

August 1867

And near where once that cottage stood
 Down by an osken shade
 My little child has left its hood
 And playhouse it has made
 But all was still I called in vain
 To those I never shall see again
 Though then I did persuade
 Those blackened walls to speak and tell
 Me of those things I loved so well
 But all was hushed, my feeble voice
 No more the silence broke
 For I could see no hopeful trace
 Of truth which would awake
 A horseman of the ruined place
 Unconscious of his steep aspace
 I paused and this he spoke
 Is this the place, and yet how cold
 Wherefore mark this ruined path
 Behold now now the forey brand
 Unto our homes applied
 Behold now now the gory hand
 No peace can ever hide
 See where rebellious host have trod
 No pity now no fear of God
 Has caused them to subside
 And many a young hero's bright hour
 Has faded like the Severn flower
 And Davis with his hellish band
 All ravages may end
 Though vengeance stains his front the land
 Still that can never mend
 Those severed ties which blood has marked
 A ruined home or broken heart
 Shall hopelessness defend
 One peaceful hour from misery
 For those we never shall see again

July 1867

Coko

I was years ago I remember still
 I wandered in the forest deep
 To peer from off some naked hill
 Or muse beneath its rugged steep
 And green of heart I only named
 Within the language of the heart
 While fancy wild and unrestrained
 Should mount the feathered wings of art
 As oft before I raised my voice
 In answer to some cheering thought
 When so I heard a distant noise
 Responding to the sound it caught
 I paused one moment, but again
 My voice echoed far around
 No mother's voice or one the same
 Revived that lost familiar sound
 In vain I strove again to hear
 The voice which lulled my earliest care
 And though it seemed that she was near
 Some wilder sound came to me there
 And after since beneath that steep
 I muse me from the world apart
 And muse, stream of that voice so sweet
 Was but the echo of the heart