





Engraved by J. B. W.

Very truly &c,
P. Dyer



✓
SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY ✓✓
SIDNEY DYER.



NEW YORK:
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY.
INDIANAPOLIS: STEARNS AND SPICER.
1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of New York.

LITHOTYPED BY THE AMERICAN STEREOTYPE COMPANY,
PHENIX BUILDING, BOSTON.

Dedication.

Dear Reader, hast thou loved — O blissful feeling! —
The music of the heart?
Hast walked by Faith, when shadows were concealing
Whate'er could Hope impart?
If thou hast known alternate joy and sorrow
Within thy bosom reign,
And for the burdened heart would hope to borrow
A sweet surcease of pain,
Then come, and, while Life's cares and joys are fleeting,
Let Song thy spirits free;
And what we sing, with warm and friendly greeting,
I dedicate to thee!

THE AUTHOR.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/songs00dyer>

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELUDE.....	1
That single Gray Hair	11
All Alone	13
Ah, yes, I Remember	15
A Home in the West.....	17
Washington's Tomb, the Shrine of the World.....	20
I would not have thee Young again	22
The old Easy-chair by the Fire	24
O, tell me not that Early Love	26
O, could I now those Years recall.....	28
The Woodman's Response.....	30
Full Many Years ago	32
A Home on the Mountain	34
Spare the Old Homestead.....	36
Grave of Ben Bolt.....	39
They are all gone	41
The Old Stage-coach.....	43
Brighter Hours shall come.....	46
We parted in Youth.....	48
Coming Home.....	50
I love the Old Songs	52
Ask me not to say Farewell	54

	PAGE
Remember, O remember!.....	56
The Sigh I breathe alone	58
My Mother's Smile	60
Last Meeting with the Old Folks at Home	62
Annie Lee	64
O, chide me not	66
Moonlight on the Sea	68
O, should a Light Word part us?.....	70
The Prairie Hunters	72
Nelly Gordon	75
The Songs my Mother sung.....	77
In Dreams I love thee still.....	79
Come not when the Heart is sad	81
Peace, be still	83
The Heart can trust no more.....	85
Ne'er think I can deceive thee	86
Alice in heaven.....	88
I ne'er can love thee less.....	91
Serenade	93
Song shall Guard our Liberty	95
I ne'er forget	97
Minnie Myrtle	99
We two have been like Brothers	100
We two have been like Sisters.....	102
My Father is here.....	104
Lilla Clare.....	105
Ah, is it sweet to tell me?	107
Return, return to me	109
The Light of Sadness....	111

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Little Blind Bell.....	112
Dearest Old Mansion.....	114
Better Late than Never.....	117
Hit the Nail on the Head	119
When Joy's full Tide is rushing	121
O, say not Friendship is a Name.....	123
The Angels told me so	125
Memory's Leaves	127
Home is where the Heart is	129
The Horse and the Railroad	131
In the Light of thine Eyes	133
My gentle Lizzie's far away.....	135
Silent Love	137
Our Mother's Grave	139
Minnie Gray	141
In Bliss we shall meet thee.....	143
O, no, I am not Blind.....	145
The Golden Rule	147
Mother, dear, Good-by	149
Love's Interpreters.....	151
Waiting for thee at Home.....	153
The Mother's last Greeting.....	155
O what do the Birds say?.....	157
There is a Word which others speak.....	159
Do not tarry long.....	161
The Forest Burial	163
Little Eva's Vision	165
The Echoing Horn	168
Far away, far away	170

	PAGE
The Pride of my Heart.....	172
The Swing	174
The Crooked-necked Gourd.....	176
The Indian's Song of Peace	178
The Cottage of Daisy Dell	180
Be always Happy.....	184
Safe at Home	186
The Happiest Place is Home.....	188
Each Sigh the Heart will treasure.....	190
I thought of thee once.....	192
Angel Willie	193
Child's Prayer	195
Farewell to the Home of my Youth.....	197
Welcome, sweet May!.....	199
Those Good Old Days	202
One Little Word	204
Awake, Gentle Lady	206
'T is Vain to Hope	208
The First Rose of Spring-time	210
Happy Dreams of Home	212
Return of the Robin	214
Evening Echoes	216
Katy's Response to the Katydid	218
Jacob gets the Mitten	221
The Little Red Shoes	223
Blessed are they that Mourn.....	225
Little Rosy Cheeks.....	227
The Family Altar	229
The Bride's Sacrifice.....	231

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
O, thou Dark Reservoir	233
Little Katy's Cry	236
The Strawberry Girl	238
We'll keep the Bible Free	240
Dedication Hymn	243
Dedication Hymn	246
I knew you would miss me	249
Fireside Jewels	252
Those By-gone Days	254
Ruth (a Cantata)	257
Suspense	268
Thanatos	270
My Father's Bible	275
The Fay of the Falls	279
The Deaf and Dumb	282
I love the Wind	285
If you will only think so	287
To an Infant Boy	290
Hymn for New Year's Festival	292
Song about Singers	294



P R E F A C E.

MUSIC AND POETRY were coeval and co-dependent. Neither alone could furnish man with a medium by which to express his emotions, when chastened by afflictions, or excited by love and joy. Words could express ideas, but this only satisfied the head; the heart knew not the language, and the soul of man walked in burdened silence, until it caught the dialect of angels, as they sang around the throne of Heaven. But the staid and philosophic mind was equally at a loss to see the fitness of mere sounds. To compromise the matter, the heart gave its language of passion to the mind, and the mind its dialect of reason to the soul, and, united, they gave the first lyric to the world, which has never ceased to bless them for the inestimable gift.

The lyric is a necessity of our being; the epic—or poem merely to be read—a luxury or an ornament. We must have the song, but could get along very well without “heroics” or “blank verse.”

The song is not a mere sentimental impulse—a sickly fancy growing out of a morbid bosom; it is the language

of experience, taught by the great lessons of life, making its way from the heart to the lips, to instruct others how to battle with its cares, and conquer its temptations. It is a rich gift, sent into the jarring world to soften its rough and dreary aspects, and soothe the way-worn pilgrim—a relic of the Parádise lost, and a foretaste of that which is to come.

A song differs from other poetical compositions in many essential features: from the epic, in not admitting the flights of uncurbed imagination and ornate details; and from the ballad and other short poems, in rejecting all descriptive exhibitions. It is unique; its two great elements being *unity* and *suggestiveness*—a suggestiveness, not so much by what it reveals, as an *indefiniteness* which leaves the awakened sensibilities to an awe, more of what may be implied, than of what is really expressed—as the Old Artists used to sketch the shadowy outlines of “goblins and chimeras dire” in the background of their pictures, and leave the effect to the imagination of the beholder.

By the *unity* of a song, is meant *one emotion*, so to speak, crystalized into its perfect form of sentiment. The philosophy of this unity is seen in the very elements of the lyric—it is the language of passion. We may not understand the utterances of every tongue, but we are never asking for an interpreter to reveal the breathings of the heart—it has but one voice, which all understand, wherever they may have a “local habitation and a name.”

The use of the chorus and refrain grow out of this quality of the song. To supply the necessary extent of measure to admit of singing, and to embody the emotion

awakened, the accessories of expansion are resorted to, and necessarily withdraw the mind from the unity of the song; but the heart seems to urge the progress over these parts, waiting impatiently until the proper measure is reached, when it launches out in all the rapture and enthusiasm of its restrained impulses, in repeating, with a delicious lingering, the theme of the song. This is the reason why the refrain or chorus of a song is sung with more delight and excitement than any other part.

The melody of the lyric is also peculiar. It is not sufficient in the song that the measure should scan well; its very reading must be suggestive of music. It must sing itself, and with as much naturalness as the trill of the spring robin, or the gushing melody of the morning lark. That careful searching after euphonious words, so conspicuous in some of our writers, is wholly inadmissible; the simpler the language the better: even metaphor must be sparingly used, and when admitted, must be natural and uninvolved, or the effect is spoiled. What more simple than "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," "The last Rose of Summer," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and "Mary in Heaven?" The heart under deep feeling or intense passion is never grandiloquent nor metaphorical. When merely sentimental, as the sighing lover before the window of his beloved Angelina, one may talk of "stars" and "starry eyes;" but an earnest and genuine lover was never guilty of a moonlight serenade.

The song-writer produces his effect, not by a deluge of sonorous words, but by a kind of mental crystalization, making each word reflect, on every side, the rays of pure

sentiment and deep emotion, and withal, possessing so perfect a transparency, that the whole is gathered up by a single glance. There is seemingly no art where the greatest art is exhibited;—it is the power of intensely idealizing emotions, and yet with so much spontaneity and naturalness that we are persuaded the reality has ever been familiar to us. The song has directness, uniqueness, heartiness, suggestiveness, and unity, so blended, fused, and idealized, that it seems a simple element possessed of all these forces.

With this brief sketch of song-literature, a few remarks of a more personal character must conclude this lengthened preface.

The reader will judge how nearly the songs in this volume approximate the standard given. It is proper to add, that many of them were written for music publishers, who furnished the titles and form of the versification, leaving the author no choice in the matter. Owing to this circumstance, one or two themes are unusually prominent, and have somewhat the appearance of triteness. Several are responses to well-known songs; and as the "order" required the preservation of the same measure, these songs may have an appearance of imitation; but the author can truly say, that he is unconscious of having, in any instance, made any one his model, or copied aught of thought or expression from others, without giving due credit, by the usual marks.

If this was an ordinary volume of verses, it might lose itself in the multitudes that have preceded it, and thus escape a very trying ordeal; but, as a volume of *original*

songs, it will stand in direct contrast with the two or three which have been issued before it, the principal one of which is by one of the best song-writers in the language. But as most of the songs here collected have met with much favor, in connection with the melodies with which they have been published, it is hoped that some degree, at least, of the same approbation will be given them in this form.

A good song is a public benefit; and, trusting that some in this volume will receive this high meed of praise, they are sent forth as candidates for public approval.

It should be added, that most of the lyrics in this collection have been disposed of to music publishers, who have the exclusive right to use them for musical purposes.

S. D.

PRELUDE.

I.

WHEN first the "morning stars" adorned the azure sky,
Their new-born radiance o'er Creation flinging,
They joined the "Sons of God" in pealing high
A song of praise, and Heaven and Earth were singing.

II.

The Ocean gathered to its mountain bars,
And hill and valley, lapped in bliss and beauty,
Took their first lesson from the vocal stars,
And learned to sing, for song is Love's first duty.

III.

In blooming Eden, through each fragrant grove,
With cadence soft, sweet melodies were flowing;
And every whisper breathed of guileless love,
For only love can cause a pure heart's glowing.

IV.

When in the soul of man awoke desire,
The heart a language sought, to speak its pleasure;
And soft within, as from a hidden lyre,
Sweet melody broke forth in joyous measure.

V.

Lapped in elysian airs, man had his birth,
And song expressed his soul's first warm emotion;
And evermore 't will be in Heaven and Earth
The dialect of love and pure devotion.

VI.

Thus Love and Song are Heaven-begotten twins,
The brightest far of all its fair revealing;
When either in the soul its reign begins,
The other welcome finds, a kindred feeling.

VII.

In that sad hour, when Adam plucked and ate
The fruit he might not touch by Heaven's decreeing,
Then Earth first knew the bitterness of hate,
And Love returned to God a spotless being.

VIII.

But He, whose mercy brooks no long delay,
Back to the world the beauteous one returning,
Bade her again resume her heavenly sway,
A sacred flame in every pure heart burning.

IX.

And Earth is blest to hear the voice of song,
In dulcet strains, a tide of bliss outpouring,
As joy retunes to praise each silent tongue,
To vie with seraphim in their adoring.

X.

O, priceless boon! how oft the stricken heart
Resorts to thee, when sad and all forsaken!
And thou hast still a balm, which can impart
A thrill of joy, and hope anew awaken!

XI.

And when exquisite raptures fill the soul,
And every pulse with new delight is waking,
Too deep for words, it spurns their dull control,
We burst in song, and save the heart from breaking.

XII.

There is a rapture in its slightest tone,
Which words ne'er give, however fitly spoken
It takes the harp, which long has hung alone,
And wakes to joy the strings that grief had broken.

XIII.

No other voice can tell the power of love,
Or heal the soul, when sad and spirit-riven ;
No other pay the homage due above,
Or make the Earth so near a type of Heaven.

XIV.

Oh, ne'er profane a theme so fraught with good ;
Nor deem they trifle, who the lyre had taken,
And, free from grosser cares, its chords have wooed,
To cheer the sad, and Love's pure flame awaken.

XV.

But deem that bosom cold, that ne'er is moved,
When song its charm round other hearts is throwing ;
And colder still, the soul that ne'er has loved,
Nor felt the raptures of its early glowing.

XVI.

Love is the aroma of heavenly flowers,
And song the echo of angelic gladness ;
These give to life the bliss of honeyed hours,
And sanctify our very days of sadness.

XVII.

The simple lays, that wake to tears when sung,
Like chords of feeling from the music taken,
Are in the bosom of the singer strung,
Which every throbbing heart-pulse will awaken.

XVIII.

Whoe'er can sing, will find the blest employ
Full oft from grosser ties the soul has riven,
Till, quite transfigured on the mount of joy,
We hold sweet converse with the choir of Heaven.

XIX.

Then, chide me not that I, delighted, sung,
Ere I could shape my song to fitting measure ;
That, all untaught, the rustic shell I strung,
For song has been to me a priceless treasure.

XX.

I sung because there was a joy in song,
Since love inspired my first rude numbers flowing;
And now I've tried the world full well and long,
I love to sing, for passion still is glowing.

XXI.

Sweet song enshrines the bliss of other days,
And brightens all the promise of to-morrow;
It brings a joy that every loss repays,
And soothes the pain that swells the heart of sorrow.

XXII.

While song can thus new energy impart,
And plume the soul with more than angel pinions,
I'll sing till every shadow leaves the heart,
And woo celestial bliss from Heaven's dominions.

XXIII.

'Tis song enriches every heart and clime,
And breathes the joys of all life's varied stations;
In harmony, Eternity and Time
Live on its chords in holy aspirations.

XXIV.

A world that ne'er has known the power of song,
Where Love is ne'er the raptured bosom swelling,
May well to demons dark and dread belong,
And be to them congenial place of dwelling.

XXV.

But they who yield to music's sweet control,
To deeds of noblest charity are given ;
And they shall learn, when perfect made in soul,
That Love and Song are other names for Heaven!

XXVI.

For Nature I have felt a love intense —
Its birds and flowers, green fields and forests waving ;
Each humble object, to my quickened sense,
Brings some new joy to fill the spirit's craving.

XXVII.

Ere mingling in the world's dark battle-strife
Had petrified the heart, with deepest feeling,
It was bestowed on him who gave it life,
With holy reverence, at His altar kneeling.

XXVIII.

The love of God shall be my highest theme,
His praise my constant joy, a strain unending ;
And, where the rays of fond affection gleam,
There shall my song be heard with others blending.

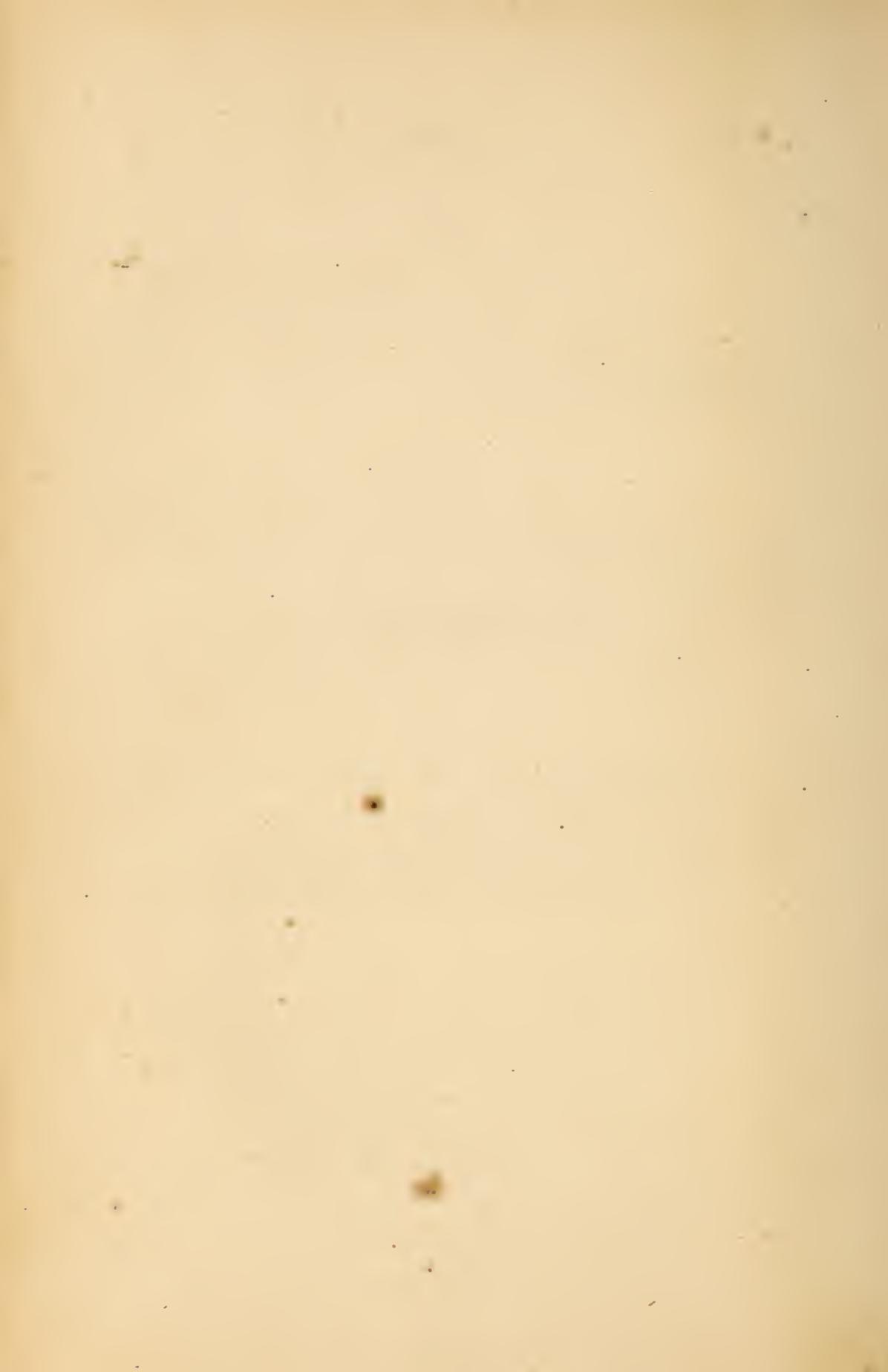
XXIX.

I may not equal, in my highest strain,
The flight of other bards, when humblest soaring ;
Nor hear from other lips these songs again,
When at the shrine of faith and love adoring.

XXX.

Still I must sing, though none may hear to praise,
For song revives my spirit in dejection ;
And, when the light of joy around me plays,
Sure I must sing, for song is joy's reflection !

S O N G S.



THAT SINGLE GRAY HAIR.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

AH, well I remember how curly and golden
And flowing, the locks which I treasured of old,
As o'er thy fair brow they were daintily folden,
Now mild as the amber, now brilliant as gold ;
But ne'er did my heart ever throb with devotion,
Nor deem such a world of affection was there,
As now, when I see, in the glance of each motion,
The light that reflects from a single gray hair.

II.

Ah, true it may be, in the sunlight of beauty,
A shadow that tells of its early decline ;
Oft chilling the heart that is holden by duty,
But feeding the love that is glowing in mine.
Then pluck not the treasure, nor seek to conceal it,
Though faded the amber, and silvered by care ;
And every new comer — O, quickly reveal it, —
'T is robed like the angels — that single gray hair.

