



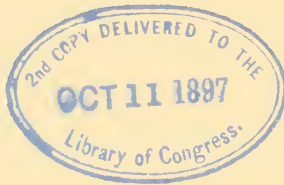
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CHARLES L. LOCHMAN.



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FOR THE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF AN

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE,

AND OTHER POEMS,

CHIEFLY OCCASIONAL.

By CHARLES L. LOCHMAN.

AUG 2 1897

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PREFACE.

LIKE the indulgent mother who gathers her children, regardless of their merits, into one circle at her fire-side, so I bring together my verses, some of which have led a precarious life in the periodical publications of the day. They were written at intervals extending over a period of many years, prompted by subjects as they occasionally presented themselves. Some of the earlier poems reflect the romance and sentiments of youth, being written in the spring-time of life when nature wears a continuous smile and Hope points to a pathway strewn with roses. The author is desirous that they should appear as they were written for whatever merit or demerit they may possess.

Now go, my humble booklet, go,
Perhaps thy feeble art,
May still a few stray sunbeams throw
Upon a friendly heart.

C. L. L.

Bethlehem, Pa., July 22d, 1897.

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THE THREE LINKS.

THREE links were forged near fourscore years ago
By some brave men in a furnace all aglow
With Love, with Hope, with Faith, and Charity ;
Unbroken still, and always may they be
The strongest ties uniting man to man,
With love that moved the good Samaritan.
Four years of combat could not break the chain,
Though brother was by brother sometimes slain,
Though not in anger, but in war's sad strife—
They gladly would have saved each other's life.
The links thus purified with tears and blood,
Will bind all hearts in closer brotherhood.
What links so strong, while binding bless and soothe ?
The Golden Links of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

POEM

READ AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
SYMMETRY LODGE, NO. 103, I. O. O. F., AT HAMBURG, PA ,
FEBRUARY 16TH, 1895.

“ We take no note of time
But from its loss ; to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.”—YOUNG.

WHAT cheerful faces greet us here to-night,
While every heart is tuned to notes of glee,
For Friendship's sun pours forth its brightest light,
At this, our happy, golden jubilee!

Well may our hearts in gratitude unfold,
For this, our Lodge, nor age, nor weakness shows;
The fifty years that over her have rolled
Dimmed not the light that on her altar glows.

And woman's presence with approving smiles,
Adds double pleasure to our meeting here ;
From youth to age her gentle way beguiles
Our daily life with ever-kindly cheer.

Thanks Sisters! for your ready, willing aid;
For smiles in joy, for tears in our distress,
Unselfish love for all our works displayed,
And cheerful hearts to make our burdens less.

Here one sad thought intrudes itself alone,
Regret for those who have been called away;
But memory comes with her consoling tone
And lifts the heart from sorrow and dismay.

Alas, my brethren here, I look in vain
For those I greeted fifty years ago!
(Among this Lodge I meet but *one* again)
Whose faces then with life were all aglow.

It seems I feel their spirit presence here,
Their friendly grasp, and hear their cheerful voice,
While in life's semblance they once more appear,
And with us in our banquet, too, rejoice.

Though one by one drops from the living line,
The void soon fills with young and earnest souls;—
Renewed in youth this Lodge may ever shine
Like passing river to the ocean rolls.

All through the scenes of this eventful life,
This Lodge ne'er lacked its kind, fraternal aim;
And while the nation rocked in bloody strife,
The bonds of Friendship still remained the same.

Oh! who can count her works of fifty years,
Her vigils at the bed of pain and grief?
Her soothing of the widow's sorrowing tears;
Her noble acts of friendship and relief?

She gives the fatherless a father's care,
Instructs them in life's useful, honest ways;
She lets the feeble, aged brother share
A home of ease in his declining days.

And when a brother's spirit takes its flight,
And from his eyes all earthly objects fade,
The brethren pay their last, sad, solemn rite,
When all that's mortal in the earth is laid.

But then we lift our stricken hearts on high—
No longer viewing his last couch with pain—
Through Faith's assurance that fraternally
We all shall meet in brighter realms again.

'Tis after storms have darkened earth and sky,
The sun again gives out its rays of gold,
And lightens the receding clouds on high,—
The matchless bow of promise we behold !

Doth man grow better as the years pass by,
And nobler thoughts, each year, engage his way ?
Can one behold with dim prophetic eye
The approach of the bright millennial day ?

