

The Lame

Let the gayest plumage wave
 On the brow of him who wears it
 Let the blood enlivened gleam
 Grace the brow of him who bears it
 But by all our bosoms' love
 Age's smile and childhood's gladness
 Not a hand or foot will move
 To the field of battle's madness.

Mark the peoples signs are peaking
 Not of glory, death and gore.
 Not of steel and standards reeling
 Not of havoc hate and war.
 Glory's baldfathered star is waning
 Which for ages past has shone
 And the light of peace is dawning
 Soon to blaze a glorious sun.

Home and all its household treasures
 From the workman's choicest gems
 Thus the princes now and measures
 Gainst a monarch's despotic
 And if empires can only breathe
 Freedom from oppressive war
 Those who wear them hence may sorrow
 For the workman fights no more.

The Four Questions.

When the bells of fifteen get sight of a bear
 She scarcely can creep through the slits of her fan
 Her heart all a flutter her cheeks all a glow
 She tremblingly snipers out who is the man.

Just twenty has brought her to years of discretion
 She blushes no longer but alters her plan
 She thinks of the pocket the place and profession
 And looks round the circle with what is the man.

At thirty each day that she looks in the mirror
 She sees that some leaf of the rose has grown warm
 And the circle of lovers grow thin and in terror
 She sums the receivers with what is the man.

At forty she changes her tune grows romantic
 Finds it foppish to sigh plays the harp and grows vain
 Haunts watering places and steers the altitudes
 For the point of her travel is where is the man.