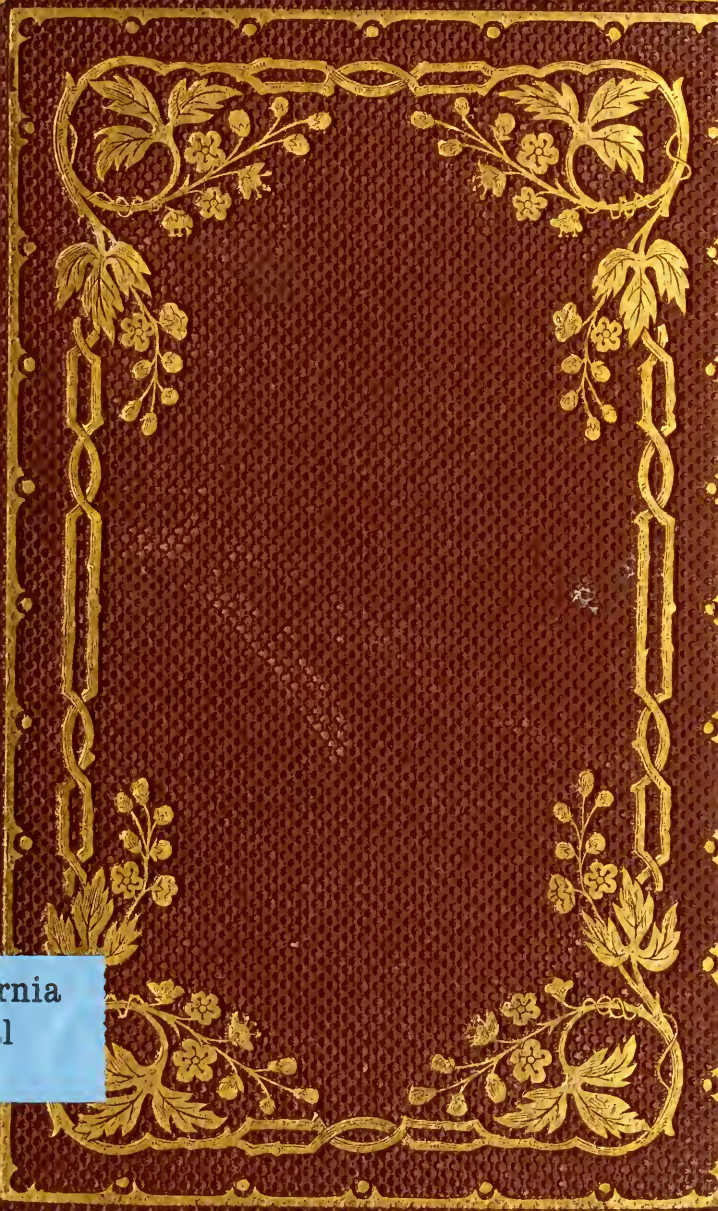


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SONGS OF MY LEISURE HOURS.



S O N G S

OF

MY LEISURE HOURS.

BY

MRS. WILLIAM HOBSON.

MANCHESTER :

PRINTED AT THE "GUARDIAN" STEAM-PRINTING OFFICES.

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TO MY BROTHER,

L. C O O K E,

OF TAMMERFORS, FINLAND,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND LOVE,

BY HIS SISTER

MARTHA SOPHIA HOBSON.

937737

P R E F A C E.

MANY of the poems in this volume were the productions of my twentieth year, and have been collected from the columns of local newspapers in which they enjoyed a brief existence at the time. Others have been written at intervals since. Their composition was undertaken as a task to lighten the burden of too early sorrow, and to retain the passing emotions of affection and friendship. I had not thought them worthy of collection, nor would they have appeared in this form but for the encouragement of many valued friends. If their perusal will make one lowly home brighter, or one sad heart happier, my leisure hours will not have been spent in vain.

M. S. H.

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THE POET'S MISSION.

I.

NOT for fame's bright crown of laurel,
Though each leaf be deemed a gem ;
Not to make that wreath immortal,
Not to win applause from men ;
Not to make his name a glory,
Which shall circle round his tomb,
Like the glowing sunlight circles
Round the regal brow of June :

II.

Not alone to swell the story
Of the great ones who have died,
Doth the poet fill his mission—
Hold it with an honest pride.
There are higher themes that thrill him—
Themes that whisper to his soul,
“Hearts are trying to decipher
Mists that shroud the waiting goal.”

III.

Hearts are pining for the dawning
Of a brighter, better day ;
Hope grows weary for the gloaming
Of the quiet sunset ray ;
Souls are sunk in tangled meshes,
Vice sits brooding in the mind ;
Thought is fettered, talent wasted,
Noble impulse left behind.

IV.

This the poet sees, and, feeling,
 Yearns to make his brother see,—
Longs to lift his soul up higher—
 Longs to make his spirit free.
Thus it is that inspiration
 Burns within his breast. Go write
From the world within thy bosom—
 Give the halo of its light.

V.

Give thy wealth of thought and feeling,
 Give thy magic power of mind,
To enoble and to brighten—
 Sin-wrought fetters to unbind.
There are spirits that will bless thee
 For thy great exalted thought,
There are bosoms that will listen
 For the strain thy lyre has wrought,

VI.

Happier for its cheering music,
Calmer for its hallowed tone,
Strengthening faith in human nature,
Strengthening light within their own.
There are homesteads where no summer
Ever comes with cheering ray ;
Millions who are daily toiling
With no sunbeam on their way ;

VII.

Mourners who are watching, waiting
For the loved who never come ;
Spirits that are weary, broken,
Yearning for a resting home ;
Hearts where no wee bonnie flower
Ever suns its little head ;
Bosoms where all light and beauty
Seem for ever sunk or dead.

VIII.

Oh! this is the poet's mission,
Giving life and hope to these—
Giving to their hearts God's sunlight,
Calming passions' troubled seas ;
This the talisman that circles,
Breathing incense, round his name,
This that binds his brow with laurel,
This that gives immortal fame.

“THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT.”

I.

HUSH! there 's a song note
Borne on the breeze,
Hush! whisper softly
Ye rustling trees;
Stir not a leaflet,
Heave not a sigh,
Let me but hear the sweet
Spirit song nigh.

II.

Tra la la, tra la la,
I love the night,
Sung out the birdie,
Flowret or sprite,
Tra la la, tra la la,
Come fairy star ;
Come from your dark home
Join my guitar.

III.

Night has come again,
I must awake ;
There are sad hearts to soothe—
Hearts that would break,
But for my spirit song
Falling around,
Falling where sorrow's
Dark shadow is found.

IV.

Thus the sweet nightingale
Breath'd out its song,
All through the lonely night
Dreary and long ;
Never once pausing,
Never once still,
'Till the bright day gleam
Blush'd o'er the hill.

V.

And the sweet birdie,
This lesson taught,
Night hath God's holy love
Over it wrought ;
E'en though its dark clouds
Round us may cling,
Still should our spirit
Look upwards and sing.

VI.

Night hath its angel voice
 Echoing low,
Hush! and be patient,
 O'er thee 't will flow,
E'en though its dark clouds
 Round thee may cling,
Still let thy spirit
 Look upwards and sing.

KATIE.

I.

KATIE! little laughing Katie!
Sunbeam of my heart and home!
Ever cheering with her prattle
And the music of her tone;
Weaving all unconscious round me
Flowers of heavenly hue and light,
Gilding them with sunny beauty,
Like some little fairy sprite.

II.

Tripping feet come dancing near me,
And her bright face peeps in mine ;
Little hands are clasp'd about me,
Trying up my chair to climb ;
Now her head of sunny tresses
Nestles to her mother's breast,
Seeking blessings whilst she blesses,
And would be again caressed.

III.

Now she asks a strange grave question
With an earnest, thoughtful eye,
And my heart throbs with foreboding
Of some ill, I know not why,
Till her ringing laugh recalls me
Back again to joyousness ;
Having her, my darling Katie,
I have yet a share of bliss.

IV.

Heavenly Father teach my spirit

How to guide and keep her own,

Pure unspotted as the angels

Worshipping around thy throne ;

Shield her in each hour of trial

With the presence of thy love ;

Lead her heart to find those treasures

Brightest that are fixed above.

MY IDEAL HOME.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

I.

NOT in the city, nor the crowded town,
Where the faint breeze with fever 's ever rife ;
Not where those heated hives look darkly down
Upon the hum of ever-warring strife :
Nor 'midst the classic shrines of that fair land
Whose fame is sung in ancient poets' story,
Though the blue Ægean waves roll o'er her strand,
And sculptor'd ruins give their hallow'd glory.

II.

Give me a homestead in an English vale ;
A little, sunny, and secluded spot,
Where the sweet dove and minstrel nightingale
Would chime their vespers round my lowly cot ;
Where the soft, balmy breeze of summer comes,
Laden with perfume from the violet wild :
Where the forget-me-not its blue eye suns,
Fair summer's lowliest, yet most lovely child.

III.

I'd have it nestling near thick-foliaged trees ;
The rippling stream should tell its harp-notes near,
And mingle with the sighing of the breeze,
Charming with music the enraptured ear ;
A river, winding like a silver thread,
Should roll its ever-dancing waves along,
And spangling o'er its sinuous mossy bed,
The fairest flowers breathe their voiceless song.

IV.

The gushing grape should hang its trailing vine,
The tinted apple, and the juicy pear,
With silvery blossoms in the summer shine,
And autumn find their golden fruitage there ;
The blushing rose, with dewy, drooping head,
Should twine around the window of my room,
Like some fair Cupid, with love's wings outspread,
Whispering sweet stories of the gorgeous June.

V.

I would not have a grand and lordly home,
Where the famed artist had spent all his skill
To decorate and carve each fretted dome,
The gazer's mind with wonderment to fill ;
The only gilding should be nature's green,
Her living tracery of flowers and leaves ;
A little gem set in an emerald scene,
With fond, true hearts beneath its peaceful eaves.

VI.

Within the room fair jewels from afar,
Wrought on the canvas, breathing full of life,
Should whisper to us, like a lone bright star,
Of ages past, of minds with beauty rife ;
The chisell'd form, cut from the tinted stone,
The sighing shell, the flow'rets of the sea,
Rare gems of art, from climes beyond our own,
Cluster'd around in fairy groups should be.

VII.

I'd have the antique book with gleanings old,
The master minds of every land and age ;
Deep science, with her wealth of sterling gold,
Scattered like pearls upon the mystic page ;
The poet's lyre—the soul-wrought breathing lyre,
Immortal Shakspeare, and the laurell'd throng,
With glowing imagery, and thoughts of fire,
Should wile the dreamy twilight hours along.

VIII.

The broken-hearted, and the weary one,

The orphan, friendless, and the homeless poor,
Should ne'er in vain with sorrow's story come—

A ready hand would freely give its store ;

True love within each heart and word should live,

The deep devoted love that knows no bliss

Beyond the feeling that its well-springs give—

Who would not gladly claim a home like this ?

“DINNA FORGET ME.”

I.

“**D**INNA forget me, oh ! dinna forget,”
I remember how long, long ago.

The words seem'd to rest, in my wondering breast,

Like sweet music so softened and low :

I gathered the line from some ballad of old,

And it lingers in memory yet,

The first words that start to the tremulous heart

When at parting is “Dinna forget.”

II.

“Dinna forget me, oh! dinna forget,”
 How I quoted it over and o’er,
 ’T was echoed around in each love-whispered sound,
 Ever bringing that ballad of yore;
 Many years have sped on, and the dear ones are gone,
 But I hear the fond parting words yet,
 They come at their will, and are murm’ring still.
 Oh remember me, “Dinna forget.”

III.

“Dinna forget me, oh! dinna forget,”
 It will never from memory part,
 Other songs have beguiled with their melody wild,
 But that one is blent with my heart,
 It brings old faces, and trysting places,
 The spots where we joyously met,
 And with them the song is echoed along,
 Oh remember me, “Dinna forget.”

IV.

"Dinna forget me, oh ! dinna forget,"

Once more to my lip comes the strain,
To those who will weep o'er my changeless sleep.

I would whisper the ballad again.

When the funereal pall doth over me fall,

And the twilight of evening has set,
Plant over my tomb some flow'ret to bloom,
And remember me, "Dinna forget."

