



ty

B. L. Aiken







P O E M S .



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P O E M S

BY

M R S . F O L L E N ,

AUTHOR OF "MARRIED LIFE," "SKEPTIC," "WELL-SPENT HOUR,"
&c. &c.

B O S T O N :
WILLIAM CROSBY & COMPANY.

1839.

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#357

TO THE FRIENDS,
WHOSE AFFECTION HAS CALLED FORTH MOST OF THESE
POEMS,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS
DEDICATED.



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NAHANT.

AT THE FOOT OF PULPIT ROCK.

HAIL, boundless Ocean ! mighty rolling deep !
Thou ever restless, still rejoicing sea !
Now slowly heaving in thine awful sleep,
Now wildly roaring in glad revelry.

The stars look glorious in their silent place ;
The fixed hills in tranquil grandeur stand ;
The moon renews her gentle, smiling face ;
The sun proclaims his Maker's bounteous hand —

“In solemn silence all ;” while thy glad voice
Went forth at first in its eternal roar,
And billow after billow cries, Rejoice !
In ceaseless murmurs on the sounding shore.

I love to stand upon the giant rock
That thrusts his scowling front against thy wave.
And feel the trembling from the mighty shock,
And hear it roaring through each hollow cave ; —

Then mark the billows gathering up their force,
Tossing their foam back like a lion's mane ;
And, rushing on in their exulting course,
In idle murmurs swift recoil again.

And, while the baffled waters seem to sleep,
Far off they gather mightier than before ;
Onward they move with slow majestic sweep,
And break in thunder round the rocky shore.

There is a power within me, that awakes
Midst this wild conflict of the stormy sea ;
And moves, and swells, and its stern thralldom breaks,
And heaves and pants for immortality.

This wind must die away ere long, and thou,
Old Ocean, must recall thy truant waves ;
Dress thee with smiles, and smooth thy furrowed brow,
And calmly rest thee in thy silent caves :

While, restless, by no earthly shores confined,
The sea of Thought, nor ebb nor limit knows,
Fed from the fountains of Creative Mind,
Through realms, through worlds unknown forever flows.

SACHEM'S HILL.

This is a little hill, on the shore, in the town of Quincy. It is shaped like an arrow-head, as its original name, Masentusett, in the Indian language, signifies ; *Mas* meaning arrow-head, and *Entusett*, hill. From this spot Boston and its vicinity, from the Blue Hills to the rocks of Nahant, rise upon the view like a panorama. It was the abode of the Sachem when the English first arrived. He was a friendly old man, and sold them corn and land. Soon after their arrival, an epidemic appeared among his tribe; and, in a short time, nothing was left of them but the few remains that are still found of their simple implements of war and agriculture, and the name of this little hill, which some suppose, with a slight alteration, was given to this State.

HERE, from this little hillock, in days long since gone by,
Glanced over hill and valley the Sachem's eagle eye ;
His were the pathless forests, and his the hills so blue,
And on the restless ocean danced only his canoe.

Here stood the aged chieftain, rejoicing in his glory ;
How deep the shade of sadness that rests upon his story !
For the white man came with power; like brethren they met ;
But the Indian fires went out, and the Indian sun has set.

And the chieftain has departed ; gone is his hunting-ground ;
And the twanging of his bow-string is a forgotten sound.
Where dwelleth yesterday ? and where is echo's cell ?
Where has the rainbow vanished ?—there does the Indian
dwell.

But in the land of spirits the Indian has a place,
And there, 'midst saints and angels, he sees his Maker's face :
There from all earthly passions his heart may be refined,
And the mists that once enshrouded, be lifted from his mind.

And should his free-born spirit descend again to earth,
And here, unseen, revisit the spot that gave him birth,
Would not his altered nature rejoice with rapture high
At the changed and glorious prospect that now would meet
his eye ?

Where nodded pathless forests, there now are stately domes ;
Where hungry wolves were prowling, are quiet, happy
homes ;
Where rose the savage war-whoop, is heard sweet village
bells,
And many a gleaming spire, of faith in Jesus tells.

And he feels his soul is changed—'t is there a vision glows
Of more surpassing beauty than earthly scenes disclose ;
For the heart that felt revenge, with boundless love is filled.
And the restless tide of passion to a holy calm is stilled.

Here to my mental vision the Indian chief appears,
And all my eager questions fancy believes he hears.
Oh speak ! thou unseen being, and the mighty secrets tell
Of the land of deathless glories, where the departed dwell.

I cannot dread a spirit — for I would gladly see
The veil uplifted round us, and know that such things be.
The things we see are fleeting, like summer flowers decay —
The things unseen are real, and do not pass away.

The friends we love so dearly smile on us, and are gone,
And all is silent in their place, and we are left alone ;
But the joy “ that passeth show,” and the love no arm can
 sever,
And all the treasures of their souls, shall be with us forever.

LINES TO TWO FRIENDS,
WITH ONE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S HAIRS.

If you would like a reverie,
Listen awhile, dear friends, to me;
And let a frail and slender hair
To times long passed, your fancy bear:
Where, seated on his mother's knee,
The infant Washington you see.
There, twined around her finger white,
In a soft ringlet, golden bright,
This very hair shall meet your sight.
Who could, in that round baby face,
The hero of his country trace?

To auburn hue it darkens now,
Curling around the youthful brow
That shades his beaming, kindling eye,
Prophetic of futurity.

Now glory fills his manly breast,
And by his helmet it is prest;
His country's weal his bosom warms,
And victory crowns the hero's arms.
Mayhap, on some successful day,
Resting from the battle fray,
From his forehead, pained with care,
His honored hand has stroked this hair:

That hand that bore his country's sword,
By foeman feared, by friend adored.
And now a nation's shouts ascend,
To their deliverer, father, friend.
Haply, for he was gentle, meek,
A tear of joy has dewed his cheek;
And, haply, while it lingered there,
The sacred drop has touched this hair.

Now it assumes a darker shade;
The color deepens but to fade:
Thus autumn leaves more brightly glow,
Thus joys still brighten as they go.
A nation's groans now rend the skies;—
The father of his country dies.
Think that, when on his dying bed,
This hair adorned his sacred head;
Perhaps, when yielding up his breath,
The cold, chill, dewy damp of death
Has bathed it, ere affection can,
(As though it were a talisman,)
With holy awe and tearful zeal,
The precious relic, trembling, steal.

The temple is decayed and gone,
Where dwelt the soul of Washington:
The smallest fragment that remains,
That consecration still retains,
Affection casts a lustre round
The meanest trifle of the ground;

But o'er this hair a halo glows,
Which a whole country's love bestows.
Affection loves the meanest thing,
Because affection's offering.
Love dares to give what has no worth,
Save from the heart that sent it forth ;
But most desires the humble lot
To give what makes itself forgot.

“FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.”

“Flow on, thou shining river,”

Flow gaily to the sea ;

Flow on in beauty ever,

With all thy melody.

Where has thy gentle current strayed ?

Teach all thy joyous tale to me ;

Let it flow on through light and shade ;

My song shall follow thee.

Through meadows now meander,

With graceful sweet delay ;

And now, through green woods wander,

Where scarcely peeps the day :

Now, where the lofty bank hangs o'er,

Pursue thy wild, romantic way ;

Down the steep rocks now swiftly pour,

Like time, that cannot stay.

Its murmurs now increasing,

On thy glad current goes ;

And now, with roar unceasing,

The rapid torrent flows ;

And now, all tossed in feathery foam,
Sparkling with rainbow light it glows ;
It seems impatient for its home,
And hastening to repose.

Flow on, thou shining river,
Thou soon shalt reach the sea ;
Thus we are passing ever,
And haste away like thee.
Wave after wave, in ceaseless flow,
Moves onward to eternity :
O may the stream thy gladness know,
And thy sweet melody !

LINES ON NONSENSE.

YES, nonsense is a treasure !
I love it from my heart ;
The only earthly pleasure
That never will depart.

But, as for stupid reason,
That stalking, ten-foot rule,
She's always out of season,
A tedious, testy fool.

She's like a walking steeple,
With a clock for face and eyes,
Still bawling to all people,
Time bids us to be wise.

While nonsense on the spire
A weathercock you 'li find,
Than reason soaring higher,
And changing with the wind.

The clock too oft deceives,
Says what it cannot prove ;
While every one believes
The vane that turns above.

Reason oft speaks unbidden,
And chides us to our face ;
For which she should be chidden,
And taught to know her place.

While nonsense smiles and chatters,
And says such charming things,
Like youthful hope she flatters ;
And like a syren sings.

Her charm 's from fancy borrowed,
For she is fancy's pet ;
Her name is on her forehead,
In rainbow colors set.

Then, nonsense let us cherish,
Far, far from reason's light ;
Lest in her light she perish,
And vanish from our sight.

THE PIN, NEEDLE, AND SCISSORS.

A FABLE.

'T is true, although 't is sad to say,
Disputes are rising every day.
You 'd think, if no one did deny it,
A little work-box might be quiet ;
But 't is not so, for I did hear,
Or else I dreamed it, 't is so queer,
A Pin and Needle in the cushion,
Maintain the following discussion :

The Needle, "extra fine, gold-eyed,"
Was very sharp, and full of pride.
And thus, methought, she did begin :
" You clumsy, thick, short, ugly Pin,
I wish you were not quite so near ;
How could my mistress stick me here ?
She should have put me in my place,
With my bright sisters in the case."

" Would you were there ! " the Pin replied ;
" I do not want you by my side.
I 'm rather short and thick, 't is true ;
Who 'd be so long and thin as you ?
I 've got a head, though, of my own,
That you had better let alone."

“ You make me laugh,” the Needle cried ;
“ That you ’ve a head can’t be denied ;
For *you* a very proper head,
Without an eye, and full of lead.”

“ You are so cross, and sharp, and thin,”
Replied the poor insulted Pin,
“ I hardly dare a word to say,
And wish, indeed, you were away.
That golden eye in your poor head,
Was only made to hold a thread ;
All your fine airs are foolish fudge,
For you are nothing but a drudge ;
But I, in spite of your abuse,
Am made for pleasure and for use.
I fasten the bouquet and sash,
And help the ladies make a dash ;
I go abroad and gaily roam,
While you are rusting here at home.”

“ Stop ! ” cried the Needle ; “ you ’re too much ;
You ’ve brass enough to beat the Dutch :
Do I not make the ladies’ clothes,
Ere I retire to my repose ?
Then who, forsooth, the glory wins ?
Alas ! ’t is finery and pins.
This is the world’s unjust decree,
But what is this vain world to me ?
I ’d rather live with my own kin,
Than dance about like you, vain Pin.

I'm taken care of every day :
You're used awhile, then thrown away ;
Or else you get all bent up double,
And a snug crack for all your trouble."

" True," said the Pin, " I am abused,
And sometimes very roughly used ;
I often get an ugly crook,
Or fall into a dirty nook ;
But there I lie, and never mind it :
Who wants a pin is sure to find it.
In time I am picked up, and then
I lead a merry life again.
You fuss so at a fall or hurt,
And if you touch a little dirt,
You keep up such an odious creaking,
That where you are there is no speaking ;
And then your lacquey Emery's called,
And he, poor thing, is pricked and mauled,
Until your daintiness—O shocking !
Is fit for what ? to mend a stocking !"

The Needle now began to speak —
They might have quarrelled for a week —
But here the Scissors interposed,
And thus the warm debate was closed :
" You angry Needle ! foolish Pin !
How did this nonsense first begin ?
You should have both been better taught ;
But I will cut the matter short.

You both are wrong, and both are right,
And both are very impolite.
E'en in a work-box 't will not do
To talk of every thing that 's true.
All personal remarks avoid,
For every one will be annoyed
At hearing disagreeable truth ;
Besides, it shows you quite uncouth,
And sadly wanting in good taste.
But what advantages you waste !
Think, Pins and Needles, while you may,
How much you hear in one short day ;
No servants wait on lordly man
Can hear one half of what you can.
'T is not worth while to mince the matter ;
Nor men nor boys like girls can chatter.
All now are learning, forward moving,
E'en Pins and Needles are improving ;
And, in this glorious, busy day
All have some useful part to play.
Go forth, ye Pins, and bring home news !
Ye Needles, in your cases muse !
And take me for your kind adviser,
And only think of growing wiser ;
Then, when you meet again, no doubt,
Something you 'll have to talk about,
And need not get into a passion,
And quarrel in this vulgar fashion.

