

The Sanguine

I limbered up a high high steep
 Through years of hardest toil
 And when I gained the rugged peak
 The expectant lands of soil
 My greatest hope had painted there
 The golden clouds upon the air
 Which inquiry there should meet
 The creaking steps beneath my feet
 And from the shock the golden ear
 In plenty on my path should pour
 And so the light was gained and I
 Stood sanguine on that mountain high
 No set had sought the golden gain
 Which fancy shows me from the plain
 I cast one glance upon the world
 It was then perhaps my last must careless
 In trimmings over a throng least
 Beneath the steep whilst vain regret
 Drove in each face. As the de holes
 The monarch of those lands of gold
 And then I eyes to feast
 Upon my unlooked golden field
 But naught I spied but barren dust
 And pebble stones to shatter my quest
 I gazed me then around the sky
 To see if those bright clouds were nigh
 But none was there with golden hue
 All dark and drear with mirky dew
 The scene was changed and I with all
 From hope to hopelessness must fall
 My golden dream of cattle made
 Was doomed to perish and to fade
 And thus the changes of this life
 From good to least from peace to strife
 We see the spring time fresh and green
 When one still night may rush between
 That and summer. To leave a scar
 Which cankers through the latest year

To Annie

Is not to fame that I aspire
 Nor heroes song & tune my eye
 To thee my Annie dearest friend
 Remembrance steals from off my pen
 As flaps the wild bird o'er the sea
 And rests him on some lonely rock
 The wing which once was wild and free
 Now droops far from its kindred flock
 When fancy paints in visions bright
 Ethereal ladies and fish of light
 A fairy land Elysian seas
 A daisy morning gentle breeze
 Sweet perfume breathes round the sphere
 Spring time blossoms through the year
 Hope joy and peace rests on the air
 And loveliness is blooming there
 No winter sear comes to dispute
 The season of its golden fruit
 Thus musing often as I stray
 Out on the lonely far away
 I there behold what is most dear
 And happiness brings up the rear
 Removing fancy we possess
 All that memory strives to bless
 No friendly voice no fond express
 No one to share such loneliness
 When oblivion spreads her mantle o'er
 What time has learned me to adore
 When man shall guide the car of time
 And guide oblivion to a crime
 When I forget to love my home
 And deem it pleasure thus to roam
 When all these I shall live to see
 Then Annie thoult forgotten be