

**OSIRUS: AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649664542

Osirus: And Other Poems by Joseph J. Coughlin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOSEPH J. COUGHLIN

**OSIRUS: AND
OTHER POEMS**

OSIRUS

AND OTHER POEMS

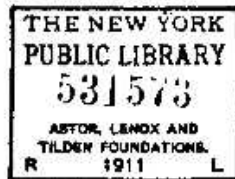
JOSEPH J. COUGHLIN



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1911

Copyright, 1912, by Joseph J. Coughlin

All Rights Reserved



THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON U. S. A.

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>Osirus</i>	7
<i>The Cotter's Sabbath Morn</i>	28
<i>The Legend of Miser Ben</i>	41
<i>The Butterfly and the Bee</i>	55
<i>Retirement of General Miles</i>	65
<i>Custer's Last Rally</i>	72
<i>John Storm, the Outlaw</i>	88
<i>The Corporal's Tale of Gettysburg</i>	100
<i>How the Deacon Saved the Day</i>	110
<i>When I Am Dead</i>	118
<i>Memory</i>	120
<i>Humanity</i>	123
<i>May</i>	126
<i>Treachery of Monteville</i>	128
<i>The Sword of Bunker Hill</i>	131
<i>My Bessie</i>	134
<i>Malvern Hill</i>	136
<i>Love's Dream</i>	139
<i>A Dream and a Vision</i>	140
<i>Melancholy</i>	142
<i>The Old Cow Path</i>	143
<i>Retrospection</i>	146
<i>Folly</i>	147
<i>Death of Napoleon</i>	148
<i>When Thou Hast Grown Old</i>	151
<i>To a Wild Red Rose</i>	153
<i>Weary</i>	154
<i>To Margaret</i>	155
<i>Life's Noblest Path</i>	156
<i>Erin</i>	157
<i>Vain Hope</i>	158
<i>Ponder</i>	159
<i>The Exile</i>	160
<i>My Little Sweetheart</i>	162

Revised June 5, 1911 S. H. S.

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
flecting
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 fleeting 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 parting realms of day,

Ere the hollow roar of thunder mars the day's delightful ending

And the darkening clouds are riven by the lightning's maddening play.

In the golden gleam of sunset by the Shawsheen's murmuring water,

In the years that are but memory now he wandered 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,

Then didst Osirus harken to a voice that spake
unto him

In the rushing of the north wind borne along the
the sombre night.

"Wed; for thou must hasten," spake the subtle
voice that knew him;

"Take thy bride and hurry northward; follow
fast the eagle's flight."

But he heeded not the warning, for his home to
him was dearer

Than the thought of fleeing northward as a cow-
ard in the night.

Thus as he sat and pondered that warning voice
grew nearer:

"Take thy Ora! Hasten northward, ere her
dead form blast thy sight."

Still he lingered on, unhappy for the spirit voice
distressed him,

Yet he could not bear his people thus to scorn
his craven heart.

So while he sat and listened, the more his grief op-
pressed him

Till the musings deep within him forced the bit-
ter tears to start.

By the Shawsheen's banks he wandered as the twi-
light shades were falling,

And his heart had grown heavy with the thoughts
of constant strife;

While across the gloomy waters that voice was ever
calling:

"Take thy Ora! Hasten northward if you wish
her for a wife."

Rose his boyhood now before him as a dream he e'er
would cherish,

And the scenes of youthful pleasure flashed before
his longing view.