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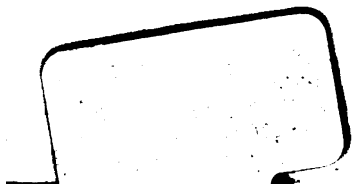
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Pretty, American





Appleton, Wis., Wis

Matilda Whitman
Sept. 8 '93

S.A.

NBI
Peck



RINGS AND LOVE-KNOTS

BY

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

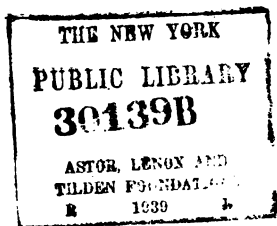
Author of "Cap and Bells"

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To the memory of
MY MOTHER,
LUCY LAMB RANDALL PECK.

*Rings and love-knots rare,
And roses wet with dew,
I bring them to my dainty fair
To show my heart is true.*

OLD SONG.

AN ALABAMA GARDEN.

ALONG a pine-clad hill it lies,
O'erlooked by limpid Southern skies,
A spot to feast a fairy's eyes,

A nook for happy fancies.

The wild bee's mellow monotone
Here blends with bird-notes zephyr-blown,
And many an insect voice unknown

The harmony enhances.

The rose's shattered splendor flees
With lavish grace on every breeze,
And lilies sway with flexile ease

Like dryads snowy-breasted ;

And where gardenias drowse between
Rich curving leaves of glossy green,
The cricket strikes his tambourine,

Amid the mosses nested.

Here dawn-flushed myrtles interlace,
And sifted sunbeams shyly trace
Frail arabesques whose shifting grace
 Is wrought of shade and shimmer;
At eventide scents quaint and rare
Go straying through my garden fair,
As if they sought with wildered air
 The fireflies' fitful glimmer.

Oh, could some painter's facile brush,
On canvas limn my garden's blush,
The fevered world its din would hush
 To crown the high endeavor;
Or could a poet snare in rhyme
The breathings of this balmy clime,
His fame might dare the dart of Time
 And soar undimmed forever!



MIGNON.

ACROSS the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew.

The stars seem kind,
And e'en the wind

Hath pity for my woe,
Ah, must I sue in vain, *ma belle?*
Say no, Mignon, say no!

Erelong the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through;
Let not my heart unanswered ache
That beats alone for you.

Your casement ope
And bid me hope,
Give me one smile to bless ;
A word will ease my pain, *ma belle*,
Say yes, Mignon, say yes !

EARTH LOVE.

I SEEK not why the cyclones roar,
Nor whence the lurid storm-clouds pass;
Be mine a shy, sweeter lore,
The secrets of the whispering grass.

The crackling scroll, the musty tome,
They are but arid husks to me
Who joy to breast the daisy foam
That flecks the meadow's emerald sea.

The shimmering dewdrop, softly bright,
That hangs upon the violet's eye,
I prize beyond the bolder light
That dazzles in the arching sky.

In lonely woods I love to scan
The silvery snare the spider weaves,
Or watch the mimic caravan
Of ants among the mouldering leaves ;

Or on the turf with head bent low,
In some remote and mossy glen,
To list the toil, the joy, the woe
Of tiny lives unguessed of men.

With heart unvexed of tangled creeds
By petty brains to thinness spun,
Be mine the text of flowers and weeds
By Nature writ in shade and sun.

They lure me not, the stars above ;
Their mysteries are too cold and high.
God gave to us the earth to love,
Within whose breast all sorrows die.

AUNT MARTHA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WITH spider-webbing tattered
In travesties of lace,
Mid treasures years have shattered,
Once miracles of grace ;
Imploring Time to spare it
With rusty tongue of steel,
Behold it in the garret,
Aunt Martha's spinning-wheel.

With slow and pensive fingers
I wipe the webs away,
While loving Fancy lingers
To paint an olden day.
When youth and beauty crowned it
What gay songs used to peal !
Now crickets wall around it,
Aunt Martha's spinning-wheel.

I softly touch the treadle ;
It gives a plaintive squeak ;
It begs me not to meddle,
In murmurs sad and meek.
Alas ! the feet that lithely
Once twinkled through the reel,
No more shall pat it blithely,
Aunt Martha's spinning-wheel.

How oft its noisy turning
Hath served a lover's need,
And kept Age from decerning
What only Youth should heed !
'T would drown both vows and kisses
That lovers love to steal ;
A dear old treasure this is—
Aunt Martha's spinning-wheel.

For fear of house adorning
In search of bric-a-brac,
Far in the garret corner
With sighs I put it back ;

And there just as I found it,
I leave for woe or weal
With ghosts to glide around it
Aunt Martha's spinning-wheel.

POLLY.

In a little scarlet kirtle
With a dewy sprig of myrtle
 She comes tripping from the dairy
 When the dawn begins to peep.
Where the snowy lambs are skipping
And the swallows gayly dipping
 She stands with dimpled elbows—
 I can see her in my sleep!

How her rosy fingers twinkle
As she milks! The tinkle, tinkle
 In the milk-pail is delightful,
 I could listen all the day.
It sets my heart a-flutter,
Just to see her pat the butter,

For she rolls it and she pats it
In a wildly witching way.

'Tis sad to see the lasses
Frown upon her as she passes,
But she gives her wayward curls a toss,
The saucy little sprite !
She knows the laddies love her,
For they never fail to hover
Like bees around an apple-bloom,
When Polly comes in sight.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

WHEN I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue ;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown trees ;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild-rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,—
Oh to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing !

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.

I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing,

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

THE LITTLE LASS IN PINK.

A PERERLESS pearl of beauty,
A jewel of romance !
Who would not ride in tourney
To gain her winsome glance ?
Who would not be a minstrel,
The golden rhymes to link,
And sing her praise in merry lays—
The little lass in pink ?

So tiny are her glovelets,
So dainty are her shoon,
I trow the pixies wrought them
Beneath the midnight moon ;
And o'er the elfin stitches
They sang, with many a wink,
“ We twine a twist that none resist
The little lass in pink.”

She hath a witching dimple ;
Now was it not a sin
That when the fairies crowned her
They put that dimple in !
The heartaches it hath given
It grieves my soul to think ;
She hath no care how lovers fare—
The little lass in pink.

Her smile is like a dew-drop
That glistens in the morn.
Her frown—no eye hath seen it :
She never looks in scorn.
Her footsteps fall like rose-leaves
Beside the fountain's brink.
The gallants sigh as she goes by—
The little lass in pink.

After the revel's over,
When stars grow dim above,
And slumber's drowsy fingers
Have kissed the eyes we love,

Ho ! gallant cavaliers,
Your parting beakers clink :
“ May time tread light and never blight
The little lass in pink ! ”

WHERE THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS BLOW.

MEET me where the apple-blossoms blow,
Softly now the fragrant boughs are swinging ;
Greet me when the moon begins to glow,
And in the pines the whippoorwills are singing.
With loyal heart a-beat,
Oh, haste with flying feet,
And shame the sluggish hours that wing too slow.
The day is long and dreary,
My heart is worn and weary,
I count the laggard moments as they go,
Love.
Oh,
Meet me where the apple-blossoms blow.

