

**GOULD
HANNAH
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MOTHER'S DREAM AND
OTHER POEMS

Hannah Gould

Mother's Dream and Other Poems

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Hannah Flagg Gould

Mother's Dream and Other Poems

BLOWING BUBBLES

Half our sorrows, half our troubles,
Making head and heart to ache,
Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
Bright to view, but quick to break.

All have played the child imbecile,
Breathing hard to swell the sides
Of a shining, fluid vessel,
Frailer than the air it rides.

From the infant's cradle rising,
All the bubble mania show,
Oft our richest wealth comprising
In the bubbles that we blow.

Brilliant, buoyant, upward going,
Pleased, we mark them in their flight,
Every hue of iris showing,
As they glance along the light.

Little castles, high and airy,
With their crystal walls so thin,
Each presents the wicked fairy,
Vanity, enthroned within!

But when two have struck together,
What of either do we find?
Not so much as one gay feather
Flying Hope has left behind!

Still the world are busy, blowing,
Every one, some empty ball;
So the seeds of mischief sowing,
Where, to burst, the bubbles fall.

Nor for self alone to gather,
Is our evil harvest found;
Oft, with pipe and cup, we rather
Step upon our neighbor's ground.

Thus, amusing one another,

While the glistening playthings rise,
We may doom a friend or brother
To a life of care and sighs.

Do you doubt my simple story?
I can point a thousand ways
Where this bubble-making glory
Has in darkness hid its rays!

Yet we 'll spare a slight confusion
Caused the world by giving names;
Since a right to some delusion
Every one from nature claims!

INFANT FAITH

Radiant with his spirit's light
Was the little beauteous child,
Sporting round a fountain bright,
Playing through the flowerets wild.

Where they grow he lightly stepped,
Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leaped,
Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters welled,
Laughing as they bubbled up,
In his lily hands he held,
Closely clasped, a silver cup.

Now he put it forth to fill;
Then he bore it to the flowers,
Through his fingers there to spill
What it held, in mimic showers.

“Open, pretty buds,” said he,
“Open to the air and sun;
So, to-morrow I may see
What my rain to-day has done.

“Yes, you will, you will, I know,
For the drink I give you now,
Burst your little cups, and blow,
When I'm gone, and can't tell how!

“Oh! I wish I could but see
How God's finger touches you,
When your sides unclasp, and free,
Let your leaves and odors through.

“I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid,
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made.

“Now remember! I shall come
In the morning from my bed,
Here to find among you some
With your brightest colors spread!”

To his buds he hastened out,
At the dewy morning hour,
Crying, with a joyous shout,
“God has made of each a flower!”

Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be,
In the sight of Him, who saith,
“Suffer them to come to me.”

Answered, by the smile of heaven,
Is the infant's offering found,
Though “a cup of water given,”
Even to the thirsty ground.

PATTY PROUD

The figure before you is Miss Patty Proud:
Her feelings are lowery, her frown like a cloud;
Because proud Miss Patty can hardly endure
To come near the lowly abode of the poor.

She fears the plain floor of the humble will spoil
Her silk shoes and hose, and her skirt-bottom soil;
And so she goes winching; and holds up her dress
So high, it were well if her heels would show less.

But when she walks through the fine streets of the town,
She puts on fine airs, and displays her rich gown;
Till some, whom she passes, will think of the bird
Renowned for gay feathers, whose name you have heard.

In thought she is trifling – in manner as vain
As that silly fowl, taking pride in his train;
And none, who have marked her, will need to be told
That she has a heart hard, and haughty, and cold.

I saw, when she met some poor children one day,
Who asked her for alms, she turned frowning away;
And told them, “Poor people must work, to be fed,
And not trouble ladies, to help them to bread.”

And just as the sad little mendicants said,
Their mother was dying, their father was dead,
She entered a store, with a smooth, smiling face,
To lay out her purse in gay ribbons and lace.

I saw her curl up her sour lip in disdain,
Because Ellen Pitiful picked up the cane,
A feeble old man had let fall in the sand,
And placed it again in his tremulous hand.

But little does haughty Miss Patty suppose,
Of all, whom she visits, that any one knows
How stern she can look, when she 's out of their sight,
And fret at the servants, if all is not right.

At home, she 's unyielding, and sullen, and cross:
Her friends, when she 's absent, esteem it no loss;
And some, where she visits, in secret confess,
That they love her no more, though they dread her much less.

The truth is, Miss Patty, when young, never tried
To govern her temper, or conquer her pride.
The passions, unchecked in the heart of the child,
Like weeds in a garden neglected, ran wild.

They grew with her growth, with her strength became strong:
Her head, not then righted, has ever been wrong;
And so she would never submit to be told
Of faults, by long habit made stubborn and bold.

And now, among all my young friends, is there one, —
A fair little girl is there under the sun,
Who 'd rise to a woman, and have it allowed
That she is a likeness of Miss Patty Proud?

I CAUGHT A BIRD

I caught a bird: She flitted by,
So near my window lifted high,
She softly ventured in, to spy
What I might be about:
And then, a little wildered thing,
Like many a one without a wing,
She fluttered, struck, and seemed to sing,
“Alas! I can’t get out.”

