

**GAZELLE: A TRUE TALE OF
THE GREAT REBELLION,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Gazelle: A True Tale of the Great Rebellion, and Other Poems by Isaac B. Rich

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ISAAC B. RICH

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THE GREAT REBELLION,
AND OTHER POEMS**

GAZELLE,

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A True Tale

OF

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THE GREAT REBELLION;

AND

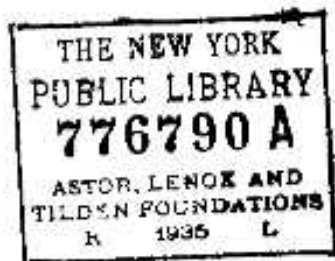
OTHER POEMS.



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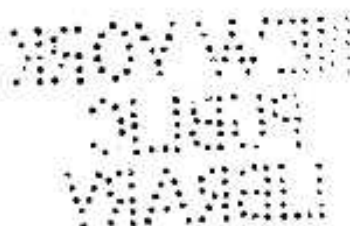
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to Librarian

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DEDICATED

TO

The Angel I saw in my Dream.

I HAD such an exquisite dream last night,
As I lay on my couch asleep,
That though it is June, and the earth is bright,
I only awoke to weep.
I dreamed that a flower which last winter froze
'Neath the storms from the pelting skies,
And folded its petals under the snows,
Away from our loving eyes,
Revived, in the light of its loveliness,
On the banks of the genial spring,
And put out its blossoms to cheer and bless,
Like the breath from a seraph's wing.

She parted the clouds where the sun went down,
With fingers like rosy shells,
And came, with the sweep of her hair so brown,
Abloom with pearl-colored bells.
Clad in the folds of a blushing cloud,
With a girdle of lilies white,

In tenderest beauty she over me bowed
Till I trembled with wild delight.
"Oh, you have come back to your dear old home,
To the hearts that have missed you so !
Our lives have drooped, and our joys are gone,
Since you were laid under the snow.

"But you have come back with your love again,
And gone is my desolate life :
I tramp in my joy on the weeds of pain,
And laugh at the cold world's strife.
Put off the flowers of the pearly hue,
The cloud with its foldings fair :
Your life in the angel-land is through ;
'Twas gingham you used to wear.
Come close to my side, and hear me tell
How the months have dragged along,
And the moments rung with a ceaseless knell,
But never a merry song.

"Come closer yet : I have dreamed before,
And I fear I am dreaming now,
That you wandered back from the shadowed shore
To our shadowed hearts below.
Oh, make me know I am wide awake,
And you have come back to me !
Else to-morrow morn my heart will break
'Neath the weight of its misery."
Her eyes looked sad, and she passed her hand
Over my burning brow,
And a balm dropped off from the "Better Land,"
As she said, "*You are dreaming now !*"

“When morning breaks, you will look for me
Through the house, and among the trees ;
But, darling, your eyes are too dim to see
Far over the purple seas.
I watch, I wait by the gates of light,
And my hand shall let you through,
When your days go down in the misty night
To a land that is bright and new.
I would come back through the gate of pain,
But only to comfort you.”
“Oh, no !” I sobbed : “ death has wrought you gain,
And I can toil up to you.”