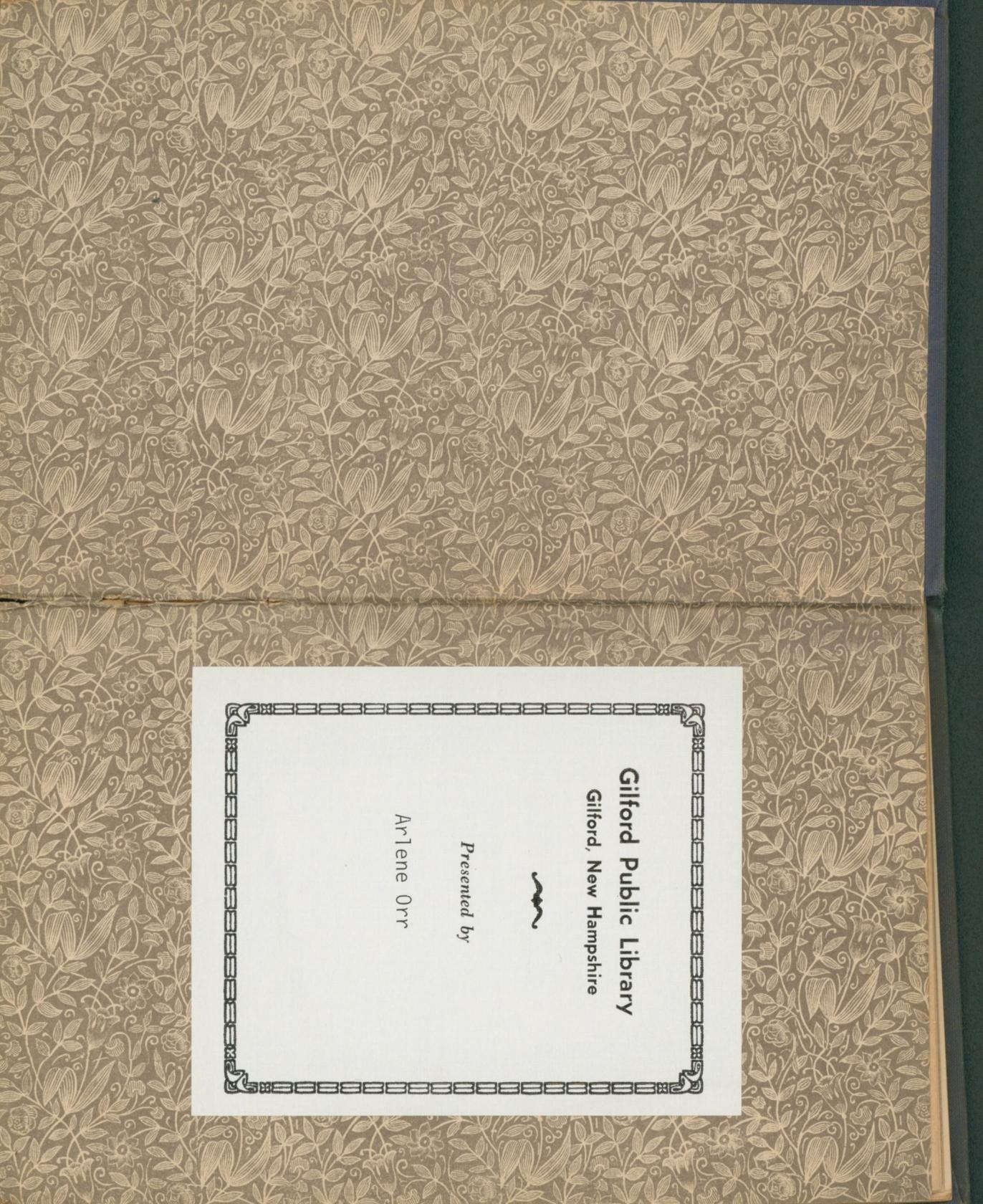


THE WINNIPESAUKEE

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

ROOM  
TRY



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To Home

For a cold night.