She saw her kindred on the tree
Before her, sporting light and free;
But felt a power, she could not see,
Repel and hold her back.
In vain her beak, and breast, and feet
Against the crystal pane were beat:
She could not break the clear deceit,
Nor find her airy track.

The pretty wanderer then I took;
And felt her frame with terror shook:
She gave the sad and piteous look
Of helplessness and fear;
Till quick I spread my hand, to show,
I caught her but to let her go;
And I, perhaps, may never know
A dearer moment here.

She piped a short and sweet adieu,
As, humming on the air, she threw
Her brilliant, buoyant wing, and flew
Away from fear and me:
But, ere the hour of setting sun,
That little constant, grateful one,
Returning, had her hymn begun
In our old rustling tree.

Now do not take the fatal aim,
My tender bird to kill, or maim;
Nor let the fatal shot proclaim
Her anguish, or her fall!
But, would you know the bird I mean,
She is the first that will be seen —
The last – and every one between:
She represents them all!

THE FLOWER OF SHELLS AND SILVER WIRE

TO –

I sought a meet gift, it might please thee to wear
Among the soft locks of thy fine silken hair;
And asked the two deeps for some treasure or gem,
By nature first formed and imbosomed in them.

The mine gave me threads of its fine silver ore;
The ocean cast up its smooth shells to the shore:
Of these I combined the free offering, that now
I bring, and would set o'er thy fair, peaceful brow.

The shells, thou wilt see, are unsullied and white;
The silver is modest, and precious, and bright, —
A type! thy quick fancy will readily see,
Yet thou 'lt not confess what its meaning may be.

And let the gift sometimes recall to thy mind
The friend, by whose hand its pure parts were combined;
But, oftener, that Friend, in whose hand was the skill
The earth and the seas with their treasures to fill!

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY

O tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak:
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I 've no sight!

And music – what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart, with its deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.
Now, what the bright colors of music may be,
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.

The odors of flowers, that are hovering nigh —
What are they? – on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight
A poor little boy, that knows nothing of sight?
The sun, moon and stars never enter my mind.
O tell me what light is, because I am blind!

THE SALE OF THE WATER-LILY

There stood upon the broad high-road,
That o'er a moorland lay,
A widow's low and lone abode,
And close beside the way.

Upon its face the dwelling bore
The signs of times within,
That seemed to say but little more
Than, "*Better days have been!*"

Behind it was the sedgy fen,
With alder, brake, and brush;
And less to serve the wants of men,
Than of the jay and thrush.

And these would sometimes come, and cheer
The widow with a song,
To let her feel a neighbor near,
And wing an hour along.

A pond, supplied by hidden springs,
With lilies bordered round,
Was found among the richest things,
That blessed the widow's ground.

She had, besides, a gentle brook,
That wound the meadow through,
Which from the pond its being took,
And had its treasures too.

Her eldest orphan was a son;
For, children she had three;
She called him, though a little one,
Her hope for days to be.

And well he might be reckoned so,
If, from the tender shoot,
We know the way the branch will grow;
Or, by the flower, the fruit.

His tongue was true, his mind was bright;
His temper smooth and mild:
He was – the parent's chief delight —
A good and pleasant child.

He 'd gather chips and sticks of wood,
The winter fire to make;
And help his mother dress their food,
Or tend the baking cake.

In summer time he 'd kindly lead
His little sisters out,
To pick wild berries on the mead,
And fish the brook for trout.

He stirred his thoughts for ways to earn
Some little gain; and hence,
Contrived the silver pond to turn,
In part, to silver pence.

He found the lilies blooming there
So spicy sweet to smell,
And to the eye so pure and fair,
He plucked them up to sell.

He could not to the market go:
He had too young a head,
The distant city's ways to know;
The route he could not tread.

But, when the coming coach-wheels rolled,
To pass his humble cot,
His bunch of lilies to be sold
Was ready on the spot.

He 'd stand beside the way, and hold
His treasures up to show,
That looked like yellow stars of gold
Just set in leaves of snow.

“O buy my lilies!” he would say;
“You 'll find them new and sweet:
So fresh from out the pond are they,
I have n't dried my feet!”

And then he showed the dust that clung
Upon his garment's hem,
Where late the water-drops had hung,
When he had gathered them.

And while the carriage checked its pace,
To take the lilies in,
His artless orphan tongue and face
Some bright return would win.

For many a noble stranger's hand,
With open purse, was seen,
To cast a coin upon the sand,
Or on the sloping green.

And many a smiling lady threw
The child a silver piece;
And thus, as fast as lilies grew,
He saw his wealth increase.

While little more – and little more,
Was gathered by their sale,
His widowed mother's frugal store
Would never wholly fail.

For He, who made, and feeds the bird,
Her little children fed.
He knew her trust: her cry he heard;
And answered it with bread.

And thus, protected by the Power,
Who made the lily fair,
Her orphans, like the meadow flower,
Grew up in beauty there.

Her son, the good and prudent boy,
Who wisely thus began,
Was long the aged widow's joy;
And lived an honored man.