Foremost to give a grander growth to man,
To make his earthly pathway bright and smooth,
Our noble Order marches in the van,
With flags inscribed to Friendship, Love and Truth.

Beyond the apparent gloom of doubt there gleams,
A brighter sun that shines with sweeter ray ;
In times to come its all-pervading beams
Will here on earth a holier light display.

Mankind, though slow, to loftier heights e'er rears
To fill God's purpose and complete His plan ;—
How many epochs of unnumbered years
Between cave-dwellers and high-cultured man !

The shackles parted and the slaves are freed !
Here none now suffers for opinion's sake ;
No one who differs in belief or creed
Need fear the scourge or perish at the stake.

Let us look back the space of fifty years,
'Tis but a moment on Time's dial-plate,—
On memory's glass what magic scene appears,
It seems but fancy in a dreaming state.

The gold of California rested still
Where Indians wandered, or the timid deer,
And Luna's wealth in many a Western hill
Had not yet lured the hardy pioneer.

Like fabled monster with a breath of fire
The engine moves along the iron way,—
In "fast stage-coaches" rode the gray-haired sire,
When young in years, at fifty miles a day !

No ocean cable or extended wire
Could send the doings of the world afar,—
Untamed was still the wild electric fire,
Now giving light or moving fast the car.

No means of progress, fifty years ago,
Gave us the daily news from every clime;
The harnessed fluid in obedience now
Outstrips in speed the sun or winged Time.

With heavy cradle and all bending low,
The busy farmer cut his fields with pain,—
Behold the rapid-moving reaper now
That cuts, and binds in sheaves, the golden grain.

With wearied fingers and dim straining eyes,
Seamstress and tailor stitched the live-long day;
Now, one gentle tread and the needle flies,
And while humming it sews through yards away.

So many aids to man were still unknown;
No photographs were made of friends we prize;
We could not speak afar through telephone,
Nor hear imprisoned speech from phonograph arise.

No kind Nephthes to relieve the pain,
Of suffering patients from the surgeon's steel;—
Beneath the knife they now in sleep remain
No anguish show, nor needful torture feel.

The oil that now gives out its cheering rays,
And lights the homes of millions everywhere
Then crept through rocks in secret, devious ways;—
Most homes were lit by a candle's feeble glare.

No steamers then were rushed along the street,
When call for aid in breathless summons came,
To play high streams of water to defeat
The dread, destroying fiend of fire and flame.

What wonders will the twentieth century show,
What new discoveries and inventions great?
That will their blessings on mankind bestow,—
Our toil assuage and labor mitigate?

And will the century's years in glory bring,
The looked for morn of joyful splendor, when
Along with angels we shall learn to sing,
Henceforth reigns peace on earth, good will to men?

Against the Cross will Moslem's anger cease,
All nations learn the Master's creed of love?
And everywhere reign charity and peace;
Divinest gospel of our Lord above?

And now beloved sisters, brothers, friends,
Who grace our banquet with your presence dear ;
My feeble lay, though cheerful task here ends ;—
In memory e'er this joyous scene I'll bear.

On earth, perhaps, I may not meet again,
The friends, who here, so kindly greeted me,
May they be free from darksome grief and pain,
And ne'er be wrecked on life's inconstant sea !

And when the next half century is complete,
A brother may, in words sublime, forsooth,
The triumphs of the passing years repeat,—
The growth and spread of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

ODE

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL,
ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY 23RD, 1850.

ON the eternal rock of Truth
Our stately Hall securely stands ;
Uplifted proudly to the skies
By Brothers' ever-helping hands ;—
Long may it stand and ever prove
The home of Friendship, Truth and Love !

For many circling years to come,
The healing balm of Peace may flow,
All freely from its portals bright
To soothe the wearied heart of woe ;—
In deed and word it e'er may prove
The Home of Friendship, Truth and Love.

Should discord gather o'er our Land,
And scatter tears and heartfelt pain,
We'll still remain all firmly bound
By Fellowship's unbroken chain ;
And then as ever this shall be
The home where dwells true Charity.

And when the walls are gray with age,
And silvery moss bedecks the dome,
The courts within shall still remain
The Brothers' bright and cheerful home ;
Undimmed through years may brightly shine
The light upon the Temple's shrine.

FAREWELL ODE

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL,
ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY 20TH, 1850.

THE brightest moments of our life,
Are those when true friends meet,
When hearts forget all pain and strife,
In Love and Friendship sweet ;
O, then the earth seems brighter far,
And sweeter every flower !
And Hope's effulgent rising star
Gains stronger, holier power !