Less of yourselves you 'll think, and more
Of others, than you did before.
You 'll learn that in their own right sphere
All things with dignity appear,
And have, when in their proper place,
Peculiar use, intrinsic grace."

Methought the polished Scissors blush'd
To have said so much, — and all was hush'd.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

To a humming-bird which flew into the window on a cold day, and became immediately so tame as to suck the honey from the flower in my hand.

CURIOUS, witching, magic thing,
Ethereal beauteous being ;
Tell me, hast thou lost thy way,
Little feathery spirit, say !
 Art thou seeking here to find
 Shelter from the chilly wind ?

Or did'st thou know 't was winter near
That whistled in the blast so drear,
And striving on thy gauzy wing
In vain to find another spring,
 Hither, wearied in despair,
 Dost thou come to claim my care ?

Oh, 't is rapture thus to see thee,
In the flower-cup which I hold thee,
Thrust thy long beak its sweets to sip,
Which seems to close its fragrant lip
 Thy sweet fairy head to kiss,
 And thus share with thee the bliss.

Thy confidence has won my heart,
Sweet bird, and I am loath to part
With thee; to shelter thee from harm
To give thee food, and keep thee warm,
 Through the chilly winter drear,
 Would be to me a task most dear.

But, if my tender care for thee
Were vain, and I were doomed to see
Thy slender wing drooping in death,
To catch thy little dying breath,
 My sighs would sound thy parting knell:
 I have no sighs to spare — farewell.

Fly, sweet bird, I fear to love thee;
Lovely creature, fly and leave me:
Too well I love the joys I own,
Too deeply mourn for blessings gone:
 Should I sigh thy parting knell,
 My heart would ache — so fare thee well.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A WREATH OF AMARANTHS.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE wreath which friendship forms,
Of amaranthine flowers,
Blooms fairest midst the storms,
And crowns life's fading hours.

May every passing year
With thee some blessing leave,
While all thy virtues here
A wreath in Heaven shall weave.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

THE young, the lovely, pass away,
 Ne'er to be seen again ;
Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay ;
 Its blasted trees remain.

Full oft, we see the brightest thing
 That lifts its head on high,
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,
 And fade away, and die.

And kindly is the lesson given ;
 Then dry the falling tear :
They came to raise our hearts to Heaven ;
 They go to call us there.

WINTER SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

THE short, dull, rainy day drew to a close ;
No gleam burst forth upon the western hills,
With smiling promise of a brighter day,
Dressing the leafless woods with golden light ;
But the dense fog hung its dark curtain round,
And the unceasing rain poured like a torrent on.
The wearied inmates of the house draw near
The cheerful fire ; the shutters all are closed ;
A brightening look spreads round, that seems to say,
Now let the darkness and the rain prevail ;
Here all is bright ! How beautiful is the sound
Of the descending rain ! how soft the wind
Through the wet branches of the drooping elms !
But hark ! far off, beyond the sheltering hills
Is heard the gathering tempest's distant swell,
Threatening the peaceful valley ere it comes.
The stream that glided through its pebbly way
To its own sweet music, now roars hoarsely on ;
The woods send forth a deep and heavy sigh ;
The gentle south has ceased ; the rude northwest,
Rejoicing in his strength, comes rushing forth.
The rain is changed into a driving sleet,
And when the fitful wind a moment lulls,
The feathery snow, almost inaudible,

Falls on the window-panes as soft and still
As the light brushings of an angel's wings,
Or the sweet visitings of quiet thoughts
'Midst the wild tumult of this stormy life.
The tightened strings of nature's ceaseless harp,
Send forth a shrill and piercing melody,
As the full swell returns. The night comes on,
And sleep upon this little world of ours,
Spreads out her sheltering, healing wings; and man, —
The heaven-inspired soul of this fair earth,
The bold interpreter of nature's voice,
Giving a language even to the stars —
Unconscious of the throbbings of his heart, —
Is still; and all unheeded is the storm,
Save by the wakeful few who love the night;
Those pure and active spirits that are placed
As guards o'er wayward man; they who show forth
God's holy image on the soul impressed,
They listen to the music of the storm,
And hold high converse with the unseen world;
They wake, and watch, and pray, while others sleep.

The stormy night has passed; the eastern clouds
Glow with the morning's ray; but who shall tell
The peerless glories of this winter day?
Nature has put her jewels on, one blaze
Of sparkling light and ever-varying hues
Bursts on the enraptured sight.
The smallest twig with brilliants hangs its head;
The graceful elm and all the forest trees

Have on a crystal coat of mail, and seem
All decked and tricked out for a holiday,
And every stone shines in its wreath of gems.
The pert, familiar robin, as he flies
From spray to spray, showers diamonds around,
And moves in rainbow light where'er he goes.
The universe looks glad; but words are vain,
To paint the wonders of the splendid show.
The heart exults with uncontrolled delight.
The glorious pageant slowly moves away,
As the sun sinks behind the western hills.
So fancy, for a short and fleeting day,
May shed upon the cold and barren earth
Her bright enchantments and her dazzling hues;
And thus they melt and fade away, and leave
A cold and dull reality behind.

But see where in the clear, unclouded sky,
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke,
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint.
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow
Upon this world of beauty, and of sin,
That mingle not with that whereon they rest;—
So should immortal spirits dwell below.
There is a holy influence in the moon,
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,
The heart cannot resist: its passions sleep,
And all is still; save that which shall awake
When all this vast and fair creation sleeps.

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

FLY to the hills, if thy spirit is weary ;
Fly to the hills, if life has grown dreary ;
In their green recesses is heard a voice
That speaks of gladness, and cries Rejoice !

If faith and hope are growing dim,
Fly to the mountains, — they tell of Him
Who spake, and they all in their order stood ;
Of Him who pronounced that all was good.

Go, troubled soul, to the lonely hill,
Commune with the Spirit there, and be still ;
Look down from the fearful, dizzy height,
And thy soul shall swell with a strange delight.

Drink to the depths of thy inmost soul,
The solemn joy when the thunders roll ;
In silence join the glorious song,
As it echoes, reëchoes, and murmurs along.

Now it leaps, as in play, from hill to hill ;
Now afar off, for a moment is still ;
And now a full chord, it bursts forth again,
And fills with its music, each valley and glen.

Go forth when the daylight is passing away,
And catch from the hill-tops the sun's parting ray ;
Of a world of bliss it will seem to tell ;
It is bright as a dying saint's farewell.

Dost thou seek for friends, — to the hills repair ;
For love and goodness flourish there :
'Mong the Berkshire hills are friends I know,
Whose hearts can make a heaven below.

LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

I LOVE to see the blushing cheek
Of gay and joyous youth ;
Its raptures, all too full to speak ;
Its innocence and truth.

I grieve to think a blight may fall
Upon the lovely flower ;
Its dewy perfumed leaves may all
Be scattered in an hour.

My heart, unbidden, heaves a sigh,
And breathes a silent prayer —
That storms may gently pass it by,
And time its glory spare.

MOUNT AUBURN IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to mark the falling leaf,
To watch the waning moon ;
I love to cherish the belief
That all will change so soon.

I love to see the beauteous flowers
In bright succession pass,
As they would deck life's fleeting hours,
And hide his ebbing glass.

I love the rushing wind to hear
Through the dismantled trees,
And shed the sadly soothing tear
O'er joys that fled like these.

I love to think this glorious earth
Is but a splendid tomb,
Whence man to an immortal birth
Shall rise in deathless bloom ; —

That nothing on its bosom dies,
But all in endless change
Shall in some brighter form arise,
Some purer region range.

On this fair couch then rest thy head
In peace, thou child of sorrow ;
For know the God of truth has said,
Thou shalt be changed to-morrow ; —

Changed, as the saints and angels are,
To glories ever new ;
Corrupt shall incorruption wear,
And death shall life renew.

CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.

A BALLAD.

THE birds are flown away,
The flowers are dead and gone ;
The clouds look cold and gray
Around the setting sun.

The trees, with solemn sighs,
Their naked branches swing ;
The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.

Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face :

And these his simple words :
“ Father, how cold it blows !
What 'comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows ? ”

“ They fly far, far away
From storms and snows and rain :
But, Charley dear, next May
They 'll all come back again.”

“ And will my flowers come too ? ”

The little fellow said ;

“ And all be bright and new

That now looks cold and dead ? ”

“ O yes, dear ; in the spring

The flowers will all revive ;

The birds return and sing,

And all be made alive.”

“ Who shows the birds the way,

Father, that they must go ?

And brings them back in May,

When there is no more snow ?

“ And when no flower is seen

Upon the hill and plain,

Who'll make it all so green,

And bring the flowers again ? ”

“ My son, there is a Power

That none of us can see,

Takes care of every flower,

Gives life to every tree.

“ He through the pathless air

Shows little birds their way :

And we, too, are his care ;

He guards us day by day.”

“ Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May ? ”
Tears were in Charley’s eye —
“ Will they, dear father ? say.”

“ No ! they will never come :
We go to them, my boy ;
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy.”

Upon his father’s knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face.

NANCY'S BROOK.

The following story was related to the writer on the spot, when on a journey to the White Mountains.

STAY ! traveller, through the mountain pass ;
Rest thee within this flowery nook ;
Here listen to the thrush's song,
And the sweet sound of Nancy's brook.

Traveller, I will a story tell,
From tradition's living book,
Of how this gentle streamlet here
Received the name of Nancy's brook.

Within this mountain's giant arms,
In days gone by, two lovers dwelt ;
And all love knows of truth and joy,
These faithful cottage lovers felt.

Nancy was pure as yon blue sky,
And sweet and fresh as this wild flower ;
Her smile made glad the wilderness,
Her beauty was her only dower.

There came the hour of worldly care, —
As come it will to tenderest heart :
He must go forth to earn them bread,
And they must weep, for they must part.

They made no vow of deathless love :
Ah ! who can speak that feels as they ?
These hills shall crumble into dust,
Ere love like theirs shall pass away.

Far from his Nancy, William went ;
Sore was his bosom's silent strife :
He lived and labored for that day
When Nancy should become his wife.

Now winter comes ; through stiffen'd trees
The north wind sweeps with angry roar ;
All shivering with cold there stands
A traveller at the cottage door.

Who is it opens it for him ?
Who takes the letter from his hands ?
'T is Nancy ; see, she reads ; — and see,
White as the drifted snow she stands.

“ William is ill ; may die,” — she cries ;
“ 'T is I alone can soothe his pain ;
He sends for me, and I will go ;”
And now her color comes again.

Her aged parents' warning words
She does not heed ; she may not mind :
Her William ill ; all other fears
Are nought — are given to the wind.

Now the sweet hour of evening prayer
Has calmed and cheered poor Nancy's heart :
She said, — “ Dear father, bless your child ;
Dear mother, kiss me, ere we part.”

“ Bless thee, my child ! ” her father cries,
And her dear head with tears embalms :
In silent grief, her mother wept,
And wrapt her in her shelt'ring arms.

The piercing cold by her unfelt,
At the first streak of early dawn,
No farewell said, no danger feared,
Nancy to him she loves is gone.

There was not then this smooth, broad road ;
A rough and narrow path alone
Led to the mountain temple then,
And made its deep recesses known.

The dull, cold sun, no cheering ray
Upon the trembling traveller shed ;
The driving snow and piercing wind
Beat on her young, devoted head —

Unheeded still, for in her breast,
Love, hope, and fear, with restless strife,
Made her unconscious of the cold
That froze the fountains of her life.

Like a spent child, she sank to rest ;
Upon a snow-drift laid her head :
The mountain held her lifeless form ;
Her spirit to her William fled.

'T was by this stream, her loving soul,
Its tender, earthly frame forsook.
They found her fast asleep in death,
And hence they called it Nancy's brook.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

SWEET flower, so young, so fresh, so fair,
Bright pleasure sparkling in thine eye ;
Alas ! e'en thee, time will not spare ;
For thou must die.

