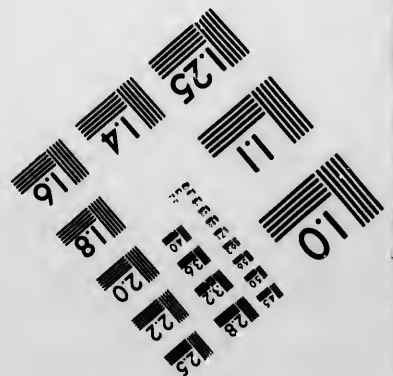
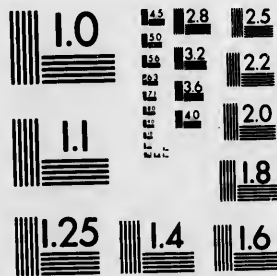


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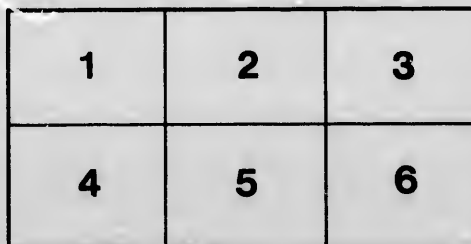
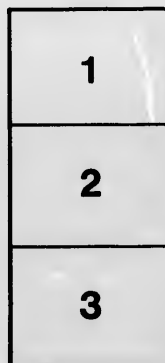
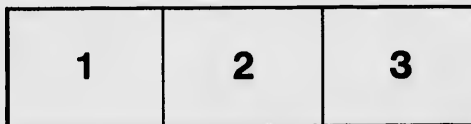
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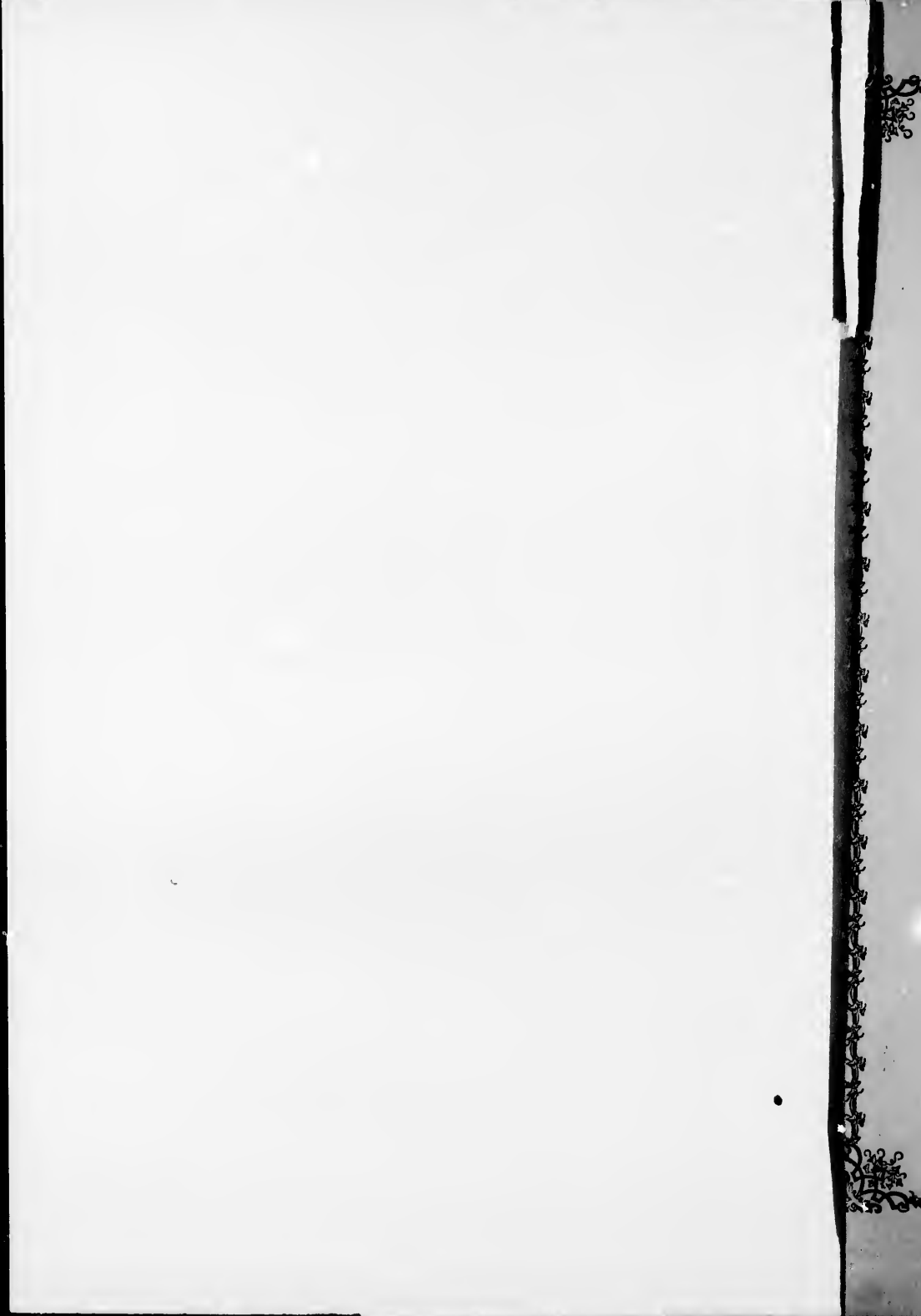
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23A.