Meet me where the apple-blossoms blow ;
Let the floating petals flake your tresses,
Breathing us a benison below,
Crowning our betrothal with caresses.
Far in the upper deep,
The stars are now a-peep,
The drowsy river murmurs in its flow,
I hear its voice repeating :
" Life's blossom-time is fleeting."
Ah ! let us catch the fragrance ere it go,
Love.
Oh,
Meet me where the apple-blossoms blow !

SNOWDROPS.

WHEN winter's sceptre quivers
 Within his withered hand,
And from the captive rivers
 His crystal chains unband,
 Above the sod they shyly peer,
 The first-born blossoms of the year.

They never catch the cooing
 Of wood-doves in the trees,
They never hear the wooing
 Of butterflies and bees,
 All pure and bright they stand alone,
 Unconscious of the charms they own.

Anon, when day is ended
And night grows crisp and chill,
With airy bells suspended
Along the frosty hill,
They are the chimes the fairies ring
To welcome in the laughing spring.

ALL FOR YOU.

THE love in my heart is as strong as the hills
And as deep as the fathomless sea,
Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills
The soul of the summer with glee.
'Tis fair as the light of the faithful stars
That beam in the boundless blue ;
No selfish mote its radiance mars,
And, Sweetheart, 't is all for you.

All for you !
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever,
Till the angels doubt,
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, Sweetheart, forever.

The love in my heart, I know not why
Nor how it came to be,
But the bliss that is mine no gold can buy,
Since love hath come to me.
O, love, love, love! There's nothing so sweet,
Go search the wide world through
My heart is so full of it, every beat
Cries out it is all for you.

All for you!
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever.
Till the angels doubt
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, Sweetheart, forever.

BLACKBERRY BLOSSOMS.

FROM a thicket in the corner of zig-zag fence
Where the succulent pokeberry stalks uprear,
With sassafras and sumach in a wild-growth dense,
The blackberry blossoms through the brown rails
peer ;
With dew-drops shining on their long white sprays,
Where the yellow bee buzzes and the red-bird flies,
They marvel at the world and its new-found ways,
With innocent wonder in their wild, sweet eyes.
Magnolias are white,
And roses are bright,
And many there be that love them ;
But with dew-besprinkled faces
And wildwood graces,
Oh, the blackberry blossoms are above them.

When the pine-boughs are swinging in the soft May
breeze,

And bumblebees are boasting of their spring-tide
gain,

And the mockbird is singing out his happiest glees

To the cotton-tailed rabbit in the bend of the lane ;

They lean their faces on the moss-grown rails

And listen to the melody the mockbird weaves ;

While the lizards go a-darting with their trembling tails

Like slim, long shuttles through the last year's
leaves.

Chrysanthemums are fair,

And orchids are rare,

And many there be that love them !

But with dew-besprinkled faces

And wildwood graces,

Oh, the blackberry blossoms are above them !

A SONG FROM THE CITY.

AMID the tall grasses, ah! would I might lie
When Maytime is fitting and summer is nigh,
Peacefully, dreamfully resting all day
With never a thought of the future to fray,
 Wood-birds to sing to me,
 Breezes to bring to me
Wild, wayward perfumes that kings cannot buy.

Amid the tall grasses, ah! would I might sleep,
Lulled by low murmurings tender and deep;
Lying full length by some willow-kissed stream,
Mystical music would stray through my dream,
 Echoes from airy-land,
 Lyrics from fairy-land,
Over my weary brain softly would sweep.

Amid the tall grasses, ah ! would I might rest
Till the sun had sunk down in the shadowy west ;
There would I glide from a sorrow-crowned life,
Forgetting the weariful world and its strife,
 Back to my boy days,
 Back to my joy days,
That is the sweetest thought, that is the best.

TO A ROSEBUD.

O HAPPY little rosebud
Upon her dusky hair !
Like some sweet star
That gleams afar,
You lighten my despair.

All wet with dew at morning
Upon the old rose-tree
You shone so fair
I chose you there
My messenger to be.

So loyal little rosebud
Just whisper to my sweet,
I sigh for her,
I'd die for her,
My heart is at her feet.

LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER.

OVER and over the purple clover,
Under the greenwood tree,
Sweet Bessie came straying, for wild-flowers Maying,
And sang in her maiden glee :
 “ O hey, O ho !
 There's a laddy I know
 Who joys my face to see.
Fair blossoms, I pray, now what shall I say
When Robin comes wooing o' me,
 Dear heart,
When Robin comes wooing o' me ? ”

Over and under the boughs asunder,
Through the wood came Robin ere long ;
In the olden fashion he carolled his passion,
And the hawthorn swayed to his song :

“ O hey, O ho !
The way I know
She dropped me this flower to tell ;
But what she will say this blossomy day—
Would that I knew it as well,
Dear heart,
Would that I knew it as well.”

Over and over the fragrant clover,
The bees went humming till late,
And where is the laddy, and what luck had he
A-wooing his blithesome mate ?
O hey, O ho !
They walk full slow,
Brown Robin and blushing Bess ;
But what did she say in the wood to-day ?
I think I will leave you to guess,
Dear heart,
I think I will leave you to guess.

MY LOST LOVE.

'T WAS morn beside the summer sea ;
My love and I, how blithe were we !
The salt sea-wind sang bold and free
 Before the gates of day.
Our pulses throbb'd with bliss divine
To see a rainbow span the brine
With tender tints as if in sign
 Our joy would live for aye.
 O first love, O fair love,
 Beside the summer sea,
As coos the newly-mated dove
 You sang your love to me !

'T is night beside the summer sea ;
Amid the night's pale mystery
My fair lost love comes back to me
As in the olden time.

Her smile is softer than the mist,
By silvery moonbeams shyly kist ;
Her voice is clear and low and trist
And sweeter far than rhyme.

O first love, O last love,
Beside the summer sea,
As clasps the wave the star above,
So clings my heart to thee !

LETTER SONG.

Who is it dreams of thee all the night
Till the last star dies in the gray?
Who is it calls thee his heart's delight,
Though many a league away?
Who is it wishes thy sorrow to bear,
Leaving the joy for thee?
Who is it breathes thee a song and a prayer?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Who is it longs for the touch of thy hand,
The sound of thy feet at the door?
And who would give all the gold in the land
To gaze on thy face once more?

Who is it craving thy voice to beguile
Grim cares that will not flee ?
Whose eyes are a-thirst for thy winsome smile ?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Whose are the veins that laugh and leap
Whenever thy name is heard ?
Whose are the eyes that fain would weep
To think of a hope deferred ?
Whose is the arm that will not fail,
If ever thy need shall be ?
Whose is the love that never grows pale ?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

AN APRIL MAID.

TRIPPING through the April breeze
In a kirtle blue,
Brighter blossom mellow bees
Ne'er in summer woo.

From her little scarlet mouth
Rills of song are gliding,
Ballads of the balmy South,
In her memory biding.

