Doth speak in rapturous tones,
 In honor of the great event,
 And humble ones in sweet content,
 Make joys at their own homes.

And though the world is full of light,
 By Christ's great finished work so right,
 Yet has no music flowed,
 Nor language of more thought and love,
 That doth the heart more sweetly move,
 As then of Christ bestowed.

Heaven's kind love offering to the low,
 The honors wisdom did bestow,
 Attendants angels skies,

Their memories yearly teaches men,
 As through the seasons springs the gem,
 That best make thoughts arise.

No virtues that sweet spring bestows,
 Can yield such grand inspiring throes,
 As what flows from this day;
 Heaven's wondrous love doth freshly beam,
 Our heaven sent dignity is seen,
 And all free from decay.

O! let us lay all barriers low,
 That pride 'tween man and man makes grow,
 Let love and kindness tower,
 Let gratitude in each heart spring,
 In honor to the loving King,
 Who wrought such loving power.

ON SEEING A ROBIN SINGING.

O! robin thou art singing well,
 Upon that lofty bough,
 I and another watched thee their,
 Who cannot watch thee now.

Thou art as beautiful and glad,
 Thy song as sweet and clear,
 As in the by-gone days, but now
 Ye draw the real tear.

The loved one that heard with me,
 Thy soul exalting voice.
 No more beside an earthly power
 Can sorrow or rejoice.

Her joy expressed, and seen and felt,
 I can behold no more
 And feeling this thy touching strains,
 Makes greater sorrows store.

Thou then the singer listners we,
 All cheered with happiness,
 The change takes that from none but I,
 Who's left to meet distress.

Yet sing, although thy strains fill not,
 The lonely vacancy,
 I'll list in silent thought and feel,
 Her memory dear and thee.

Although such joys return no more,
 'Tis sweet to feel their powers,
 Re-echoed by a friendly voice,
 Now so and in past hours.

'Tis like the soothing breeze at night,
 That oft so sweetly sighs,
 Which in the day with waves and flowers,
 Hath pleased our heart and eyes.

Or like the charming nightly sky,
 Which draws our thoughts on high,
 That also helps the light of day,
 Earth's gems to beautify.

A WINTER LULLABY.

The bright moon is shining pure, peaceful and clear,
 The stars shine in glory up in their high sphere,
 The gentle wind flows in its own happy way,
 And the beautiful snow before it doth play.

The moon her sweet influence sendeth us down,
 The stars with their meekness our needy hearts crown,
 And the beautiful snow, the musical wind,
 From those high resources what bliss do we find.

With kindness they cheer us so high as they are,
 They make our hearts' treasures sublimer by far,
 The grand beaming moon through my window, doth shine,
 And lays on my baby a beauty divine.

Who in her soft cradle so peacefully sleeps,
 The beauty and innocence harmony keeps,
 Every smile in her dreams tells a story of love,
 And respondings meet there from the bright stars above.

OUR OWN SMALLNESS.

Where e'er we stand to gaze in earnest thought,
 We find the smallest beauty on that spot,
 And when our spirits beam in joy like June,
 'Tis other ones that sets our hearts in tune.

To An Amiable Girl Under Long Affliction.

Amanda, I fret at the by-passing hours,
 That brings not to thee thy wonted health's powers,
 When thy foot it was swift, and thine arm it was strong,
 And thy voice rang aloud in the merriest song.

When the leaves of the garden trees merrily played,
 In dance to the music the breezes there made,
 Thy foot it was ready and so was thy heart,
 To accompany their glee in motion as smart.

When the eyes of affection did cheerfully view,
 The grace that with thee and thy happiness grew,
 Which spread sweetest hope and true joy everywhere
 As a bird on the tree makes the branches all fair.

Those times, O! they linger to cheer us again,
 Like a slow forming cloud which we hope will give rain,
 When a drought doth endanger the fruits of the earth,
 More sadness to us this lingering gives birth.

Yet a world of sweet health is more in thine eye,
 Whose scenes make thee fearless from this one to fly,
 The worth of us mortals our great destiny,
 Thou'rt honored to teach us though we sigh and love thee.

King Winter's Happy Song Of His Merry Skaters.

[Sung on a beautiful moonlight night in December 1884, when he had prepared the ice like a mirror suitable for a grand turn out on the skate.]

Our Winter ruler young and merry,
 Re-joicing in the night so cheery,
 Did thus declare to me ;
 I am so honored with the joy
 Of those who on the skates do fly,
 I've come to sing with thee.

And when we had come by the lake,
 A joyous leap the king did make,
 And gave a happy shout,
 And played around me three times three,
 And cied the merry skaters, see,
 My hearty song must out.

What king would not high leap and sing,
 To own such power those ones to bring
 In such great bands in glee ;
 From good old Maine to Hudson Bay,
 I'm happy in my virtuous sway,
 My subjects virtuous be.

There's happiness in every heart,
 All take a true and worthy part,
 In peace and sympathy ;
 The summer king in all his train
 Of mildness, glory, waving grain,
 No sweeter joys can see.

What mortals wish they here obtain
 The glorious envied art to gain,
 To place them 'mong the powers ;
 That's famed for swiftness, winds so high,
 The locomotive flying by,
 The bird that swiftly towers.

The feeling must give raptures high,
 To know as summer waves they fly,
 And rolls a grander song,

'To feel that 'neath my blizzards roar,
 They'd laugh and gain the desired shore,
 E'er he was them among.

How grand to have the bird's swift wing,
 Where'er desire its eye may fling,
 As swiftly there to go,
 To imitate with graceful mien,
 The evolutionary scene,
 That stricken waters show.

If chance brings there a thought of woes,
 That sin and fate to them bestows,
 That most oppressive are,
 They aim to yon pure, sinless light,
 In swift, true, longing happy flight,
 The blessed evening star.

These hours to them will aye be dear,
 For many happy ones now here,
 May soon be far away ;
 And magic joys their presence gave,
 When absent will a true tear crave,
 'Neath thought and memory's sway.

But now how charming to the heart,
 To see each other pleased and smart,
 That graceful lad, that lass ;
 Did ever one go in such grace,
 That gallant form, that moonlit face,
 The moon herself doth pass.

That language, O ! how dear and sweet.
 Unto the heart and ear complete,
 Its strains must come more near,
 Cannot do otherwise, for love
 Hath on the flying skates turned dove,
 To make its music wear.

Now, I King winter oft despised,
 Called dull and stern is little prized,
 Yet I have sung a song
 Of gratitude and cheer and joy,
 To waft its strains, thy pen employ,
 And tell I merits own.

ERRATA.

On 1st page, first line of sixth verse should read †

“ Of high honors given some may on the bloom ” †

On 4th page, 10th line read

“ Receiving gratitude for worth and love.”

Page 21, 4th line 2nd verse, read

“ That's in thy aerial sphere ”

Page 26, 5th line 4th verse, read

“ Who first with them from that did glean.”