THE MIND MAKES THE MAN.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

BURNS.

I.

HOW I love that song of the Scottish bard!
There 's a true clear ring in its tone,
A ring that will tell like a clarion bell,
And at once to the heart strike home.
'T is the noblest test, the mind makes the man,
Not the wealth of his purse or land;
Though his friends be few, if his heart be true,
I would proudly clasp his hand.

II.

Give me the man who will stand apart
From the vice that is grovelling round ;
Who will hold on his way through the darkest day,
Nor stop till the victory 's found ;
Who would boldly stand and defend the right,
Who would scorn to utter a lie ;
Who in every deed has truth for his creed,
And " Right " for his watchword cry.

III.

Show me the man who will take by the hand
The oppressed of the earth and the poor ;
Who will gently speak to the lone and weak,
And give what he can from his store ;
Who scatters the light of his nobler mind
To the winning of some soul back,
From the treacherous smiles of sin-wrought wiles,
To the clear broad daylight track.

IV.

His name may not shine on fame's bright roll,
 With the rich, the great, or the high,
Yet his life is told in letters of gold,
 On a scroll that will never die,
'T is graven above on the tablets of God,
 'Mongst those who are noble and great,
The man of true worth—the "gowd" of the earth,
 True lord of himself and his fate.

THE SABBATH.

I.

THERE is a calm, a sweet, a tranquil calm,
Dwelling upon God's holy day of rest,
As if some winged messenger from heaven
Had breathed its spirit over nature's breast,
Hushing each sound irreverent to the day—
Calming each thought within the world-stained soul ;
The spirit feels again the holy truth
That earth, though beautiful, is not its goal.

II.

A deeper hue of loveliness steals o'er
Earth's bosom as the hallowed morning beams :
A softer zephyr 'mid the foliage plays—
A brighter sparkle in the sunlight gleams ;
Hope springs anew as, gazing round, we hear
Whispered from each fair flower that gems the sod,
“Have faith, rejoice, thou weary-hearted one,
This is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.”

III.

The Sabbaths are the precious pearls of time
That God has strewn amidst his holy band ;
Bright amaranth flowers dropped from the heavenly
clime—
The way-marks guiding to the spirit land
Which the true Christian hails with grateful joy,
As the parched traveller o'er the burning plain,
With bounding heart, and gladdened, eager eye,
Greets the cool fount that gives him life again.

IV.

Type of the long, unbroken Sabbath rest,

Of fadeless joys, of immortality :

The eye of faith looks upward, and beholds

All these, which emanate, oh ! God, from thee.

Teach us to use thy holy days aright,—

To live whilst yet the hallowed hours be given,—

To turn the bubbles of the world away,—

To soar to thee, and win a hope in heaven.

THE ORPHAN.

I.

I FOUND her standing by a new formed mound,
Her little heart half bursting with its grief,
Sobbing in touching agony with sound
That told a stranger could not give relief.
"Mamma, mamma," with lisping tone she said,
"I want you, oh so much, just once again ;
Again to kiss you, and to lay my head
Upon your breast, I 'll let you go back then,"

II.

“But I ’ll ask Jesus if he ’ll take me too.”

And down upon the cold, damp, dewy sod
The weeping child knelt, and with fervour true
Breathed out her little artless prayer to God—
“Please take me to mamma, I love her so.”

Those simple words, oh how they pierced my heart !
If angels ever weep, they wept to know
That tender babe must from its mother part.

III.

She was a lovely, fair-haired, guileless child,
With brow of thought beyond her infant years ;
A heavenly halo shone so sweetly mild
From out her blue eyes, wet with falling tears.
Four summers had just dimpled o’er her cheek,
And left its roseate hues of beauty there ;
Her winning voice, so soft, to hear her speak,
’T was like the wind-harp swept by passing air.

IV.

With tear-dimm'd eye, I took her little hand :

 Come here, my darling, weary one, and rest,

And I will tell thee of that fair, bright land,

 Where dear mamma is safe on Jesu's breast.

She turn'd and gazed with wondering, loving eye.

 Then nestled to me like a tired dove ;

She seemed to feel, with child-like faith, that I

 Was yearning towards her with a mother's love.

V.

She clung about me, and I took her home—

 Home to my heart, that lonely orphaned one ;

I could not leave her by the grave alone,

 And hear her sobbing, "My mamma is gone."

In the calm stillness of the evening time,

 We often wander now together there ;

And with her hand clasped lovingly in mine,

 She 'll whisper softly of that first lone prayer.

VI.

I've heard the man of God with solemn tone
Breathe thrilling words 'neath the cathedral pile ;
Heard the low chant sweep by the sculptur'd stone,
Dying in murmurs through each fretted aisle.
And it has melted, touched my inmost thought,
And soothed my spirit, cleansed its earthly leaven ;
But ne'er was holy spell so deeply wrought
As when that babe sent up its prayer to heaven.

VII.

“ Please take me to mamma, I love her so ; ”
Oh, ye who have the motherless to guide,
Remember the departed one may know
Your actions, are they such that you would hide.
Speak softly to it, use not one harsh tone ;
Its little heart is craving only love ;
Shield it within your bosom as your own,
And angel ones will bless you from above.

WELCOME WHITSUNTIDE.

I.

WELCOME, with thy face of beauty :

Welcome, with thy joyous smile :

Pleasure beams around each duty

When thy sunny hours beguile—

Glowing Whitsuntide.

II.

Welcome, with thy look of gladness

Sparkling forth from every eye :

Where 's the heart that 's dimm'd with sadness

When thou comest laughing by ?

Joyous Whitsuntide.

III.

Welcome, with thy flow'rets gemming
Field and meadow, hill and dale,
Gleaming, round, rare pearl drops hemming
O'er the forest and the vale,
Jewelled Whitsuntide.

IV.

Welcome, with thy form of brightness,
And thy music breathing tone ;
Happiness, and love, and lightness
Are the children of thy home—
Laughing Whitsuntide.

V.

Welcome, with thy life breeze springing,
Wafting round us health and joy ;
To each care-worn spirit bringing
Pleasures bearing no alloy.
Freshening Whitsuntide.

VI.

Welcome, with thy pleasant rambles
By the ocean and the stream,
Through the heath-wood and the brambles,
Glowing as a poet's dream.

Fairy Whitsuntide.

VII.

Welcome, with thy laugh of childhood,
Mingling with each zephyr's sigh—
Ringing through the gladdened wildwood,
Startling feather'd songsters nigh.

Youthful Whitsuntide.

VIII.

Welcome, with thy holy teaching,
Weighty truths of nature's gold,
Bringing to our minds the preaching
Of the patriarchs of old,

Hallowed Whitsuntide.

IX.

Welcome, with thy simple treasures,
Violet and azure-bell,
Coming to the heart as pleasures,
With a holy heaven-wrought spell.
Happy Whitsuntide.

X.

Welcome, with thy youthful voices,
Gaily singing from each glen :
How the inmost soul rejoices,
Listening to thy strains again.
Pleasant Whitsuntide.

XI.

Welcome, with thy scenes elysian,
Glowing landscapes rich and grand,
Like the pictures of some vision
We have read of fairy land.
Dreamy Whitsuntide.

XII.

Welcome, gladly do we greet thee,
Holy, happy, regal time ;
And, with bounding heart, we 'll meet thee
With a joyous silvery chime.
Welcome Whitsuntide.

FOR EVERMORE.

I.

CAN I forget thee ; no, for evermore
Thy loving words will linger in my breast,
Though death divide, and scatter darkness o'er
They still shall keep their vigils there and rest.
No other heart can ever breathe such love,
No other be, what thou hast been to me ;
Too pure for earth, it winged its flight above,
To sing in heaven its faithful minstrelsy.

II.

Can I forget thee ; no, for evermore

 About my heart thy memory will dwell

An amaranth flower, whose leaves are written o'er

 With love, the angels grieve, yet smile to tell.

Grieve, that its light on earth so soon was dim :

 Smile, that its faith was holy, perfect, true ;—

Smile that the song of love—the sacred hymn.

 Will be in heaven breathed and sung anew.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

IN the land of the east, where the flow'rets twine
With the olive bloom and the clustering vine,—
Where the skies are blue, and a sunny smile
Beams bright o'er the face of each ocean isle,
There 's a legend old ; and the fair ones dwell
With a softened tone o'er the tale they tell
Of the rose that bloomed in Eden's bowers,
Ere Eve had smiled o'er the queen of flowers.

The soft eastern rays had driven afar
Night's sable clouds and each trembling star,—
The morn beamed again, and the pearly dew
Was gemming each flower that in Eden grew ;
Eve wandered with joy 'midst the floral bowers,
Fragrant with sweets from a thousand flowers,
Gorgeous in beauty, of radiant hue,
They almost rivalled the heavenly blue
Of her own bright eye as it glanced along,
And singled a flower from the floral throng.

'T was a beauteous rose of spotless white,
Nestling in moss, and the pearly drops bright,
Trembling around it, as if its soft eye
Had been weeping glad tears that Eve was by.
She gazed with delight, and she stooped to kiss
The flower that bloomed in such loveliness ;
Ere she gazed again, lo ! a change was wrought :
Its petals a bright coral glow had caught ;
From her ruddy lips it had kissed the hue,
And smiled as it blushed on its stem anew.

Oft has it faded, and left us since then,
The queen of the parterre—the floral gem ;
But summer scarce touches Aurora's train
Ere the rose awakes with a blush again,—
And whether it waves in the garden fair,
In the sculptured vase amidst blossoms rare,
Or the lowly room o'er the window sill,
It shows that Eve's kiss lingers round it still.

“HOMEWARD BOUND.”

I.

“**H**URRAH for home,” shouts the young sailor boy,
As he tosses his cap in the air :
And his face lights up with a smile of joy,
When he thinks of the fond mother there.
The union streamer is fluttering free,
With a rustling, joyous sound ;
And voices call merrily over the sea,
“Hurrah for the brave, ‘Homeward bound.’”

II.

The ship is away ; there 's a pause, then a shout,
A loud cheer from each hale English heart,
That rolls o'er the waves, and is echoed about
Till it sounds of the waters a part.
All hands are at work, every face wears a smile,
There is music in each rippling sound,
Gay voices are merrily singing, the while,
"Hurrah for the brave, 'Homeward bound.'"

III.

How many a bosom is waiting, with prayer,
To embrace the dear rover again ;
How many a heart, when the sun-set is fair,
Prays 't is so on the billowy main.
The sailor boy hears the fond greeting of home,
And his soul throbs with joy at the sound ;
A tear sparkles bright in the feathery foam,
As he whispers, "Speed on, 'Homeward bound.'"

IV.

Beneath the blue jackets true hearts are enshrined,

That would die for their dear native land ;

No foeman would find them e'er lagging behind,

For each deck owns a brave, gallant band.

Hurrah for the sailors, wherever they be,

May they never in sorrow be found ;

May each one be known as the dauntless and free.

And God speed the brave, “ Homeward bound.”

AUTUMN.

I.

AUTUMN 's coming, Autumn 's coming,
With her sad and thoughtful brow,
Garlanded with drooping flow'rets
Seeming far more lovely now
That they are departing from us,
Breathing out their last perfume,
Like the halo round the dying,
Ere they sink beneath the tomb.

II.

Nature has a softened glory
Whisp'ring, breathing round her now,
Like the last touch of the painter.
Giving soul to beauty's brow.
There are pleasures, there are treasures,
Mingled with the summer time :
But give me the mellow'd season.
Wreathed about with clustered vine.

III.

Oh ! there is a hallow'd beauty
Gathered round an autumn scene !
Crimson tints their richness throwing
O'er the forest and the stream ;
Golden corn in glory waving ;
Purpled fruits around us teem.
Oh ! the heart should throb with gladness,
Contemplating such a scene.

IV.

Autumn 's coming, autumn 's coming ;
List, 't is whispered in the breeze,
And the wild bird hears the echo,
And he trills it through the trees,
Like the farewell of the songstress,
Who has charmed an eager throng,
Keeps her sweetest notes to mingle
In the one last burst of song.

V.

Autumn has, besides her beauties,
Holy truths spread o'er her way ;
Let us gather up the treasures
Whilst the sunbeams make it day ;
Let us garner in our spirit
Flowers that will a lustre shed
Round our life when in its autumn,
And make bright the dying bed.

