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1852

THE
SONGS AND BALLADS

OF

✓
GEORGE P. MORRIS.

~~~~~  
FIRST COMPLETE EDITION.

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NEW-YORK :
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845,

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern
District of New-York.

TO

JAMES EWING COOLEY, Esquire,

THESE PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

WITH THE ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP

OF

THE AUTHOR.



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M E L O D I E S .



THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.



A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea ;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand ;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land

The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE! (a.)

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters play'd.

My mother kiss'd me here ;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

OH, BOATMAN, HASTE.

OH, boatman, haste !—the twilight hour
Is closing gently o'er the lea !
The sun, whose setting shuts the flower,
Has looked his last upon the sea !
Oh, row, then, boatman, row !

Oh, row, then, boatman, row !

Row !

Aha !

We've moon and star !

And our skiff with the stream is flowing.

Heigh-ho !—ah !—heigh-ho !—

Echo responds to my sad heigh-ho !

Oh, boatman, haste !—the sentry calls

The midnight hour on yonder shore !

And silvery sweet the echo falls

As music dripping from the oar !

Oh, row, then, boatman, row !

Oh, row, then, boatman, row !

Row !

Afar !

Sail moon and star !

While our skiff with the stream is flowing !

Heigh-ho !—ah !—heigh-ho !—

Echo responds to my sad heigh ho !

Oh, boatman, haste !—the morning beam

Glides through the fleecy clouds above

So breaks on life's dark murm'ring stream

The rosy dawn of woman's love !

Oh, row, then, boatman, row !

Oh, row, then, boatman, row !

Row !

'Tis day !

Away—away !

To land with the stream we are flowing,

Heigh-ho !—Dear one—ho !

Beauty responds to my glad heigh-ho !

NEAR THE LAKE.

NEAR the lake where droop'd the willow,

Long time ago !

Where the rock threw back the billow,

Brighter than snow ;

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd,

By high and low ;

But with autumn's leaf she perish'd,

Long time ago !

Rock and tree and flowing water,

Long time ago !

Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know !
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd
Long time ago !

Mingled were our hearts forever !
Long time ago !
Can I now forget her ?—Never !
No, lost one, no !
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow ;
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago !

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

AN ivy-mantled cottage smiled,
Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side,
Where dwelt the village pastor's child,
In all her maiden bloom and pride.

Proud suitors paid their court and duty
To this romantic sylvan beauty :
Yet none of all the swains who sought her,
Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

The town-gallants cross'd hill and plain,
To seek the groves of her retreat,
And many follow'd in her train,
To lay their riches at her feet.
But still, for all their arts so wary,
From home they could not lure the fairy.
A maid without a heart they thought her,
And so they left the pastor's daughter.

One balmy eve in dewy spring
A bard became her father's guest ;
He struck his harp, and every string
To love vibrated in her breast.
With that true faith which cannot falter,
Her hand was given at the altar,
And faithful was the heart he brought her
To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

How seldom learn the worldly gay,
With all their sophistry and art,

The sweet and gentle primrose-way
To woman's fond, devoted heart :
They seek, but never find, the treasure,
Although revealed in jet and azure.
To them, like truth in wells of water,
A fable is the pastor's daughter.

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

I LOVE the night when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out,
From boundless fields of blue ;
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring trills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love—you !

I love to stray at the close of day,
Through groves of linden trees,
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats,
Are vocal in the breeze.

I love the night—the glorious night !
When hearts beat warm and true ;
But far above the night I love,
I love, I love, love—you !

THE MINIATURE.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still ;
Absorb'd, delighted and amazed,
He viewed the artist's skill.

“ This picture is yourself, dear Jane ;
’Tis drawn to nature true :
I’ve kissed it o’er and o’er again,
It is so much like you.”

“ And has it kiss'd you back, my dear ?”
“ Why—no—my love,” said he.
“ Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all *like me* !”

O'ER THE MOUNTAINS.

SOME spirit wafts our mountain lay—
 Hilli ho ! boys, hilli ho !
To distant groves and glens away !
 Hilli ho ! boys, hilli ho !
E'en so the tide of empire flows—
 Ho ! boys, hilli ho !
Rejoicing as it westward flows !
 Ho ! boys, hilli ho !
To refresh our weary way,
 Gush the crystal fountains,
As a pilgrim band we stray
 Cheerly o'er the mountains.
 Hilli ho ! boys, hilli ho.

The woodland rings with song and shout !

Hilli ho ! boys, hilli ho !

As though a fairy hunt were out !

Hilli ho ! boys, hilli ho !

E'en so the voice of woman cheers—

Ho ! boys, hilli ho !

The hearts of hardy mountaineers !

Ho ! boys, hilli ho !

Like the glow of northern skies,

Mirror'd in the fountains,

Beams the love-light of fond eyes,

As we cross the mountains.

Hilli ho ! boys, hilli ho !

THE MAIN-TRUCK; OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.*

A NAUTICAL BALLAD.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay

In the harbour of Mahon ;

A dead calm rested on the bay—

The waves to sleep had gone ;

* Founded upon a well-known tale from the pen of the late
William Leggett, Esq.

When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climb'd shroud and spar—and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood !

A shudder ran through every vein—
All eyes were turn'd on high !
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky !
No hold had he above—below .
Alone he stood in air !
At that far height none dared to go—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed—but not a man could speak !—
With horror all aghast
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watch'd the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

THE FATHER CAME ON DECK !—He gasp'd,
“ Oh God ! thy will be done ! ”

Then suddenly a rifle grasp'd,
And aim'd it at his son !
“ Jump, far out, boy ! into the wave !
Jump, or I fire !” he said :
“ That only chance your life can save !
Jump—jump, boy !”—He obey'd.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved—
He for the ship struck out !
On board we hail'd the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout,
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck.

LAND-HO !

Up, up with the signal !—The land is in sight !
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.

~~~~~

In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,  
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.

Land!—land-ho!—All hearts glow with joy at the  
sight!

We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

*The signal is waving!*—Till morn we'll remain,  
Then part in the hope to meet one day again  
Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our  
birth.

The holiest spot on the face of the earth!

Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,  
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.

Ho!—land ho!—We near it—we bound at the sight!  
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

*The signal is answer'd!*—The foam-sparkles rise  
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!  
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,  
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!

One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells,  
To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!  
THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—and, thank Heaven, all'  
right!

So be happy, if never again, boys to-night!

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.  

---

I GLORY in the sages,  
Who in the days of yore,  
In combat met the foemen,  
And drove them from our shore;  
Who flung our banner's starry field  
In triumph to the breeze,  
And spread broad maps of cities where  
Once waved the forest trees.  
—Hurrah!—

I glory in the spirit  
Which goaded them to rise  
And found a mighty nation  
Beneath the western skies.  
No clime so bright and beautiful  
As that where sets the sun;  
No land so fertile, fair and free  
As that of Washington.  
—Hurrah!—

LIFE IN THE WEST.  

---

Ho! brothers,—come hither and list to my story—

Merry and brief will the narrative be:

Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—

Master am I, boys, of all that I see.

Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling—

The meadow and moorland are marshes no more  
And there curls the smoke of my cottage beguiling

The children who cluster like grapes at the door

Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest:

The land of the heart is the land of the west.

Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,

Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free;  
Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,

Like those of the clouds, or the deep rolling sea.  
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;

With proud independence we season our cheer,  
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,  
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.

Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;  
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the west.  
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger  
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own,  
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,  
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.  
We never know want, for we live by our labour,  
And in it contentment and happiness find;  
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,  
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.  
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;  
You know how we live, boys, and die in the west!  
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

---

### THE COT NEAR THE WOOD.

---

HARD by I've a cottage that stands near the wood—  
A stream glides in peace at the door—  
Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood  
Receive hospitality's store.

---

To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,  
The stranger we ever invite:  
You're welcome to freely partake at the board,  
And afterwards rest for the night.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees  
And herald the young god of day,  
Then, with him uprising, depart if you please,  
We'll set you refresh'd on the way:  
Your coin for our service we sternly reject;  
No traffic for gain we pursue,  
And all the reward that we wish or expect,  
We take in the good that we do.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,  
And many would wander astray  
In seeking Eternity's silent abode,  
Did Mercy not point out the way!  
If all would their duty discharge as they should,  
To those who are friendless and poor,  
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,  
And life the sweet stream at my door.



THE SWORD AND THE STAFF.  

---

THE sword of the hero!  
The staff of the sage!  
Whose valour and wisdom  
Are stamp'd on the age!  
Time-hallow'd mementos  
Of those who have riven  
The sceptre from tyrants,  
"The lightning from heaven!"

This weapon, oh Freedom!  
Was drawn by thy son,  
And it never was sheath'd  
Till the battle was won!  
No stain of dishonour  
Upon it we see!  
'Twas never surrender'd—  
Except to the free!

While Fame claims the hero  
And patriot sage,  
Their names to emblazon  
On History's page,

No holier relics  
Will liberty hoard,  
Than FRANKLIN'S staff guarded  
By WASHINGTON'S sword.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

WE were boys together,  
And never can forget  
The school-house on the heather,  
In childhood where we met—  
The humble home, to memory dear ;  
Its sorrows and its joys,  
Where woke the transient smile or tear  
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,  
And castles built in air ;  
Your heart was like a feather,  
And mine weighed down with care.  
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,  
To me it brought alloys



Fore-shadow'd in the primrose time  
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together ;  
The friends we loved of yore,  
With leaves of autumn weather,  
Are gone for evermore.  
How blest to age the impulse given—  
The hope time ne'er destroys—  
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,  
When you and I were boys.

---

#### WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

---

WHERE Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,  
Crown'd with a single star !  
And there, amid the billowy swells  
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,  
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,  
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,  
The diamonds of the showers,  
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,  
The sisterhood of flowers,  
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,  
Her purity define ;  
But Ida's dearer far than these  
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades  
Of night are on my brow :  
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,  
My soul is with you now !  
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where  
My Ida's footsteps roam—  
Oh ! for a falcon's wing to bear  
Me onward to my home.

---

### MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

---

THIS book is all that's left me now !—  
Tears will unbidden start—

---

With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree ;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd ;  
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear :  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill !  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear ;  
How calm was my poor mother's look  
Who lean'd God's word to hear.  
Her angel face—I see it yet !  
What thronging memories come !  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried ;  
Where all were false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy :  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

THE moon and all her starry train  
Were fading from the morning sky,  
When home the ball-room belle again  
Return'd with throbbing pulse and brain,  
Flush'd cheek, and tearful eye.

The plumes that danced above her brow,  
The gems that sparkled in her zone,  
The scarf of gold-wove myrtle bough,  
Were laid aside—they mock'd her now,  
When desolate and alone.

That night how many hearts she won !  
The reigning belle, she could not stir  
But like the planets round the sun  
Her suitors follow'd—all but one !  
One, all the world to her.

And she had lost him !—marvel not  
That lady's eyes with tears were wet ;  
Though love by man is soon forgot,  
It never yet was woman's lot  
To love and to forget.

---

MARGARETTA.

---

WHEN I was in my teens  
I loved dear Margareta :  
I know not what it means,—  
I cannot now forget her.  
That vision of the past,  
My head is ever crazing ;  
Yet when I saw her last  
I could not speak for gazing.

Oh, lingering rose of May !  
Dear as when first I met her :  
Worn in my heart alway,  
Life-cherished, Margaretta !

We parted near the stile  
As morn was faintly breaking,  
For many a weary mile  
Oh how my heart was aching !  
But distance, time, and change  
Have lost me Margaretta !  
And yet 'tis sadly strange  
That I cannot forget her !  
Oh queen of rural maids,  
Dear dove-eyed Margaretta—  
The heart the mind upbraids  
That struggles to forget her !

My love, I know, will seem  
A wayward boyish folly ;  
But, ah ! it was a dream,  
Most sweet—most melancholy.  
Were mine the world's domain,  
To me 'twere fortune better  
To be a boy again,  
And dream of Margaretta.

Oh ! memory of the past,  
Why linger to regret her ?  
My first love is my last,  
For that is Margareta.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST.

Love thee, dearest ?—Hear me !—Never  
Will my fond vows be forgot !  
May I perish, and forever,  
When, dear maid, I love thee not !  
Then turn not from me, dearest !—Listen !  
Banish all thy doubts and fears !  
And let thine eyes with transport glisten !  
What hast thou to do with tears ?

Dry them, dearest !—Ah, believe me,  
Love's bright flame is burning s'ill !  
Though the hollow world deceive thee,  
Here's a heart that never will !

~~~~~

Dost thou smile?—A cloud of sorrow
Breaks before Joy's rising sun!
Wilt thou give thy hand?—To-morrow
Hymen, dearest, makes us one!

~~~~~

THE COLONEL.

—

THE Colonel!—such a creature!  
I met him at the ball!  
Perfect in form and feature,  
And so divinely tall!  
He praised my dimpled cheeks and curls,  
While whirling through the dance,  
And matched me with the dark-eyed girls  
Of Italy and France?

He said, in accents thrilling,  
“Love's boundless as the sea!  
And I, dear maid, am willing  
To give up all for thee!”  
I heard him—blush'd—“would ask mamma”—  
And then my eyes grew dim!



---

He look'd—I said, “ Mamma—papa—  
I'll give up all for him !”

My governor is rich and old ;  
This well the colonel knew.  
“ Love's wings,” he said, “ when fringed with gold,  
Are beautiful to view !”  
I thought his 'haviour quite the ton,  
Until I saw him stare,  
When merely told that—brother—John—  
Papa—would—make—his—heir !

Next day and the day after  
I dress'd for him in vain—  
Was moved to tears and laughter—  
He never came again !  
But I have heard, for widow Dash  
He bought the bridal ring—  
And he will wed her for her cash—  
The ugly, hateful thing !

---

THE MAY-QUEEN.  

---

WITH flights of singing-birds went by  
The cheerful hours of girlhood's day,  
When in my native bowers,  
Of simple buds and flowers,  
They wove a crown and hail'd me Queen of May.

Like airy sprites the lasses came,  
Spring's offering at my feet to lay ;  
The crystal from the fountain,  
The green bough from the mountain,  
They brought to cheer and shade the Queen of May

Around the May-pole on the green,  
In fairy rings they tripped away :—  
All merriment and pleasure,  
To chords of tuneful measure,  
They bounded by the happy Queen of May

Though years have pass'd, and time has strewn  
My raven locks with flakes of gray,

Fond memory brings the hours  
Of buds and blossom-showers,  
When in girlhood I was crown'd the Queen of May

---

WESTWARD-HO!

---

DROOP not, brothers,  
As we go,  
O'er the mountains,  
Westward-ho !  
Under boughs of mistletoe  
Log-huts we'll rear,  
While herds of deer and buffalo  
Furnish the cheer.  
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys ?  
For game afar  
We have our rifles ready, boys !  
Aha !  
Throw care to the winds,  
Like chaff, boys !—ha !  
And join in the laugh, boys—  
Hah—hah—hah !