But now the restless flight of Time
Bids friend from friend depart,
And stills the sweet concordant chime
That springs from every heart.

Though heart from heart must now be torn,
And lips must speak farewell !
In each fond breast may Truth be borne,
And love for ever dwell !

Farewell ! to all this noble throng,
To every Brother true,
To stranger, friend, to old and young
A warm and fond adieu,
Farewell ! ye Fair whose beaming eye
Approves of what we do ;
May God smile on you from on high—
To you once more adieu !

MEMORIAL DAY.

HONOR the dead, the true and brave,
Who gave their lives for freedom's sake ;
With sweetest flowers bedeck each grave,
No call can now their slumbers wake.

And we, who still are blessed with life,
Who shared their toil through weary days,
And stood beside them in the strife,
Will e'er their daring courage praise.

And we, who lived in peace away
From battle clouds and carnage dread,
Will with the deepest reverence pay
All honor to the noble dead.

'Twas not for power, or self, or ease,
Nor for a despot's gain and pride,
Nor for a party's whim to please,
These soldiers suffered pain, and died.

But for the highest, noblest cause,
The dearest to a patriot race,
Their country, freedom, equal laws,
And in the world an honored place.

They severed all the dearest ties
That bind man to the loved at home,
To march beneath far distant skies,
All fearless of what woes might come.

There is no spot that we can claim,
More sacred than a patriot's mound,
While stories of his well-earned fame
In memory's grateful ear resound.

Raise up the flag they loved so well ;
Let music sound which stirred their heart,
And bugle notes through valley swell,
Ere from their resting place we part.

But all our praises, rites and tears
Do fail to pay the debt we owe ;
And monuments that honor rears,
Not half their valued service show.

As long as spring renews her bloom,
As long as patriot's sons may live,
As long as man loves hearth and home,
All honor to these heroes give.

Perhaps their spirits from on high
Observe the tribute that we pay,
And with a clear, celestial eye
Behold our solemn rites to-day.

Thank God, who blessed our holy cause ;
Thank Him, who gave to us these men ;
And for our country's freedom, laws,
Thank God with loving hearts: Amen.

ARBOR DAY.

LET all observe the annual Arbor Day ;
 Make no excuse for want of time, or age ;
Blend manly toil with cheerful, happy play,
 And in a noble work of trust engage.

Bring forth the tender shrub, the tree and vine,
 And plant them by the house or in the field ;
They will in time, we hope, for thee or thine,
 Reward all toil—a precious harvest yield.

If not for us, for others they will bear
 The shining apple, pear or luscious peach ;
The juicy grapes, all sparkling bright and rare,
 Will smiling hang within an easy reach.

Plant oak or ash in useless spots of ground,
A birch or willow at the murmuring brook,
Some flowering shrubs upon the grassy mound,
Or useful tree in any vacant nook.

The graceful maple and the fragrant pine,
In school house grounds where children love to play ;
Some hardy trees along the highway's line
To shade the traveler on his tiresome way.

The birds will carol from their leafy bower,
And build their nests with tender, loving care ;
The bees will gather sweets from every flower,
Whose store of honey you may live to share.

And when you're gone beyond this earthly sphere,
Your labors in each season's round will bring—
To bless your memory and to keep it dear—
The fruit in autumn and the flowers in spring.

The boy when grown to manhood's graver years,
In contemplation sits beneath their shade,
In vision's magic glass again appears,
Many a scene in seeming life arrayed.

He sees again his father plant the tree,
When he with boyish hands heaps up the ground ;
He hears his sisters' loud and girlish glee,
In memory still with joyous songs resound.

Ah, he's a benefactor of our race,
Who lives not for himself alone, or pay,
But with a kindly heart of trust and grace,
Will plant some useful trees on Arbor Day.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

THERE is a language which hath ne'er found tongue,
Its strange, deep passion meaning to express,
In youth 'tis strongest, when all passions throng
To fill the soul with fervor's wild excess,—
We hear its mandates with a heaving sigh,
While to its Siren song we're moving nigh.

Its power binds stronger than the tyrant's chain,
Or teaches freedom more than freedom's boast ;
Its tones may fill the soul with deepest pain
Or waft it to an ever blissful coast ;—
Such lofty eloquence what tongue can tell,
When round our souls it weaves its magic spell ?

It lures the soldier to the field of strife,
Enduring honors there in blood to earn ;
Unmindful of the peaceful ways of life,
Or tears that may in deepest anguish burn ;

He spurns that peace which home and duty claim,
And cares for naught but trumpet-sounds of fame.