He had a ship, for which he chose
"The Lily" as a name,
To keep in memory whence he rose,
And how his fortune came.

He had a lily carved and set,
Her emblem, on her stem;
And she was called, by all she met,
A beauteous ocean gem.

She bore sweet spices, treasures bright;
And, on the waters wide,
Her sails, as lily-leaves, were white:
Her name was well applied.

Her feeling owner never spurned
The faces of the poor;
And found that all he gave returned

In blessing rich and sure.

The God, who, by the lily-pond,
Had drawn his heart above,
In after life preserved the bond
Of grateful, holy love.

THE SILVER BIRDSNEST

We were shown a beautiful specimen of the ingenuity of birds, a few days since, by Dr. Cook, of this borough. It was a birdsnest made entirely of silver wires, beautifully woven together. The nest was found on a sycamore tree, on the Condorus, by Dr. Francis Beard, of York county. It was the nest of a hanging-bird; and the material was probably obtained from a soldier's epaulet, which it had found.

Westchester Village Record.
Spring of 1838.

A stranded soldier's epaulet,
The waters cast ashore,
A little winged rover met,
And eyed it o'er and o'er.

The silver bright so pleased her sight,
On that lone, idle vest,
She knew not why she should deny
Herself a silver nest.

The shining wire she pecked and twirled;
Then bore it to her bough,
Where, on a flowery twig 't was curled —
The bird can show you how: —

But, when enough of that bright stuff
The cunning builder bore
Her house to make, she would not take,
Nor did she covet more.

And when the little artisan,
While neither pride nor guilt
Had entered in her pretty plan,
Her resting-place had built;

With here and there a plume to spare,
About her own light form,
Of these, inlaid with skill, she made
A lining soft and warm.

But, do you think the tender brood
She fondled there, and fed,
Were prouder, when they understood
The sheen about their bed?

Do you suppose they ever rose
Of higher powers possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew

Within a silver nest?

THE QUAKER FLOWER

A TRIFOLIUM FROM THE GRAVE OF PENN

I have a little Quaker flower,
That hath a kind of spirit power
To hold me captive, hour by hour,
In pleasant musing lost;
'T was plucked for me in distant land,
And by another's friendly hand,
From turf where I may never stand;
Then yon wild ocean crossed.

A modest foreigner it came,
Bearing a sweet, but humble name;
Yet worthy of a glorious fame
Among the sons of men;
For O the pretty stranger grew:
It drank the ether and the dew,
And from light received its hue
Upon the grave of Penn!

It sprang from out that hallowed ground,
Unclosed its eye, and smiled around,
Upon the verdure of the mound,
Where William's ashes rest;
Where low the dust in quiet lies
Of him, among the good and wise
On earth, so meek, and in the skies
So high among the blest.

And had my flower a living root,
Or seed wherefrom a germ might shoot
For one young plant to be the fruit
Of that small vital part,
Fair Penn-Sylvania, it should be,
My friendly offering made to thee —
Set, to thy father's memory,
On thy kind Quaker heart.

But, ah! my precious flower is dead:
The snow-white sheet beneath its head,
And on its tender bosom spread,
Shows that its life is o'er:
And though each floweret of the gem,

And every leaf, is on the stem,
I cannot spare thee one of them,
Because there 'll grow no more.

I therefore bid my fancy weave
This simple wreath, which thou 'lt receive
In lieu thereof; and thence believe
My fervent wish to be
That Heaven, to overflowing still,
With purest bliss thy cup may fill,
And guard thee safe from every ill,
Whilst thou rememberest me!

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S ANGER

“Small as the humming-bird is, it has great courage and violent passions. If it find a flower that has been deprived of its honey, it will pluck it off, throw it on the ground, and sometimes tear it to pieces.”

Buffon.

On light little wings, as the humming-birds fly,
With plumes many-hued as the bow of the sky,
Suspended in ether, they shine in the light,
As jewels of nature, high-finished and bright.

Their delicate forms are so buoyant and small,
They hang o'er the flowers, as too airy to fall,
Upborne on their beautiful pinions, that seem
Like glittering vapor, or parts of a dream.

The humming-bird feeds upon honey, and so,
Of course, 't is a sweet little creature, you know:
But sweet little creatures have sometimes, they say,
A great deal that 's bitter or sour to betray.

And often the humming-bird's delicate breast
Is found of a very high temper possessed:
Such essence of anger within it is pent,
'T would burst, did no safety-valve give it a vent.

Displeased, it will seem a bright vial of wrath,
Uncorked by its heat the offender to scath;
And taking occasion to let off its ire,
'T is startling to witness how high it will fire.

A humming-bird once o'er a trumpet-flower hung,
And darted that sharp little member, the tongue,
At once through the tube to its cell for the sweet
It felt, at the bottom, most certain to meet.

But, finding that some other child of the air,
To rifle the store, had already been there,
And no drop of honey for her to draw up,
Her vengeance was poured on the destitute cup.

She flew in a passion that heightened her power,
And, cuffing and shaking the innocent flower,
Its tender corolla in shred after shred
She hastily stripped, then she snapped off its head.

