

Youth

There was once in a rural town,
 With me it is of high renown,
 And though a saintly people dwell
 Within its precincts, strange to tell,
 No house to God has raised its spire,
 No alters burn with sacred fire,
 But in their midst a little hall
 Whose winter, summer, spring ones fall,
 On Sabbath days the people meet
 And bring the gossip of the week.

Though oft some traveling divine
 Has cracked his holy-thinking mind
 To teach that wild delusion race
 The future needs of present grace.

Whilst older eyes attentive gaze
 On him who teaches wisdom ways
 The younger orbs incessant meet
 Each other in the style of sheet,
 As casting off the eyes of sheet,
 The village girls themselves enlance
 In robes of pomp and elegance,
 But then such girls as all should know
 At sixteen think they want a beau
 And love to sit as aft it chances,
 Beneath some warm admiring glances.

Young hopeful flies his childish dream
 And moon him for a brighter beam,
 And thinks to join unto his fate
 Some fair, some damsel for a mate,
 Then swings he on his high keeled boat
 With stone pipe hat and long serout
 Dower he feel he shure appears
 Hurrying up his infant years.

I sallies forth, 'twas here I went
 Believing I was quite a gent,
 Hoping one I will not name
 If she were there, might think the same.

Now I mimbly steped up to the door,
 'Twas shut for all were in before,
 I paused one moment, quickly brushed
 My hair, then botting in I runned.

Youth

I did not run, I did not leap,
 But dropt into the nearest seat,
 And sometime passed ^{over} I could rise
 The curtain lid from over my eyes.

An ancient form now leaves his seat
 And gazes on us mild and meet,
 Tells us of worlds he never saw
 And what he does and doth with hor,
 Of cities with their crystal walls
 Of golden streets and silver halls.

Then pointing out the narrow way
 Whither the race is won,
 Asks all to do as he shall say
 And not as he has done. Then
 How long he lingers on a theme
 Which proves all men are sinners
 Though some may listen, others dream,
 Of home and waiting dinners.

The men of words in wild elisgist
 Doctors his task is over
 And to the people from the dust
 Rise to meet each other.

"Lord bless my soul, How do you do?"
 Quite ^{well} I thank you How are you?"

Then to some gossip they give vent,
 Each ones character underwent
 A condemnation, then they abrid
 Up feeling better satisfied.

But what was said Or done or reced,
 Time dashed along apace;
 And who was there, I did not care
 I only saw one face.

She thought it gleamed, at least it seemed,
 Her face, it was by chance
 So thin, so apt, it gave me back
 An approving glance.