It cheers the student o'er his classic tome,
 With poet-bays and wild ambition's tale ;
It gives the traveler sweetest thoughts of home,
 When in his dreams he sees his native vale,
With joys as fresh as in his boyhood day,
Ere yet ambition taught his feet to stray.

Each tone is music to the enamored youth,
 When Love's bright sun first dawns upon his sight ;
And in the maiden's heart of hope and truth,
 'Tis angels' whisperings of serene delight,
That come with fragrance like a summer's breeze,
All fraught with nature's rarest harmonies.

It is that language full of fairy vision,
 The poet feels when flight of thoughts sublime
Transport his soul from earth to scenes elysian,
 Which scorn the music of his sweetest rhyme ;
In vain he tries his loftiest strain to sing,—
Weak are his words, and weak his muses' wing.

And in the evening twilight of our years,
When Life's strong passion-storms have passed away,
When vain our usual source of joy appears,
And vain the pleasures of this world of clay ;
'Tis weaker then, but to its notes are given,
A charm and sweetness more akin to heaven.

Have you not heard it in the hour of bliss?
Have you not felt it in the hour of pain?
Or marked its trembling sweet in love's pure kiss,
Or wept in sorrow at its joyless strain?
In vain the tongue essays its magic art—
The strange, deep language of the human heart.

DAY OF "HUMILIATION AND PRAYER."

SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1881.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, LATE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

A NATION bows to-day the knee,
O Lord, with deep humility,
Death's shadow spreads upon us all,
Its solemn woe and sable pall.

A nation's chief has passed away—
In truth, we are but mortal clay ;
But thanks for that true, inner life,
That thrives beyond this earthly strife.

A nation's guilt, O Lord, efface,
And grant each one that holy grace,
That we may live in peace and love,
And win that glorious home above.

Oh, with Thy love protect, we pray,
The children, wife, and mother gray ;
From off the grave lift up their eyes,
To th' lost one's home above the skies.

We thank Thee that the culprit's deed,
Which made our hearts in sorrow bleed,
Brought not disorder to our land,
But stained alone the madman's hand.

We thank Thee that along the wire,
Which thrills with Thy electric fire,
Come words from far beyond the sea,
Of love and heartfelt sympathy.

We thank Thee for that gracious mood,
That makes the world one brotherhood,
Makes Israel's sons and Islam's chief,
Unite with Christians in their grief.

We thank Thee that Thy spirit falls,
In humble homes and stately halls,
That peasants, queens and kings confess,
That Thou alone can'st heal distress.

We thank Thee for Thy blessings all,
That from Thy bounteous hands e'er fall,
Like heavenly dew and cheering light,
Each coming day, each passing night.

PRAISE TO THE GODHEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLEIST.

THE starry hosts of heaven exalt
Our Great Creator's might,
And His works so wise are lauded
By the circling spheres at night ;
And the mountains, seas and valleys
His creation's plan fulfill,—
All are expressions of His love
And signs of His sovereign will.

Shall I then alone be silent
And chant in no praiseful tone ?
No, with my spirit's wings I'll rise
To His high and heavenly throne ;

And should the accents of my voice,
Be tremulous, weak or low,
The streamlets from my awe-struck eyes,
My reverence deep will show.

Who sets the million suns on high,
Where their splendor brightly shines?
And traces all the countless worlds,
And to each its path assigns?
Who links them in one system great,
And doth all their lives record?
The gentle whisperings of Thy voice,—
Thy unerring law, O Lord!

Through Thee the earth is carpeted
By the gentle hand of Spring,
The Seasons yield the golden grain,
And the grapes in purple bring;
Thou fillest the world with gladness,
When keen Frost his scepter sways,
And over the earth's dark bosom,
White garments so gently lays.

O, who can all sufficiently
Thy great love and works extol ;—
Misfortunes, e'en are blessings oft,
And our waywardness control.
Ye sceptics if not moved by love,
O, then fear, the dreaded hour,
And tremble like affrighted slaves,
When He speaks with threatening power.

Say, who doth thunder in the clouds,
Say, who in tempest roars ?
Now, doubter speak, who moves the wave
When mountain high it soars ?
To thee the thunder, sea and storm,
With bellowing answers sound,—
O, thou poor audacious creature
Here the Mighty One is found !