Bill Rose

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P O E M S

ON

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

BY

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.



HAVERHILL, MASS :

C. C. MORSE & SON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

1884.

## PREFACE.

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This fragment of a collection of poetical sketches will be followed by some prose-poetic letters recalling the delightful summer of 1884 to some, who love to linger by the enchanted waters of Lake Winnepesaukee, and to many who heard the voice of song, and the glowing words of truth in the Grove-Meetings.

I also offer these few poetic pictures to those who dream of wandering, while on earth, "In green pastures, beside the still waters." There scenes of beauty dispel care, and moonlight and starlight shine on enchanted islands. There morning reveals forms of mountains and forests by waters as blue as the famed Mediterranean Sea.

There Chocorna and Ossipee, loved by painter and poet, fix the beauty-haunted eye. There many a range and towering peak, with changing form, charms the voyager, as he floats over

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JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.  
1884.

the Lake of Dreams, till, when skies are crystal clear over the broadening tide, the vision of Mount Washington arouses the soul. There the zenith sun gilds the silver tide and the sunset hour reveals

As fair a scene as Nature's God  
Has spread upon this world of light.

There from the brow of "Red Hill," thousands of delighted eyes have watched the lights and shades that symbol

"Jerusalem, the Golden."

There the late winter-snows crown the mountains that watch the coming spring. There June throws over the scene her ethereal bridal veil, till the lilies breath on the fragrant shore. There midsummer flies to soon, till the emerald ferns fade and the pine-trees sing farewell. There September colors the violet waters, till October and the Indian Summer scatter their crimson and gold over the Happy Hunting Grounds, by New Hampshire's Lake of Beauty the crystal Winnepesaukee.

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

GROVELAND, MASS.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

To My Father

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

WITH THE STRONGEST FEELINGS

OF

AFFECTION, RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE.

ON THE LAKE AT NOON.

PRELUDE.

O the softness of the azure  
On this summer noon of pleasure,  
O the tranquil sky above me,  
Sweet as smiles of those that love me.

When my youthful years were fleeting  
Nature gave me no such greeting,  
Save that in the haunts around me,  
Fair young Fancy sought and found me,

Where, beside my native water,  
Lonely child, obedient daughter,  
I was in the garden playing,  
Never in the wild-wood straying.

Time, the blessed reinstater,  
Kept my happier days till later :—  
Now I see the leaping fountains—  
Now I climb the lofty mountains.

Living by this Lake of azure,  
Mountain State, thy crystal treasure,  
Gazing on the sunset-splendors  
When the day, to night surrenders,

Long I watch the shadows darkening—  
 To the far-off voices harkening—  
 Peering into fading distance  
 With a longing, strange persistence,

Tracing many a haunted vision  
 In those dim, dream bowers elysian,  
 Where the line that meets the sky-land  
 Glows like Love's enchanted island ;

Feeling, when the golden crescent  
 Pours her glory evanescent  
 O'er the mountains, vast and darkling,  
 T'ill their purple heights shine sparkling,

Not a shadow of regretting  
 That my sun of life is setting,  
 For this land, in beauty vernal,  
 Is a type of the Supernal.

JUNE 20, 1884.

### APOSTROPHE TO THE BLUE-BIRD.

#### SYMBOL OF THE HUE CELESTIAL.

The golden lights were shaded,  
 The misty sun shone darkling,  
 And all my landscape faded  
 Where late the lake lay sparkling,  
 And the gray clouds veiled the azure  
 That paints Heaven's arch-way dome,  
 When thou, like a spirit treasure,  
 Didst come from thy heavenly home,  
 Waif of the unfading spring,  
 Thou fair, celestial thing,  
 Blue-Bird.

