

**SONGS AND
BIRTHDAY
GREETINGS**

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Songs and birthday greetings by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**SONGS AND
BIRTHDAY
GREETINGS**

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AND

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

WRITTEN AT "THE WOOD."

TO MY DEAR CHILDREN,

TO WHOSE KINDLY WELCOME IS DUE ALL THE LITTLE

POETRY HEREIN CONTAINED,

THIS SMALL BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD-SONG

IS DEDICATED.

THE WOOD, 1878.

THE WESTMORLAND WALL.

There's many a garden gorgeous and wide,
There's many a gay parterre
Where roses and lilies grow up in their pride,
And fountains spring up in the air —
I'm not so sure but the best of them all
Is the garden we find by a Westmorland Wall !

Here the fairy Cup-lichen like silver grows,
Here the Fern bends its feathery crest,
Here the Pansy, the Violet, and sweet Wild Rose,
And the Woodbine we love the best,
For its crown-like blossoms to worship call,
And incense breathe from the Westmorland Wall.

Here velvety Mosses of many a hue,
Here the grass of Parnassus so fair,
The Speedwell's eye filled with a heavenly blue,
And the soft yellow Poppy is there ;
And mists of the mountain, and bright dewdrops fall
On the gardens that grow by a Westmorland Wall.

The Robin sits singing in hazel-bush by ;
He has found there a home to his mind ;
A grotto-like home, where his nestlings may lie,
Which nor school-boy nor pussy can find ;
And the Lark soars and sings from his grass-bower small,
Which lies at the foot of the Westmorland Wall .

And the stones — from whence came they ? some
boulders from far,
Some, rounded from rivulet bed,
Some, fell from the height of a weather-worn Scar,
Some, once over meadows were spread ;
And whose hands but the 'Statesman's, from home-
stead or hall,
Could so cannily build up the Westmorland Wall ?

What would you besides ?—Here are flowers and song,
Sweet perfume, and birdie's soft home,
Old stories in stones, tales of men leal and strong ;—
Then come, little children, all come,
And learn the good lessons God teacheth to all
From the moss-covered stones of the Westmorland Wall.

SNOW IN ADVENT.

It cometh down from heaven,
So cold and purely fair,
A spotless mantle given
To nature every-where.

O'er Earth's unsightly places
It spreads a robe of white,
And giveth heavenly graces
From sources out of sight.

Where all was grey and faded
In Winter's dreariest reign,
Each tree and plant is braided
With beauty's robe again.

A drapery it disposes
Along the hedgerow line,
And sets the lingering roses
Within a crystal shrine.

On pinnacle and tower
It hangs in saintly fold,
And wraps with gracious dower
The sculptured marbles old :

Gives stillness to the city ;
O'er all created things
Extends, as if in pity,
A hush of angel-wings :

Each gossamer enchases,
Each tiny sprig adorns,
And, silently, it places
Heaven's blossoms on Earth's thorns.

Nursling of cloud and ether !
Born of the frost and dew !
Fain would our soiled world wreathe her
In thee, with grace anew !

Methinks, in bridal vesture,
One Advent-day she waits
Till glory shall invest her
From the celestial gates :