ROSE BUDS: A NEW-YEAR OFFERING TO MY FRIENDS

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Rose Buds: A New-Year Offering to My Friends by Harriet Annie Wilkins

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HARRIET ANNIE WILKINS

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ROSE BUDS;

NEW-YEAR OFFERING TO MY FRIENDS.

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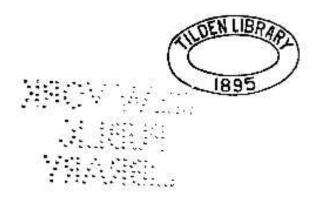
"Little bads to you I beloz,

Nature's simplest offering."

NEW-YORK:

GREEN & SPENCER, 140 NASSAU-STREET.

1849.



LEAVIT, TROW & Co., Prs., 49 Ann-street.

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ROSE BUDS.

CONSTANTIA.

'Tre night on Rome! and through the arching blue
Of Italy's clear heaven, come, one by one,
The host of stars to light their angel-lamps
At the last beacon of the parting day.
'Tis night on Rome! sleep to the weary babe,
Love's sweetest dreams to young unclouded souls,
The dance and song and revel to the gay,
And steadfast toil to those who thirst for fame,

Come with the eloquent stillness of the hour! The crescent moon, with soft, mysterious gaze. Looks downward where the Coliseum rears In solemn stillness, its majestic front. Through prison-bars she throws a chequered beam, Yet brings no light to thine enshadowed soul, Young, innocent Constantia. Never more Shall the cool night, with her attendant stars, Greet those soft, loving eyes. It is the hour Of weakness, when thy fervent, woman-soul Clings achingly to earth; when faith grows dim, And the deep, searching agony of love Wrings the poor heart with voiceless tenderness; When tears come not to ease the bitter throb. The last deep anguish of sick heart and brain; And the firm will, the calm, enduring soul, Bend like slight reeds in the resistless gush Of love and sorrow! Where, ch! where shall Hope Find even a thread to cling to—when the pall Of Death is falling fast to still the pulse,

And wrap the warm limbs in its icy folds.

Grief hath an eloquence which Joy knows not;

Tears swell the fountains of the heart, till floods

Of burning words pour forth, and those pure wells

Of thought once troubled, never more are calm.

Such words, such tears are hers, the young, the fair,

The angel innocent, as now she pours

Her spirit on the night.

Alas! must I depart?

Shall the deep silence of the seeled tomb

Wrap in its awful unimagined gloom

This full and throbbing heart?

The night is fair above;

Its voices murmur softly to my soul,

And clouds across my spirit-vision roll,

And shapes around me move,