

I was the gazer

When child hoar morn with brightest beam
Awoke to life youth's golden dream
And all my willing eyes could view
Was beauty for the world seemed new
As fancy in itself was true

With all my pointed passions bright
I sweetly passed each tranquil night
Whose nature's glowing scenes recalled
Her wonders in each roseate field

So sunsets fire beams she played
The sky in crimson robes arrayed
Whose azure plain dimpling through
With deep clear tints of its dawn blue

Back from the gates of sunset's gold
Stands a purple falset or fold
Lemmel the ethereal realms above
As roses bloom on wings of love

When joy succeeding joy for trifles
A life whose harm could never fall
In visions still I meet again
A face form or cherisher name
Of friend or mate or mother dear
And almost think they still are near

And when I trace my mother's voice
From where I first learned to rejoice
I find me float in one sweet stream
Down an childhood's dancing stream

But when Alas that voice no more
Echoes from memories distant shore
That placid stream with darkness wave
Divides me from a distant grave
Oblivion hems my brightest view
And mocks me when I call things new

I was the most joyless

When menaces first began to dawn
I was unsheltered and a storm
Rolled to the ransack dark and drear
Then my young heart sprang to steel of fear

I fled as in a stranger's land
Not kindred care I parents' hand
Waves high within the hostile beam

On stranger's bed I sought in vain
To rest me but the morrow came
With stark forebodings on my soul
Such as this pen has never told
Nor mortal man has scarce conceived
How much I feared how much I grieved
My heavy heart but a rest for some
Some resting place to call my own
But hope's last beam looks alone

And then the thought occurred to me
That I should span the trackless sea
And seek some land where none could trace
My weary footsteps over the waste

And there perhaps I'd win a name
At least an humble quiet claim
And though I trace the wide world round
Content nor quiet never found

The hope which soothed my youthful heart
Through changes now would not depart
I sought to drown in wild excess
My fondest dream of home and rest

But as the rudest moments flee
My deepest thought reflecting thee
An emblem of a happy home
I wish happy not to be alone