

Lines to W. B.

Jan 1. 1840.

What friendly greeting shall I bring to thee?
What earnest blessing on thy head invoke?
I need not wish thy body liberty — son's joy
Nor that thy ~~slave~~ soul were freed from thine
For thou, long since each hateful chain hast broke
And unto thee the freedom pure is known
To bow submission but to God alone.
— A gentle rebuke to my spirit spoke, —
"Ask that the measure dealt to him by Heaven
Be that he metes to others, so shall love
Mercy & sweet forgiveness from above
Be to his hearth & to his household given.
The peace he seeks through all the earth to shed
Shall through his heart & over his home be shed.

A. W. W.

Translation of lines composed by the
poet Rönner,
while he lay wounded in a forest, expecting
to die.

This Smeaton wound - these lips so pale & chill,
My heart with faint & fainter beatings, says
I stand upon the borders of my days.
Amen! my God! I own thy holy will.
The golden ^{happy dream} that once my soul did fill -
The songs of mirth I become a pulchral lay

Faith! faith! that breath which all my spirit
Yonder as here must live within me still ^{Ships}
And what I held as sacred here below
What I embraced with quick & youthful ^{glow}
Whether I called it - liberty, or love ^{Ships}
A seraph's breath - see I stand above
And as my senses slowly pass away
A breath transports me to the realms of ^{day}

G. H.