ALBUM VERSES

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

BY

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PRINTED FOR CIRCULATION AMONG FRIENDS.



OTTAWA:
PRINTED BY MACLEAN, ROGER & Co., WELLINGTON STREET.
1882.

2



T

ALBUM VERSES

AND

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OTTAWA :
PRINTED BY MACLEAN, ROGER & Co., WELLINGTON STREET.
1882.

PS 8457

12846

1882

187652

DAVIN, N. F.

These verses, which the author would not think of publishing on their merits, are selected from some hundreds, and privately printed to gratify those who were the occasion of their composition.

✓

JULIA.

Since first o'er Album verse I groaned,
What years have passed me by !
'Twas hard to think the girl who owned
That foolish book could die.

But strange to say that die she did ;
No fish escapes death's hook ;
And stranger still, her memory slid
Quite out of memory's book.

And tho' I love you very much,
And mine is love in sooth,
Ne'er credit me, my love is such
As will defy Time's tooth.

To please thee, I'd resign my breath,
Or more—I'd write a rhyme ;
But tho' my love is strong as Death,
It is not strong as Time.

TO MY NEPHEW.

The shades of eve the room were filling fast,
Alone I saw you - peacefully you slept !
No restless sigh spoke sorrows recent past,
I thought of Eden, and unconscious, wept.

How calm, how soundless, was that twilight
hour!

Fit time for thought! As deepen'd every
shade,
I sighed to know that man's and Satan's power
Against thee, helpless babe! were all arrayed.
Alas! ere thou canst walk they'll teach thy steps
to stray.

When thy young genius buds, ere vain regret
Has darkened all the past, should'st read my
Muse—

My sun may then be sinking or be set—
Advice drawn from experience ne'er refuse.
When thou wilt choose life's pathway nobly
choose,
And then resolve for ever to act well;
Nor in thy wildest, maddest moments lose
The voices wise of Heaven, Death and Hell;
Ah! if thou would'st be blest and great, of Jesus
learn.

MY SISTER.

Bright as love's first sweetest look,
Which a life of woe can't dim,
Strength'ning as the mountain brook,
To the wearied warrior's limb,
Grateful as the sympathy,
Of the friend no slander shamed,

Winning as simplicity,
 When it has been wrongly blamed :
 Ever thus thou wert to me,
 And such thou'lt live in memory.

Sweet as sunshine on the sea,
 Mild as moonbeams on the billow,
 Joyous as the June birds' glee,
 Welcome as the thornless pillow,
 Dear as Christ to dying ears,
 When the Christian's race is run,
 Holy as a mother's tears,
 Praying near her lifeless son :
 Ever thus thou wert to me,
 And such thou'lt live in memory.

