

Early Manhood

And then ~~when~~ I sorrowed when I saw
 The vanquished flee nor call for war
 For in the wiliness of the fray
 My heart forgot the passing day
 I left home above my noble bark
 Where ~~Arctic~~ winds blow clear and stark
 Beneath the icebergs towering peak
 Home called my ears awhile to sleep
 For every heart that roams the woods
 Though he be wild or tame
 Beneath the ocean's solitudes
 There lives one near the same
 But mightier far are those which dwell
 Beneath old oceans heaving swell
 And ~~from~~ these ~~from~~ a frail boat
 With bearded steel my hand hath smote
 Then hope returns to see me ride
 Triumphant over the crimson tide

And I have battled the Caspore
 Where others see their fate deplore
 And silent there I face the gale
 But I have seen the mighty whale
 Go off and leave me ~~staked~~ in tears
 Most like my toying childish years

Is this I've trained my ears feeling
 To meet the whirlwinds wildest teeming
 And there forget regrets and fears
 Which haunt me from my hopeful years

Though time may pass I still must seek
 The bounding pulley of the deep
 And o'er the restless waters haste
 In the wilder pastime of the chase

Manhood

When half the season of life has run
 I returned to seek my childhood's streams
 of gladness. But I found not the real
 ones. They had flown with those long boat years
 I saw the pines where the red schoolhouse
 had stood. But no house was there
 Whilst ~~dim~~ and hollow the wind went
 whistling through the old familiar pine grove
 I turned away, frightened at the seeming
 Recent loss of those things so fresh in memory
 And as the village looks familiar an-
 my view, an instant of those early joys
 returns to me. But when I saw those
 which dwelt therein I knew it was not the
 same. New names and new voices
 soundest through the halls where in older
 times I had really met the loveliest ones. And
 since last been my dream-land, blessed rest

After years
 being vain in life whose transient form
 From child to manhood flits along
 Perchance we reach the sought for goal
 When death extinguishes the whole

I saw the streamer then awake
 From his sweet sleep and thus he spoke
 If this is life where is its power
 I weary ~~have~~ a wasted hour
 And all my manly hopes and fears
 Are couched within those palling years

Yes I am alone with naught to bless
 No kindred voice, no fond caress
 That form I wildly loved before
 Lives but in memories distant shore
 The days which mine so fondly clasped
 No more I hold all in my past
 Those words of music in my ear
 Are silent as that distant year
 Whence I lived with a care
 And dreamed immortal bliss were there
 That kindred heart that gentle brow
 No all on earth is nothing now
 I dash about me but in vain
 To hold that precious form again