A delicate ruin on earth as it lay,
That bright little fury went humming away,
With gossamer softness, and fair to the eye,
Like some living brilliant just dropped from the sky.

And since, when that curious bird I behold
Arrayed in rich colors, and dusted with gold,
I cannot but think of the wrath and the spite,
She has in reserve, though they 're kept out of sight.

These two-footed, beautiful, passionate things,
If plumeless or plummy, without or with wings,
Should go to the glass, or the painter, and sit
When anger is just at the height of its fit.

THE SABBATH

Day of days, the dearest, best,
Hallowed by Jehovah's rest!
When his six-days' work was done,
Holy rose the seventh sun.

When creation's pillars stood,
And the Lord pronounced them good,
Morning stars together sang —
Heaven with Sabbath praises rang.

Earth in pristine beauty shone,
Like a gem, before his throne,
While he marked thee, as his claim —
And he sealed thee with his name.

Choice of God, thou blessed day!
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

Thine the radiance to illumine
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.

Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night,
Immortality and light.

Day of glory! day of power!
Sacred be thine ev'ry hour!
Emblem, earnest of the rest
That remaineth for the blest!

When at last it shall appear
How they loved and kept thee here,
To a temple in the skies,
Fair, eternal, they shall rise.

Not a sigh of grief or care
Shall mingle with their praises there;
Then their sweet reward shall be
An eternity of thee.

THE DEPARTING SPIRIT

Hush! let the sigh in escaping be stopped:
Be the dim chamber all silently trod!
Let not the tear, that is rounded, be dropt!
Oh! 't is a spirit returning to God!

Angels are softly untwining the strings,
Loosing its ties to the beautiful clay;
Lo! they have lifted their hovering wings:
Joyous they waft her in triumph away!

Sorrow not now, o'er the spiritless form,
While on its features death's lilies unfold:
Break not the heart for another so warm,
Stopt in its pulse by a finger so cold.

Time ne'er shall whiten a lock of that hair,
Silken and full, round the forehead, that shines.
Age shall not come, nor the finger of care,
Marking that brow with their deep-going lines.

Ne'er will those lips be unsealed by the sigh:
Anguish will never that bosom invade:
Tears roll no more from that calm sleeping eye:
Peace o'er the clay her smooth mantle has laid.

Plant a young flower, in beauty to spread,
Tender and pure, where the dust shall repose.
Look then from earth, whence the bright spirit fled,
Up, where to gladness and glory it rose.

SONNET

Spare, ruthless fowler, spare
That harmless robin's breast!
Its downy vesture do not tear;
But leave the life-blood circling there,
Again to warm her nest;
For she is hastening home with food
Provided for her callow brood.

Her tender offspring see,
Were now thy shot to fly,
Left, as thy helpless babes would be,
'Reft of their mother and of thee,
To moan, and pine, and die.
Then let her pass unhurt along;
And she will thank thee with a song.

FATHER, HEAR!

Thou, whose power assumes the form,
Now, of this wild wintry storm,
Let it still in mercy be
Shown upon the raging sea!
O! for him, who tosses there,
Father, hear this midnight prayer!

Solemn darkness shrouds the world;
While, with mighty wings unfurled,
Thus the winds in fury sweep
O'er the land, and o'er the deep,
Thou, whose thought from death can save,
Guard the life that 's on the wave!

Cold and dreary is the night;
Snow-clouds wrap the beacon-light;
Rocks and ices, like a host
Armed for battle, bar the coast;
For the coming bark appear!
Guide her! save her! Father, hear!

THE PILGRIM'S WAY SONG

I 'm bound to the house of my Father;
O draw not my feet from the way;
Nor stop me these wild flowers to gather!
They droop at my touch, and decay.
I think of the flowers, that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of the angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay;
Their taste is of tears, while we 're sinking
Beside them, where quicksands betray.
I long, from that fount ever-living,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life-giving,
To drink, and to thirst never more.

The gold of his bright, happy dwelling
Makes all lower gold to look dim;
Its treasures, all treasures excelling,
Shine forth to allure me to Him.
The pearls of this world while I 'm treading
In dust, where as pebbles they lie,
I seek the rich pearl, that is shedding
Its lustre so pure from on high.

For pains my torn spirit is feeling,
No balsam from earth it receives:
I go to the tree, that hath healing
To drop on my wounds from its leaves.
A child that is weary with roaming,
Returning in gladness to see
A home and a parent, I 'm coming —
My Father, I hasten to thee!

THE RISING MONUMENT

Rise in thy solemn grandeur, calm and slow,
As well befits thy purpose and thy place:
Great Speaker! rise, not suddenly, to show
The earth forever sacred at thy base.

Strong as the rocky frame-work of the globe,
Proportioned fair, in altitude sublime,
With freedom's glory round thee as a robe,
Rise gently – then defy the power of time.

To future ages, from thy lofty site,
Speak in thy mighty eloquence, and tell
That where thou art, on Bunker's hallowed height,
Our Warren and his valiant brethren fell.

