

**POETRY**

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Poetry by Mrs. Abdy

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**MRS. ABDY**

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# P O E M S.



## BROKEN TIES.

The Broken Ties of happier days,  
How often do they seem  
To come before our mental gaze,  
Like a remembered dream ;  
Around us each dissevered chain,  
In sparkling ruin lies,  
And earthly hand can ne'er again  
Unite those Broken Ties.

The parents of our infant home,  
The kindred that we loved,  
Far from our arms perchance may roam,  
To distant scenes removed,  
Or we have watched their parting breath,  
And closed their weary eyes,  
And sighed to think how sadly death  
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,  
They too are gone or changed,  
Or worse than all, their love and truth  
Are darkened and estranged ;  
They meet us in the glittering throng  
With cold averted eyes,  
And wonder that we weep our wrong,  
And mourn our Broken Ties.

Oh ! who in such a world as this,  
Could bear their lot of pain,  
Did not one radiant hope of bliss  
Unclouded yet remain ?  
*That* hope the Sovereign Lord has given,  
Who reigns beyond the skies ;  
*That* hope unites our souls to Heaven,  
By Faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,  
Is sent in pitying love,  
To lift the lingering heart from earth,  
And speed its flight above ;  
And every pang that rends the breast,  
And every joy that dies,  
Tell us to seek a safer rest,  
And trust to holier ties.



## THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR.

Hark ! pealing bells salute the morn ;  
 They speak of joy—an heir is born !  
 Kinsman and friend now smile elate,  
 Glad tenants throng the castle gate,  
 While the proud father, in his joy,  
 Reads the sweet aspect of his boy,  
 And strives in every look to trace  
 The features of his noble race.

Babe of a high and honored line,  
 A bright and blessed lot is thine ;  
 Not for thy lands and forests wide,  
 Not for thy gilded halls of pride ;—  
 These may be phantoms to betray  
 Thy wandering feet from wisdom's way ;  
 No—on a simpler scene I rest,  
 And viewing it, I deem thee blest.

Within yon still and tranquil room,  
Shaded to soft and twilight gloom,  
Thy youthful mother, fair and good,  
Breathes forth her holy gratitude ;  
And while the thoughtless sons of earth  
Thy coming greet with festal mirth,  
She, in low tones of heartfelt prayer,  
Commends thee to thy Maker's care.

Her looks, her words, with gentle power,  
Shall guide thy steps in childhood's hour ;  
And when a flattering servile train,  
Extol to thee thy fair domain,  
And to thy titles bend the knee—  
Her's shall that best ambition be,  
To fit thee for a sphere more bright—  
The heirship of a realm of light !

## THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

Oh ! think not I can calmly see  
Thy second nuptial morn,  
Thou know'st with what delighted glee  
I hailed its former dawn ;  
How proud, how joyous did I feel  
Thy loved one to attend,  
And with a bridesmaid's eager zeal  
Adorn my gentle friend.

I clasped the string of costly pearls,  
Thy gift in courtship's hours ;  
I placed upon her shining curls  
The crown of orange flowers ;  
O'er her sweet face I flung the veil,  
Yet drew it half aside,  
That thy triumphant gaze might hail  
The beauty of thy bride !