Tell me what gem-paved regions,  
 Clear, lapis-lazuline,  
 Untold in fairy legends  
 Sent forth a form like thine !  
 The wide, blue sea shines duller,  
 The clear sky fades away,  
 And the sapphire's quivering color  
 Pales fast, like the cold moon-ray  
 When thy wild-wing wakes the day.  
 Blue-Bird.

For thou, through the ether rushing,  
 Hast bathed in the fields above,  
 In a fount cerulean, gushing,  
 That the hearts of the hare-bells love,

Then down to the dark earth darning,  
 When the sombre storm draws nigh,  
 Hast come to my soul, imparting  
 A dream of the home on high,  
 A sight of the blessed sky.  
 Blue Bird.

When thy ethereal essence,  
 In thy first flight from the skies,  
 Plunged in the iridescence  
 Where the throne of Iris lies,  
 In the three-fold blue careering,  
 Thy wing was dyed so bright,  
 That the blue of the rainbow cheering,  
 Came down from the heavenly height,  
 And strewed the land with light,  
 Blue-Bird.

Or comes thy hue from the blending  
 Of the soul of all things free,  
 From the sun's fire-fount, descending  
 To the heart of the living sea.  
 A softened lustre lending  
 To the skies of Italy—  
 From the zone where the birds resplendent  
 Illuminate the perfumed lands,  
 Where the purple night, transcendent,  
 Darkens the Arabian sands;  
 From the Mediterranean islands  
 And the storied Grecian shores,  
 Where on the purple highlands  
 The sun of glory pours,  
 And fair Diana's hands  
 Bathe by the golden strands  
 With sea-flowers in their hands,  
 Bright as thy azure wing,  
 Thou ocean-lighted thing,  
 Blue-Bird.

Comest thou from the Arctic mountains,  
 Whose throne the ice-king gave  
 By the frozen rainbow fountains  
 That light the far-off wave,  
 That unseen polar wave  
 On the lone, untrdden shore—  
 Dream of the dauntless brave  
 Who sails the seas no more—  
 Whose spirit haunts the deep  
 Beside the silent steep,  
 And lights the ambient air  
 With dust of diamonds fair!  
 Dream of the living brave  
 That God and nature gave,  
 Back to New England's heights  
 From the long polar nights,  
 With many a trophy, won  
 Beneath the midnight sun,  
 Where violet hues enshrine  
 A vision, all divine,  
 With living light like thine,  
 Blue-Bird.

Or did that bright plume glowing  
 Come from the shades, that make  
 Beauteous, the waters flowing  
 In Winnepesaukee Lake,  
 Where the hyacinthine splendor  
 Of Spring's imperial bloom  
 Pales, when the Summer's tender  
 Ethereal skies illumer,  
 Bowers, where unnumbered lilies pour  
 Their balmy breath far o'er the shore,  
 Till a dream of bold September  
 Colors the lake, Elysian,  
 Till the beauty of November  
 Brings back the entrancing vision

Of autumn moons on shining waters,  
 To the eyes of beauty's daughters,  
 By the isles where Undine slumbers  
 Lulled by low, eolian numbers —  
 There didst thou, bird enchanted,  
 Dart o'er the azure shine,  
 And gather, beauty-haunted,  
 Beneath the hyaline,  
 That wave-lit hue of thine,  
 Blue-Bird !

When Liberty, slow-sailing  
 Far o'er the Atlantic's roar,  
 Wide-spread Columbia hailing  
 On the dark December shore,  
 The will of Heaven fore-knowing  
 The listening seraphs told —  
 Saw the tide of freedom flowing  
 To the sunset gates of gold —  
 Saw the glorious ensign blowing,  
 For Liberty unrolled,  
 The shield wherein the stars were set,  
 By storm and blood of battle wet,  
 Beamed not so bright as thine  
 With hue of love divine,  
 Type of the unsullied shrine,  
 Blue-Bird !