Say, it was here the vital current flowed,
Purpling the turf, amid the mortal strife
For man's great birthright, from the breasts, that glowed
With love of country, more than love of life.

Thou hast thy growth of blood, that, gushing warm
From patriot bosoms, set their spirits free:
All, who behold, shall venerate thy form,
And bow before thy genius, Liberty.

Here fell the hero and his brave compeers,
Who fought and died to break a people's chain:
The place is sacred to Columbia's tears.
Poured o'er the victims for a nation slain.

Yet from her starry brow a glory streams,
Turning to gems those holy drops of grief,
As after evening showers, the morn's clear beams
Show diamonds hung on grass, and flower and leaf.

Upright and firm, as were the patriot souls,
That from thy native spot arose to God,
Stand thou and hold, long as our planet rolls,
This last high place by Freedom's martyrs trod.

Let thy majestic shadow walk the ground,
Calm as the sun, and constant as his light;
And by the moon, amid the dews, be found
The sentinel, who guards it through the night.

And may the air around thee ever be
To heaven-born Liberty as vital breath;
But, like the breeze that sweeps the Upas tree,
To Bondage and Oppression certain death!

A beauteous prospect spreads for thy survey;
City and dome, and spire look up to thee:
The solemn forest and the mountains gray
Stand distant to salute thy majesty.

And ocean, in his numbers deep and strong,
While the bright shore beneath thy ken he laves,
Will sing to thee an everlasting song
Of freedom, with his never-conquered waves.

Rise then, and stand unshaken, till the skies
Above thee are about to pass away;
But, when the dead around thee are to rise,
Melt in the burning splendors of the day!

For then will He, "whose right it is to reign,"
Who hath on earth a kingdom pure to save,
Come with his angels, calling up the slain
To freedom, and annihilate the grave.

A NAME IN THE SAND

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name – the year – the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me – my day – the name I bore,
To leave nor track, nor trace.

And yet, with Him, who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all, this mortal part has wrought;
Of all, this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.

THE CHILD OF A YEAR AND A DAY

To grief the night-hours keeping,
A mournful mother lay
Upon her pillow, weeping —
Her babe had passed away.

When she had clasped her treasure
A year and yet a day,
Of time 't was all its measure —
'T was gone, like morning's ray!

The jewel, Heaven had shown her,
Of worth surpassing gold,
Was lent her, by its Owner —
'T was never earth's to hold.

Then, fondly hovering o'er her,
A bright young angel hung;
And warm the love it bore her,
And sweet the song it sung:

“O mother, why this weeping?
Let all thy sorrow cease:
My infant form is sleeping,
Where nought can break its peace.

“And he, who once was blessing
Such little children here,
My spirit now possessing,
Will hold me ever dear.

“I never knew the dreading
Of death's all-conquering blow;
My mortal raiment shedding,
I rose above the foe.

“Where sickness cannot pain me —
Where comes nor grief nor night —
Where sin shall never stain me,
I dwell, a child of light.

“While many a pilgrim hoary
Treads long earth's weary way,
I have eternal glory
For one short year and day.”

Yet that sweet angel singing
Its mother could not hear,
For grief her heart was wringing —
She 'd but a mortal ear.

She could not see the beaming
Of his celestial crown;
For fast her tears were streaming;
Her soul to dust bowed down.

A voice from heaven then falling
In soothing tones to her,
As of a Father, calling,
Revealed the Comforter.

And, lifting up her lowly
And sorrow-laden eye,
She saw the King all holy
Upon the throne Most High.

Where shining hosts were pouring
Their praises forth to Him,
She saw her child adoring,
Amid the Seraphim.

THE BELIEVER'S MOUNTAINS

Not to the mount, where fire and smoke
Jehovah's face concealed,
When loud to wandering man he spoke,
To make his law revealed —
Not to the awful splendor there
Can turn my fearful eye:
To hear its thunderings, and to dare
Its lightnings, were to die.

Not on the mount where Moses stood,
The promised land to see
Across the waves of Jordan's flood,
Is yet the place for me.
My spirit could not bear to take
That fair and glorious view,
Nor dare her wondrous launch to make,
To try the waters through.

Not to the mount where Christ appeared
At once so heavenly bright;
While they, who heard the Father, feared,
And fell before the light —
Not there, my Saviour ever nigh,
Do I his footsteps trace:
His closer followers far, than I,
Attain that higher place.

But, to the mount without a name,
Where Jesus sat and taught,
I daily would assert my claim,
To share the bread he brought.
His words before that multitude
Dropt to his chosen few,
Are manna for my morning food,
My soul's sweet evening dew.

If to Temptation's mount I go,
That mount *exceeding high*,
My Lord, again rebuke our foe,
And bid the tempter fly.
No kingdom may I seek, but thine;
And let my glory be
A light, reflected pure from thine —
My portion, life with thee!

Oft to the mount of midnight shade,
Of solitude and prayer,
Ascend, my soul, be not afraid
Thy Guide to follow there.
The height and stillness of the scene,
When thou that path hast trod,
Forbids this world to rush between
A spirit and her God.