Cheer up, brothers !  
    As we go,  
O'er the mountains,  
    Westward-ho !  
When we've wood and prairie-land,  
    Won by our toil,  
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,  
    Lords of the soil !  
Then westward-ho ! in legions, boys,  
    Fair Freedom's star  
Points to her sun-set regions, boys !  
    Aha !  
Throw care to the winds,  
    Like chaff, boys—ha !  
And join in the laugh, boys—  
    Hah—hah—hah !

---

JANET McREA—(b.)

---

SHE heard the fight was over,  
    And won the wreath of fame !  
When tidings from her lover,  
    With his good war-steed came

To guard her safely to his tent,  
The red-men of the woods were sent.  
They led her where sweet waters gush  
Under the pine-tree bough!  
The tomahawk is raised to crush—  
'Tis buried in her brow!  
She sleeps beneath that pine-tree now!

Her broken-hearted lover  
In hopeless conflict died!  
The forest leaves now cover  
That soldier and his bride!  
The frown of the Great Spirit fell  
Upon the red-men like a spell!  
No more those waters slake their thirst,  
Shadeless to them that tree!  
O'er land and lake they roam accurst,  
And in the clouds they see  
Thy spirit unavenged, McRea!



THE SUITORS.  

---

WEALTH sought the bower of Beauty,  
Dress'd like a modern beau;  
Just then, Love, Health, and Duty  
Took up their hats to go.  
Wealth such a cordial welcome met,  
As made the others grieve,  
So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette,  
Love, pouting, took French leave—  
He did—  
Love, pouting, took French leave

Old Time, the friend of Duty,  
Next call'd to see the fair;  
He laid his hand on Beauty,  
And left her in despair.  
Wealth vanish'd!—Last went rosy Health—  
And she was doom'd to prove,  
That those who Duty slight for Wealth,  
Can never hope for Love  
Ah, no—  
Can never hope for Love.

## OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE.

—

OPEN thy lattice, love—  
Listen to me!  
The cool balmy breeze  
Is abroad on the sea!  
The moon, like a queen,  
Roams her realms of blue,  
And the stars keep their vigils  
In heaven for you.  
Ere morn's gushing light  
Tips the hills with its ray,  
Away, o'er the waters,  
Away and away!  
Then open thy lattice, love—  
Listen to me!  
While the moon lights the sky,  
And the winds crisp the sea!

Open thy lattice, love—  
Listen to me!  
In the voyage of life,  
Love our Pilot will be'

~~~~~

He'll sit at the helm
Wherever we rove,
And steer by the load-star
He kindled above!
His shell for a shallop
Will cut the bright spray,
Or skim, like a bird,
O'er the waters away!
Then open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me,
While the moon lights the sky,
And the winds crisp the sea!

~~~~~

### ROSABEL.

—

I MISS thee from my side, beloved,  
I miss thee from my side;  
And wearily and drearily  
Flows Time's resistless tide.  
The world, and all its fleeting joys,  
To me are worse than vain,  
Until I clasp thee to my heart,  
Beloved one, again.



---

The wildwood and the forest path,  
We used to thread of yore,  
With bird and bee have flown with thee,  
And gone for evermore!  
There is no music in the grove  
No echo on the hill;  
But melancholy boughs are there,  
And hush'd the whip-poor-will.

I miss thee in the town, beloved,  
I miss thee in the town;  
From morn I grieve till dewy eve  
Spreads wide its mantle brown.  
My spirit's wings, that once could soar  
In fancy's world of air,  
Are crush'd and beaten to the ground  
By life-corroding care.  
No more I hear thy thrilling voice  
Nor see thy winning face,  
That once would gleam like morning's beam  
In mental pride and grace:  
Thy form of matchless symmetry,  
In sweet perfection cast—  
It is the star of memory  
That fades not with the past.

I miss thee every where, beloved,  
I miss thee everywhere ;  
Dull night and day wear both away,  
And leave me in despair.  
The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,  
And childhood's gladsome glee,  
Have lost their charms for me, beloved,  
My soul is full of thee !  
Has Rosabel forgotten me,  
And love I now in vain ?  
If that be so, my heart can know  
On earth no rest again.  
A sad and weary lot is mine,  
To love and be forgot,  
A sad and weary lot, beloved,  
A sad and weary lot.

WEARIES MY LOVE OF MY LETTERS ?

WEARIES my love of my letters ?  
Does she my silence command ?  
Sunders she Love's rosy fetters  
As though they were woven of sand 's

---

Tires she too of each token  
    Indited with many a sigh?  
Are all her promises broken?  
    And must I love on till I die?

Thinks my dear love that I blame her  
    With what was a burden to part?  
Ah, no!—with affection I'll name her  
    While lingers a pulse in my heart.  
Although she has clouded with sadness,  
    And blighted the bloom of my years,  
I love her still even to madness,  
    And bless her through showers of tears!

My pen I have laid down in sorrow—  
    The songs of my lute I forego—  
From neither assistance I'll borrow  
    To utter my heart-seated wo  
But peace to her bosom, wherever  
    Her thoughts or her footsteps may stray,  
Memento of mine again never  
    Will shadow the light of her way!


---

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE  

---

WHEN other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine,  
When other bays have crown'd thee,  
More fresh and green than mine,  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This doting heart will be,  
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,  
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
I know thy truth remains  
I would not live without thee,  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's changing sea ;  
And whate'er fate betides me,  
This heart still turns to thee.



THE EXILE TO HIS SISTER.  

---

As streams at morn, from seas that glide,  
Rejoicing on their sparkling way,  
Will turn again at eventide,  
To mingle with their kindred spray :  
E'en so the currents of the soul,  
Dear sister, wheresoe'er we rove,  
Will backward to our country roll,  
The boundless ocean of our love.

Yon northern star, now burning bright,  
The guide by which the wave-toss'd steer,  
Beams not with more unwav'ring light,  
Than does thy love, my sister dear.  
From stars above the streams below  
Receive the glory they impart ;  
So, sister, do thy virtues glow  
Within the mirror of my heart

---

SHE LOVED HIM.  

---

SHE loved him—but she heeded not—  
Her heart had only room for pride :  
All other feelings were forgot,  
When she became another's bride.  
As from a dream she then awoke,  
To realize her lonely state,  
And own it was the vow she broke  
That made her drear and desolate.

She loved him—but the sland'rer came,  
With words of hate that all believed ;  
A stain thus rested on his name,  
But he was wrong'd, and she deceived !  
Ah ! rash the act that gave her hand,  
That drove her lover from her side,  
Who hied him to a distant land,  
Where, battling for a name, he died.