When the hovering clouds are riven  
 And the morning shines once more  
 With the blue that symbols heaven  
 Upon this earthly shore,  
 When the lily-bells are glistening  
 With the tears of the star-lit night,  
 And my soul, transported, listening,  
 Shall watch thy spirit flight —  
 Take back from the mountain-strand

Take back to the seraph-band  
 A prayer for my native land,  
 Thou pure, ethereal thing  
 With heaven upon thy wings,  
 Blue-Bird !

### THE WITCH-ISLE.

Out on fair Winnipessaukee's tide,  
 Beyond the verdant shores of Weirs,  
 Before we reach the Wolfborough side  
 A little, rock-bound isle appears,

Where, shining in the clear day-light,  
 Or shadowed by the lightning-blast,  
 The Captain steers his prow aright,  
 But near the rocks she hastens fast.

The isle has changed, the phantom-isle  
 Where sirens lead him to destroy :  
 The false ones 'neath the wave would smile  
 To lure us to their home of joy,

Beneath the wave, beyond the storm,  
 Beside the treacherous rocks to sleep,  
 Where only mermaids slumber warm  
 Within the chambers of the deep,

Where naid-music, 'neath the stream,  
 From fadeless fountains rises clear,  
 And wakes a dim, enchanting dream  
 To wile us to the water-sphere.

The Captain, with a steady hand  
Turns from the changing reef away.  
When next he sails, the phantom-land  
Wears some new aspect with the day.

While minstrel-songs with softest swell  
Float far along the listening shore  
Till echoes of some sunken bell  
Recall the buried shrines of yore.

But o'er the water's silver tide  
Where Beauty's gleams forever smile,  
The Captain will his voyagers guide  
From this strange wile, the wild Witch-Isle.

JUNE, 1884.

### THE RAINBOW ISLAND.

Far o'er the fair azure, where clouds without  
measure  
Lie low on the line of the soft swelling blue,  
Where morn will awaken the lilies, balm-shaken,  
Behold a new island, spread out to the view,  
O'erhung with pure color, with shading no duller  
Than the fountains of youth in the southern  
sea-islands,  
Where Iris now lingers with gems on her fingers  
That light up the air on the pearl-shadowed  
highlands.

No raindrops come sparkling from shadow-clouds;  
darkling,  
Transfused by Apollo to diamonds imperaled;  
No foam-bells ascending, with sun-rays are  
blending  
To wreath the rainbow the visible world.

No cataract falling o'er caverns appalling  
Throws up its clear emeralds where Undine  
still slumbers,  
To be woven by sunlight, or frozen by moonlight,  
For a choir where the sirens can sing their wild  
numbers.

Yet an island of vision, ethereal, elysian, [tals  
Far out o'er the silver, unclosed its pearl-por-  
That memory may borrow new joy for the morrow  
And the Spirit may picture the homes of im-  
mortals.

### SHOWERS AROUND LAKE WINNIPE- SAUKEE.

We sailed the lovely lake once more  
When noontide lent a fervid ray;  
The sun-beams lit the emerald shore,  
White clouds illumed the blue of day.  
Ere long the steel-clad waters rolled  
Where winds the rippling current stirred,  
And, flying past the strands of gold  
Low-winged the arrowy prophet-bird.

For shadows o'er the heights arose  
And sun-rays hid in clouds unfurled  
Save where, like crags of Alpine snows,  
The zenith-clouds were light-impearled.

Far-off the northern skies hung low  
Though Orient realms were light-embowered  
We saw the dark-winged storm-cloud go  
Where Ossipee in grandeur towers.

The Raphael-sky of varying blue  
Smiled on the rain-swept Sandwich-dome ;  
Gem-paved Choocorua hid from view  
Where northern gales were hastening home.

And here and there along the shore  
Meadows of gold and sapphire shone,  
As Eden-suns their diamonds pour  
On life's un fading fountain-throne.

Then, lit by drops of jewels bright  
That gemmed the purple mountain's crest,  
Old Ossipee, in calm delight,  
Wore rainbow colors on his breast.