The mount whereon my Saviour stood,
And o'er the city wept —
Where fell his wo-wrung drops of blood,
While his disciples slept —
There may I go, yet not to sleep
Till Jesus be betrayed;
But, as he went, to pray and weep
O'er sufferings sin hath made.

And to the solemn, shuddering mount,
Where Christ received the cup
Of death, to offer us a fount
Of life, must I go up.
And I must look upon his wo,
On that empurpled tree,
To learn how vast a debt I owe,
By what he paid for me.

Thence to the mount of Galilee
May I the way pursue,
With joy my risen Lord to see,
Ere he ascends from view.
For lo! the heavens their gates unfold
To take their coming King:
His angels harp on strings of gold,
And "Hallelujah!" sing.

Now on Mount Zion may I seek
My shield – my strong, high tower;
And thence, though here so dark and weak,
Be clothed with light and power.
Then at that holy mountain's top,
My soul, no more to roam,
Unfurl thy wings – thine ashes drop;
And gain thy glorious home.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING

A solemn night is o'er Jerusalem;
Nature astonished, shrouds herself in gloom;
For he, who was the babe of Bethlehem,
Is now a victim slain, and in the tomb!

The blood, which started with the agony
That in the garden forced his swelling veins,
In crimson streams has poured on Calvary;
A rocky cavern holds his pale remains.

He walked with men, serene in holiness,
The meek, the merciful, through taunts and strife;
The front of pride he met with lowliness,
And bowed to death to lift his foes to life.

Fast as their sins grew bold and multiplied,
His bitter cup was filling to the brim.
Here doth he lie, the pale, the crucified,
With damps and shadows gathered over him.

The dismal night moves on but heavily,
While they, who came the sepulchre to keep
With bristling spears, the Roman soldiery,
Would fain resign their glittering arms for sleep.

Yet they must wake or die; the sentinel
Must keep his constant vigils round the spot
Where he shall find the watch of Israel:
The life, the spirit moves, and heeds him not.

Within the grave, that power victorious
O'er death and darkness, far from mortal sight,
Hath wrought the body bright and glorious
For resurrection by the morning light.

And lo! the shades of night are vanishing;
The guard behold, as comes the dawning day,
Her dubious gloom and dimness banishing,
The stone that barred the tomb is rolled away.

But, where 's the form that in the drapery,
Which wraps the dead, lay, spiritless and cold,
Within the vault so still and shadowy,
That, as a prison-guard, they came to hold?

That form is gone; its cast-off covering,
The sad habiliments of death, are here,
With burial odors round them hovering,
And white-robed angels calmly sitting near.

But, see the garden, fair and flowering,
Where new-born lilies worship from their stalks;
And boughs with blossoms bend, embowering
The dewy pathway! there the Saviour walks.

The guilty city still is slumbering,
While he is risen from the broken tomb;
As one his vines and fruit trees numbering,
He breathes the incense of their opening bloom.

The moon, now fading in the occident,
Is not so mild, so heavenly fair as he.
The sun, just rising in the orient,
Hath less of glory than in him we see.

Nature, that, for his death and burial,
Hath put on darkness, as a mourning weed,
Arrayed in light as for a festival,
Proclaims afar, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

I SHALL BE SATISFIED

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

May I in thy likeness, my Saviour, awake,
And rise, a fair image of thee;
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break
This prison of clay, and be free.

Can I but come forth to eternity's light,
With thy perfect features to shine,
In raiment unsullied from time's dreary night,
What honor and joy will be mine!

Yes, I shall be satisfied then to have cast
The shadows of nature all by —
When, darkness and dust from the dull eyelid past,
My soul sees with full-opened eye.

How fain would I know the great morn drawing near,
When earth's dreamy visions shall fade,
If I in thy semblance indeed may appear,
And stand in thy beauty arrayed!

To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,
From this mortal, perishing clay
My spirit immortal, in peace would depart,
And, joyous, mount up her bright way.

When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,
In thy holy mansion, and when
Thy fatherly arms have encircled thy child,
O I shall be satisfied then!

THE PENITENTIAL TEAR

Thou trembling, pure, and holy thing!
What skill from ocean's depths can bring,
Or toil from out the mine —
What monarch in his diadem,
Or glittering garb, produce a gem,
Whose brightness equals thine?

Thy source is deeper than the caves
Of riven rock, or opening waves,
Invisible as air:
And, though the angel throng above
Behold thee with delight and love,
They ne'er can have thee there.

Nor change, nor age thy sheen can dim;
Thou 'rt now unstained as when with him,
Who dared, in olden time,
Thrice his dear, suffering Lord deny;
Then, melted at the Saviour's eye,
And paid thee for his crime.

Called from the treasures of the soul
By power divine, when thou dost roll
Forth from the mourner's eye,
Thy wearer thou dost then proclaim
The heir of life, who has his name
Writ in the Book on high.

Thou art a pearl, that all may own,
And when thy matchless worth is known
To those, who wear thee here,
They will be changed, and shall behold
The shining gates of heaven unfold,
Bright Penitential Tear!