III.

The hues that once played o'er thy lock's silken flowin
Were types of the pleasures that fall to us here ;
But changeless, and stainless, that lone one is glowing,
As shine the "white robed" in eternity's sphere.
Then, sigh not that time has revealed such a treasure ;
It sits like the halo that saintly forms wear ;
Thy soft, golden ringlets once thrilled me with pleasure,
But sweeter the light of that single gray hair.

IV.

The heart, for a moment, may shrink from revealing,
How quickly the dawn-light of beauty can fade ;
But oft in the shadow an angel concealing,
The soul, in celestial effulgence, is paid ;
For true hearts like thine, ever brighter crowns winning,
On earth are permitted some jewels to wear ;
And here on thy brow is an early beginning—
The first gem is set in that single gray hair.

ALL ALONE.

Written and sent to an absent and invalid wife. Set to music by C. C. Hull, Esq.

I.

ALONE, alone, that painful word
 Which we must speak when far apart,
 I've breathed so often since we met,
 It seems the echo of my heart.
 I hear it when among the crowd,
 It mingles in each music-tone,
 As though all speech were but a word,
 And that one word were — *all alone!*

II.

Alone, alone, that pensive thought
 Which parting ever leaves behind,
 Has been so constant since we met,
 It seems the impress of the mind.
 It lingers in my waking hours,
 And when soft dreams are round me thrown,
 As though the mind were but a thought,
 And that one thought were — *all alone!*

III.

Alone, alone, that weary state
Which absence ever gives control,
I've felt so deeply since we met,
It seems the being of my soul.
O, then, come back; for, till we meet,
Each feeling, thought, and uttered tone
Can be but part of what I am,
And, without thee, I'm — *all alone!*

AH! YES, I REMEMBER.

[This song was written and dedicated to the memory of a precious little daughter, who slumbers in the cemetery at "Cave Hill," near Louisville, Ky. The "stone" that covers her ashes bears the following inscription :

"SWEET ALICE :

"Our Joy for three years and two months; became a MEMORY July 2d, 1850."

These words have been set to music by Henri Vasouver, James N. Beck, C. J. M. Bradley, and others, and are known to the "Music Trade" as *Ben Bolt's Reply*.]

I.

AH! yes, I remember that name with delight,
 Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear ;
 I seek her lone grave, in the pale hour of night,
 And moisten the turf with a tear.
 And there, when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,
 I wander and muse all alone,
 And long for the time when my head shall repose
 Where sweet Alice lies under the stone.

II.

I roam through the wood, where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill ;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill !
For the hand that so fondly I then pressed in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above !

III.

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true,"
The wild-blooming flowers in the cool, shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew ;
But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone ;
The bosom will heave and the tear-drops will start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone.

A HOME IN THE WEST.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

THE land of the East is the land of my birth —
 There Science has lavished her bountiful store ;
 Her homes are brightest and truest of earth,
 For peace, like an angel, guards every man's door ;
 But Westward, the land of savanna and stream,
 Where Nature surpasses the riches of Art,
 And freedom and plenty are all that we dream,
 I've built me a home and a shrine for the heart ;
 Contented and happy, with plenty and rest,
 The earth has no spot like my home in the West.

II.

The land of the East is the land of the great,
 And glowing the page of her annals of yore ;
 Her sons are the heroes of battle and state,
 Whose crowns are the brightest that mortals e'er wore ;

But here, where their children have found them a home,
The type of true manhood enlarges each day,
And, though they are first in our national dome,
Soon the Stars of the West will shine brighter than they;
Undaunted and honest, a patriot breast
Is found in each humble new home in the West.

III.

A home in the East is the purchase of gold,
And Nature is frugal in blessing its toil;
There homestead and acres are carelessly sold,
Till the heart is ne'er bound by a tie to the soil.
But a home in the West is the bounty of God;
His seal is the plenty that smiles at the door;
And dear is the spot where we break the first sod,
And Nature invitingly welcomes the poor;
Contented and happy, with plenty and rest,
A home for the poor is a home in the West.

IV.

We boast no refinement, like that of the East,
Oft cold as the snow on its bleak granite hills;
Though coarse be the fare in a Westerner's feast,
Yet generous his heart as the soil that he tills.

Hurrah! for the land of savanna and stream,
 . Where bounties are richest and come at our call ;
'T is the home of our longing, in life's brightest dream,
 Where plenty is smiling, and freedom for all :
Then, let us be happy, with plenty and rest,
For the earth has no spot like a home in the West !

WASHINGTON'S TOMB—THE SHRINE OF
THE WORLD.

MUSIC BY J. A. BAKER, ESQ.

I.

IMMORTAL and sacred, untouched by decay,
The tomb of the hero in glory appears;
And nations their homage unceasingly pay
To his ashes, that hallow the place of their tears.
Though he sleeps in the grave, still, enraptured, they greet
The banner of stars, which his valor unfurled,
And hither, as pilgrims, they hasten to meet,
And Washington's tomb is the shrine of the world!

II.

The deeds of the warrior, the tongue of the sage,
The strains of the Poet, though others may claim,
The glory that dazzles the world's brightest page,
Is the halo that circles our Washington's name.

While a freeman shall live, his devotion will greet
 The banner of stars, which his valor unfurled;
 And hither, as pilgrims, the nations will meet,
 And Washington's tomb be the shrine of the world!

III.

While others for glory have fought and have bled,
 His heart and his fame to his country he gave;
 And here, as the feet of the pilgrim are led,
 Each heart is enshrined in our Washington's grave;
 And the gaze of the freeman, with rapture, will greet
 The banner of stars, which his valor unfurled,
 And the hearts of all ages, in unison meet
 At Washington's tomb—the first shrine of the world!

IV.

While sacred, immortal, his resting shall be,
 And nations, adoring, shall covet his fame,
 May the bond of our Union be lasting and free,
 And dear as the love of our Washington's name!
 By the tomb of our hero, united we'll greet
 The banner of stars, which his valor unfurled;
 We'll stand by its honor, its foemen defeat,
 And save from pollution the shrine of the world!

I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN.

MUSIC BY E. Z. WEBSTER, ESQ.

I.

I WOULD not have those hours return,
 Which flushed thy cheeks with rosy youth,
 To quench the light of golden years,
 In memory linked with thee and truth.
 I know thine eyes are growing dim,
 Thy voice has lost its bird-like strain ;
 Yet, there 's such beauty in thine age,
 I would not have thee young again.

II.

Thy gentle hand is tremulous,
 Thy step become less light and free ;
 They say that thou art greatly changed,
 And so thou art, to all but me.
 Though form and face may be less fair,
 It brings to me no thought of pain ;
 Since love grows bright as beauty fades,
 I would not have thee young again.

III.

I see among thy auburn locks
The first pale rays of silver, now ;
A shade of care is on thy face,
A wrinkle forming on thy brow ;
But O, my love like ivy boughs,
Grows greener as thy beauties wane ;
And there's such sweetness in thine age,
I would not have thee young again.

THE OLD EASY CHAIR BY THE FIRE.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

THE days of my youth have all silently sped,
 And my locks are now grown thin and gray;
 My hopes, like a dream in the morning, have fled,
 And nothing remains but decay;
 Yet I seem but a child, as I was long ago,
 When I stood by the form of my sire,
 And my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and fro
 In the old easy chair by the fire.

II.

O, she was my guardian and guide all the day,
 And the angel who watched round my bed;
 Her voice in a murmur of prayer died away,
 For blessings to rest on my head.
 Then I thought ne'er an angel that Heaven could know,
 Though trained in its own peerless choir,
 Could sing like my mother, who rocked to and fro
 In the old easy chair by the fire.

III.

How holy the place, as we gathered at night
Round the altar where peace ever dwelt,
To join in an anthem of praise, and unite
In thanks which our hearts truly felt.
In his sacred old seat, with his locks white as snow,
Sat the venerable form of my sire,
While my dear mother sung, as she rocked to and fro
In the old easy chair by the fire.

IV.

The cottage is gone, which my infancy knew,
And the place is despoiled of its charms;
My friends are all gathered beneath the old yew,
And slumber in death's folded arms;
But often, with rapture, my bosom doth glow,
As I think of my home and my sire,
And the dearest of mothers, who sung long ago
In the old easy chair by the fire!

O TELL ME NOT THAT EARLY LOVE.

MUSIC BY C. C. CONVERSE, ESQ.

I.

O TELL me not that early love
 Can thrill the soul with deepest joy ;
 Nor bid me sigh, when time shall prove
 How soon its sweetest pleasures cloy !
 Give me the love that grows through years,
 And clings, like ivy, round decay,
 That feeds its strength on sorrow's tears,
 When passion's heat has passed away.

II.

O tell me not how love beguiles,
 When bathed in floods of orient light !
 Give me the bliss of glowing smiles,
 When youth and beauty sink in sight.
 How sweet, when age, with frosty breath,
 Shall youthful blood and passion chill,
 To feel a power that, e'en in death,
 Will feed on love's sweet ashes still!

III.

O tell me not that age is cold,
And love's emotion chills at length;
Since, while the form is growing old,
A pure affection gathers strength.
Ah! no, 't is ripened love whose glow
Becomes more beautiful till the even,
And gives a foretaste here below
Of that pure bliss enjoyed in heaven!

O, COULD I NOW THOSE YEARS RECALL!

MUSIC BY J. A. BAKER, ESQ.

I.

O, COULD I now those years recall,
When life was like a summer day,
I would not ask, to see them all
Again in sorrow pass away.
Ah! who would more than once behold
The light of youth and hope depart,
And feel the life-blood growing cold,
And weep as joy forsakes the heart?
O, no, could I those years recall,
When life was like a summer day,
I would not ask, to see them all
Again in sorrow pass away.

II.

With joy, I turn my longing eyes
Where, on the verge of coming night,
Celestial beams glow on the skies,
And fall with rapture on my sight!

And O, my heart as light appears,
And free as youth from care and pain,
I wipe away the falling tears,
Nor sigh for early joys again.
O, no, could I those years recall,
When life was like a summer day,
I would not ask, to see them all
Again in sorrow pass away.

THE WOODMAN'S RESPONSE.

MUSIC BY W. J. LANDRUM.

I.

I spare that aged tree,
 Then dry the starting tear ;
 Long may it shelter thee,
 When wandering sadly here.
 Forbid that I should harm
 What can the power impart,
 The light of joy to charm,
 Like sunshine to the heart.

II.

Few are the friends that prove,
 Through life's sad changes, true ;
 When trusted most, they rove,
 And leave old friends for new.
 Well may thy heart, then, cling
 To this familiar tree,
 That still abroad doth fling
 Its sheltering arms for thee.

III.

When memories of the grave
 Shoot through thy fevered brain,
Come where its branches wave,
 And be a boy again ;
Come when the bosom heaves
 For those thou canst not see,
The murmur of its leaves
 Shall breathe their names to thee.

IV.

I ask no boon to spare
 To thee so dear a friend ;
The storm it still shall dare,
 And hear its branches bend ;
Ah ! who could rudely harm
 What can the power impart,
In this dark world, to charm
 The sunshine to the heart ?

FULL MANY YEARS AGO.

MUSIC BY PROF. H. S. SARONI.

I.

THE merry matin song is heard,
 The emerald plains appear,
 And, wreathed with flowers, sweet May returns,
 The gem of all the year;
 But O, to me it has a voice,
 Whose sweetness none can know,
 It whispers words which thrilled our hearts,
 Full many years ago!

II.

Each bosom, filled with gladness now,
 Bids care good-by to-day,
 And every voice pours forth a song,
 To welcome rosy May;
 But O, to me there is no light
 So bright as memory's glow;
 For, dearest, thou art just the same
 As many years ago!

III.

'T is true, thy auburn locks then waved,
Like sunlight, round thy brow ;
The rose was fresher on thy cheek,
Thine eyes more bright than now ;
But O, our love has known no change,
Nor ceased in strength to grow
Since first I pressed thee to my heart,
Full many years ago !

IV.

Our spring of life has passed away,
The summer time is here ;
Soon autumn's sober hours will come,
And winter, chill and drear ;
But O, to us 't is always May,
Our hearts no seasons know,
Since first the twain were blent in one,
Full many years ago !

A HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

LET others sigh for a valley home,
Where the brooks run murmuring by,
I'll build my cot on the mountain's dome,
Where it leans to the deep-blue sky.
I love to dwell where the eagles soar,
And perch on its starry crown,
The wild winds howl, and the thunders roar,
As the storm comes rattling down!
Then, sigh who will for a valley home,
Where the brooks run murmuring by,
I'll build my cot on the mountain's dome,
Where it leans to the deep-blue sky!

II.

Let others pine for the vale below —
Though a home is more genial there —
I love the drift of the mountain snow,
And the health of its bracing air.

We'll bound away on the chamois track,
Or mark, as the noble deer
Leaps high in air, as our rifles crack;
Hurrah! for our mountain cheer!
Then, sigh who will for a valley home,
Where the brooks run murmuring by,
I'll build my cot on the mountain's dome,
Where it leans to the deep-blue sky!

SPARE THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER, ESQ.

I.

O, SPARE the old homestead!
Nor ruthlessly part
The ties that have bound it
So long to my heart ;
When wandering and weary,
And burdened with care,
A bright spot of sunshine
Still beams for me there.
Then, spare the old homestead,
'T is dear to me yet ;
The home of my childhood
I ne'er can forget !

II.

O, spare the old homestead !
'T was there I first knew
The love of my mother,
Still changeless and true ;

A father's, a brother's,
A loved sister's care,—
O, these are the memories
That beam on me there!
Then, spare the old homestead,
'T is dear to me yet;
The home of my childhood
I ne'er can forget!

III.

O, spare the old homestead!
Though moss-overgrown,
Its halls are deserted,
Decaying, alone;
Yet back to its hearth-stone
My heart will repair,
As though its warm greetings
Still welcomed me there.
Then, spare the old homestead,
'T is dear to me yet;
The home of my childhood
I ne'er can forget!

IV.

O, spare the old homestead!
Till that pensive hour,
When age makes me weary,
And life yields its power;
Then bear me, when fainting,
To breathe its sweet air,
And die 'mid the sunshine
That beams on me there!
Then, spare the old homestead,
'T is dear to me yet;
The home of my childhood
I ne'er can forget!

GRAVE OF BEN BOLT.

THE well-known song of "Ben Bolt" is much wanting in point of unity. In the first stanza, the heart becomes deeply interested in behalf of the gentle "Sweet Alice," and is not prepared to have her so summarily thrust out of view, while the attention is directed to inanimate objects, to keep up the emotions awakened.

This song was written to show the effect of the desired unity; and it is some evidence of its success, that it has, perhaps, been set to more melodies than any other song written in America. Among the composers who have used these words, the following may be named: Carl Cy. Schuek, H. C. Watson, I. B. Woodbury, T. H. Tanner, Frank Barrington, H. A. Whitney, etc.

I.

BY the side of sweet Alice they 've laid Ben Bolt,
 Where often he longed to repose;
 For there he would kneel, with the early spring flowers,
 To plant o'er his darling the rose.
 His heart was as true as the star to his gaze,
 When tossed on the billows alone;
 But now it is cold, and forever at rest,
 For he calmly lies under the stone!

II.

How often his eyes were seen brimming with tears,
 To mingle with others in grief ;
But joy would re-kindle the light of his smile
 When pouring the balm of relief.
At last, he has gone to the bright spirit-land,
 And, free from all sorrow and pain,
He tastes the full raptures of angels above,
 For he meets with sweet Alice again !

III.

We 'll gather the flowers from the green shady nook,
 And moss from the silent old mill,
To strew o'er the graves, where obscurely repose
 The hearts that death only could chill.
And oft, when the heart has grown weary and sad,
 We 'll come, by the twilight, alone,
To muse o'er the spot where, together, Ben Bolt
 And sweet Alice lie under the stone.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

Ah! dearest old homestead! how painful the years
 I've known since I left thy loved circle of yore!
 What anguish of spirit, and hot burning tears!
 My soul has so yearned to behold thee once more!
 Then why do I tremble, as now I retrace
 The path, in my childhood, I so loved to roam?
 Are the dear ones alive, whom I long to embrace,
 To meet at the door-way, and welcome me home?
 Ah! dearest old homestead! I'm treading thy lawn,
 But there's none here to greet me—the loved are all
 gone!

II.

Oh! could I but rest 'neath that old roof again,
 And hear the sweet voice of a mother in prayer,
 My heart would be eased of its burden of pain;—
 Oh, is she yet living, to welcome me there?

The moonlight is cold on its moss-covered walls,
And colder the stranger who stands at the door,
And hope leaves the bosom, as on the ear falls,
“No friend to its hearth-stone will welcome thee more!”
Ah! dearest old homestead! I turn from thy lawn,
For there’s none here to greet me—the loved are all
gone!

THE OLD STAGECOACH.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

THOUGH others boast of their railroad speed,
 The rattling car, and the whistle's scream,
 And look with pride on the iron steed,
 With fiery lungs, and a breath of steam, —
 The jostling, crowding, rushing a-head,
 And scolding, fretting, all in a rage, —
 I sigh again for the visions, fled,
 Of turnpike roads and the old mail stage.
 Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stagecoach!

II.

The old stagecoach, in its golden day,
 Rolled proudly on, with its cheerful load,
 And claimed from all the full right of way,
 A monarch, then, of the turnpike road!

But now the day of its pride is o'er,
It yields the palm to the railway train ;
The dear old friend, so beloved of yore,
We ne'er shall look on its like again.
Then, ho ! for the days of the turnpike road,
The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
The mellow horn, and the merry load
That used to ride in the old stagecoach !

III.

The old stagecoach, as it came, of old,
Each idler roused with its noisy din ;
With cracking whip, how it briskly rolled,
With conscious pride, to the village inn !
But now it stands in the stable-yard,
With dusty seats and a rusty tire,
And we this friend of our youth discard,
For railway cars and a steed of fire ;
Yet give me the days of the turnpike road,
The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
The mellow horn, and the merry load
That used to ride in the old stagecoach !

IV.

Though others boast of their railroad speed,
The rattling cars, and the whistle's scream,
And look with pride on the iron steed,
With lungs of fire and a breath of steam,
I sigh again for the golden day,
When, up the green, with its merry load,
The old stage came, as it held the sway,
A monarch, proud, of the turnpike road.
Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road,
The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
The mellow horn, and the merry load
That used to ride in the old stagecoach!

BRIGHTER HOURS SHALL COME.

MUSIC BY J. HOSKINS, ESQ.

I.

THROUGH every checkered scene of life,
Until we reach the goal,
In hours of peace, or bitter strife,
Song cheers the drooping soul.
Then, if to-day no joy should smile,
And pleasure's voice be dumb,
Let song the aching heart beguile,
Till brighter hours shall come.

II.

What though each fond enjoyment dies,
And dearest hopes decay,
And tears perennial fill the eyes,
Along life's dreary way?
Ah! when the darkest hour is near,
And every pulse is numb,
Let song thy drooping spirits cheer,
Till brighter hours shall come.

III.

Hope on, though joy should long delay ;
'T is better than despair ;
Endure the grief that must have way,
'T will lighten all life's care.
And if the heart at last is riven,
Ne'er yet to fate succumb,
For song shall make for thee a Heaven,
Where brighter hours shall come !

WE PARTED IN YOUTH.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

WE parted in youth, but 't was fate bade us sever,
 And hope sweetly whispered, "we soon meet again;"
 Alas! had we known that farewell was forever,
 No power should have sundered our fond hearts in twain.
 I left thee a rover on life's stormy ocean;
 Thou, thou wert the star I had chosen to guide;
 And ne'er has my heart ever swerved in devotion,
 But turns to thee fondly, whate'er may betide.

II.