She loved him—and his memory now  
Was treasured from the world apart

The calm of thought was on her brow,  
 The seeds of death were in her heart.  
 For all the world that thing forlorn  
 I would not, could not be, and live—  
 That casket with its jewel gone,  
 A bride who has no heart to give.

~~~~~

THE SWEEP'S CAROL.*

—

THROUGH the streets of New-York city,
 Blithely every morn
 I caroll'd o'er my artless ditty,
 Cheerly though forlorn !
 Before the rosy light, my lay
 Was to the maids begun,
 Ere winter snows had pass'd away,
 Or smiled the summer sun.

Carol—O—a—y—e—o !

* Written to be sung in character, for the purpose of introducing the wild, peculiar, and well-known cry or carol of the sweeps of New-York.

In summer months I'd fondly woo
 Those merry dark-eyed girls,
With faces of the ebon hue,
 And teeth like eastern pearls.
One vow'd my love she would repay—
 Her heart my song had won,
When winter snows had pass'd away,
 And smiled the summer sun.
Carol—O—a—y—e—o!

A year, alas! had scarcely flown,—
 Hope beam'd but to deceive—
Ere I was left to weep alone,
 From morn till dewy eve!
She died one dreary break of day!—
 Grief weighs my heart upon!—
In vain the snows may pass away,
 Or smile the summer sun.
Carol—O—a—y—e—o!



SILENT GRIEF.


WHERE is now my peace of mind ?
Gone, alas ! for evermore :
Turn where'er I may, I find
Thorns where roses bloom'd before,
O'er the green fields of my soul,
Where the springs of joy were found,
Now the clouds of sorrow roll,
Shading all the prospect round.

Do I merit pangs like these,
That have cleft my heart in twain ?
Must I, to the very lees,
Drain thy bitter chalice, Pain !
Silent grief all grief excels ;
Life and it together part ;
Like a restless worm it dwells
Deep within the human heart !

MY WOODLAND BRIDE

HERE upon the mountain side
Till now we met together ;
Here I won my woodland bride,
In flush of summer weather.
Green was then the linden bough,
This dear retreat that shaded ;
Autumn winds are round me now,
And the leaves have faded.

She whose heart was all my own,
In this summer bower,
With all pleasant things has flown,
Sunbeam, bird and flower !
But her memory will stay
With me, though we're parted—
From the scene I turn away,
Lone and broken-hearted !



THE RETORT.

OLD BIRCH, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit ;
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polish'd life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Jenny sadly miss'd him,
When he return'd, behind her lord
She slyly stole and fondly kiss'd him !
The husband's anger rose !—and red
And white his face alternate grew !
“ Less freedom, ma'am ! ” Jane sigh'd and said,
“ *Oh, dear ! I didn't know 'twas you* ”

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

THE spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way ;
The sky, earth, and ocean
In beauty repose
And all the bright future
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley
Their music impart,
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer,—

Life's mild Indian-summer,
The smile of the year :
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings—
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

OH, THINK OF ME !

OH, think of me, my own beloved,
Whatever cares beset thee !
And when thou hast the falsehood proved,
Of those with smiles who met thee :

While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,
Who never can forget thee ;
Let memory trace the trysting-place,
Where I with tears regret thee.

Bright as yon star, within my mind,
A hand unseen hath set thee ;
There hath thine image been enshrined,
Since first, dear love, I met thee ;
So in thy breast I fain would rest,
If, haply, fate would let me—
And live or die, wert thou but nigh,
To love or to regret me !

THE STAR OF LOVE.

THE star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea ;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenade for thee

The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are drear till thou appear
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.

OH, WOULD THAT SHE WERE HERE

OH, would that she were here,
These hills and dales among,
Where vocal groves are gayly mock'd
By Echo's airy tongue :

Where jocund Nature smiles
In all her boon attire,
Amid deep-tangled wiles
Of hawthorn and sweet-brier.
Oh, would that she were here,
That fair and gentle maid,
Whose voice is like the low sweet tones
Of wind-harps softly play'd.

Oh, would that she were here,
Where the free waters leap,
Shouting in their joyousness
Adown the rocky steep :
Where rosy zephyr lingers
All the live-long day,
With health upon his pinions,
And gladness in his way.
Oh, would that she were here—
For Eden's groves of palm
Were not more full of breathing bliss
Than these broad shades of balm.

Oh, would that she were here,
Where glide the pleasant hours,
Rife with the song of bee and bird,
The perfume of the flowers :

Where heaven, in boundless love,
Has spread its radiant bow,
A promise from the world above
Unto the world below.
Oh, would that she were here—
The nymphs of this bright scene,
With song and dance and revelry,
Would hail the dear one queen.

THE CROTON ODE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE CORPORATION
OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

GUSHING from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the Goddess of the Mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Deck'd in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curl'd billow,
See the river spirits fair
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

Hail the wanderer from a far land.
Bind her flowing tresses up!
Crown her with a fadeless garland,
And with crystal brim the cup,
From her haunts of deep seclusion,
Let Intemperance greet her too,
And the heat of his delusion
Sprinkle with this mountain-dew

Water leaps as if delighted,
While her conquer'd foes retire !
Pale Contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon Fire !
Safety dwells in her dominions,
Health and Beauty with her move,
And entwine their circling pinions
In a sisterhood of love.

Water shouts a glad hosanna !
Bubbles up the earth to bless !
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obey'd the Prophet's wand.

Round the Aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethé throng,
Croton's waves in all their glory,
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When Posterity shall mingle
Like the gather'd waters here.

I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE.

I NEVER have been false to thee !
The heart I gave thee still is thine ;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine !
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill ;
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still !

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train !
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again !
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill !
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still !

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispell'd the clouds of care.

And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense fill'd the air :
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still !

MY BARK IS OUT UPON THE SEA.

My bark is out upon the sea—
The moon's above ;
Her light a presence seems to me
Like woman's love.
My native land I've left behind—
Afar I roam ;
In other climes no hearts I'll find
Like those at home.

Of all yon sisterhood of stars,
But one is true
She lights my path with silver bars,
And beams like you.

Whose purity the waves recall
 In music's flow,
As round my bark they rise and fall
 In liquid snow.

The fresh'ning breeze now swells our sails !
 A storm is on !
The weary moon's dim lustre fails—
 The stars are gone.
Not so fades love's eternal light
 When storm-clouds sweep ;
I know one heart's with me to-night .
 Upon the deep.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

FREEDOM spreads her downy wings
Over all created things ,
Glory to the King of kings,
 Bend low to Him the knee !—
Bring the heart before His throne—

Worship Him and Him alone !—
He's the only King we own—
 And He has made us free !

The holiest spot a smiling sun
E'er shed his genial rays upon,
Is that which gave a Washington,
 The drooping world to cheer !
Sound the clarion peals of fame !
Ye who bear Columbia's name !—
With existence freedom came,
 It is man's birth-right here !

Heirs of an immortal sire,
Let his deeds your hearts inspire ;
Weave the strain and wake the lyre
 Where your proud altars stand !
Hail with pride and loud hurrahs,
Streaming from a thousand spars,
Freedom's rainbow-flag of stars,
 The symbol of our land !

LOVE, HONOUR AND OBEY.

WHEN Love in myrtle shades reposed,
His bow and darts behind him slung,
As dewy twilight round him closed,
Lisette these numbers sung ;
“ Oh, Love! thy sylvan bower
I'll fly while I've the power ;
Thy primrose way leads maids where they
Love, honour, and obey!”

“ Escape,” the boy-god said, “ is vain !”
And shook the diamonds from his wings :
“ I'll bind thee captive in my train,
Fairest of earthly things !”
“ Go, lovely archer, go !
I freedom's value know :
Then hence away, to none I'll say
Love, honour and obey !”

“ Speed, arrow, to thy mark !” he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew !

Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view!
Joy fill'd that maiden's eyes—
Twin load-stars from the skies!—
And she *did* say, on bridal day,
“Love, honour and obey!”

~~~~~

WELL-A-DAY.

—

Love comes and goes like a spell!  
How, no one knows, nor can tell!  
Now here—now there—then away!  
None dreameth where—Well-a-day!