She is winsome, she is shy,
Clad in sweet apparel ;
Like the song of Lorelei
Floats her dainty carol.

Round about her wayward hair
Tricksy fairies hover,
Trapping sunbeams unaware—
Who could choose but love her ?

Up and down her velvet cheek
Dimples share her blushes—
Will she listen if I speak
When her carol hushes ?

Be my fate or drear or bright,
Soon, ah ! soon I'll know it ;
If I may not be her knight,—
Still I'll be her poet !

WOOING.

WOOING, wooing, wooing! there's wooing everywhere,
A myriad tender murmurings are floating on the air;
The ripple of the laughing rills that leap to meet the
sun,

The wood-dove's soft and twilight tone amid the
shadows dun,

While on the purple hills afar the pine-trees' constant
boughs

Repeat in endless harmony their never-broken vows.

Wooing, wooing, wooing! Alas! 't is growing late.

The birds were mated long ago; Sweetheart, shall we
not mate?

The tender melody of love makes music in the blood;
The magic tide that comes but once is rolling to the
flood.

Alas for those who dream and dream unlighted on the
shore

And wake to find the tide of love has ebbed forever
more !

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Let their beauty and their glee
Wake a tender thought of me
Ere the summer day has floated to the golden gates of
noon.

Why should we part, love?
When true lovers wed
Summer's in the heart, love,
When their bloom is dead.

The moth that flits through the midnight gloom
Quakes when my bugle I blow ;
The dusky bat and the beetles that boom
My arrows have oft laid low.
Then onward I fare with a pack full of dreams
And spells to bless and to blight,
And happy the brow when the morning beams
That I have kissed in the night.

Ariel I,
Elf of the sky,
I toil till the east grows gray,
Chasing grim cares,
And culling the tares
That tangle the sheaves of the day.

IN THE ORCHARD.

WHEN the butterfly's a rover
 With the frolic summer breeze,
Flitting o'er the purple clover
 Like a seagull o'er the seas,
Fleeter wings my fancy borrows,
Gayly flouting cares and sorrows,
As I lie with half-closed eyelids
 ' Neath the drowsy apple-trees.

In my dreams through field and thicket
 With the mellow bees I stray ;
I'm a comrade of the cricket
 In his piping and his play ;

I obey the gentle luring
Of the wood-dove's troubadouring,
And I feel my heart-beats quicken
As he coos his ardent lay.

In the grass a pleasure lingers
That a king might sigh to share ;
'T is no breeze, but summer's fingers
That are straying through my hair.
And a-dream, with naught to fray me,
On earth's bosom low I lay me,
Like a child upon its mother's,
Happy only to be there.

THE TRUMPET FLOWER.

ITS tube of gold and scarlet bright,
A blossom seen at noonday glow,
Becomes beneath the wand of night
A horn for elves to blow.

When night winds rock the sleeping bird,
And star smiles soothe the restless main,
By mortal ear can ne'er be heard
The pixie's eerie strain.

The legend saith, a child might catch
The fairy glee if free from sin,
For Puck would lift the elf-land latch,
And let the wee one in.

GLAMOURIE.

I DREAMED that you kissed me ! I dreamed that I felt
The touch of two warm lips to mine ;
And over my mouth, that was quivering dwelt
The odor of roses and wine.
The fays began ringing the dew-bells bright,
The moon shed an answering beam ;
The fountain leaped up with a thrill of delight,
But alas!—it was only a dream.

'T was only a dream
'Neath the moon's pale gleam,
Only the dream of a kiss ;
But fate may undo me,
And sorrow pursue me,
You were mine for one moment of bliss.

I dreamed that you kissed me ! Your shimmering hair
Rippled over mine eyes in its flow.
I felt the soft touch of your bosom most fair
With virginal lilies a-blow.
Two white arms stole around me with passion confest
All pains of the past to redeem.
Let Fortune deride me, one moment was blest ;
But alas !—it was only a dream.

'T was only a dream
'Neath the moon's pale gleam;
Only the dream of a kiss ;
But Fate may undo me,
And sorrow pursue me,
You were mine for one moment of bliss !

THE FUGITIVES.

THE winds are piping shrilly
Above the trembling tree ;
Before their fingers chilly
The frightened leaflets flee ;
One longing look behind them, cast upon the branches
bare,
And on they wildly flutter, the exiles of the air.

With cruel speed relentless,
The shouting winds pursue ;
O'er meadows brown and scentless
Still flit the timid crew ;
Their gold and purple garments, whose tints surpassed
the morn,
By sullen mire are drabbled, by heartless flints are
torn.

Some with a sob and shiver
Go hurrying through the town ;
Some in the cold, dark river
Their sorrows fain would drown ;
And some with weary faces within the churchyard fly
To seek among the quiet graves the rest that storms
deny.

BONNIE ROSABEL.

WHEN drowsy dews begin to peep
Amid the swaying boughs,
Before the stars have gone to sleep
She comes to milk the cows.
Her rosy twinkling fingers sweep
In curves of rhythmic grace,
And as she milks the bubbles leap
To see her pretty face.

Hey, lads! Ho, lads,
Let the chorus swell,
And pipe with me
A merry glee
For bonnie Rosabel.

Her breath is like the breeze that plays
Amid the fragrant thorn ;
Her voice outsweets the rill that strays
Through April woods at morn.
Alas! for him who stops to gaze
Upon her locks a-twined :
His guileless feet shall go their ways
And leave his heart behind.

Hey, lads! Ho, lads!
Rhymes can never tell
The winsome grace
That lights the face
Of bonnie Rosabel.

A SEASIDE FLIRTATION.

WITH sorrow in her eyes of blue,
With trembling hands, she slowly penned it—
The little parting *billet-doux*
That conscience told her now should end it.
Those *tête-à-tête* along the shore,
Those gipsyings with fern-filled basket,
Must join the dear delights of yore
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's :
He told his passion in his glances.
She sealed her note with scented wax,
But could not drown her dismal fancies.

When he should read his suit denied,
So long the theme of idle gazers,
She pictured him a suicide,
And shuddered at the thought of razors !

At last she slept—but not till dawn
Had blossomed through the ocean vapors.
Jack conned her missive with a yawn
When he had read the morning papers.
He gave his beard a languid twirl,
And murmured as he sat a-smoking :
“Tear-stained—By Jove !—poor little girl—
I thought she knew that I was joking !”

THE DAISY.

THE moon was fair, the night was still,
The summer mists were creeping,
And down the valley by the rill
A tiny fay lay sleeping.

The night was still in fairy-land,
Puck strayed a merry fellow
On mischief bent ; within his hand
A shield of white and yellow.

In fairy-land, the story goes,
The fay—Puck never missed her,
But dropped the shield, and on his toes
He slyly crept and kissed her.

The story goes, at morning-tide,
The hills no longer hazy,
The shepherds all with wonder eyed
The shield, a dewy daisy.

MIDSUMMER SONG.

THE amber smiles of early morn
Hath flashed across the ripening corn ;
 And on the spider's netting frail
 The dew is gleaming bright,
 As if an elf had lost her veil
 While fleeing from the light.