We parted in youth, when our vows were first spoken,
 Nor dreamed of the fate that should darken our years;
 But truth ever triumphs, those vows are unbroken,
 Made stronger, like cords, with their dewing of tears.
 Though wrecked on the waters, and hopelessly driven,
 Wide, wide o'er the ocean where'er the storm will,
 Despairing, I look, when the storm-cloud is riven,
 And thou art the star I would gaze upon still.

III.

We parted in youth, and, each hope early blighted,
We never can meet, those fond vows to renew ;
But deathless affections our hearts have united,
And distance ne'er sunders, when spirits are true.
Though sinking beneath the dark whirl of the ocean,
And helpless I struggle, I will not despair ;
In some distant world, shines my star of devotion,
And thou art the one I will gaze upon there !

COMING HOME.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

ADIEU — is uttered with a sigh :
 Farewell — we speak in pain ;
 We ever part with tearful eye ;
 We may not meet again ;
 But O, there is a blissful word,
 When breathed by those who roam,
 Which thrills with joy whenever heard,
 'T is, coming, coming home !

II.

'T is sad to take the parting gaze
 For long, long, weary years,
 As onward through the gathering haze,
 The gallant bark careers.
 But joy untold the bosom swells,
 When o'er the dashing foam
 We mark the whitening sail that tells,
 The loved are coming home !

III.

We love to hear from those who pine
Upon a foreign strand ;
There is a pleasure in each line,
Traced by the well-known hand ;
But O the rapture of that hour,
When those beloved who roam,
Have breathed those words of magic power,
I'm coming, coming home !

I LOVE THE OLD SONGS.

MUSIC BY J. HOSKINS, ESQ.

I.

I LOVE the old songs that we used to sing ;
 There's a rapture untold in the measure ;
 O 't is not in the air, but there's something still there
 That wakens and thrills me with pleasure.
 In those bright happy days of the olden time,
 Ere a shadow of care had come o'er us,
 We sang the old songs with a simple chime,
 And our hearts were as light as the chorus.

II.

I love the old songs that we used to hear,
 When the shadows of evening were darkening ;
 O they still have a spell, the warm bosom to swell,
 As they hold me delighted with harkening.
 It must be the friends who once joined in the song—
 Whose sweet voices such pleasure could give me—
 Come back as I sing, and around me throng,
 To rejoin in the strains they sung with me.

III.

I love the old songs, for they bring the days
 When I joined in the chorus light-hearted ;
O that simple refrain, 't is reviving again
 The joys that have long since departed !
O ! the bright, happy days of the olden time,
 Ere a shadow of care had come o'er us,
When we sung the old songs with a simple chime,
 And our hearts were as light as the chorus !

ASK ME NOT TO SAY FAREWELL.

MUSIC BY C. C. HULL, ESQ.

I.

THOU canst lightly say, we part,
 Since it brings no pang to thee ;
 Though it leaves a broken heart,
 And a hopeless lot to me :
 Yet I would not bid thee stay ;
 Those light words dissolve the spell ;
 Since we part, and part for aye,
 Ask me not to say farewell !

II.

Thou canst say, forget the past,
 Be as though we never met,
 And as idly from thee cast
 Each fond vow, without regret ;
 I can never thus efface
 Thoughts that deep within me dwell ;
 There they still must have a place —
 Ask me not to say farewell !

III.

Thou canst bask in other smiles,
 Since thy heart will feel no blight,
And when pleasure's path beguiles,
 In another's love delight ;
But the heart that once has known
 Love's first pure and holy spell,
If forsaken, dwells alone,
 Broken by the word, farewell !

REMEMBER! O REMEMBER!

MUSIC BY W. H. CURRIE, ESQ.

I.

THOUGH far away, O let thy bosom cherish
 Those holy thoughts we long have held so dear ;
 Nor let one love-tie from the number perish,
 Which bound our hearts in one when I was near.
 In distant lands, my pensive vigils keeping,
 Thy bosom is my spirit's sacred home ;
 Alas !. in loneliness I'm sadly weeping
 That I am doomed from that pure shrine to roam.
 Remember ! O remember !
 Though far away, still let thy bosom cherish
 Those holy thoughts which link my soul to thee,
 Nor let one love-tie from the number perish,
 Remember ! O remember me !

II.

Others, I know, to win thy love are seeking ;
 They'll tell thee I am false and will betray ;

Believe them not, when honied words they 're speaking;

They ne'er can love like one who 's far away!

Where'er I roam, my heart is ever turning,

With deepest homage, to thy bosom's shrine,

Where love's pure flame, like holy incense burning,

Will keep it free from any vow but mine.

Remember! O remember!

Though far away, still let thy bosom cherish

Those holy thoughts which link my soul to thee,

Nor let one love-tie from the number perish,

Remember! O remember me!

THE SIGH I BREATHE ALONE.

MUSIC BY GEORGE S. BRAUN.

I.

OH, COULD my heart but tell its grief,
How soon would I confess it ;
But vain is every hoped relief,
No language can express it !
Then let me pour my silent tears,
And hush the spirit's groan,
And sacred keep from other ears
The sigh I breathe alone.

II.

If half my anguish I could speak,
I would no more conceal it ;
But words, alas ! are all too weak,
Too well I know, who feel it !
Then let my tears in secret flow,
Nor ask one murmuring tone ;
But what I feel no one can know,
Till they shall weep alone !

III.

OH, could my drooping spirit rove,
I 'd leave the grief which tries it,
But how can I forget her love,
Who learned so well to prize it?
Thus, evermore, in silent tears,
I hush the spirit's groan,
And sacred keep from other ears
The sigh I breathe alone!

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

MUSIC BY J. HOSKINS.

I.

THE rosy blush has left the cheek,
Her voice is soft and low ;
Her step is trembling, now, and weak,
Her locks are like the snow ;
The mild blue eye no longer beams
With light, as once erewhile ;
Yet sweeter than an angel's seems
My gentle mother's smile !

II.

Though wrinkled now, I love to dwell
Upon her thoughtful face,
Where lingers more than beauty's spell,
Or blush of youthful grace ;
For there affection ever gleams,
And love that knows no guile ;
And brighter than an angel's seems
My dearest mother's smile !

III.

When far away, and thoughts of home
Fill all my dreams at night,
And mid bright angel throngs I roam,
I see her form of light,
The first to come, the last to go,
And fairest all the while ;
It greets me with a heavenly glow,
My tender mother's smile !

IV.

On earth, 'its light shall cheer my way,
And sweeten all my care ;
And, when death comes, its purer ray
Shall beam around me there ;
And, when I yield this mortal state,
This thought shall still beguile,
'T will be so sweet, at heaven's gate,
To meet my mother's smile !

THE LAST MEETING WITH THE OLD
FOLKS AT HOME.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

AH! many and sad are the years we have known,
 Since, round the old hearth-stone, we joyfully met ;
 What dreams of ambition forever have flown,
 And hope's fairy visions, in darkness, have set !
 But the past is forgotten, now we are all here,
 Where first we knew grief, as we parted to roam ;
 And O, what a rapture there is in a tear,
 When shed as we meet with the old folks at home !

II.

Our paths have been widely dissevered through life.
 And varied the scenes that have yielded employ ;
 To some it has been but a dark battle strife,
 While others have felt sweet emotions of joy !
 But now, as returned from the East and the West,
 Or safe from a life on the wild ocean foam,
 One deep thrill of pleasure pervades every breast,
 As we all meet again with the old folks at home !

III.

Then let us rejoice in re-union to-night,
Since fate, with the dawning, has doomed us to part,
And all the endearments, that now give delight,
Must yield to the grief that returns to the heart !
For Oh, on the morrow, we sever in pain,
For a far distant land, or a path o'er the foam,
Assured, ere we meet on this loved spot again,
The grass will grow green o'er the old folks at home !

ANNIE LEE.

MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER, ESQ.

I.

'T IS now the merry month of May,
 When skies and fields are fair,
 The birds pour forth their roundelay,
 And fragrant is the air;
 But spring can bring no joyous hours,
 As once it did, to me,
 For O, she perished with the flowers,
 My peerless Annie Lee!

II.

I seek the grove at eventide,
 Where we so often met,
 To wander sweetly side by side,
 Ere we had known regret;
 And oft her flute-like voice I hear,
 As when she sang to me,
 And O, I love to think her near,
 My sainted Annie Lee!

III.

'T was there I told my guileless love,
And there she breathed her vow,
And, though she dwells in bliss above,
She seems beside me now !
I see a form, so heavenly bright,
That sweetly smiles on me,
And well I know, though robed in light,
My peerless Annie Lee !

IV.

Let others hail the light of May,
When skies and fields are fair,
And birds pour forth their roundelay,
And fragrant is the air ;
But all the bliss of vernal hours
That e'er returns to me,
Is when I strew with early flowers
The grave of Annie Lee !

O CHIDE ME NOT.

MUSIC BY F. W. RATCLIFF.

I.

O CHIDE me not, if now a wounded heart
 Must be thy lot—forever thine!
 Since all the pains you feel can ne'er impart
 The untold anguish swelling mine.
 I gave to thee the treasures of my soul,
 Nor felt a moment of regret,
 Till taught, alas! that love could not control
 Thy wish to reign a gay coquet.

II.

O chide me not, if doomed, through life's sad years,
 To dwell where hope no ray will cast,
 Though you may seek to find, in silent tears,
 A lethean cup to drown the past.
 I loved thee once, and with a guileless trust;
 O, would that dream I could forget!
 A heart of truth was trampled in the dust
 That you might reign a gay coquet.

III.

O, chide me not, if now, when thou dost see
The fatal snare which led astray,
Should I refuse to yield that heart to thee,
Which, once, was lightly cast away;
And, if no balm thy spirit's wound can heal,
Upbraid me not with vain regret,
Since I, alas! the truth can ne'er conceal,
That thou hast reigned a gay coquet.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

MUSIC BY C. M. TRAVER, ESQ.

I.

O COME at night, when all is calm,
 Then, dearest, come with me,
 That we may feel the witching charm
 Of moonlight on the sea.
 The stars are on the deep below,
 And in the skies above ;
 O come, and thus shall be the glow
 That lights our world of love !

II.

O come amid the hush of night,
 Then, dearest, come with me,
 And you shall taste the sweet delight
 Of moonlight on the sea.
 No billow curls the ocean's breast,
 No cloud is in the sky ;
 O come, and thus shall be the rest
 For which our bosoms sigh !

III.

O come in such an hour as this,
 Come, dearest, come with me ;
There is a sweet and tranquil bliss
 In moonlight on the sea.
When stars are on the deep below,
 And in the skies above ;
Then, come, and such shall be the glow
 That lights our world of love !

O, SHOULD A LIGHT WORD PART US?

FOR MUSIC.

I.

O, SHOULD a light word part us now?
 When we life's heavy cares have borne,
 Or weaken aught our sacred vow,
 And leave the heart all crushed and torn?
 But if the dream of love is o'er,
 And sundered every holy tie,
 O, there remains but one thing more—
 To say farewell, and then to die!

II.

O, should a light and careless word,
 Annul the joys of many years,
 And chill the heart that love has stirred,
 And leave it to despairing tears?
 But, if I'm banished from thy heart,
 And thou art pained when I am nigh,
 O, then 't is well that we should part,
 To say farewell, and then to die!

III.

O, should a word, in thoughtless haste,
 Regretted, ere the sound was gone,
Thus leave the heart a hopeless waste,
 And bring a night that has no dawn?
But if the dream of love is past,
 And thou canst part without a sigh,
O, then, farewell! — it is the last —
 A broken heart has but to die!

THE PRAIRIE HUNTERS.

MUSIC BY C. M. DE LA PERRIERE.

I.

TRUE hunters of the West are we;
 Our path is o'er the prairie lea;
 We track the stealthy panther's lair,
 And grapple with the grizzly bear.
 With mettled steed and dauntless eye,
 Swift as the winds, along we fly,
 Cheerily shouting, as we go,
 Hilli ho! hilli ho!

True hunters of the West are we:
 Cheerily ho, prairie hunters!
 None so happy, sure, as we,
 Ever joyous, ever free,
 Hilli ho, prairie hunters!
 Hilli ho, hilli ho, ah ho!
 Hilli ho, ah hilli ho, ah ho!

II.

True lovers of the West are we ;
 Our "home, sweet home" the prairie lea.
 'T is not that from its fertile plains
 The farmer reaps the richest grains ;
 But here, untouched by want or strife,
 We spend our joyous hunter's life,
 Cheerily shouting, as we go,
 Hilli ho ! hilli ho !

True lovers of the West are we :
 Cheerily ho, prairie hunters !
 Let the dullard delve for gold ;
 Ever joyous, uncontrolled,
 Hilli ho, prairie hunters !
 Hilli ho, hilli ho, ah ho !
 Hilli ho, ah hilli ho, ah ho !

III.

True monarchs of the West are we ;
 Our wide domain is the prairie lea.
 We envy not the king his crown,
 And what care we for cit or town ?
 Our joy is on the bison's track,
 The stirring chase, the rifle's crack ;

Cheerily shouting, as we go,
Hilli ho ! hilli ho !
True monarchs of the West are we ;
Cheerily ho, prairie hunters !
None so happy, sure, as we,
Ever joyous, ever free,
Hilli ho, prairie hunters !
Hilli ho, hilli ho, ah ho !
Hilli ho, ah hilli ho, ah ho !

NELLY GORDON.

MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER, ESQ.

I.

I HAVE loved thee, Nelly Gordon,
 Till my heart now cleaves to thine,
 As devoted, Nelly Gordon,
 As the tendril to the vine.
 Ah! to me, thy smile is brighter
 Than the blush of vernal hours,
 And thy fairy footsteps lighter
 Than the down of summer flowers;
 O, then, tell me, Nelly Gordon,
 If thy spirit turns to me
 As devoted, Nelly Gordon,
 As mine ever cleaves to thee?

II.

I will love thee, Nelly Gordon,
 When the false and vain deceive;
 I will shield thee, Nelly Gordon,
 When, forsaken, thou shalt grieve.

And, though time may shade thy beauty,

I will never change my vow

To a cold and formal duty,

But will love thee then as now.

O, then, tell me, Nelly Gordon,

If thy spirit turns to me

As devoted, Nelly Gordon,

As mine ever cleaves to thee?

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG.

MUSIC BY "J. H."

I.

THOUGH I delight in strains
 Which others breathe so well,
 When melody enchains
 The soul with magic spell,
 I gladly turn apart
 From every warbling tongue,
 To hear, with melting heart,
 The songs my mother sung.

II.

It was a simple lay
 That charmed my boyish years ;
 But still its power can sway,
 And melt my heart to tears ;
 And, though I ne'er again
 Can hear that tuneful tongue,
 My soul, in soft refrain,
 Repeats the songs she sung.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG.

III.

Then, chide me not, if I
Seem cold, when others praise,
And only breathe a sigh,
When joyous are their lays ;
O, can I e'er forget
The time when I was young,
And in my heart were set
The songs my mother sung !

IN DREAMS I LOVE THEE STILL.

MUSIC BY W. H. CURRIE, ESQ.

I.

I VOWED to sigh and pine no more,
 Nor give one passing thought to thee—
 I'd be light-hearted as before,
 And cold as thou to me ;
 But, when soft slumber's golden reign
 Has freed the heart from reason's will,
 I find my waking vows are vain—
 In dreams, I love thee still.

II.

Again I think how false thou art,
 The vows cast off without regret,
 And sternly chide my wayward heart,
 The false one to forget ;
 But, when the night's calm hour returns,
 And slumber leaves the heart at will,
 My firm resolves it idly spurns,—
 In dreams, I love thee still.

III.

I may not hope to win again
The love you once were free to give,
Nor feel a sweet relief from pain ;
'T is mine alone to grieve ;
But I will cease to school my heart
To bend to sterner reason's will,
And freely own, whate'er thou art,
I fondly love thee still !

COME NOT WHEN THE HEART IS SAD.

MUSIC BY J. M. HUBBARD, ESQ.

I.

O, COME not when the heart is sad,
 And tears suffuse the eyes ;
 Nor when the shades of evening rest
 Upon the pensive skies ;
 Choose not a dark and mournful time
 To visit graves, where lie
 The forms of those belovéd most,
 Whose spirits are on high.
 But come when morning suns are bright,
 Amid the blush of spring,
 When thy own heart is light and free
 As birds that gaily sing.

II.

O, come not at the gloaming hour,
 When night's dark shadows chill,
 And croaking birds are heard around,
 Or mournful whippo'will ;

But when the lark is on the wing,
 To greet the smiling morn,
And beams of golden sunlight glance
 O'er all the waving corn ;
When all is joyous, peace, and light,
 And sorrow thence is driven,
O visit, in an hour like this,
 The grave of one in heaven!

PEACE, BE STILL.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

WHEN, on the raging sea of life,
 The billows roll and skies are dark,
 And, faint with toiling, we despair,
 As slowly sinks our foundering bark,
 But turn, in faith, to Him who speaks,
 And wind and sea obey His will,
 And cry, "O save!" His voice will calm
 The swelling floods with, "*Peace, be still!*"

II.

Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
 Fear not, nor winds nor sea can harm,
 With Jesus present in the ship,
 To hush the ocean into calm.
 But let Him hear one earnest cry,
 When fear the trembling heart shall fill, —
 "Save, Master, save!" — He speaks, and lo!
 The tempest hears: 't is "*Peace, be still!*"

III.

Though He may seem awhile to sleep,
 When billows yawn, our bark to whelm,
 His watchful care still guides our way,
 His head is pillowed near the helm.
 And, when our doubting hearts grow faint,
 And fears the frenzied bosom fill,
 He chides our drooping faith, and cries,
 "Be calm, ye waves; ye winds, be still!"

IV.

O, trust Him, then, whate'er betide;
 Though winds and waves may loudest roar;
 He waits awhile, our faith to prove,
 Then bids the tempest rage no more.
 He speaks, and O, the wondrous power,
 The wind and waves obey His will!
 And, o'er the wide-spread sea of life,
 'T is calm as heaven, at—"Peace, be still!"

THE HEART CAN TRUST NO MORE.

MUSIC BY JULES BENEDICT.

I.

HOPES once gone are gone forever,
They return not to the heart ;
Though we seek them, yet they never
Will again their light impart.
Thus, if love's first vows are broken,
Every dream of bliss is o'er ;
Truth, once sullied, is the token
That the heart can trust no more !

II.

Wealth and beauty, swiftly flying,
Outward griefs, can all be met ;
While on plighted vows relying,
Fortune's frowns bring no regret.
But, if truth has once departed,
Love's fond dreams of bliss are o'er ;
Then, alas ! the broken-hearted
Feels the heart can trust no more !

NE'ER THINK I CAN DECEIVE THEE.

SET TO AN AIR BY MOZART.

I.

NE'ER think I can deceive thee,
 Or cause thee e'er to rue ;
 Though all are false, believe me,
 One heart can still be true.
 The stars above us beaming
 Will leave their azure sphere,
 Ere, from my brightest dreaming,
 Thine image disappear !

II.

I know the heart is changing,
 And fickle as the wave,
 And often, in its ranging,
 Recalls the love it gave.
 The floods may leave the ocean,
 The dewy flowers the lea,
 But never my devotion,
 One moment turn from thee !

III.

Though far our paths may sever,
Should fate e'er bid us part,
Nor time nor place shall ever
Divide my constant heart ;
But, while its pulse is beating,
Its truth unstained shall be ;
And, when the last is fleeting,
That throb shall be for thee !

ALICE IN HEAVEN.

MUSIC BY PROF. W. H. CURRIE.

I.

How beauteous is the evening's close
When twilight draweth nigh,
And gorgeously the mellow rays
Adorn the pensive sky!
It is an hour for holy thought;
But O, I love the even,
For 't is the hour my darling one,
Sweet Alice, went to heaven!