That heart, with youthful hope so gay,
That scarcely ever breathed a sigh,
Must weep o'er pleasures fled away ;
For all must die.

But, though the rosy cheek may fade,
The virtuous wish, the purpose high,
The bloom with which thy soul's arrayed,
Shall never die.

EVENING.

THE sun is set, the day is o'er,
And labor's voice is heard no more ;
On high, the silver moon is hung ;
The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,
To chant another sweet adieu
To all the glories of the day,
And all its pleasures passed away.
Her twilight robe all nature wears,
And evening sheds her fragrant tears,
Which every thirsty plant receives,
While silence trembles on its leaves.
From every tree and every bush,
There seems to breathe a soothing hush ;
While every transient sound but shows
How deep and still is the repose.
Thus calm and fair may all things be,
When life's last sun has set with me ;
And may the lamp of memory shine
As sweetly on my day's decline,
As yon pale crescent, pure and fair,
That hangs so safely in the air,

And pours her mild, reflected light,
To soothe and bless the weary sight.
And may my spirit often wake
Like thine, sweet bird ; and, singing, take
Another farewell of the sun, —
Of pleasures past, of labors done.
See, where the glorious sun has set,
A line of light is lingering yet :
O, thus may love awhile illumine
The silent darkness of my tomb.

SONG OF THE GHOST OF CRAZY BET.

THE clouds have all melted away,
That hung o'er my morning of life ;
The darkness has turned into day,
And peace has succeeded to strife.

The trumpet has sounded to me,
Saying, Time shall not be any more :
The face of the Highest I see ;
And with angels, I bow and adore.

But, leaving the mansions above,
Through the mists of this beautiful hill,
I look on the valley I love,
And a blessing implore for it still.

Peace be in that dwelling where brethren meet ;
Where the houseless are sheltered, the hungry are fed ;
Where heart can meet heart, in communion sweet ;
Where the maniac often has rested her head.

May the wind whisper peace, as it sighs
Through the trees where their fathers have been,
And murmur, that still, from the skies,
They smile on the heavenly scene.

Flow softly, sweet stream, as you pass by the place,
And bless it in silvery tones ;
Reflect every feature, and catch every grace,
And melody make with the stones.

O, bless the still valley, ye angels above,
Ye holy, invisible throng !
And ever spread o'er it your pinions of love,
And bless it with me in your song.

THE SERENADE.

To F. B., who, just as I was speaking of her, late at night, with a friend, began to sing under the window. There were two ladies with her, dressed in white. As soon as we spoke to them, they disappeared. They sang *The Swiss Boy*, *Fidoline*, and a German love song.

LIST ! list, lady fair, to a tale of the hill,
If to you, are all mysteries dear ;
A tale, that with wonder thy bosom shall fill, —
Not of yore, but of yesterday — hear.

If you think of a spirit — I tried it last night —
And to speak to it freely, you long :
It comes at your bidding, as swiftly as light,
And pours forth a soul-touching song.

Now sweetly it swells on the night breeze ; and, hark !
The Swiss boy arose with his pail ;
The fisherman floats in his beautiful bark,
And the pleadings of love do not fail.

With two sister spirits it came, all in white ;
I saw them ; I opened the door ;
I spoke, and they flitted ; again it was night,
And as silent and dark as before.

Like spirits they came, like spirits they went ;
They left not a track on the grass ;
From the heart's father-land they surely were sent —
So swiftly they vanished, alas !

But the songs that they sang, did not vanish away ;
The pleasure we ever may keep :
We shall hear them by night, we shall hear them by day,
Till pleasure and memory sleep.

SUNSET ON THE HILLS.

STOCKBRIDGE.

It is the gentle evening hour ;
And, see, the shades are lengthening fast ;
My spirit feels its softening power,
And troubles, with the day, have pass'd.

In quiet beauty, fixed repose,
The hills, like guardians of the land,
Catch the last sun-beam, as it glows,
And bright in tranquil grandeur stand.

All, all is beauty, love and peace ;
Mysterious longings heave and swell
Within my soul, and shall not cease,
Till a like glory there shall dwell.

THE COUNTLESS STARS.

Look at the countless stars, ye of the drooping heart,
And list to the story they tell :
It is all of the land where grief has no part, —
The land where the pure spirits dwell.
Child of sorrow ! raise thine eyes there,
And wipe away every tear ;
As they sparkle in light,
They shall pour on thy sight
A rapture unknown to thee here !

Look at the countless stars, should e'er thy faith grow dim,
And mark how they start from the sky,
To speak of the goodness and glory of Him
Who lighted and hung them on high.
Child of sorrow ! they call thee there,
And mildly rebuke thy despair.
O ! hear the shining throng
Repeat the heavenly song :
No death no sorrow is there !

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A YEAR, another year, is gone :
Time never stops : each day
He, the destroyer, hurries on,
And bears some spoil away.

What does he steal ? youth's sparkling eye,
Its roseate cheek, and sunny hair,
Its bounding step of ecstasy, —
These are the trophies time must wear.

But can he touch the heavenly soul ?
Alas ! his icy fingers there
Usurp a withering control,
And scarce one glory spare.

But love still on the wreck survives,
The first to live, the last to die :
Amidst the waste it smiling lives,
And tells of immortality.

THE FAREWELL.

THE roses are dead,
The summer has fled,
And the music of birds will soon cease.
The feathery hours
Have passed with the flowers:
Farewell to the cottage of peace!

To your high hills so blue,
A long, mournful adieu,
And your woods, where, enchanted, we roved;
Where, with silent awe filled,
Gay folly was stilled,
And thoughts that were saddest we loved.

Sweet stream, flow along,
And murmur your song,
As you wind through each flowery dell;
While a sigh and a tear,
On your bosom you bear,
From the heart that now bids you farewell.

But the saddest adieu,
Dear friends, is to you,
Whose kindness illumined the scene.
Summer passes away,
And the flowers decay —
Our friendship shall ever be green.

In your peaceful domain,
Though sorrow and pain
May intrude with their withering power ;
Yet virtue will last,
And the wintry blast
Will spare you love's evergreen flower.

Though at distance I dwell,
Though I bid you farewell,
Yet the light-winged thought can restore
Your kind, peaceful hearth,
Where, mid friendship and mirth,
The tempest unheeded may roar.

When the stormy winds blow,
When whitened with snow
Are the fields where together we roved ;
When the dim twilight hour,
With a saddening power,
Repictures past scenes that we loved, —

You will not forget,
To sigh with regret,
For summer companions away ;
And let our hearts meet,
In communion sweet,
At the close of the wintry day.

Farewell, ye dear friends !
As life's twilight descends,
May the dawn of that morning increase,
Which shall burst on the sight,
In the regions of light,
And open the mansions of peace.

“THE THINGS UNSEEN ARE REAL.”

ALL, all is but a passing show ;
There 's nothing real here :
Strange phantoms, flitting to and fro,
Just wake a smile, or tear.

A vapor driven by a breath,
A meteor's transient gleam,
A twice-told tale that ends in death,
A short and troubled dream, —

Such is this changing, fev'rish life,
And thus we hurry on,
All eager in the scene of strife,
Till time and life are done.

But that which eye hath never seen,
Nor ear hath ever heard, —
These are the real joys, that lean
On God's unfailing word.

LINES WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

WHAT though our life,
With all its strife,
Is but a fading flower ;
The early dew,
The rosy hue
Of the transient morning hour ;

A meteor light,
In a stormy night ;
A little vapor flying fast,
O'er hills and woods,
And vales and floods,
Scattered by the rising blast :

Yet to the rose,
Which lowliest grows,
A sweet perfume is given ;
And dews arise,
To deck the skies ;
And the meteor 's lost in heaven.

UPON HEARING THE MUSICAL GLASSES.

It did not seem like human art :
It seemed the language of the heart,
When joy or sorrow wake at will
The trembling chords, with magic skill ;
So soft, so distant, so sadly sweet,
Like sounds when parted spirits meet.
Like a pure thought it gently stole,
And fell like hope upon the soul —
Not hope that rests on earthly things,
But that which peace and pardon brings ;
Mingling tears and humble sorrow,
With the promise of the morrow.

MOONLIGHT.

Look up! behold the lovely scene;
Unwonted glories shine on high.
Nurse of sweet thoughts, night's gentle queen,
Holds her grand levee in the sky.

A thousand liveried clouds attend,
In silent pomp around her wait;
Before her throne, they float and bend,
Then sail along in solemn state.

First confidant of youthful hearts,
The poet's earliest, tenderest love,
Sweet moon! what joy thy smile imparts,
Lifting the soul to realms above.

Is this thy festival to-night?
See, endless ranks of clouds arise,
To catch from thee one ray of light,—
Then disappear, like human joys.

My thoughts, while gazing on thy face,
Still catch from thee some tender hue;
Like these light clouds, each other chase,
And, passing, pay their homage too.

And memory's secret, treasured store, —
Records the lips can never tell, —
Of cherished joys, and sorrows o'er,
All waken at thy magic spell.

My heart like thee, is calm and bright,
While on they rush, an endless crowd,
Sheds, as they pass, a softened light ;
Then, brightening, rises o'er the cloud.

DEDICATION HYMN.

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH AT THE UPPER FALLS,
IN NEWTON.

[Tune—Old Hundred.]

To Him who said, — “ Let there be light,”
And light was poured the world around ;
To Him who parted day and night,
And made the sea and solid ground ; —

To Him these humble walls we raise, —
Him, whom the world cannot contain ;
To Him we raise glad songs of praise :
O God, accept the joyful strain.

To Him who made these hearts, that find
Delight in praise, and peace in prayer ;
To Him who gave the immortal mind,
And placed his own bright image there ; —

To Him we dedicate this house,
To Him our spirits shall ascend :
Here we will make our solemn vows
To God, our Father, and our Friend.

To Him whose everlasting love,
The Saviour to the world has given,
Who sent down Jesus from above,
To turn our wandering thoughts to Heaven ; —

To Him we raise this house of prayer ;
His love our grateful hearts shall fill :
Here, long may Christian friends repair,
To sing his praise, and learn his will.

THOU ART GONE FAR AWAY.

THOU art gone far away, far away ;
O, thou art gone far away,
 And left me all alone !
Thou wert too good to dwell below ;
 With angels thou art gone,
To mix thy own pure thoughts with theirs,
 And left me here alone.

Thou lookedst like a lily,
 All in its prime cut down ;
A smile was on thy death-cold face,
 When I was left alone.

No form so fair and bonny,
 Did Death e'er call his own ;
And heaven smiled on its sweetest saint,
 When I was left alone.

But thee I soon will follow,
 Beneath the cold, gray stone ;
Thou' st left me naught to covet here,
 And I am all alone.
O, thou art gone away, far away ;
O, thou art gone far away,
 And left me here alone.

“TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?”

WHEN our purest delights are nipt in the blossom,
When those we love best are laid low,
When grief plants in secret her thorns in the bosom,
Deserted, “to whom shall we go?”

When error bewilders, and our path becomes dreary,
And tears of despondency flow ;
When the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is weary,
Despairing, “to whom shall we go?”

When the sad, thirsty spirit turns from the springs
Of enchantment this life can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient, “to whom shall we go?”

O, blest be that light which has parted the clouds,
A path to the pilgrim to show,
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,
And shows us, to whom we may go.

TO A FRIEND.

You bid me not to love too well,
To clip my fancy's wings ;
Not to believe the tales she 'll tell,
Nor listen when she sings.

Perchance the lesson may be good ;
But, ah ! I have no choice ;
The saucy fairy will intrude,
Whene'er she hears your voice.

And pertly mimicking your air,
So wise, and so demure ;
I quite forget her, and declare
It is not fancy, sure.

And when she shakes her beauteous head,
What rainbow lustre glows !
What floods of light are round her shed,
Which all her charms disclose.

I start, and, fearful of her wiles,
Would turn a deafened ear ;
And then so much like you she smiles,
I cannot choose, but hear.

She tells me, reason gave her leave,
And bids me not to fear ;
Tells me, *you* never will deceive, —
You are what you appear.

