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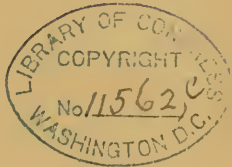
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P O E M S .

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SACRED
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
DR. G. D. SALTONSTALL.



NEW YORK:
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I DESIRE TO DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK TO
THE MEN AND WOMEN IN THIS COUN-
TRY, EARNESTLY HOPING THAT, IN
A KINDLY SPIRIT, THEY WILL
PARDON ITS ERRORS AND
RECEIVE ITS TEACH-
INGS.

G. D. SALTONSTALL.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WORK	9
FAITH IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST	11
HOPE IN GOD'S MERCY	13
A CHRISTIAN'S SURE HOPE OF A HOME IN GOD'S EVERLASTING KINGDOM	15
PRAYER	17
"THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME"	19
A PRAYER THAT ALL MAY PRAY	22
THE FOUR SEASONS	24
THE CONFESSION	32
WHAT WAS IT?	40
CHRISTMAS EVE	44
HOPE	48
THE DRUMMER BOY'S RETURN FROM THE WAR	50
ONLY A WOMAN'S KISS	52
WHO READS?	55
SEVENTY-FIVE	57
AM I ALONE?	59
THE DEAD LION	62
THE OLD APPLE-TREE	65

SACRED AND OTHER POEMS.

A SHORT PATEM SERMON ON

Work.

:0:

WORK, brothers, work ; 'tis the command
First laid on souls that first knew sin ;
Work with a ready, willing hand,
And ye shall win.

Work, sisters, work, within your sphere ;
Work, though your hands be soiled at
night ;
What matter if you've not fine gear,
Your souls are bright.

With open palm, and open heart,
I greet thee, blacksmith, grim and tall,
For of the whole we're part and part,
And brothers all.

I greet thee, sister, pale and wan,
Whose future looks so dark and drear;
Know, that to God, if not to man,
Thou'rt dear.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON ON

Faith in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

—:0:—

REST, brother, rest ; thy narrow bed
Is large enough for all thy cares ;
No more thou'lt start with aching head
As daylight nears.

The sound that first shall bid thee wake,
And rise to leave thy narrow cell,
Will be when Christ the seals shall break
Of death and hell.

Rest, brother, rest, but dream not thou
Of days that were to suffering given ;
No dream of aught should cross thee now,
Save Heaven.

Rest, brother, rest ; there's naught shall break
Thy calm repose beneath the sod ;
Christ will keep watch 'till thou dost wake
To God.

Then shalt thy toil-marked brow be crowned,
Then will thy glory be begun,
And God will then to Seraphs 'round,
Call thee Son.

Rest, brother, rest ; thy narrow bed
Is large enough for all thy cares ;
No more thou'lt start with aching head
As daylight nears.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON ON

Hope in God's Mercy.

—:0:—

HOPE, brother, hope, 'though the clouds darkly
lower,

And thy pathway seems filled with full many
a thorn,

Hope that thy grief is like the dark hour
Ere the dawn.

Hope, brother, hope, in the love and the kind-
ness

Man bears toward his fellow, whoever he be ;
'Tis only despair that will bring the heart's
blindness,
Brother, to thee.

Hope, brother, hope, in thy strength and ambi-
tion ;

To do and to dare, not to grieve and to pine ;
God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb's con-
dition,
And thine.

Hope, brother, hope, that the Being who made
us,

And knows all our wants and our sorrows
beside,
Will graciously deign in His mercy to aid us,
And guide.

Hope, brother, hope, in that glorious hereafter
Which Christ has won for us, the rich and
the poor ;

Hold it fast 'gainst the Atheist's scorn and bold
laughter,
Firm and sure.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON ON

*A Christian's Sure Hope of a Home in
God's Everlasting Kingdom.*

—:0:—

LOOK, brother, look, beyond the stars
Lies blooming an eternal land,
For those who, while upon this earth,
Lean on God's hand.

