

FUGITIVE POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649165810

Fugitive poems by Emma Gelders Stern

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

EMMA GELDERS STERN

**FUGITIVE
POEMS**

FUGITIVE POEMS

BY EMILY



105

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1848

CONTENTS.

	Page
T O Victoria, Queen of Great Britain	5
My Brother drowned in the R. M. S. P. "Tweed"	
1846	6
Hearts that do not change	8
The blind One	9
I love the gentle Moonlight	9
The Beautiful	10
There are some Hearts cannot forget	11
What art thou, Life?	12
Child and Mother	13
Stanzas to Waverley	15
Faint not upon the Road	16
The absent Ones	17
To the Flowers	17
Sombrero	18
Louis Philippe	21
The Wedding	22
Kindness	23
Bartan Grey	23
Song	24
The Dirge of Death	26
The Desert Horse	28
Monody	28
To the Hop Planters	30
Conclusion	32





FUGITIVE POEMS.

TO VICTORIA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL 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, bonny 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 right-
ful cause.

All hail thee, Queen of England—brave hearts 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 agony 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 aid 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 boons so bright and true,
 So fair and faultless in their hue,
 As hearts that do not change.