THE POEMS OF FREDERICK LOCKER

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The Poems of Frederick Locker by Frederick Locker

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FREDERICK LOCKER

THE POEMS OF FREDERICK LOCKER



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THE POEMS

FREDERICK LOCKER



NEW YORK WHITE, STOKES, AND ALLEN 1883

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POEMS OF FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE OLD CRADLE.

AND this was your Cradle? Why, surely, my Jenny,

Such cosy dimensions go clearly to show

You were an exceedingly small pickaninny

Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flow'd in a much-troubled channel;

I see you, as then, in your impotent strife,

8 POEMS OF FREDERICK LOCKER.

A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,

Perplex'd with the newly-found fardel of Life.

To bint at an infantile frailty's a scandal;

Let bygones be bygones, for somebody knows

It was bliss such a Baby to dance and to dandle,—

Your cheeks were so dimpled, so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your Cradle; and Hope, a bright spirit,

With Love now is watching beside it, I know.

They guard the wee nest it was yours to inherit

Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future, Love welcomes it smiling;