Look, brother, look, beyond the sky,
A world, forever bright and fair,
Stretches throughout eternal space—
Thy home is there.

Look, brother, look, beyond the sun ;
The verdure there is ever bright ;
God beams through every breath of air
In love and light.

Look, brother, look, ther're Angel bands
Leaving that clime of love and bliss ;
They come, they come ; oh ! I can feel
A mother's kiss.

Between that world and ours, a path
Lies glorious, open, bright and free ;
Won by our Saviour—King and Christ—
For you and me.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON ON

Prayer.

—:0:—

“And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.”—ST. LUKE.

THINK you, that Simon was the only one
From whom the power of Satan hath been
stayed ?

Think you alone for Simon, Christ, the Sòn
Of God, our Father, earnestly hath prayed ?

Nay, brother, and believe I tell you true,
We all were lost if Satan had his will ;
Our loving Saviour prays in heaven for you,
And, as he prayed for Simon, prayeth still.

Ah! would our feeble minds could all take in
The love our Saviour bears to great and
small;

With which, in spite of every crime and sin,
He stoops to pardon and to pray for all.

On Calvary's cross for all our souls He died,
Suffering all agonies of mortal death,
Tortured, and bleeding from His sacred side,
Granted forgiveness with His dying breath.

Oh! if thou hast a human, feeling heart,
Turn not again to Satan's evil ways;
Refuse not thou to take the better part;
KNOW, EVEN NOW, FOR US OUR SAVIOUR
PRAYS.

A SHORT PATEM SERMON ON

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

—:—

LIST, brother, through the morning air,
On my awakened soul there breathes a
voice—

Tender and gentle—wonderously rare—
That bids rejoice.

Let thy heart put on robes of joy to wear ;
Look, with clear eyes, through all life's
mystery ;

Throw off the darkness of thy sin and fear,
And come to me.

I formed thee out of nothing, as of old
I formed thy father Adam from the sod ;
Thou art my child whom close in love I fold,
I AM THY GOD.

List, brother, from the mid-day glowing sun,
Descending on its countless myriad rays,
A countless host of angels have begun
Fresh hymns of praise.

List to the spirit ; these my children be,
As ye are who still live upon the earth,
All of one brotherhood, born of me—
Eternal birth !

List to the spirit in thy life's noontide,
And crown thy heart with beams of holy
light ;
God will sustain thee, walking by thy side,
Clad in His might.

List, brother, throw the lattice open wide,
I hear strange sounds upon the breath of
eve ;

Softly, yet clear, the Spirit and the Bride
Say, Come and receive.

Almighty Father, take me to Thy breast !
Grant sight and speech to one all blind and
dumb,

Receive my soul into Thy perfect rest ;
I come ! I come !

Brother, good-night ; to-morrow I shall take
My flight celestial with the angel band,
I fall asleep upon His breast—to wake
In God's own land.

A Prayer that all May Pray.

—:0:—

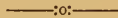
O LORD, my God ! Thou art my only hope ;
With all my heart and strength I trust in
Thee ;
Throughout my life, and in the hour of death,
Watch over me.

Creator and preserver of my life,
Grant I may ever Thy true servant be ;
Hear this my prayer, and oh, for Jesus' sake !
Watch over me.

My heart doth yearn to follow Thy command
 'Though human sin keepeth me far from
 Thee ;
Lord, pity my defenceless state ;
 Watch over me.

Through all this life's uncertain span,
 In storm or sunshine, or on land or sea ;
In all my woes, temptations, hopes, and fears,
 Watch over me.

When at Thy judgment bar I stand,
 And Thou my guilty soul shall see,
Blot out my sins with my Redeemer's blood ;
 Watch over me.

The Four Seasons.

KEEN blows the autumn wind,
Fast fall the dying leaves,
Nature weeps o'er her kind,
Sadly she grieves.