FAREWELL.

The word Farewell, for once has a spell
 To make my heart beat high,
 And my soul feels a flush of bright joy rush,
 At that once sad sound, good-bye.

Sweet town adieu ! All hail the blue !
 And the wild resistless blast !
 And each gallant wave, as it makes its grave
 And swan-like sings its last.

I'm in thy power, proud Sea, for an hour,
 Thou actest like false men,

On the shore when I stood thy waves flowed
 smooth,
 Nor threaten'd destruction then.

But rage on, Sea. thy mood please me—
 In sooth thy rage is just,
 If thou knowest the sin which fattens within
 The protection which we trust.

Then a wilder dash! and a fatal crash!
 The waves will have primal fun!
 There'll be wailing grand through all the land,
 At the deed which thou'lt have done.

And maids will lament, till others present
 Love vows and flatter their pride,
 And tears will be shed o'er the widow'd bed—
 Till the place of the lost's supplied.

I'll have a swim till every limb
 Is weary, worn, and sore,
 Then, adieu!—All hail the blue!
 And the wild waves tameless roar.

.

Harken to their groans: "There's nothing on
 his bones!
 O Neptune, he was spare!
 To fiercer fish he has been a dish,
 And they have picked him bare."

DOUBT.

It is evening, it is evening, it is morn, alas ! no
more,

Gone are the streaks of promise, gone the fresh-
ness and the joy ;

Morning will dawn to-morrow, but what mor-
row will restore ?

The boyhood of the christian, the christian of
the boy ?

I care not for your evidence, your chains of
reasoning steel,

If they bind me to the truth they bind me as
a slave ;

The brightest of your reasonings can never make
me feel,

And that which passes feeling by, believe me
cannot save.

Thus was I musing sadly, when these words
came to my mind :

“ What matters cloud or storm if the anchor is
secure ? ”

They came as if soft spoken by Him who's like
the wind ;

And all the shadowy vales were spanned by
rainbows bright and pure.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Other poets meet
 Their mistress in a garden,
 Wat'ring happy flowers,
 Drest like Dolly Varden ;
 Mine's a happier fate,
 Makes every hour so tender,
 For Jennie cleans the grate
 And toilets up the fender.

O, my anguish dire,
 I'm sadder than Lord Lovell,
 When I see her coax the fire
 And cuddle the old shovel ;
 My heart is full of wrongs,
 Which I never spoke her,
 I'm jealous of the tongs,
 I hate that rakish poker.

O, what joys must rest,
 Where this hand would falter !
 Blest rose upon her breast,
 Thrice blest the beaded halter.
 I would be that rose,
 And tho' dry as rushes,
 My sap should gather power,
 My leaves bloom back her blushes ;
 And eke that beaded chain,
 Gods ! how each bead would quiver,
 When love shot through a vein,
 Like sunlight through a river !

Her mother ruled the house,
 And acted small and shabby,
 She made me play the mouse,
 While she played the old tabby.
 Never once a tasty dish,
 But all things one would tire on,
 She gave me ancient fish
 And beef steak hard as iron.

Once I grew quite red,
 Th' untouched beef steak brought her,
 She tost her handsome head :
 " 'Twas purchased by my daughter."
 I just touched Jennie's slender
 Waist, and said : " Enough,
 But never aught so tender
 Purc^hased aught so tough."

CALF LOVE.

A boy nine summers and a matron twenty,
 How should sweet love spring up between
 the two ?
 Yet of such instances, life offers plenty,
 Where women smile and boys half puzzled
 woo.

Ah me ! that early passion, how I love it !
 An unfledged bird which soars within its
 nest,

Its boundless firmament, the bough above it,
 Its burning noon, the mother's glowing breast.

Bright early love, men moan but to remember,
 Thy thrills and throbs and tearless sighs, I ken,
 The sap that will be fruit ere far September,
 The first pulse of the pang which masters
 men.

A dawn whose promises of day are sweeter
 Than noon's life-slaying sultry splendours be,
 Its flowers heart stricken, and their fragrance
 fleeter,
 Than winged wavelets of the fleeting sea.

