

BALLADS OF THE HILLS

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Ballads of the hills by John Foster

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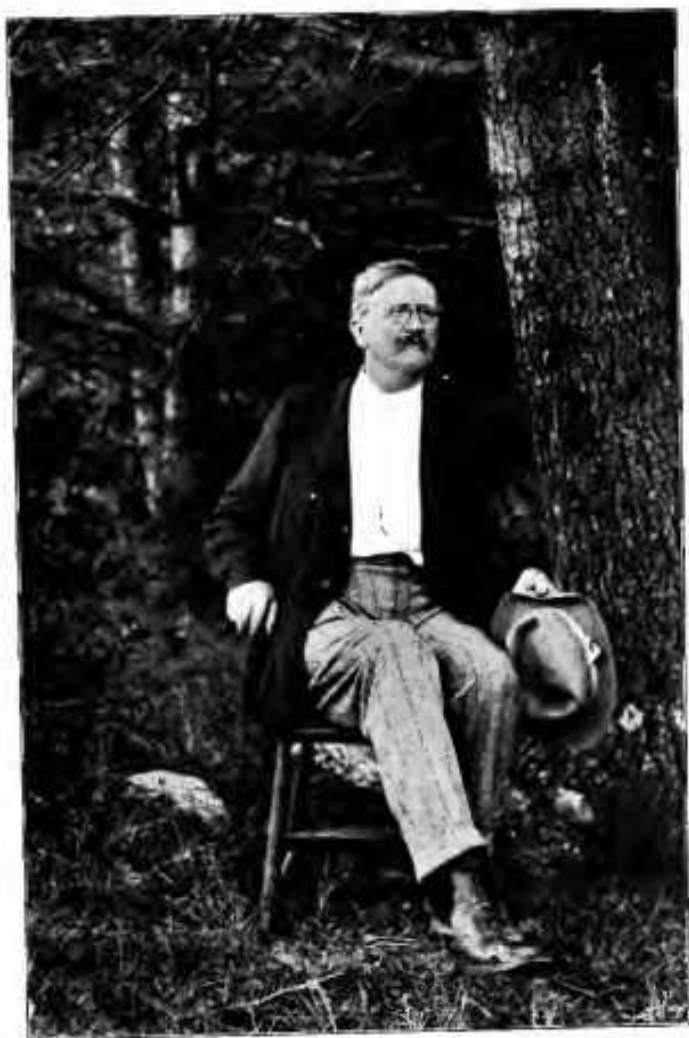
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JOHN FOSTER

**BALLADS OF
THE HILLS**



Dear Friends:

Who read my heartfelt lines
I send you greeting from "The Pines."

John Foster

Ballads of the Hills

BY
JOHN FOSTER

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**I dedicate this volume of poems
to the surviving members of my
College Class, Dartmouth, 1876,
every one of whom I love and
honor.**

FOREWORD.

To him who loves nature and nature's God many hidden things are revealed. The brook's laughter on its way to the sea is music to his ear. The breeze that sways the maples and the lordly pines sings to him a divine anthem in praise of the great Creator.

Such an one is John Foster, poet, scholar, and friend of mankind. Like Abou Ben Adhem of old, if asked by the recording angel what should be written of him, he would say, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." A child of nature, he loves the woods, the streams, and the hills of his native state; her stalwart sons and fair daughters, many of whom have passed to "that bourne from which no traveler returns," whose praises find such tender expression in these simple, yet beautiful, "Ballads of the Hills."

FRANK H. COLLEY.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

THE OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS.

I linger on the wave-washed shore,
Where time's grim wreck my vision fills,
But turn my longing heart once more
To old New Hampshire's hills.

Those storied heights, how oft of old,
I've heard from lips now still and cold
The tale,—long years ago the fathers came
And gave to each a lasting name.

To me it is the same old joy
To stand upon their rock-crowned crests,
And view their solemn grandeur,
As years ago when but a boy.

Above their features, stern but fair,
There floats the incense of pure air;
O'er each there clusters song and story;
Each has a legend, each a glory.

I venerate where'er I stand
The works of the great Master hand,
But most of all the Titan skill,
Which made my dear old native hill.

BALLADS OF THE HILLS.

Oh, the homes upon the hillsides
And the friends who once lived here!
Tho' some still linger, some have gone;
To my heart they all are near.

There are graves upon the hillsides,
Round which fond memories flow;
O'er some there floats a tiny flag;
On some the violets grow.

O sleepers on the grand old hills,
Can you hear the robin sing?
And the linnet when he trills his lay
On restless, quivering wing?

Do you know the beauties of the morn,
The soft, sad shades of eve?
The glorious foliage of June,
Or tint of autumn leaves?

The loves of years are buried there;
Fond, faithful hearts are still,
Waiting for the angel call
To be heard among the hills.

Sitting here upon the shore,
Old faces seem to come once more,
Whispers of love I seem to hear;
Dear ones, I feel you 're ever near.

E'en now, as in the past, you 're true;
Rest on, and when the Master wills
That I may go,
I 'll camp among the hills with you.