Bright blowing flowers are dead,
Trampled and lying ;
Quickly the day is sped,
Nature is dying.

Sadly my heart cries out
To the lost years ;
Grieving midst fears and doubt,
Blinded by tears.

Where the boy's honest heart ?

The noble endeavor ;

Where the man's better part ?

Lost and forever.

Keen through my heart it goes—

Like a sharp autumn blast.

Oh ! the grief manhood knows

O'er a lost past.



The winter wind sadly sighs

Through the ship's stays and shrouds,

Bending the leafless boughs,

Driving the clouds,—

Gathering its mighty force,

Rending the mast and sail ;

Who can withstand its course ?

Who can prevail ?

Wrecked is the gallant craft,
Broken the sea-gull's wing ;
Ah, ha ! ah, ha ! it laughed—
Who is the King ?

Faintly the cattle low,
Standing exposed and bare ;
Fierce falls the blinding snow,
Dark'ning the air.

Darkness of winter night,
Piercing its breath,
Strong with a giant's might,
Silent as death.

Darkness of winter night,
Black as the grave,
No power to make it light,
No power to save.

Fiercely my soul is torn—
Sorrow, and grief, and care,
On their wild waves have borne
My soul to despair.

Shall I grope through this gloom ?
Ah ! who can know ?
What of my future doom ?
Where shall I go ?

Darkness of sin and crime,
Growing unrest,
Fiends from the hell of time !
Tearing my breast.

Soft comes the air of spring ;
Kisses upon my brow :
Blithely the wood-birds sing,
Tender the bough.

Soft sinks the iron share,
Partridges drum and whir ;
Sheep bleating here and there ;
Nature 's astir.

The peach-tree her blossom sheds
Over the soft green sod ;
The wood-violets lift their heads,
Laughing they nod.

All things are re-create
'Neath heavens' azure span ;
Naught remains desolate,
Not even man.

I feel in my heart begun
Germs of a holier hope ;
God warm them with Thy sun !
Give them free scope.

Even as Thy power divine
Is felt over land and sea,
So make Thy light to shine,
Lord, upon me.

O Christ! with streaming eyes
Low on my knees I fall;
Let Thy great sacrifice
Pardon me all.

Gently the Summer air
Ripens the seeds of earth—
Develops, with tender care,
Spring's gentle birth.

Lush grow the grasses green;
Bendeth the white rose stem;
Dew-bright the eglantine
Shines like a gem.

Gay leaps the speckled trout ;
 Slow fly the loaded bees ;
Joyful the children shout
 Under the trees.

Soul, dost thou know what hand
 Led through the path thou'st trod
Unto this Summer's land ?
 Yes—'twas thy God.

Blind in the darksome night,
 Wrecked on a barren coast,
Groping towards the light,
 Despairing and lost.

Aye! when I lowest fell,
 Storm-tossed, and cold, and bare,
Deep in sin's blackest hell,
 Lord, Thou wast there !

At Thy touch up I sprang ;
At Thy voice darkness fled ;
Then I knew, then I sang,
Up from the dead.

Ah ! resurrection true !
On my Lord's breast to lean,
Seeing all Nature through—
Nothing between.

Lamb of God, lift on high,
Shedding Thy blood for me !
Oh ! what a victory,
Through Time and Eternity.

The Confession.

—:0:—

IN Southern clime, where flows the course
Of Amazon's majestic power,
Tired and worn, at evening hour,
I reined my jaded horse.

I thought to bathe him in the tide,
Then rest me 'neath the summer skies,
Whose stars seemed like to angels' eyes
Watching the earth—their bride.

When lo ! I saw upon the brink
A man who seemed to watch the wave,
With eager wish to find a grave,
And bid his sorrow sink.

“ Ho! stranger, ho ! ” he heard, and turned,
Reluctant seemed, yet left the place,
His manner sad—and on his face
Despair was stamped, and burned.