Fast sped the bark through siren-waves,  
Glad gazed the voyagers, rapture-wild,  
For Beauty robed the mountain-caves,  
And all the snowy vapors piled

Where, from the eastern chambers bright,  
Shone clouds of pearl, all sun-beam riven,  
Till Iris flung the arch of light  
Across the lake-reflected heaven.

August, 19, 1884.

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### THE THREE-FOLD BLUE.

The blue above the clouds so calmly sailing  
Is crystalline as on a morn of May ;  
Long have our eyes looked heavenward, unavail-  
ing,  
To see such pure cerulean deck the day.

Hail hyaline, thy wind-swept dome of azure  
Shines on unnumbered eyes upturned to thee !  
Art thou the realm of Summer's latest pleasure  
Or of the advancing Autumn, bold and free !

Thou sea-blue lake, a dream of fair September  
Mingles thy flood with amethystine dye,  
Deepening the softer hues, that we remember  
Imperial Juno gave, when, wandering by,

She spread her veil of hyacinthine splendor  
Over the sky, the lake and mountain-steep,  
Hues like the hill-side violet, soft and tender  
As infant's eyes when they awake from sleep.

Thou gem-blue mountains, where the shadows  
ranging,  
Chased by the gales of high, ethereal-air  
Make pictures of the clouds, forever changing ;  
Like Nature's soul that shines forever there !

So ever varying is the land of vision,  
When dreams half-picture, in the star-lit night  
The sapphire-fountains and the bowers egyptian  
Of kingdoms fading in the morning light.

---

### THE LAKESIDE MIRROR.

There is a glass, like Nature, fair,  
Transparent as the blue lake near,  
Which, framed by mountains clothed in air  
Reflects the changing atmosphere —

The Lakeside mirror, decked with flowers  
That light the sylvan forest wild,  
The picture of the summer hours  
That lure the steps of Nature's child.

There glow the wild-rose, perfume sweet,  
 The fair clematis, virgin's bower,  
 The daisy, white beneath our feet,  
 And that bright, sea-blue gentian flower.

There shine the ferns of emerald clear  
 That light the cool, sequestered glades,  
 When warblers hail the morning near,  
 From whispering pine and hemlock shades,

Lit by the golden-rod, whose light  
 Tells that young Summer's days are o'er,  
 Though many a morn shall waken bright  
 On Winnipесаукее's mountain shore.

But fairest on the mirror-frame  
 Shines forth the beauteous water-star,  
 Whose breath from snowy islands came,  
 Borne by the morning breeze afar,

While butterflies on diamond wings  
 Reflect the ethereal colors there,  
 Caught from the hues that Iris brings  
 When sun-bright rainbows gem the air.

And there, amidst the rose's bloom  
 Is seen, the wild-bird's well-filled nest,  
 Where all day long, with sweet perfume  
 The waiting mother will be blest.

These pictures, with an artist-hand,  
 Our Lady of the Lakeside placed,  
 To shadow forth the lovely land  
 That Nature with her presence graced.

And here, through Summer's season bright,  
 Till Autumn makes the forest shine,  
 The clear glass mirrors forms of light  
 And smiles of cheer, from love divine,

Where words are said and songs are sung  
 And hopes arise to fade no more  
 And farewells tremble on the tongue  
 Upon this dear, delightful shore,

Unfading as the Lakeside-grove  
 That shades the paths forever green,  
 Bright as the sparkling eyes of love  
 That gaze upon this sylvan scene.

So shall the Lakeside mirror shine  
 With memory's light from far around,  
 Reflecting, from this crystal shrine,  
 The pictures of the Enchanted Ground.

LAKESIDE HOUSE, WEIR, N. H., AUG. 19, 1884.

### NIGHT, HASTENING FROM THE LAKE.

Was it the soul of night  
 That charmed my rapturous sight,  
 Or coming morn, entranced, beyond the wave!  
 The crescent moon shone clear  
 The ethereal atmosphere  
 Was pure with breezes that September gave.