And this she says, so sweetly calm,
And looks so much like you,
She quiets every vain alarm,
And I believe her true.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

THOU didst come a stranger here,
O'er the tossing ocean's foam ;
Now we shed the heartfelt tear,
For the friend that has gone home.

What thou knewest of the mind,
Thou to teach us, here didst come :
What it is, thy soul shall find
In its own eternal home.

All thy manhood, all thy youth,
Lonely pilgrim ! thou didst roam,
Seeking for immortal truth :
Thou shalt find her in her home.

We are still, where thou hast been,
Far from that celestial dome ;
We who took the stranger in,
We are strangers — thou at home.

MUSINGS ON THE ROCKS AT NAHANT.

WHAT pleasing, solemn awe the soul subdues,
When first upon the sounding shore,
Ocean's blue, trembling waves it views,
And listens to their sullen roar ; —

Or sees them 'mid the storm with strife sublime,
Lashing the flinty, beetling rocks ;
Whose iron scowl defies the power of time,
And ocean's foaming fury mocks.

What fearful joy on jutting crag to stand,
Till the inspired, expanding mind
Sees Him who holds the waters in his hand,
And rides upon the winged wind.

And, O, with one we dearly love, how sweet,
Silent to sit the livelong day,
And watch the billows breaking at our feet,
And, breathless, feel the sprinkling spray !

How swiftly earth-born passions die away,
While gazing on the boundless sea ;
Forgetting life's poor, transient, fev'rish day,
The thoughts are in eternity.

Louder and shriller now the sea-bird shrieks ;
The foam curls o'er the craggy steep :
Omnipotence is here ; it moves, it speaks,
And wakes the horrors of the deep.

Now, with the tossing wave my soul is tossed ;
Now, to the realms of peace it soars ;
Now, in the wide immensity 't is lost ;
Now, the Creator's power adores : —

Now, with the kindling eye of faith, I see
Jesus, who came from heaven to save
Repentant man — with radiant majesty,
Walking the rolling, restless wave.

Now, mid the storm, his heavenly voice speaks peace.
Chides his disciples' weak alarm :
At his rebuke, the winds their roaring cease,
And, straight, the obedient sea is calm.

And still his voice the Christian can sustain,
Mid strife and peril, safe from harm ;
For faith, erect, can walk life's tossing main,
And love, 'mid storms command a calm.

THANKS TO A FRIEND,

WHO SENT ME A BEAUTIFUL BUNCH OF VERY SMALL ROSES WHEN I
WAS QUITE ILL.

SUCH beauteous roses ne'er were seen !
Was it not some fairy queen,
Who, with kind intent, I deem,
Came last night to bless your dream,
And, frightened at the morning ray,
Like other visions, fled away ;
But, as in careless haste she fled,
Dropped these roses from her head ?
But, if they came from earth or heaven,
Thanks for the pleasure they have given ;
For the enchanting hope they bring
Of health, returning with the Spring.
They have beguiled some hours of pain,
Bade hope and fancy smile again.
And shouldst thou know that dreary day,
When sickness wastes the frame away,
Then may to you some friendly hand
Bring flowers of earth or fairy land ;
With such a bloom, and sweet perfume,
To dissipate, like these, the gloom
Which gathers round the heart and head,
Whence health and all its joys have fled.

TO THE TUNE OF
"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY."

LET fancy's airy finger,
To joy attune each string ;
No gloomy fear shall linger :
We 'll merrily, merrily sing fal la !
O, droop not then with sorrow ;
To hope's sure anchor cling ;
For joy will come to-morrow ;
Then merrily, &c:

Dull, wrinkling care and sighing,
Away we 'll gaily fling.
What if old Time is flying,
We 'll merrily, merrily sing.
Though the rose may have a thorn,
A smile can cure its sting ;
'T is folly, indeed, to mourn ;
Then merrily, &c.

Then away all gloomy faces,
For mirth shall be our king ;
While gladness sorrow chases,
We 'll merrily, &c.
And gaily the time shall pass ;
'T is sure the wisest thing,
To hide with flowers his glass,
And merrily, merrily sing fal la !

TO MY ÆOLIAN HARP,

AS IT WAS PLAYING ON A COLD STORMY DAY.

SAY, was it, my harp, the invisible wing
Of a spirit that passed o'er thy musical string ?
And comes it in love, with its light, airy hand,
To play me a song from the heavenly land ?

Though chill is the wind, and fitful it blows,
Yet sweet as in summer thy music still flows ;
But, when rages the blast, and contending winds roar,
In silence you wait till the tempest is o'er.

And thus, like thy strings, is the virtuous mind, —
Harmonious e'en in adversity's wind ;
But, when by the tempests of life it is driven,
It remembers, in silence, the storm is from Heaven.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE TUNE OF HOTHAM.

FARE ye well, life's morning dreams !
 Drooping hope, adieu to thee !
Life's eternal morning beams,
 As our earth-born pleasures flee.

Sorrow's chilly, blighting wind
 May pass o'er the stricken heart ;
But the breath of heaven is kind,
 Though it bid our joys depart.

Dearest friends may cease to love ;
 Death our purest joys assail ;
But the heart that soars above
 Finds a Friend that will not fail.

Wounded spirits then may prize
 Sorrow's kind and chastening rod ;
Though it loosen earthly ties,
 It shall lead the soul to God.

HOME-SICKNESS.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

WERE I a wild, wild falcon,
I'd soar away on high,
And seek my father's dwelling,
Beyond the far blue sky.

Against that well-known door then
I'd flap my wings with joy ;
My mother from the window
Sees and admits her boy.

“Dear son !” she'd say ; “O, welcome !
How often has my heart
Longed sadly to embrace thee ;
Now here behold thou art !”

Thus, memory still is dreaming
Of what can never be.
My long-lost home — the loved ones —
These eyes may never see.

THE FOURTH PSALM.

GREAT God of righteousness and love,
Who oft hast heard my prayer,
Again my heart would soar above ;
Receive the suppliant there !

I know the Lord hath set apart
The soul that loves him well ;
O, may he guide my wandering heart,
In holy love to dwell.

O, stand in awe before his face,
And break his laws no more ;
Communing with your heart at night,
Be still, and God adore.

Let righteousness like incense rise
To Him all pure and just ;
He will accept this sacrifice :
Then in his mercy trust !

There be who grope in darkest night,
And, doubting, ask for good :
O Lord ! may thy celestial light
Be in their souls renewed.

Thou art my life, my light, my joy ;
Thy mercies never cease :
Beneath thine ever-waking eye
I'll rest and sleep in peace.

THE TWENTY-NINTH PSALM.

IN the beauty of holiness worship the Lord ;
Exalt him, ye nations, and bow to his word ;
Ye mighty, his power and wisdom proclaim,
And give him the glory due unto his name.

It is He that we hear in the storm's wild commotion ;
And the voice of the Lord is on the wide ocean :
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his voice,
While men in his temple adore and rejoice.

'T is the Lord in the deep rolling thunder we hear,
While the untrodden wilderness trembles with fear ;
O'er the high tossing billows unseen is his way ;
Him the floods, and the flames, and the whirlwinds obey.

He spreads o'er his people the wings of his love,
And gives them the peace which descends from above ;
Then give him the glory and praise evermore,
And join with all nature his name to adore.

PART OF THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

As the frightened, stricken deer
Pants for cooling water-brooks,
So my spirit thirsts for thee,
So to thee, my God, it looks.

Night and day have seen my tears ;
I have felt thy chastening rod :
When shall I be nearer thee ;
When behold the living God ?

O'er departed hours I mourn,
When I joyful sang thy praise
With the grateful, happy throng,
Who love to keep thy holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Why disquieted in vain ?
Hope in God ; for thou shalt yet
Praise his boundless love again.

O, my God, my spirit faints ;
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll ;
Terror, like a sullen deep,
Overwhelms my sinking soul.

Yet thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Smooths affliction's stormy sea :
In the night I hear thy voice ;
Morning lifts my heart to thee.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Faint not at the chastening rod !
Hope in Him ; He is thy friend ;
He's thy Saviour and thy God.

THE SIXTY-FIRST PSALM.

WILT thou listen, O God ! to my prayer ;
Unto thee for relief will I cry.
Lead my heart, overwhelmed with despair,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

O, thou Refuge for all the oppressed,
Thy praises, O Lord, I will sing :
Thou art ever my shelter of rest ;
I will trust in the shade of thy wing.

For my prayer, O my God, thou wilt hear,
And a blessed inheritance give
To those who shall serve thee with fear,
And in holy obedience live.

THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O LORD ! before the mountains' birth,
Ere suns and stars obeyed thy nod,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth,
From everlasting, thou art God.

Thou sayest to man, Return to dust !
Quickly he droops away in death ;
For youth, and strength, and wisdom must,
At thy command, resign their breath.

For, in thine all-eternal sight,
A thousand long, revolving years
Seems like a silent watch of night,
Or like a yesterday appears.

With thee, like rolling waves they pass ;
Or like the morning's winged dream,
Or like the tender, springing grass
That sparkles in its dewy beam.

Exulting in its glittering crown,
It swiftly grows, and blossoms fair ;
But in the evening is cut down,
And withers in the chilling air.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And thus life's certain end to see,
That we may walk in wisdom's ways,
And rise from death to live with thee.

S*

THE NINETY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord — the Lord of glory, reigns,
In majesty arrayed :
His power the universe sustains ;
By Him it first was made.

Thou art from everlasting, Lord ;
Forever fixed thy throne :
All sprang from thy creative word :
Thou art the Holy One.

The mighty waves are rolling high ;
The floods lift up their voice ;
They seem to meet the bending sky ;
The roaring storms rejoice.

But thou, O Lord, art mightier far ;
The tempests bow to thee ;
Thy voice can still their raging war,
And smooth the troubled sea.

He, who can calm the stormy deep,
Will give his servants peace :
His promises he 'll ever keep ;
His mercies never cease.

O, then, let all from sin depart,
And keep his sacred word ;
Let holiness make every heart
A temple for the Lord.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD PSALM.

O BLESS the Lord! my soul, O bless
His holy, holy name :
Rejoice his mercies to confess,
His praises to proclaim ; —

Who pardons all thy sins, whose breath
Does thy disease remove,
Redeems thy trembling soul from death,
And crowns thee with his love.

He makes thy cup o'erflow with good ;
So that thy failing days
Are like the eagle's strength renewed :
O, let them show his praise !

He measures not his bounteous grace
According to our sins :
Repentant tears our stains efface,
A sigh his pardon wins.

As far as is the fading west
From where the day begins,
So far, from those who have transgressed,
Has he removed their sins.

Like as a tender father bends
With pity o'er his child,
To humble hearts he condescends
To be thus reconciled.

Then let us praise his holy name :
Our Father, kind as just,
He knows his children's feeble frame,
Remembers we are dust.

The days of man are like the grass,
And like a flower he blooms :
The evening winds that o'er it pass,
Shall waft its last perfume.

But God's eternal, boundless love
From everlasting stands :
His mercy children's children prove,
Who follow his commands.

His throne is in the heavens on high ;
He hath prepared it there ;
His kingdom, — earth, and sea, and sky :
He reigneth everywhere.

All ye, his angels, bless the Lord !
Ye who in strength excel,
Who hearken to his holy word,
And in his presence dwell.

O, bless the Lord, ye hosts above,
Who execute his will ;
Ye ministers of his, who love
His pleasure to fulfil.

To bless the Lord all places join,
Beneath his wide control ;
O, bless the Lord, his works divine ;
O, bless the Lord, my soul !

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

O, PRAISE the Lord ! praise his great name !
It is good of his praises to sing ;
It is joyful to worship the Lord,
And own him our Saviour and King.

His outcasts he yet will redeem ;
His pitying love has no bounds ;
He healeth the broken in heart,
And gently he binds up their wounds.

He counteth the number of stars,
And calls every one by its name.
He is great — He only is great :
His infinite wisdom proclaim !