What boots it now to tell the power
Kind words have o'er the anguished soul,
How they can all its rage control,
Even in its darkest hour.

I drew him to me by the ties
Of kindness and of sympathy ;
He saw the truth shone in my eye,
And knew I spake not lies.

Suffice it that I broke the spell,
With gentle words—not empty breath—
I saved him from the self-sought death—
A dreary gate of hell.

And of his trust, I gained the whole,
And of his thoughts, saw the entire ;
Even the dead embers of the fire
That once had lit his soul.

And this the tale ; I tell it you
Just as he told it there to me,
In sorrowful sincerity ;
And, oh ! believe it true.

“ 'Twas years ago, long weary years,
I dreamed a dream so fair and bright,
As all the Seraphim of light
Had smiled away my tears.

“ Methought that sorrow's blackened plume
Within my heart could ne'er find scope ;
I knew not then the rainbow, hope,
Oft sinks in night and gloom.

“ My pulses bounded quick and free,
My heart was all a roundelay ;
As at first coming of the day
Nature's great heart throbs forth her glee.

“ The dew shines diamond-like, and flowers
Give sweetest perfume, and the trees
Alive with music, in the breeze
Wave their chorus to the hours,

“ Alas, too soon ! oh, much too soon !
The sun with scorching, blazing eye,
Bids the outpouring chorus die,
Beneath his burning noon.

“ That bright and glorious dream of youth
Was cruelly and harshly broke,
And I, with shuddering heart, awoke
To find all was not truth.

“ My young blood seemed to turn to gall,
My heart, although too proud to break,
Could not but feel its woe, and ache
Beneath its silent pall.

“ I vowed if e'er I stooped my brow,
Or bent my heart to love again,
That heart might be wrung numb with pain ;
Ah me ! God heard my vow.

“ In after time I met with one
Whose step and eye were like the deer's ;
My icy heart, so cold for years,
Was thawed as by the sun.

“ Its germs with genial warmth grew bright,
And stretched their little petals up,
Like daisies, or the buttercup,
Looking towards the light.

“ The garden of my love grew wild,
My pulses beat as wont of yore,
I thought my youth had come once more ;
Alas ! I was a child.

“ My bosom opened to its core,
Aye, and she nestled there ;
I hoped that she, so young and fair,
Would leave me nevermore.

“ She was my idol, and her seat
Was in each burning wish and thought,
With passion almost frenzy fraught,
My love was so complete.

“ It was not long, not very long,
Before a sickening, deadening chill
Bade my warm pulses to stand still
Beneath a load of wrong.

“ A painful doubt began to steal
 Within my all too-loving breast,
 That ne'er again could know of rest,
Till 'twas too dead to feel.

“ For days and weeks she left my side,
 She said it was my faith to prove ;
 Alas ! 'twas that I'd lost my love,
My dear loved spirit-bride.

“ I tried my most to wile her back,
 Until at last e'en hope gave o'er,
 I knew my love would come no more,
And all the world grew black.

“ Fate left me nothing but my doom,
 And I have borne my bitter bane,
 E'en as the withering curse of Cain,
Where'er earth gave me room.

“ Ask me no more, my tale is told,
Nor shall I now much longer bide,
For if I 'scape from suicide,
Has not time made me old ? ”

What was It?

—:0:—

AS, sleepless, I lay on my pillow,
I saw my life emerge
From out the Past, like a billow
That rolls with a restless surge ;
The passion, and love, and sorrow,
The blasted hopes and the strife ;
And my heart rejoiced midst the horror,
That I lay by my baby and wife.

Then a curtain seemed to be lifted
And rolled like a cloud away,
And forms and faces shifted
Likes vapors at early day :

And I saw my old life of evil,
 With its wildness and unrest,
Half in the hands of the Devil,
 And a woman had the rest.