Orion led the band  
 That lit the shadowy land;  
 The royal planets shone on golden throne,  
 And all the adoring stars  
 Illumed their crystal bars,  
 Till darkness fled and splendor reigned alone.

The auroral, boreal arch  
Shone as in skies of March,  
That southern skies might shadow back the  
gleams,

Vieing with Dian clear  
And diamond-dawning, near,  
And twilight suns o'er Scandinavian streams.

I saw the mountain-lake  
The living picture take,  
Till glowed the heavens with light, translucent  
clear,

That no man's hand may trace, [near.  
Imperial halls to grace,  
As earth's grand dream till opening heaven draws

---

### CHOCORUA VEILED.

Scatter the haze and let me see  
Thy form, Chocorua, ere I go :  
Fair Juno's veil has hid from me  
A mountain shrine, that painters know,  
Above the blue-lake's flow.

For in the halls of beauty's bloom,  
And in the city's picture-shrine,  
Thy bowers of sun and shade, illumed  
With emerald and with crystalline,  
A vision half-divine.

There amethystine shadows lie  
When snowy clouds their circuit take ;  
There Summer smiles, with golden eye,  
On thee and on the crystal lake  
Beyond the wood and brake.

When late in June's consummate time  
I wandered where the pine-trees sing  
Harmonious with the wild-bird's chime,  
Where oft the oriole darts his wing  
While oaks their branches fling,

I saw, when gliding o'er the wave,  
The forms of mountains wild and grand.  
I traced their changing forms, and gave  
My memory to each pictured strand  
In this enchanted land.

I saw the lurid lightnings play  
Above the stream in gleaming gold,  
Painting, now Luna is away,  
The lake, with flaming castles bold,  
And lands by legends told.

But O, Chocorua, let me see  
One hour, thy sun-illumined crest,  
That round the curve of Ossipee  
Looks down upon a land of rest,  
Like Vale of Tempe, blest !

---

### “SLOW UP THE SLOPE OF OSSIPEE.”

— *Whittier*.

O what a stretch of wonderland,  
Old Ossipee !  
A height uprising from the strand,  
I faintly see.

Clothed in the lilac light of June,  
The woodland steep  
Is sleeping in the summer noon,  
Ere breezes sweep,

## LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Along the bright lake's silver swell,  
 Scattering the haze  
 That hides the rock and forest-dell  
 From mortal gaze,

Save that a line, in cloud-land high,  
 Marks Ossipee—  
 A rampart bold that seeks the sky  
 When winds blow free.

Haste, noon of June, and let me view  
 That sylvan height,  
 As once, when autumn-skies were blue  
 With crystal light,

I saw the crimson and the gold,  
 A picture fair  
 Of late September, wide unrolled  
 In splendor there,

Till crowned Chocorua, peering round  
 One view to take,  
 Looked down upon enchanted ground  
 And sapphire lake.

O then, some tuneful naïad came  
 From yon clear stream,  
 And sung of one beloved name,  
 To haunt my dream.

With his own songs, who oft is charmed  
 By this loved land,  
 Beholding, with a soul encalmed,  
 This Beulah bland,

While not a passion-ripple moves  
 His spirit clear,  
 To whom the Eternal Goodness proves  
 A shield from fear;

## LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Who dreams of his own Merrimac  
 With vision free,  
 And sings its bold and beauteous track  
 Down to the sea,

And life's long journey, past the grove  
 And mountain-shrine,  
 Guided by Nature's heart of love  
 To realms divine.

## BROAD ARE MY LANDS.

Broad are my lands for all the earth is mine,  
 The living air, the azure dome above,  
 The emerald forest and the lonely shrine,  
 From mountain-top to the far border-line  
 That veils the realms of light and life and love.

The morn is mine, from its first diamond glow  
 When stars shine pale, and Luna slumbers blest  
 Upon Hesperian fields of verdure low,  
 Till glad Aurora wakes the world from rest  
 With roseate glow, like Monte Rosa's snow.