From out the wood the streamlets run
On silver feet to greet the sun ;
 No bramble snare their steps can bind,
 Their laughter rings above,
 Where balmy blossoms weight the wind
 With messages of love.

Now swells the din of merchant bees
Along the meadow's flowery seas,
While music floats from every bough
In carols sweet and clear ;
It is the heart of summer now—
The noontide of the year.

THE WAY TO WIN.

IF on the field of love you fall,
 With smiles conceal your pain ;
Be not to Love too sure a thrall,
 But lightly wear his chain.
Don't kiss the hem of Beauty's gown,
 Or tremble at her tear,
And when caprices weigh you down,
 A word within your ear :
 Another lass, another lass,
 With laughing eyes and bright—
 Make love to *her*,
 And trust me, sir,
 'T will set your wrongs aright.

Whene'er a sweetheart proves unkind
And greets you with a frown,
Or laughs your passion to the wind,
The talk of all the town,
Plead not your cause on bended knee
And murmured sighs prolong,
But gather from my minstrelsy
The burden of my song :
Another lass, another lass,—
There's always beauty by,—
Make love to *her*,
And trust me, sir,
'T will clear the clouded sky.

THE LAST APPLE-BLOSSOM.

O LITTLE bud of pink and white,
By sad mischance delayed,
Wert thou cast off by spring in flight
To pine amid the shade ?
Unsought by bee and butterfly,
Thy fragrant comrades flown,
Thou lingerest unmourned to die
In silence and alone.

O little flower of white and pink,
Thou hast not lived in vain,
Thy modest face the fairest link
In memory's rosy chain ;
Thy parting breath like magic brings
Sweet spring-tide's bygone hours ;
And once again my fancy wings
Through April's sun and showers.

A SONG BEFORE DAWN.

O LITTLE Love, along the hill
The silver dews are peeping,
Upon the pine the whippoorwill
His lonely watch is keeping ;
But gayly blows
The summer rose
Around your lattice creeping.

O little Love with wayward curls,
No jewel do I bring you ;
If tripping rhymes were glossy pearls
What shining gems I'd string you ?
And through the night
With laughing light
A diadem I'd fling you.

O little Love, above the trees
The amber dawn is breaking ;
And hark ! I hear the sobbing breeze
His garden loves forsaking.
May dreams of bliss
Your eyelids kiss
And joyous be your waking.

THE WOOING OF ROSE.

I TOOK her little hand in mine ;
 It quivered like a bird ;
And as I felt its touch divine
 A trembling sigh I heard.
Momentous time ! Should I propose ?
 I knew not what to say ;
As I beheld my blushing Rose
 I felt my hair turn gray !

There was a passage in Lucille
 Just suited to my case ;
I knew 't would melt a heart of steel
 If quoted with true grace.

I started—stammered—shuffled—blushed,
And though I am not brave,
O then I would have gladly rushed
To glory or the grave.

I thought of Byron, Scott, and Moore ;
Ah, could I but recall
A bit of their poetic lore !
I once had known it all.
“O woman in our hours of ease,”
I blunderingly said,
And then I thought my tongue would freeze,
And wished that I were dead.

My heart was beating like a flail,
And yet my lips were dumb.
The clock that hung upon a nail
Ticked louder than a drum.
I could not see ; for, strange to tell,
The air seemed full of smoke.

Then from my tongue the fetters fell,
And then—and then I spoke.

“ I love you, dear,” I said in haste ;
“ I love you too,” she said ;
And then I clasped her dainty waist,
And kissed her lips of red.
Then came a flood of poetry ;
I spouted yards of rhyme ;
And she is going to marry me
In apple-blossom time.

SPANISH SONG.

SEÑORITA, red thy lips

As the roses in the South :

Is it yea or nay that slips

Birdlike from thy dimpled mouth ?

Captive to thy sorcery

Cruel kindness thou dost show ;

Sweetheart, if thou lov'st not me,

Break the spell and let me go.

Sefiorita, dark thy hair,

Gleaming with imprisoned light,

Like a subtle shining snare

Tangling fast my dreams by night,

Sleep or waking still to thee
All my fevered thoughts do flow ;
Sweetheart, if thou lov'st not me,
Break the spell and let me go.

Sefiorita, soft thine eyes,
Lustrous, fair and jetty-fringed,
Like twin stars that gem the skies
When the dawn is rosy-tinged ;
Cease, ah, cease thy coquetry,
Teach their rays a warmer glow ;
Sweetheart, if thou lov'st not me,
Break the spell and let me go.

A SOUTHERN GIRL

HER dimpled cheeks are pale ;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.

In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat,—
She is vain about her feet
It is said.

She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night
With a fleecy cloud of white
 Round her hair—
Her grace, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
 I declare.

'T is a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette,
 Whom I sing :
On her cruel path she goes
With a half-a-dozen beaux
 To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly
 Dew empearled ;
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
 In the world.

THE DANDELION.

THIS fairy story, every word,
Was told me by a little bird :
A naughty elf in days of old
 Played truant by the river,
Upon his cap a plume of gold
 With laughing light a-quiver.

He smiling chased the butterflies
With eager feet and happy eyes ;
And every spangle-wing he caught
 With cobwebs he would bind it,
And, when he dropped his feather, thought,
 At even-song to find it.

But when the shadows grew apace,
And darkness came to end the race,
In vain he sought amid the gloom,
 That tearful little brownie
He only found in place of plume
 A dandelion downy.

CATCHING A DIMPLE.

THE roses kissed her shadow,
The zephyrs blither blew,
And the little grasses quivered
As they touched her dainty shoe ;
The branches bent to greet her,
While the rilllets ran to meet her,
And the summer morn was sweeter
As she tripped along the dew.

She stooped and plucked a daisy
To bind amid her hair,
And I seemed to see it laughing
With the rapture to be there.

No fairer nymph Apollo
Ever chased o'er hill and hollow ;
And I could not choose but follow
Though she led me to despair.

With waning hope to win her,
And many a fear to miss,
I traced her little footsteps
Along the road to bliss.
But love ne'er wins by weeping,
So when with pulses leaping
I saw a dimple peeping
I caught it with a kiss.

THE LITTLE RED RIBBON.

I SING not of battles nor conquerors laden
With trophies their valor has won in the strife,
My song is the love of a shy little maiden
Who smiled upon me in the morning of life.
I whispered my passion ; though clumsily spoken,
With tear-shining lashes she heeded my prayer,
With the ring of betrothal I plead for a token—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

Though now it is faded
I picture it braided
The way that it shimmered that night on the stair ;
And often I kiss it,
And think how I'd miss it—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

The years have flown by and her locks have grown
whiter;

I smile when she speaks of the gray in the gold;
I whisper to her that her glances are brighter,
Her dimples more witching than ever of old.
Our love-life has witnessed more laughing than weep-
ing;

We chase with fond kisses the footprints of care;
But my little wife never dreams I am keeping
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

Though faded and crinkled
And rumped and wrinkled,
The bonnie, bright looping that glistened so fair—
Far down in my pocket
It lies in a locket—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

MABEL AT HER NEEDLEWORK.