When we cry farewell, to the early thrillings
 Of boyish love, the ideal spreads her wings,
 And earth-born thoughts attend maturer billings,
 And lovely woman's classed with common
 things.

Life's lanes no longer break and blow with
 splendour
 Beneath our steps, grown conscious of the
 tomb,
 And all relationships we reckon tender,
 Are like those flowers which bear both bane
 and bloom.

Our early homesteads we may most revisit,
 But never gain the guileless mouth, which
 there

Blew into blossom when bright lips would kiss
it.

The flower should not be sweeter than the
pear.

'Tis only so in love--but 'tis consoling,
The flower faded and the fruit will fall,
And every varied pulse of life controlling,
Comes one cold touch--and makes an end of
all.

KATE.

When Adam left his native seat,
The rose that bloomed 'mid deathless bowers,
In dreams would glow around his feet,
Beneath a sky undimmed by showers.

Thus wilt thou haunt me in the night,
In dreams I'll sit beside thy chair,
Thy form will wear its wonted light,
Its golden glimmer thy flaxen hair.

Our great sire found his lot less hard,
Assured that no unhallowed power,
Could break within the angel guard,
Which circled round the sacred flower.

And I will hope our fates may stand
In parallel, and thou'lt be blest,
Thy hand within some worthier hand,
Thy head on some more worthy breast.

But oh, what pangs this heart would rend,
 Of all life's joys 'twould spoil the zest—
 Thy hand in some less worthy hand,
 Thy head on some unworthier breast.

For I had dreamed that I might blend,
 My name and life with thine and be
 All boyhood feigned, and haply lend
 A larger, fuller life to thee.

And still I'll dream, like some wild nest
 Of wearied birds which wait the wing,
 Which oft has brought the parent's breast
 Has brought, but never more may bring.

For struck by man, she now may lie
 Mid blooming meads or waving hops,
 Or the next moment she may cry
 And chatter in the neighbouring copse.

I'll dote despite all harsh replies,
 And fair I'll deem thee spite of scorn ;
 For gazing in thy starry eyes,
 The love which breaks my heart was born.

REPENTANCE.

My pipe, which licked creation,
 I've broken 'gainst Temple Bar,
 I've flirted my last flirtation,
 And smoked my last cigar ;
 And drunk the last, last glass of wine,
 That e'er shall pass these lips of mine.

VIOLETTA.

We met, how blithe my laughter rang,
And yours fared forth in sparkling billows,
And through the pearls and corals sang,
And flashed beneath your eyelids' willows.

I went into the night, each star
Was bright as when it glowed on Adam ;
I struck a match—lit my cigar,
And said: "So, so, I'll flirt with Madam."

And flirt we did, nor did I fear
The witchery of those glancing eyes,
Would darken all I then held dear,
Make light all things I ought to prize.

My pulse was high, my heart was gay,
My purpose strong 'gainst all fate hurled ;
But now, old hopes no longer stay,
And you could lure me round the world.

— — —
QUADROON.

Four bloods within thy being meet,
Four influences blend,
The English give their red rose sweet,
The Scotch their thistle lend :
The thistle with its purple heart,
A sign of feeling's force,
And armed to bear its proper part,
Of Scotch success, the source.

Wit's sparkle, all that's linked with grace,
The sound of song and dance,
From many a trellised viny place—
These are the gifts of France.
Thy Indian blood should riches bring
From prairie and from brake,
The forest glade, the eagle's wing,
The lonely glimm'ring lake,
The white falls startling solitude,
Long months of winter's reign,
The sun-god in his morning mood,
Or setting thwart the plain.
Thus whatsoe'er's romantic—wild—
Is linked with culture high ;
You're now a fascinating child,
A woman by-and-bye ;
And if you'll take a bard's advice,
You'll watch o'er all you feel,
And guard your heart—that pearl of price—
Lest some boy should it steal ;
For tho' mythology is grey,
And Grecian gods rise never,
Yet trust me, love is love to-day,
And Cupid's s pry as ever.
Four bloods within thy being meet,
Four influences blend,
May every grace thy young life greet,
Peace crown its happy end.