IT WAS NOT WELL.

I.

I't was not well to win that youthful heart,
To make its love to thee, thee only, cling !
To win it as a priceless gem, then part,
And coldly spurn it as a worthless thing.
It was not well, she was an orphan lone,
Thy love her world, her life, her only flower ;
No other voice could breathe such magic tone,
No other soothe in sorrow's lonely hour.

II.

It was not well : did no tone whisper o'er
Thy restless heart, and tell thee joy could ne'er
Build in a home with such dark blot before,
Without its shadow sometimes lingering there ?
Thou couldst not know her faithful trusting heart.
Each pulse was true, and throbbed alone for thee :
Though spurned, it could not from the dream depart.
But clung, how closely, to its memory.

III.

It was not well, yet I have seen her kneel,
With quivering lip, before the throne divine,
And plead, how deeply, for thy future weal,
Plead for a blessing upon thee and thine.
Oh, woman's love is deep, and strong as death—
As strong as death ; and her's was such for thee :
'T would not have died but with her parting breath,
Had not thine own been but a mockery.

IV.

A prattling voice whose lisping accents flow,
And calls thee father with a winning smile ;
In future years, oh ! may she never know
The traitor's love, the traitor's treacherous wile ;
Shield her from such as thou wouldst shield her life
From the cold shroud, the grave, the last sad hour ;
Guard her young heart that it may ne'er be rife
With love that 's trampled as a worthless flower.

V.

For love should be a hallow'd, sacred thing—
When once awoke it never sleeps again ;
Though false ones breathe upon its soaring wing,
It flutters on, a sweet, a holy strain.
It flutters on, and, like the wounded bird
That soars and sings though with a bleeding breast,
The wound is there, yet its clear note is heard
Till it is prisoned, lifeless, in its nest.

FORGIVE.

I.

FORGIVE, 't is a little and homely word,
Yet how softly it falls on the breast ;
When from the lips of the lov'd one 't is heard,
How its echo can soothe us to rest.
The heart must be harden'd and callous indeed,
If it cannot forgive and forget,
Whatever the crime, it should ne'er have such meed ;
A kind word is the best teacher yet.
Oh forgive ! 't is the song of the angels in heaven,
Let us make it our own, and whisper forgiven.

II.

'The bosom we 've trusted, and shrin'd with our love,
In its deepest affection, and best ;
To which we have clung, as the fluttering dove—
Will turn homeward, and cling to its rest.
That bosom may be the first one to call up,
" I will never forgive, nor forget,"
Yet think not thus harshly, though bitter the cup :
Some bright flowers are wreathed with it yet.
Oh forgive ! 't is the song of the angels in heaven,
We will make it our own, and whisper forgiven.

A LAY TO FRIENDSHIP.

To E. B.

I.

HOW quickly pass the hours along,
When we would woo their stay ;
How speedily the moments fly,
When friendship lights the way :
Leaving around the lonely heart,
A sweet, though sadden'd spell ;
Of loved ones gone, of bright days closed
In the drear word farewell.

II.

I would our life had longer been
Together intertwined ;
That all the joys could fall again
As brightly o'er the mind ;
That all the hours of dear commune,
Of sweet, and hallow'd thought,
Could weave again the mystic spell,
Thy love and friendship wrought.

III.

Ours is no tie that time will change,
No love that breathes decay ;
Its light will live, and living, bloom,
Through many a wintry day ;
Gilding o'er fair memory's page,
With dreams that will not die ;
Dreams that will linger round my heart
When thou 'rt no longer by.

IV.

We 've shared together many a grief
Of dark and anxious hours ;
And smiled o'er many a joyous thought,
Bright as the summer flowers,
In sickness, round my pillow thou
Hast breathed a soften'd tone ;
Hast fondly soothed the aching brow,
And calmed each restless moan.

V.

Oh could I give thee all the joy
My heart would give to thine ;
'T would be a cell of fairy gems,
A bright, and happy shrine ;
Love, hope, and peace, should be the stars
To glimmer round thy way ;
Some light should fall, some beam should shine,
Around each passing day.

VI.

Oh may thy young heart never know
The blight that 's wither'd mine ;
May many a summer, come and go,
E'er death claims aught of thine.
May all the bliss that earth can count,
Be gather'd round thee now ;
All the sweet peace of heaven entwine
Its halo round thy brow.

THE KISS BENEATH THE HOLLY.

I.

“**B**E merry and wise,” says the good old song,
And joy to the heart who penned it :

If we ’ve aught to fret, the stately pet

Will never reform nor mend it.

On Christmas night, when the log burns bright,

To be joyous is not folly ;

There ’s nought amiss in the playful kiss

That ’s stolen beneath the holly.

II.

Let hand clasp hand with a hearty grasp,
To all give a welcome greeting ;
Fling pride afar, do n't gloom or mar
The coming Christmas meeting.
"Be merry and wise," say sparkling eyes,
Away with all melancholy—
There 's nought amiss, just laugh at the kiss
That 's stolen beneath the holly.

III.

Oh, welcome with glee the festive night,
When the joyous bells are ringing ;
But once a year the chime we hear
That the Christmas time is bringing.
Do n't pout or frown 'neath the mystic crown,—
To be joyous is not folly ;
There 's nought amiss in the Christmas kiss
That 's stolen beneath the holly.

“ISLE OF BEAUTY.”

1.

OH! do not breathe that song again,
It pales my lip, and dims my eye;
I've heard a loved one sing the strain,
And memory will not let it die.
Each liquid note falls on my heart
With grief that finds no soothing sleep,
My breast will heave, the tear will start,
I cannot hear it and not weep.

II.

Oh! do not breathe that song again,
It holds within its magic tone,
A spell that leadeth memory's chain
To one I fondly called my own.
My wayward heart clings to each note,
Though with what anguish none can tell,
The past lives, as those murmurs float,
In “ Isle of beauty, fare thee well.”

HIE TO THE HILLS AWAY.

I.

HIE to the hills away, away ;
The sun is sinking,
The crimson light
Is softly fading
To hues of night ;
The flowers are drooping,
The dewdrops fair
Are gemming with pearls
Aurora's hair—
Hie home away.

II.

Hie to the hills away, away :

The evening star

Is shining clear.

The vesper chime

Is sounding near :

There 's a calm around.

The breeze is still,

And the taper gleams

From the distant hill—

Hie home away.

III.

Hie to the hills away, away :

The listening trees

Have a whispering sound :

“ Away, away,”

They are murmuring round ;

The babbling stream

And the dripping well

Are softly sighing

“Farewell, farewell,”—

Hie home away.

IV.

Hie to the hills away, away :

The nightingale's song

Is heard no more,

The silence of night

Is gathering o'er,

The moon is bathing

The mountain height

With fairy beauty :

Away, good night !

Hie home away.

I MISS THEE.

I.

I MISS thee ; ah ! how sadly do the words
Strike o'er the heart of the bereavèd one,
When death has broken up the household band,
And those we cherished, loved the most, are gone.

II.

I miss thee ! home seems dark and silent now—
Without thy presence what can make it bright ;
Thou wert the star that made the fireside glow
With happiness and beauty, love and light.

III.

I miss thee ! oft I list, but list in vain ;

The well-known step, the loving word and tone,
No more shall greet me ; all around but tells
Thou art not here—that I am left alone.

IV.

I miss thee ! when our little one lisps o'er

Thy name, and wants papa to come again ;
The tear-dimmed eye and wildly throbbing heart
Tell how I miss thee, dearest ; how I miss thee then.

V.

I miss thee ! earth no more spreads out for me

Her flowers of joy, her radiant summer bloom ;
Hope, happiness, and love alike are dead,
And withered lie around thy hallowed tomb.

VI.

I miss thee ! but thy memory ne'er will pass
From out my spirit, where 't is deeply graven :
It will go with me through life's weary way,
Until we meet again at home, in heaven.

NEW YEAR'S ASPIRATIONS.

I.

SWIFTLY flying, ever onward,
O'er the rolling sea of time,
One by one the years are passing,
Quickly as the flowers decline,
Graving on each toiling spirit,
Footprints of their weal or woe,
Round a few hearts weaving flowers,
In the summer sunlight glow.

II.

So another year has left us,
Fainter grows his dying knell,
Holly round his brow is breathing
Forth a loving sad farewell.
Turn we now with mind undaunted,
Thought unfetter'd, honest, true,
To the smiling new-born season,
With a heart to bear and do.

III.

Are the shadows darkly gathering
Round thy drooping wearied heart?
Up, and firmly breast the tempest,
Nobly, bravely do thy part.
Gleaming brightly in the future,
Shines the glorious noontide sun,
Waiting with his beams to cheer thee,
When the goal, the victory 's won.

IV.

That 's the noblest ship that weathers,
Every storm upon the deep,
Though the billows heave around her,
Proudly in her course she 'll keep,
Ploughing through the foaming surges,
Onward to the promised land,
Onward till her keel is grating,
On the welcome wished-for strand.

V.

So have we in life's rough waters,
Work to do, a place to earn,
Let us take the flowing current,
Fear at rest, and purpose firm,
Carve upon the new year's footsteps,
Actions that shall nobly tell,
'Mongst our fellows, and in heaven,
Win from God "Thou hast done well."

MY BONNIE BARK.

I.

THE tide has neared the Refuge rock,
'T is eddying in the bay ;
Up, up, my men, the sails unfurl,
Weigh anchor and away.
Away, away, the moon is out,
And jutting o'er the tower ;
Our bark must be far o'er the sea,
Before the daybreak hour.

II.

Once fairly launched I know she 'll skim
The waters like a bird,
She 'll dip along the dancing waves,
As though no ripple stirr'd.
Hurrah ! we 're off, my gallant bark,
Right merrily we go ;
The waves may dash, the breakers lash,
We never fear a foe.

III.

The nerveless youth may love the land,
The tame calm inland home ;
And never feel within his breast,
The longing wish to roam.
But oh, give me my bonnie bark,
My hardy gallant crew ;
My home upon the surging foam,
With dauntless hearts and true.

IV.

I care not though a foe should come,
I have a heart to meet him ;
A fearless eye to aim the gun,
A freeman's hand to greet him.
I fear not, though the waters rage,
My bark has bravely weather'd
Through many a storm of angry form,
And yet we `ve not been severed.

V.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! my gallant skiff,
My heart is blent with thee ;
I care not for a woman's smile,
While thou art on the sea.
Thou art my bride, my home, my friend,
No other will I claim ;
My song shall be, my bark, of thee,
My home the surging main.

SONG FOR MUSIC.

I.

COME when the first star 's peeping forth,
And the fairy flowers are sleeping ;
Come when the gloaming 's o'er the earth,
And the moon her watch is keeping.
Meet me then, and I 'll tell thee, love,
The hopes I 've dared to cherish,
That thou one day wilt be my bride ;
Oh ! say, must the bright dream perish ?

II.

Come when the dew lights up the leaves,
And the vesper bell is ringing ;
Come when the dove beneath the eaves
Her soft, low note is singing.
Meet me then, and I 'll tell thee, love,
The hopes I 've dared to cherish,
That thou one day wilt be my bride ;
Oh ! say, must the bright dream perish ?

THE DRUNKARD.

Behold the wretch, besotted and beguiled,
Whose hours are wasted, and whose thoughts defiled,
Within those dens of drunkenness that stand,
Breathing a moral poison o'er the land.

PRINCE.

I.

MUSING at evening, as the shadows dim
Were flitting softly round my quiet room,
Pictures of firesides, comfortless and grim,
Before me passed in all their wretched gloom.
Upon my mind in its dark colours rose
The grovelling sin we meet on every hand,
Spreading abroad with noisome step it grows—
A fouldome blot, a shame upon our land.

II.

The drunkard! see him when the midnight hour
Has sent him reeling from the shameless haunt;
He seeks his home—a home whose only dower
Is every form of misery and want.
He greets his little ones and patient wife
Perchance with curses—makes his home a den;
Without one spot of beauty in his life,
He stands a blot amongst his fellow-men.

III.

No noble thought e'er animates his mind;
Degraded, sottish—life an aimless thing,
Without one hope to leave a name behind,
Beyond the boasting brag that drunkards sing,
Staggering abroad, shunned by the passer-by,
Below the reptile creeping on the earth;
For God endowed it with no reason high,
And it disgraces not its meaner birth.