MABEL sits at her broidery frame
With threads of gold and blue ;
And her needle darts with subtle aim
The silken fabric through.

She sings as soft as the wind that grieves
When the summer roses blight,
While her fingers glide like lily leaves
That drift in the autumn night.

I view them flitting to and fro
O'er the web of her broiderie,
And my fancy wanders long ago
To a castle by the sea.

I catch the grace of a shy, quaint glance
That leaps from her eyes of gray,
And dream she hath strayed from an old romance
To win the hearts of to-day.

LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER.

OVER and over the purple clover,
Under the greenwood tree,
Sweet Bessie came straying, for wild-flowers Maying,
And sang in her maiden glee :

“ O hey, O ho !

There's a laddy I know

Who joys my face to see.

Fair blossoms, I pray, now what shall I say

When Robin comes wooing o' me,

Dear heart,

When Robin comes wooing o' me ? ”

Over and under the boughs asunder,
Through the wood came Robin ere long ;
In the olden fashion he carolled his passion,
And the hawthorn swayed to his song :

“ O hey, O ho !
The way I know
She dropped me this flower to tell ;
But what she will say this blossomy day—
Would that I knew it as well,
Dear heart,
Would that I knew it as well.”

Over and over the fragrant clover,
The bees went humming till late,
And where is the laddy, and what luck had he
A-wooing his blithesome mate ?
O hey, O ho !
They walk full slow,
Brown Robin and blushing Bess ;
But what did she say in the wood to-day ?
I think I will leave you to guess,
Dear heart,
I think I will leave you to guess.

MY LOST LOVE.

'T WAS morn beside the summer sea ;
My love and I, how blithe were we !
The salt sea-wind sang bold and free
 Before the gates of day.
Our pulses throbbed with bliss divine
To see a rainbow span the brine
With tender tints as if in sign
 Our joy would live for aye.
 O first love, O fair love,
 Beside the summer sea,
As coos the newly-mated dove
 You sang your love to me !

'T is night beside the summer sea ;
Amid the night's pale mystery
My fair lost love comes back to me
As in the olden time.

Her smile is softer than the mist,
By silvery moonbeams shyly kist ;
Her voice is clear and low and trist
And sweeter far than rhyme.

O first love, O last love,
Beside the summer sea,
As clasps the wave the star above,
So clings my heart to thee !

LETTER SONG.

WHO is it dreams of thee all the night
Till the last star dies in the gray?
Who is it calls thee his heart's delight,
Though many a league away?
Who is it wishes thy sorrow to bear,
Leaving the joy for thee?
Who is it breathes thee a song and a prayer?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Who is it longs for the touch of thy hand,
The sound of thy feet at the door?
And who would give all the gold in the land
To gaze on thy face once more?

Who is it craving thy voice to beguile
Grim cares that will not flee?
Whose eyes are a-thirst for thy winsome smile?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Whose are the veins that laugh and leap
Whenever thy name is heard?
Whose are the eyes that fain would weep
To think of a hope deferred?
Whose is the arm that will not fail,
If ever thy need shall be?
Whose is the love that never grows pale?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

AN APRIL MAID.

TRIPPING through the April breeze
In a kirtle blue,
Brighter blossom mellow bees
Ne'er in summer woo.

From her little scarlet mouth
Rills of song are gliding,
Ballads of the balmy South,
In her memory biding.

She is winsome, she is shy,
Clad in sweet apparel ;
Like the song of Lorelei
Floats her dainty carol.

Round about her wayward hair
Tricksy fairies hover,
Trapping sunbeams unaware—
Who could choose but love her ?

Up and down her velvet cheek
Dimples share her blushes—
Will she listen if I speak
When her carol hushes ?

Be my fate or drear or bright,
Soon, ah ! soon I'll know it ;
If I may not be her knight,—
Still I'll be her poet !

WOOING.

WOOING, wooing, wooing! there's wooing everywhere,
A myriad tender murmurings are floating on the air;
The ripple of the laughing rills that leap to meet the
sun,

The wood-dove's soft and twilight tone amid the
shadows dun,

While on the purple hills afar the pine-trees' constant
boughs

Repeat in endless harmony their never-broken vows.

Wooing, wooing, wooing! Alas! 't is growing late.

The birds were mated long ago; Sweetheart, shall we
not mate?

The tender melody of love makes music in the blood;
The magic tide that comes but once is rolling to the
flood.

Alas for those who dream and dream unplighted on the
shore

And wake to find the tide of love has ebbd forever
more !

MORNING SONG.

SWEETHEART, the night is over, the mists have shrunk
away ;

The morning beams are gathering the dew-drops from
the spray,

And every little leaf

With a rapture like to grief

Is a-quiver with the kisses of the summer winds at
play.

Forth let us stray, dear,

While 't is summer-time ;

All the world is gay, dear,

Fit for love and rhyme.

Sweetheart, come let us wander ; the paths are blos-
som-strewn ;

There are daisies for your tresses, there are poppies for
your shoon.

Let their beauty and their glee
Wake a tender thought of me
Ere the summer day has floated to the golden gates of
noon.

Why should we part, love?
When true lovers wed
Summer's in the heart, love,
When their bloom is dead.

PUCK.

WHEN the last gold threads are gliding
From the loom of weary day,
Many a bliss for me is biding
By the way,
Where the mellow, brown bee dozes
In the twilight naught I miss,
Greeting pansies, pinks and roses
With a kiss.

Through a shadow-land of flowers
In the musky gloom I go,
While the petals fall in showers
Soft and low.
Till Aurora's silver finger
Beckons on the laggard light,
With my frolic elves I linger,
Then—good-night.

SHE SAID THAT I WAS DREAMING.

THE amber beams were flitting
From the meadow newly-mown—
My Love and I were sitting
In the waning light alone.
I told her of my passion,
And the hope I had at stake ;
She said that I was dreaming—
Ah, let me never wake !

The mellow glow grew dimmer ;
I clasped her hand in mine ;
The stars began to glimmer
Above the drowsy pine.
I said their beams were shining
The brighter for her sake ;
She told me I was dreaming—
Ah, let me never wake !

I felt her fingers tremble ;
 Shy teardrops I could see ;
Her heart could not dissemble
 The love she bore for me.
I whispered : “ Were you faithless,
 Sweetheart my heart would break :
If loving is but dreaming
 Ah, let me never wake ! ”

ELF SONG.

I TWIST the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tinkle the dew-bells bright ;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting ;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider-web twine ;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.

I fit through the house without any noise,

There's never an elf so sly ;

I break the toys of bad little boys

And the cross little girls who cry.

O hey! O ho!

I work them woe,

Till crows the cock in the morning.

THAT LITTLE LASS OF MINE.

THE trembling dew-drop tipped with light upon the
grass at morn,

That glitters like a jewel lost by elfin courtier
fine,

The melody of summer winds amid the swaying corn,
Both waken happy visions of that little lass of
mine ;

For no gems could e'er be fairer,

Nor morning roses rarer,

Though hued their pouting petals with the tint of
amber wine ;

There was envy in the skies

When the stars beheld her eyes,

So lovely are the glances of that little lass of mine.