II.

I looked upon her angel brow,
Death's touch had made more fair,
And, in those gently closing eyes,
The light of Heaven was there.
One fading smile, one look of love,
And life's last tie was riven;
Alas! that I was left to mourn
Sweet Alice, now in heaven!

III.

The gloom of night may shroud the earth,
And stars forsake the skies,
But on my sad and aching heart
A deeper darkness lies ;
For O, my soul's bright star is quenched,
Whose rays such joy had given :
It set, to rise no more on earth,
When Alice went to heaven !

IV.

I listen for her cherub voice,
Her merry, sylph-like tread ;
I watch to catch her beaming smiles,
Then comes the thought — she 's dead !
They tell me she is happy now,
To soothe my spirit, riven ;
But I must still a weeper be, —
Sweet Alice is in heaven !

V.

But, when such thoughts lie on the soul,
And tears suffuse the eyes,
And murmurs tremble on the lips,
That thus the heart He tries,

I'll think of Him who hath the life
And resurrection given,
And joy that I shall meet again.
Sweet Alice, now in heaven !

I NE'ER CAN LOVE THEE LESS.*

MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

IN youth, unto my lips was pressed
 A flower beyond compare,
 And then I laid it on my breast,
 To shed its fragrance there.
 Its withered leaves, with nicest art,
 In memory's folds I press,
 And shrine them in my inmost heart :
 I ne'er can love thee less !

II.

And, though the bloom has left thy cheek,
 The starry light thine eyes,
 Thy quivering lips the anguish speak,
 Thy patience would disguise —

* The wife of the author having been attacked with erysipelas in the face, her physician applied iodine, which bronzed the skin. The author entering the room soon after, she threw a handkerchief over her face, remarking, that he "should not see her ; for, if he did, he would love her no more." While watching by her bedside that night, these words were written and presented to her in the morning.

Though pain and years upon thy brow
Have left their deep impress,
And thou wert fairer once than now,
I ne'er can love thee less !

III.

I sought thee not for beauty's gloss,
That evanescent thing ;
Its absence were too slight a loss
One faint regret to bring.
Thy truth and love — these ne'er can change,
Nor cease my heart to bless,
Nor can there aught my love estrange ;
I ne'er can love thee less !

SERENADE.

MUSIC BY H. J. PETERS, ESQ.

I.

AWAKE! the moonbeams crown the night,
And slumber on the sea, love,
And all the stars above are bright,
Awake from dreams of me, love!
Awake from dreams of me!

II.

Sweet incense pours from dewy flowers,
Fit emblem pure of thee, love,
And zephyrs come from honied bowers,
Awake, and list to me, love!
Awake, and list to me!

III.

The voice of night delights the ear,
And floats along the lea, love,
But thine, more sweet, I wait to hear,
Breathe one fond word for me, love!
Breathe one fond word for me!

IV.

Let beauty weave her magic spell,
It has no charms for me, love ;
Since first I loved thee, O how well,
My heart is true to thee, love !
My heart is true to thee !

V.

Where'er the bliss of balmy sleep
From care shall set thee free, love,
And angels watch around thee keep,
Bright be thy dreams of me, love !
Bright be thy dreams of me !

VI.

But now, while moonbeams crown the night,
And slumber on the sea, love,
And all the stars above are bright,
Awake, and smile on me, love !
Awake, and smile on me !

SONG SHALL GUARD OUR LIBERTY.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

WHEN our forefathers from them cast
 The chains which bound the conscience fast,
 They vowed henceforth the soil they trod
 Should have no king but thee, O God !
 But evermore from sea to sea,
 Should glow the fires of liberty.
 And we, their sons, repeat again,
 Here pope, nor priest, nor king, shall reign.
 Then let us sing our native land,
 The chorus swell from sea to sea ;
 For song will nerve each heart and hand
 To guard our glorious Liberty.

II.

Ay, by the blood that freely flowed,
 When first the fires of freedom glowed ;
 By all the years of toil and pain
 Endured to break the tyrant's chain ;

And by the freedom nobly won,
We pledge, each true Columbia's son,
To guard our own dear native land
From every foreign spoiler's hand.

Then rally, rally, patriot band,
The chorus swell from sea to sea ;
For song will nerve each heart and hand
To guard our glorious Liberty.

III.

We welcome all who hither come
To find in Freedom's land a home,
And give them leave with us to toil,
To gather riches from our soil,
And earn the sacred right to be
True guardians of our Liberty ;
With us to hold, with us to guide
The land for which our fathers died.

Then let us sing our native land,
The chorus swell from sea to sea ;
For song shall nerve each heart and hand
To guard our glorious Liberty.

I NE'ER FORGET.

I.

Do not chide, if fond affection
 Lingers still, when hope is past ;
 Weeping tears of deep dejection
 Where the wrecks of joy are cast.
 Can the heart thus rudely sever
 Dearest ties without regret?
 Call it weakness — yet forever
 I must love — I ne'er forget!

II.

Well I know that vows were broken —
 Know that truth was cast away ;
 That to me it was a token
 Hope could shed no cheering ray.
 Still my heart will fondly cherish
 That dear name as sacred yet ;
 Call it madness — if I perish,
 I must love — I ne'er forget!

MINNIE MYRTLE.

MUSIC BY W. C. CURRIE, ESQ., AND J. HOWARD DOANE, 1851.
 HAS ALSO BEEN SET TO OTHER MELODIES.

I.

WE smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair,
 And folded her hands on her breast,
 And laid her, at eve, in the valley so fair,
 'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest.
 O rest, Lilly, rest ; no care can assail,
 For green grows the turf o'er the tear-moistened grave
 Of the fairest flower of the vale !

II.

She sleeps 'neath the spot she had marked for repose,
 Where flowers soonest blossom in spring,
 And zephyrs first breathe the perfumes of the rose,
 And the birds come at evening to sing ;
 O rest, Lilly, rest ; no care can assail,
 For green grows the turf o'er the tear-moistened grave
 Of the fairest flower of the vale !

III.

The wide-spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree
 Bend low o'er the place where she lies,
Where eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea,
 And the morn's drink the dew as they rise.
O rest, Lilly, rest ; no care can assail,
 For green grows the turf o'er the tear-moistened grave
Of the fairest flower of the vale !

IV.

Alone, where the brook murmurs soft on the air,
 She sleeps with the turf on her breast,
As we laid her, at eve, in the valley so fair,
 'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest.
O rest, Lilly, rest ; no care can assail,
 For green grows the turf o'er the tear-moistened grave
Of the fairest flower of the vale !

WE TWO HAVE BEEN LIKE BROTHERS.

MUSIC BY I. B. WOODBURY, ESQ.

I.

WE two have been like brothers,
 Through long and weary years ;
 One's joy has been the other's,
 His sadness and his tears.
 Though life has brought its changes,
 And others have grown chill,
 Our hearts no time estranges,
 We two are brothers still.

II.

Our hearts were linked like brothers
 In early dawn of youth,
 When each became the other's,
 In confidence and truth ;
 And now, when worn and weary,
 We totter down the hill,
 It makes the way less dreary
 That we are brothers still.

III.

Through life we 've been like brothers,
To help in time of need,
To share what was the other's,
And be a friend indeed ;
And ne'er, whate'er betide us,
Or be it good or ill,
Shall aught on earth divide us,—
We two are brothers still !

WE TWO HAVE BEEN LIKE SISTERS.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

WE two have been like sisters,
 Since first we gathered flowers
To grace the brow of childhood
 In life's bright vernal hours ;
And, now those days are numbered,
 And care is on each brow,
We quite forget their fading,—
 We two are sisters now.

II.

We were confiding sisters,
 When others sought to share
The love our hearts had mingled,
 Ere other thoughts were there ;
Alas ! how soon forgotten
 Was every solemn vow !
We then were one in sadness,
 We two are sisters now.

III.

We e'er were loving sisters
In joy and hours of grief;
In mingled bliss or sorrow,
Found pleasure or relief;
And, though each hope may perish
That time can e'er allow,
We'll live and love like sisters,
Affectionate as now.

MY FATHER IS HERE.

MUSIC BY L. V. H. CROSBY, AND PROF. T. WOOD.

I.

IN the hush of the evening, alone,
A mother sat watching her child,
When a light o'er its fair features shone,
And its lips in soft murmurings smiled.
She listens to catch every sigh,
And joy takes the place of a tear,
For it talks of the angels on high,
And whispers, My Father is here,
My Father is here !

II.

And her heart grew so calm and serene,
As she gazed on the vacant old chair
Where so often the loved one was seen,
For she knew that his spirit was there.
Then she pressed the soft lips of her child,
And felt that an angel was near,
For it woke to her pressure and smiled,
And whispered, My Father is here,
My Father is here !

LILLA CLARE.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

WHEN first I knew sweet Lilla Clare,
No star could match her sparkling eye,
And with the cheek of Lilla Clare
The summer rose would blush to vie.
Her flowing locks in golden waves
Were bright as sunbeams on the tide,
And her sweet voice and witching smile
Held me a captive by her side.
And thus the love of Lilla Clare
Became more dear than life to me ;
My only wish, that Lilla Clare
Would never set her captive free.

II.

I told my love to Lilla Clare.
With downcast look she heard me through ;
Then, with a blush, sighed Lilla Clare,
My heart to thine is ever true !

But soon my dreams of bliss were o'er,
And all my fond affections sere,
For Lilla sleeps in yonder grave,
And I am left heart-broken here.
O, now I weep for Lilla Clare,
And know no joy but in a sigh ;
I long to rest by Lilla Clare,
Where tears no more can dim the eye.

AH, IS IT SWEET TO TELL M

MUSIC BY S. W. STONE, ESQ.

I.

AH, is it sweet to tell me,
 Or worth my while to keep
 A secret only whispered
 In vagaries of sleep?
 Yet tell to me the treasure,
 I'll prize it for thy sake;
 And love me still when dreaming,
 But talk as one awake.

II.

The love you fondly whisper,
 When waking, to my ear,
 Though only felt when dreaming,
 Is ever held most dear.
 One may deceive when waking,
 Be other than he seems;
 But slumber knows no falsehood,
 The heart is true in dreams.

III.

But talk no more of dreaming,
Of hopes that falsely shine ;
With all its deep devotion,
My heart responds to thine !
Then tell the blissful secret,
I'll keep it for thy sake,
And love me still when dreaming
But talk as one awake.

RETURN, RETURN TO ME.

I.

WHEN thou shalt find thy promised joys are fleeting,
 And learn how false a seeming friend can be ;
 When every fibre of thy heart is beating,
 And there are none to share that grief with thee ;
 Then think of one whom now you pass unheeding, —
 A step ere long you 'll deeply, sadly rue, —
 And, though you come with heart all torn and bleeding,
 Yet, O, return, return ! I still am true !
 Return, return to me.

When thou shalt find thy promised joys are perished,
 And know how false a seeming friend can be,
 And learn to prize the truth once fondly cherished,
 O, then return, return to me.

II.

I will not chide for vows thus lightly broken.
 Thy heart has ne'er been false, but was betrayed ;
 And O, those holy words thy lips have spoken,
 In fondest, truest love will yet be paid ;

For thou wilt soon from this sad dream awaken,
And yearn to breathe those first warm vows anew ;
And, though I now am lightly thus forsaken,
Then O, return, return ! I still am true !
Return, return to me.

When thou shalt find thy promised joys are perished,
And know how false a seeming friend can be,
And learn to prize the truth once fondly cherished,
O, then return, return to me.

THE LIGHT OF SADNESS.

I.

How fondly will affection cling
To what we early cherish,
E'en when it has no power to bring
The joys so soon to perish.
The heart delights to linger there,
And, with a mournful pleasure,
Still gathers up with pious care
The dust of buried treasure.

II.

There is a pleasure in a sigh,
When pure the fount of feeling ;
And brighter is the tearful eye
Then when 't is joy revealing.
'T is sweet from out the wreck of years
To cull each withered token,
And garner up a store of tears,
To feed the heart when broken.

LITTLE BLIND BELL.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

THAT bright sunbeam! where has it gone?

'T was on my cheek and brow;

O, has it from the window flown,

Or is it by me now?

I felt it warm the gushing tears

Which from my eyelids steal,

But when I try to hold it there,

Its rays I cannot feel.

Alas, I cannot grasp that beam!

Say, mother, can you tell

Why I can never catch the rays

That kiss your little Bell?

II.

O, 't is so sad to dwell in gloom,

And know that from the skies

The sunbeams glance, and softly lie

Upon my very eyes.

Ah, when I feel them resting there,
I grasp with all my might ;
Perhaps, if I could hold them there,
I soon should see the light.
But when I shut my hand, they fly !
O, mother, can you tell
Why I can never catch the beams
That kiss your little Bell.

III.

The sunbeam loves me, I am sure,
For it so often flies
To leave its warm kiss on my cheek,
And dry my weeping eyes.
And though my hand may not retain
The bright one ever here,
I shall in heaven behold the glow
That lights its radiant sphere ;
For there no night will ever come,
I've often heard you tell,
Nor shadow rest upon the eyes
Of happy little Bell.

DEAREST OLD MANSION.

MUSIC BY J. M. HUBBARD, ESQ.

I.

SWEET home of my childhood !
My heart turns to thee,
As when through thy wild-wood,
My steps wandered free ;
But sadness comes o'er me,
And tear-drops will gleam,
Since thou art before me,
The light of a dream ;
Ah ! dearest old mansion,
I cleave to thee still,
As when in my childhood,
I crossed o'er thy sill.

II.

The love that enshrined thee,
In childhood's bright hour,

Unshaken, still binds thee
 With sanctified power.
Though fairest I knew thee,
 Yet now thou dost seem
A heaven, as I viewed thee
 The light of a dream.
Ah! dearest old mansion,
 I cleave to thee still,
As when in my childhood
 I crossed o'er thy sill.

III.

The flowers are all blighted
 Which grew at thy door,
Where once we delighted
 To gather of yore,
And ivy is twining
 The moss-covered beam,
But thou art still shining,
 The light of a dream.
Ah! dearest old mansion,
 I cleave to thee still,
As when in my childhood
 I crossed o'er thy sill.

IV.

All, all is decaying,
Thy loved ones are gone,
And lonely I'm straying
The path up the lawn :
But, home of my childhood !
My heart turns to thee,
As when through thy wild-wood,
My steps wandered free.
Ah ! dearest old mansion,
I cleave to thee still,
As when in my childhood
I crossed o'er thy sill.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

LIFE is a race where some succeed,
 While others are beginning ;
 'T is luck at times, at others speed,
 That gives an early winning.
 But if you chance to fall behind,
 Ne'er slacken your endeavor ;
 Just keep this wholesome truth in mind, —
 'T is better late than never.

II.

If you can keep ahead, 't is well,
 But never trip your neighbor ;
 'T is noble when you can excel
 By honest, patient labor.
 But, if you are outstripped at last,
 Press on as bold as ever ;
 Remember, though you are surpassed,
 'T is better late than never !

III.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another,
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever ;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'T is better late than never !

IV.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring ;
Then, though the last, when once 't is won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor ;
But ever keep this truth in mind, —
'T is better late than never !

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

I.

THIS world has a treasure for every true heart,
 That seeks it undaunted through trial and need;
 The secret to find it is, act well your part,
 Whatever your station, and you will succeed.
 Be truthful and earnest wherever you go;
 Hold toil as a blessing that sweetens your bread;
 Give your heart to each duty, your strength to each
 blow,
 And with every stroke, hit the nail on the head.

II.

This world is no hive where the drone may repose,
 While others are gleaning its honey with care;
 Nor will he succeed who is dealing his blows
 At random, and recklessly hits everywhere.
 But choose well your purpose, then breast to the strife,
 And hold to it firmly, by rectitude led;
 Give your heart to your duty, and strike for your life,
 And with every stroke, hit the nail on the head.

III.

If fate is against you, ne'er falter nor fret,
'T will not mend your fortunes nor lighten your load ;
Be earnest, still earnest, and you will forget
You e'er had a burden to bear on the road.
And when at the close, what a pleasure to know
That you, never flinching, however life sped,
Gave your heart to your duty, your strength to each
blow,
And with every stroke, hit the nail on the head.

WHEN JOY'S FULL TIDE IS RUSHING.

MUSIC BY CHARLES C. CONVERSE, ESQ.

I.

WHEN joy's full tide is rushing
 With rapture through the soul,
 The voice of sorrow hushing
 By its divine control,
 Then thoughts of the departed
 Return in memory's train,
 As though the joyous-hearted
 Enticed them back again.

II.

They come, no forms revealing,
 No sound breaks on the ear,
 But a sweet and holy feeling
 Evinces they are near.

There is a blissful meeting,
An interchange of love,
A mystic spirit-greeting,
Known but to those above.

III.

When thoughts of crushing sadness
Are from the spirits thrown,
They mingle in our gladness,
And share with us their own ;
With every joy imparted,
The dearly loved of yore,
From memory's slumber started,
Revisit us once more.

O, SAY NOT FRIENDSHIP IS A NAME.

I.

O, SAY not friendship is a name,
 Used only for betraying ;
 That none e'er feel the sacred flame
 When fortune is decaying.
 No, there are hearts that never range,
 When once their truth is plighted,
 But are the same when years of change
 The fairest hopes have blighted.

II.

O, say not friendship is a word,
 Forgotten when 't is spoken,—
 A vow the ear has often heard,
 No sooner made than broken.
 Ah, no ! it is a sacred thing,
 Still in the bosom cherished,
 The fountain whence our pleasures spring,
 When other joys have perished.

III.

O, call it not an idle dream
Of fancy's airy weaving,
A false and evanescent gleam,
When brightest, still deceiving.
No, no ! believe me, thou wilt find
Thy love and truth requited,
And in the heart their joys enshrined,
When other hopes are blighted.

THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

'THOUGH they may lay beneath the ground
 The form of Allie dear,
 I know his spirit hovers round,
 And mingles with us here.
 His home may be in heaven above ;
 Yet oft to us below
 He will return to breathe his love, —
 The angels told me so.

II.

His form reposed upon the bier
 In sweet cherubic rest,
 When others came to shed the tear,
 And ease the aching breast ;
 But Willie felt no throbbing pain,
 As he repeats, " I know
 Dear Allie will come back again, —
 The angels told me so."

III.

And as he gazed his eyes grew bright,
And joy o'erspread his brow,
As he exclaims, in rapt delight,
“O, there is Allie now!
I knew he would return to see
Those he so loved below,
And be a brother still to me, —
The angels told me so!”

"MEMORY'S LEAVES."

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

THE heart is like a stainless page,
Ere Time has traced it o'er with care;
But every thought that may engage
Will leave its light or shadow there.
As moments quickly fly apace,
And Fate his web unceasing weaves
In lines that we can ne'er deface,
Each scene is left on "*Memory's Leaves.*"

II.

Each soul is but a living book,
With Time's imprint on every part,
Where but the spirit's eye can look,
To read the chapters on the heart.

And I have read thine o'er and o'er,
Till every thought mine own perceives ;
And, treasured in its inmost core,
Thy truth is 'graved on "*Memory's Leaves.*"

III.

In every chamber of the mind
Some picture of the past I see,
But in remembrance still I find
The brightest one resembles thee.
O, there are scenes we would forget,
O'er which the spirit sadly grieves ;
But not an hour since first we met
But glows with love on "*Memory's Leaves.*"

IV.

On every page in memory's folds
Some dear affection is enshrined,
Which still the heart enchanted holds,
When years have swept across the mind.
But when I seek the cherished one
To which my spirit ever cleaves,
My thoughts still o'er the brightest run,
To fix on thine in "*Memory's Leaves.*"

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

MUSIC BY "MARIL MADWORT."

I.