He lifts up the humble and meek ;
The wicked he smites with his rod.
O, sing to the Lord with thanksgiving,
Sing praise on the harp to our God, —

Who gives every creature his food ;
Who prepareth the rain for the earth ;
Who covers the heavens with clouds ;
Whose word gave the universe birth.

He delights not in beauty or strength ;
But he who shall serve him with fear,
Who trusts in his mercy and love,
To the Father of mercies is dear.

“BY FAITH YE ARE SAVED.”

CHRISTIAN ! when, overwhelmed with grief and care,
Thou prayest for the help that thou dost need,
As shipwrecked mariner for life will plead :
O, then, for faith pour forth the fervent prayer !
'T is faith alone, life's heavy ills can bear.
O, mark her calm, far-seeing, quickening eye,
Full of the light of immortality :
It tells of worlds unseen, and calls us there ;
That look of hers can save thee from despair.
When sorrow, like thick darkness, gathers round,
And all life's flowers are fading in the dust,
Faith lifts our drooping vision from the ground, —
Says, that the hand that smites us yet is just ;
That human agony hath ever found
The mighty God a never-failing trust.

THE ELM AND BLASTED TREE.

THE lengthening shades and glowing west
Proclaimed the hour I loved the best ;
When tempted forth to feel the air,
And join in nature's evening prayer,
With calm delight, I silent strayed
To where an elmtree's graceful shade,
With invitation kind and sweet,
Seemed to present a verdant seat.
There, seated on the fragrant ground,
I listened to each passing sound.
A little way before me stood
A blasted tree, whose barren wood
Presented one unvarying gray,
Save a sweet vine that wound its way
Around the melancholy tree.
Like a faint smile it seemed to me,
Upon the visage of despair,
Which fancy had awakened there,
That a sad beauty may impart,
But comes not from the stricken heart.
While, lost in deep and mournful thought,
I mused upon the truth it taught,

Methought the elm in words like these,
Which seemed to float upon the breeze,
The solitary tree addressed,
And thus its own light heart expressed : —
“ Alas ! poor, miserable tree,
How often I have pitied thee,
And wondered why our master left
Thee mournful here, of leaves bereft ;
Why far away he has not borne
Thy faded form so tempest torn ;
Why, still his powerful arm should spare
Thy sapless trunk, and branches bare.
See, all but thou are verdant here ;
I shudder at thy aspect drear.
Sad sigh the winds that o’er thee blow,
And wildly sing the song of wo.
But, as for thee, sweet, laughing vine,
That round that withered trunk dost twine,
Why art thou wedded to despair ?
For thou art young, and gay, and fair.
O, come to my supporting arms ;
Fondly I ’ll cherish all thy charms ;
And leave that mournful, blasted tree,
And come, sweet vine, O, come to me.”

And now, methought, with saddest moan,
In sweet, though melancholy tone,
The desolated tree replied,
While, softly sad, the breezes sighed : —

“’T is true, my beauty all has fled ;
True, the destroyer, o’er my head
Has passed, and all my joys are dead.
My leafless branches, it is true,
No joyous spring shall e’er renew,
By lightning and by tempest riven ;
But, know the stroke was sent from heaven.
The power that stripped my branches bare,
Still makes me his peculiar care ;
Still leaves me here with kind design,
To make his power and goodness shine ;
My faded form to teach e’en thee,
What thou, vain elm, must one day be ;
That thou mayest learn he can resume
Our vigor and our youthful bloom.
His sun still on me warmly glows ;
And round my form some radiance throws :
He bade this youthful, lovely vine
Around my sapless trunk entwine ;
With filial love it fondly clings,
And e’en to me some pleasure brings.
And such support ’t is sweet to give ;
For this I willingly would live.
The earth no more with base alloy
Mingles its stream of dying joy
With the pure warmth I feel from heaven ;
From whence, to me a strength is given,

Enabling me erect to stand,
Beneath his kind, though chastening hand.
And many pious hearts there be,
Whose truth-illumined eye can see
E'en beauty in a blasted tree ;
And to the homesick, longing mind,
The mournful accents of the wind,
That whisper through my branches bare,
Seem like a parting spirit's prayer —
So sad, so pure, but half expressed,
A sighing for a heavenly rest.
Sacred the sorrow-blighted form
That stands erect amid the storm :
The stroke that blights our earthly joys,
Each earthly sorrow, too, destroys.
But let this fond, confiding vine
Still round my shivering trunk entwine ;
In countless folds so closely wound,
With ties that cannot be unbound —
Those clinging fibres, strong though fine,
Which tender hearts together join.”
More sad and low the accents grew ;
The sun had smiled his last adieu,
And in the rushing blast of even,
Away each lingering tone was driven.
Darkness commenced her solemn sway :
I slowly homeward bent my way,

But often turned once more to see
The figure of the blasted tree ;
And from the treasury of thought,
Love to recall the truth it taught.

THE ICE SPIRIT.

O, WHERE is the place where the sad heart may rest,
And hush all its sorrows and fears ?

O, can the wide world show a region so blest,
Where the Ice Spirit never appears ?

It chills the warm current of life in the veins,
To feel but his terrible breath :
He flutters his wings o'er the gardens and plains ;
They are still and as silent as death.

The stream in yon meadow that sparkles so gay,
And, murmuring, hurries along,
The Ice Spirit shall stop in its flowery way,
And silence its heart-touching song.

He delighteth to nip the Spring's early blossom ;
He darkens e'en poverty's gloom ;
He pillows his head on the maniac's bosom ;
His home is the dark, narrow tomb.

But, when some fond heart with friendship that glows,
O'erburdened with sorrow and care,
On the bosom beloved would seek for repose,
And finds but the Ice Spirit there —

Then cruel and deep is the Ice Spirit's sting ;
The world no relief can impart ;
Nor time, nor forgetfulness ever can bring
A cure for this wound of the heart.

Then where is the place where the wretched may rest,
And forget every sorrow and care ?
'T is Heaven alone is the region so blest,
For the Ice Spirit never comes there.

UPON BEING ASKED IF I WAS NOT SOMETIMES
UNHAPPY.

Yes, oft the cloud of sorrow lowers ;
 Too oft my spirit sinks ;
And, drooping with exhausted powers,
 The cup of sorrow drinks.

My heart is oft a stranger here ;
 Its griefs, its joys unknown ;
And feels, though bright the scene appear,
 Deserted and alone.

To God's all-seeing, pitying eye,
 That heart is open still ;
To Him in deepest gloom shall rise,
 Submissive to his will.

THE LITTLE SPRING.

BENEATH a green and mossy bank
There flows a clear and fairy stream ;
There the pert squirrel oft has drank,
And thought, perhaps, 't was made for him.

Their pitchers there the laborers fill,
As drop by drop the crystals flow,
Singing their silvery welcome still
To all who to the fountain go.

Then to the river on it glides,
Its tributary drop to bear ;
Its modest head a moment hides,
Then rises up and sparkles there.

The touching lesson on my heart
Falls like the gentle dews of heaven,
Bids me with humble love impart
The little treasure God has given.

For from a source as small as this
Full many a cup of joy may flow,
And on the stream of human bliss
Its little ray of gladness throw.

TO THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.*

Now departs day's garish light,
 Beauteous flower ! lift thy head,
Rise upon the brow of night,
 And thy transient lustre shed.

Night has dropped her dusky veil ;
 All vain thoughts be distant far,
While with silent joy we hail
 Flora's radiant evening star.

See ! to life her beauties start :
 Hail ! thou lovely, matchless flower ;
Much thou sayest to the heart,
 In thy fleeting, solemn hour.

Ere we have our homage paid,
 Thou wilt bow thy head and die ;
Thus our sweetest pleasures fade,
 Thus our brightest blessings fly.

* It is well known, that this flower, of unrivalled beauty, blooms only in the night, and fades as the daylight appears.

Sorrow's rugged stem, like thine,
Bears a flower thus purely bright;
Thus, when sunny hours decline,
Friendship sheds her cheering light :

And Religion, heavenly flower,
Joy of never-fading worth,
Like thee, in the darkest hour
Puts her peerless glories forth.

Then thy beauties are surpassed,
Splendid flower, that bloom'st to die ;
Friendship and religion last,
When the morning dawns on high.

Emblem just of earthly bliss,
Wondrous stranger, fare thee well !
What a brilliant dream it is,
To the mournful heart you tell.

TO S. C. C.,

UPON HER ATTEMPT TO SKETCH THE LIKENESS OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

I FEAR in vain you hope to trace
The features of her lovely face.
Bright, blessed vision ! it is gone,
And left us in this world alone.

But should fond memory be true,
And every line present to view,
Yet would it want the heavenly soul
Which graced and harmonized the whole.

So when the rose has lived its day,
And with the night wind dies away,
And sheds its sweetly perfumed leaves,
Which the cold bosomed earth receives, —

What though the tenderest love could save
Each leaflet from the chilling grave,
Yet, were it far beyond its power
To form again the lovely flower, —

The happier art, O, may we find,
To catch the likeness of her mind !
O, may it not be all in vain,
We strive to bid that live again.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE FOR HIM SOME POETRY.

I CALL on my muse :
She cannot refuse ;
But she comes with a tear in her eye.
The wreath on her head
Is withered and dead,
And her song has turned into a sigh.

She shows me a glass,
In which I see pass
The ghosts of my happier hours.
There fancy still lingers,
With sweet fairy fingers,
To dress them with nothing but flowers.

Then it changes anew :
'T is the future I view ;
But my stricken heart faints at the sight.
'T is painted by fear,
All dismal and drear,
And hope has extinguished her light.

Then the present appears,
All bedimmed with my tears,
And fancy, sweet fancy, is gone ;
And dark is the day,
And lonely the way,
And the traveller treads heavily on.

Now she raises her eye,
And points to the sky,
And bids me look there for my rest ;
And glories untold,
To my vision unfold,
As I gaze on the home of the bless'd.

SABBATH DAY.

How sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven !

How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven ;
With filial confidence to say,
“ Father, who art in heaven ! ”

With humble hope to bend the knee,
And, free from folly's leaven,
Confess that we have strayed from thee,
Thou righteous Judge in heaven.

And if, to make all sin depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart,
Will send his grace from heaven.

If from the bosom that is dear,
By cold unkindness driven,
The heart that knows no refuge here,
Shall find a friend in heaven ; —

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven.

ON ENTERING A WOOD.

HERE let busy turmoil cease ;
Every sound here echoes peace ;
Whispering winds, that murmur here,
Gently dry the falling tear,
Soothing while they wake the heart,
Bidding earth-born care depart.
Here the spirit walks abroad ;
Here the soul communes with God.
Sacred silence of the wood !
Let no thought on thee intrude,
Save what may the notes prolong
Of all nature's Sabbath song.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the holy One ;
With filial love and trust to say,
“ Father, thy will be done ! ”

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

O let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son !
Teach me, O God, with truth to say, —
“ Thy will, not mine, be done.”

ON THE DEATH OF E. P.

THOU art not dead, thou couldst not die ;
But thou art changed — from grief to joy :
Thy weakness now has put on strength ;
Thy mortal, immortality.
That heart that throbbed with purest love,
That heart that thrilled with deepest woe,
Rests like a wanderer at home,
And beats with love and joy alone.
Thy life, like a bright vision passed,
Thy soul, the spirit of the dream :
Pleasure and pain, with ceaseless strife,
Contended for thy noble heart :
Sorrow oft spread her chilling pall
And darkened all thy sky ;
Then joy, with her gay flashes, broke
The gloomy darkness sorrow spread.
There's not a lovely transient thing
But brings thee to my mind :
The rainbow, or the blighted flower,
Sweet summer's fading joys,
The waning moon, the dying day,
The passing glories of the clouds,

The leaf that brightens as it falls,
The wild tones of the Æolian harp, —
All, tell some touching tale of thee :
There 's not a high or holy thought,
There 's not a tender, lovely thing,
But brings thee to my mind ;
And faded hopes, and dying joys,
And the vexed spirit's silent strife,
All wake some thought of thee.
O no ! thou art not dead, but changed ;
From glory unto glory changed :
Corrupt now incorruption wears,
And mortal, immortality.

GOD IS GOOD.