Love should be true as the star  
Seen in the blue sky afar!  
Now here—now there—like the lay  
Of lutes in th' air—Well-a-day!

Should love depart—not a tie  
Binds up the heart till we die!—  
Now here—now there—sad we stray!  
Life is all care—Well-a-day!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER. [c.]  

---

UPON the barren sand  
A single captive stood,  
Around him came with brow and brand,  
The red-men of the wood.  
Like him of old, his doom he hears  
Rock-bound on ocean's rim :—  
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
And breathed a prayer for him

Above his head in air,  
The savage war-club swung,  
The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
Her arms about him flung.  
Then shook the warriors of the shade  
Like leaves on aspen limb,  
Subdued by that heroic maid  
Who breathed a prayer for him

“Unbind him!” gasp'd the chief,  
“Obey your king's decree!”

He kiss'd away her tears of grief,  
And set the captive free.  
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
An angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him.

## VENETIAN SERENADE.

COME, come to me, love  
Come, love!—Arise!  
And shame the bright stars  
With the light of thine eyes  
Look out from thy lattice,  
Oh lady, appear!  
A swan on the water,  
My gondola's near!

Come, come to me, love!  
Come, love!—My bride!  
O'er crystal in moonbeams  
We'll tranquilly glide:

In the dip of the oar  
A melody flows  
Sweet as the nightingale  
Sings to the rose.

Come, come to me, love!  
Come, love!—The day  
Brings warder and cloister!  
Away, then, away!  
O haste to thy lover;  
Not yon star above  
Is more true to heaven  
Than he to his love!



### WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

---

HEIGH-HO! for a husband!—Heigh-ho!  
There's danger in longer delay!  
Shall I never again have a beau?  
Will nobody marry me, pray?

---

I begin to feel strange, I declare !  
With beauty my prospects will fade—  
I'd give myself up to despair  
If I thought I should die an old maid.

I once cut the beaux in a huff—  
I thought it a sin and a shame  
That no one had spirit enough  
To ask me to alter my name.  
So I turn'd up my nose at the short,  
And cast down my eyes at the tall,  
But then I just did it in sport,  
And now I've no lover at all.

These men are the plagues of my life :  
'Tis hard from so many to choose !  
Should any wish for a wife,  
Could I have the heart to refuse ?  
I don't know—for none have proposed—  
Oh dear me !—I'm frightn'd, I vow !  
Good gracious ! who ever supposed  
That I should be single till now ?

---

SALLY ST. CLAIR. [*d.*]  

---

IN the ranks of Marion's band,  
Through morass and wooded land,  
Over beach of yellow sand,  
    Mountain, plain and valley ;  
A southern maid, in all her pride,  
March'd gayly at her lover's side,  
    In such disguise  
    That e'en his eyes  
Did not discover Sally.

When return'd from midnight tramp,  
Through the forest dark and damp,  
On his straw-couch in the camp  
    In his dreams he'd dally  
With that devoted, gentle fair,  
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair,  
    So near him seem,  
    That, in his dream,  
He breathes his love for Sally.

Oh what joy that maiden knew,  
When she found her lover true!—  
Suddenly the trumpet blew,  
    Marion's men to rally!  
To ward the death-spear from his side  
In battle by Santee she died!  
    Where sings the surge,  
    A ceaseless dirge  
Near the lone grave of Sally.

---

AU REVOIR.

---

Love left one day his leafy bower,  
    And roam'd in sportive vein,  
Where Vanity had built a tower,  
    For Fashion's sparkling train.  
The mistress to see he requested,  
    Of one who attended the door;  
"Not home," said the page, who suggested  
    That he'd leave his card.—"*Au Revoir.*"

Love next came to a lowly bower—  
    A maid who knew no guile,

Unlike the lady of the tower,  
Received him with a smile.  
Since then the cot beams with his brightness,  
Though often at Vanity's door,  
Love calls merely out of politeness,  
And just leaves his card.—“*Au Revoir.*”

---

### THE CARRIER-DOVE

---

WHILE before St. Agnes' shrine  
Knelt a true knight's lady-love,  
From the wars of Palestine  
Came a gentle carrier-dove.  
Round his neck a silken string  
Fasten'd words the warrior writ ;  
At her call he stoop'd his wing,  
And upon her finger lit.

She, like one enchanted, pored  
O'er the contents of the scroll.



For that lady loved her lord  
With a pure devoted soul.  
To her heart the dove she drew,  
While she traced the burning line,  
Then away the minion flew  
Back to sainted Palestine.

To and fro, from hand to hand  
Came and went the carrier-dove,  
Till throughout the holy land  
War resign'd his sword to Love.  
Swift the dove on wings of light,  
Brought the news from Palestine,  
And the lady her true knight  
Wedded at St. Agnes' shrine.

---

### NOT MARRIED YET.

---

I'm single yet—I'm single yet !  
And years have flown since I came out !  
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret  
Ye gods ! what are the men about ?

---

I vow I'm twenty!—oh, ye powers!  
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—  
On earth alone to pass her hours,  
And afterwards lead apes—*down there!*

No offer yet—no offer yet!  
I'm puzzled quite to make it out  
For every beau my cap I set,  
What, what, what *are* the men about?  
They don't propose—they *won't* propose,  
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say "yes!"  
Just let them try—for heaven knows  
I'm tired of single-blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—  
The deuce is in the men, I fear!  
I'm like a—something to be let,  
And to be *let alone*—that's clear.  
They say "she's pretty—but no chink—  
And love without it runs in debt!"  
It agitates my nerves to think  
That I have had no offer yet!

---

## THE BEAM OF DEVOTION.

I NEVER could find a good reason  
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,  
And all the bright joys of life's season,  
Be driven unheeded away.  
Our cares would wake no more emotion,  
Were we to our lot but resign'd,  
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,  
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,  
Which looks upon all for the best,  
And while it discharges its duty,  
To Providence leaves all the rest ;  
That spirit's the beam of devotion,  
Which lights us through life to its close.  
And sets like the sun in the ocean,  
More beautiful far than it rose

LADY OF ENGLAND.  

---

LADY OF ENGLAND—o'er the seas  
Thy name was borne on every breeze,  
Till all this sunset clime became  
Familiar with Victoria's name.

Though seas divide us many a mile,  
Yet, for the Queen of that fair isle,  
From which our fathers sprung, there roves  
A blessing from this Land of Groves.

Our Father-land!—fit theme for song!  
When thou art named what memories throng'  
Shall England cease our love to claim?  
Not while our language is the same.

Scion of kings! so live and reign,  
That, when thy nation's swelling strain  
Is breathed amid our forests green  
We too may sing, "God save the Queen!"

## TWENTY YEARS AGO.

'Twas in the flush of summer time,  
Some twenty years or more,  
When Ernest lost his way, and crost  
The threshold of our door.  
I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet  
His brow of Alpine snow,  
His manly grace of form and face,  
Some twenty years ago.


The hand he ask'd I freely gave—  
Mine was a happy lot,  
In all my pride to be his bride  
Within my father's cot.  
The faith he spoke he never broke :  
His faithful heart I know ;  
And well I vow I love him now  
As twenty years ago.

THE EVERGREEN,  

---

Love cannot be the aloe tree,  
Whose bloom but once is seen;  
Go search the grove, the tree of love  
Is sure the evergreen:  
For that's the same, in leaf or frame  
'Neath cold or sunny skies;  
You take the ground its roots have bound  
Or it, transplanted, dies!