I OFFER thee no treasured gold,
No palace opes the door ;
My sum of wealth is soonest told,
I own that I am poor.
To live in fond affection's shrine
On earth my only part is.
But you shall prove, in sharing mine,
That home is where the heart is.

II.

I offer not the love untried,
Which ardent youth bestows,
But that which time has sanctified,
Still deepning as it flows.

If love like this your heart can bind,
 Though mine a humble part is,
Come, share my lot, and you shall find
 That home is where the heart is.

III.

I offer not a home where care
 And pain have never been,
For grief has often entered there,
 And may return again ;
But, if affections that will grow,
 Whate'er in life our part is,
Are what you seek,— then, come and know
 That home is where the heart is.

THE HORSE AND THE RAILROAD.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

HA! HA! how I welcome the fiery-lunged steed,
 As he rushes along with a scream,
 For it leaves me in freedom to bound o'er the mead,
 While they do up their labor by steam.
 No more will the saddle be galling my back,
 As jogging with grist to the mill;
 No tugging at burdens too heavy to pack,
 When stuck at the foot of the hill.
 Ha! ha! how I'm freed by the fiery-lunged steed,
 As he rushes along with a scream,
 For it leaves me in freedom to bound o'er the mead,
 While they do up their labor by steam.

II.

Ha! ha! how I welcome the iron-bound road,
 And the laying of cross-tie and beam,

For it saves me the galling of collar and load,
While they do up their labor by steam.
Away with the plough and the cart ever more,
To mules such as Dobbin and John ;
If harnessed at all, 't is a " full coach and four,"
Filled up with the best of the *ton*.
Ha ! ha ! how I neigh as I 'm prancing away,
When the car rushes by with a scream ;
For it leaves me in freedom to roam all the day,
While they do up their labor by steam.

III.

Ha ! ha ! I delight in the rushing of trains,
Though they startle anon with a scream ;
For they leave me uncurbed by the bit or the reins,
While they do up their labor by steam.
Again, as the chargers so famous of old,
The hero to battle I'll bear ;
And when his high daring in story is told,
His glory and honor I 'll share.
Ha ! ha ! how I 'm freed by the fiery-lunged steed,
As he rushes along with a scream,
For it leaves me in freedom to bound o'er the mead,
While they do up their labor by steam.

IN THE LIGHT OF THINE EYES.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

As the star in the skies and the dew on the lea,
 Thus pure is the spirit that slumbers in thee;
 O waken, sweet lady, and list to my lay,
 For thy smile is the day-star that lightens my way.

O awake, lady, wake,
 From thy dreaming arise,
 And the dawning will break
 In the light of thine eyes.

II.

As the flower in its blooming, the pearl in its shell,
 The thoughts of thy bosom in purity dwell;
 O wake, gentle lady, and list to my strain,
 For thy love is the link in my destiny's chain.

Then awake, lady, wake,
From thy dreaming arise,
And the dawning will break
In the light of thine eyes.

III.

As the life seeks the heart and the needle the pole,
My spirit has sought thee, thou light of my soul!
Then list to me, lady, while stars shine above;
My heart will adore thee, unchanged in its love.

Then awake, lady, wake,
From thy dreaming arise,
And the dawning will break
In the light of thine eyes.

MY GENTLE LIZZIE'S FAR AWAY.

FOR MUSIC.

I

My gentle Lizzie's far away,
'T is long ere I shall meet her ;
But, in my dreams, and thoughts by day,
My spirit flies to greet her.
Though for a time we dwell apart,
No distance e'er can sever ;
The love that warms her constant heart
Will constant be forever.

II.

My gentle Lizzie's far away,
And I am weary waiting ;
But, while I chide the long delay,
One thought is still elating :

Though many dreary years shall wane,
Our wedded hearts to sever,
Whene'er we fondly meet again
She 'll constant be as ever.

III.

My gentle Lizzie's far away,
And O! my heart is yearning
To hail that ever-welcome day
That calls for her returning.
But, till that happy hour I see,
This thought shall cheer me ever, —
The love that binds her heart to me
Will changeless be forever!

SILENT LOVE.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

O, COULDST thou know how oft I strove
 My prisoned heart to free,
 By telling all the wealth of love
 It treasures up for thee,
 Thou wouldst not let me live in fear
 Lest mine should be the lot
 To hear what most I dread to hear, —
 O no, I love thee not !

II.

How oft I gaze upon thy face,
 One ray of hope to gain ;
 But, though each passion-shade I trace,
 Alas, I look in vain !

Then, till thy smiles shall love betray,
Let silence be my lot ;
For O, I ne'er could hear thee say,—
O no, I love thee not!

OUR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I.

OUR mother sleeps beneath the ground,
 Where many withered flowers are lying,
 So lately plucked and strewn around,
 With trembling hand and bitter sighing ;
 But, though our hearts from fountains deep
 Pour forth the grief they cannot smother,
 We love to go at eve and weep
 Where thou art sleeping, gentle mother.

II.

We've made thy grave beneath the tree,
 Where thou didst love to sit at even,
 When fairest flowers were on the lea
 And purple light was in the heaven.
 And now, where once thy feet would rest,
 We often meet to greet each other,
 And strew fresh flowers upon thy breast,
 And bless again our gentle mother.

III.

We soon must leave the dear old home,
And wide on earth our paths may sever,
But, wheresoe'er our steps may roam,
Our hearts will mingle here forever ;
And memory oft will drop the tear,
And call forth grief we would not smother,
As we in soul still linger near
Where thou art sleeping, gentle mother.

MINNIE GREY.

MUSIC BY H. TUCKER, ESQ.

I.

SADLY now I make my mourn,
Breathing forth my life in sighs ;
Mary to the grave is borne,
And my heart is where she lies.
Softly, freely fall the tears,
Sadly pass the hours away ;
Nothing now my spirit cheers,
Since they buried Minnie Grey !

II.

O, the bliss almost divine,
When her plighted love she gave ;
Ah, how brief that joy was mine !
Flowers now bloom upon her grave.

Softly, freely fall the tears,
 Sadly pass the hours away ;
Nothing now my spirit cheers,
 Since they buried Minnie Grey !

III.

Now my heart with grief is riven,
 Hopeless pass life's sands away ;
But 't is bliss to know in heaven
 I shall meet sweet Minnie Grey.
Softly, freely fall the tears,
 Sadly pass the hours away ;
Nothing now my spirit cheers,
 Since they buried Minnie Grey !

IN BLISS WE SHALL MEET THEE.

MUSIC BY PROF. WM. STRIBY.

I.

How sad to return to the home where, light-hearted,
 We mingled in pleasures of friendship each year,
 And find from its halls that bright star has departed
 Who once was the light and the life of its sphere.

II.

Her form, only granted awhile as a token
 Of love from its Maker, is doomed to decay ;
 Like cloud-wreaths at evening which rude winds
 have broken,
 Her vision-like beauty soon faded away.

III.

We hung on her lips as she gave the last greeting,
 And bade her adieu with a tear-moistened eye ;
 Nor thought for one moment 't would be our last
 meeting,
 Till we pass to her own starry home in the sky.

IV.

Though we hear not her song, and beneath her light
fingers
The chords of the harp may ne'er thrill to her strain,
Yet deep in the memory a melody lingers,
And in its sweet echoes we hear her again.

V.

Farewell, dearest one ! thou wert early benighted,
Ere well thou hadst launched thy frail bark from
the shore.
How oft in thy presenee we've lingered, delighted,
To hear those sweet strains that will charm us no
more.

VI.

Yet why should we mourn thee, though parted in
sorrow,
Or at the bereavements of heaven complain ?
But wait for the dawning of that promised morrow,—
In bliss we shall meet thee, to part ne'er again !

O NO, I AM NOT BLIND.

MUSIC BY W. J. HEFFERNAN, ESQ.

I.

THEY tell me that my face is fair,
 And pleasant to behold,
 And oft they stroke my silken hair,
 That falls in many a fold ;
 And then such tender words they speak,
 Indeed, it is so kind ;
 They whisper, as they kiss my cheek, —
 Alas, that she is blind !

II.

I hear the birds in woodland bowers,
 Their forms I may not see ;
 I smell the fragrant vernal flowers,
 How beauteous they must be !

They say the stars shine every night,
 To gladden all mankind ;
 But not one ray breaks on my sight, —
 Alas, that I am blind !

III.

I hear the tread of merry feet,
 But slow my step must be,
 And when the joyous group I meet,
 Their smiles I cannot see ;
 And if I mingle in their plays,
 Anon I'm sure to find
 I am debarred such sportive ways, —
 Alas, that I am blind !

IV.

Yet deem not that I e'er complain
 That sightless orbs were given,
 For He who formed them thus doth deign
 The purer light of heaven ;
 And though these eyes in darkness roll,
 The visions of the mind
 Like sunlight lie upon the soul, —
 O no, I am not blind !

THE GOLDEN RULE.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

IN the bustle of life, when the truth of the heart
Is tried by a selfish control,
Where, where is a refuge to shield, and impart
True light to a heaven-born soul?
O, pause not to ask what the wisest would do,
Their wisdom ne'er found such a gem:
"All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them."

II.

If thou and thy brother have aught to decide,
And fail at the last to agree,
Ne'er bring to another thy cause to be tried,
As erring and selfish as he.

No, — judge for thyself by this rule, ever true,
Ere thou dost a brother condemn :
“All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them.”

III.

If a dark wave of trouble has swept o'er a soul,
And a cry has gone forth for relief,
Ne'er pause ere you give, nor thy charity dole,
Lest thou add a new pang to the grief.
Still follow the rule that is changeless and true,
And ne'er will thy conscience condemn :
“All things that ye would men should do unto you,
Do ye even so unto them.”

MOTHER DEAR, GOOD-BY.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT"

I.

THE hour has come to say farewell,
 And yet we linger near,
 Still loth to break the sacred spell
 Which long has bound us here.
 But, while a choking fills the heart,
 And burning tears each eye,
 Once more, ere we asunder part,
 O mother dear, good-by!

II.

The hour has come when home can be
 A home to us no more ;
 But we would linger near to thee
 A moment, ere 't is o'er.

Once more upon that bosom rest,
Whose love can never die ;
Claim one embrace, so long, so blest, —
Then, mother dear, good-by !

III.

When, at the quiet hour of even,
Forgetting worldly care,
Thine eye of faith looks⁴ up to heaven,
Still breathe for us thy prayer.
Now, while a choking fills the heart,
And burning tears each eye,
Once more, ere we asunder part,
O mother dear, good-by !

LOVE'S INTERPRETERS.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

“IN Eastern lands they talk with flowers,”
In floral speech their loves disclose ;
They sit at eve 'neath vocal bowers,
To learn the accents of the rose.
And when no words the heart can free,
Or tell its pleasure or its pain,
A gift of flowers from off the lea
Interprets all, and makes it plain.

II.

Whene'er in words I strive to tell
The love my heart has garnered long;
Emotions deep within me swell,
And choke the utterance of the tongue.

Then, take the simple wreath I twine
Of vocal flowers from off the lea;
The language that they speak is mine,
Revealing all my soul to thee.

WAITING FOR THEE AT HOME.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

WITH longing and looking to see thee again,
 Our hearts have grown sad, and our eyes dim with
 tears ;
 Each moment you tarry increases the pain
 We've felt for the absent, these long, weary years.
 Then come, we are waiting — O, why dost thou roam,
 When true hearts are longing to welcome thee home ?

II.

When round the loved circle we gather at night,
 We pensively gaze on the vacant old chair ;
 For, though thou art wandering and far from our sight,
 That place is held sacred, reserved for thee, there.
 Then come, we are waiting — O, why dost thou roam,
 When loved ones are longing to welcome thee home ?

III.

Though pleasures may lure thee, and genius may shine,
Remember the absent still love thee most dear ;
And O, should misfortune or sorrow be thine,
The only hearts grieving would grieve for thee here.
Then come, we are waiting — O, cease now to roam,
And fond hearts most gladly will welcome thee home!

THE MOTHER'S LAST GREETING.

I

WE gathered round her lonely bed
 When death was lingering nigh,
 As pallid grew her cheek and lip,
 And dim the lustrous eye ;
 But peace was hers, and joy as sweet
 As angels ever knew,
 When she bestowed her parting kiss,
 And sighed her last adieu.

II.

Ah, well she knew our trusting hearts,
 And gave back love for love ;
 But stronger ties than earth can bind
 Had linked her soul above.
 One earnest, tender look she gave,
 And life's last pang was o'er ;
 But long there lingered on her lips, —
 "Adieu ! we meet no more !"

III.

A calmness settled on her brow,
Whose light had ceased to burn ;
And, when we pressed her lips in grief,
We felt no warm return.
Yet, as we lingered by her side,
And wept, a soft refrain
Like spirit murmurs filled the room, —
“In heaven we meet again !”

IV.

That last fond greeting, mother, dear,
We never can forget,
For thou art living in our hearts
In saint-like beauty yet ;
And, though we weep beside thy grave,
It is a pleasing pain,
For then we hear that spirit voice. —
“In heaven we meet again !”

O, WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY?

MUSIC BY N. C. MORSE, ESQ.

I.

O, WHAT do the birds say,
 In the bright hours of spring,
 As they carol away
 On their joyous wing?
 Now the winter is over,
 The bleak winds are gone,
 And sweet-scented clover
 Empurples the lawn,
 O, hear what the birds say,
 And breathe it to me:
 Their song is a love lay, —
 E-ral-ee, e-ral-ee,
 Their song is a love lay,
 E-ral-ee.

II.

O, what do the birds say,
Now summer is past,
And the forests are gray
As they sway to the blast?
The sweet flowers are blighted,
The glad days are o'er,
And scenes that delighted,
Rebrighten no more.
O, hear what the birds say,
And breathe it to me:
They still sing their love lay,—
E-ral-ee, e-ral-ee,
They still sing their love lay,
E-ral-ee.

THERE IS A WORD WHICH OTHERS SPEAK.

MUSIC BY VAN DER WEYDE.

I.

THERE is a word which others speak
 As though it were a common word;
 It brings no paleness to the cheek,
 Nor are the depths of feeling stirred.
 But, when I must pronounce that sound,
 Emotions wildly in me swell,
 For O, my heart receives a wound,
 Whene'er my lips have said — *farewell!*

II.

That sacred name on trifling lips
 May have an utterance every hour,
 As from their tongues it lightly trips,
 Their hearts unconscious of its power;

• But o'er my soul it holds a sway,
 That seals my lips as with a spell.
 When called to part, and part for aye,
 'T is only then I say—*farewell!*

III.

In fashion's gay and heartless throng,
 And where the busy crowds repair,
 That word is often on the tongue,
 As though 't were meant for utterance there;
 But when my lips must breathe that tone,
 Ere from my tongue its accents fell,
 I'd seek some place, and there alone
 To those I love, would say—*farewell!*

DO NOT TARRY LONG.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

THOUGH you must go, 't is hard to part,
 Since it will break home's sacred spell;
 Yet I will chide my aching heart,
 And calmly say, farewell!
 But, when afar, remember me,
 As other friends around thee throng;
 Think how my heart still cleaves to thee,
 And do not tarry long.

II.

When other scenes shall charm thy sight,
 And every hour and thought employ,
 And in a round of gay delight,
 Thou hast thy fill of joy;

O, let your heart to me return,
And do not deem it very wrong
If for thy presence I should yearn;
And do not tarry long.

III.

Farewell! I would not bid thee stay,
When loving hearts are waiting thee;
I only crave, where'er you stray,
That you remember me.
And if my lonely heart should yearn
Till grief become intensely strong,
And I should ask thee to return,
Then do not tarry long.

THE FOREST BURIAL.

MUSIC BY G. APPUNN.

I.

REST thee, loved one! We have laid thee
 Where the wild wood maketh sighs,
 Tears perfume the bed we made thee
 Where the withered foliage lies.
 Distant from thy native dwelling
 We must chant thy requiem;
 Few the hearts with sadness swelling,
 Few will join the funeral hymn.

II.

On the morrow we must leave thee,
 Lonely in thy woodland grave,
 Where the vine a tomb shall weave thee,
 Creeping where the branches wave.

All thy love, let Nature breathe it,
When the vernal hours return;
Write thy name with flowers, and wreath it
Round thy holy forest urn!

LITTLE EVA'S VISION.*

MUSIC BY HENRI VASOUVER.

[“ Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn :

“ I see a band of spirits bright,
That taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.’

“ ‘ Uncle Tom, I’ve seen *them*,’ said Eva. ‘ They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits ;’ and Eva’s eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice :

“ ‘ They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.’

“ ‘ Uncle Tom,’ said Eva, ‘ I’m going there!’ ”]

I.

O Tom! I’ve seen those spirits bright,
How glorious they appear ;
They come around my bed at night,
I love to have them near.

* Uncle Tom’s Cabin, Vol. II. p 64.

For then I see into the skies,
Where all is bright and fair ;
And O, no tears can dim the eyes
Of those who dwell up there.

II.

And when in grief I fall asleep,
Those shining ones are near,
And whisper, "Eva, do not weep;
We'll wipe away each tear."
And then they sing of heavenly love,
Till I forget all care;
They tell me I've a home above,
And soon they'll take me there!

III.

E'en now, dear Tom, they round me throng,
In spotless robes of white;
I hear again their heavenly song,
And O, what strange delight !
Now, now they beckon with their hands,
And point where all is fair;
O, how I long to join those bands,
And, Tom, I'm going there!

IV.

A slumber soft as angels know
On Eva's spirit lies,
And dreams too bright for aught below
Dwell on her raptured eyes.
She murmurs "all are robed in white,
And conquering palms they bear;
In that sweet land there is no night,
And I am going there!"

THE ECHOING HORN.

MUSIC BY PROF. T. WOOD.

I.

WHEN evening's soft twilight the day-toil is closing,
And the reaper returns with his wain-load of corn,
Far o'er the sweet valley in silence reposing
We hear the full strains of the echoing horn,
The echoing horn — Oo-le-oo, oo-le-oo.

II.

As night in its beauty is calmly advancing,
And the hum of the yillage is hushed on the ear,
Then o'er the still waters, with echoes entrancing,
From yon distant hamlet, its mellow notes cheer;
Its mellow notes cheer — Oo-le-oo, oo-le-oo.

III.

A charm o'er the spirit is tranquilly stealing,
As I list to the swell of that heart-stirring strain;
It brings to the bosom a wild gush of feeling,
And all the bright dreams of my boyhood again;
Sweet echoing horn — Oo-le-oo, oo-le-oo.

FAR AWAY—FAR AWAY.

MUSIC BY E. Z. WEBSTER, ESQ.

I.

FAR away, far away, I am wandering with thee,
 O'er desert, and mountain, and dark rolling sea;
 Where'er in the wide world thy lot may be cast
 My spirit goes with thee, and loves to the last.

II.

Far away, far away, where'er thou shalt rove,
 My heart will go with thee, unchanged in its love;
 The ties that have bound us no distance can rend,
 For hearts that love truly will love to the end.

III.

Far away, far away, when others shall smile,
 Remember there's one who is sad all the while;
 Whose spirit was near thee each step thou hast traced,
 As true as when last we so fondly embraced.

IV.

Far away, far away, if doomed still to rove,
O, tell me thy heart is unchanged in its love;
Though distance may sunder, our spirits will blend,
For hearts loving truly will love to the end.

THE PRIDE OF MY HEART.

MUSIC BY WM. DRESSLER, ESQ.

II.

WHEN mingling where beauty's enchantment beguiles,
 I feel not its rapture, and cold are its smiles;
 One thought fills my bosom and dwells ever there,—
 With dearest Estelle no one can compare.
 I heed not when music flows sweetly around;
 It falls on my ear, but I hear not the sound,
 For I think of the rapture that song would impart,
 If breathed by Estelle, the pride of my heart!

III.