God, thou art good ! each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour, —
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined, —
All still repeat that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird in accents clear,
Joins in the song, — that God is good.

The restless sea, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, — “ God is good.”

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, — God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good ! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat — that God is good.

AUTUMN.

SWEET summer, with her flowers, has past :
I hear her parting knell ;
I hear the moaning, fitful blast,
Sighing a sad farewell.

But, while she fades, and dies away,
In rainbow hues she glows ;
Like the last smile of parting day,
Still brightening as she goes.

The robin whistles clear and shrill ;
Sad is the cricket's song ;
The wind, wild, rushing o'er the hill,
Bears the dead leaf along.

I love this sober, solemn time,
This twilight of the year ;
To me, sweet spring, in all her prime,
Was never half so dear.

While death has set his changing seal
On all that meets the eye,
'T is rapture, then, within to feel
The soul that cannot die ; —

To look far, far beyond this sky,
To Him who changes never :
This earth, these heavens, shall change and die ;
God is the same forever.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A MOTHER, AT THE BIRTH OF HER
FIRST CHILD.

My child ! it is my child I hold
With rapture, to my heart :
Nor men's nor angels' tongues have told
The joy these words impart.

A fibre of my heart it seems,
A living thought of bliss,
Sweeter than aught that fancy dreams ;
My soul's first-born it is.

I hear its little tender sighs ;
Its living voice I hear ;
It opens now its little eyes :
Surely, some angel's near.

My baby ! round thy precious form
Are my fond arms entwined, —
Thy safe retreat from every storm,
And sorrow's blighting wind.

But weak my arms to shelter thee :
 May that Almighty Power,
Who every future ill can see,
 From each protect my flower.

My God ! upon thy altar now,
 My early offering see :
May it fulfil my ardent vow,
 And never stray from thee.

AFTER A DEBATE UPON THE COLOR OF THE
EYES OF AN ELOQUENT FRIEND.

MARY, you say his eyes are blue,
While black, to me they seem :
Say, has the soul a favorite hue,
To shed its brightest beam ?

Then does his soul-illumined eye
This favored hue display ;
For there, in all its purity,
Dwells the celestial ray.

To gaze where such a lustre glows,
The dazzled eye declines ;
For who, or form, or color knows,
Where inspiration shines.

Then strange it does not seem to me,
That when they rest on you,
You downward look, and cannot see
If they are black or blue.

TO A FRIEND.

O, LET me soothe thy troubled mind !

To thee shall soon be given
That joy which leaves no sting behind ;
For soon thy aching heart shall find
The hope which leads to heaven.

Then shall thy cheek, now pale with care,
By sorrow's tempests riven,
Assume a hue more bright, more fair,
Than earthly joy e'er planted there, —
The light which comes from heaven.

The light which virtue sheds on those
Who in her cause have striven,
Around, a deathless lustre throws,
And gives the heart that sweet repose, —
The peace which comes from heaven.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S HYMN.

My Heavenly Father ! all I see,
 Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
 And speaks thy boundless love.

The clear blue sky is full of thee :
 The woods, so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
 Worship the holy One.

The humming of the insect throng,
 The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds, with their melodious song,
 Repeat thy praises still.

And thou dost hear them every one, —
 Father, thou hearest me :
I know that I am not alone,
 When I but think of thee.

TO SPRING.

HAIL ! reviving, joyous Spring,
Smiling through thy veil of showers !
Birds and brooks thy welcome sing :
Haste, and waken all thy flowers.

Hark ! a sweet pervading sound
From the breathing, moving earth :
Life is starting all around,
Sending joy and fragrance forth.

O'er the oak's gigantic form
Blossoms hang their drapery ;
Branches that defied the storm,
Now are full of melody.

There is not a silent thing
In this joyous company :
Woods, and hills, and valleys ring
With a shout of jubilee.

Wake, my spirit ! art thou still ?
Senseless things have found a voice ;
Shall this throbbing heart be still,
When all nature cries, " Rejoice ? "

Memory, with thy tell-tale sigh,
Hide thy wreath of faded flowers ;
Turn away thy tearful eye ;
Speak not of departed hours !

Tell me not of broken ties ;
Point not at the silent tomb ;
Whisper not that human joys
Wither amidst nature's bloom.

Wake, come forth, my bounding soul !
Join the universal glee,
Yield to nature's kind control,
Catch her heavenly harmony.

Join the grateful, happy throng ;
Cast each selfish care away ;
Birds and brooks shall tune your song :
This is nature's holiday.

ON PRAYER.

As through the pathless fields of air
Once wandered forth the timid dove,
So does the heart, in humble prayer,
Essay to reach the throne of love.

Like her it may return unblest ;
Like her again may soar,
And still return and find no rest,
No peaceful, happy shore.

But now once more she spreads her wings,
And takes a bolder flight ;
And, see ! the olive-branch she brings,
To bless her master's sight.

And thus the heart renews its strength,
Though spent and tempest-driven ;
And higher soars, and brings, at length,
A pledge of peace with heaven.

“THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.”

WHAT was it in the viewless wind,
Wild rushing through the oak,
Seemed to my listening, dreaming mind
As though a spirit spoke ?

What is it to the murmuring stream
Doth give so sweet a song,
That on its tide my thoughts do seem
To pour themselves along ?

What is it on the dizzy height,
What in each glowing star,
That speaks of things beyond the sight,
And questions what they are ?

What in the rolling thunder's voice,
What in the ocean's roar,
Hears the grand chorus, “O rejoice !”
Echo from shore to shore ?

What in the gentle moon doth see
Pure thoughts and tender love,
And hears delicious melody
Around, below, above ?

What bids the savage tempest speak
Of terror and dismay,
And wakes the agonizing shriek
Of guilt that fears to pray ?

It is this ever-living mind :
This little throb of life
Hears its own echoes in the wind
And in the tempest's strife :

To all that's sweet, and bright, and fair,
Its own affections gives ;
Sees its own image everywhere ;
Through all creation lives.

It bids the everlasting hills
Give back the solemn tone ;
This boundless arch of azure fills
With accents all its own.

What is this life-inspiring mind,
This omnipresent thought ?
How shall it ever utterance find
For all itself hath taught ?

To Him who breathed the heavenly flame,
Its mysteries are known :
It seeks the source from whence it came,
And rests in God alone.

"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER."

HELP me, O God, to trust in thee,
Thou high and holy One !
And may my troubled spirit flee,
For rest, to Thee alone.

In Thee alone the soul can find
Secure and sweet repose ;
And thou canst bid the desert mind
To blossom as the rose.

Let not this spirit, formed to rise
Where angels claim their birth,
Forsake its home beyond the skies,
And cling to barren earth.

The bird of passage knows the sign
That warns him to depart :
Shall I not heed the voice divine,
That whispers in my heart, —

" Up ! plume thy wing, soar far away !
No longer idly roam !
Fly to the realms of endless day ;
For this is not thy home."

This still, small voice, O may I hear !
Ere conscience wakes within,
And whispers in my startled ear
The certain doom of sin.

Father ! to thee my spirit cries !
Thy wandering child reclaim :
Speak ! and my dying faith shall rise,
And wake a deathless flame.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER ?

“ What mean ye, that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor ? saith the Lord God of hosts.”—ISAIAH.

WHAT mean ye, that ye bruise and bind
My people ? saith the Lord ;
And starve your craving brother's mind,
That asks to hear my word ?

What mean ye, that ye make them toil
Through long and bitter years,
And shed, like rain upon your soil,
Their blood and bitter tears ?

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart ?
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend, —
How dare you bid them part ?

What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
To you so much has given,
That, from the slave that tills your land,
You keep both earth and heaven ?

When at the judgment God shall call,
Where is thy brother? say,
What mean ye, to the Judge of all,
To answer on that day?

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.]

THIS is the Sabbath day !
In the wide field I am alone.
Hark ! now one morning bell's sweet tone —
Now it has died away.

Kneeling, I worship Thee :
Sweet dread doth o'er my spirit steal,
From whispering sounds of those who kneel,
Unseen, to pray with me.

Around and far away
So clear and solemn is the sky,
It seems all opening to my eye :
This is the Sabbath day !

REMEMBER THE SLAVE.

MOTHER, whene'er around your child
You clasp your arms in love ;
And when, with grateful joy, you raise
Your eyes to God above, —

Think of the negro mother, when
Her child is torn away,
Sold for a little slave — O, then,
For that poor mother pray.

Father ! whene'er your happy boys
You look upon with pride,
And pray to see them, when you 're old,
All blooming by your side, —

Think of that father's withered heart,
The father of a slave —
Who asks a pitying God to give
His little son a grave.

Brothers and sisters ! who with joy
Meet round the social hearth,
And talk of home and happy days,
And laugh in careless mirth, —

Remember, too, the poor young slave,
Who never felt your joy,
Who, early old, has never known
The bliss to be a boy.

Ye Christians! ministers of Him
Who came to make men free,
When, at the Almighty Maker's throne
You bend the suppliant knee, —

From the deep fountains of your soul
Then let your prayers ascend
For the poor slave, who hardly knows
That God is still his friend.

Let all who know that God is just,
That Jesus came to save,
Unite in the most holy cause
Of the forsaken slave.

HER VOYAGE IS AT AN END.

Cohasset shore, July, 1831.

HUSHED was the ocean's stormy roar,
Still as an infant's joy :
There sat upon the rocky shore
A father and his boy.

Far off they saw a gallant ship ;
It came from foreign lands :
The boy began to dance and skip,
And clap his little hands.

Her wished-for port is near at hand ;
The ship is hastening on ;
They hear the birds sing on the land ;
Her voyage is nearly done.

The boy's glad notes, his shouts of glee,
The rocks with music fill ;
But now he cries, " See, father, see !
The ship is standing still."

Her masts are trembling from the shock ;
Her white sails all descend :
The ship has struck upon a rock ;
Her voyage is at an end.

The sailors hurry to and fro ;
All crowded is the deck :
She struggles hard — she 's free — O no !
She is indeed a wreck.

The boy's young heart is full of grief :
" Father ! what will she do ?
Let 's take the boat to her relief ;
Oh ! quickly let us go."

They went — and many a stronger hand
Its ready succor gave :
They brought the crew all safe to land,
And the cargo tried to save.

The night comes on, the night is dark,
More dark the billows seem ;
They break against the ship, and, hark !
The seamew's mournful scream.

The boy upon his pillow lies ;
In sweet repose he sinks ;
And, as he shuts his weary eyes,
On the poor ship he thinks.

The sun shines o'er the watery main,
As it did the day before ;
The father and his son again
Are seated on the shore.

With the western wind full many a boat
Their white sails gayly fill ;
They lightly o'er the blue waves float ;
But the gallant ship is still.

The sailors now the mournful wreck
Of masts and rigging strip :
The waves are playing o'er the deck
Of the sad and ruined ship.

A crow upon the top branch stood
Of a lone and blasted tree :
He seemed to look upon the flood
With a gloomy sympathy.

The boy now looks up at the bird,
At the sinking vessel now ;
He does not speak a single word,
But a shade is on his brow.

Now slowly comes a towering wave,
And sweeps with triumph on ;
It bears her to her watery grave, —
The gallant ship is gone.

Hushed is the ocean's stormy roar,
Still as an infant's joy :
The father sits upon the shore
In silence with his boy.

WE NEVER PART FROM THEE.

God, who dwellest everywhere,
God, who makest all thy care,
God, who hearest every prayer,
 Thou who seest the heart,
Thou to whom we lift our eyes, —
Father, help our souls to rise,
And, beyond these narrow skies,
 See thee as thou art.

Let our anxious thoughts be still,
Holy trust adore thy will,
Holy love our bosoms fill ;
 Let our songs ascend.
Dearest friends may parted be,
All our earthly treasures flee,
Yet we never part from thee,
 Our eternal Friend.

THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.

CEASE, my complaining spirit, cease ;
Know 't is a Father's hand you feel ;
It leads you to the realms of peace ;
It kindly only wounds to heal.

My Father, what a holy joy
Bursts on the sad, desponding mind,
To say when fiercest ills annoy,
I know my Father still is kind.