That love thus shoots, and firmly roots  
In woman's heart we see;  
Through smiles and tears in after years  
It grows a fadeless tree.  
The tree of love, all trees above,  
For ever may be seen,  
In summer's bloom, or winter's gloom,  
A hardy evergreen.



## THE DAY IS NOW DAWNING, LOVE.

WILLIAM.

THE day is now dawning, love.  
Fled is the night—  
I go like the morning, love,  
Cheerful and bright.  
Then adieu, dearest Ellen ;  
When evening is near  
I'll visit thy dwelling,  
For true love is here.

ELLEN.

Oh, come where the fountain, love,  
Tranquilly flows ;  
Beneath the green mountain, love,  
Seek for repose !—  
Here the days of our childhood,  
In love's golden beam,  
'Mong the blue-bells and wildwood,  
Pass'd on like a dream.

WILLIAM.

O linger awhile, love.

ELLEN.

I must away.

WILLIAM.


O grant me thy smile, love,  
'Tis hope's cheering ray,  
With evening expect me.

ELLEN.

To the moment be true,  
And may angels protect thee—

BOTH.

Sweet Ellen, adieu !  
Dear William, adieu !

STAR-LIGHT RECOLLECTIONS.  

---

'Twas night.—In the woodland alone  
We met with no witnesses by



---

But such as resplendently shone  
In the blue-tinted vault of the sky ;  
Your head on my bosom was laid,  
As you said you would ever be mine ;  
And I promised to love, dearest maid,  
And worship alone at your shrine.

Your love on my heart gently fell  
As the dew on the flowers at eve,  
Whose bosoms with gratitude swell,  
A blessing to give and receive :  
And I knew by the glow on your cheek,  
And the rapture you could not control,  
No power had language to speak  
The faith or content of your soul

I love you as none ever loved ;  
As the steel to the star I am true,  
And I, dearest maiden, have proved  
That none ever loved me but you.  
Till memory loses her power,  
Or the sands of existence have run,  
I'll remember the star-lighted hour,  
That mingled two hearts into one

---

OH, THIS LOVE.  

---

OH, this love—this love !  
I ains the passion slighted ;  
But hearts that truly love,  
Must break or be united.  
Oh, this love !

When first he cam' to woo,  
I little cared aboot him ;  
But seene I felt as though  
I could na' live without him.  
Oh, this love !

He brought to me the ring,  
My hand ask'd o' my mither—  
I could na bear the thought  
That he should wed anither.  
Oh, this love !

And now, I'm a' his ain,  
In a' his joys I mingle ;

Nae for the wealth of warlds,  
Wad I again be single !  
Oh, this love !

---

## INDIAN SONGS.

---

### I.—BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THEY come !—be firm !—In silence rally !  
The long-knives our retreat have found !  
Hark !—their tramp is in the valley,  
And they hem the forest round !  
The burthened boughs with pale scouts quiver,  
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,  
While across the eddy river,  
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring !  
The bloodhounds darken land and water !  
They come—like buffaloes for slaughter !

---

### II.—AFTER THE BATTLE.

THEY'RE gone—again the red-man rally—  
With dance and song the woods resound :

The hatchet's buried in the valley ;  
No foe profanes our hunting-ground !  
The green leaves on the blithe boughs quiver .  
The verdant hills with song-birds ring,  
While our bark canoes, the river  
Skim, like swallows on the wing.  
Mirth pervades the land and water,  
Free from famine, sword, and slaughter !

THE HEART THAT OWNS THY TYRANT  
SWAY.

The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,  
Whate'er its hopes may be,  
Is like a bark that drifts away,  
Upon a shoreless sea !  
No compass left to guide her on,  
Upon the surge she's tempest-torn  
And such is life to me !

And what is life when love is fled ?  
The world unshared by thee ?

Better be with silent dead  
Than such a waif to be!  
The bark that by no compass steers,  
Is lost which way so'er she veers,  
And such is life to me!

---

### THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE!

---

The following ballad is founded, in part, upon a thrilling story of the West, related by Mr. Cooper, the novelist.

---

THE shades of evening closed around  
The boundless prairies of the west,  
As, grouped in sadness on the ground,  
A band of pilgrims leaned to rest:  
Upon the tangled weeds were laid,  
The mother and her youngest born,  
Who slept, while others watch'd and pray'd,  
And thus the weary night went on.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky—  
When, on the whispering winds there came,

The Teton's shrill and thrilling cry,  
And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame  
The sun seem'd rising through the haze,  
But with an aspect dread and dire !  
The very air appeared to blaze !  
Oh God ! the prairie was on fire !

Around the centre of the plain  
A belt of flame retreat denied,  
And, like a furnace glowed the train  
That wall'd them in on every side :  
And onward rolled the torrent wild—  
Wreaths of dense smoke obscured the sky !  
Down knelt the mother and her child,  
And all—save one—shrieked out “ We die ! ”

“ Not so ! ” he cried—“ help—clear the sedge !  
“ Strip bare a circle to the land ! ”  
That done, he hastened to its edge,  
And grasped a rifle in his hand :  
Dried weeds he held beside the pan,  
Which kindled at a flash, the mass !  
Now “ fire fight fire ! ” he said, as ran  
The forked flames among the grass.

On three sides now the torrent flew,  
But on the fourth no more it raved !  
Then large and broad the circle grew,  
And thus the pilgrim band was saved !  
The flames receded far and wide,  
The mother had not prayed in vain !  
God had the Teton's arts defied !  
His scythe of fire had swept the plain

---

### ONE BALMY SUMMER NIGHT, MARY !

---

ONE balmy summer night, Mary,  
Just as the risen moon,  
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,  
We left the gay saloon ;  
And in a green, sequester'd spot,  
Beneath a drooping tree,  
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,  
That still are dear to me, Mary,  
That still are dear to me.

Oh we were happy then, Mary,—  
Time linger'd on his way,  
To crowd a life-time in a night,  
Whole ages in a day !  
If star and sun would set and rise,  
Thus in our after years,  
The world would be a paradise,  
And not a vale of tears, Mary,  
And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary,—  
The glorious days of old !  
When love was hoarded in the heart,  
As misers hoard their gold :  
And often like a bridal train,  
To music soft and low,  
The by-gone moments cross my brain,  
In all their summer glow, Mary,  
In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,  
As age comes stealing on,  
To bring the light and leave the shade  
Of days for ever gone !  
The poet's brow may wear at last  
The bays that round it fall ;



But love has rose-buds of the past  
Far dearer than them all, Mary,  
Far dearer than them all.

THE WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,  
One moment cherished and the next forgot,  
To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,  
I know full well is hapless woman's lot ;  
Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,  
Avert this brief but melancholy doom—  
Content that close beside the thorn of feeling,  
Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,  
Yet often with a smile I've heard it told !  
Oh there are records of the heart which never  
Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled !  
Mine eye to thine may scarce again aspire,  
Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell,  
And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire  
Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell.

## THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

IN the days that are gone--by this sweet flowing water  
Two lovers reclined in the shade of a tree ;  
The one was the mountain king's rosy-lipped daughter,  
The brave warrior chief of the valley was he.  
Then all things around them, below and above,  
Were basking, as now, in the sunlight of love—  
In the days that are gone—  
By this sweet flowing stream.

IN the days that are gone—they were laid 'neath  
the willow,  
The maid in her beauty—the youth in his pride—  
Both slain by the foeman who came o'er the billow,  
And stole the broad lands where these children  
reside:  
Whose fathers, when dying, in fear look'd above,  
And trembled to think of that chief and his love ·  
In the days that are gone—  
By this sweet flowing stream.