ELIZA.

Columbia's fairest flowers—a garden where
 A painter's hand might find a model fair,
 To image her who rose from out the sea,
 To take men's hearts in sweet captivity :
 Her hair alive with sea-wind, bright with sun,
 Her lily feet by pearly foam caressed,
 Her smile a prophecy of worlds undone,
 In each white limb the goddess all expressed
 Along the aisle "a dim religious light"
 Streamed thro' rich windows, variously bedight,
 Touching to finer issues every hem,
 And making loveliness more lovely yet,
 Adding new brightness to the brightest gem,
 As westward windows blaze when suns doth
 set.
 I looked to see some nook one face disclose,
 Alas! that poor-rich garden was without the
 rose.

 ELIZA.

The cold, cruel gods who for ever
 Sway men's destinies, doomed we should meet.
 The cold, cruel gods!—who now sever
 Two wild hearts which bound but to greet ;
 And then bound as the lark from his low bed,
 And sing as he sings when on high,
 When the sun o'er the earth hath his glow shed,
 And his splendour is broad in the sky.

The flush of thy cheek was as morning,
 As her star, the sweet light in thine eyes,
 To a heart wrapt in darkness deforming,
 And tost in a tempest of sighs ;
 And I dreamed in a sleep, sweet to sadness,
 As thy red lips in fancy I prest,
 That that heart should beat high with noon's
 [gladness,
 And should bask in the beams of the west.

But lo ! ere the day spring is dewless,
 Ere the shrill lark's loud matin is o'er,
 I look for thy form, but 'tis viewless,
 For thy voice, but I hear it no more ;
 And Night with the boom of her beetles,
 Dethrones Day with the song of her birds,
 There are death knells from shadowy steeples,
 And wailings too wild for all words ;

And I roam like some soul banned from blessing,
 Amid scenes where joy's cup used o'er-brim,
 And bemocked of a phantom caressing,
 And the ghost of a conjugal hymn ;
 There's a night in my heart past fate's scorning,
 Since above it no morrow shall rise,
 For the flush of thy cheek was my morning,
 My day star, the light in thine eyes.

ELIZA.

(Written on reading a letter in which the writer said: "Ich denke immer an Dich.")

Good night! rest craves this wearied brain,
 And rest these eyes of mine;
 But lo! they're wide awake again,
 And looking into thine.

Thy glance sincere my fancy takes,
 And every sense it thrills,
 And o'er my heart thy calm smile breaks,
 Like morning o'er the hills.

The wintry night a summer light,
 At thy approach doth show,
 The raptured stars shine yet more bright
 More pure those banks of snow.

O little room! O shabby room!
 That'st heard my sacred vow,
 In splendours veil thy dingy gloom,
 She's thinking of me now!

I know it! By yon stars which roll
 Bright sister lamps apart!
 The soul may strike thro' space to soul;
 Heart telephone to heart.

O happy pain! Conflicting fate!
 To love what's all divine,
 And yet to have no offering great,
 To lay upon her shrine.

Away such thoughts! 'tis vain to grieve
 At smallness of my store,
 For had I empire's dower to give,
 I still would give her more.

And had I more than empire's dower,
 Yet more I'd fain bestow,
 Great Jove might lend me all his power,
 Still my demands would grow.

Beyond the verge of mortal bounds
 My heart's desires expand,
 Far—far—through wide eternal rounds,
 I'd lead her by the hand.

Yet that my bliss her bliss could mar,
 Did God this hour me show,
 I'd face cold ways which know no star,
 I'd wipe my tears and go.

For may my years stand all accurst,
 My flag fall in the strife,
 If I don't rate her peace as first,
 And love her more than life.

Good night! thou'rt here my heart throbs
 vouch;
 Thy heart too sure must leap;
 Sweet! bend thee o'er my wintry couch,
 And kiss these eyes to sleep.

VALENTINE.

A Flora's head ; from eyes a shower
 Of starlight over face and figure,
 And in the mouth a sense of power,
 And in the step a note of vigour.

Hair, blacker than the murkiest night ;
 No pads, no friz—lynx-eyes may scan it ;
 The forehead, a piece of lunar light,
 Cut by an archway on white granite.

