

Oh I never will measure affection again
While threading earth's flowery mound
But wait till the loved one is on the mine
On the depth of an outward bound

November 12 1851

To Poets Epitaph

Stop mortal here thy brother lies
The poet of the poor
His books were rivers woods and skyes
The meadow and the moor
His teachers were the torn hearts wail
The tyrant and the knave
The struts the factory and the jail
The palace and the grave
The meanest thing earth's pulchrest worm
He feared to scorn as hate
And honor in a peasant form
The equal of the great
But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more
I'll could he praise the rich who take
From plumed labors store
As hard to do as hard to please
As heart to feel and dare
Tell man's worst foes here lies the man
Who drew them as they are

November 14th 1851

To a quarter

When Night with morning lingers
A wake and stirring be
And with your pretty fingers
Clasp this about your knee

When day with eve reposes
And stars begin to see
Unclasp this band of roses
And clearest think of me

At its white the wave and red the
The bird of hour I was born
The whale it whistled the porpoise roared
The dolphin purred his pack of gold
And all was heard such an outcry
As if some one to life the ocean child

November 18 1851

1 I do you ask me why I wander
Where the drooping willows wave
By the sadly murmuring streamlet
And the green and grassy grave
Do you ask me why I linger
In the solemn silence there
Why my sighs are often wafted
On the whispering midnight air

2 I will tell thee gentle sister
I will tell thee why I go
To the green grave and the willow
Where the rippling waters flow
I will tell thee why I linger
Why I venture I stay
Till the shadows round me deepen
And the twilight dies a way

3 I could tell thee of a maiden
Fair and frail as summer flowers
How she perished in her beauty
Crushed by death's relentless power
How her gentle loving spirit
Pure and bright as those a dove
Gaily left this cold world longing
For the realms of bliss and love

4 I could tell thee how I loved her
With a deep undying love
With a constant pure devotion
Which no time nor change could move
How I longed and wished to follow
Her bright spirit to its home
Where the death can love ones sever
Where the parting hour can come

5 I will tell thee how death's mantle
O'er her life so gently fell
Sliding from our earthly vision
That I loved as fond and well
I was in evening's fleeting twilight
At the still close of day
While dim shadows played a round her
That she sweetly passed a way

6 Softly did the passing yeaphages
Dance her cheek and marble brow
And the long dark lashes veiling
Dark eyes closed far over now