## 'TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR.

## A SERENADE.

THE fountains serenade the flowers,  
Upon their silver lute—  
And, nestled in their leafy bowers  
The forest-birds are mute :  
The bright and glittering hosts above,  
Unbar their golden gates,  
While nature holds her court of love,  
And for her client waits.  
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise !  
'Tis now the promised hour,  
When torches kindle in the skies  
To light thee to thy bower.

The day we dedicate to care—  
To love the witching night ;  
For all that's beautiful and fair  
In hours like these unite.  
E'en thus the sweets to flowerets given—  
The moonlight on the tree,—

And all the bliss of earth and heaven—  
Are mingled, love, in thee.  
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!  
'Tis now the promised hour,  
When torches kindle in the skies  
To light thee to thy bower.

HOME FROM TRAVEL.

I'M with you once again, my friends—  
No more my footsteps roam :  
Where it began my journey ends,  
Amid the scenes of home.  
No other clime has skies so blue,  
Or streams so broad and clear,  
And where are hearts so warm and true  
As those that meet me here ?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,  
I press'd my native strand,  
I've traversed many miles at sea,  
And many miles on land ;

---

I've seen all nations of the earth,  
Of every tongue and hue.—  
They taught me how to prize the worth  
Which lingers here with you.

In other countries, when I heard  
The language of my own,  
Oh how my echoing heart has stirred—  
How bounded—at the tone !  
But when our woodland strains were sung  
Upon a foreign mart,  
The vows that falter'd on my tongue,  
Were graven on my heart.

My native land, I turn to you,  
With blessing and with prayer,  
Where man is brave and woman true,  
And free as mountain air.  
In triumph may our banner wave,  
Against the world combined,  
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,  
Within our borders find.

---

BESSY BELL.  

---

WHEN life looks drear and lonely, love,  
And pleasant fancies flee,  
Then will the muses only, love,  
Bestow a thought on me  
Mine is a harp which pleasure, love,  
To waken strives in vain  
To Joy's entrancing measure, love,  
It ne'er can thrill again !  
Why mock me, Bessy Bell ?

Oh do not ask me ever, love,  
For rapture-woven rhymes ;  
For vain is each endeavour, love,  
To sound mirth's play-bell chimes !  
Yet still believe me, dearest love,  
Though dull my song may be,  
This heart still doats sincerest, love,  
And grateful turns to thee !  
My once true Bessy Bell !

---

Those eyes still rest upon me, love !  
I feel their magic spell !  
With that same look you won me, love,  
Fair, gentle Bessy Bell !  
My doom you've idly spoken, love,  
You never can be mine !  
But though my heart is broken, love,  
Still, lady, it is thine !  
Adieu, false Bessy Bell !





**Songs and Duets**

FROM THE OPERA OF

**THE MAID OF SAXONY.**



**THE MUSIC BY C. E. HORN.**



THE GENTLE BIRD.  

---

THE gentle bird on yonder spray,  
That sings its little life away,  
The rose-bud bursting into flower,  
And glitt'ring in the sun and shower,  
The cherry-blossom on the tree,  
Are emblematic all of thee.

Yon moon that sways the vassal streams  
Like thee in modest beauty beams ;  
So shines the diamond of the mine,  
And the rock-crystal of the brine :  
The gems of heaven, earth and sea,  
Are blended all, dear maid, in thee !

WHEN I BEHOLD.  

---

WHEN I behold that lowering brow  
Which indicates the mind within,

I marvel much that woman's vow  
A man like that could ever win.  
Yet, it is said, in rustic bower,  
(The fable I have often heard,)  
A serpent has mysterious power  
To captivate a timid bird.

This moral then I sadly trace,  
That love's a fluttering thing of air :  
And yonder stands the viper base,  
Who would my gentle bird ensnare.  
'Twas in the shades of Eden's bower  
This fascination had its birth,  
And even there possessed the power  
To lure the paragon of earth.

---

ALL SHOULD WED ALONE FOR LOVE.

---

FROM my fate there's no retreating,  
Love commands and I obey :  
How with joy my heart is beating  
At the fortunes of to-day.

Life is fill'd with strange romances—  
Love is blind the poets say :  
When he comes unsought, the chance is  
Of his own accord he'll stay.

Love can ne'er be forced to tarry ;  
Chain him, he'll the bonds remove ;  
Pair'd, not match'd, too many marry—  
All should wed alone for love.  
Let him on the bridal even,  
Trim his lamp with constant ray,  
And the flame will light to heaven,  
When the world shall fade away.

---

### 'TIS A SOLDIER'S RIGID DUTY

---

'Tis a soldier's rigid duty  
Orders strictly to obey ;  
Let not then the smile of beauty  
Lure us from the camp away.  
In our country's cause united,  
Gallantly we'll take the field ;

~~~~~

But the victory won, delighted
Singly to the fair we yield.

Soldiers who have ne'er retreated,
Beauty's tear will sure beguile;
Hearts that armies ne'er defeated,
Love can conquer with a smile.
Who would strive to live in story,
Did not woman's hand prepare
Amaranthine wreaths of glory,
Which the valiant proudly wear.

~~~~~

THE LAND OF THE HEART.

---

5κχ, stream, moorland and mountain,  
Tree, cot, spire and dome,  
Breeze, bird, vineyard and fountain,  
Kindred, friends, country and home.  
Home, home, home, home,  
These are the blessings of home.

Hope how fondly I cherish,  
Dear land, to see thee once more ;  
Oh, fate ! let me not perish,  
Far from my own native shore.  
Home, home, home, home,  
Saxony, liberty's home.

Those who freedom inherit  
Bow not to tyranny's throne,  
Then, friends, in a kind spirit,  
Judge of my love by your own.  
Home, home, home, home,  
The land of the heart is our home.

LOVE IS NOT A GARDEN FLOWER.

---

AH ! love is not a garden flower,  
That shoots from out the cultured earth !  
That needs the sunbeam and the shower  
Before it wakens into birth :  
It owns a richer soil and seed,  
And woman's heart contains them both—

~~~~~

Where it will spring, without a weed,
Consummate in its growth.

These leaves will perish when away
From either genial sun or shower ;
Not so will wither and decay
Celestial Love's perennial flower.
'Tis our companion countless miles,
Through weal or wo, in after years ;
And though it flourishes in smiles,
It blooms as fresh in tears.

~~~~~

THE KING, THE PRINCES.

—

THE king, the princes of the court,  
With lords and ladies bright,  
Will in their dazzling state resort,  
To this grand fête to-night.  
The merry hearted and the proud,  
Will mingle in the glittering crowd,  
Who glide with fashion's sparkling stream,  
Where one I love will shine supreme.



The cavaliers of Italy,  
The gay gallants of France,  
With Spain and England's chivalry  
Will join the mazy dance.  
The court of Love, the camp of Mars,  
Fair Prussian dames, 'earth-treading stars,'  
To music's strain will float in light,  
Where one I love will beam to-night.

---

### THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

---

HARK ! 'tis the deep-toned midnight bell,  
That bids a sad and long farewell  
To the departed hour :  
How like a dirge its music falls,  
Within these cold and dreary walls  
Where stern misfortunes lower.

Ah ! vainly through these prison-bars  
Glide the pale beams of moon and stars,  
To cheer this lonely tower :  
From evening's close to dawn of day

~~~~~

Hope's star sheds not a single ray
To light the solemn hour.

Alas ! what pangs must guilt conceal,
When innocence like mine can feel
So crush'd in such an hour !
I know not whether love be crime,
But if it is, in every clime,
'Tis woman's fatal dower !

