

Each morning sun is welcome here
 More welcome to depart
 In midnight slumbers I despair
 Of phantoms fears which never were
 Although they wound the heart

And thus I flit from change to change
 O'er life's uncertain path
 Through fancied bliss and desert range
 Whilst vague suspense the heart estrange
 A tear or mimic laugh

Nov 2nd 1864

O what a time our green horns are having
 I can well assure how they are disposed to
 to feel towards those about them. They scarcely
 believe they shall submit to the comes and goes
 of a discipline from which there is no retreat

These sandy panthers are so strong
 Are bowing low, with courage gone
 They forget to offer the discipline
 While snakes shiver through their frame
 And still regrets flash from the past
 While hope is hidden now at least
 They listen to miles ocean roar
 But find no exit no back door
 Each stern command which calls away
 Breaks not one instant of delay
 Ambition loses all desire
 Which last sought for stations higher
 But one least wish can now remain
 Which neither yet gives nor here's pain
 But through the darkness of the gloom
 Hope only wishes for friends and home
 Yet every instant waits to thought
 On things which follow self has wrought
 And the sore heart but wishes are more
 To burst and perish in its core
 A pain rejects the cannot speak
 Though felt in every pulse which beat
 To some great wrong or great desire
 The worn which dies not in the fire
 Thus I have felt and why not these
 Why lately ventured over the seas
 I lived and conquered all my ill
 And so may these with sterner will
 Though hard the task I broke the spell
 Of charm spell bind me fast to well
 Whilst in higher grades I chief advance
 And prospered somewhat with my chance
 The planets rolled within their spheres
 I wandered from my quiet room home
 And all in youth my heart felt clear
 Here lost since I last earnest to roam
 Though through my dreams they still were near
 To work me well I earnest alone