

# **DRIFTING; SONGS AND SKETCHES**

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Drifting; Songs and Sketches by Robert Rexdale

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**ROBERT REXDALE**

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AND SKETCHES**



Drifting  
Songs and Sketches.

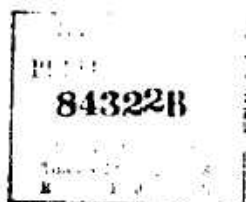
BY  
ROBERT REXDALE.

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*From the Press of Ford & Rich.*

"It is one thing to write what may please our friends; who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biased in our favor; and another to write what may please everybody."—*Cooper*.



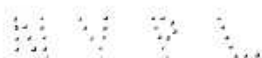




*DRIFTING.*



**F**AIREST maid of rarest days,  
Pomona's child with golden tresses!  
I loiter in thy sylvan ways,  
My heart is warm with thy caresses.  
And o'er again, as in a dream,  
I voice the words the spell is wreathing,  
As in the reeds beside the stream  
Pandean pipes are lowly breathing.  
I think of one whose starry eyes,  
And laughter through the woodland ringing,  
And shy caress, and tender sighs,  
Attuned the poet's heart to singing.



And like Ausonian king of old,  
I listen to the wood nymph's pleading,  
While this poor form of human mould  
Plods sadly after fancy's leading.

O river rippling to the sea,  
Thy silver waters, softly stealing  
In shadowed beauty o'er the lea,  
Awake the slumbrous chords of feeling.  
And on thy waves of rosy light,  
Seen in my boyhood's happy vision,  
I'm drifting from the shores of night,  
To isles of rest in realms Elysian.



*TRANSIT OF VENUS.*

**F**ULL oft, O Venus! heaven's dearest star,  
My eye hath sought thee through the silent night!  
In fancy traced thy far empyreal flight  
From Paphos' isle of silvery-crested light,  
Borne in thy golden car!

A brooding calm seemed on the western seas,  
As if to list thy swans' soft rustling wings!  
A hush as when some love-lorn naiad sings  
To dreamful sleep beside their crystal springs  
The nymphs Hesperides.

Across the wave no cry of frightened bird,  
No tempest's voice, no sound of laboring oar,  
Came on the Night's soft whispers to deplore  
Thy gracious presence over sea and shore,  
No fluttering pinion stirred.

O tranquil hour!—sweet olive branch of peace,  
Plucked where life's stormy deluge billows roll!  
Come thou again to cheer the weary soul,  
And bid it quaff from joy's o'er-brimming bowl,  
Till its vain longings cease.