

Do know thyself O faithless man
Is but to know thou canst not stand

Thy word is but a fleeting breath
Once gone another lie is left

Then ask in whom you shall confide
And choose thyself who art best tried
And shun each thought that must impart
An iden of thy villain heart

But not content thou fair wouldst know
The depth of treacherous soul can go
Then ponder for thy own excuse
Find none and call a coward's trace

Again aspire to something great
And truly theme thou art most boast

Destitution marks thy morbid way
With wrecks of innocence, dismal ray

A sorrow which haunts thy blackened soul
On thy lone ear must ever toll
All through the day thy woes are nigh
Through night thy horrors magnify

The sorrow which thy deeds have brought
In others dwell within thy thought

O turn not from a gaze which brings
Our memories forth thy deepest sins
For thou shalt shun thyself in vain
Thou sweet and now must weep again

Then know thyself ~~corruptions~~ mass
But thou canst only know the past

January 1st 1868

The morning dawns No welcome voice
Shall fall upon my lonely cell
To bid my waking thought rejoice
Thine happy in the gay new year

Like the wild billows as they roll
Must answer to the hidden plain
So shall the accents of my soul
Reecho what it feels again

Though on the wild contending sea
Sweet echoes of my thought are here
Which bids me strive, send to thee
A glorious happy bright New Year

But God knows best the bright New Year
Has descended upon a new dark grave
And sorrows bitter hopeless dear
Has mingled with the change it gave