I'll whisper you a secret (hush!) that no one ever
thinks—

I pray you do not tell her, for I keep it by design :
Her lips are made of cherries and her cheeks are made
of pinks,

Her eyes of sunny violets—that little lass of mine ;

And no one ever guesses

That her wealth of wayward tresses [shine,
Was spun by fairy spinners from the stolen summer
While her merry tripping toes,

They were fashioned from a rose

(It must have been a climbing rose), that little lass of
mine !

There is a song most wonderful that never has been
sung,

'T is waiting for a worthy bard to breathe its golden
line :

O poet, come and sing it on a harp with silver strung,
No other lay were fitting for that little lass of mine.

Come ripple forth her praises
Like the rillet through the daisies,
And let your rhymes part, meet and kiss like blossoms
on a vine,
While a fairy's wings unseen
Float the trembling strings between,
To make the carol meeter for that little lass of mine.

MR. DREAM-MAKER.

A Lullaby.

COME, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me to-night

The loveliest dream in your shop ;

My dear little lassie is weary of light,

Her lids are beginning to drop.

She's good when she's gay, but she's tired of play,

And the teardrops will naughtily creep ;


So Mr. Dream-maker, hasten, I pray,

My little girl's going to sleep.

A MOONLIGHT MAID.

WE had wandered forth at eventide
Through the blossoming lane for a stroll ;
I was young and shy, but ardent-eyed,
And she was the queen of my soul.
The moon shed silvery sympathy
As we gazed, on the sky of June,
“ Now, what would you do,” said my Love to me,
“ If you were the man in the moon ? ”

In her dimpled face I gave one glance,
And Hope leaped high in my breast ;
What lover could wish for a rarer chance
To put his fate to the test ?
“ If I were the man in the moon,” said I,
As I gazed in her face divine,
“ I'd scatter the envious clouds on high
And for you alone I would shine.



“ I'd gather the stars in a buckle bright
To gleam on your dainty shoe ;
To a comet I'd hitch my car to-night
And wander through space with you.
I'd snatch,” “ Now, stop, that's enough, dear me ! ”
And gayly her laughter rung.
“ If you were the man in the moon,” said she,
“ You'd admire me and hold your tongue.”

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

A NAMELESS sorrow haunts the air
With whispers vague and scattered ;
It echoes round each blossom fair
By zephyrs lately flattered.
The rose at night
Awakes in fright
From dreams of beauty shattered.

The cricket pipes an Autumn rune,
A careless-hearted rover,
Fair Summer dons her faded shoon
Amid the withered clover ;
In vain we pray ;
She may not stay,
Her matchless reign is over.

A SONG FOR THE SOUTH.

O PEERLESS land of tears and smiles,
Of fragrant glooms and golden hours,
Where Summer's hand with endless wiles
Entwines the feet of Time with flowers,
Howe'er the tide of fortune flow,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go.

No blot of shame thy record mars
In senate-hall or lurid fight :
Thy spotless fame shines like the stars
That guard thee through the balmy night.
In weary wanderings to and fro,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go.

Thy maids are fair, thy warriors brave,
And those at peace beneath the pine,
Hymned through the air by wind and wave,
Their glory needs no song of mine.
O native Land! through weal and woe,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go!

A CREOLE SERENADE.

THE lily bares her snowy breast
 Beneath the summer moon ;
The moth pursues his honeyed quest
 Where sucked the bee at noon ;
And from the fountain's liquid light
 The fairy music flies
To plead for me the love, to-night,
 Thy wayward heart denies.

Sail, Love, sail
Across the slumber sea,
 And freight thy bark,
 Amid the dark,
With tender dreams of me !

The lissome rose with balmy feet
 Around thy lattice climbs ;
The breeze steals in with winglets fleet
 To breathe his silver rhymes ;
While I, with weary waiting worn,
 Gaze up with wistful eyes,
And guard thy slumbers till the morn
 Comes laughing up the skies.

Sail, Love, sail
Across the slumber sea,
 And freight thy bark,
 Amid the dark,
With tender dreams of me !

THE MAIDEN OF MY DREAMS.

I'M dreaming of my darling's face,
The shrine of fancies pure ;
Each lineament I love to trace,
And feel its tender lure ;
Her balmy lips whose blooming grace
All gems I prize above ;
Her faithful eyes whose light doth chase
All thoughts but those of love.

I'm dreaming of my darling's feet,
That are so lithe and small,
She shames the rose's petal fleet
Where'er her footsteps fall.
Where'er she trips their music sweet
Is neither bold nor coy ;
My heart bemoans their parting beat—
Their coming brings me joy.

I'm dreaming of my darling's lays,
They are so low and clear ;
E'en when she speaks her voice betrays
A wish to bless and cheer.
But why should I thus sing her praise
When every eye can see
She is too fair for mortal gaze,
And all the world to me ?

MY LOVE IN THE LONG AGO.

SOFT is the light on the summer sea,
When the sun in the west is low,
And the billows sigh to the shells that lie

In the sunset's mellow glow ;
But the beauty gleams in vain,
And the tints that wax and wane
And the song of the surge
At the ocean's verge,
Seems naught but a dirge,

For oh !

My thoughts fly far, 'neath the evening star,
To my Love in the long ago.


The wind comes up from the sighing sea,
And the sea-bird's wing of snow
Fades from my sight in the clasp of night,
Like joy in the arms of woe ;

And I dream by the billows blue
Of a heart that was leal and true ;
And I vow by the tide,
Though Fate may divide
My faith shall abide,
 And grow ;
And my heart ever turn while the bright stars burn
To my Love in the long ago.

THE YEAR HATH REACHED ITS AFTER-
NOON.

THE laughing flights of song are still
That charmed the springtide air ;
Down rivulet and grassy rill
No wayward perfumes fare ;
Upon her throne Queen August lies
With languor in her dreamful eyes.

The idle clouds that stray the blue
Their mission now forget ;
A blended note the wood-doves coo
Of passion and regret ;
The sparrows flute a faded tune ;
The year hath reached its afternoon.



The cricket clears his dusty throat
To sing an eerie strain ;
And as he pipes with rusty note
Of beauty soon to wane,
The red rose trembles on the tree
With prescience of the fate to be.

A SONG TO THE AUTUMN WIND.

WIND of Autumn, breathing spices
Ravished from the woods and fields,
In thy song a spell entices
Stronger than a wizard wilds.
I obey thee. Be thou master ;
Guide my feet o'er vale and rill,
Lead me onward where the aster
Crowns with purple stars the hill.

Let the path be long and winding,
Bloom and berry fringe the way ;
Every turn fresh beauty finding
Fairer than the flush of May.
Autumn lingers, Winter tarrys,
Laughter wings our frolic feet,
Lighter heart no pixy carries
When the tricky fairies meet.

A GEORGIA GIRL.

