

Reaching Home

Oh, is it not all a bright, sweet, dream,
 From which I must wake to find
 My childhood's home, with its dear ties,
 In the distance left behind?

No, no, though the twilight curtain dims,
 As we roll along the sea,
 I trust again to anchor safe,
 And my dear home to see.

I know, I know I am almost home—
 Speed on, speed on the sea!
 But a short time, and the dear old home
 My straining eyes may see.

Where rises the church dome against the sky;
 As we pass the round hill light,
 We soon shall see the face of friends
 And hear their welcome voice again.

No, yes, on!—but who will be there,
 My home return to greet?
 Should the welcome be but a stranger's stare,
 I have fondly hoped to meet?

Gender, over the churchyard green,
 What monument rows aspire;
 Oh, shoulder thither the pointer when
 I ask for my wife and child?

Away! ye dwellers in phantom climes;
 Far scarce does my foot steps land,
 When Frank breaks through the crowd and says,
 They wait your face to greet.

Since Brother thou hast announced the guest
 With the words that hushed my fears;
 See, forth to my arms the dear ones haste—
 We mingle our joyful tears.

Edmund April 24th 1855

No, now these pensive lines I fondly send,
 But distant now, my sister, and my friend
 If, once the novel scene, thou get art free
 To give me silent, music's hour to me,
 Turn from the world and fancy, whispering near,
 How hearst the voice thou once didst love to hear
 Can time and space, however with anguish fraught,
 Or, when death's dread
 Stamp the warm heart, or chain the soaring thought—
 Or, when most dread, the past for thy blast—
 Chase from the mind the image of the past?
 Ah, no! when Death hath heard her board of bliss,
 What stays to soothe the sailor's hours but this?
 'Tis this cheers his dreams, and cheats the lingering time
 Till he shall reach his home.

Estes