IV.

Can naught be done—can nothing tempt or win

The poor degraded soul from out the stings

Of this great vice—this evil, haunting sin,

To less debasing—to some better things ?

The purple wine may glitter bright and clear,

The flash of genius sparkle round the cup,

Yet touch it not,—'t is poison,—go not near :

One draught may call a thousand demons up.

V.

It is no vision, no ideal dream ;

The poison lurks, though all around seems fair.

Stand back ! Away from the beguiling stream,

For death—ah ! worse than death—awaits you there.

Oh ! could the sons of Bacchus learn to know

The happiness—the bliss that virtue brings,

'T would surely lure them from the path of woe,—

Lure them to seek for better, nobler things.

THE MUSIC IN OUR HOME.

I.

TIS not the harp that fairy fingers
Sweep to charm us with its tone,
Although its thrilling echo lingers
Long and sweetly in our home.

II.

Ah! no; 't is music that brings brightness
To the mother's heart and eye,
Telling her that life has flowers,
Lighting up the shadows by.

III.

'T is the hum of pleasant voices,
Prattling in sweet childhood's tone,
Making glad the household ingle
With a music all their own.

IV.

'T is the pattering of light footsteps
Up and down the homely floor,
With untiring perseverance
Pacing one path o'er and o'er.

V.

'T is the merry shout and laughter
Ringing out in joyous glee,
Making all around re-echo
With the wild glad melody.

VI.

'T is the timid first-taught accents
Of the bonny household pet,
Lisping words to the fond mother
That she never will forget.

VII.

Oh! that home is drear and lonely
That has never heard the tone
Of this pleasant fireside music
From some bright-eyed little one.

DO THOSE WORDS SO FONDLY SPOKEN?

I.

DO those words so fondly spoken
Ever haunt thy memory now?

Do those meetings, partings, ever

Cast a shade upon thy brow?

Oh! I deem'd not that a falsehood

Lingered in the sweet low tone;

Love but heard its witching music,

Making my fond heart their home.

II.

Deep they sunk within my spirit,
 Twining closely round my heart,
 Blending with each deed and action,
 Of my being forming part.
 'T was no idle, fancied day-dream,
 Where but promises were rife ;
 But 't was love, deep and unchanging,
 Woven with each thread of life.

III.

Love that would have braved each peril,
 Dared each danger, soothed each care,
 Clinging closer in the trial,
 Glad for thee a part to bear.
 How 't was mingled with my future,
 Graven with each hallowed thought,
 Lighting with a strange bright beauty
 All the dreams its spell had wrought.

IV.

Earth's fair things grew still more lovely,
 Like some vision from above ;
 All its pictured scenes were gazed at
 Through the glowing light of love.
 But 't is past, and with it mem'ry
 Of the part that once gave pain ;
 Calmly now my heart can wander
 O'er that early dream again—

V.

Calmly pray that nought of sorrow
 E'er may dim the hallowed ray,
 Resting o'er that little homestead,
 Stretched in beauty far away.
 May the hearts enshrined within it,
 Long be one unbroken band ;
 Peace upon the threshold standing,
 Scattering bright gifts from her hand.

OUR ENEMIES.

I.

LET us forgive them every one,
Nor bear within our breast
The wound that bleeds and rankles on,
 Destroying healthful rest ;
Our path would have much more of light,
 Much less of weary care,
If at God's hallowed throne each night
 This were our vesper prayer—
 Forgive our enemies.

II.

We may have cause to turn with pain
From those we once deemed true ;
The lips that breathed but in love's strain
May now speak harshly too ;
But, yet, that heart has most of love,
Has most of godlike lore,
That in its breathings sent above
Can softly whisper o'er,
Forgive our enemies.

III.

We may have shrined with fondest pride,
With love's first treasured ray,
Some worshipped idol at our side,
And seen it turn to clay ;
The spirit looks indignant back,
Burns to resent the wrong,
Yet sweeter flow'rets wreath our track
When we have learnt the song,
Forgive our enemies.

IV.

The hand we 've pressed in friendship's clasp
 May be the first to blight ;
The first to wrest, with miser's grasp,
 What most we deemed our right ;
Such cannot lightly be effaced,
 Not easily forgiven ;
Yet, this the record God has traced
 Upon the seal of heaven,
 “ Forgive your enemies.”

I 'LL QUAFF THE HEALTH.

I.

I 'LL quaff the health with a right good will,
But not in the sparkling wine,
The words would be but a mockery,
If drunk from the treacherous vine.
Give me a draught from the crystal fount,
And I 'll gladly drain the bowl,
I know it will bring no demon sting
To torture the fever'd soul.

II.

The poet may sing in boasting strain
Of the gushing purpled stream,
Of the juicy grape, from foreign cape,
With its ripen'd frothy beam ;
He may call his friends around the cup,
And wit may flash from his lip,
But his brain will reel, and his soul will feel,
Each grovelling, poisoned sip.

III.

I 'll quaff the health with a right good will,
In a cool draught from the spring,
Where the pimpernel, with azure bell,
Has laved its dewy wing.
There 's life where the brooklet glides along,
There 's joy at the flowing shrine ;
The drunkard's stream may glitter and gleam,
Yet it has no health like mine.

TWILIGHT.

I.

THE sun is sinking, 't is the twilight hour—
The hour when fancy takes its airy flight,
And wings its way o'er many a cherished flower,
That death or absence hideth from our sight.
Surely some spirit with the gloaming flies
From out the blue haunts of the ether main,
Gently to place before our longing eyes
The loved ones of our early youth again.

II.

With dreaming eye, o'er the soft clouds we look
 Upon the hallowed glory gathered there ;
And trace, as in a truthful pictured book,
 Loved forms amidst the waving fields of air.
Perchance a mother stands with the same eye
 And smile, that thrill'd us with its beaming light ;
That smile, how oft it soothed the troubled sigh,
 And cheered us on through many a dreary night.

III.

With yearning soul, we long to have her press
 Her hand, as when a child, upon our brow,
To clasp our throbbing heart to hers and bless,
 To give again a mother's blessing now.
Other sweet visions quickly come and go,
 First love, with all its deep devoted dreams,
Dreams that live on, within the heart, and know
 No change, till death has closed all earthly scenes.

IV.

Sweet evening hour, far dearer than the noon,
 Though sunlight trembles o'er each leaf and flower,
Give me the gloaming, when the silvery moon
 Is softly wreathing with its rays each bower ;
Sweet evening time, the hour for thought and prayer,
 The time when nature whispers from the sod,
Voices seem murm'ring from each flow'ret fair,
 And join in one grand anthem to their God.

THE "BRITISH PRESS."

I.

WE crown with laurel the conquering one ;
We honour the truly brave ;
And we proudly tell that our stainless flag
Ne'er floats o'er a chain-bound slave ;
But a nobler boast has each patriot soul,
And one we may gratefully bless,
Is the fetterless bulwark of our land,
The glorious "British Press."

II.

'T was a noble deed, 't was a heavenward aim,
When that first rude press was wrought,
And the banner of truth, its page unfurled,
Gleamed out in each printed thought ;
In the loftiest line of England's fame,
In her shrines and senate halls,
The name of that deathless one shall rest
As a star upon our walls.

III.

The wise man's thought would have pass'd away,
As a legend lost and dead ;
And the toiling millions searched in vain
For the light his spirit shed ;
How many a dark and grovelling soul
Would have brooded round us now,
Where we note the rays of a noble mind
Beaming forth from a soul-lit brow.

IV.

Oh! the proudest throb of our hearts should turn
To those stirring ones who bless
And aid to uprear, in their daily toil,
Our great and fetterless press.
Long may it truthfully speak to the world,
With its banner of success;
And every heart on its tablet bear,
God speed the "British Press."

OUR RIFLEMEN.

I.

TO arms! Arm! was the watchword cry
O'er England's land; along
Her sunny vales and hallowed homes
Was heard the stirring song.
A foreign foe had dared to breathe
A doubt o'er Albion's fame,—
Had dared to think our proud, free isle
Might own a foreign name.

II.

But e'er the echo of that song
Had faintly died away,
Ten thousand hearts throbbed to the strain,
All eager to obey ;
The British lion woke, and stood
'Neath the proud flag unfurled,
With mien erect, and regal eye,
The monarch of the world.

III.

Ready to prove that Englishmen
Had heard the warlike call,
And would with hand and heart unite
To guard each hallowed wall ;
Nobly they rose, a gallant band,
Albion's true-hearted ones,
With gun and rifle, sword in hand,
Worthy old England's sons.

IV.

Well may our good old banner float
So proudly in the breeze,
For England is, and e'er shall be,
The monarch of the seas ;
And bright in her historic page
Shall shine a nation's gem,
The guardians of our island home,
Our valiant riflemen.

V.

And when long years have passed away,
Our little ones shall dwell
Upon the theme, and with proud heart
Of their forefathers tell.
Oh ! may they ne'er degrade their sword,
And long, long may it be
Before 't is red, although it gain
A glorious victory.

VI.

In good old England's jewelled crown,
Amidst its gems so rare,
Shine the great men who guard our land,
The brightest jewels there.
Cheers for them all, and for our Queen,
All nations shall revere
Our fatherland, Victoria,
And each brave volunteer.

HER BONNY BLUE EYE.

I.

SPARKLING, twinkling, heaven's own azure
Beaming in her loving glance ;
Flashing, quick as lightning flashes,
On the brightly gleaming lance,—
Summer violet, nestling shy,
Is not lovelier than her eye.

II.

Laughing as the dancing sunlight,
When its glinting joyous beam

Plays upon the gushing brooklet,
Or the merry mountain stream,—
 Summer violet, nestling shy,
 Is not lovelier than her eye.

III.

Earnest, thoughtful, when 't is listening
 To some moving tale of ill ;
Soft as the gazelle's when bounding
 By its native mountain rill,—
 Summer violet, nestling shy,
 Is not lovelier than her eye.

IV.

Deep and loving soul doth whisper
 In each sparkling ray of light,
Breathing o'er her face a halo,
 Thrilling fond hearts with delight,—
 Summer violet, nestling shy,
 Is not lovelier than her eye.

v.

Oh that I might woo and win her,
Love her as my soul could love ;
I would shield her in my bosom
As a tender fluttering dove,—
Summer violet, nestling shy,
Is not lovelier than her eye.

THERE 'S A SPELL ABOUT THE SEA.

I.

O H for a home by the surging foam
Of the rippling, dancing sea,
There 's a strange deep spell in the ceaseless knell
Of its murmuring minstrelsy ;
My spirit is bound with the mystic sound
Of each wild wave dashing free,
And I gaze with pride on the heaving tide
Of the pathless wayward sea.

II.

I never could look on its changing book
 With a spiritless breast and eye,
By the foaming wave, my heart could brave
 The clouds of a checkered sky ;
There 's a voice in its tone that thrills my own,
 That tells of the great and free,
And I love the song that echoes along
 From the wild and wayward sea.

III.

O'er many a scene of dazzling sheen
 We may gaze with soul-lit eye,
The flower-strewn glade, in the forest shade,
 Has its own sweet witchery ;
But its voice is tame to the surging main,
 To that song so wild and free,
Oh my heart is bound with the mystic sound,
 The voice of the wayward sea.

“ I LOVE THEE.”

I.

O II! where is the bosom that has not a day-dream
 Around which it loveth to linger and dwell ;
Some oasis bestrewing the desert with blossoms,
 And greening it o'er with love's magical spell ?

II.

Who does not remember some radiant summer,
 When the garland of hope wore its rosiest hue ;
When the first whispered accents fell softly around us,
 “ I love thee,” and life made the melody true.

III.

New friends may surround us, and dear ones may utter
Fond words that will waken some chord in the heart ;
But yet the first soul-dream will murmur and flutter,
"I love thee"—it cannot and will not depart.

IV.

'T is wreathed with each life-throb too closely to perish,
Though wisdom may whisper 't is fancy's vain dream ;
Yet where is the one that from memory would banish
The deepest, the holiest joy that hath been.

V.

The voice may be absent, and distance may sever,
The tomb may have hidden the loved from our sight ;
Yet deep in the spirit still echoes "I love thee,"
And cheers with its halo the dreariest night.