Dear Lord ! for ever with my lips,
Thy glorious works I'll praise ;—
O, bless the weakness of a worm,
With Thy ever bounteous grace !

And when my humble heart you'll search,
With Thy tenderness behold
The deep emotions that it feels,
Which can ne'er by words be told.

And if before Thy lofty throne
Should stand with the holy crowned,
Then will I with far loftier hymns,
Thy great majesty resonnd ;
Yea, I may not be waiting long,
For that time will speedily come ;
And may I then be worthy heir,
To an ever joyful home !

GRANT.

HIS FUNERAL, AUG. 8, 1885.

A LIGHT appeared in the western sky,
But faint to the hopeful, watching eye,
 It seemed to be far away ;
The star grew brighter as time moved on,
Until its luster sparkled and shone
 Like the sun at meridian day.

Thus came our hero upon the scene,
When war obscured with darkened screen
 The land of brave sires of yore ;
From valley to sea and mountain side
Brotherly feelings were ruptured wide
 And hands were dripping with gore.

He took his invincible sword in hand,
"Now follow my steps my faithful band,
The noblest gifts are bought with pain;
We'll fight for the Union and the world,
The stars and stripes shall ne'er be furled
But wave o'er *one* land again."

Through summer's heat and winter's cold
They followed the warrior kind and bold,
Till victory's loud acclaim
Rung through the land on every side,
And stirred all hearts with joy and pride,
And blazoned forth his name.

Once more he spoke with generous word,
"Thou valiant foe, take back thy sword,
Your men their horses too;
They need them now to raise their grain;
Peace spreads her healing wings again;
No anger we should know."

The victory's won for the BLUE and GRAY
The bondsman's last fetters dropped away,
The land is now truly free;

'Twill rise to a higher and purer life,
And blessings will follow the bloody strife,
And the last great victory.

No malice toward the erring foe
His generous heart did ever show;
He grieved that so much blood
Of his dear country's sons was shed,
And for the hosts of warriors dead,
And the estranged brotherhood.

At home, in war, in peace or state
He e'er will rank with the good and great;—
His acts have left no stain,
For truth and honor were his shield,
No record of his life will yield
One sad regret or pain.

A nation now mourns the hero brave,
And pays its last tributes at his grave,
With sorrow true and sincere;
The North and South with clasped hand,
At the victor's grave united stand,
To shed the pitying tear.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CARRIERS OF A NEWSPAPER.

LAST night there came a sound of woe,
As from a warrior's dying moan—
Swept o'er the ice-bound earth below,
In deep and solemn tone.

It was the moan of the dying year,
Our steadfast friend through joy and fear,
The giver of many a smile and tear,
That passed away for aye.

He came with many a promised joy,
Like visions to the dreaming boy,
Which he in life may not enjoy,
That vanish with the day.

But soon there rose another sound
Of blissful note and gladsome voice ;
It sped some cheering news around
And bid each heart rejoice !
A Prince is born—a King to-day
Ascends the throne with regal sway ;
The sire is dead, no more can he
The ruler of the millions be ;
The New-born Year inherits now
The chaplet that hath crowned his brow,
And all with gifts and heartfelt cheer
Pay homage to the New-born Year !

A happy New-Year may it be
To every home—to every one !
And should perchance stern fate decree
To cast a darkened cloud upon
A suffering soul, go seek it now,
And with thy bounteous store relieve
The saddened heart, the care-worn brow—
“More blessed to give than to receive.”
Learn how a friendly act will bless
And bring a fund of happiness.

And if estranged from former friends,
Let anger cease and make amends
For wrongs committed; let no strife
Cast shadows on your future life;
The reunited links of love
Will many a painful thought remove.

The Merry Christmas' greetings still
Our hearts with joyous echoes fill,
Responsive to that message, when
Came "Peace on earth, good will to men"
From lips of that angelic band,
Proclaiming joy to every land,
As first was sung in Bethlehem old,
To shepherds watching o'er their fold.

* * * *

Our towns! They claim as high a strain
As Goldsmith's village of the plain.
In retrospective fancy's play
Many will sit and muse to-day,
Of the checkered life of one short year,
Now shadowed o'er! now full of cheer!

Of numerous spots that circle round,
To which the heart is closely bound.
Calypso's ancient, towering trees,
That murmur to each passing breeze ;
How often have you lingered near
The pebbled banks and waters clear,
Or rowed across the wavy stream
Lit up by Luna's gentle beam ;
Or followed through the flowery vale
Monocacy's meandering trail,
With rod in hand to catch the sly,
Bright-speckled trout with hook and fly.
Or culled in mead or shady bower
The graceful fern or tinted flower,
Or climbed the rugged mountain side
To view the scenery far and wide.

