

# **THE EMIGRANT OF 1845**

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The Emigrant of 1845 by Chas. Wm. Schumann

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**CHAS. WM. SCHUMANN**

**THE EMIGRANT  
OF 1845**



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OF

1845.

BY

CHAS. WM. SCHUMANN.

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## NOTE.

I HAVE consented to the printing of this little work at the urgent request of friends, who thought the merit of the sentiments expressed would outweigh deficiencies of metre and imperfection of idiom which I have not leisure to reconstruct, and therefore the kind consideration of the reader in mitigation of adverse criticism is solicited by

THE AUTHOR.

## THE EMIGRANT.

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ALTHOUGH thousands live among  
you,  
And yet thousands may be coming,  
Still their simple, singular ways  
Will remain to you a secret.  
If you wish to know a people,  
Know if the great immigration  
To this hospitable country  
Be a blessing or an evil—  
At their own home learn to know them,  
Learn to know their ways and manners,  
Learn to know them in the country  
Where, by dearest, pious customs,  
Are developing true hearts—  
To the village follow me  
On a summer's Sunday morning;



THE EMIGRANT.

See the trooping children playing  
On the meadows, in the groves,  
As if angels lent them wings  
Are they hovering to and fro,  
Merrily, from charm to charm ;  
Every pebble, every flower,  
Is a wonder yet to them ;  
Yet the purest innocence  
Fills their little hearts with love,  
Yet they live in paradise.  
Nature seems to them transformed,  
Light and colors brighter seem,  
Sweeter seems the atmosphere,  
With so little are they pleased.  
Youth is ev'n barefoot, happy,  
Wants not more than sun and air,  
Frugal meals and play-grounds fair ;  
Rich and poor, in their delight,  
In their happiness are equal—  
Each and all do laugh alike.  
Gloomy thoughts of grief and care,

THE EMIGRANT.

With their dismal haggard face,  
May yet wait outside the gate.  
By the rays of happiness  
Are the gloomy thoughts dispersed;  
Dead and deafened, grief and care,  
By the chants of merriment.

Suddenly the church-bell rings,  
Through their mirth its solemn sound;  
Hear! it calls to them a duty,  
The *first* duty of their life,  
Be it painful, be it pleasant,  
Duty never comes alone,  
Silent with it enters "care."

Simultaneously they all  
Fold their hands, and do not move,  
Do not stir, cast down their eyes—  
Shouts of joy and play are stopped—  
For it tells them that the pastor  
In the church says the Lord's Prayer.

THE EMIGRANT.

Touching is the innocence  
When the babe, in willow wagon,  
Also folds its little hands  
By the last stroke of the bell,  
Broken is the holy spell ;  
With the " *amen* " are they free—  
Re-assumed is play and glee.

In the air is warbling sweetly,  
O'er the meadow, the skylark,  
Higher, higher—sweeter, sweeter,  
In the blue he disappears,  
Joining more of unseen singers,  
Still their joyous song is heard ;  
Winged and kindred to the angels,  
From them, messengers to us,  
Bringing happiness and bliss.

Raptured, list'ning here below,  
Is the child with throbbing heart  
Waiting till he re-appears ;