VI.

The world in its changing hath taught us stern lessons,
Hath broken some day-dreams, and bid them depart ;
But the shroud must enfold us, the turf be our pillow,
Before it uproots a first love from the heart.

BEAUTY.

OH! where does the charm of bright beauty dwell,
In the flashing eye of the sparkling belle,
Whose radiant glances rival in light
Yon shining orbs that are gemming the night?
Or in the bright bloom of the glowing cheek,
Where each changing throb of the heart doth speak?
Or on lips that the rose might wish to kiss,
And envy the charm of their loveliness?

No. The face may be fair, the eye may beam,
The form be divine as the artist's dream,
And yet not the pleasing power possess,
Without which frail beauty is valueless.
List! this is the secret; oh! mark it well—
'T is the HEART, the MIND, where beauty must dwell.

LINES.

In affectionate Remembrance of the late Mrs. Hugh Mason.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

LONGFELLOW.

I.

OH death why dost thou thrust thy sickle in
The homes where "peace dwells like a beauteous
dove?"

Why dost thou come to dim with sudden night,
Hearts that were beating full of hope and love ?

The words of Holy Writ scarce bear their tide
Of hope or comfort to the mourner's breast,
When thou hast touched the little fireside band,
Where is the heart can say, "'T is for the best."

II.

A spirit 's passed away; we miss the light
That shone not like the brilliant meteor's gleam,
But softly as the gentle evening star,
That soothes and cheers us with its loving beam.
A heart has ceased to beat whose every chord
Throbb'd with each virtue that can grace the mind;
'T is stilled in death, yet long its light will glow,
As flow'rets leave their fragrance on the wind.

III.

Her name was not emblazoned on the roll
That glitters only that it may be known,
But graven in the lowly homes of toil—
There, like a lamp from heaven, it sweetly shone;

There, 'midst the humble homesteads of the poor,
Casting its radiance over many a heart,
Lifting up gently many a drooping head,
And of their sorrows taking e'en a part.

IV.

A mother from her little band is ta'en,
A star that made the light of home is gone ;
No hand can soothe, no voice with magic tone
Can hush to rest like the belovèd one.
A spirit 's passed away, yet not away ;
Its virtues still are round us, and will live—
Live shrined in many a humble heart and home,
And to the mourners hallowed comfort give.

THE FRIENDS OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

I.

HERE 's to the friends who have cheered our youth,
The friends we loved and knew ;
When the world was bright to our dazzled sight,
And every heart seemed true :
We fondly cherish their memory yet,
'T is graved in affection's mine,
And we often turn with heart-felt yearn,
To the friends of "Auld lang syne."

II.

The heart looks back to its early love,
 And lingering longs to dwell,
 O'er the first sweet vow that flush'd our brow,
 And thrill'd with its nameless spell:
 That spell it is haunting our day-dream yet,
 It tells of the radiant time,
 And we sighing turn and fondly yearn,
 To the love of "Auld lang syne."

III.

Here 's to the friends wherever they be,
 The absent, the lost, or the dead,
 Their names shall rest in our faithful breast,
 Till we 're laid in the grassy bed.
 We never again may clasp their hand,
 Yet deep in affection's shrine,
 We have graven there on an altar fair,
 "To the friends of 'Auld lang syne.'"

MOTHER.

I.

IT must be precious, but I never knew
The love that dwells within a mother's breast ;
No shielding arms e'er clasping round me drew
My heart to hers, to nestle there and rest.
Mother ! what music in the name doth dwell,
What strange quick feeling wakens at the word,
What is the link—the deep mysterious spell—
That thrills our pulse when the sweet title 's heard ?

II.

I 've seen a merry-hearted child at play
Start at some trifling pain, and, sobbing, cry
"Mother," in tears. I, too, have turned away,
And yearned for some one, yet I knew not why ;
I 've seen a young wife when the last fond tie
That bound her to another has been torn,
With widow'd heart, and weary weeping eye,
Turn to seek comfort near a mother's form.

III.

There has been watching and a lonely hour—
Wave after wave of grief hath left its tide
Upon my heart,—each fondly-cherish'd flower
The reaper, death, has stolen from my side ;
Then o'er my spirit wildly has it come,
The wish that I might find that loving rest,
And pillow in sweet childhood's hallow'd home,
My world-tired heart upon a mother's breast.

IV.

Mother, my mother! oh where art thou, where?

My soul hath often yearned and longed for thee:
Shall it be given me to know thee there;

In you fair world beyond this changing sea?
It must be bliss to be where thou dost dwell—

Then thou wilt clasp me to thy changeless heart,
And I can love, and know the loving spell

Will still remain, for we shall never part.

LOVE.

“**L**OVE! what is true love,” said the maiden shy,
With a blushing cheek and a sparkling eye,
“That it weaves around such a mystic spell,
And brightens each spot where its sunbeams dwell?”
List, true hearts are telling—list to the tone,
’T will whisper its echo within thine own.

See that fair young bride, in her robes of white,
How her dark eye turns with fond delight
To him at her side, like the dove to its haven ;
She whispers, "oh ! love is a thing from heaven."
Henceforth she will cling, whatever betide,
To him she has chosen—her world, her pride ;
Through sorrow, through sunshine, through weal or woe ;
His love is her life and her all below,
And, like the wild flower in the forest's gloom,
In shadow 't will glow with a brighter bloom,
Gilding with glorious beauty his life,
Whilst he with a full heart blesses his wife.

And that infant clasped to its mother's breast,
What love lights her eye as its lips are pressed ;
The wide world for her has no flower or joy
To equal her beautiful, peerless boy,
She places her hand o'er his brow so fair,
And offers for him an earnest prayer.

Oh! this is true love,—'t is a hallowed bliss,
A bright gleam of heaven's own loveliness ;
An immortal ray, by God 't is given,
To lift our soul to its native heaven.
Let us cherish its light, and woo its stay,
For that hearth 's not home that owns not its sway.

THINK NOT OF FAILURE.

I.

THINK not of failure,
Look hopefully on,
Droop not o'er sorrows
 Whilst joy may be won ;
Cease useless pining,
 Be up and astir,
Look boldly round thee,
 At fate ne'er demur.

II.

Think not of stopping,
Because in the strife
Some gain before thee
The battle of life ;
Let it awake thee
To what may be won ;
Let it arouse thee
To what may be done.

III.

Think not of casting
Thy soul's dream away,
Because the road 's rugged,
And dreary the day ;
Clear the mountain crest
With the eagle's eye,
Its summit surmount,
Though it pierce the sky.

IV.

Think not that shadows
For ever will rest ;
Sunshine *must* follow—
Hope on for the best.
Life has its beauty,
Its summer and flowers,
To cheer with their light
The dreariest hours.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

THOU art not here ! are words which tell
Upon the heart, like some deep knell,
To those whose well-loved friend is gone,
The dearest, noblest, only one ;
But when that friend 's a mother, then
The soul's deep anguish, who can stem ?
The lonely heart-grief, who can cheer,
While burn the words, "Thou art not here."

“Thou art not here!” ‘T is graven round
And whispered e’en in lightest sound
That ’s heard within the hallow’d home :
When once its star, its light is gone,
The vacant chair, around which dwell,
(Endeared by many a holy spell.)
The first bright thoughts of her so dear,
Too truly says, “Thou art not here.”

Her Bible ! memory rushes back,
And brings sweet childhood’s flowery track :
When first she taught in accents mild,
Its truths, its blessings, to her child :
I deemed not then the voice whose sound
Breathed ever sweetest music round,
And harmony in lightest breath,
Could e’er be silent, hushed in death.
Yet it was so. Oh ! who can tell
A dying mother’s last farewell ?

That heart alone can only know,
That 's felt the deep, the sorrowing woe,
The drear, the chilling loneliness ;
The agony of grief like this,
To stand beside the dying bed,
To gaze, when the freed spirit 's fled,
To feel, although the form we 're near,
The thrilling words, "Thou art not here."

"Thou art not here," but still enshrined
Within my heart, my soul, my mind,
In lines too deep e'er to efface
With change or time's quick fleeting pace ;
Thy image will be ever near,
E'en though in form, "Thou art not here."

BENEVOLENCE.

I.

WITHIN the bosom deep and true,
As gold within the mine,
One feeling dwells whose hallowed light,
Can make the rest divine ;
As early spring-flowers give their bloom
To glad and cheer the earth,
Benevolence sown in the heart,
Gives light and beauty birth.

II.

'T is like some radiant beam from heaven :
Where'er its ray may rest,
The spot gleams with a sunny smile,
And lights up many a breast :
'T is like the summer's lovely rose,—
The bud blooms but an hour,
Yet long upon the breeze is borne
The perfume of the flower.

III.

The mind, without benevolence,
A wilderness would seem ;
A plain, whose sweetest oasis
Was robbed of half its sheen.
'T is writ upon the sacred page,
“ Give freely from thy heart ; ”
Give freely as thy spirit hopes
Of heaven to claim a part.

IV.

No human heart, no human eye,
 May note thy gift, thy mite,
Yet angels register the act,
 And grave it in God's sight.
He sees it, and the deed will add
 Another floweret rare
Unto thy crown, when God makes up
 His jewels bright and fair.

OH, FOR THE SPRING.

I.

OH, for the spring, the bright glad spring,
The life, the health, the joy she 'll bring,
The buds, the bloom, the length'ning light,
The balmy day, and genial night.
Bright, blooming spring.

II.

Oh, for the spring, the joyous thrill
That fires the breast, the languid will—
With bounding hope, as the green buds peep
Forth from their long dark wintry sleep.
Soul quickening spring.

III.

Oh, for the spring, the welcome May,
Her emerald wreaths, and garlands gay,
Her sunny haunts, and witching hours,
Her light green leaves, and peerless flowers.
Fair laughing spring.

IV.

Oh, for the spring, the warmth and sun,
The laugh of joy, the gladsome fun,
The scattering of drear wintry blight,
For rosy scenes and glowing light.
Fresh genial spring.

V.

Oh, for the spring, the calm soft days,
The rambles in the twilight rays,
The hours of love, the hours of glee,
The songs of wild-wood melody.

Sweet, witching spring,

VI.

Oh, for the spring, the green-clad hills,
The tinkling streams, the gushing rills,
The tinted woods, the dew-lit glade,
The fairy dells, the leafy shade.

Soft, rosy spring.

VII.

Oh, for the spring, to be away
From haunts of men and pageants gay,
With nature and her grand old trees,
To feel her health-refreshing breeze.

Life-giving spring.

VIII.

Oh, for the spring, to feel again
The bright hopes thronging through the brain,
The pulses quickening joyous flow
Within our hearts the youthful glow—
Of vigorous spring.

IX.

Oh, for the spring, the bright glad time,
Who will not join my carol rhyme?
Come with thy leaves, and buds, and flowers,
Come with thy light-winged rosy hours.
Come, welcome spring.

LINES.

Suggested by an Evening Walk through Oldknows,
near Compstall Bridge.

Inscribed to the Companions of my Walk.

Is it not lovely, tell me where doth dwell
The fay who wrought so beautiful a spell?

DANA.

HAST' aught of sadness weighing on thy breast,
Doth love, with fickle smile, disturb thy rest :
Doth fame or wealth elude thy eager grasp,
Have others won what thou wouldst fondly clasp,

Doth aught upon thy world-tired spirit brood ?
Come here and rest 'midst nature's solitude.

It is a lovely spot, a fitting scene,
To calm the spirit's restless fevered dream.
Seek out the haunt, when the sweet twilight hour
Has hung with pearls each little fluttering flower,
When the red light the dim horizon dies,
And glade and glen in deeper shadow lies.

The river, like a thread of silver light,
Rolls on its waves beneath the gladdened sight,
Nestling amidst its fringe of leaves and flowers,
Losing 'mongst beauty its light roving hours,
The feathery fern and "blue-eyed pimpernel"
Droop o'er its tide, as though some mystic spell
Had bound the two, the flowerets and the stream,
To pass together their light summer dream.
The purple rays upon its bosom glide
With dancing beam, and kiss its sleeping tide ;

Picturing a scene elysian, that will dwell
Within the bosom like a magnet spell.

