

Gleams did the silver moonlight
Streaming through the branches old
Of her rose tree by the window
Full upon her pale and cold

4 But 'tis all to me a story
I know with painful memories of her
For she lived she sleeps in beauty
With no stain upon her brow
And her fair and spotless spirit
Dwells in heaven far away
Where no grief such sorrow cometh
To our souls its endless day

8 And I love to muse and ponder
While the shadows fall around
On the cold and pale marble
And upon her holy mound
And her spirit hovers watching
Kindly as one while I sleep
In this lone world sadly waiting
To be with her far away

November 25 1851

As glimmers from the past sometimes
Delivers across my way
Which I find dislike in anyone
Should it at moment stay
But in the faintest line is traced
The fleeting vision is effaced

It seemeth of another life
Than any I have known
With scenes and actions dimly ripe
On memories leaves ~~leaves~~ unshown
Vainly I search their records o'er
The vanished light returns no more

There lieth in the future gleam
Emotions wilder than
Such as come as in a dream
Which yet appear more true
But while I question whence they spring
They leave me lost in wondering

I have less hope than could be put in a grain of
Mustard seed
Small hopes indeed for it sheweth of a ship
To have the second mouth from home

November 29 1851

History of England In rhyme an overture

Edward with joy passed through life's great stage
Delight of England hero of the age
With sword in hand he bravely conquered France
And to that crown did his own right advance
Renowned in arms Gauls monarch wore his chains
David of Scotland did in bonds remain

The Prince of Wales in his high glory shared
His Queen above all women was preferred
In such a greater King was never seen
Reigned to death he

The A bow was commenced many days ago
And its progress has been very slow
For do I think it will ever increase
For from the task I know shall cease

I'll fill the page with much less sense
Be cause it is of less to be pressed
Bought for labour and in time
So the next 4 verses shall be mine

There has but little time passed by
Since writing verse I first did try
And the greatest trouble I do find
I to keep the subject in my mind

Sometimes I am writing on a beautiful tree
That some where or in matter I happened to
Then in a moment I lose the tree altogether
And then commence writing about weather

Her good with ever comes first In my head
Which comes for at moment and then it is fled
And what will come next is more than I know
Perhaps it will be on some great full of snow

But 2 verses more will fill the page
And if I write more I'll will engage
That it shall not be in verse as they are
Because it takes up too much paper and