

**OSIRUS AND OTHER
POEMS, PP. 1-161**

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Osirus and Other Poems, pp. 1-161 by Joseph J. Coughlin

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OSIRUS

AND OTHER POEMS

JOSEPH J. COUGHLIN



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OSIRUS

In the purple dusk of even when the twilight soft
is falling
And the lengthening Autumn shadows in the
sombre forest loom,
When the zephyr's mournful whispers in low ca-
dences are calling
And daylight fast is merging into solemnness and
gloom,
Sits the old Osirus crooning o'er sad youthful visions
fleeing
Through his aged brain, as wearily bows he his
hoary head,
While ceaselessly within his breast his withered
heart is beating
As the last spark slowly dying in a watch-fire that
is dead.

Stands before him like a monument of youthful
scenes departed
Nature's vast primeval forests, clad in Spring-
tide's mild array;
And misty tears of sorrow to his weary eyes have
started
As hushed in drowsy silence fades the grandeur
of the day.
Ah! his vision oft has wandered to that vain and
hapless region
Where manhood first had wakened in a breast
that knew no fear;
Where his youthful joys were many, and his manly
woes a legion.
All have come to taunt his presence now, when
lurking Death is near.

There, a stripling, tall and slender of the Massa-
chusetts nation,

Had he wandered through their tangled depths
full many moons ago.

A perfect type of redman, noblest of his God's crea-
tion,

Beloved by all his people, hated by his people's
foe

Fleet of foot was he and agile as the deer upon the
border,

Swift his arrow as the lightning from the darken-
ing clouds above.

Fled the foe before his tomahawk in fear and wild
disorder;

Trained his noble breast to mercy and his yearn-
ing heart to love.

In the wild haunts of the woodland oft his nimble
footsteps roaming

Startled from their drowsy slumbers weird and
savage beasts of prey,

Whose burning orbs gleamed baleful in the twi-
light's dusky gloaming

As their angry cries re-echoed in the softly dying
day.

Swift upon its journey fleeing from his ever faith-
ful quiver,

Sped the arrow always ready at the youthful
brave's command;

One mighty upward motion, one long convulsive
shiver,

And another foe had fallen by that strong, un-
erring hand.

Thus the Springtime of existence charming years of
youthful gladness,

Like the breath of cherished memories onward
sped in golden flight.

Ah! how swiftly doth our pleasures yield to mourning
grief and sadness
Like the waning of the summer moon in starlit
fields of night;
Or the blaze of autumn glory o'er the western hills
descending,
Scarcely hallowing with saintly touch the part-
ing realms of day,
Ere the hollow roar of thunder mars the day's de-
lightful ending
And the darkening clouds are riven by the light-
ning's maddening play.

In the golden gleam of sunset by the Shawsheen's
murmuring water,
In the years that are but memory now he wan-
dered long ago
To woo the gentle Ora, Narragansett's fairest
daughter,
Beloved of young Osirus, yet the offspring of his
foe,
There their simple troth was plighted mid the pale
declining splendor
Of the long autumnal twilight rich in Indian
Summer skies;
When the lovers' ardent glances and words so soft
and tender
Boast their answer in the radiant glow of the
dusky maiden's eyes.

Yea; the sturdy son of Indu, famed for deeds of
strength and daring,
Had won the Princess Ora, though by her father
hated.
When the dark primeval forest Autumn's sober garb
was wearing,
And the wooing thrush of summer long since had
happily mated,