But from this dream of rural joy
We wake to scenes of daily life,
Which most the serious hours employ
In man's unending worldly strife
For bread, for gain, for knowledge, fame,
For honor, wealth or glorious name.
We see the smoke of yonder mill,
The seat of Learning on the hill.

The marts of trade along the street,
 The thousand ever busy feet,
 The workmen going to and fro,
 Through summer's heat and winter's snow;
 Thus through the year from day to day,
 Life passes on its endless way.

* * * *

Our country! Fairest spot on earth!
 Of every true-born son the pride.
 Here Freedom hath its noblest birth—
 Here moves the world's sublimest tide!
 She stretches from the silvery lakes,
 Where Winter claims his annual sway,
 To where the sun for ever wakes
 The flowers to a Summer's day.
 The proud Atlantic laves her strand,
 Where Morn her earliest visit pays,
 And on the Western golden sand
 The calm Pacific gently plays.
 Oh, Freeman! guard this blood-bought gift,
 Let not the monster misrule lift
 His sceptre o'er this land.
 Protect the voter's sacred right;
 'Tis Freedom's Home, the Ark of Rest,—
 A refuge for mankind opprest,—
 Let none dare dim its light!

FREEMEN! SPARE OUR FLAG.

PARAPHRASE OF WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF THE REBELLION.

FREEMEN, spare our Flag!

Touch not a single star;

No heart should ever dream

Its purity to mar.

'Twas our forefathers' hand

That made it wave on high;

It cheered the patriot band,

When rang the battle cry.

Those old familiar stripes,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And would you tear them down

Freemen, forbear that act;

Cut not its heart bound ties;

Oh! spare our starry Flag,

Now waving in the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I loved to see it float
In heaven's unconquered air
To "Hail Columbia's" note!
It was this noble Flag
My father fought to save—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old Flag wave!

My heart strings 'round thee cling,
Close as each single thread;
Here shall our eagle's wing
His pinions ever spread.
Old Flag! the storms still brave;
Oh, let no traitor's hand
Destroy this freeman's boast,
The glory of our land.

JULY FOURTH, 1776.

"JULY THE FOURTH" will always be
The symbol for our liberty;
And "Seventy-six" will ever stand,
The watchword for our blood-bought land.

'Twas in that year, upon that day,
Our sires denounced the monarch's sway,—
Declared the States by right must be,
From kingly rule forever free.

Oh, how those words so lofty swayed
The hearts of patriots undismayed;
And all that spurned a tyrant's might,
Would for their country's freedom fight.

Brave sons of sires who would not yield
Their conscience' right nor ever kneeled,
Save to the Mighty Lord alone,
Who sits upon His Heavenly throne.

And when "To arms!" rang out the peal,
With willing hands and trusty steel,
They fought the foe, and freedom won
With Heaven's annointed Washington!

They left the plow, and left the loom
To wives and gentle ones at home,
Who would no inward grief display,
When all their dear ones marched away.

A noble race—these men of yore,
Who left us free from shore to shore,
Oh, noble race! Oh, sacred dead!
Who for our country's freedom bled.

And now with music, song and cheer,
We celebrate the Fourth each year,
And raise our glorious banner high,
So dear to every freeman's eye!

ODE

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF AN ODD FELLOWS' PROCESSION,
AT DANVILLE, PA., JULY 23, 1847.

HERE meet to-day, in sweet accord,
The sire and manly youth,
To bind more close the Golden Links
Of Friendship, Love and Truth.

We meet not armed with sword and shield,
To deal destruction round,
But as a band of brothers true,
Where Peace and Love abound.

We seek to spread fair Charity
Wide o'er our favored land;
To cheer the widow's lonely heart,
And grasp the orphan's hand.

To soothe a brother's aching breast,
And kindly give relief,
When sickness comes and shadows fill
His soul with care and grief.

We war against all human strife,—
All discord disapprove,
And seek by God's unerring light
In harmony to move.

And when cold death hath broken here,
Our bonds of human love,
God grant that each in joy may join
The Brotherhood above.

Earlier Poems.

TO ADA.

ON RECEIVING SOME LINES FROM HER.