The noon is mine, when from the zenith glows  
 The sun, resplendent on his golden throne,  
 When zephyr o'er the stream a soft spell throws,  
 And bears the breath of lily and of rose  
 To cheer the oriole on her nest alone.

The sunset hour is mine, when rivers shine  
 With pure gem-light, borrowed from every  
 strand,  
 When summer evening, pure, transcendent fine,  
 Gathers the colors, far-off and divine,  
 That light the pearl-gates of the spirit-land.

The night is mine, when mortals slumber still,  
 Save poet-seer, and sons of pain and strife,  
 Whose souls, the dreams of those pearl-ports fill  
 With hopes, that from the woes of earth distil  
 The pure elixir of immortal life.

Nature is mine, upon the sapphire sea,  
 Or in the heart of cataract-lighted woods,  
 Or where the purple highlands guard the lea  
 And smiling lawn, from northern tempest free,  
 Or in the thunder-echoing solitudes.

The homes of men are mine, where love is kind,  
 Where children smile, and pictures light the  
 walls

Almost as fair as those once more outlined,  
 When memory, vanished youth, in joy recalls  
 To gaze on her enchanted vision-halls.

And hope is mine that in some glorious hour,  
 Beyond the broad, cerulean sea of time,  
 My rapturous spirit, winged with rising power,  
 Shall hear the bells of heaven their welcome  
 chime  
 From mountain-tops of that supernal clime.

GERMAN MUSIC BY THE ORPHEUS  
 BAND.

Late unto the lone-lake coming,  
 Now that Summer shines no more,  
 While the wild-bees cease their humming  
 And the woodland songs are o'er,  
 When the evening, still and darkling,  
 Hovered o'er the moonless sky,  
 Ere the planets, grand and sparkling,  
 Rose in orient regions high,

Waiting, dreaming, calm and lonely,  
 Soon I heard low music-strains,  
 Calling love and memory only,  
 From the far-off vision plains,

Till the notes ascended louder  
 From a glad, a kindred band,  
 Pouring patriot-pleans, prouder  
 Of the grand old Fatherland —

Songs of joy, heroic numbers,  
 Triumph-tones of hero-strife,  
 Songs of love, that never slumbers  
 Through the tangled paths of life.

Then the strains, my heart to waken  
 To the minor chord of tears,  
 Told of silent souls, forsaken,  
 Sorrowing through the lingering years ;

Of a soldier, bravely bearing  
 Midnight vigils, dungeon-chains,  
 Ere, the patriot's armor wearing,  
 Free, he gains the German plains.

While I heard the wild-notes swelling,  
 With my spirit borne along,  
 Nature's beauty-haunted dwelling  
 Rose in picture with the song,

And the lake of emerald-islands,  
 Where the jewelled mountains rise,  
 Mirrored all the moon-lit highlands  
 And the star-illumined skies.

Then the south-wind, softly-sighing,  
 Bore the music o'er the plains,  
 Where the mountains, low replying,  
 Echoed all the eolian strains,

The night is mine, when mortals slumber still,  
 Save poet-seer, and sons of pain and strife,  
 Whose souls, the dreams of those pearl-ports fill  
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Then the south-wind, softly-sighing,  
 Bore the music o'er the plains,  
 Where the mountains, low replying,  
 Echoed all the eolian strains,

Till the pines, in plaintive numbers  
 Joined in every music-swell,  
 Sighing, now that summer slumbers,  
 Fairest land, farewell, farewell.

---

### EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.

When long ago in days of youth  
 I placed my willing hand in thine  
 And brought my joy, my life, my truth,  
 And my foud heart to Hope's fair shrine,  
 Into the garden, lone, I stole,  
 While orange-buds my hair perfumed,  
 Where grew, to cheer my faltering soul  
 A flower that long in song has bloomed.  
 The years have fled and visions now  
 Recall fond youth's enchanted hours,  
 When the lone amaranth decked my brow  
 To shade the ephemeral bridal-flowers.