When, toasting the fairest, all join in their praise,
 My lips are still silent, and absent my gaze;
 O, would she were present, to vie with them there,—
 'T would be to Estelle, the fairest of fair!

Though absent, I care not; she's dear to me still;
No distance can sunder, nor changes e'er chill, —
For my spirit will cherish till life shall depart,
My peerless Estelle, the pride of my heart!

THE SWING.

MUSIC BY PROF. JOS. B. SMITH.

I.

'NEATH the cool and verdant shade,
 On the old oak's giant limb,
 We secure the cords have made,
 All is safe, the balance trim;
 Swing — swing,
 To and fro,
 On the wing,
 High — low,
 Here — there,
 Undulating through the air.

II.

Beauty on the cheek will glow,
 Kisses sweet from balmy air,
 Where the swing waves to and fro,
 Let us to its joys repair;

Swing — swing,
To and fro,
On the wing,
High — low,
Here — there,
Springing through the yielding air.

III.

'Tis delightful thus to go
Gently gliding here and there,
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Floating like a bird in air;
Swing — swing,
To and fro,
On the wing,
High — low,
Here — there,
Up and down, — 't is pleasure rare!

THE CROOKED-NECKED GOURD.

MUSIC BY E. Z. WEBSTER, ESQ.

I.

THE rich and the noble may spurn aught but gold,
 And drink for their pleasure the choicest of wine,
 Or else, for a goblet their dainties to hold,
 May seek for the ore of Potosi's rich mine;
 But ne'er to my lips will it taste half so sweet,
 From golden, or silver, or crystal when poured,
 As the cool, sparkling drops which my thirsty lips meet,
 Just dipped from the spring, in the crooked-necked
 gourd.

II.

The banqueting hall may its riches display,
 And thousands attract to its pleasures again,—
 Its visions of lightness will soon pass away,
 And naught but a sense of deception remain;

But the innocent joys which the heart often felt
With memory's bright pictures are carefully stored;
And oft we revert to the time when we knelt,
And dipped the cool draught with the crooked-necked
gourd.

III.

Though the silver and gold may be pure to the lips,
No taint to the bright flowing liquid impart,
While the emblem of truth from the beaker one sips,
A stain of pollution is left on the heart;
But, hung by a string to the moss-covered wall,
A truth and a pleasure 't will always afford, —
Be humble, be useful, to one and to all,
Is the lesson we learn from the crooked-necked gourd.

THE INDIAN'S SONG OF PEACE.

MUSIC BY W. J. HEFFEMAN, ESQ.

I.

I VE plucked the war-plume from my hair, my hair,
 I've plucked the war-plume from my hair,
 And wiped from my face
 The last lingering trace
 Of ghastly war-paint that was there, was there,
 Of ghastly war-paint that was there.

II.

My bow I have broken in twain, in twain,
 My bow I have broken in twain ;
 My hatchet shall rust,
 And crumble to dust, —
 In war I'll ne'er wield it again, again,
 In war I'll ne'er wield it again.

III.

I'll dance with my tribe never more, never more,
I'll dance with my tribe never more,
And never again
Shall scalp of the slain
Be hung at my belt in its gore, its gore,
Be hung at my belt in its gore.

IV.

No more shall my heart take delight, delight,
No more shall my heart take delight,
In causing the stream
Of sorrow to gleam
For those I have slain in the fight, the fight,
For those I have slain in the fight.

THE COTTAGE OF DAISY DELL.

MUSIC BY JAS. N. BECK, ESQ.

I.

O, COME to my home by the green old woods,
 Where the wild flowers blossom and twine,
 The winds whistle free, and the turtle-dove broods
 In the top of the murmuring pine.
 O, come where the hearth-stone is waiting for thee,
 And love and contentment dwell;
 No place is so bright, since thou sharest with me
 The cottage of Daisy Dell.

II.

O, come to my home from the dark, cold world, —
 No longer in weariness rove;
 But rest, like a dove with her pinions furled
 Ever safe in its haven of love.

O, here shall the home of the heart ever be,
And love and contentment dwell;
No place is so dear, since thou sharest with me
The cottage of Daisy Dell.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

SOFT slumber closed a mother's eyes,—
Her babe was on her breast,—
When visions from the opening skies
Stole on her quiet rest.
She saw an angel band come down,
Like clustering stars at even:
They brought her angel babe a crown,
Such as they wear in Heaven.

II.

Anon they took her little one
Upon their pearly wings,
And upward flew, toward the sun,
While heavenly music rings :

“ Rejoice ! rejoice ! the sinless child
To our bright ranks is given ! ”
The cherub sweetly on her smiled,
Then entered into heaven.

III.

With speed, upon its path of light,
That mother darts away,
Till onward in her heavenly flight
She reached the gates of day.
And then she heard them sing within,
“ This child to us is given ;
Nor ask it back to earth and sin,
But leave it safe in heaven.”

IV.

Then slumber fled her weeping eyes,—
The babe was on her breast,
As fair as when, through opening skies,
She saw it borne to rest.
And O, she trembled with delight,
As kiss on kiss was given,
Resolved to guide, from that blest night,
Her angel Babe to heaven.

BE ALWAYS HAPPY.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

AWAY with your sadness!
Let care jog along,
And innocent gladness
Still measure your song.
Why burden with sorrow
Our few fleeting days,
With thoughts of to-morrow? —
Be happy always!

II.

If trials o'ertake you,
Yield not to despair;
Till courage forsake you,
Each pain you can bear.

There's one road to pleasure
Which ever repays ;
Wouldst find out the treasure ? —
Be happy always !

III.

Ne'er think the Creator
Intended the face
Should wear in each feature
A sorrowful trace.
Then mar not its beauty ;
'T is he that obeys,
Who holds as a duty, —
Be happy always !

SAFE AT HOME.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

I've wandered far, I've wandered lone,
And many climes have seen,
But never yet a land have known
Like my own native green.
And now my roaming days are o'er,
And crossed the ocean foam,
I greet with joy the happy shore
Which bids me welcome home !

II.

I've wandered long, I've wandered free,
Where court and camp beguiled,
But never yet was place to me
Like that I left, a child.

My sighings o'er, my perils past,
I hail my native dome.
The goal is won ; and I, at last,
Am safe again at home !

III.

I've wandered here, I've wandered there,
But never yet could find
A heart with whom my own could share
The love I left behind.
But now my lonely heart's at rest,
Nor sighs again to roam ;
Here friends I meet, the truest, best,
In my own happy home !

THE HAPPIEST PLACE IS HOME.

MUSIC BY N. BARKER, ESQ.

I.

THOUGH others may seek far and wide
To gain but a moment of bliss,
Disappointments their footsteps abide,
In a world full of phantoms as this;
But, with loved ones the blessing to share,
Ah, who would be longing to roam,
When taught by the joy tasted there
That the happiest of places is home?

II.

The world may seem brighter without,
With the glitter of tinsel and art,
And its friendships appear more devout,
With the semblance of truth to the heart;

But so sweet are the pleasures I share,
My heart feels no yearning to roam,
Since nothing on earth can compare
With the happiest of places, my home !

III.

If sorrow e'er darkens my way,
Till the heart wear a burden of grief,
And the friends I have trusted betray
In the hour when most needing relief ;
From the anguish which tortures the mind,
To my own little heaven I'll come,
In the smiles of my loved ones, to find
That the happiest of places is home !

EACH SIGH THE HEART WILL TREASURE.

MUSIC BY C. C. HULL, ESQ.

I.

JOYS are ever swiftly fleeting,
Griefs are lasting as our years,
Scarce is felt the bliss of meeting,
Ere 't is time for parting tears :
Yet each sigh the heart will treasure,
Sweetest source of lasting pleasure.

II.

Ours is but a day of sorrow,
Clouds on every heart have dwelt,
Hopes depart before the morrow,
And some keener grief is felt ;
Yet, from out the darkness streaming,
Holy light is ever beaming.

III.

Life is but a morning vapor,
Melting with the dawning ray,
Or an evanescent taper,
By its own light burnt away;
Yet 't is thus the spirit freeing,
Radiant with immortal being.

I THOUGHT OF THEE ONCE.

I.

I THOUGHT of thee once as a star brightly beaming
 All peerless and fadeless above,
 Whose light o'er my spirit was radiantly streaming,
 Awaking the thrillings of love,
 Its earliest thrillings of love.

II.

I sat by thee once when the love-light was playing
 From eyes beaming fondly on me,
 And felt that a spell my warm heart was betraying
 To breathe all its passion to thee,
 Its passionate longings to thee.

III.

I vowed to thee then, and that word was a token
 Of love that can never decay ;
 Misfortune may sever, the heart may be broken,
 But never from thee turn away,
 No, never from thee turn away.

ANGEL WILLIE.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. R. OSGOOD, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

I.

Go, lay sweet Willie in the ground,
 Where now the withered flowers are lying,
 And faded leaves are strewn around,
 And sadly autumn winds are sighing.
 But, though thy heart from fountains deep
 Pours forth the grief you may not smother,
 Let Faith make sweet the tears you weep,—
 He lives an angel, gentle mother!

II.

Go, make his grave beneath the tree,
 Where you may oft resort at even,
 When summer flowers adorn the lea,
 And evening's purple light the heaven;

But, though thy heart may feel opprest,
And vain the strife its grief to smother,
Let Faith still pillow on thy breast
Thy angel Willie, weeping mother !

III.

Though ne'er again his little feet
Across the floor will trip so lightly,
His lips ne'er smile that smiled so sweet,
Nor his blue eyes resparkle brightly ;
Yet, oft as memory drops the tear,
As years shall fail thy grief to smother,
Look up by faith ; sweet Willie dear
Is still thy angel, gentle mother !

CHILD'S PRAYER.

MUSIC BY "J. H."

I.

ALAS! when years were still so brief,
I scarce could lisp a name,
My tongue was taught the notes of grief,
For clouds of sorrow came.
And now I seek a mother's grave,
At every eventide ;
O! could I have the boon I crave,
I'd slumber by her side.

II.

I leave the birds that sing so sweet,
And flowers of richest bloom,
And all the pleasant friends I meet,
To weep beside her tomb.

The earth has many things to love,
And once I thought them fair,
But, since my mother dwells above,
It's brighter, far, up there.

III.

I know they'll dig a place so deep,
Down where the willows wave,
And lay me sweetly there to sleep,
Close by my mother's grave.
But yonder, with the spirits blest,
Her radiant form I view:
O, let me on her bosom rest,
And be an angel too!

FAREWELL TO THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

FAREWELL to the home of my youth, fare thee well!
 Though the splendors of others I see,
 No lure shall e'er weaken or sever the spell
 That binds me so closely to thee.
 Still fairest thy landscapes shall be to mine eyes,
 And thy streams purling softly and clear ;
 The stars are the brightest that glow in thy skies,
 Thy hills and thy valleys most dear.

II.

Though humble the lot of the friends dwelling here,
 I shall never find others as true,
 Or those who in memory will hold me as dear,
 When distance shall hide me from view.

The dearest that hearth-stone shall be to my heart,
And the loved who have cherished me there ;
No others such pleasure can ever impart,
Or lighten my bosom of care.

III.

Farewell, O farewell to the home of my youth !
Thou art dearer than ever to me ;
And, though I may wander, my heart in its truth
Will turn in devotion to thee.
And fairest thy landscape shall be to mine eyes,
And thy streams purling softly and clear ;
The stars are the brightest that glow in thy skies,
Thy hills and thy valleys most dear !

WELCOME, SWEET MAY.

MUSIC BY W. J. HEFFERMAN, ESQ.

I.

SHE comes like a dream, or a bow on the shower,
 With steps falling lightly as dew on the flower,
 While a voice gushes forth from a thousand glad rills,
 As her spirit-like beauty o'ershadows the hills ;

The song of the birds,
 The hum of the bee,
 The low of the herds,
 Are welcomes for thee,
 Sweet May,
 Kind welcomes for thee.

II.

Sweet anthems of gladness float up on the air,
 Like Hope's silver chimes to the ear of despair,
 Each heart drops its burden and dries up its tear,
 To greet with affection the gem of the year ;

The bright woodland rings,
 The streams murmur free,
 And every note brings
 A welcome for thee,
 Sweet May,
 Love's welcome for thee.

III.

With hearts full of gladness to groves now repair
 The merry young maidens, with flower-wreathed hair,
 While Heaven looks down with a smile on the scene,
 As their songs fill the air and their steps print the green ;
 As joyous they sing,
 And trip o'er the lea,
 The welkin doth ring,
 With welcomes for thee,
 Sweet May,
 Kind welcomes for thee.

IV.

She comes, like an angel of light from above,
 With beauty, and fragrance, and whispers of love,
 And Nature, entranced with the heaven-born lay,
 Falls asleep in bright dreams on the bosom of May :

The soft blushing flower.
The bud on the tree,
The dew and the shower,
Breathe welcomes for thee,
Sweet May,
Love's welcomes for thee.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.

MUSIC BY PROF. IRVING.

I.

OUR fathers tilled the virgin soil,
Content with honest thrift and toil,
And mid improvement ever praise
 Those good old days,
Those good old days, those happy days
Of honest thrift and frugal ways,
 Those good old days.

II.

The daughters knit, the brothers ploughed,
They wore homespun, and ne'er grew proud,
And were so happy that they praise
 Those good old days,
Those good old days, those happy days
Of honest thrift and frugal ways,
 Those good old days.

III.

They went to church and market-place,
Quite satisfied with Dobbin's pace,
And still prefer to swift railways
 Those good old days,
Those good old days, those happy days
Of honest thrift and frugal ways,
 Those good old days.

IV.

They strove to help a brother through,
Not shave him first, then skin him too ;
And yet they richer grew always
 In those good old days,
Those good old days, those happy days
Of honest thrift and frugal ways,
 Those good old days.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

ONE little word I've tried to speak,
But never could for choking,
Although I've practised half the week;
O dear, 't is so provoking!
I know that she must understand
The word I long to utter,
For she has felt my trembling hand,
And seen my bosom flutter.

II.

I've often vowed to spoil their fun,—
They so delight in teasing,—
By never wedding any one,
However sweet and pleasing.

They will not understand, although
You hint so very near it ;
And, when you plainly tell them so,
They wish again to hear it.

III.

I am resolved to try my luck,
And plainly pop the question,
For, sure, the word so long has stuck
It ruins my digestion.
And, if at first a little shy,
I'm sure, with earnest pressing,
She'll comprehend me, by and by,
And ask the parson's blessing.

AWAKE, GENTLE LADY.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

AWAKE, gentle lady, bid slumber depart,
 And list to the secret that lies on my heart :
 While flowers drink the dewdrops and spangle the lea,
 I come by the moonlight to breathe it to thee.
 Then wake, gentle lady, bid slumber depart ;
 I'll tell you the secret that lies on my heart.

II.

Awake, gentle lady, from visions of light,
 And list, — I've a secret to tell you to-night :
 While streams murmur softly, and stars shine above,
 I come by the moonlight to whisper my love.
 Then wake, gentle lady, let dreams take their flight ;
 I'll tell you a secret worth hearing to-night.

III.

Awake, gentle lady, and give me a sign,
To tell if my secret you well can divine :
While night sleepeth calmly in beauty, as now,
I come by the moonlight to plight thee thy vow.
Then wake, gentle lady, and give me a sign,
If thou hast a secret to whisper, like mine.

'T IS VAIN TO HOPE.

MUSIC BY W. H. CURRIE, ESQ.

I.

O, COULDST thou know the wealth of love
My heart has treasured up for thee,
Thou wouldst not ask for time to prove
How deep and boundless 't is, and free.
Then let some word my spirit cheer,
Nor doom me to a hopeless lot,
In those sad words my fate to hear, —
'T is vain to hope; I love you not.

III.

My love has grown through weary years,
And fed its strength on each delay;
O, then, why longer cherish fears
That it may change or pass away?

Then make me blest, nor by a word,
Which, spoken once, is ne'er forgot
By one whose soul has ever heard, —
'T is vain to hope; I love you not.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SPRING-TIME.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

'T is the first rose of spring-time,
Reblooming again,
Where the last rose of autumn
Was strown on the plain.
Though no fair one around her
Awakes from repose,
She unfolds all her petals,
And blushes, — a rose.

II.

Soon each bud of the garden
As brightly will bloom,
In beauty as perfect,
As rich in perfume ;

When forsaken and withered
 This sweet rose will lie,
The first one to blossom,
 And soonest to die.

III.

Since a doom thus awaits thee,
 If left here to pine,
I'll pluck thee, fair floweret,
 Ere the sad fate is thine ;
And here on my bosom
 Will give thee repose,
And cherish, when faded,
 The first blooming rose.

HAPPY DREAMS OF HOME.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

WHENE'ER I sleep, and dream of home,
O, then my heart is pining
Its happy vales again to roam,
And view its waters shining:
I sleep and dream of home!

II.

I wander through each pleasant grove,
And hear the wild birds singing,
Where oft the witching smiles of love
A spell was round me flinging:
O, bliss to dream of home!

III.

I seek the well-known trysting tree,
That dear old place of meeting,
Where oft I sat, till o'er the lea
The evening shades were fleeting :
O, happy dreams of home !

IV.

Thus, when I sleep, and dream of home,
Its light again I borrow ;
And, though I wake, afar to roam,
It lightens half my sorrow
To sleep and dream of home !

RETURN OF THE ROBIN.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

THOU hast been to a sunny clime,
Far, far away,
Where comes ne'er bleak winter-time,
Frosting the spray.
O'er fields ever green and fair,
There thou couldst roam;
And yet thou wert pining there,
Pining for home.

II.

Though bright in that spicy land
Glow rarest flowers,
And come with the breezes bland
Sweet-scented showers,

Thy heart sought the azure hills
 Skirting thy home,
Where leap the wild mountain rills,
 Sparkling with foam.

III.

A glad welcome home again!
 Sweet be thy song,
As free o'er thy native plain
 Gliding along.
O, come build thy mossy nest
 Here on the spray,
And, safe in thy downy rest,
 Carol away!

EVENING ECHOES.

MUSIC BY C. C. HULL, ESQ.

I.

As evening's purple shadows darken
 On the lea,
 The silvery echoes mingle — harken!
 Full and free.
 The mountains sing, and vales reclining
 In repose,
 And brooklets murmur, ever shining
 To their close.
 Echoes, evening echoes,
 Echoes, sweet evening echoes.

II.

The vesper horn is softly blending,
 Far away,
 Its tones of melting sweetness ending
 With the day.

Around, above. like angel voices
 On the ear,
The harmony of eve rejoices,
 Sweetly clear.
Echoes, evening echoes,
Echoes, sweet evening echoes.

KATY'S RESPONSE TO THE KATYDID.

. FOR MUSIC.

I.

You saucy insect! well you know,
'T is only out of spite,
Because I would not praise the song
You sung the other night.
I wonder not, you tattle so,
You keep securely hid,—
I meet a man alone at night!
You know I never did.

II.

When sitting in my moonlit bower,
I've heard you chirrup long,
But never could appreciate
The music of your song.

Now, out of spite, where'er you go,
 Around and over head,
I hear you cry, with all your might,
 And tell what "Katy did."

III.

I wandered forth to take the air,
 The moonlight was so sweet,
And just beside the rosy bower
 We only chanced to meet.
My shawl he offered to adjust,
 Which from my shoulder slid, —
He put his arm around my waist!
 Indeed, he never did.

IV.

'T is true, he talked of nectared flowers
 The bee so fondly sips,
And then, to show the pleasant taste,
 He barely pressed my lips.
And just because I did not frown,
 I thus am rudely chid, —
As though I let him kiss me there!
 I never, never did.

V.

Did you not promise solemnly,
 Whatever you might hear,
You'd keep my tender secret safe
 From every mortal ear?
But now you fly all o'er the town,
 And, in some treetop hid,
You call to every passer-by
 To hear what "Katy did."