Italia's son may tell with flashing eye
Of the bright azure of his cloudless sky ;
Of orange groves, of classic streams and bowers,
Of islands fragrant with their wealth of flowers ;
Of mountains, tow'ring in their beauty grand,
And all the witch'ry of his starry land ;
Yet England bears upon her placid breast
Fair spots of beauty that outshine the rest,—
Beauty that breathes upon the heart and mind
A hallow'd calm, which is not left behind
When back we turn, on to the busy life,
It stays—a memory soothing many a strife—
A leaf, to which we often turn and look,
As to the passage in a favorite book,—
A scene that lives, and living, dwells upon
The chamber'd mind long when its light is gone—
A ray that 'midst the city's toil and jar,
Shines out a dim yet ever beauteous star.

Thus, fairy spot, thy loveliness has thrown
Its halo o'er my spirit, and a tone
Of music breathing such sweet notes around,
As hush to rest each harsh discordant sound ;
Thy sunny beauty will for ever be
Within my heart a fadeless memory.

WHERE IS ANNIE?

I.

A NNIE, where is little Annie?
Spring has come, but she 's not here ;
Flowers are whispering, waiting for her,
Waiting for her light step near.

II.

She was fairer than the fairest
Of the peerless flowers that grew :
Flowers her little fingers often
Plucked with wonder ever new.

III.

Bright as summer's laughing sunbeam,
 Gaining daily on our love.
Shy, yet nestling to our bosom,
 As a little untamed dove.

IV.

She it was who made the homestead,
 Bright with thoughts of heavenly birth ;
She who cheered us with her prattle,
 And her merry, childish mirth.

V.

Now a mother's eye is weeping,
 Weeping for her absent one ;
And a baby-sister 's lisping,
 " Annie, come again, come home."

VI.

Annie, where is little Annie?

List, an angel voice will tell,
“Near God’s throne on Jesu’s bosom,
Sleeps your Annie, all is well.”

VII.

See a little crown is shining,
Shining o’er her baby brow ;
And her lips are sweetly smiling,
Oh ! we would not claim her now.

VIII.

Up with God and with his angels,
She an angel bright and fair ;
In a world of deathless glory,
Annie, little Annie ’s there.

IX.

Heavenly Father, in thy wisdom
Thou hast ta'en our peerless one ;
Teach our weeping hearts to whisper,
"Not our will but thine be done."

WELCOME HOME.

To G. C.

I.

WELCOME from foreign strand,
Welcome to fatherland ;
Dear is the track.
True glad hearts will meet thee,
All eager to greet thee,
Right welcome back.

II.

Calm may the ocean be,
When it is bearing thee
Over its breast.

Softly ye zephyrs sigh,
Sweep from the angry sky
Storms to their rest.

III.

Some angel guard with love,
From the fair haunts above :
This be my prayer.
Guard him with heaven's light,
Guard him in danger's night,
God shield him there.

IV.

Often in fancy's eye,
This hour hath floated by,
Thrilling my heart :
Filling my spirit o'er
With the old joys of yore,
But they depart.

V.

A true heart, the nearest,
The noblest and dearest,
Hath left us now ;
I see the kind look and tone
That would have met thine own
From his pale brow.

VI.

Oh ! in that dreary night,
How my soul winged its flight,
Yearning to thee ;
Longing its grief to tell,
Grief which no hope could quell
Yearned I for thee.

VII.

Still, heart, be still and hear,
Footsteps are hastening near,
Fling care afar ;

Let not past griefs and fears,
With their sad hours and tears,
The greeting mar.

VIII.

One true heart is beating yet,
Thine like some jewel set
With sterling gold,
Fearless as Tell of yore,
True to its inmost core,
Of dauntless mould.

IX.

God speed the meeting hour,
God speed the greeting hour,
Hand grasping hand.
Welcome home, welcome thou,
Welcome, right welcome, now,
To thine own land.

OUR CHURCH.

I.

A QUIET sleeps upon the land,
Some spirit might have been
And left upon the homes of earth
A glimpse of heaven's fair scene ;
No sound but hallowed music floats
Upon the morning air ;
Each little hamlet lies at rest :
'T is England's hour of prayer.

II.

Her worshippers are thronging round
God's church, and worldly care
Is banished ; for each bosom feels
Jehovah 's dwelling there.
The Sovereign leaves her palace home,
And bends with humble knee ;
She knows that England's church has made
Her state so nobly free.

III.

She knows that England's greatness,
Its glory and its crown,
Are built upon our ancient church ;
No foe can sweep it down.
But who are they, with blinded zeal
And tenets of a day,
That would enshroud our state in gloom
And strip its life away ?

IV.

Ah, life! is not the church the life
 Of England's liberty—
 The church that 's made our fatherland
 " The holy and the free ?"
 But we fear not, for our martyrs
 Have bled, and not in vain ;
 The faggots may have passed away,
 But yet there burns the flame.

V.

It lives, and will for ever live,
 An incense for God's shrine,—
 A beacon fire that cannot die,—
 A church whose law 's divine.
 We fear not whilst her litanies
 Are swelling through the air ;
 We fear not whilst her altars breathe
 Their deep and hallowed prayer.

VI.

Oh! guard the church, and it will guard
Its people and our home ;
Enshrine with all their ancient rites
The altar and the throne ;
Seal her religion with the crown,
And then our land will be
For ever on the roll of fame,
“The gloriously free.”

FADED FORGET-ME-NOTS.

I.

SCENTLESS and faded,
Yet they are telling,
Ever the old song,
 “Love is still dwelling ;”
Dwelling in one heart,
 Deep and unchanging,
True until death part,
 Nothing estranging.

II.

Scentless and faded,
Yet they are dearer,
Dearer for thy sake :
To my heart nearer
Than all the blossoms
Tinted and blooming,
Sparkling with dew drops
The breeze perfuming.

III.

Scentless and faded,
Yet they are blended
With dreams that will not die
Till life is ended ;
Dreams that 'woke a love
Ne'er again sleeping,
Silent yet faithful
Watch ever keeping.

IV.

Scentless and faded,
 Yet they are living,
Ever the sweet song,
 Whispering and giving ;
Blent with each life chord,
 Blent with those hours
When love first plucked ye.
 Beautiful flowers.

THE SNOWDROP.

I.

LITTLE fairy blossom,
Herald of the spring,
Has some bird of heaven
Dropped thee from its wing:
Left thee on the lone earth,
Blooming in the wild,
As if some angel-mother
There had left her child.

II.

Like a beam of twilight,
 Resting o'er a heart
Where the brighter sunbeam
 Never forms a part ;
Like a hope still blooming
 Where all else is night ;
Like a lone star cheering
 With its pensive light ;

III.

Like a high thought garnered
 In a weary mind,
Keeping one spot lighted,
 Though the rest be blind ;
Like an hour of childhood,
 Like a gleam of love,
Like a spirit breathing
 Incense from above.

IV.

Little fairy blossom,
 With thy snowy brow,
Summer has no rosebud
 Lovelier than thou ;
How I love to meet thee,
 Nestling 'mid the snow,
Like fair virtue shining
 Bright on beauty's brow.

V.

Darling of my childhood,
 Feeling turns to thee,
With an earnest longing
 Child again to be ;
Plucking thy bright blossoms,
 Free as summer air,
Heart and thought as bounding,
 Life as free from care.

VI.

But I must not murmur,
 Gazing down on thee,
Thou art lone and lonely
 Out upon the lee ;
Yet thy bonnie blossom
 Glads the passer-by,
Breathes into his spirit
 Feelings true and high.

VII.

Thou hast taught a lesson,
 Little peerless gem,
Waving in bright beauty
 From thy fairy stem :
“ Learn to be contented,”
 Thou whisperest to me,
“ Life has yet its blessings,”
 Wintry though it be.

LINES.

To Miss P.

Presented with a Chaplet of Flowers.

COME, bring the wreath ; for who so fit to wear
A crown so bright, a coronal so fair ?
We cannot find a type more meet than thee,
To emblem forth sweet Flora's purity.

And oh ! despise not this our simple lay :
'T is breathed in love, to greet thee on this day.

Though no poetic fire in brilliance shines,
Or high wrought talent whispers in the lines,
The earnest wishes they would fain impart,
Are fondly echoed within every heart.

Oh ! may thy path in life's quick fleeting hours,
Be bright and sunny as those blooming flowers ;
Thy thoughts as light, as they are waving now,
In smiling innocence, upon thy brow ;
Thy sky as cloudless, and as free from care,
As each gay bud that rests in fragrance there ;
And may our God his peace and blessing send
O'er thee, and keep thy treasured ones, my friend ;
And when the lamp of life begins to dim,
May angels gently waft thy soul to Him ;
And there, awaiting thee, shall brightly shine,
A FADELESS crown, made by the Hand Divine !

DEATH.

HOW solemn, thrilling, are those last sad hours
Ere death, mysterious death, has chilled for aye
The well-loved form. Affection's hand may soothe
The ebbing moments—love's whispering voice
Make the dull beating heart vibrate again,
And cheer the dread, the utter loneliness
Of that dark hour which all must grapple with.
But once the portal gained—the reaper there,
All friends must part: no mortal eye or hand
May pierce the veil that hides the spirit land.

Man plans and toils with restless, feverish heart,
Building within his breast shrine upon shrine,
And yet his soul remains unsatisfied.
The phantom Fame, with fascinating smile
And syren voice, holds out her glittering wreath
And boasted name of immortality.
Wealth, with hollow friends allurements gay,
Oft tempts him on. Thus as the insect
Flutters round the summer flowers and woos them;
So man, dreaming, fritters o'er the precious years,
Until he's pillowed on the bed of death.
With what distinctness then come o'er his soul
The words, "Be still, and know that I am God."
With clearer sight he sees how empty all
The bubbles he has chased;—how hollow, vain,
The visions that have formed his little world,
Weighed in the balance of eternity,
All are as nothing, meaningless and dead.
The infidel may scoff, the callous sneer,
But when the last hour dawns, e'en they must feel
Death is a solemn and an earnest thing.

MY COUNTRY.

'T is a glorious charter, deny it who can ;
That 's breathed in the words I 'm an Englishman.

ELIZA COOK.

I.

MY country, oh ! there 's nought on earth
That thrills my breast with pride.
As the three fair jewels sparkling
In the deep blue ocean tide ;
Albion, Scotia, Erin, these
Upon the scroll of fame,
When other empires die, shall live
With bright untarnished name.

II.

Where is the land can blazon forth
The deeds that England 's done,
Where is the monarch that can show
The glory *we* have won.
Beneath our flag, where'er it waves,
On Thames or India's sea,
The eye lights up, the heart exults,
And proudly owns 't is free.

III.

Old England speaks, and despots hear,
And tremble at the sound ;
Old England smiles, and swords are sheathed,
Peace flings her blessings round.
Her hallowed name, her deathless fame,
Is known to every tongue ;
Her commerce, strength, and greatness,
By every land is sung.

IV.

There 's not a noble heart that beats,
Where'er that heart may be,
But has in holy freedom's cause
Old England's sympathy.
There 's not a toiling slave but feels,
If he may rest his head
Beneath the shadow of our flag,
He 's free—no frown to dread.

V.

Free as the roving bird that sweeps
Unfettered o'er the land,
His brow may be of dusky mien,
Yet England clasps his hand,
And owns him as a brother should,
Because he dared be free,
And gives him all the glorious rights
Of her true liberty.

VI.

My country, oh! thy name 's engraved,
In letters true and fair,
Within my breast they will not fade
While life is gushing there.
I love thee, and my heart's last beat
Will fondly cling to thee,
My latest breath will whisper forth,
Home, heaven, and liberty.

CHRISTMAS!

I.

CHRISTMAS! welcome, joyous Christmas!

 Welcome, with thy smiling brow,
Wreathed about with blushing berries,
 Crowned with holly—welcome now.
Beaming faces wait to greet thee,
 Clustered round the home fireside ;
Happy hearts o'erflow with gladness
 At thy coming, Christmas-tide.

II.

Bring the mistletoe and holly,
Pile the crackling yule-log higher,
Where 's the heart that is not joyous
Near the blazing Christmas fire?
Glorious time of festive gatherings,—
Meetings, greetings, welcome cheer,
Kisses, love, and joy, and gladness,—
Happiest season of the year.

III.

