

**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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YEAR OFFERING TO
MY FRIENDS**

ROSE BUDS;

A

NEW-YEAR OFFERING TO MY FRIENDS.

By Harriette.



"Little buds to you I bring,
Nature's simplest offering."

NEW-YORK :
GREEN & SPENCER, 140 NASSAU-STREET.

1849.



LEAVITT, Trow & Co., Prs.,
49 Ann-street.

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ROSE BUDS.

CONSTANTIA.

'Tis 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 unshadowed 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 aight reeds in the resistless gush
Of love and sorrow ! Where, oh ! 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 sealed 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,