'T is always springtime in her face
Howe'er the winds may blow.
Let shifting seasons pass apace
Her roses ever glow ;
The poppies on her dainty mouth
Still burn with scarlet hue,
And breathe the fragrance of the south
Beneath her eyes of blue.

I joy to watch her lissome feet,
'T is bliss to view them pass ;
For lo, they flit with rhythmic beat
And scarcely bend the grass.
The daisies laugh as she goes by
And strive to kiss her shoe,
And e'en the zephyrs softer sigh
Beneath her eyes of blue.

The sunbeams tangled in her hair
Like merry captives play.
They never know a grief or care
But glisten all the day.
She laughs at love! He well may bless
His fate who comes to woo.
And happy wins a whispered "yes"
Beneath her eyes of blue.

TO A CRICKET.

PIPER with the rusty quill
Fifing on a windy hill
In a dusty coat ;
Saddened by the fading glow
Softer measures seem to flow
From thy russet throat.

Perched amid the withered grass,
Like a friar singing mass
O'er the blossoms dead ;
Hauntingly a note of woe
Echoes from thy tremolo,
Mourning beauty fled.

As I listen fancy strays
Backward through the summer ways
 Prankt with nodding flowers ;
And anon the fragrant night
Rich in song and rare delight
 Opes her musky bowers.

Glowworms glimmer, fireflies speed
Lighting Puck and Mustard-seed
 And their pixie crew.
Then the darkness flees, and Morn
Peeping o'er the poppi'd corn
 Becks to pleasures new.

Dimpled daisies, laughing, toss
Kisses o'er the dewy moss
 At my wayward feet ;
While the lays of bees and birds
Sweeter than all carolled words
 In soft chorus meet.

Rising from the lap of Noon
Comes a drowsy breeze to croon
Mid the new-mown hay :
As thou pipest, thus I fare,
Fancy led to visions rare
Down the summer day.

When the winds from arctic waves
Wailing o'er the flower-graves
Glass each shuddering pool ;
Minstrel flee thy frozen nest,
I shall wait thee ; be my guest
On the hearth at Yule !

AUTUMN DAWN.

THE stars have watched by the dying rose
Till the east is red with the dawn ;
And the shattered leaves have sought repose
On the breast of the frozen lawn.


The spider's net with many a gem
Hangs bright in the morning ray,
While the cricket chants a requiem
In the grasses stark and gray.

The twittering birds with fickle faith
To a distant land have flown ;
And a weird perfume like summer's wraith,
Strays through the woods alone.

DREAM-LOVE.

THERE is a mate for every heart
That throbs beneath the sun,
Though some by fate are kept apart
Till life is nearly done ;
Where is the loyal heart and hand
Shall make my life complete ?
God bless my Love, on sea or land,
Until our paths shall meet !

My faith is sure
And will endure,
Till that glad hour shall be :
Sweet moment haste
Across the waste
And bring my Love to me.



The glow of morn is in her face,
Its dew-lights in her eyes,
Amid her hair the peerless grace
That tints the morning skies ;
And, oh, her feet, her little feet,
They are so lithe and small,
I dream I catch their rhythmic beat
Whene'er the rose leaves fall.

Yes, oft in dreams
With sunny gleams
Her winsome smile I see.
Sweet moment haste
Across the waste
And bring my Love to me!

LISETTE.

HER smile is like the radiance
That shimmers round the rose,
When first it greets the wooing glance
That happy morning throws.
Her breath is like the summer breeze
That wanders from the wild,
And whispers to the mellow bees
Of dewy buds beguiled.

The raptures of her voice enthrall
The birds among the bowers ;
Her little feet as lightly fall
As dew upon the flowers.
But why, oh why with trembling string
Pursue the minstrel's art ?
The sweetest rhyme can never sing
The charms that win my heart.

A SUMMER GIRL.

SHE wears a saucy hat
And her feet go pit-a-pat
 As she walks ;
And the sweetest music slips
From her merry madding lips
 When she talks.

She fascinates the street
With her gaiters trim and neat,
 Made of kid,
For they twinkle as they pass,
Like the rillets in the grass,
 Half-way hid.

Her skin is soft and white,
Like magnolia buds at night
 On the bough ;
But for fear she'd be too fair,
There's a freckle here and there
 On her brow.

Dimples play at hide and seek
On her apple-blossom cheek
 And her chin,
Slyly beckoning to you,
"Don't you think it's time to woo?
 Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes
Flash like bits of summer skies
 O'er her fan,
As if to say, "We've met ;
You may go now and forget—
 If you can."

LAUGHING IN HER SLEEP.

I CAUGHT my Love reclining
Beside the ingle warm,
Her silken tresses twining
About her snowy arm.
A silver rippling murmur,
A dimple half a-peep,
Proclaimed my little sweetheart
Laughing in her sleep.

As she lay there a-dreaming,
Had Cupid crept anear,
Beside the embers gleaming,
To whisper in her ear ?
Some plan for man's confusion,
Some plot for heartaches deep,
It filled her soul with rapture,
Laughing in her sleep.

Ah, woe betide the morrow
When she shall come to wake !
My soul is wrung with sorrow
To think how hearts will ache.
For gallant beaux may tremble,
And pitying seraphs weep,
When Cupid talks with Beauty
Laughing in her sleep !

THE LOVE THAT LIVES FOR AYE.

I WANDERED through a dreary land
Before our life paths met ;
Life's guerdons bright escaped my hand
Or vanished in regret.
You came and chased the clouds away,
My silver star of morn,
And ushered in the peerless day
My dearest hope was born.

If not for me the sweet love hid
Within your gracious heart ;
If fate should frown on me and bid
My new-found hope depart,
Ah, do not deem all solace fled,
Or think my love can die
Till memory's lamp shall cease to shed
The light of days gone by.

EULALIE.

LIGHTLY swings the southern rose
Laced around with lispings leaves,
Sweet its fragrance comes and goes
Hanging from my cottage eaves ;
Prankt with pearls of summer dew,
Fair and free,
Tender thoughts it brings of you,
Eulalie.

Softly falls the southern shine
Stealing o'er my russet floor,
Sifting through the wooing pine
Waving at my cottage door ;
Shifting shyly all the while
Full of glee,
'T is an emblem of your smile,
Eulalie.

Gently laughs the southern breeze
Through the window at my side,
Straying from blue Mexique seas
Where it kissed the dimpled tide.
When its fluting tones rejoice,
Then for me
Lives again your winsome voice,
Eulalie.

LOVE'S ART.

UPON the ice with fingers chill
My darling's name I traced ;
Alack ! despite the loving skill
The sun my art effaced.

I wrote it next upon the grass
With petals of a flower,
And sighed to find the wind, alas,
Had blurred it in an hour.

I carved it in the shining sand
Beside the summer sea,
A wave stole up with stealthy hand
And bore it off from me.

Upon my grief, young Cupid came ;
" Not all in vain your art,"
Cried he, " for as you wrought the name
'T was graven on your heart."

THE DEATH OF AUTUMN.