This bids each trembling fear be still,
Checks every murmur, every sigh :
Patience then waits his sovereign will,
Rejoiced to live — resigned to die.

O blessed ministry of pain,
To teach the soul its real worth ;
To lead it to that source again,
From whence it first derived its birth.

EVENING PRAYER.

GREAT Source of being,
Father all-seeing !
We bow before thee ;
Our souls adore thee ;
Help us obey thee ;
Guide us aright ;
Keep us, we pray thee,
Through the long night.

Thou kind forgiving
God of all living,
Thy power defend us,
Thy peace attend us,
While we are closing
This day in prayer,
Ever reposing
Under thy care.

EVENING.

How beautiful the setting sun !

The clouds how bright and gay !
The stars, appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they !

And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night !

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far ?
Glow's there a light within this breast
Outshining every star ?

Yes ; should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

This is the soul that God has given :
Sin may its lustre dim,
While goodness bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to Him.

THE LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the day when Jesus woke
From the deep slumbers of the tomb :
This is the day the Saviour broke
The bonds of fear and hopeless gloom.

This is indeed a holy day :
No longer may we dread to die :
Let every fear be cast away,
And tears be wiped from every eye.

Sorrow and pain the Saviour knew ;
A dark and thorny path he trod ;
But heaven was ever in his view :
That toilsome path led up to God.

Let every heart rejoice and sing ;
Let every sin and sorrow cease ;
Let children come this day and bring
Their offering of love and peace.

EVENING HYMN.

BEFORE I close my eyes to-night,

Let me myself these questions ask :
Have I endeavored to do right,
Nor thought my duty was a task ?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,

And the small voice of conscience heard ?
When passion tempted me to speak,
Have I repressed the angry word ?

Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed

What my kind parents bid me do ?
And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true ?

In hard temptation's troubled hour,

Then have I stopped to think and pray,
That God would give my soul the power,
To chase the sinful thought away ?

O Thou who seest all my heart,

Wilt thou forgive and love me still ;
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do thy will.

THE LITTLE BOY'S MAY-DAY SONG.

“THE flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell,
And, O, how beautiful they are !
How sweetly, too, they smell !

“The little brooks, they dance along,
And look so glad and gay ;
I love to hear their pleasant song ;
I feel as glad as they.

“The young lambs bleat and frisk about ;
The bees hum round their hive ;
The butterflies are coming out :
'T is good to be alive.

“The trees, that looked so stiff and gray,
With green wreaths now are hung :
O mother, let me laugh and play ;
I cannot hold my tongue.

“ See yonder bird spread out his wings,
And mount the clear blue skies ;
And, hark ! how merrily he sings,
As far away he flies ! ”

“ Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
And let your cheerful voice,
With birds, and brooks, and merry May,
Cry loud, Rejoice ! rejoice !

“ I would not check your bounding mirth,
My little happy boy ;
For He who made this blooming earth,
Smiles on an infant's joy.”

HYMN FOR A LITTLE BOY.

“WHAT, mother, makes it seem to me,
When I am all alone,
As if some one could hear and see,
And all my thoughts were known ?

“ Sometimes it makes me very glad,
And dance and sing with joy ;
Sometimes it makes me very sad,
And frights your little boy.

“ O, tell me, mother, tell me why ;
For I have never known,
Why 't is I laugh, or why I cry,
When I am all alone.”

“ My child, you never are alone :
There is a watchful eye,
To which your very thoughts are known :
'T is God, is ever nigh.

“ He made your little heart for joy ;
He tunes your happy song :
O, then, my little timid boy,
Fear only doing wrong.

“ For He who makes your heart so glad,
Who bids the good be gay,
With the same love will make it sad,
Whene'er you disobey.

“ He is our Father, and he hears
Your weakest, faintest prayer ;
He wipes away an infant's tears,
And children are his care.”

“THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH.”

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! I am weak,
But thou wilt strengthen me,
If from my heart I humbly seek
For help and strength from thee.

When I am tempted to do wrong,
Then, Father, pity me,
And make my failing virtue strong :
Help me to think of thee !

Let Christian courage guard my youth :
That courage give to me,
Which ever speaks and acts the truth,
And puts its trust in thee.

HYMN.

PRAISE to God, O let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;
Of that goodness let us sing,
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to him who made the light ;
Praise to him who gave us sight ;
Praise to him who formed the ear :
Will he not his children hear ?

Praise him for our happy hours ;
Praise him for our varied powers ;
For these thoughts that rise above,
For these hearts he made for love.

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin :
Praise to him whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there.

Praise his mercy, that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend :
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice.

THE CHILD'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

DEAR mother, guess what I have heard!

O, it will soon be Spring ;
I 'm sure it was a little bird :
Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green
That peeps out from the snow,
As if it wanted to be seen :
'T will soon be Spring, I know.

And O, come here, come here, and look ;
How fast it runs along !
Here is a cunning little brook :
O, hear its pretty song.

I know 't is glad the Winter 's gone,
That kept it all so still ;
For now it merrily runs on,
And goes just where it will.

I feel just like the brook, I know :
It says, it seems to me, —
“ Good bye, cold weather, ice and snow :
Now girls and brooks are free.”

I love to think of what you said,
 Mother, to me last night,
Of this great world that God has made,
 So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy Spring,
 No naughty thing I'll do :
I would not be the only thing
 That is not happy too.

THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD NIGHT.

THE sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound :
'T is time to say to all, " Good night !"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night ! my father, mother dear ;
Now kiss your little son :
Good night, my friends, both far and near ;
Good night, to every one.

Good night ! ye merry, merry birds ;
Sleep well till morning light :
Perhaps, if you could sing in words,
You would have said, " Good night !"

To all my pretty flowers, good night !
You blossom while I sleep ;
And all the stars that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there ;
'T is time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

THE FIRST BIRDS.

HARK! the little birds are singing :
Winter's gone, and Summer's near :
See, the tender grass is springing,
And the flowers will soon be here.

Who made the Winter and the Spring ?
Who painted all the flowers ?
Who taught the little birds to sing,
And made these hearts of ours ?

O! 't is God! how good he is!
He does every blessing give :
All this happy world is his :
Let us love him while we live.

“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.”

“LITTLE children, come to me :”

This is what the Saviour said :
Little children, come and see
Where these gracious words are read.

Often on these pages look :
Of the love of God they tell ;
'T is indeed a holy book :
Learn to read and love it well.

Thus you hear the Saviour speak, —
“Come ye all, and learn of me :”
He was gentle, lowly, meek ;
So should all his followers be.

When our Saviour from above,
From his Father did descend,
Folded in his arms of love,
Children knew him for their friend.

Every little child he blessed ;
Blessed in innocence they are ;
Little children he caressed :
Praise him in your infant prayer !

ON GREENOUGH'S GROUP OF THE CHILD AND
ANGEL.

CHILD. WHITHER, tell me, dost thou go? *

ANGEL. "Come up hither! I will show thee;
Follow me, and thou shalt know:
Leave the dark, sad earth below thee."

CHILD. Stop! my eyes cannot sustain
Such a wondrous flood of light.

ANGEL. "Come up hither; thou shalt gain,
As thou risest, stronger sight."

CHILD. Lost in wonder without end,
Joyful, fearful, longing, shrinking —
Lead me, O thou heavenly friend;
Keep a trembling child from sinking.

O, I cannot bear this glory:
Angel brother, how canst thou?

ANGEL. "I will tell thee all my story:
I was once what thou art now."

* "Quæ nunc abibis in loca" is the inscription on the pedestal of the group.

CHILD. When some sorrow did befall me,
Or I felt some strange alarms,
Then my mother's voice would call me
To the shelter of her arms.

Now what bids my heart rejoice?
Clasped in arms I cannot see:
Hark! I hear a gentle voice
Softly whisper, "Come to me!"

ANGEL. "Yes, it calls thee from above:
Come to God's most holy mountain!
Thou hast drank the stream of love;
I will bring thee to the fountain."

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG COMPANION.

FAREWELL for a time !
Thou hast gone to that clime
Where sickness and sorrow are o'er.
We loved thee when here,
We shed the sad tear,
To think we shall see thee no more.

We weep not for thee,
We remember that he
Who made little children his care,
In his own Father-land
Will reach you his hand,
And comfort and welcome you there.

Our tears they will flow ;
But do we not know
That thou art released from all pain ?
Then weep not ; for he
Who walked on the sea,
Has said we shall all live again.

HYMN.

WILL God, who made the earth and sea,
The night, and shining day,
Regard a little child like me,
And listen when I pray ?

If I am hungry, poor, and cold,
Then will he hear my cry ?
And when I shall be sick and old,
O, then will God be nigh ?

Yes ; in his holy word we read
Of his unfailing love ;
And when his mercy most we need,
His mercy he will prove.

To those who seek him, he is near :
He looks upon the heart ;
And from the humble and sincere
He never will depart.

He sees our thoughts, our wishes knows ;
He hears our faintest prayer :
Where'er the faithful Christian goes,
He finds his Father there.

Obedient children need not fear :

God is a faithful friend ;

And when no other help is near,

He will deliverance send.

Then fear not hunger, cold, or pain ;

But fear to disobey

That Power which does your life sustain,

And guards you every day.

HYMN.

It was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth :
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth ; —

Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
The sea, the waterfall,
'The bright green fields, the clear blue sky ; —
'T is God that made them all.

He gave me all my friends, and taught
My heart to love them well ;
And he bestowed the power of thought,
And speech, my thoughts to tell.

My father and my mother dear, —
He is their Father too :
He bids me all their precepts hear,
And all they teach me, do.

God sees and hears me all the day,
And 'mid the darkest night :
He views me when I disobey,
And when I act aright.

He guards me with a parent's care,
When I am all alone :
My hymn of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

God hears what I am saying now :
O ! what a wond'rous thought !
My heavenly Father, teach me how
To love thee as I ought.

THANKS FOR A PLEASANT DAY.

COME, let us all, with heart and voice,
To God our Father sing and pray ;
In his unceasing love rejoice,
And thank him for this pleasant day.

The clear blue sky looks full of love :
Let all our selfish passions cease !
O, let us lift our thoughts above,
Where all is brightness, goodness, peace.

If we have done a brother wrong,
O, let us seek to be forgiven ;
Nor let one discord spoil the song
Our hearts would raise this day to Heaven.

This blessed day, when the pure air
Is full of sweetness, full of joy, —
When all around is calm and fair,
Shall we the harmony destroy ?

O, may it be our earnest care
To free our souls from every sin :
Then will each day be bright and fair ;
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

TO GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

How like the morning flower ye are !
Which lifts its diamond head,
Exulting in the mead :
But the rude wind shall steal its gem,
Shall break its tender stem,
And leave it dead.

Frail pledges of the contrite heart,
Wherefore so soon decay ?
O yet prolong your stay !
Until my soul shall boldly rise,
And claim its native skies,
Haste not away.

HAPPINESS.

WHAT is it makes the morning bright ?

What gilds the evening hours ?

What makes our hearts seem gay and light,

As if we trod on flowers ?

'T is innocence that makes us gay,

Bids flowers grow everywhere ;

Makes it bright sunshine every day,

And every evening fair.

What makes us when we look above,

See smiling angels there,

And think they look on us in love,

As if we were their care ?

'T is that the soul, all free from sin,

Glow's like an inward sun ;

And heaven above, and heaven within,

Do meet and join in one.

TO A BIRD SINGING IN THE CITY.

CEASE, sweet bird, that melting note ;
Why in the city dost thou stay,
Straining thy little tuneful throat ?
Spread out thy wings and fly away.

Here busy tumult thou wilt find,
And sounds remote from harmony :
The tinkling rill and whispering wind,
For thee were fitter company.

When every worldly wish is still,
And heavenly thoughts the mind employ,
Thy tender song was meant to fill
The pensive heart with silent joy.

But here, where discord reigns around,
'T is to the aching truant heart
A sweet but melancholy sound,
That makes it flutter to depart.

Although thou art a stranger here,
Far from thy native, favorite grove,
Yet do thy notes, so strong and clear,
Breathe naught but happiness and love.