I KNOW that lovely roses bloom
In Cashmere's bright and gorgeous vale,
And waft their spirit-like perfume
On every passing summer gale ;
Although I ne'er have seen them grow
In their own, sunny eastern land,
But by their sweet extract I know,
That richly there they must expand.

I know that thou art good and fair,
Possessing charms of rarest mould,
Which heaven hath placed in woman's care
To warm man's bosom dark and cold ;
Although I ne'er beheld thy face,
Nor heard thy lips breathe forth a tone ;
But soul and form of gentlest grace
Can yield such noble thoughts alone.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR A MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA.

IN VAIN the earth is gleaming
With joy where'er we roam,
And myriad stars are beaming,
If earth's our only home;
In vain returns each season,
To please our present state,
In vain God gave us reason,
To see our mournful fate.

In vain the Spring comes smiling,
With joyous bird and flower,
Our hearts awhile beguiling,
With nature's charming power;—
If this is all the pleasure,
That we can e'er enjoy,
And here runs out the measure
Of man, the world's poor toy.

In vain we tell the story
Of Freedom's happy light,
And boast our Country's glory,
The freeman's sacred right,
Be free awhile from sorrow
On pleasure's smiling way ;
If Hope reveals no morrow
That's brighter than to-day.

Rejoice, rejoice each mortal !
Death is no gloomy night ;
The grave is Glory's portal,
Which leads to joy and light ;
The dead which went before us,
Have found a blissful home,
And God is reigning o'er us
Beyond the starry dome !

LINES

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

MAGGIE—dost thou feel thy pulse,
That beats with measured note ;
It is Life's clock that ticks,
And bids you e'er devote
Each pulse which springs from out thy heart,
To act in life a kindly part.

Maggie—see by day or night
The sun or twinkling stars ;
How swift the onward flight,
Upon their heavenly cars ;
They are God's clock on high and show,
How fast our years move here below.

Maggie—chronometers like these,
To hearts as young as thine,
Bring but few sad hours around—
While Hope doth brightly shine ;—
The cares of youth are light and few
And transient as the summer's dew.

Maggie—improve each coming day,
And string it on life's golden thread,
Like some bright and valued gem,
To adorn thy youthful head ;—
'Twill form for thee when cometh age
Earth's dearest, noblest heritage.

MUST I SAY FAREWELL AGAIN?

AND must I say farewell again ?

Almost the very hour

When I have grasped your trembling hand,

With fervent, friendly power ;

We've often met when life was sweet,

And parted oft with pain,

But none can tell my anguish now,

To part from thee again.

Oh, like two ships upon the sea,

Which pass each other nigh ;

They scarce have time to speak one word

Of welcome or good-bye ;

The ocean's blue convexity

Between them soon will rise,

And lost is each white, welcome sail

To tearful, straining eyes.

So Fate directs our fragile barks
 In different ways to steer,
O'er life's tumultuous, restless tide,
 Through sunshine or through fear ;
But Hope, my pilot, true and strong,
 Gives me this promise sweet ;—
That we shall in one friendly port
 In closer union meet.

I LOVE MY NATIVE VILLAGE HOME.

I LOVE my native village home
So far from scenes of war and strife ;
And when my toilsome days are o'er,
Here let me live a quiet life.

For here my youthful feet have strayed
O'er many a long remembered spot ;
Fair scenes that I so dearly loved,
Can never, never be forgot !

I love the merry silver stream
That winds along my village home ;
Upon whose banks with blithesome heart,
At dewy eve I oft did roam ;

And gazed upon its crystal tide,
When sparkling in the moon's soft ray ;
While Hope drew many a fancy sketch,
Of many a happy future day.

I love the valleys and the hills,
That circle 'round my village home ;
The scenes of many a boyish sport
That ne'er to me again will come.

The bloom of Spring arrays them still,
As fair as in my childhood's hours,
But on my brow shall not remain
Unchanged life's bright and youthful flowers.

Though changing ever, still the same,
The mountain, river, brook and glen,
To which each year the children came—
While some have grown to sober men ;

And some, alas ! the fairest too,
Are sleeping now beneath the sod ;
In childhood's happy years laid low
By cruel death's destroying rod.

Though now my heart hath felt some care,
And I am destined far to roam ;
But from my vision ne'er will part
The scenes around my village home !

TO TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

How sweetly pass the hours along,
Young friends, I share with you ;
They cast a halo 'round my heart,
Bright as a rainbow's hue.
Oh, happy days of youth's sweet hour !
That win the soul with beauty's power—
Our path with fragrance strew.