ELVES and fairies weep and moan ;
Wail, sweet Autumn, to the wind !
Brownies of the woodland groan,
With sad fingers intertwined.
Duller wax her brilliant dyes,
Dimmer wane her dying eyes,
Breathless now her body lies,
Strewn with roses overblown.

Sigh and sob, ye frolic sprites,
Who will crown your revels now ?
She who led to rare delights
Sleeps beneath the frozen bough.
Toll for Autumn ! Soft and slow
Falls and falls the pitying snow,
Weaving beauty's pall below,
Through the long and lonely nights.

MARGUERITE.

SHE reads shy Nature's inner mood,
The wordless winds are understood,
The timid floweret of the wood

To her its heart confesses.

Her movements own a winsome grace ;
And wildwood charms enshrine her face
While bending o'er she stoops to place

A daisy in her tresses.

Marguerite, shy and sweet,

Singing as you stray,

The flower of June will wither soon

But true love blooms for aye.

Across the fields she trips at morn,
Her glances thrill the ripening corn ;
And earth is glad that she was born,

While heaven leans and blesses.
Though many a royal flower I see
Carnation, rose, and *fleur-de-lis*,
Oh take them all, and give to me
The daisy in her tresses !
Marguerite, fair and fleet,
List to me I pray ;
Your beauty bright must lose its light,
But my love shines for aye.

SWEETHEART.

SWEETHEART, when first I met thee,

Dost thou recall that day?

The winds were sweet with music,

The skies were bright with May.

Hope came on pearly pinions

To bid my passion speak,

And I, amid the blushes, saw

Love's morning on thy cheek.

When first I met thee, Sweetheart,

With raptured heart and brain

I had no dread of parting,

No thought had I of pain ;

Nor dreamed the frost of anger

Would come to chill my skies,

And I in sorrow e'er should see


Love's sunset in your eyes.

Sweetheart, when first I met thee,
 Fond vows thou didst not spurn ;
My soul gave all its treasure
 And scorned to ask return.
Within my heart still brightly
 Love's beacon flames for thee
Across the waves of doubting. Oh,
 Come back, Sweetheart, to me !

THE GIRL IN THE GAINSBOROUGH HAT.

SHE wore a hat with a curving brim
And a gleaming plume of white,
That nodded and laughed o'er the dusky rim,
Like foam in the morning light.
I gave one glance ; 't was enough—and more,
For my heart went away with that.
My comrades smiled as I watched from the door
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

Her locks were as dark as the blackbird's wing,
Her lashes a fringe of jet ;
Her eyes were the kind that the poets sing,
And a soldier can never forget.
I looked. I sighed. How should I begin
The game I would fain be at ?
I knew by her mien no sigh would win
The girl in the Gainsborough hat.



"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and so—

One twist of my long mustache,

And boldly I marched to meet the foe,

Where the darts of Cupid flash.

When a stammering lover grows dumb, they say

A kiss is better than chat ;

And that is the way I won that day,

The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

TO A BUTTERFLY IN DECEMBER.

GAY gallant from the realm of spring
Amid the dusk unmated,
Where wendest thou on trembling wing
At eventide belated ?
Too frail to breathe a weary moan
Thou canst not make reply,
Fluttering through the gloom alone
Bewildered butterfly !

December's breath is damp and chill
Upon the leafless hedges,
The cricket's pipe is harsh and shrill
Amid the rustling sedges.
Seek not the colors rich and gay
That wreath the western sky :
Trust not the cheating vision ; stay,
Deluded butterfly !

A favored knight at Flora's court
Thy dazzling tints were lauded
When frolic zephyrs led the sport
And dimpled buds applauded.
But where is now the lissome rose
That blushed to hear thee sigh?
Her dust is blown where no one knows,
Forsaken butterfly!

For me awaits a cozy nook,
Beside a cottage ingle,
And there above some quaint old book
Sweet fancies will commingle.
Frail wanderer in search of rest
Our parting sure is nigh,
To bid good-night were cruel jest,
Poor homeless butterfly!

Perchance thy waning strength may keep
Thee from the yawning river;
Across yon marsh's oozy deep
Thy feeble wings may quiver,

With pinions torn amid the gloom
Thou strugglest but to die :
The stars will light thee to the tomb,
Ill-fated butterfly !

LITTLE BOPEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE.

IT happened one morning that Little Bopeep,
While watching her frolicsome, mischievous sheep
Out in the meadow, fell fast asleep.

By her wind-blown tresses and rose-leaf pout,
And her dimpling smile, you'd have guessed, no doubt,
'T was love, love, love she was dreaming about.

As she lay there asleep came Little Boy Blue,
Right over the stile where the daisies grew ;
Entranced by the picture he stopped in the dew.

So wildly bewitching that beautiful morn
Was Little Bopeep that he dropped his horn
And thought no more of the cows in the corn.

Our sorrows are many, our pleasures are few ;
O moment propitious ! What could a man do ?
He kissed the wee lassie, that Little Boy Blue !

At the smack the woolies stood all in a row,
And whispered each other, " We're clearly *de trop* ;
Such conduct is perfectly shocking—let's go ! "

AUTUMN GLEE.

'T is all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For watch the rain amid the leaves ;
With silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine ;
And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
To kiss the brow of mother earth ;
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting as you pass.
Oh ! hear the rain amid the leaves—
'T is all a myth that Autumn grieves !

'T is all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For list the wind among the sheaves ;
Far sweeter than the breath of May
Or storied scents of old Cathay,
It blends the perfumes rare and good
Of spicy pine and hickory wood :

And with a voice as gay as rhyme
It prates of rifled mint and thyme.
Oh! scent the wind among the sheaves—
’Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

’T is all a myth that Autumn grieves—
Behold the wondrous web she weaves!
By viewless hands her thread is spun
Of evening vapors shyly won.
Across the grass from side to side
A myriad unseen shuttles glide
Throughout the night, till on the height
Aurora leads the laggard light.
Behold the wondrous web she weaves—
’T is all a myth that Autumn grieves!

INGLE SONG.

THROUGH the gloaming chilly

Falls the silent snow,

Like a shattered lily

Drifting to and fro ;

Yet beside our ingle

Summer dreams arise :

If you love me, Darling,

Tell me with your eyes.

Fires that burn in quiet

Long and brightly glow ;

Flames that rush and riot

Soon to ashes go.

Lips that move not often

When they love, are wise,

If you love me, Darling,

Tell me with your eyes.

There are none to listen,
Yet why should we speak ?
When soft glances glisten
Whispered words are weak.
We who know love's silence
Need no low replies.
If you love me, Darling,
Tell me with your eyes.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TURKEY-TAIL FAN.

It owned not a color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display ;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without
break,

'T was built on a generous plan :
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant :
In a chest between two silken cloths
'T was kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.

'T was famed far and wide through the whole country
side,

From Beersheba e'en unto Dan ;
And often at meeting with envy 't was eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.

Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
In psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth !
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.

At bees and at quiltings 't was aye to be seen ;

The best of the gossip began

When in at the doorway had entered serene

My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.

Its handle of leather was buff.

Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales

An odor of hymn-books and snuff.

Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace :

'T was limned for the future to scan,

Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,

My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

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