When I thought nothing more of undoing
 A maid, or a beautiful wife, [ing,"
Than of drinking their health in "hell's brew-
 Or cutting a man with my knife ;
My life-blood was seething and frothing,
 Like waves when the tide runs high ;
And I turned me and shrank from nothing
 Save a meanness or a lie.

And some loved ones, I thought, had been
 buried,
 And some I knew that were,
Came before my vision and tarried,
 Till I noted each tone of their hair,

That I never had wearied of praising,
And their love-swimming eyes as well ;
Like a sad archangel's gazing
From out an enticing hell.

Thank God ! that the old life is blotted
Forever and ever and ay ;
It's dead, and it's gone, and it's rotted,
And the new life is His on high ;
May He strengthen and make it still vernal,
And lengthen awhile its brief span,
That I yet may serve Him, the Eternal,
By being of service to man.

Thank God ! when my brave boy comes to me
And gives me his baby caress,
There's no feeling of shame to run through me,
Like a dirk stabbing deep with distress ;

Thank God ! I can kiss him and squeeze him,
And trot him, and toss him, and sing ;
For it makes my heart happy to please him,
The bright little toddling wee thing.

Christmas Eve.

—:0:—

1st Voice—

THERE'S a smile on the face of the earth to-night!

2d Voice—

Yes, a truly rictus grin ;
And Nature seems frozen hard and tight,
And stamped with a miserly sin.

1st Voice—

The air is clear and crisp to-night!

2d Voice—

Aye, as crisp as the devil's curls ;
And it sits on an empty stomach light,
And pierces one's brain as it whirls.

1st Voice—

The moon looks cheerful and bright to-night !

2d Voice—

Yes, and I can't say the price is dear ;
But what does one care if she's ever so bright
When he's hungry and thirsty down here ?

1st Voice—

You should not talk so at Christmas time !

I'm sure 'tis a wrong and a sin.

2d Voice—

Oh ! is it ? why then you may count it a *crime*
To have but one coat, and that—thin.

1st Voice—

Alas ! I've not much to give away,

But I'll spare you this, somehow or other ;
For surely if ever, on Christmas Day

MAN SHOULD FEEL THAT MAN IS HIS
BROTHER.

And to-morrow, when God proclaims the morn,
I hope that from want you'll be free,
And feel on that day our great Brother was
born,
To save and redeem you and me.

2d Voice—

I will! oh! I will; you have broken the crust
That has covered my heart for years;
You have wiped with your generous hand the
rust
That was formed by its frozen tears.

I thank you for feeling our brotherhood's tie,
As much as for clothes and meat;
And if at this moment I laid down to die,
I could feel even death to be sweet.

I have met with a brother ! who stretched forth
his hand ;

There are noble souls yet on the sod,
And I know we are brothers throughout all the
land,

OWN CHILDREN, BEGOTTEN OF GOD !

Hope.

SOME thoughts, like echoes of a lovely sound,
 Fall most on minds they can the most impress,
Clinging the closer as they're loved the more
 In fond caress.

They come at night, when memory holdeth sway,
 Wandering afar without or bound or scope,
Like radiant beams of Luna's mellow light,—
 Yet tinged with Hope.

For Hope, whatever memory calls to mind,
 Changeth it so it scarcely is the same,
Cheereth the fainting heart, and whispering
 speaks
 Her own sweet name.

Yet oft within the rosiest cup she gives,
In which we see the cool wine as it plashes,
We find, when we would press it to our lips,
Nothing but ashes.

Come, Hope, no more ! unless thou surely be
The sweet forerunner of some certain bliss ;
Ah ! then I'll welcome thee with open arms,
And lover's kiss.

What would I have, say'st thou ? draw hither,
then ;
I'll breath it in the portal of thine ear ;
Thou know'st my secret, ah ! refuse me not,
She is so dear.

The Drummer Boy's Return from the War.