TEACHINGS OF GOD

He reigns on high, a glorious King,
In ocean, earth, and air;
He moves and governs every thing,
For God is every where.

The waters at his bidding flow,
The mountain and its flower
Their majesty and beauty show,
As traces of his power.

The lilies by the meadow rills
Are leaning on his hand;
And so the cedar of the hills,
The palm and olive stand.

He formed the birds, that sport along
On light and brilliant wing;
And tuned them with the voice of song
And joy his praise to sing.

This earth is ours, so rich and fair
From him, who made it thus —
Who sends his angels down with care
To minister to us.

The rainbow, with its beauteous dyes,
A pledge to man, is lent
By him, who spreads the shining skies
Around him, “as a tent.”

The heavens, my child, are full of him!
Yon radiant sun above
Is but an image, cold and dim,
Of his great power and love.

He placed that glorious orb on high,
In splendor there to roll,
To warm the world, to light the eye;
He lights and warms the soul.

And lest the night with sable shade
That azure vault should mar,
He moved his finger there, and made,
At every touch, a star.

With these the moon, his beaming gift,
Here lets her lustre fall,
Our thoughts to win, our hearts to lift
To him, who gave them all.

And he is ours – that Holy One,
Our Father, Guide, and Friend;
In ways untravelled by the sun,
In love that ne'er shall end.

'T is sweet to worship him below,
With his approving eye
To mark the way, our spirits go
To seek his face on high.

THE HERALD'S CRY IN THE DESERT

*"He was not that Light; but was sent to bear witness of
that Light."*

St. John i. 8.

Awake, O ye nations, and, shaking
The slumber of death from your eyes,
Behold the fair morn in its breaking,
The Sun of all glory arise.

He comes, mist and dimness dispelling;
The shadows and clouds flee away:
Ho! all, that in darkness are dwelling,
Spring up, and rejoice in the day!

Ye dying, life's waters revealing,
He 'll show you to fountain and streams:
Ye wounded, for you he brings healing;
Come out and repose in his beams.

Come, all ye disconsolate, hailing
Your King in his beauty and might;
His raiment mount Ebal is veiling;
Mount Gerizim shines with his light.

O praise him, ye weary, in wonder
To feel your hard burdens unbound!
Ye captives, your bars fall asunder;
With shoutings leap forth at the sound.

Your names on his breastplate he 's wearing;
They 're set as the seal of his ring;
Ye nations, your highways preparing,
Receive, and be glad in your King!

OUR FATHER'S WELL

Come, let 's go back, my brother,
And, by our father's well,
Sit down beside each other,
Life's little dreams to tell.

For there we played together,
In childhood's sunny hours;
Before life's stormy weather
Had killed its morning flowers.

And since no draught we 've tasted,
Its weary journey through,
As we so far have hasted,
Like that our father drew;

I feel, as at a mountain,
I cannot pass nor climb,
Till from that distant fountain
I drink, as in my prime.

My spirit's longing, thirsting,
No waters else can quell;
My heart seems near to bursting
To reach that good old well.

Though all be changed around it,
And though so changed are we,
Just where our father found it,
That pure well spring will be.

In earth, when deeply going,
He reached and smote the rock;
He set its fount to flowing —
It opened at his knock.

The way, he smoothed and stoned it,
A close, round, shadowy cell;
Whoever since has owned it,
It is our father's well!

His prattling son and daughter,
With each an infant's cup,
We waited for the water,
His steady hand drew up.

When we had paused and listened,
Till down the bucket dashed,
O how it, rising, glistened,
And to the sunlight flashed!

And since that moment, never
Has that cool deep been dry;
Its fount is living ever,
While man and seasons die.

Around its mouth is growing
The moss of many a year;
But from its heart is flowing
The water sweet and clear.

Fond memory near it lingers,
And, like a happy child,
She plucks, with busy fingers,
And wreathes the roses wild.

Yet many a lip, whose burning
Its limpid drops allayed,
Has since, to ashes turning,
Been veiled in silent shade.

Still we are here, and telling
About our infant play;
Where that free spring is welling,
So true, and far away.

But O! the change, my brother!
Our father's head is hoar;
The tender name of mother
Is ours to call no more.

And now, around thee gather
Such little ones as we
Were then, beside our father,
And look to theirs in thee.

While fast our years are wasting,
Their numbers none can tell;
So let us hence be hasting
To find our Father's well.

Come, we will speed us thither,
And from its mossy brink,
To flowers that ne'er shall wither
Look up to heaven and drink.

They spring beside the waters,
Our Father there will give
To all his sons and daughters,
Where they shall drink and live.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM

“And I will give him the morning star.”

Rev. ii. 28.

Methought, once more to my wishful eye
My beautiful boy had come:
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear, lost child!
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice, and smiled,
As soon as I called his name.

The garb he wore looked heavenly white,
As the feathery snow comes down,
And warm, as it shone in the softened light
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His eye was bright with a joy serene,
His cheek with a deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odors of flowers, from the thornless land
Where we deem that our blest ones are,
Seemed borne in his skirts; and his soft right hand
Was holding a radiant star.