The column'd neck—but I must pause ;
 My senses reel—what if I lose 'em !
 Old Hogarth's line—sweet beauty's laws,
 Are folded in that ample bosom.

A form—no angel's—rather hers
 Who came with Neptune's sunny spray lit,
 We'd swear, or else my judgment errs,
 If you had wings to fly a way with.

We met, once in the busy street,
 And once when dancing ruled the season ;
 We did not dance—but yet your feet
 Bore me along in spite of reason.

And so I sit to-day and weave
 This little wreath of careless rhyming,
 And half I joy, and half I grieve,
 To know my name's beyond divining.

As one might sing to some sweet star
 Upon the young night's forehead glow-
 ing,
 I sing to you : so near, so far—
 Hold on your radiant course unknowing.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

We three talk'd of her yesterday ;
 Her father and her mother,
 And he who writes this little lay,
 In heart a kind of brother.
 Her gentle beauty, art had placed
 Upon the shelf before us,
 And all the gifts her soul that graced,
 Like summer lights play'd o'er us.

We thought we saw her there the while,
 Recall'd each playful saying,
 The archness in the mouth's sweet smile,
 The humour round it playing ;
 The universal love that met
 Her kind heart outward going,
 The cheerfulness which never set,
 The charity ever flowing.

How many a time while music roll'd,
 And twang'd the saucy fiddle,
 We two sat on the stair, and told
 A story or a riddle ;

Or laughed—no scornful laugh—at those
 Who bill'd and coo'd around us ;
 The music stopp'd—then up we rose,
 The slight bond burst that bound us.

Oh! all her gracious ways that day
 As we three talk'd together,
 Came like the smell of new-mown hay,
 Or of the blossom'd heather,
 Upon the hearts of those three friends :
 Two knew her all her past years,
 While he who here a mourner bends,
 But knew her these few last years.

But, who that knew her, months or years,
 Could hear that death had taken
 So sweet a soul, nor let hot tears
 Show that his soul was shaken ?
 The spouseless spouse! Let fall the veil!
 Hush! hush! That ground's too holy!
 O Youth! O Death! O tragic tale!
 Young widower bending lowly!

To think of yesterday, and all
 The gladsome mem'ries swelling,
 And now for that young life the pall,
 The mournful church-bell knelling!
 Toll out sad notes, but also sweet ;
 Let hope our sorrow leaven ;
 She is not dead ; tho' here we meet
 No more ; we'll meet in Heaven.

THE CHARITABLE NIGHT SHIRT.

I once went far to see
Some maids with whom I might flirt ;
They were bent on charity,
And proposed to make a night shirt.

For the good of some good cause,
Orphans or such weak chickens ;
I'd have ordered without pause,
If the cause were at the dickens.

I called again. To know
Of that work my ears were itchin',
When the ladies, quite aglow,
Told me all about the stitchin' :

How 'twas cut out by one,
Its full length undiminished,
How the gussets they were done,
And how the whole was finished.

The coals were waxing low,
And fainter the flames' flashes ;
Like my hot youth's fervid glow,
What was once fire now was ashes.

I began to scratch my head,
Like some posed and puzzled varmint—
And I thought I'll go to bed,
And try on the new garment.

Scarce got beneath the clothes,
 My hand beneath my head, sir,
 Fixed for a night's repose—
 When I sprang clean out of bed, sir.

What was wrong? O patience please—
 Every fibre was a-twitchin';
 Those gussets stung like bees,
 And like wasps the dainty stitchin'.

To pull it off I tried,
 But it hugg'd me close, oppressive;
 And while struggling, I espied
 A sweet face most expressive.

And a form!—I think, I swore
 I ne'er saw aught so splendid,—
 She but said: "You'll sleep no more,
 Your nights of rest are ended."

And she smiled—gods! how she smiled!
 And how her black eyes glistened!
 From my pangs I was beguiled,
 As to that voice I listened.

I stooped to kiss her hand,
 White as milk fresh from a dairy,
 She drew back with curtsy bland,
 And then vanish'd like a fairy.

