CRUMBS OF VERSE

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Crumbs of Verse by T. Uph.

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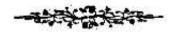
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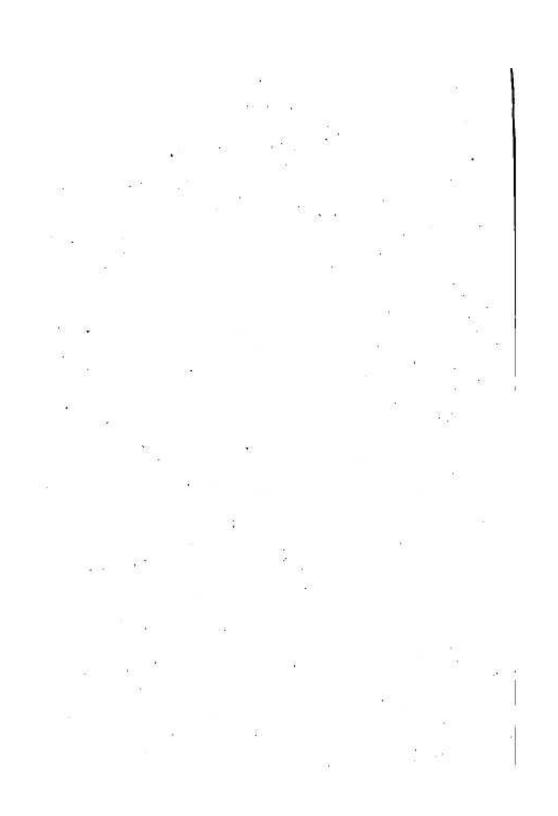
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DEDICATION.

Mother and Sister, each and together, Each full of help, and each full of comfort, Who always love, and who never hate, Whose anger is slight and doth quickly abate,

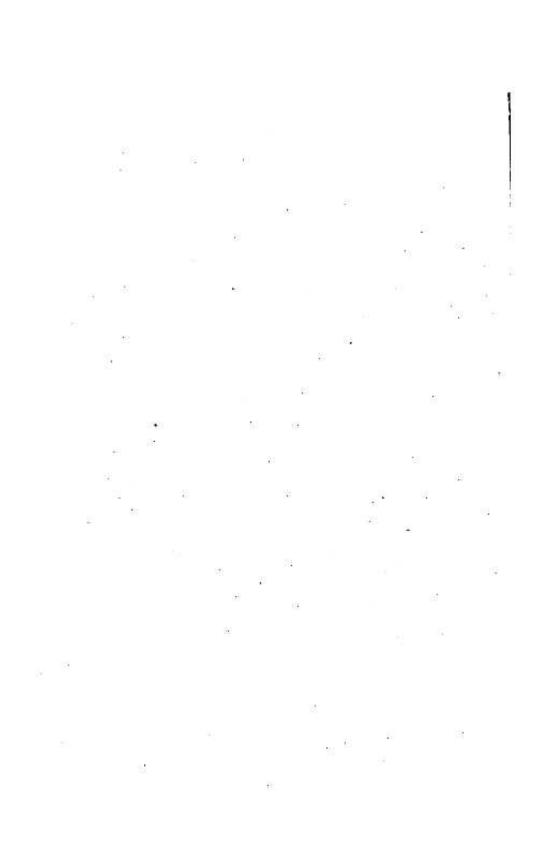
To you are these lines dedicated.

I, to your memory, never can fashion

Statues in stone to endure many years,

I can but lay this small tribute before you,

I can but love you in smiles or in tears.



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GOOD FRIDAY.

There is a garden close beneath the walls
Of Holy many-towered Jerusalem;
Where spreading trees subtend delightful shade,
Giving relief from Eastern burning sun,
Where, too, near splashing fountains seats are set,
Inviting wearied men to sweet repose.
Here Jesus stands, and round Him are reclined
Eleven, for one is not now of them.
'Tis night-time, and the sounds of earth are hushed;
The insect droning and the sighing wind
Alone break through the stillness of the night.
There is no moon, she is afraid to shine,
Foreseeing shameful deeds and treachery vile.
Christ leaves His friends, and wanders on alone,
Praying for strength against his evil day;