

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
The pale dead smother lay!
A smile her lips were wreathing
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
"There's light for us above!"

The Restless Heart
A mill stone and the human heart are ever
round;
And if they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground,

Retribution
Though the Mills of God grind
Slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and still;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till scolding and laughing she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest speckias tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping carl,
Or, tying bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Knicker, merrier, skittier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against a young man's breast,
When he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin.

Ah! Ellery tane you little thought,
An hour ago when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

A Psalm Of Life Song filled.
Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest,"
Has not spoken of the soul

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God overhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Treading our life's solemn morn,
A fallen and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A Parody on the Psalm Of Life
Tells not in idle jingle
"Marriage" is an empty dream!
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib;
"Man thou art, to man thou returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And hearts though stout and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding marches all the day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a heroine be a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act,—act in the living Present
Hoping for a spouse ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And departing leave behind us
Such examples as will tell

Such examples that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart on triumph set,
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.