His feet, unshod, looked tender and fair,
As the lily's opening bell,
Half veiled in a cloud of glory, as there
Around him, in folds, it fell.

I asked him how he was clothed anew —
Who circled his head with light —
And whence he returned to meet my view
So calm and heavenly bright.

I asked him where he had been so long
Away from his mother's care —
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, “Sweet mother, the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear:

I touch the harp with a golden string,
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

“It was but a gently fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee!
The fearful shadow, in time, called Death,
Hath ministered life to me.

“My voice in an angel choir I lift;
And high are the notes we raise:
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver, who hath our praise.

“‘The bright and the morning star’ is he,
Who bringeth eternal day!
And, mother, he giveth himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

“The race is short to a peaceful goal,
And He is never afar,
Who saith of the wise, untiring soul,
‘I will give him the morning star!’

“Thy measure of care for me was filled,
And pure to its crystal top;
For Faith, with a steady eye, distilled
And numbered every drop.

“While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,
I learned the way to a world above;
The home of thy child is there!

“The secret prayers, thou didst make for me,
That only thy God hath known,
Arose, like sweet incense, holy and free,
And gathered around his throne.

“My robe was filled with the perfume sweet
To shed upon this world’s air,
As I joyful knelt, at my Saviour’s feet,
For the glorious crown I wear.

“In that bright, blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink:
Behold my feet, as they ’ve pressed the flowers,
That grow by the fountain’s brink!

“No thorn is hidden to wound me there;

There 's nothing of chill, or blight,
Or sighing to blend with the balmy air —
No sorrow – no pain – no night!”

“No *parting?*” I asked, with a burst of joy;
And the lovely illusion broke!
My rapture had banished my beauteous boy —
To a shadowy void I spoke.

But, O! that STAR of the morn still beams
With light to direct my feet
Where, when I have done with my earthly dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

THE WAR-SPIRIT ON BUNKER'S HEIGHT

The sun walked the skies in the splendor of June,
O'er earth full of promise, and air full of tune;
The broad azure streams calmly rolled to the deep,
Whose waves on its breast stirred like babes in their sleep.

The turf heaved its green to the white vested flock,
That fed, or reposed in the shade of the rock;
The birds sang their songs by their nests in the bowers;
And the bee hummed with sweets from the fresh opened flowers.

The humming-bird glittered, and whirred o'er the cell,
Where her nectar was stored, from the hill to the dell;
'Mid the bloom and the perfume, that passed on the breeze,
From the rose, and the vine, and the fruit-bearing trees.

It seemed like a gala, when Nature, arrayed
In festival robes, with her treasures displayed,
Reflected the smile of her Maker above,
And offered up hymns of her thanksgiving love.

And yet, in the bosom of man there were fires
Fierce, quenchless and fearful – consuming desires
For right unpossessed, and for lawless domain,
That burned to the soul, and that flamed to the brain.

In the streets there was clanging and gleaming of arms;
In the dwellings, resolve, preparation, alarms;
In the eye of the wife, mother, sister, a tear;
In the face of their soldier, no semblance of fear.

The patriot chieftain had marked out his ground,
To hold, or to fall, if his foe passed the bound:
And now was the hero to close in the strife,
For death as a bondman, or freedom with life.

The war-spirit hovered, and frowned on the height,
His eye flashing lightning – his wings shedding night!
From his wide fiery nostrils rolled volumes of smoke,
And the rocks roared afar, as in thunder he spoke.

At his dread shock of nature, the lamb from its play,
The bee and the bird, in affright fled away;
The branch, flower, and grass, felt the crush and the scath,
And the winds passing by, snuffed the heat of his wrath.

With blood, that, in torrents, he poured down like rain,
He drenched the green turf, that he strewed with the slain,
Till the eminence groaned with the carnage it bore,
And its heart heaved and shuddered at drinking the gore.

While the breath of the war-spirit scented the air,
The rivers looked wild in reflecting his glare;
And ocean's cold bosom was torn, as he gave
The flap of his pinion to trouble its wave.

The village besieged, wrapped in flames from his breath,
Looked up to the hill, where he revelled with death,
And swelled with the essence of life he had shed,
To sweeten their cup, and the banquet to spread.

O War-spirit! War-spirit, when didst thou bring
Such trophies of beauty before the pale king,
Since walking on Gilboa's height, in thy power,
Of Israel's valiant to mow down the flower?

Mourn, wail, O ye people! and spread wide the pall,
Whose deep sable fringe down the hill-sides shall fall!
Your brethren's warm blood cries aloud from the ground,
That hosts, like Philistia's, in triumph surround.

The lovely, the pleasant have perished! Alas!
Where they fell may there hence be no dew on the grass!
Let a monument there, towards the heavens rear its head,
From a base, that shall cover the spot where they bled!

Ah, War-spirit! War-spirit, deep was the gloom,
Though heaven was unclouded, and earth all in bloom,
When thou, at the onset, that young summer's day,
Didst strike so much valor to darkness away!

And yet, by that thunder, the land is awake:
'T was the crack of her yoke when beginning to break!
And out of that gloom is her glory to spread;

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