

W. D.
We stand before the dial of
life, say it is not, a wand sphere to walk
that Laurel wreath should never be around
that her fair hand should never stop the ^{or} ^{of the} ^{stars} ^{part} ^{of the} ^{stars}
With all a path ^{of the} ^{stars} ^{part} ^{of the} ^{stars} ^{part} ^{of the} ^{stars}
And not for her the lofty path of science and
Ye whisper it will save her brain and still her
That eloquence and strength of soul
Will rub her gentle face.

mind,

My home had been the mountain.
The desert e'en my bed,
The waves have wasted, swept me to
And lulled my aching head
But still the iron grasp of care
Has never dared to free:
The ^{hills} ~~summit~~ of thy domain is there
Oh, summary to sleep
On the ~~sea~~ ~~land~~
Ship Piratical