~~~~~

SWAY'D BY SMILES FROM THEE.

—

ONCE mild and gentle was my heart !—  
My youth from guile was free,  
Ere falsehood's tongue and slander's dart  
Had stain'd and wounded me !  
And then no threats could daunt my soul ;  
My haughty spirit spurn'd control  
Till sway'd by smiles from thee.

A wanderer o'er the desert sand,  
An outcast on the sea,

An exile from my native land,  
What joy had life for me ?  
Each friend misfortune proved a foe ;  
I scorn'd the high, despised the low.  
Till sway'd by smiles from thee.

THE PERFECTION OF REASON.

THAT law's the perfection of reason  
No one in his senses denies,  
Yet here is a trial for treason  
Will puzzle the wigs of the wise.  
The lawyers who bring on the action  
On no single point will agree,  
Though proved to their own satisfaction  
That tweedle-dum's *not* tweedle-dee!

To settle disputes—in a fury  
The sword from the scabbard we draw ;  
But reason appeals to a jury  
And settles—according to law.

---

Then hey for the woolsack—for never  
Without it can nations be free ;  
But trial by jury for ever !  
And for tyranny—fiddle-de-dee !

## NOTES.

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(a) Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather near a cottage that was once my father's." "The place is yours, then?" said I. "No, my poor mother sold it," and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother!" resumed my companion, "we passed many happy, *happy* days, in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all are gone; and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. After a moment's pause, he added, "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Under its branches I often listened to the good counsel of my parents, and had *such* gambols with my sisters; Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it full as well in winter time. These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood an old

man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. "What are you going to do?" asked my friend with great anxiety. "What is that to you?" was the reply "You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?" "Yes, but I am though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. "What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house; prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague." "Who told you that?" "Dr. Smith." Have you any other reason for wishing cut it down?" "Yes, I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn." He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighbourhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood? "Why, when it is down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive." "Then give me a bond to that effect." I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter; the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the road, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with materials for the song I send you.—*Extract from a Letter to Henry Russell, Esq.*

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(b) "We seated ourselves in the shade of a large pine-tree; and drank of a spring that gurgled beneath it. The Indians gave a groan and turned their faces from the water. They would not drink of the spring nor eat in the shade of the tree; but retired to a ledge of rocks at no great distance. I ven

tured to approach them and inquire the cause of their strange conduct. One of the Indians said in a deep and solemn tone, 'That place is bad for the red-man; the blood of an innocent woman, not of our enemies, rests upon that spot—she was there murdered. The red-man's word had been pledged for her safety; but the evil spirit made him forget it. She lies buried there. No one avenged her murder, and the Great Spirit was angry. That water will make us more thirsty, and that shade will scorch us. The stain of blood is on our hands, and we know not how to wipe it out. It still rests upon us, do what we will.' I could get no more from them; they were silent, even for Indians. It was the death of Miss McRea they alluded to. She was betrothed to a young American by the name of Jones, who had taken sides with the British and become a captain in their service. The lovers, however, had managed to keep up a correspondence, and he was informed, after a battle in which he distinguished himself for his bravery, that his innamorata was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy-Hill. As it was dangerous for him to go to her, he engaged a party of confidential Indians to take his horse to her residence and bring her to his tent in safety. He urged her in his letter, not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection; and the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman. They proceeded on their journey, and stopped to rest under a large pine-tree near a spring—the one at which we drank. Here they were met by another party of Indians, also sent by the impatient lover, when a quarrel arose about her which terminated in her assassination. One of the Indians pulled the poor girl from her horse and another struck his tomahawk into her forehead—tore off her scalp and gashed her breast. They then covered her body with leaves and left her under the huge pine-tree. One of the Indians made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another brought him her scalp. He knew the long brown tress-

es of Miss McRea, and in defiance of all danger, flew to the spot to realize the horrid scene. He tore away the thinly-spread leaves—clasped the still bleeding body in his arms; and wrapping it in his cloak, was about bearing it away, when he was prevented by his superior officers, who ordered the poor girl to be buried on the spot where she had been immolated. After this event a curse seemed to rest upon the red-man. In every battle their forces were sadly cut up; the Americans attacking them most furiously whenever they could get an opportunity. The prophets of the Indians had strange auguries; they saw constantly in the clouds, the form of the murdered white woman, invoking the blasts to overwhelm them, and directing all the power and fury of the Americans to exterminate every red-man of the forest, who had committed the hateful deed of breaking his faith and staining the tomakawk with the blood of a woman, whose spirit still called for revenge. It was agreed among the Indians in a body to move silently away, and by morning's light not a red-man was to be found near the British troops. Captain Jones, too, was no more. In the battle he led on his men with that fearlessness and fury that distressed minds often do; but his men grew tired of following him in such perilous attacks, and began to fly. As he returned to rally them he received a ball in his back. Burning with shame, love, and frenzy, he turned and threw himself on the bayonets of the enemy, and at once closed his agonies and expiated his political offence. He was laid by the side of her he had so ardently loved and lamented."—*Events of the Revolution.*

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(c) "Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded. After a long consultation among the

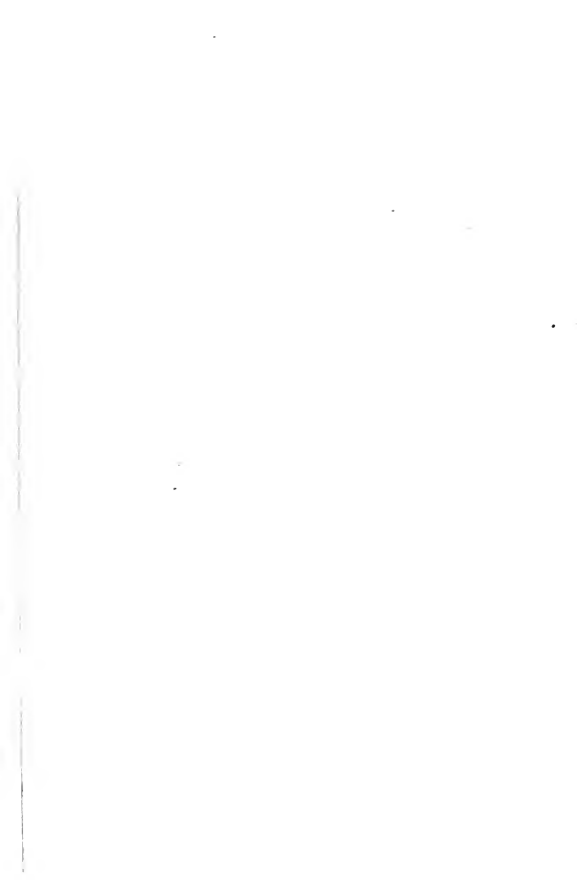


Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood-stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere: the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favour was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompense for what I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.' John Randolph was a lineal descendant of this noble woman, and was wont to pride himself upon the honour of his descent. Pocahontas died in the twenty-second year of her age."—*Sketches of Virginia.*

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(d) "SALLY ST. CLAIR was a beautiful, dark-eyed, Creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was lavished upon Sergeant Jasper, who on one occasion had the good fortune to save her life. The prospect of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long jetty ringlets from her exquisite head, to dress in male attire, to enrol herself in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention, except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch, like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The camp was surprised and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; but, endeavouring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a green shady nook that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."—*Tales of Marion's Men.*









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