No, not that sly and wily art,
Of Cupid with his bow,
To pierce the young and tender heart ;
But love's pure heavenly glow
That beams upon the sinless face
With such divine and saintly grace,
Which angels only show.

I care not for the proud and gay,
Or wealth's vain, glittering sight,
As long as from your faces shine
So rare and sweet a light ;
'Tis like the mellow sun in May,
When blossoms meet his welcome ray,
And nature feels no blight.

I love to hear your voices clear
In concord sweetly blent,
Like birds' untutored notes that free
From joyous throats are sent ;
My soul doth then unconscious rise
Where songs of praise in Paradise,
From heavenly lips ascend.

I love to gaze upon your brows,
O'er which no cloud hath passed,
And pray that God may shield them aye
From every withering blast ;
Oh, may your hearts for ever be
All free from dark adversity,—
By sorrow ne'er o'ercast !

AUTUMN AND DEATH.

I LOVE the pale autumn full well,
She's a queen so rich and kind;
But her morals so solemn and true
So sadly e'er dwell on my mind.

The delicate tints of her face
That beam with so placid a ray
Betoken the signs of decline,
And symptoms of mournful decay.

Like the blush of some lovely young maid,
The spoiler has marked for his prey,
Whose looks are so sweet and benign,
Just ere she is hastened away.

How solemn the lesson to man,
She teaches in language so true;
That he like the flowers on earth,
Must perish and pass away too!

But the Winter his mantle displays,
And spreads it o'er field and o'er wood,
Where the flowers in the sunnier days
Rejoicing in their beauty once stood.

They teach us of a living renewed,—
They that bowed neath the winter's dark gloom,
Again in the light of the spring
Will arise and triumphantly bloom.

In the earth our bodies may rest,
On reaching life's ultimate goal ;
Death merely releaseth the clay,
That encumbered the animate soul.

Why mourn then when cometh the end
Ordn'd by our Father in love,
'Tis the gateway that ushers us in
To life everlasting above !

TO MISS M. N.

“THERE IS NO ONE TO LOVE ME.”

THERE'S no one to love thee ! oh, believe it not,
That thine is that dark and desolate lot ;
The hearts that love deepest and strongest, you know,
Are timid the depth of their feelings to show.

“There's no one to love me ” I heard a bird sing,
Alone on the tree in the light of the Spring ;
When lo ! like a sunbeam as from heaven above,
I saw a mate coming, all freighted with love.

“There's no one to love me ” did the young rose sigh,
“And I must unnoticed in solitude die,”
But the zephyr soon kissed each tear drop away,
And fanned its flushed cheek in its innocent play.

“There’s no one to love me” the clear fountain weeps,
As gleaming from out the deep cavern it leaps;
Yet behold in the path of its sparkling tide,
The fairest of flowers are found by its side.

“There’s no one to love me” the trembling night said
When the golden sun first in his glory had fled;
But a thousand bright gems soon garnished the sky,
And wove her a crown of great splendor on high.

There is no one to love thee! oh, believe it not,
That thine is that dark and desolate lot;
The hearts that love deepest and strongest, you know,
Are timid the depth of their feelings to show.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM OF HER THAT
IS TO BE HIS WIFE.

THOU fair unknown I string my harp
And sing a lay to thee,
Although in mystery deep and dark
Thou 'rt hidden yet from me,
But I in fancy surely deem
Thy form's of gentlest grace,
And in Hope's bright poetic dream,
Behold a lovely face.

I know thy heart is stored with love—
Thy mind with knowledge rare—
True virtues born in heaven above
To grace the saintly fair.
With thee my years shall calmly go
On life's meandering way ;
Through darkness e'en thine eyes, that glow,
Shall be my guiding ray.

And though the cares of life should come,
And rob the cheeks' fresh bloom,
Thy look of sweet unaltered love,
Will banish every gloom.
Such is the one, such will she be,
The partner through my life ;
The fair unknown that is to be
My much beloved wife !

Alas ! the dreams of youth so oft,
But cheat our heart's desire ;
The flowers of Hope may bear no fruit—
In blooming will expire.
God grant, howe'er, for you and me,
The future shall be bright,
Around our pathway always be
Fair scenes to bless our sight.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

WE thank Thee Lord for life and light,
And Thy protection through the night ;
Give us this day our daily fare,
And guide us with a father's care.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

FORGIVE our sins O, Lord we pray,
And bless us at this close of day,
And let Thy holy angels keep
Their vigils 'round us while we sleep.

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