Holy Christmas! thought is blended,
Even in our mirthful glee,
With the star that streamed o'er Bethlehem,
Telling of the mystery.
Hark! the carol now is floating
Softly through the midnight breeze;
"Peace on earth," what words can yield us
Consolation, joy, like these?

IV.

Trials have perchance across us
 Thrown their shadows, dark and deep ;
Perhaps some loved ones now are lying
 In their last, calm, holy sleep ;
But the blessings far outnumber
 Aught of ill we 've ever met ;
Light has streamed up in the midnight,
 Like the star in Bethlehem set.

V.

So our voices swell the chorus,
 Heard in praise as well as mirth,
For the good gifts showered around us,
 Daily springing into birth.
Freely, with a cheerful spirit,
 Will we give from out our store,
Aiding each less favoured brother—
 Winning blessings from the poor.

VI.

Happy Christmas! merry Christmas!

Bringing gladness unto all;

Let kind words like stars be mingled

With the berries on the wall.

Now the bells are loudly pealing

Forth their joyous silvery chime;

So will we with a glad welcome

Greet the holy Christmas time.

THAT OLD SONG.

I.

I'T haunts me yet, that wild sweet melody,
Nor will it with the passing years depart ;
'T is long since the rich tones my spirit thrilled,
Yet still its echo trembles in my heart.
I hear it in the sighing of the breeze,
Floating around in softened tones and low ;
'T is whispered in the music of the woods,
And in the tinkling of the streamlet's flow,

II.

Bringing again those other brighter hours,
A gentle voice and mildly beaming eye,
That threw o'er me its wealth of loving light,
And nought could sadden whilst that light was by;—
It brings a summer radiant in its beauty,
And gladsome hours crowned with their cup of joy.
Love made life's path a paradise of pleasure,
Unmingled with its selfish base alloy.

III.

But oh! that melody brings musings too
Of dark clouds falling round the sunniest spot;
A saddened hour, and lonely, weary moments,
Still dwell in memory ne'er to be forgot:
But yet, 't is better to have had the shadows
Than never to have felt the golden sheen,
It gilds the present with a twilight halo,
To know that love once brightened with its beam.

TO J. K.

HOW oft doth memory, my dear young friend,
Wander afar into the scenes gone by,
How often Fancy her fair brush doth lend
To paint again the loved no longer nigh.
Those radiant summers beam before me now ;
Again old pages we are pondering o'er,
The zephyrs lightly fanning thy young brow,
Thy dark eyes fixed upon the classic lore
That led us on to many a sunny spot,—
To tales of chivalry and ancient halls,

To lordly domes, and peasant's humble cot,
And deeds that hallowed e'en their lowly walls.—
Imperial Rome is traversed o'er again,
Its temples, Forum, and its world-famed pile ;—
The organ 's heard in deep-toned thrilling strain,
Murmuring its music through each fretted aisle ;
Italia's vales are seen, and paintings grand,
And Raphael 's whispered of with beaming eye :
And classic Greece spreads out her fairy strand,
Her poet's tomb, and clear blue sunny sky ;
Helvetia's hills and glassy lakes are viewed,
Reposing sweetly near thick foliaged bowers ;
Iberia's groves with orange verdure strewed,
Fragrant with odours from a thousand flowers ;
The ocean 's crossed to where the purple wave
Lashed round the exiled monarch's sea-girt home ;
Again we linger o'er the lonely grave
Which rested not 'neath Gallia's sculptured dome.
Oh ! those were joyous hours, my dear young friend !
May all that follow be as bright and fair ;
May nought across thy path a shadow send,
But sweetest flowerets breathe their fragrance there.

JUNE.

I.

A GAIN thou comest, like a stately queen
With regal step, and jewels rich and rare
Sparkling around thy robe of glittering sheen,
And drooping lightly from thy sunny hair.
We mutely gaze, and bow before thy shrine
At opening morn, at mid-day's dazzling noon :
Thy strange, bright beauty seems a thing divine,
Queen of the summer, stately, regal June.

II.

Again thou comest, like a beauteous maid,
 With smiling brow, and dimpled, rosy lips,
Hiding half coyly in the leafy shade,
 Down where the bee its honeyed nectar sips.
We love thee, and our thoughts go forth to meet
 Thy coming, as the true and changeless dove,
With panting breast, flies eagerly to greet
 Its mate, with songs of welcome and of love.

III.

Again thou comest, like a laughing child,
 With roguish eye, and sunny, joyous face,
With voice of music, many-toned and wild,
 And form of pencilled loveliness and grace.
We joy to gaze upon thy youthful brow,
 To lie away to the soft coverts green,
Wasting the hours beneath the foliaged bough,
 Wrapped in the witchery of the glowing scene.

IV.

Again thou comest, like a sweet, deep dream
Of early love in its first hour of bliss ;
When hope with starry blossoms gilds the scene,
And seals the garlands with its gushing kiss.
All feel the power—the simile of love,—
'T is wreathed about amidst its roses rare,
'T is breathed in the low sighing of the dove,
And whispered out in the soft evening air.

V.

Again thou comest, to the city dim,
A stream of light into a prison cell,
With voice that soothes like some cathedral hymn,
Calming the spirit with a nameless spell.
The crime-stained one, the weary, and the poor,
Old age and youth, the prisoned and the free,
With quickened pulse, view thy rich jewelled store,
And turn to catch some straying beam from thee.

VI.

Again thou comest, like a gorgeous wreath
Of golden buds and silver blossoms rare,
And toiling millions seek to rest beneath,
Reading rich promise in thy perfumed air.
They see the wreath matured to autumn's fruit,
The yellow grain, the mellow purple vine—
They hear the voices that are never mute,
Telling of plenty in the coming time.

VII.

Again thou comest, now with holier spell—
A loving glimpse of heaven's immortal land,—
The mind hears round thee breathing airs that tell,
In whispering echoes, of the angel band.
The soul is dark indeed that cannot see,
When gazing on the beauty of thy noon,
That God hath formed a world where life will be
One long, immortal, glowing, flower-crowned June.

“CAN THIS BE DEATH?”

I.

AND can it be that this is death,
My beautiful, my first-born son,
Oh! can it be that thy career
So soon is o'er, so soon is run?

II.

Jesus forgive the murmuring wish,
That cannot, will not leave my breast,
That thou hadst spared my peerless one,
Thou hadst not called his soul to rest.

III.

I gaze on his angelic face,
So beautiful reposing there,
And scarce believe the reaper has
Touched aught so lovely, aught so fair.

IV.

Those features fixed, alas! too well
Impress the truth upon my heart,
That changeless brow, my infant love,
All tell me, with thee I must part.

V.

Those parted lips are smiling still,
They seem to whisper even
Of angels, and the love that fills
That bright unchanging heaven.

VI.

Father, I bend in humble grief
To thy all-chastening rod,
For sending me those last blest thoughts,
My infant 's with its God.

VII.

Could I have tuned that wondrous harp,
And kept it pure as now,
I offer it, a stainless lamb,
And to thy decree bow.

VIII.

No, e'en a mother's watchful eye,
Though ever on her child,
Can always keep it free from sin,
Holy, and undefiled.

IX.

One last sad kiss, my angel son,
Once my proud hope and joy,
I would not wish thee here again,
My beautiful, my boy.

THERE IS A MAGIC VOICE.

I.

THERE is a magic voice,
Whose lightest word
Thrills like the trembling harp
When it is stirred—
Stirred by the summer wind,
Floating along,
Waking sweet melody,
Breathing of song.

II.

There is a magic voice,
Softly it spoke
On that fair summer eve,
When it awoke
The love that still lingers,
Lingers and sings,
Deep in my inmost thought,
Closely it clings.

III.

Oh ! may that magic voice,
With its loved tone,
Again o'er my spirit fall,
Ere I go home ;
Thus with its music near,
Soothing my breast,
Calmly my soul could soar
Home to its rest.

TO MISS R. —————

Oh may that eye, which, soft as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold, or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page.

BYRON.

I.

A FAITHFUL heart is looking back
O'er the sandy moorland wide,
To a hallowed homestead resting
Near the ocean's rippling tide.
A faithful heart is looking back,
With the yearning of a dove,
To meet once more the true warm clasp
From friends of its girlhood's love.

II.

'T was a sweet, bright, glowing day-dream,
That radiant summer fair,
And long in memory's chain 't will shine,
The brightest love-link there.
Again within that little room,
I sit with shadeless brow,
With thy dark eye beaming brightly,
As of old, upon me now.

III.

But, ah! it is a fairy dream.
Loved themes will conjure up.
Since then my lips have tasted oft,
Of many a bitter cup.
But, thank God, I have met true hearts,
Hearts that have wept with me ;
And gratefully I bless them all,
But memory turns to thee.

IV.

I know that thou hast often knelt,
 When in thy chamber lone,
And offered many a prayer for me
 At the Redeemer's throne.
These, these, have linked my soul to thine,
 With a deep and holy love,
That soars to meet and clasp thy hand
 In the sun-bright world above.

V.

Oh! wilt thou take this simple wreath,
 And keep it as a part
Of friendship's "sunny memories"
 That are whispering in my heart.
A dreaming spirit holds them close,
 And lingers o'er them yet,
As fairy things, shrined with the home
 My soul can ne'er forget.

TO MY SISTER.

“ They reckon not by months, and years,
Where she hath gone to dwell.”

I.

O! how I miss the loving heart,
That led me through sweet childhood's track ;
How oft the burning tear will start,
And quivering lips sob forth, “ Come back.”
'T was at thy knee the vesper song,
And childhood's earliest prayer was said ;
Thy voice that soothed each infant wrong,
Thy breast that pillowed oft my head.

II.

Since thou wert ta'en, the deepest woe,
That human heart can meet or bear,
Has laid love's cherished flowerets low,
And left my spirit bowed with care.
Oh! how I yearned to have thee by,
To hear thy loving words and tone,
In that dark night of agony,
When death had left me sad and lone.

III.

Oh! how I yearned to lay my head,
As when a child, upon thy breast;
But vainly was the loved name said,
It could not wake thy hallowed rest.
I miss the smile that soothed my heart,
The eye whose glance beamed like the dove,
The hand that took a mother's part,
And nursed me with a mother's love.

IV.

The years have sped—have fled fast,
And many a spring has left its bloom,
And many a Christmas-tide has past,
Since thou wert laid within the tomb.
But faithful memory cannot part,
It lingers still o'er childhood's track,
Yet, yet, the burning tear will start,
And quivering lips sob forth, "Come back."

GOD HELP THE POOR.

I.

OH, my heart is sadly yearning.
Yearning to those homeless ones
Who, with world-crushed heart, are learning
How the gaunt form, famine, comes.

II.

Bleeding feet rough paths are pacing,
With a grief-seared hopeless eye :
Palid brows stern want are facing,
With an anguished prayer to die.

III.

Lisping ones are drooping, dying,
On the hungered mother's breast ;
Vainly asking, vainly crying,
For the crust of food and rest.

IV.

Youth is thrust where crime is reeking,
Where their virtue 's sold for bread ;
Oh, God, fearful is the seeking
Such a roof for roofless head.

V.

Swiftly now the cloud is coming,
That will quench in starless night,
Many a hearth where hope is humming
Like a beauteous bird of light.

VI.

Oh, I envy not the coffer
 Hoarded by the miser's hand ;
But I would have gold to offer
 To the poor, God's chosen band.

VII.

Son of wealth, oh ! stand not dreaming
 Idly by the shining ore,
Callous to the gospel meaning,
 Which has said, " Feed ye my poor."

VIII.

Give thy wealth, he is thy brother,
 Steeped in misery though he be ;
Let thy gold his heart-wounds cover,
 So thy God shall prosper thee.

IX.

Fame has not a higher glory,
Not a brighter, holier light,
Than is breathed out in the story
Of that one who gave her mite.

X.

'T was but little, yet 't was given
Freely, with a willing hand ;
And the deed God told in heaven,
Told amongst his angel band.

XI.

Now, 't is ever deeply teaching,
“ We may make our lives sublime ; ”
Ever uttering, ever preaching,
Charity is love divine.

XII.

Let us grave it on our altars,
Let its whisper stir our breast,
When a white lip near us falters
Out a prayer for food and rest.

XIII.

This should be our morning breathing,
And our vespers tell it o'er,
This each Christian heart be wreathing,
Help, oh, help the suffering poor.