VI.

But do not think I'll cease to roam
 At midnight's silent hour,
Nor frown, if one I chance to meet
 Close by the rosy bower.
And you may listen to my words,
 If there securely hid, —
None will believe you, though you tell
 Exactly what I did.

JACOB GETS THE MITTEN.

MUSIC BY W. WALLACE.

I.

I THANK you, Mister Jacob, but I'm not inclined to go,
 Your wagon is so clumsy, and your team so very slow;
 And, though 't would make you happy were I seated by
 your side,
 To go in such a "turn-out" would be shocking to my
 pride.

To ride in a wagon.
 An old rusty wagon.
 A squeaking lumber-wagon,
 'T would be shocking to my pride;
 Beside. a jolting wagon
 I never could abide.

II.

Perhaps you may consider that I'm very hard to please,
 But I can ne'er be happy in a dairy, making cheese;

So keep your little farm-house, and just go and mind
your plough,—

I'm sure I can do better than consent to milk your cow ;
And ride in a wagon,
An old rusty wagon,
A squeaking lumber-wagon,
With horses from the plough.
To think of such a wagon,
It mortifies me now !

III.

Old Mike was not so stingy, when he asked me for his
bride,

As to bring a clumsy wagon and invite me out to ride ;
And, though he's not so handsome as I know you deem
yourself,

I think him quite acceptable, especially — “ his pelf ! ”

I'll ride in a carriage,
A fine gilded carriage,
An easy-cushioned carriage,
And own it all myself ; —
I'll not decline a marriage
With old Mike and — “ all his pelf ! ”

THE LITTLE RED SHOES.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

THE cradle is empty,
The toys are laid by,
As treasures of memory,
Too precious to die ;
But when a memento
From all I would choose,
Most dearly I cherish
These little red shoes.

II.

O, these were her treasures,
Her joy and her pride,—
The last that she played with
On earth, ere she died.

And now, sad and lonely,
My spirit bedews
With tears of affection
These little red shoes.

III.

No music was sweeter
Than when, at my call,
Her little feet pattered
In soft muffled fall.
And oft, when in sadness
I pensively muse,
I hear the soft echo
Of these little shoes.

IV.

O, chide not a mother,
For holding most dear
What must a mere trifle
To others appear ;
For she was my darling,
And can I refuse
To cherish thus dearly
These little red shoes?

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

THERE are moments that come, in their sombre array,
 Like thoughts of the shroud and the tomb,
 When the light from the eye and the cheek fades away,
 And sets in the night of their gloom.
 Less joyous, 't is true, for a time may appear
 These hours of affliction and pain,
 Than the "daughters of music," whose songs charm the ear
 Like the Syren's bewildering strain;
 But O, to the mourning these shadows of night
 Bring joys that forbid them to pine,
 For they see through the darkness the dawn of that light
 Which glows with a radiance divine!

II.

There's a beam still remaining when darkness is near,
 More beautiful than that of the noon, —
 'T is night ere the stars in their brightness appear,
 And the billow embraces the moon.

A melody lingers awhile in the sky,
When the shock of the thunder is o'er,
And the wave leaves a murmur of music on high,
As it breaks and recedes from the shore.
And thus every sorrow, howe'er it may pain,
Brings a joy that forbids us to pine;
And the harp struck to sadness awakens a strain
That thrills to a rapture divine!

LITTLE ROSY CHEEKS.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

LITTLE fairy elfs are these,
With curly hair and jetty,
Dimpled chins, and lips that smile
So witchingly and pretty.
Full of mischief, romping free,
Yet innocent in pleasure ;
Little, ruddy, rosy cheeks,
My dearest earthly treasure !

II.

Little buds of care are these,
Oft blighted ere the blooming ;
Nurslings of our prayers and tears,
Still angels in the looming.

Teasing ever, teasing all,
Yet who would from them sever?
Little, ruddy, rosy cheeks,
My dearest treasures ever!

III.

Angels of our homes are these,
Ere yet their wings are given,
Blooming with the light and love
Of their own native heaven.
Objects of our anxious thoughts,
The source of pain or pleasure;
Little, ruddy, rosy cheeks,
My dearest earthly treasure!

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

It is a place of sure relief,
Where mourners' tears are dried,
Where sweetness mingles in our grief,
And peace and joy abide.
We gather there with humble hearts,
And bless, from day to day,
The grace and love that thus imparts
An altar where to pray.

II.

A father's reverend form is there,
A mother's quiet grace,
And brothers, sisters, fondly share
The blessings of the place.

At morning's rise, at evening's close,
We bow with one accord,
And ever richer mercy flows
In answers from the Lord.

III.

Support it gives to weary years,
And strengthens man for toil ;
'Tis youth's protection, when appears
The tempter's fatal coil.
Whene'er we gather round the hearth,
Our daily thanks to pay,
'Tis still the dearest spot of earth,
The altar where we pray !

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

I.

I LOVE the blissful month of May,
When opening buds reveal the flowers ;
And all around, melodiously,
The wild birds sing in vernal bowers.
For O, it brings the cherished hour
When thou didst breathe thy vows to me,
And fondly lean upon that breast
Which yields up all its wealth to thee.

II.

Then, when a tear-drop dewed thy cheek,
And glistened, pearl-like, in thine eye,
And from thy pale and trembling lips
Fell one regret and parting sigh,
I did not chide that thou didst weep,
And to the past give one more tear ;
Ah, well I knew the sacrifice
To sunder ties to thee so dear!

III.

But when thy hand was placed in mine,
And fervently thy vows were given,
O, then that sigh from off thy lips
Was, with the tear-drop, borne to heaven.
There He, who ever deigns to bless,
When guileless love implores his aid,
Received the incense of thy vows,
And bade thy trembling heart be stayed.

IV.

Should we live on through many years,
And all around look dark and drear,
In thee I know I still shall find
A changeless love, a soul sincere.
And this, in darkest scenes of life,
Shall be to me a solace nigh,
To soothe the grief which rends the heart,
And wipe the tear-drops from the eye

O, THOU DARK RESERVOIR.

I.

O, THOU dark reservoir ! to thee
 Poet and sage have bowed the knee,
 And, with thy ebon-flood, have sought
 To bind the airy wings of thought.
 And when, obedient to his will,
 Thou trinklest from the poet's quill,
 Mysteriously thy drops of night
 Gleam with the purest rays of light.

II.

With thee he paints the gorgeous ray
 Which melts along the verge of day ;
 Or, mellowed down to softer light,
 The moon and twinkling waves of night.
 Another touch, and every star,
 Like glimpse of angels, distant far,
 From out thy midnight burst to shine :
 Mysterious Ink, what power is thine !

III.

The fairest flowers beneath thy trace
Glow on the eye with richer grace,
And o'er the landscape's brightest scene
Thy spirit sheds a fresher green.
The varied hues of Autumn's hour
Blush deeper tints beneath thy power,
And Winter's dazzling plains of snow
Receive new lustre from thy flow.

IV.

The Poet, doomed to beg for bread
Where'er his wandering footsteps led,
Yet all the while he drew from thee
The wealth of immortality!
Earth's proudest kings have passed away,
Their rock-hewn tombs have met decay;
But brighter on the rolls of fame
Still shines that "beggar Poet's" name!

V.

The Bard, with eyes of rayless sight,
From out thy darkness drew the light;
And, while the earth was all unseen,
He pierced the skies with vision keen,

And caught the strains which angels sing!
And evermore his praise shall ring;
While to the world's admiring eyes
Shall glow, "Regained," "Lost Paradise!"

VI.

Let others dig for golden ore,
Or 'neath the waves for pearls explore;
Aspire to fame and high renown,
And wade through blood to grasp a crown;
But, while I have the power to fill
From thy dark fount my "gray goose quill,"
I'll seek my honor, wealth, in thee,
And live content with destiny!

LITTLE KATY'S CRY.

I.

IN the streets of New York city
Poor Katy sat alone,
Singing o'er her plaintive ditty
With soft and pensive tone.
Ever were her teardrops falling,
As, hungry and forlorn,
She to thoughtless crowds was calling, —
“O, here's your nice hot corn!”

II.

When the night was dark and dreary,
The lonely passer-by
Heard poor Katy, cold and weary,
Repeat her daily cry.
There she sat, with none to pity,
At night and dewy morn,
Conning o'er her cheerless ditty, —
“O, here's your nice hot corn!”

III.

Still the crowd along is hieing,
As thoughtless as before,
But they hear not Katy's sighing,
She cries "hot corn" no more.
But, where angel-throngs are glowing,
A harp to her is given,
And she sings, no sorrow knowing,
Close by the gates of heaven!

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

I.

WHEN famine was wasting the loved ones at home,
 Forsaken by friendships that falsely had smiled,
 An angel passed by every proud-gilded dome,
 And dwelt with the lowly, — a beautiful child.
 Intent on her mission of mercy and love,
 She grieved not when lips of the haughty would curl;
 For spirit more pure was ne'er sent from above
 Than sweet little Julia, the strawberry girl.

II.

With baskets of berries all blushing and red,
 With violets and rosebuds still wet with the dew,
 She bounds on her errand with fairy-like tread;
 Now carolling free, and now shrinking from view.
 The rose tint returns to the pale, wasted cheek,
 Hope brightens the eye 'neath the lash's dark curl,
 While love yields its strength to the heart that was weak,
 And guides all the steps of the strawberry girl.

III.

The tempter in vain spread his snare for her feet,
The angel of purity dwells in her heart ;
And e'er to the erring her chidings were sweet ;
The poor blest her oft, as she rose to depart.
So gentle and winning, so sweet was her cry,
The frown left the brow of the cold-hearted churl ;
And many her rosebuds and berries would buy,
To win but a smile from the strawberry girl.

IV.

A bridal is grouping the gay-lighted hall,
And every heart bounds in the happiest mood ;
And blest is that bridegroom, the envy of all,
For bride that was fairer was never yet wooed.
But who, in that brightest array of the fair,
All glowing with jewels and richest of pearl,
In beauty and form was the peerless one there ?
'T was sweet little Julia, the strawberry girl.

WE'LL KEEP THE BIBLE FREE.

WRITTEN FOR A FOURTH OF JULY SABBATH-SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

I.

ONCE more, with hallowed feeling,
We join the blest employ,
Our nation's praises pealing
In songs of festive joy.
And back the loud hosanna
Shall roll from sea to sea,
Till mountain and savanna
Re-echo, — "WE ARE FREE!"

II.

We love the BOOK which lighted
The glow of patriot fires,
When freedom was benighted,
In the bosoms of our sires.

They shed their blood to save us,
And gained our liberty ;
But the greatest boon they gave us,
They made the Bible free !

III.

Where'er its light is beaming
The path that man may roam,
There Truth is ever gleaming,
And Freedom finds a home ;
But where it is denied him,
Oppression bends the knee ;
Without its light to guide him,
Man never can be free !

IV.

Our land is Virtue's dwelling,
Here Science builds her shrine,
And happy hearts are swelling
With joys almost divine.
And we, in emulation,
Here pledge ourselves to be
The guardians of our nation, —
We'll keep the Bible free !

v.

Then come, with hallowed feeling,
Join in the blest employ,—
Our nation's praises pealing,
In songs of festive joy,
Till back the loud hosanna
Shall swell from sea to sea,
From mountain and savanna,—
We'll keep the Bible free!

DEDICATION HYMN.

I.

THE Church, to wayworn pilgrims here,
When sin-beset and tempest-driven,
A Bethel stands, with heavenly cheer, —
The house of God and gate of heaven.

II.

It is the bulwark of our land,
When strongest hands and hearts shall fail;
While Zion's towers unmoved shall stand,
No arm can smite nor foe prevail.

III.

Within its courts the heart and mind,
By nature dull and sin impure,
From all their dross and guilt refined,
That wisdom gain which must endure.

IV.

'T is here the heart a centre finds
For friendships pure as those above;
A holy peace, that ne'er declines;
A union, strong as endless love.

V.

With gratitude we bless the Lord,
For all the wonders grace displays,
And here erect, with one accord,
An Ebenezer to his praise.

VI.

'T is here the mourner finds a balm,
A refuge safe from every fear,
And feels within an endless calm,
Hope sanctifying every tear.

VII.

When snares beset the path of youth,
Its walls become a sure defence;
The heart well armed with holy truth,
The strongest foe is driven thence.

VIII.

O God, thy house shall ever be
A refuge for the tempest-driven ;
And those who seek thy courts shall see
The opening pearly gates of heaven !

21*

DEDICATION HYMN.

I.

WHEN Jesus, moved with pity,
On mercy's errand came,
He sought the teeming city,
His gospel to proclaim.
And when, his offer spurning
With cold and stubborn will,
O'er erring thousands yearning,
He loved the city still.

II.

And when, his heralds sending
His precious word to teach,
Where crowd with crowd was blending,
He bade them first go preach.
And if the word unheeding,
That city doomed should be,
Yet they, to others speeding,
Proclaimed salvation free.

III.

Where funeral bells are pealing,
Unceasing, day by day,
And death is ever stealing
The unprepared away ;
Ere all the thousands perish,
Let Zion's walls arise,
Where truth may win, and cherish,
And lead them to the skies.

IV.

Where sin is ever boldest
To snare the youthful heart,
And love and truth grow coldest,
And virtues soon depart,
There build Jehovah's altar ;
And may its courts be trod
By thousands, when they falter,
And win them back to God.

V.

Where restless man for treasures
Plies each seductive art,
Intent on empty pleasures
Which but pollute the heart,

There let the joys be tasted
Which Zion's courts insure,
By time nor death e'er wasted,
Eternal, full and pure!

VI.

Great God, thy name adoring,
We consecrate to-day
This house to thee, imploring
Thy spirit's cheering ray.
And when thy truth proclaiming,
Be thou forever near,
The city's crowds reclaiming,
To swell thy praises here.

I KNEW YOU WOULD MISS ME.

FOR MUSIC.

I.

DEAR Mary, I have wandered
For many weary years,
And every step have pondered,
In sadness and in tears.
This only thought was cheering,
And kept my spirit free ;
Each passing hour was nearing
The bliss of meeting thee !
And now, the hour arriven,
Back to thy arms I come,
To find on earth a heaven,
In thy sweet welcome home.

II.

I knew that you would miss me,
When wandering from thy sight ;
The children, who would kiss me
Ere they would say, " Good night !"
This only thought, elating,
Has eased my years of pain ;
Each hour of patient waiting
But neared those joys again.
And now the bliss is given,
Back to thy arms I come ;
And O, 't is surely heaven, —
This happy welcome home !

III.

I saw the light was burning,
When turning up the lane,
And knew that you were yearning
To welcome me again.
One thought was all my being,
The blissful hour was near :
To Mary's arms I'm fleeing, —
Again, again I'm here !

The wanderer, tempest-driven,
Returns, no more to roam,
To rest in this sweet heaven,
My own dear Mary's home!

FIRESIDE JEWELS.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

DEAREST of the joys of earth,
Gathered in their places,
Are the jewels of the hearth,
Set in love's embraces.

A father's cheer,

A mother's tear,

A sister's guileless spirit,

A brother's heart,—

These all impart

The treasures we inherit.

Thus, the dearest joys of earth,
Gathered in their places,
Are the jewels of the hearth,
Set in love's embraces.

II.

Brightest of the gems of earth,
Gathered in their places,
Are the jewels of the hearth,
Set in love's embraces.

Sweet rosy cheeks,
And guileless freaks,
Eyes sparkling with emôtion,
And little feet
Which run to greet
A parent's fond devotion;—
Thus the brightest gems of earth,
Gathered to their places,
Are the jewels of the hearth,
Set in love's embraces.

THOSE BYGONE DAYS.

MUSIC BY "MARIE MADWORT."

I.

THOSE bygone days, those bygone days,
How tenderly their memory plays
Around the heart, awaking tears
For those beloved in other years.
Each passing hour has left a trace
No flight of time can e'er erase.

II.

Those bygone days, those bygone days,
Their memory still the spirit sways,
As slumbering scenes revive again,
Each hour of joy, or thrill of pain.
No waste of time nor years' decay
Will bear them from the heart away.

III.

Those bygone days, those bygone days,
All else may change as time decays ;
But from the heart can ne'er remove
The memories of our early love.
Each ebbing year, or added care,
But leaves them deeper graven there !



RUTH:

A SACRED CANTATA.

IN TWO PARTS.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BOAZ,.....*A Prince of Judah.*
NAOMI,.....*A Widow of Bethlehem.*
RUTH,.....*A Moabitess, and Daughter-in-law to Naomi.*
ORPAH,.....*The same.*
Bethlehemites, Reapers, Maidens, etc.

SCENES — *Partly in Moab, and near Bethlehem, in Judea.*

(257)

PART FIRST.

Scene in the country of Moab.

SOLO.—*Naomi.*

ALAS! what heavy griefs I've borne,
 And bitter tears have shed,
 For husband, children, from me torn,
 And numbered with the dead.
 From Moab's idol fanes I turn,
 To dry my widow's tears,
 Where Israel's holy altars burn,
 And Abraham's God appears.
 And O, my heart revives again,
 For Zion's land is blest,
 And to my native Bethlehem plain
 My soul returns to rest.

TRIO.—*Naomi, Orpah, and Ruth.*

Naomi.

Return, my daughters, to the home
 Where yet a mother's love endears,
 Nor follow in the path I roam,
 For it is darkened still with tears.

Orpah and Ruth.

Ah, surely we will go with thee,
 And with thy people ever live.

Naomi.

Return, return ; why follow me ?
 Nor joys have I, nor sons to give.

In unison.

Ah, surely we will go with thee,
 And with thy people ever live.
 Return, return ; why follow me ?
 Nor joys have I, nor sons to give.

(*Orpah leaves the stage.*)

Naomi.

Thy sister to her people goes ;
 Return, nor share my bitter woes.

SOLO.—*Ruth.*

I.

Entreat me not to leave thee,
 Nor to return again ;
 Where'er thou goest I will go,
 And evermore remain.

I'll lodge where'er thou lodgest,
 Thy people shall be mine ;
 I'll serve thy God forevermore,
 And bow to none but thine.

II.

I'll die where'er thou diest,
 And buried there will be ;
 And naught but death shall e'er divide
 My constant heart from thee.
 Intreat me not to leave thee,
 Nor to return again ;
 Where'er thou goest I will go,
 And evermore remain.

Scene changes to Bethlehem.

CHORUS.—*Bethlehemites.*

AH, is this Naomi? We welcome thee home ;
 The land of thy fathers receives thee again ;
 Thus greet we the exile, when, ceasing to roam,
 She turns with delight to her loved Bethlehem.

SOLO.—*Naomi.*

I.

O, call me not Naomi now,
 But henceforth let it Mara be,
 For God hath darkened all my years,
 And bitterly hath dealt with me.

II.

I went out full, but to your gates
 I now return with empty hand,
 To sleep where all my fathers sleep,
 By Bethlehem's walls, in Judah's land.

III.

Then call me not Naomi more,
 But henceforth let it Mara be,
 For God's afflictions have been sore,
 And bitter all his ways to me.

CHORUS.—*Reapers.*

I.

Away, away to the harvest field,
 Away in the morning early,
 And to our sickles soon shall yield
 The golden sheaves of barley.

II.

Rejoice, rejoice, for the Lord is kind,
 Again to bless our tilling;
 And now the ripened sheaves we bind,
 Our empty garners filling.

 PART SECOND.

RECITATIVE AND AIR. — *Ruth.*

Recitative.

“Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after
 him in whose sight I shall find grace.”

Air.

Though the maids of Ephratah are fair to the eye,
 And pure as the pearl in the sea,
 I'll go where the reapers of Judah pass by, —
 Some heart will turn kindly to me.
 Then let me now go where they bind up the corn,
 Though kindred and friends I have none;
 And, modestly gleaning, a stranger forlorn,
 Some true heart of Judah is won.

