

**IANTHE AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Ianthe and other poems by Carlos D. Stuart

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**CARLOS D. STUART**

**IANTHE AND  
OTHER POEMS**



IANTHE:  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

BY  
CARLOS D. STUART.

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"Mother, it was for thee I toiled—I shall return  
With health's clear beaming eyes to thy fond arms,—  
Hope's golden string has tuned my swelling soul,  
Ambition lights her torch, and Phoenix like,  
Sours from the ashes of ill fortune's urn!"—GENT. OF LIONS.

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1843.

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TO MRS  
MRS. J. H. B. B.

TO ELEAZER PARMLY,  
AND  
SAMUEL W. PARMLY,  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.

M191933





## INVOCATION.

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The harp hath but a passing strain,  
And wakens o'er life's sea,  
The murmuring that shall die again,  
And loose its melody—  
The bird hath sung on summer-bough,  
In wood, and festal bower,  
Though mute its lips of music now,  
Which charmed us for an hour:  
Yet, to the heart that harp-strain went,  
That sweet bird's pleasant song,  
And low within our bosoms pent,  
Their memories ever throng.  
We bless the harp, we bless the bird,  
For each soft thrill they woke,  
And all our holier feelings stirred,  
Their fading spells invoke!  
It was a gentle song, they sang,  
As morn peeped through her bars,  
And soft as seraph's music, rang  
Beneath the evening stars—

## INVOCATION.

The trembling soul must echo it,  
    Though other lips have thrilled ;  
It was the deep unspoken song,  
    That all our spirits filled.  
O, if my lay shall charm one heart,  
    As harp and bird hath done,  
My toil has finished well its part,  
    My fondest dream is won !  
The sun and shade, the hope and fear,  
    The faith and doubt were mine ;  
From these I wove with many a tear,  
    The garland at the shrine—  
My guerdon but the morning air,  
    And yon sweet star above,  
Which beams upon the soul's despair,  
    With all the light of love :  
Thanks, to the lips which bade me sing,  
    The kind, the good, the true ;  
To them, to all, the harp I bring,  
    And bid them here adieu !  
Tears unto those who sit in tears,  
    And smiles to smiles are given ;  
Through tears and smiles in coming years,  
    I strive as I have striven.

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