Teach me, sweet bird, thy tuneful art :

I would, like thee, find all things fair ;

Like thee, with joyful, loving heart,

I would make music everywhere.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

My country, that nobly could dare
The hand of oppression to brave,
O, how the foul stain canst thou bear,
Of being the land of the slave ?

His groans, and the clank of his chains
Shall rise with the shouts of the free,
And turn into discord the strains
They raise, God of mercy, to thee.

The proud knee at his altar we bend,
On God as our Father we call :
We call him our Father and Friend,
And forget he's the Father of all.

His children he does not forget ;
His mercy, his power can save ;
And, sure as God liveth, he yet
Will liberty give to the slave.

O talk not of freedom and peace !
With the blood of the slave on our sod :
Till the groans of the negro shall cease,
Hope not for a blessing from God.

He asks, — am not I a man ?

He pleads, — am not I a brother ?

Then dare not, and hope not you can

The cry of humanity smother.

'T will be heard from the south to the north,

In our halls, and in poverty's shed :

It will go like a hurricane forth,

And wake up the living and dead.

The dead whom the white man has slain,

They cry from the ground and the waves :

They once cried for mercy in vain,

They plead for their brothers the slaves.

O ! let them my country be heard !

Be the land of the free and the brave !

And send forth the glorious word,

This is not the land of the slave !

CHILDREN IN SLAVERY.

WHEN children play the livelong day,
Like birds and butterflies ;
As free and gay, sport life away,
And know not care nor sighs :
Then earth and air seem fresh and fair,
All peace below, above :
Life's flowers are there, and everywhere
Is innocence and love.

When children pray with fear all day,
A blight must be at hand :
Then joys decay, and birds of prey
Are hovering o'er the land :
When young hearts weep as they go to sleep,
Then all the world seems sad :
The flesh must creep, and woes are deep
When children are not glad.

MUSINGS IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN, in the silence of the night,
Through all the dazzling fields of light,
My spirit takes her trackless flight,
And rises freer than the wind,
Leaving my house of clay behind, —
Methinks on this small spot of earth,
Where loving parents hailed my birth,
I look with tenderness and love ;
And thus I moralize above :

Dear native home ! seen from afar,
Thou lookest like a twinkling star.
Where are the sins that stain thy breast ?
The sorrows that disturb thy rest ?
The restless tide of misery here,
No longer murmurs on my ear ;
But, calmly hanging on the air,
And all so still, and bright and fair,
Thou lookest like a thing of light,
Lending thy glories to the night.
And as the solemn hymn I hear,
Which ever rolls from sphere to sphere,

Methinks you join the rapturous song ;
Each hallelujah you prolong
To Him, the holy One, whose voice
Bade all these worlds of light rejoice.
And is this holy, happy sight,
A visionary, fleeting light ?
And did my dreaming fancy raise
That long, resounding note of praise ?
And is the earth one scene of woe,
And misery and guilt ? O, no !
That love which said, " Let there be light ! "
That love which parted day and night,
With undiminished glory, still
Sends its broad beams from hill to hill ;
Still sheds its pure, benignant rays
On those who scoff and those who praise.
Thus, when our spirits take their flight,
And walk among the fields of light,
We learn that what seemed discord here,
Is music to a heavenly ear :
That darkness, sorrow, doubt, and care,
Are lost in joy and brightness there :
That sin destroys itself and dies,
While holy thoughts and actions rise,
And shine immortal in the skies.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE CATSKILL.

HERE, far above the noise and strife,
The dust and tumult of this life,
Many a pilgrim foot shall roam ;
Many a worshipper shall come :
For mountain tops are holy ground.
'T is here the unseen God is found :
E'en they who come to laugh and play,
Shall stop to think, and learn to pray.
The winds that on this summit sing,
Ne'er breathed before on earthly thing.
Hush ! utter no unhallowed word :
This is the temple of the Lord.
But see, around its awful brow,
Clouds have hung their drapery now :
Seas of mist without a shore,
Is all the wearied eyes explore.
A little while, and on our sight,
The sun will break in floods of light :
Behold the curtain slowly rise !
Disclosing to our wondering eyes,
A world all glowing at our feet,
With hue as bright, and smile as sweet,

As when from chaos first awoke,
It into life and beauty broke.
Who would not bear a stormy day,
To see the tempest break away ?
Who would not to the mountain go,
To see this glorious scene below ;
And with the mountain spirit hold
Communion sweet, but all untold ?
For they who feel it most, will own
It dwells within the heart alone ;
In rapture that finds language weak ;
In gladness all too full to speak.

LEARNED FRED.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

ONE short six months had scarcely gone,
When full of all he 'd learned,
Young Frederick, that hopeful son,
From College home returned.

To his paternal roof restored,
It was not long before
The learned man at table poured
The treasures of his lore.

“Now,” said the youngster, “Father dear,
You doubtless think you see
Two roasted fowls before us here :
But I say, there are three.

“*Atqui* these roasted fowls are two,
And one in two must be :
Ergo — or logic is not true, —
These roasted fowls are three.”

“ God bless your studies ! ” quoth papa ;

“ ’T is just as you have said :

This is for me, *that* for mamma,

The third for learned Fred.”

TO A FOUNTAIN.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF RAMLER.]

Lo! this fount is flowing ever;
But the fountain prattles never:
Traveller! at this fountain stay;
Learn of it, with pure endeavor,
Good to do, and nothing say.

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

HAIL, noble captive ! king of birds !
What tongue can tell thy misery !
Were thy dumb sorrow put in words,
What heart that would not pity thee ?

Undazzled to the orb of day
Thine eye of light looks up in vain :
It cannot melt thy chains away :
Thou never shalt be free again.

Flap thy broad wings, spend all thy strength ;
Scream on, poor bird ! you idly rave :
That royal crest shall droop at length ;
For thou art doomed to be a slave.

Thou look'st up to the hollow skies,
Where thou hast wound thy spiral flight, —
Those azure depths where human eyes
Shrink from the intolerable light.

Thou gazest till thou dost forget
The weight and pressure of thy chain ;
And, upward striving, thinkest yet
Thy bright blue home thou shalt regain.

Vain is thy spirit's eager bound,
And all in vain thy noble birth ;
Fettered thou liest on the ground,
A clod-bound, common thing of earth.

My heart aches for thee, noble bird !
Fain would I free thee, if I could ;
But more it longs to hear that word
Which endeth *human* servitude.

I have no right to waste on thee,
Poor thing ! the power of sympathy :
Forgetful of the agony
Of human hearts in slavery.

LITTLE ROLAND.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.]

LADY Bertha sat in the rocky cleft,
Her bitter woes to weep :
Little Roland played in the free fresh air ;
His sorrows were not deep.

“ My royal brother, O King Charles,
Why did I fly from thee !
Splendor and rank I left for love ;
Now thou art wroth with me.

“ O Milon, Milon, husband dear !
Beneath the waves art thou :
For love I have forsaken all ;
Yet love forsakes me now.

“ O Roland ! thou my dearest boy,
Now fame and love to me ;
Come quickly, little Roland, come !
My hope rests all on thee.

“Go to the city, Roland, go !
To beg us meat and bread ;
And whoso gives the smallest gift,
Ask blessings on his head.”

Now great King Charles at table sat,
In the golden hall of state :
With dish and cup the servants ran,
On the noble guests to wait.

Flute, harp, and minstrelsy now tune
All hearts to joyful mood :
The cheerful music does not reach
To Bertha's solitude.

Before the hall in the court-yard sat
Of beggars a motley throng :
The meat and drink was more to them
Than flute, and harp, and song.

The king looked out through the open door,
Upon the beggar throng :
Through the crowd he saw a noble boy,
Pushing his way along.

Strange was the little fellow's dress ;
Of divers colors all :
But with the beggars he would not stay ;
He looked up at the hall.

Within the hall little Roland treads,
As though it were his own :
He takes a dish from the royal board
In silence, and is gone.

The king he thinks — what do I see ?
This is a curious way ;
But, as he quietly submits,
The rest do nothing say.

In a little while again he comes :
To the king he marches up ;
And little Roland boldly takes
The royal golden cup.

“ Halloa ! stop there ! thou saucy wight ! ”
King Charles’s voice did ring :
Little Roland kept the golden cup,
And looked up at the king.

The king at first looked angrily ;
But very soon he smiled :
“ You tread here in our golden hall,
As in the green woods wild.

“ From the royal table you take a dish,
As they take an apple from a tree :
As with the waters of the brook,
With my red wine you make free.”

“The peasant drinks from the running brook ;
On apples she may dine :
My mother must have fish and game,
For her is the foaming wine.”

“Is thy mother such a noble dame
As thou, my boy, dost boast, —
Then, surely, has she a castle fair,
And of vassals a stately host.

“Tell me, who may her sewer be ?
And who cup-bearer too ?”
“My own right hand her sewer is ;
My left, cup-bearer true.”

“Tell on ; who are her faithful guards ?”
“My two blue eyes always.”
“Tell on ; who is her minstrel free ?”
“My rosy mouth, I say.”

“Brave servants has the dame, indeed ;
But does strange livery choose, —
Made up of colors manifold,
Shining with rainbow hues.”

“From each quarter of the city,
With eight boys I have fought :
Four sorts of cloth to the conqueror,
As tribute, they have brought.”

“The best of servants, to my mind,
The dame’s must surely be :
She is, I wot, the beggar’s Queen,
Who keeps a table free.

“The noble lady should not far
From my royal palace be :
Arise, three ladies, and three lords !
And bring her in to me.”

Little Roland, holding fast the cup,
From the splendid hall he hies :
To follow him, at the king’s command,
Three lords, three ladies, rise.

And after now a little while,
The king sees, far away,
The noble ladies and the knights
Return without delay.

The king he cries out suddenly, —
“Help, Heav’n ! see I aright ?
'T is my own blood, in open hall,
I have treated with cruel slight.

“Help, Heav’n ! in pilgrim dress I see
My sister Bertha stand ;
So pale in my gay palace here,
A beggar’s staff in her hand !”

Lady Bertha sinks down at his feet,
Pale image of despair :
His wrath returns, and he looks on her
With a stern and angry air.

Lady Bertha quick cast down her eyes ;
No word to speak she tried :
Little Roland raised his clear blue eyes, —
“ My Uncle ! ” loud he cried.

“ Rise up, my sister Bertha, rise ! ”
The king said tenderly :
“ For the sake of this dear son of thine,
Thou shalt forgiven be.”

Lady Bertha rose up joyfully :
“ Dear brother ! thanks to thee :
Little Roland shall requite the boon
Thou hast bestowed on me.

“ He of the glory of his king
Shall be an image fair :
The colors of many a foreign realm
His banner and shield shall bear.

“ The cup from many a royal board .
He shall seize with his free right hand,
And safety and fresh glory bring
To his sighing mother-land.”

THE EXILED STRANGER.

HARK! what sweetly solemn sound
Rises on the morning air?
Shedding gentle peace around,
And stilling busy earthly care.

The mighty city holds its breath,
As the sacred music swells;
And discord dies a transient death,
While listening to those Sabbath bells.

Hearts that had forgot to pray,
Eyes that had been fixed below,
Now look to Heaven, and ask the way,
As to the house of God they go.

But there is one who hears those notes,
To whom like angels' songs they seem;
O'er whose glad soul the music floats,
Like memory of a youthful dream;—

Far from his well-loved father-land,
From early friends, and blessed home,
Chased by the tyrant's bloody hand,
An exiled stranger, doomed to roam:

In freedom's land a home to find,
He hastens o'er the dark blue sea,
Leaving each youthful joy behind,
And asking only to be free.

And now the blessed tones he hears
Of those soft, soothing Sabbath bells ;
And as the shore the vessel nears,
More full and strong the anthem swells.

And as he hears the solemn sound,
He leaps with rapture on the shore :
He feels he stands on holy ground ;
Feels that his perils all are o'er.

And see, amidst the gazing crowd,
Unheeding all, he 's kneeling there :
To the free earth his head is bowed ;
His full rapt soul is lost in prayer.

That prayer shall not be breathed in vain ;
Nor vain the sacrifice he made :
There is a Hand will give again
The wreath that 's on his altar laid.

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