SOLO.—*Boaz.*

I.

Whose damsel is this coming lonely to glean?

No daughter of Judah is she ;

Yet fair as the fairest, and modest of mien,

Is the maiden of Moab to me.

II.

Ah, harken, my reapers ! rebuke not the maid,

Though gleaning the thick-standing sheaves ;

But let her go free where your handfuls are laid,

Till laden at evening she leaves.

III.

Ah, why does her presence such pleasure impart?

No daughter of Judah is she ;

Yet dear as the life and the light of my heart

Is the maiden of Moab to me.

DUET.—*Boaz and Ruth.*

Boaz.

O, hearest thou, my daughter ?

Go not to glean elsewhere,

But keep by yonder maidens,

And of their dainties share.

Ruth.

I come to thee a stranger ;
And have I yet found grace,
To be thus kindly greeted,
Though of a hated race ?

Boaz.

It fully hath been told me,
What kindness thou hast shown
Unto thy widowed mother,
When desolate and lone ;
And thou hast left thy father
And native land for aye,
To dwell among my people ;
And God will thee repay.

Ruth.

O, let me still find favor,
And give thy friendly aid ;
Thy words have greatly cheered me,
A lonely Moab maid.

Boaz.

Thy goodness hath been shown me ;

Ruth.

O, have I then found grace ?

Boaz.

Ay, and I am proud to own thee,
Before all Judah's race.

Both.

No more, no more our hearts shall rove,
For we have found the sought-for gaol;
And, happy now in mutual love,
Sweet peace and joy shall fill the soul.

CHORUS. — *Maidens and Reapers.*

Maidens.

Glean we the fields, merry, merry maidens,
Glean we the fields where the reapers go;

Reapers.

Welcome, O welcome, ye merry, merry maidens,
Join in the song which the reapers know.

All.

Ripe is the harvest, waving golden;
Bind up the sheaves of the bearded corn;
Sing as our fathers sung of olden,
When the barley fields were shorn.
Sing, O sing, as they sung of olden,
When the barley fields were shorn.

RECITATIVE AND AIR. — *Boaz.**Recitative.*

“Blessed be thou of the Lord; I will do unto thee all that thou requirest; for all my people know thy virtue.”

Air.

I.

A stranger you come to my forefathers' halls,
 Untrod by a Gentile till now;
 But fear not to enter; my people know all, —
 None fairer or purer than thou.

II.

The mercies of heaven no birthright can claim;
 To the pure of all lands they are free;
 And none to the altar of God ever came
 More pure than the spirit in thee.

GRAND FINAL CHORUS. — *Boaz, Ruth, and People.**People.*

O, blessed be the pious house
 Where Ruth and Boaz dwell;

Boaz and Ruth.

We are blessed of the Lord!

People.

We bless you in Ephratah's gates,
And be ye blest in Israel.

Boaz and Ruth.

We are blessed of the Lord!

All.

O, let us bless the Lord our God ;
His goodness through the earth proclaim ;
For here shall blossom Jesse's rod ;
Our SHILOAH comes to Bethlehem.
O, let us bless the Lord, — Amen!

SUSPENSE.

I.

WHEN all is known, the darkest fate
The smitten heart may learn to bear,
And feel, when time cannot abate,
The settled calmness of despair ;
But who can well endure the grief
Which knows no refuge or defence,
That age of pain in moments brief,—
The untold anguish of suspense !

II.

When once the first rude shock is past,
The heart may still the storm outride,
As, from the wrecks around it cast,
It finds support to breast the tide ;
But thus to linger day by day,
A prey to that foreboding sense
Which gives a pang to each delay,
And agonizes with suspense ;

III.

To feel an ever present dread
Of some impending, nameless ill,
Is keener than the shaft, when sped,
Which makes the wounded bosom thrill.
Then let me know the worst of fate,
Though it may rend with pangs intense,
For sure no pains were e'er so great
As are the tortures of suspense.

IV.

And yet, the soul that trusts in God
Can find a balm for every woe,
Since His own hand upholds the rod,
And mercy tempers every blow.
O then, my soul, be strong in trust,
Whatever fate He may dispense, —
Although the swelling heart may burst,
While agonizing in suspense.

THANATOS.

I.

ALL nature is dying,
 Ever dies,
 To the grave all are hieing
 Where the Death Angel flies.
 At the rush of his wings
 The strongest grow pale,
 The life-giving springs
 All suddenly fail ;
 The high and the lowly,
 The king on the throne,
 The vile and the holy,
 He claims as his own.
 All nature is dying,
 Ever dies ;
 To the grave all are hieing,
 Where the Death Angel flies.

II.

All bloom but to wither,
 Wither all ;
To dust they go thither,
 As the Autumn leaves fall.
Ah, will no care avail,
 No wisdom nor craft,
When Death shall assail,
 To ward off his shaft ?
Ah no ! all is vain,
 No refuge will hide ;
His steel Death will stain
 In the heart-flowing tide.
All nature is dying,
 Ever dies ;
To the grave all are hieing,
 Where the Death Angel flies.

III.

A maiden was kneeling,
 A fair maid ;
With the heart's deepest feeling
 Her vows had been said.
From the altar she rose,
 With a blush on her cheek,
While the heart with love glows,
 Too blissful to speak.

But, ere she had felt
 On her lips his warm breath,
 Who beside her had knelt,
 Her bridegroom was Death!
 All nature is dying,
 Ever dies;
 To the grave all are hieing,
 Where the Death Angel flies.

IV.

When, pleasure's cup filling,
 A while yet,
 Their precious time killing,
 The social have met;
 When those joys most abound
 Which they fain would prolong,
 And the chorus swells round,
 As they join in the song,
 E'en then at the door
 The rude knock is heard,
 And cold evermore
 Is some bosom then stirred.
 All nature is dying,
 Ever dies:
 To the grave all are hieing,
 Where the Death Angel flies.

V.

A mother sat smiling ;
 A sweet dove
Her heart was beguiling
 With dreams of its love.
As she gazed, it grew still,
 The lips ceased to sigh,
The brow waxéd chill,
 And the light left the eye ;
Mid her heart-gushing joy,
 She felt a cold breath, —
Then she looked on her boy,
 And, behold, it was Death !
All nature is dying,
 Ever dies ;
To the grave all are hieing,
 Where the Death Angel flies.

VI.

Though nature is dying,
 Ever dies ;
To the grave all are hieing,
 Where the Death Angel flies ;
Still, his advent ne'er dread,
 Brief, brief is his reign :
The appointed time sped,
 Death himself shall be slain.

Then the dead who are "blessed"
Will Christ with him bring,
And, the grave dispossessed,
They will reign with their King,
Where ne'er is known dying,
No one dies ;
To the grave none are hieing
And no Death Angel flies !

MY FATHER'S BIBLE.

I.

FLOW on, sweet tears ! I needs must weep,
 For memory calls, from fountains deep,
 That treasured store of holy tears
 The heart hath garnered up for years.

Now I behold
 My father's Bible ; his of yore,
 Than mines of gold
 He prized it more !

II.

When grief oppressed, and crushing care,
 When death had nipped our loved and fair,
 And dark misfortune's heavy hand
 Was laid upon our little band,
 In painful loss,
 He then would read what Jesus bore
 Upon the Cross,—
 We wept no more !

III.

When Pleasure spread her flowery maze,
 To lure our feet from Virtue's ways ;
 And Sin, with fell, insidious art,
 Wove fatal spells to snare the heart,
 This truthful page
 Our doubting footsteps onward bore
 Through every stage,
 Till doubt was o'er.

IV.

When called to seek the distant west,
 I craved a father's last behest ;
 Mid parting pangs we scarce could brook,
 "Take this," said he, "this blest old book,
 So long, long mine ;
 And, though I give no other store,
 'T is wealth divine, —
 Prize nothing more !

V.

"Long hast thou known a father's care,
 Shared daily in his fervent prayer ;
 But now we part, — go, go, my child !"
 He could no more, but wept, yet smiled,

As, pointing still
 To this old book, when through the door
 I passed the sill,
 Crossed nevermore !

VI.

Now moonbeams sleep upon his grave,
 And pensive willows o'er him wave ;
 No more from death's repose to wake,
 To plead with man for Jesus' sake
 His sins forbear.
 O, as I turn these pages o'er,
 Than jewels rare,
 I prize them more !

VII.

When death would fright the timid soul
 With coffin, shroud, the grave's dark goal ;
 The parting hour, the dying groan,
 A world unseen, a fate unknown ;
 A light from thee,
 Thou Book of books, doth round me pour, —
 Death's shadows flee, —
 Life evermore !

VIII.

Thou 'rt dingy now, and sadly worn,
With crumpled leaves, and binding torn;
Thy value others may not see,
But thou art priceless wealth to me!

Shrined in my heart
Shall be thy memory and thy lore
My soul's best chart,
Forevermore!

THE FAY OF THE FALLS.

I.

WHEN nature lies calmly in midnight repose,
And the anvil no longer rings sharp on the ear,
A melody floats from the wave as it flows,
In murmurs of sweetness enchanting to hear.
Hark! distant and dying, that silvery voice calls,
'T is the soft melting lay of the Fay of the falls.

II.

How plaintive its accents! it murmurs in sighs,
Till the air seems to thrill with its exquisite flow;
And the stars, looking pensively down from the skies,
In sympathy throb with a tremulous glow.
List! distant and dying, that voice ever calls,
And sweet is the song of the Fay of the falls.

III.

It mourns for the days when along the green shore
The thick-flowering spray drooped its bloom to the
stream,
And the red hunter's bark the bright wave floated o'er,
Ere the hills had re-echoed the clangor of steam.
Now, distant and dying, a voice sadly calls,
'T is the tremulous tones of the Fay of the falls.

IV.

The shore is despoiled of its green forest bowers,
Where nature's sweet warblers their carols awoke,
And the wild deer have fled, for the dun city towers
By the marge of the stream, with its din and its smoke.
And, distant and dying, beyond its brown walls,
At the noon of the night, sings the Fay of the falls.

V.

The dark clouds of water-fowl come nevermore,
To scream mid the rushes, in wildest of glee;
The dull notes of commerce have usurped the shore,
While it burdens each wave going down to the sea.
Now, distant and dying, that pensive voice calls,
In the soft melting strains of the Fay of the falls.

VI.

Sing on, mournful spirit! thy song shall ne'er cease,
While the wave hurries on to its home in the main;
But ever, when earth is reposing in peace,
Into night's listening ear pour thy soul-melting strain.
And, as, distant and dying, we list to its calls,
Our hearts shall respond to the Fay of the falls.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

I.

I DWELL within a voiceless world,
 Mysterious as deep ;
 My tongue can shape no form of speech,
 I can but laugh and weep.
 The touch may wake the sounding chords,
 And lips sweet music trill, —
 The mystic power I cannot feel,
 A void is round me still.

II.

The wingéd lightnings o'er me flash,
 The trembling nerve doth shake,
 The awful stillness on my ear
 The thunders may not break.
 And yet I know 't is God who speaks
 In each electric gleam ;
 I love the music of His voice,
 I hear it when I dream.

III.

When I a mother's name would call,
Or hear its holy sound,
My lips give forth no utterance,
My ear is silence-bound.
But O, that sweetest, dearest name
My soul delights to hear ;
Its melody oft thrills my heart, —
I answer with a tear !

IV.

Though, when she knelt at evening hour,
No sound the stillness broke,
I knew the language of her lips,
It was her soul that spoke.
And there were other voices, too,
Commingled in that prayer ;
I saw no forms, but O, I felt
The Angels hovering there.

V.

When I the beauteous heavens behold,
The star-gemmed milky way,
And watch the flowers and bright-winged birds
Upon the blooming spray ;

When beauty, fragrance fills the sense,
O, then I long to hear,
And know if music comes as sweet
Unto the quickened ear.

VI.

Though on the ear and from the tongue
No words of sweetness roll,
The heart has its own melody,
The music of the soul ;
'T is like the far-off symphony
The spirit hears alone,
Swelling beyond the walls of time,
Around Jehovah's throne.

VII.

There, on my spirit-quickened sense,
Shall heavenly cadence thrill,
My loosened tongue join in the strains
Which powers celestial fill ;
There, evermore with new delight
Shall praise to him be given,
Who, in a world of silence, tuned
Both tongue and ear for heaven !

I LOVE THE WIND.

I.

THE wind is out with merry rout,
It revels wild and free,
The forests swaying to and fro,
Like billows of the sea.
O, hear it at the casement, now,
With rude and hoarse refrain ;
'T is thus I love to hear the wind
Make music on the pane.

II.

It mourns along the empty halls,
Or mounts the winding stair,
Goes rumbling through each garret room,
And every cranny there ;
Now down into the cellar dark,
Then up the stair again.
O, how I love the free wild wind,
Though rough and rude its strain.

III.

It mounts the gable, twirls the vane,
Then stoops with sudden drop,
Around the dusty courtyard whirls,
Like the spinning of a top ;
Now glides along the portico,
And slams the opened door.
O, how I love this windy war, —
There 's music in its roar.

IV.

Behold it toss the snow-flakes round,
Ere to the ground they fall,
In many a wild and merry bout,
Then heap them 'gainst the wall ;
Or from the hooded tree-tops shake
The hoary wreaths of snow.
'T is thus I love the free wild wind,
How rough so e'er it blow.

IF YOU WILL ONLY THINK SO.

I.

EACH one must take his chance in life,
And wait for fortune's favors ;
And, if it bring protracted strife,
With unrequited labors,
Ne'er yield a moment to despair,
Nor let the spirit shrink so.
No richer blessing, oft, than care,
If you will only think so !

II.

As fortune's wheel rolls on its way,
Ne'er count the hours by sorrow,
Since he who rides the top to-day,
The bottom finds to-morrow.
Ne'er let success depend on place,
Nor yield whene'er you sink low ;
When lowest, you have won the race,
If you will only think so !

III.

Timidity is half defeat,
Ere foeman is pursuing ;
And, where success might be complete,
Faint heart is all undoing.
Ne'er charge it back on "cruel fate,"
When sorrow's cup you drink so ;
The shortest road to ruin's gate
Is only just to think so !

IV.

What though your lot is hard to bear,
With none to ease your labor ?
Ne'er murmur that a lighter share
Has fallen to your neighbor.
The reasons never stop to ask,
Why link is joined to link so ;
And yours will be the lightest task,
If you will only think so !

V.

Remember, there can be no good
In moping over troubles,
For, bowing to despondent mood,
The sorrow only doubles ;

Then shake off care, and bravely on,
Though you to ruin's brink go,
And on its verge the gaol is won,
If you will only think so.

TO AN INFANT BOY.

I.

Room for a new-born love,
Room in each parent breast ;
Another snow-white dove
Seeks for an ark of rest.
A welcome, darling boy,
Where love its light imparts,
O, nestle as a joy
Forever in our hearts.

II.

Mysterious visitant
From yon celestial sphere,
O say, why art thou sent
For joy or sorrow here?
While now our spirits reel
With strange deliciousness,
We fear the joy we feel,
It is not earthly bliss.

III.

Since to our raptured sight
 This radiant one was given,
Our hearts have felt delight,
 All redolent of heaven ;
But O, there comes a fear,
 He is not ours alone ;
Heaven is his native sphere,
 And Heaven may claim its own !

IV.

O, let the gentle love
 An earthly home imparts,
Beguile thee, precious dove,
 To nestle in our hearts.
Come to thy parent's breast,
 And be a constant joy :
It is thy ark of rest,
 My bright-eyed, cherub boy !

HYMN FOR A NEW YEAR'S SABBATH-
SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

I.

OTHERS, vainly seeking pleasure,
Meet to sip their rosy wine ;
Here we find enduring treasure,
Where we learn of things Divine.
Years may fly, and cares o'ertake us,
Hopes decay, and heart be riven,
But our God will ne'er forsake us,
Time is winging us to Heaven.

II.

Here we learn to love and cherish
Friends who win the erring heart,
Truths receive that never perish,
Truths that grace and life impart.
Tasting joys beyond conception,
With each lesson truly given ;
We escape the dark deception,
In the radiant path to Heaven.

III.

Sacred are these friendly meetings,
Sweet this interchange of love,
For the lips now warm with greetings
Guide our hearts to bliss above.
While the sands of life are wasting,
Be our hearts to Jesus given,
In the pathway ever hastening,
Upward to the gates of Heaven.

IV.

New Year's greetings have been spoken,
Happy wishes breathed to-day ;
Each received some cherished token,
Friendship's gift to bear away.
Now, O Lord, ere we shall sever,
One more gift is freely given ;
O receive, and keep forever,
Treasure up our hearts in Heaven.

A SONG ABOUT SINGERS.

I.

THE "Sinless Child"* perfection seeks,
 With heart that ever yearns,
 Glowing, as did the burning bush,
 With fire that never burns.

II.

And truly hers should ever bear
 The "Salamander's" name,
 For all her genius deigns to touch
 Lives evermore in flame.

III.

"Elfrida" † was a "Music-Box,"
 And, while a flower shall bloom,
 Her own "Wild Flowers" through all the year
 Will shed their rich perfume.

* Mrs. E. O. Smith.

† Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

IV.

Her fancy soared on lightest wing,
 And revelled wild and free,
 And gathered fresh the fairest flowers
 Of Love and Poesy.

V.

“Ideal,” * in “a sad, sweet dream,”
 Beholds her sought-for token;
 But from the airy vision wakes,
 And finds her “Image Broken.”

VI.

And now, like rude Idolater,
 When truth his chains has riven,
 She lays upon a holier shrine
 A holocaust to Heaven.

VII.

“Melodia” † sung — the “Butter-cup,”
 The “Rainbow” brighter glowed,
 And every murmuring “Sea-shell’s” voice
 In sweeter cadence flowed,

* Miss Lynch.

† Mrs. Welby.

VIII.

With heart as timid as the flower
 That first peeps out in spring,
 And yet so brimming full of song,
 She could not help but sing.

IX.

“Flora’s Interpreter”* is still
 The genius of the “Book,”
 Through which she sheds the “Light of Home”
 In every tasteful nook.

X.

Here trips a “Grace,” † from Venus’ train,
 In “Love and Daring” by,
 Yet “Dreams” and “Darkened Hours” oft seem
 To light and shade her eye.

XI.

And she who loves the moral Muse, ‡
 The matron of the choir,
 Still sings us songs of Home and Heaven,
 In strains that never tire.

* Mrs. Hale. † Miss S. J. Clark. ‡ Mrs. Sigourney.

XII.

The "Sleeping Beauty"* chants her lay,
 The modest "Cinderella:"
 When once her worth is truly known,
 She'll grace the proudest villa.

XIII.

Once He who "spake as ne'er man spake,"
 Whose speech ne'er yet beguiled,
 Declared that they are blessed who
 Are like unto a "Child." †

XIV.

And, "Child"-like, she doth aim to bless
 Her little kindred here,
 Nor does she scorn the love of those
 She'll love in yonder sphere.

XV.

With "Sun" and "Summer" in their smiles,
 Walk hand in hand the "Mays;" ‡
 One leads about her graceful "Fawn,"
 The other wreathes bouquets.

* Miss Whitman. † Miss Child. ‡ Caroline and Edith May.

XVI.

The Western "Helva"* paints to life
"Pictures of Memory,"
And twines the freshest "mountain flowers"
In wreaths of Poesy.

XVII.

A "Light in Darkness" shines always
Amid life's dreary night,
To gild the path the "sisters"† tread
Up to the "gates of light."

XVIII.

And there are others in the choir,
Whose brows the bays will twine ;
For they are with the "vision blest,
And faculty divine."

* Alice Cary. † Alice and Phebe Cary.

THE END.

