

**LYRA AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649282807

Lyra and other poems by Alice Carey

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ALICE CAREY

**LYRA AND
OTHER POEMS**

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AND OTHER POEMS

BY ALICE CAREY,
AUTHOR OF
"CLOVERNOOK, OR RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE WEST,"
AND ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF
"POEMS BY ALICE AND PHERBE CAREY."



REDFIELD,
CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.
1852.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress,
In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-two, by
J. S. REDFIELD,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States, for the Southern District of New York.

75
1265
498

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POEMS BY ALICE CAREY.

LYRA: A LAMENT.

MAIDENS, whose tresses shine,
Crownéd with daffodil and eglantine,
Or, from their stringéd buds of brier roses,
Bright as the vermeil closes
Of April twilights after sobbing rains,
Fall down in rippled skeins
And golden tangles low
About your bosoms, dainty as new snow;
While the warm shadows blow in softest gales
Fair hawthorn flowers and cherry blossoms white
Against your kirtles, like the froth from pails
O'er brimmed with milk at night,
When lowing heifers bury their sleek flanks
In winrows of sweet hay or clover banks—
Come near and hear, I pray,
My plained roundelay.

Where creeping vines o'errun the sunny leas,
 Sadly, sweet souls, I watch your shining bands,
 Filling with stained hands

Your leafy cups with lush red strawberries;
 Or deep in murmurous glooms,
 In yellow mosses full of starry blooms,
 Sunken at ease—each busied as she likes,

Or stripping from the grass the beaded dews,
 Or picking jagged leaves from the slim spikes
 Of tender pinks—with warbled interfuse
 Of poesy divine,

That haply long ago

Some wretched borderer of the realm of wo
 Wrought to a dulcet line;—

If in your lovely years

There be a sorrow that may touch with tears

The eyelids piteously, they must be shed

FOR LYRA, DEAD.

The mantle of the May

Was blown almost within the summer's reach,
 And all the orchard trees,

Apple, and pear, and peach,

Were full of yellow bees,

Flown from their hives away.

The callow dove upon the dusty beam

Fluttered its little wings in streaks of light,

And the gray swallow twittered full in sight;

Harmless the unyoked team

Browsed from the budding elms, and thrilling lays

Made musical prophecies of brighter days ;

And all went jocundly. I could but say,
Ah! well-a-day!—
What time spring thaws the wold,
And in the dead leaves come up sprouts of gold,
And green and ribby blue, that after hours
Encrown with flowers;
Heavily lies my heart
From all delights apart,
Even as an echo hungry for the wind,
When fail the silver-kissing waves to unbind
The music bedded in the drowsy strings
Of the sea's golden shells—
That, sometimes, with their honeyed murmurings
Fill all its underswells;—
For o'er the sunshine fell a shadow wide
When Lyra died.

When sober Autumn, with his mist-bound brows,
Sits drearily beneath the fading boughs,
And the rain, chilly cold,
Wrings from his beard of gold,
And as some comfort for his lonesome hours,
Hides in his bosom stalks of withered flowers,
I think about what leaves are drooping round
A smoothly shapen mound;
And if the wild wind cries
Where Lyra lies,
Sweet shepherds softly blow
Ditties most sad and low—
Piping on hollow reeds to your pent sheep—
Calm be my Lyra's sleep,