

**LOST AND WON: A
RHYME OF DARK
AND DAYBREAK**

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Lost and Won: A Rhyme of Dark and Daybreak by Tarpley Starr

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TARPLEY STARR

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A RHYME

OF

DARK AND DAYBREAK.

[Stair, Tarpley^{by}]

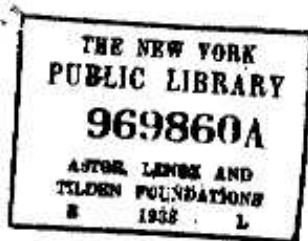
What is it—this wave within us,
Heaving to and fro so grandly,
Ebbing, flowing, in strange round,
Unto some mysterious motion,
As a shell might hold a sound
From some deep and far off ocean?

"Which way I fly is hell:
Myself am hell." —MILTON.

"We always may be what we might have been:
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life—can always be redeemed from death."
—PROCTOR.

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DEDICATION.

IN THE
INTEREST OF THE
YOUNG MEN OF OUR LAND,—
OF OUR GRANGES, AND LODGES, AND
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, IS THIS LITTLE BOOK WRITTEN.
TO THEIR GENEROUS ATTENTION AND SHEL-
TERING SYMPATHY IT IS TIMIDLY
TENDERED BY THEIR
COUNTRYWOMAN,

TARPLEY STARR.

CLARKE COUNTY, VA., *May*, 1874.



P R E F A C E .

* * * * *

And where the brooding Peace Dove dwells
— These Temples built of God
Upon Time's sand,—

What worship may they not afford,
When into holiest reverence awed,
All the grand soulful service swells
At His command?

What strains Æolian not accord,
When heaven-tuned string the touch compels
Of angel's hand?

But doors and windows banging to the blast
— Where in the loft, the dragon sleeps,—

No choir to sing;
Nor worship paid. Down slimy steeps
The reptiles crawl; and darkness keeps
Its owls and bats to flounder past
On clingy wing,

And the mad wandering tempest sweeps
A-wailing through — and shuts at last
This ruined thing.

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