FUGITIVE POEMS

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Fugitive poems by Emma Gelders Stern

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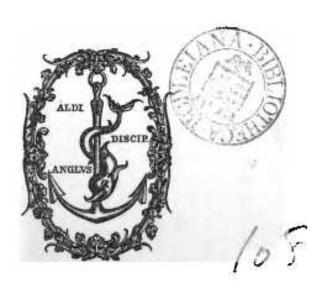
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BY EMILY





LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1848

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FUGITIVE POEMS.

TO VICTORIA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A LL hail thee, gracious Lady! star of our little land!

The free-born Sons of Britain, a brave unfettered band.

Yes yes; the British Nation is a noble, benny thing, Her sons to majesty and might with trustful homage cling. We're not too proud and scornful to bend and bow to laws, To uphold our Sov'reign Lady—and her good and rightful cause.

All hail thee, Queen of England—brave bearts the true and free,

The noble hearts of Britain all cleave and cling to thee.

Fear not, bright Queen of England! let no shade nor shadow dwell

Upon the ocean of thine heart; we love thee much too well.

We are a goodly people, and we have a goodly Queen,

And we'll uphold her on her throne right royally, I ween.

We've seen enough of anarchy to mar its seeming mirth;

For France is full one hundred years gone back upon the
earth!

God save thee, Queen Victoria, nor fear but that the free, The loyal hearts of Britain will cleave and cling to thee.

Old England is a happy land, that knows and feels its power;

'Tis no sport for revolutions; no creature of an hour; Its brave hearts are its bulwarks, and it braves the whole world's shock,

Which falls about as harmless as a billow on a rock.
God save thee, merry England! thou art a happy land;
Thy free-born sons a trustful and a brave and loyal band.
God save thee, Queen Victoria! nor fear but that the free,
The noble hearts of Britain will cleave and cling to thee.

Joy wait thee, gracious Lady! thy banner woos the breeze; The lion-flag of England is unfurled upon the seas.

What matters it how nations with dissensions may be torn? Believe it, Sov'reign Lady—British hearts are better born. We cleave to those who care for us, and love our gentle Queen.

And we'll uphold her on her throne right royally, I ween. God save thee, Queen Victoria! fear not, for hearts, the free, The trustful hearts of Britain all cleave and cling to thee.

MY BROTHER DROWNED IN THE R. M. S. P. "TWEED" 1846.

MY brother, is thy lowly grave
Beneath the wand'ring ocean's wave?
Could there be found no other pillow
To lull thee, dear one, but the billow?

And can it be that thou art dead,
Without one word of comfort said
To cheer thee on that lonely track?
Ah! Richard, canst thou not come back?

I could have borne to see thee die
With friends, and aid, and comfort nigh;
That feeling were akin to bliss,
And happiness compared to this;
Afar, upon the wat'ry main
To meet death's ageny and pain,
And down upon a rock-bound bed
To join Creation's mighty dead!

Thou wert so hopeful, true, and brave, And yet to sleep beneath the wave, No church-yard stone to mark the spot That covers o'er thy lowly lot! Nothing can sid thee, dear one, now, The light has parted from thy brow, And mournfully the wild winds wave Around my poor lost brother's grave.

Not long ago I saw thee stand
In blue cloth clothes, and cap and band,
So blithely on the quarter-deck,
Awhile before that fatal wreck.
But who can tell what thou didst feel
When clinging to that paddle-wheel?
Amidst the foaming waters dash,
The thunder's sound, the lightning's flash!

High-hearted one of earth, farewell,
The sea struck out thy funeral knell,
And mournfully thy requiem toll'd
When mighty billows o'er thee rolled;
That fated bark went down at sea
With souls in number seventy-three,
And, Richard, thou hast found a grave
Beneath the wand'ring ocean's wave!

HEARTS THAT DO NOT CHANGE.

A DOWN the vale all fair things glide,
Borne onward by Time's rapid tide,
Away to come no more;
And vainly do we mourn, and think,
And trouble, o'er each fading link,
That binds the chain of yore.

Yet we must grieve for friends that fade,
The friends we knew before the shade
Of dark distrust had gleamed;
Or that sad thought had taken birth,
That hearts most prized upon the earth
Were not what they had seemed.

For of all things that mortals know,
To gem the pathway here below
In all this world's wide range;
There come no booms so bright and true,
So fair and faultless in their hue,
As hearts that do not change.