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[redacted] "Biographical Sketch of Caspar Morris, M.D." MS 1994

SELECTIONS FROM "HEART VOICES AND HOME SONGS."

BY CASPAR MORRIS, M.D.

HEART'S DESIRES.

Not for a cottage in sequestered glen,
  With all the softer charms of nature graced,
Where wild flowers breathe their odors gently round—
  Not for a cell, on some rude mountain placed,
Far from the haunts of sorrow and of men,
Near where the cataract pours with thundering sound—
  No! not for these shall rise my earnest prayer.
But give me, heaven, some humble mansion, where,
Cheered by the converse of a faithful friend,
  Taught to approve the appointed lot of care
Thy goodness with our thread of life shall blend,
  I may, to man, thy wondrous love declare:
Rear there an altar to thy service high—
Live at my Saviour's feet, and there in triumph die.

1827.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

(*Planted by Mary Hollingsworth, at Green Hill Farm,* 1797. *Fell* 1857.)

Thou art fallen! thou art fallen! 'tis a mournful sight to see
The crushing of thy glory, thou mother-planted tree!
Thy noble limbs prostrate on earth; thy giant trunk o'er-
  thrown:
Thy symmetry to ruin brought: thy leafy garlands strewn:
My heart is filled with sadness, and my eyes o'erflow with
  tears,
As I stand amid the utter wreck of twice thirty growing years.

By my mother thou wast planted, in her virgin beauty's
  prime;
And my father's eye watched o'er thee, in his opening man-
  hood's time.
Thy infant roots were watered well with love's attentive care:
And thy stem was trained and thy boughs were spread to float
  upon the air:
Still, as year by year thou rose aloft, and more wide thy
  branches threw,
Thou wert witness of their hallowed love, which with equal
  vigor grew.

How often, in my childhood, have I sported in thy shade,
And watched with joy the flickering light, as through thy
  boughs it played:
Even *now* the sounds of gladness leave their music on my ear,
The record of fraternal joys it then was thine to hear,
As a loving and unbroken band, our household gathered still
And year by year yet larger grew, like thy shadow on the hill.
'Twas there, when days were longer grown, and vernal
  breezes blew,
And day by day thy waving boughs more green and flexile
  grew;