I CANNOT SAY GOOD-BYE.

I.

I CANNOT say good-bye, love,
I cannot say good-bye ;
A chill comes o'er my heart, love,
A mist upon my eye ;
When others leave my side, love,
The words come full and free,
To them I say good-bye, love,
But not, oh ! not to thee.

II.

I cannot say good-bye, love,
 There is a mournful knell
Heard in the parting sigh, love,
 When true hearts say farewell ;
The smile will leave my lip, love,
 The burning tear will start,
The heaving breast will tell, love,
 How hard it is to part.

III.

When the heart beats for one, love,
 Beats but alone for one,
It cannot breathe the word, love,
 To have that dear one gone.
The red sun 's going down, love,
 The parting hour is nigh,
My heart clings, clings to thine, love,
 I cannot say good-bye.

TO MY LYRE.

I.

I COULD not part with thee.
My heart would weep,
Weep for its spirit, love,
With sorrow deep.
I could not part with thee,
Thou art the friend
That changes not, whate'er
Stern fate may send.

II.

If joys bright blossoms fling,
 On sunny ground,
Its golden tinted fruit,
 There thou art found ;
If the dread nightshade grows
 With poisoned breath,
Still wilt thou, clinging, cheer
 The vale of death.

III.

'Midst summer's glowing day,
 Its wealth of light,
Its ever beauteous buds,
 Its soft calm night ;
'Midst autumn's coronal
 Of amber leaves,
'Midst the low muffled sighs
 She sadly heaves.

IV.

'Midst the cold wintry gloom,
 Its frost-bound night,
Softly my lyre will sing,
 Cheering its blight ;
Thus am I 'midst all griefs,
 All seasons blest,
If but its music 's left
 To soothe my breast.

V.

I envy not the crown
 That gleams around
The monarch's lofty brow ;
 Joy is not bound,
Not bound with lustrous gems ;
 The circlet bears,
Oft 'midst its rubies, stains
 Of bitterest tears.

VI.

The poet's coronal
Is richer far,
Though on its petals burn
No kingly star :
Its living leaflets shine
With holier light.
With ray that brightens many
A heart's deep night.

VII.

It is a chaplet worth
Leaves not behind,
A nation's tribute paid
To wealth of mind ;
A crown that dies not with
The owner's breath,
But lives, and living, gilds
The tomb of death.

VIII.

Long years ago thou wert
 Wreathed with my heart,
The dearest thing, from which
 I could not part :
Twined with all sunny dreams,
 The dreams of youth,
When every tablet bore
 The seal of truth.

IX.

And now that life with thought
 Has marked my brow,
Unlocked its mission,
 Yet 't is with me now ;
An ever flowing spring,
 That gives its bliss
Alike in sorrow's hours
 And happiness.

x.

The heavy cloud but serves
To make it cling,
Cling yet more closely still,
And sweeter sing ;
And like the rose-bud torn
In tempest's hour,
'T is then its perfume gives
The sweetest dower.

xi.

Though stricken to the ground
With cloven breast,
'T will breathe rich fragrance o'er
Its mossy nest ;
And through the tear-drops round
Its drooping head,
Will sweetest essence o'er
Its owner shed.

XII.

Thus hast thou ever been,
In loneliest day,
The "silver lining" round
My checkered way :
Thou hast been to me,
More than friend could be,
And I am blest, my lyre,
Whilst I have thee.

“OH! ASK THY SOUL IF WE SHOULD
PART?”

I.

“OH! ask thy soul if we should part?”

It cannot, should not be,
The deepest prayer my heart e'er breathed,
Was offered, love, for thee.
The deepest sigh my bosom heaves,
The bitterest tears I shed,
Are given to those bygone hours,
For ever, ever fled.

II.

"Oh! ask thy soul if we should part?"

My heart is all thine own,
Its every pulse is true to thee,
And beats for thee alone ;
The brightest dreams of girlhood's years,
Were woven with thy lot,
And now within my woman's heart,
They hold the dearest spot.

III.

"Oh! ask thy soul if we should part?"

And if the words be vain,
My broken heart will never feel
The summer sun again ;
But like the lonely harp will lie
With torn and shattered string ;
Or stricken bird, the arrow 's left
With bleeding broken wing.

IV.

“Oh! ask thy soul if we should part?”

There is no other breast

On which I'd lay my weary head,

Thine is its chosen rest:

By all the dreams of earlier years,

By every whispered vow,

Thou canst not say farewell again,

Thou canst not breathe it now.

V.

“Oh! ask thy soul if we should part?”

I ne'er again may see

The wild flowers springing o'er the plain,

The blossom on the tree;

When next we meet thy tear may fall,

Unheeded where 't is shed,

It may be on my cofined brow,

But 't will not wake the dead.

“Oh! ask thy soul if we should part?”

If we should part again?

ANGEL ANNIE.

I.

SHE came, a little fairy one,
And nestled to my breast :
Came, as a truant dove would turn,
And seek its parent nest ;
Her soft blue eye beamed with a light
That was not caught from earth,
Her coral lip smiled with a love
That had an angel's birth.

II.

She grew ; grew with the summer flowers,
A little violet wild,
A rosebud with immortal soul,
A lovely, winning child.
The stranger e'en would hush his breath,
To hear her soft, low tone ;
'T was like the echo of some harp,
Heard but in heaven alone.

III.

'T was strange how close that little one
Was wreathed about my heart ;
She was amongst the things from which
My memory could not part.
I never see the violet bloom,
The little daisy peep,
But I think of her, the "gathered flower,"
I think of her, and weep.

IV.

Death came, and found upon her face,
Strange, wondrous beauty there ;
A light shone round her baby brow,
And rippled in her hair.
She turned and said, with heavenly smile,
Bright, yet foreboding sorrow,
“ Mamma, I shall not want my curls,
Not want my curls to-morrow.”

V.

And then her blue eyes quivering closed,
She softly went to sleep ;
The little bird had fluttered home—
It seemed a sin to weep :
A sin to weep ! yet, oh ! to stand
Beside that darling one,
And feel the starry light of home
Had with her spirit gone.

VI.

We knew the prattling voice was hushed,
The lispings, love-taught word
Would ne'er again call forth a joy,
Would ne'er again be heard :
The pattering step, the little hand
That lovingly sought ours,
Would never more be clasped round us,
Nor seek the summer flowers.

VII.

We knew that God had need of her,
The peerless angel one,
And that no wintry wind would blight
The flowers where she had gone.
But, oh ! 't was grief, deep grief to watch
Beside that little bed ;
To gaze upon the household pet,
And know that she was dead.

STANZAS.

Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days ;
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean cold spirit that betrays.

ELIZA COOK.

I.

O II soul-breathed words, ye have a full deep meaning,
To the young heart that 's turned to seek its rest,
Turned to the idol one with eye love beaming,
And found its altar built on faithless breast.
What thoughts so pure as those first love is breathing?
When rainbow hues fall o'er its sunlit way,
What flowers so fair as those its dreams are wreathing?
Oh, why should false ones dim their heavenward ray.

II.

Who would not rather see the red lip paling,
 The green turf resting o'er the worshipped one ;
 And know the heart e'en when its pulse was failing,
 Still throbb'd for us, throbb'd but for us alone,—
 Than have the dread, the soul-felt crushing sorrow,
 Of lips we 've pressed becoming harshly cold,
 Of hands we 've clasped, but hasting on the morrow
 To fling us back the love we'd fondly told.

III.

'T is well there are some bosoms warmly glowing,
 With love that lives beyond the passing hour ;
 Some spirits where the well of truth is flowing,
 Bright in the beauty of its matchless dower.
 For these true hearts, we hold that love is holy,
 The brightest boon that God has left on earth ;
 Though callous ones may falsely breathe its story,
 They cannot blight its pure and heavenly birth.

THE TWO CURLS.

I.

THEY 're placed together, sacred links
From which I never part ;

The dearest of the idol things

I treasure in my heart.

They 're placed together, sacred links—

That dark and golden tress,

One beauteous in its sunny hue

And fairy loveliness.

II.

I severed it, one festal day,
 With all a mother's pride,
And gave it, as a love gift,
 To the dear one at my side.
He took it, and a parent's tear
 Stood in his calm blue eye ;
Oh, 't was a holy link that bound
 The husband, child, and I.

III.

We placed it with the sacred things
 Our souls had held most fair ;
We felt it was a precious bond,
 That curl of sunny hair.
And as the babe hung at my breast,
 In winning helplessness,
We pictured how we'd tell her of
 That little golden tress.

IV.

The days sped on, but, ah! there came

A shadow dark and deep;

A shadow that no noontide ray

Can ever lure to sleep.

The reaper broke our love-wrought chain,

The dearest link was gone;

'T was then I placed that raven curl

Beside the golden one.

V.

With throbbing heart and quivering lip,

I hold the relic now;

And memory sees it wave again

Upon the worshipped brow,

My orphaned one will nestle near,

And wonder why I weep;

She asks when dear papa will wake,

Wake from his long, long sleep.

VI.

And then I show her that dark curl,
And tell her where he 's gone ;—
She clasps her little hand in mine,
And tearfully looks on.
And then she 'll cling about my breast,
As though *we* should not part :—
Oh, Father, let me keep this one,
This lone lamb, near my heart.

VII.

Together place them—they shall be
A sacred mystic spell,
To tell me of the spirit one
My soul hath loved so well :
And when the grave shall offer me
Its holy, dreamless rest,
I'd have that dark and golden curl
Placed gently on my breast.

MY HARP IS SAD.

Ĉ 0 ———

1.

MY harp is sad, I know its song notes dwell
Upon those joys, past, yet remembered well;
New chords may flutter, but 't will turn again,
And cling, how fondly, to its own sad strain.
But yet the music that most wins the heart,
The strains from which the spirit cannot part,
Are those low tones that make the listening breast
Weep as with grief, then softly soothe to rest.

II.

My harp is sad, how can its songs be light

When my heart 's sunk in dreary, starless night?

Without one beam to herald with its ray.

Without one gleam to show a coming day.

But yet the nightingale, the sweetest sings

When eve has shrouded o'er her drooping wings,

When the lone rose is only left to tell,

And tremble o'er the song that 's sung so well.

TO MY FRIENDS.

I.

I GREET ye all again, my friends,
Though wintry winds may sigh ;
It matters not, if hearts are warm,
What storm-cloud chills the sky.
My faithful breast meets yours with love,
And grateful tears will start,
A tribute to the honey drops
Ye 've flung upon my heart.
Here 's health and joy to ye, my friends,
I know ye 'll sing my rhyme ;

May true hearts gleam with love's warm beam,
And ne'er forget "Lang syne."

II.

My harp has strung but simple flowers,
Yet ye have gleaned them up ;
And placed my moorland blossoms wild,
Within the treasured cup.
Ye 've listened to my untaught songs
With pleasure-beaming eye ;
And shed around life's checkered path
A light that will not die.
Here 's health and joy to ye, my friends,
I know ye 'll sing my rhyme ;
May true hearts gleam with love's warm beam.
And ne'er forget "Lang syne."

III.

Since first we met, our human lot
Has had its share of grief :

But then, we 've had the sun as well,
To weave the wild-flower wreath ;
So wipe the tear, and cheat old care,
Ne'er have him croaking now,
We 'll laugh, and rub the furrows out
He 's wreathing on our brow.
Here 's health and joy to ye, my friends,
I know ye 'll sing my rhyme ;
May true hearts gleam with love's warm be
And ne'er forget "Lang syne."

IV.

There may be some to whom we owe
Forgiveness for a word,
Or action, done when passion ruled
The spirit it had stirred ;
To such we 'll freely give the hand,
As freely clasp their own ;
And plant, upon the buried past,
The olive love has grown.

Here 's health and joy to ye, my friends,
I know ye 'll sing my rhyme ;
May true hearts gleam with love's warm beam,
And ne'er forget "Lang syne."

v.

I know your hearts are warm and true,
As honest hearts should be ;
I know the roughest blast would fail
To blight affection's tree.
Your kindly tones are whispering yet,
Within my bosom deep,
The spirit chimes will murmur on
Till hushed in death's calm sleep.
Here 's health and joy to ye, my friends,
I know ye 'll sing my rhyme ;
And carol out, with joyful shout,
We 'll ne'er forget "Lang syne."

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