

May 1867

Could I change for me

Could I but guide my vision o'er
This waste of water spread around
I would select the scenes I loved of yore
And as my childhood's sporting ground
There I could see I once was gay
Since though youth itself had passed away

Could I but roam eternal space
And leave behind me all my clay
I would linger where my childhood days
Rolled gently down their happy way
And where my childish feet had strayed
Love should haunt its own tirade

Could I but kiss some dimpling cheek
As once in childhood years ago
A guileless kiss both pure and sweet
Ever dim or folly he could know
To meet again and kiss so pure
I would sooth this was I now enow

Could I but feel as I have felt
Ever passion bore my peace away
Or could I kneel as I have knelt
And weep as on that better day
I would raise to life that long lost joy
I knew when I was but a boy

Oh could I state this rolling sphere
To suit my will. Time should retrace
Its footsteps back on hundred years
For chance might bring some other race
Or move me from this rail of tears
Ever I had seen these sinful years

May 1867

The best friend

Oh sweetest month of May
No other month can bring
The robes of winter thrown away
For the prettier robes of spring

With the best friend if one could roam
What place on earth would not be home

Is sweet to sit on summer night
But sweeter far in May at noon
For though the sun is warm and bright
No milder beams a tropic moon

With the best friend to say good cheer
What sweeter month could fill the year

Is sweet to lounge on easy chair
As idly over the world we roam
With rhyme ever ready where
We give nor ask a boon of none

But sweeter far with the best friend
To lounge to ask to give or lend

Sweet is the music which shall bring
Joy into the lonely heart
The touch which wakes the silent string
Upon a long neglected harp

Must be from one the soul can bless
From one we truly love the best

The one that I have loved the best
In dreams is ever near me
And who my soul has ever blest
In gloomy days or weary

To her whose ever welcome voice
Has bid my gloomy heart rejoice