FAINTLY he toils his arduous way along ;
 Poor soldier boy, thou'rt all alone !
No comrade now with cheerful song
 To cheer thy heart, thou poor wayworn.

Courage ! the village is not far.

Courage ! not long shall be thy path.

What is it twinkles like a star ?

That light is from thy father's hearth.

Four loving hearts are there to greet thee.

Ah ! with what pride, and hope, and joy,
They'd come with open hands to meet thee,
If they but knew—poor soldier boy.

If they but knew, that weak and sick,
Thy knapsack gone, thy hat thrown by,
And faintly leaning on thy stick,
Thou strov'st to reach thy home to die.

It may not be, for on thy brow
Exhaustion like a vulture hovers,
And death's cold hand is on thee now,
And now, and now ; thy heart it covers.

Low in the dust ! low in the dust !
Lo ! fallen on the cold bare earth,
Poor soldier boy, thy heart hath burst
Striving to reach thy father's hearth.

Only a Woman's Kiss.

—:0:—

WITH what is your heart so busy ?
Of what are you thinking now ?
With a troubled look in your moist blue eyes,
And a weary, care-stamped brow.

Only a woman's kiss, my friend ;
The pledges of a lover's faith,
And aye it is an awesome thing,
Like my absent darling's wrath.

Only a woman's kiss, my friend ;
That was given me long ago,
When my heart was beating warm and quick ;
As now 'tis sad and slow.

Only a woman's kiss,—'twas given
As we mingled our loves in one ;
And were bathed in the beautiful rosy light
Of a springtide setting sun.

Only a woman's kiss, my friend ;
A woman's passionate love—
Ah ! well-a-day ! it has passed away,
And who ever will constant prove ?

And so you see I sit brooding ;
Yes, I know I am much amiss,
To think so much of so slight a thing
As a woman's loving kiss.

But the heart will have its treasures,
Be it ever so wrong or right,
It will seek for its precious jewels,
Though it bury them out of sight.

And mine, I am free to confess it,
Discovered its acme of bliss ;
Don't ask me, my friend, to forget it,
'Twas only a woman's kiss.

Who Reads?

WHO reads the word ? logos, the word of light,
Who reads ? and minds the precepts that it
teaches,
Who reads ? and has fresh strength to win the
fight,
Who reads ? and finds his spirit thereby
reaches
Higher towards God, gaining celestial might,
E'en as the flowers look up after a darksome
night.
Who reads ? who reads ?

Who reads the story written on the sky ?

Who finds a single letter on the scroll
Stretched out between himself and Him on
high ?

Whoever will until that screen shall roll
Back and reveal Jehovah's watchful eye ?

Who reads that mystery distant yet so nigh ?

Who reads? who reads?

Who reads the page that Nature's self unfolds ?

Who reads a lesson in the ripening grain ?
Or in the crag that scarce its posture holds,
Or in the sparkling dew, or dropping rain,
Who sees the hand that grasps the many moulds,
That makes hills, valleys, mountains, glens, and
wolds ?

Who reads? who reads?

Seventy-five.

—:o:—

I'm an old man now, I am old, I am old,
Yet my heart beats young and warm,
And they're wrong who say my blood is cold;
But they judge by my poor worn form.

I'm stooped and I'm bent, I'm weak and I'm
gray,
And these be the signs of age;
And they say I shall shortly have passed away,
Having finished my pilgrimage.

It may be the truth, it may be the truth,
Perchance I have played my part ;
But why do I feel the warm blood of my youth
Still circling round my heart ?

Why do I love my dear old wife ?
And why do my eyes o'erflow
When I gaze on the partner of my life,
That I took long years ago ?

I know I must die in God's good time,
I know, but I have no fears ;
I will not die old ! no, my heart's in its prime,
In spite of my load of years.

Am I Alone?

—:—

AM I alone ?

Is there no being near ?

No voice to answer back a social thought,

Of all so dear ?