Now, by this beauty-haunted shore,  
 Where all the bells of memory chime,  
 Perennial shines that hue once more,  
 A dream of that transcendent time,  
 For thou these sylvan paths hast trod,  
 And climbed, to view from yonder height,  
 As fair a scene as nature's God  
 Has spread upon this world of light.

The rose of June illumines the land,  
 The lily lights the perfumed air,  
 But I, for one who clasped my hand,  
 Will still the unfading amaranth wear

So near unto my faithful heart,  
 That none shall see how dear to me,  
 Though lost to sight and far apart,  
 My early love shall ever be.

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### INFANTS' TEARS, OR BABIES' BREATH.

Infant's tears, the tiny flowers,  
 Type of innocence, heart-sweet,  
 Quivering with the dewy showers,  
 Soft as babies' feet —  
 Feet that, white as daisy-blows,  
 Never touched the earthly sod,  
 Spotless as the lily-snows  
 By the fairies trod.  
 Infants' tears, so quickly drying  
 Where no sad remembrance lingers,  
 Like the drops of jewels flying  
 Flung by Iris-fingers.

Babies' Breath ! How wondrous still  
 In the sleep of beauty calm,  
 Breathing love, while angels fill  
 All the air with balm.  
 Spirits guard the infant's rest  
 When they press the cradle bed ;  
 White-winged cherubs bathe the breast  
 Of many a blessed slumberer, dead,  
 With pearls of tears, that turn to flowers  
 To clothe the immortal babes of ours,  
 When their pure souls, the seraphs bear  
 Through the empyreal fields of air  
 Up to the gates of prayer.

## THE CLOUD-CHILD.

I saw the Empress of the night,  
Majestic, mount the evening sky;  
She bathed the earth in splendor bright,  
The heavens with gold and silver dye,  
And every star due homage gave  
While trembling on th' ethereal wave.

I saw the fleecy clouds of snow  
Sail from the north, the south, the west,  
To catch one ray of jasper glow  
From regal Dian's diamond breast;  
One little cloud, the faintest there,  
Was to my raptured eye most fair.

It floated on, the form grew clear,  
It was the image of my boy,  
Slow sailing through the heavenly sphere  
On wings of wild, seraphic joy;—  
A way from me and toward the skies  
He turned his love-illuminated eyes.

Near by th' enamored moon he flew,  
A halo lit his golden curls;—  
Along the soft, celestial blue  
He sought the sunset gate of pearls,—  
The angels oped the crystal bars  
And bade him pass beyond the stars.

I sought my baby in his bed,  
He slept, as sleeps a sinless child,  
He felt my tears upon his head,  
Uncloused his hazel eyes and smiled,  
Then clasped his hands upon his breast  
And hid him to his blissful rest.

But oft I dream, by night and day,  
That angels call my only one,  
And bring him wings to fly away  
And lead him up beyond the sun,  
Far from a household, hushed and lone,  
Up to the everlasting throne.

## COMPENSATION.

I never trod a rock so bare,  
Unblessed by verdure-brightened sod,  
But some small flower, half-hidden there,  
Exhaled the fragrant breath of God.

I never knew a day so drear  
But on its leaden sky was hung  
Some shadow of a rainbow clear  
From vanished joy in farewell flung.

I never sat where Silence kept  
My soul from loving friends afar  
But angel-wings the ether swept  
Between me and the evening star.

And *never* in the keenest pain,  
When Night looks down on anguish wild,  
Can, "O, my Father," rise in vain  
From the lone spirit of his child.

## ELLEN TERRY, AS PORTIA.

Embodiment of grace!  
The perfumed wayside-rose  
Lights thy ethereal face  
Where the pure lily glows;  
Thy voice, as Echo sweet, the cliff-bound lake-  
let knows.