

Warrior
The war that for a space did last
Now doubly thundering smelted the gale
And Stanley was the day
A light on Warlike's visage
And I saw his glowing eye
With dying hand below his head
He took the fragment of his blade
And shouted Victory
Charge! Charge! on Stanley on
While the last words of Warrior

To Emily
by the author of "The Maidens"
O Sweet-baby, hush!
Thy piercing cry my muse alarms
How all my senses rush
To meet the peace when children are
At night thy voice is still & yet still more
A nurse
An undying sure would be
Thy grief to bear;
Thou art mine ears offended
Thou, thy good, good, good, good, good
Thy heart, like a broken shell, shall be well
To tell the story of peaceful rest,
And quell the storm,
Thy good so sweet and warm
Thy cry my darling in due form
And quickly silence follows to all
Thy heart for a storm is best
A peace-bone for a squall
Thou art so far in the happiness
As flying as talabaster brittle, she has
When thou growest big I shall not love
Though now I must confess I love thee