Have they all vanished into naught ?

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

Like some tall sycamore,

All scathed and blasted by the lightning's fire,

Lifting forevermore

A broken crest, like to a crumbling spire.

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

Is there no common tie
To hold me in the fellowship of kind ?

Am I to die,
Devoid of the companionship of mind ?

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

My weary eyelids droop :
Ah ! now, what sounds are these I hear—

The children's call, and whoop,
And her's, the voice to me so dear,

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

Here, in my bed,
I hear, once more, their steps upon the stairs ;
They are not dead ;
I hear them lispng out their evening prayers.

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

Or do their spirits come,
Bringing the old love and life back to me ?

With such a sense of home,
My heart scarce knows which is reality,

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

Dear Jesus, Thou art by.

I feel Thy presence, though I cannot see.

Look Thou with pitying eye.

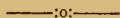
And, oh, my God, remain Thou near to me !

Am I alone ?

Am I alone ?

I lay me down this night,
My heart, O Lord, before Thee lying bare,
Trusting Thy love and might,
And freed from all my burden and my care.

Am I alone ?

The Dead Lion.

DEAD lies the lion the master,
 Quenched is the fire of his eye,
Stilled is the voice of his roaring,
 His teeth shall devour us no more.

Ne'er again shall he come in the evening,
 Leaping the walls of the douarb,
Nor shall the hoarse sound of his hunger
 Scatter our herds to the hills.

In peace now the young men and maidens
 May wander beneath the full moon,
For cold is the lion, the seignor ;
 His fever is quenched and forever.

On his main we can spit in derision,
And the old women pluck at his beard,
No more shall the hearts of our children
Knock like the knees of the old men.

No more shall the voice of the jackal
Be heard on the trail of the monster,
Begging for meat from his table,
And drops from his drink of the warm blood.

On the mountain-side lieth the black bull,
The prince of the herds of the country,
And close at his feet lies the herdsman,
His friend and his keeper, poor Azim.

Raise a mound of the rocks of the mountain,
A stone for each man of his tribe,
That all who shall pass it hereafter
May know that he died as a brave man.

And the children of Azim, the herdsman,
Shall eat of the heart of the lion,
To make them as brave as their father,
Who slew the red king of the forests.

The Old Apple-tree.



WHEN I was a little one toddling along,
How happy I passed every hour ;
Then I lispingly sang some sweet little song,
And shouted with all of my power.

But when I was tired of song and of romp,
And of riding on papa's own cane,
How I loved then to rest by our old watch-dog
Pomp,
Under the apple-tree down in the lane.

And when I grew older, and playfellows came
To pass half a day in rare sport ;
And Charley and Bessy played "Darby and
dame,"
And we little ones King Arthur's court.

How we laughed and we screamed, we pushed
and we rolled,
'Till too tired to play it again,
In a circle we sat, and what stories we told
Under the apple-tree down in the lane.

Oh, how happy and glad was my childhood then
made
By the father who planted that tree,
And how oft I have wandered beneath its cool
shade,
With my heart full of innocent glee ;

And when Chárley and sissy sickened and died,
 'Though I knew they were free from all pain ;
I wandered alone, I missed them and cried,
 Under the apple-tree down in the lane.

How well I remember when Harry Dean wooed,
 Endowed with a proud manly grace ;
In vain every other lad pleaded and sued,
 They had not his form or his face ;

One evening when bidding each other good-by,
 'Though we said it again and again,
I was clasped to his heart, and I only could sigh,
 Under the apple-tree down in the lane.

.

I gaze on thy leaves as the Autumn winds blow ;
 As they're turning yellow and sere,
And it truly gladdens my heart to know
 Thou'lt bloom in the Spring of the year.

Ah! a type of man art thou, old tree,

A lesson not given in vain ;

Thou seem'st to bring Heaven much nearer to

me,

Old apple-tree down in the lane.

THE END.

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