

# **JOSEPHINE, AND OTHER POEMS**

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Josephine, and other poems by S. Tucker Clark

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**S. TUCKER CLARK**

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OTHER POEMS**



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AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

S. TUCKER CLARK.

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BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
BY GEO. C. RAND & AVERY.  
1856.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

153  
645

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,  
By S. TUCKER CLARK,  
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
CONGRESS

DEDICATION:

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To my Parents,

Who wiped away the tears that they were weeping  
Above their first born's grave,  
To smile on me, then in my cradle sleeping,  
And bless the God who gave;  
To them I dedicate this little token,  
A pledge sincere,  
That as the golden strings of life are broken,  
And death draws near,  
Their *only* son, a staff to them shall prove,  
And bear them gently in the arms of love.

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## P R E F A C E .

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WITH many misgivings, I present this offering to those, who, by chance, may be so fond of reading, as to read every book that is published.

Those even who examine may disapprove; and I may, when I become a man, blush that I ever exposed my boyish attempts at verse-making; but be that as it may, if it is true that "a great book is a great evil," my offence is but trifling.

*Happy Alley, July 8, 1856.*

S. T. C.



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**JOSEPHINE:**

**A HISTORICAL POEM.**

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*Handwritten signature or initials.*

P R O E M .  

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ANSWER, oh, heartless pretender,  
Deeming fair woman can render  
    Only a service most menial!  
Where is the loving and caring,  
Watching and praying, while sharing  
    Even *thy* life course so varying?

Ushered in infantile weakness,  
Into a world where true meekness,  
Virtue and candor seem obsolete —  
Man finds a home and a safe rest,  
Pillows his head on a pure breast,  
Tenderly bearing his helplessness.

Leaving the world, how his death throes,  
Bodily anguish and soul woes  
Yield to the breath of true sympathy.  
Soothing the pain throbs so gently,  
Pointing to heaven all intently,  
Woman, thy mission angelic is.

Of such a being I write now:  
Bring me fresh leaves and a lithe bough  
Torn from the evergreen laurel tree;  
Let them be dipped in the fountain  
Flowing from Helicon mountain,  
That I may crown her loved memory;