And now I never sleep,
 And I'm tortur'd as I told, sir,

And I think I sometimes weep,
With longing to behold her.

But from her I'm exiled,
That maid with face bewitchin';
And the gussets drive me wild,
And I'm madden'd by the stitchin'.

THE PRAYER.

Tell me did he hear thee maiden!
Did he grant thy gentle prayer?
Does he rest the heavy laden?
Is there balm for wounding there?

Beyond voids no science bridges,
Beyond suns no glass can sight,
Beyond calm eternal ridges,
Casting shadows infinite,

Where he dwells in vast seclusion,
Which not fancy's wing can reach,
Does he heed the fond illusion,
That he recks man's feeble speech?

Say, did bright-robed angels flutter
O'er thy young form bending there?
Did some voice mysterious utter,
Sure responses to thy prayer?

Angels bright-robed may have flutter'd
 O'er me bowed in sorrow there,
 But no voice mysterious utter'd
 Aught responsive to my prayer.

Only in my heart I felt where
 Softly Jesus gently stirred,
 And around me as I knelt there,
 All the effluence of the Word.

Yes, Lord! coarse sense failed to hear thee,
 Sense made dull by sin's black wine,
 Yet my God I knew thee near me,
 And my spirit touched by thine.

MRS. A.....

(Written opposite verses which prior to her marriage were
 composed in praise of the lady's charms.)

Mrs. A..... is just like Miss Lottie,
 She's graceful as the daintiest bird,
 She bewitches, and makes one feel what he
 Can scarcely express by a word.

I've bent over flowers—play'd the lover—
 I've gazed on the blue of the sky,
 But memory fails to discover,
 Brighter tints than her cheek or her eye.

Her hand is as soft as a bird's breast,
 Her arm is as white as the snow,

And if I *could* flirt, oh ! with what zest,
I'd steal old Dan Cupid's best bow.

But, in peace all concerned may now bide,
Nor husband, nor lover, need fret,
For the blood in my veins is at ebb-tide,
And the sun of my hot youth has set.

Yet, my heart, will indeed, have grown dead,
sir,
My blood cold as the coldest of tea,
When her mouth—such a bow ruby red,
sir!—
Fails to waken emotion in me.

But were Lottie too kind—like Miranda—
(Which she's not), still my lot it were glum,
For Boss Gardener's on the verandah,
And Schuyler is there with his drum.

All unplucked, the red rose gives us pleasure,
And the star while serene in her sphere,
And though she's of another the treasure,
'Tis a joy—thus meeting her here.

Long may time pare those cheeks round and
rosy,
And those eyes, where the young lightnings
work ;
Seeing her, one can never grow prosy,
If e'er dull—I will visit New York.

Then smile me one sweet smile so tender,
 And throw with white fingers a kiss,
 And I'll think I have gone on a bender,
 Where the glad gods are dwelling in bliss ;

That Hebe is filling my tumbler,
 That Time's musty term is up,
 That the great god of war plays the grumbler,
 While Venus is sharing my cup ;

While--but the sight is too entrancing,
 For two and two they're dancing,
 Footing it so clever,
 The gods who live for ever,
 For ever, for ever, for ever,
 By pleasure's tideless sea ;
 For ever, for ever,
 Like my regard for thee.

TO MRS. CORBETT.

In other years when love was king,
 Betimes I learned to woo,
 And whoso asked me then to sing,
 Could have a stave or two.

But now my Muse is lumpish grown,
 And laughs at Cupid's token,
 And my poor heart--tis but a stone,
 So hard--though often broken.

Thus as I pondered deep to-day,
 And for invention panted,
 My Muse grew bright as any fay,
 I thought she was enchanted!

And from her lips such music stole,
 As never on this orb yet
 Was heard, I cried: "My Muse! my soul!"
 My Muse! 'Twas Mrs. Corbett.

TO G——.

Of ladies gay, in verses brief,
 I've sung and ta'en the early rose,
 And asked of every dewy leaf,
 What could its tender tints disclose,
 More fair than those which ruby bright,
 Glowed on young cheeks now red now fainter,
 Until they merged in lily white,
 Which shamed the snow, defied the painter.

