

**THE TEMPLE OF  
JUSTICE AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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The Temple of Justice and Other Poems by George W. Dunn

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**GEORGE W. DUNN**

**THE TEMPLE OF  
JUSTICE AND  
OTHER POEMS**



T H E  
TEMPLE OF JUSTICE

*AND OTHER POEMS.*

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BY GEORGE W. DUNN,  
RICHMOND, MISSOURI.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.:  
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF RAMSEY, MILLETT & HUDSON.  
1892.

JK

I have collected and now republish in this volume, poems written by me at irregular intervals during the last forty-five years, and heretofore published from time to time as they were written.

When I commenced my career as a lawyer, I determined to devote myself wholly to my profession; and I wrote the poem entitled "The Harp—My Last," believing at the time that it was the last piece of poetry that I would ever write. But neither the fascinations of the practice of law, with its sharp conflicts of disciplined legal minds, nor the grave and responsible duties of a position on the Bench for nearly a quarter of a century, were sufficient to extinguish altogether my early love of poetry and song. Accordingly, writing occasional poems has furnished many pleasant episodes in my busy professional and official life. And this was no waste of time, because the same mental processes are called into requisition in tracing the beautiful shades of thought that find expression in poetical language, as in exploring the elementary principles of the law as a science, and in determining the logical relations of its fundamental truths.

GEORGE W. DUNN,

RICHMOND, MISSOURI,

January 30, A. D. 1882.

Revised - 7 July 1925



## CONTENTS.

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The Temple of Justice.....	9
The Ermine and the Harp.....	11
The Harp—My Last.....	13
The American Eagle.....	16
Cynthia.....	17
Our Flag.....	18
Man—A Pilgrim.....	19
Ambition.....	21
Æolian Harp.....	22
A Scene on the Kentucky River.....	23
A Night Storm.....	25
The Stranger.....	27
Invitation.....	29
The Bard's Choice.....	31
Matrimony.....	32
The Wounded Bird.....	33
The Cottage Glen Mary.....	35
Dying Address of the Far West.....	37
A Sister's Soliloquy.....	39
Inconstancy.....	43
Absence.....	45
A Sprig of Cedar.....	46
Reflections at a Funeral.....	47
Address—May-Day Celebration.....	49
The Bachelor.....	51
Sympathy.....	53
Psalm XXIV.....	54
The Hebrew Captives.....	56



Vashti's Doom.....	57
Hadassah.....	60
Jephthah's Daughter.....	64
Caleb's Blessing.....	66
Moses' Song.....	67
The Vision of Eliphaz, the Temanite.....	69
Job's Lamentation.....	70
Man's Days.....	71
Our Lord's Ascension.....	72
Life.....	74
Ambrosia.....	75
The Prisoner's Wedding.....	76
Metempsychosis.....	84
To Nellie.....	85
A Portrait.....	86
Truth, Love and Beauty.....	87
Miss Birdie Almond.....	89
The Past Year.....	90
The Sword of Damocles.....	91
Gen. James Shields.....	92
Death of President Garfield.....	94

## POEMS.

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### THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

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DEDICATED TO THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

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There stood in Eden once, as legends tell,  
A regal temple, bathed in heaven's own light ;  
But when our happy parents sinned and fell,  
That temple felt the avenging curse and blight ;  
And would have sunk in deep and endless night ;  
But God in mercy had its fragments thrown  
O'er all the earth, and now they greet our sight  
Where'er we go, in every clime and zone :  
Each fragment of that temple is a precious stone.

In after ages on Moriah's brow,  
King Solomon a wondrous temple raised,  
Built as was shown upon the mount ; and now  
We do not marvel that the nations gazed  
Entranced, or that the Queen of Sheba praised

117

The master architect ; for ne'er before  
Had earth's admiring millions stood amazed  
In view of such a structure ; never more,  
Perhaps, will such a temple greet us on Time's shore.

But we are workmen on a temple, too,  
A glorious temple shielding human rights ;  
And if we labor as good men and true,  
Our consciences will bring us such delights  
As duty, faithfully performed, invites.  
Then bring for this grand temple precious things—  
Sapphires and rubies, emeralds, chrysolites :  
We do not build on vain imaginings ;  
We trace the streams of truth to their celestial springs.

Through coming ages will our temple stand,  
The grandest product of man's mind and heart ;  
Its dome and spire point to the better land,  
Its walls and towers attest the builders' art.  
I only ask to bear an humble part  
In fashioning the work—to have my name  
Inscribed upon its walls ere I depart ;  
I ask but this, and make no other claim  
To that which heroes bleed for, and the world calls Fame.

APRIL 10, A. D. 1875.

J. G. V. M.