

No pen shall paint the loosing woe  
I saw within that face  
The husky voice which asked to know  
With almost childlike grace

If I were of that mocking throng  
Which chased the frightful hours along

Unsympathetic race  
But then I cry the proffered store  
I do not ask but this I implore

Thou canst not mend my tattered sail  
To bear against the storm  
My hope is wrecked why fear the gale  
Which drives my bark along

Towards a shore where the great waves  
Must break and thunder o'er my grave

Shall I forget this wrong

Wouldst soothe to have a listening ear  
I've been so long in silence here

His power was loosed to this Logan  
If I am old, I once was young  
And life I prize as ever those  
Who still in innocence are young  
Ere time or self or fate shall sing  
That woe which languishes with men

A flame unseen within the breast  
A soul which never finds no rest  
A hapless life An endless chase  
Unward over a scorching waste

And if perchance one peaceful thrill  
Shall come to rest contenting will  
His limbs with memory And the past  
Mingles with the joys which could not last

Remembrance: Vainly still I bow  
Before thy shrine, and eaves now  
The muses flit o'er fancies plain  
That angel form I see again  
That cheering smile That music voice  
Comes back again. And I rejoice

O time O space from whence thy source  
Power infinite / might force  
Didst thou create then choose the way  
That we should steer through endless day

Thou hast lashed upon the Gulf of fear  
Without a compass haul and were  
For others than this useless chase  
Dost thou deem hast cursed the race

Peek on nature's face and see  
Where the Creator gives to thee  
The lot of clay of earth thy care  
Where none shall e'er his proffered share  
But through nature we may find  
All things more within its kind

The butterfly flaps out in spring  
Upon its gaudy insect wing  
To frolic through a summer day  
In autumn there to fade away  
And all its joys a life long cheer  
Hast come, hast passed, within the year

The salmon seeks some inland pool  
Through crystal shallows mild and cool  
There leave their young and waste away  
The offspring of a summer day

The honest dog, man's truest friend  
He first to welcome or defend  
Has lived, grown old and is no more  
Whose life is scarce one single score