But when I fain would sing of thee,
 In vain my midnight lamp I burn,
 Nor rose nor wild anemone
 Will serve my dainty Muse's turn;
 She spreads her airy wings afar,
 And bathes in stellar dew's her crest,
 And then you glow that loveliest star
 Which diamonds young Aurora's breast.

AN IRISH FAIR.

Now Paddy to the dancing flew,
 His shirt was clean, his necktie new,
 And Peggy's gown and face were beaming ;
 Beneath the canvas every spark
 Was gay as dewy morning's lark,
 Yukheh ! Yukheh !
 Yukheizah ! heizah ! heh !
 The fiddle sticks were screaming.

And Phelim sidled up to Proo,
 And round her waist his arm drew,
 The spalpeen sure was ravin' ;
 The modest colleen jumped aside,
 Half crimson with offended pride,
 Yukheh ! Yukheh !
 Yukheizah ! heizah ! heh !
 Now don't be misbehavin'.

But at his smile offence takes flight,
 They dance to left, they dance to right,
 Their hands their hips are clutching ;
 They grow quite red, they grow quite warm,
 Then on they wander arm in arm,
 Yukheh ! Yukheh !
 Yukheizah ! heizah ! heh !
 'Neath the trees their lips are touching.

Come, come, sir, be not quite so bold,
 Or you shall find that I can scold,
 This is the way of men's betrayin' ;

He comes the blarney, utters vows,
 And on they roam 'neath blossomed boughs,
 Yukheh! Yukheh!
 Yukheizah! heizah! heh!
 And far from crowds the two are strayin'.

MASKS AND FACES.

The features of the fairest face
 Are little more than signs,
 And but of ugliness the mask,
 If they don't find their highest task,
 In telling of a higher grace
 That in the soul's face shines.

Bright eyes of blue, or brown, or jet,
 Or lovelier still thine own,
 Grow dim as chambers of the night,
 If they're not fed with living light,
 A mental sun which cannot set,
 Till life's red leaves have flown.

And when those leaves are scatter'd wide,
 The frost bit branches sere,
 The garden one cold wintry scene.
 The abounding rose but what has been,
 The lily fair but what has died,
 And all is bleak and drear ;

O in that desert hour—what then ?
 Let beauty mourn—that glass
 Which of its lot could one day brag,

But renders back a wrinkled hag ;
 Let genius know for other men
 His wand was made and pass.

But whither ? O the cruel gods
 Whose silent wheels sweep past—
 Rest, rest brave heart—the shadows grow,
 And cold and colder lies the snow,
 And soft and softer press the sods,
 And you have peace at last.

What matters now vile Slander's hissing ?
 The venom'd deadly dart ?
 That heads grew drunk to gaze on forms,
 Which since have proved cold joints for
 worms ?

That lips were red for kissing,
 That heart beat wild for heart ?

What thoughts built up the soul, what made
 The music of the breast—
 This, this alone concerns you now,
 And Beauty's smile, and Fame's large brow
 Are but as wiles of some wild jade,
 Whose smile's a common pest.

A CUP OF TEA.

O didn't I just like your cup
 Of tea on yester even,
 But make me such each time I'm up,
 And send me straight to heaven.

Indeed, your tea on yester-night,
 Quite put me on my mettle;
 'Twould make me glad in death's despite,
 And sing like an old kettle.

Tell Dr. Bellman how I quaffed
 The tasty, fragrant, brew hot,
 And how at leaving him I laughed,
 For causes that he knew not.

He thought me mad to be away,
 O'er grumpy law-books stewing,
 While I but thought of the bohea
 His best of cooks was brewing.

The far plantation where it grew,
 May blessings rich bedew it!
 And richer blessings light on you
 Who knew well how to stew it!

The kindness which that cup supplied
 Was better than the tippie,
 For that was friendship's brimming tide,
 This but a passing ripple.

LILIES.

As pure as these I hoped that life might be,
 But like a dream that fond hope disappears,
 A glimmering ghost down vistas of dark years,
 And heart-bereaved I fly from thought to thee.



