

**FRAGRANT
FLOWERS, AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649587810

Fragrant Flowers, and Other Poems by Daniel A. Drown

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

DANIEL A. DROWN

**FRAGRANT
FLOWERS, AND
OTHER POEMS**

TESTIMONIAL.

We the subscribers, for the benefit of strangers, most cheerfully testify to the worthiness of this intention of the author to relieve himself from pecuniary indebtedness, to which he is continually subjected as an invalid; and we would assure the benevolent and charitable, that any aid he may receive from the sale of this volume, or otherwise, will afford immediate relief to one who has experienced long years of unusual and constant suffering in darkness.

(Signed,) CHARLES BURROUGHS, *Portsmouth, N. H.*
A. P. PEABODY, " "
WILLIAM LAMSON, " "
HENRY D. MOORE, *Portland, Me.*
J. W. BONHAM, *Lowell, Mass.*
MOSES GRANT, *Boston, Mass.*
T. STARR KING, " "
ALVAH HOVEY, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

FRAGRANT FLOWERS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

DANIEL A. DROWN,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"Dark, dark is my pathway, if bright the sun shine,
And the pale moon ride in her chariot above,
Yet the flowers, the birds with their music are mine,
And mine is the converse of friends that I love.
Why then should I weep, when they speak unto me
Of the beauty and grandeur I never may see?"

"That I never may see! O, no! I have hope
In ONE who will yet turn my steps to the light;
Not always in darkness my spirit shall grope,
For the glory of heaven shall burst on my sight,
When that morning shall dawn, oh! then shall I see
The beauty, the brightness, now hidden from me."

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
245 WASHINGTON STREET.

PORTSMOUTH:
JAMES F. SHORES, JR. AND JOSEPH H. FOSTER.

1860.

PS 1554
D6F7

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

University Press, Cambridge:
Printed by Welch, Bigelow, and Company.

DEDICATION.

THOUGH these Flowers have silently bloomed in the valley of sorrow, encompassed with the shadows of a painful adversity, and therefore may not exhale fragrance like those which are gathered along the sunny paths of health and prosperity, yet

THE AUTHOR

would humbly venture to present this little offering

TO THOSE THOUGHTFUL FRIENDS,

who have so generously extended to him their Christian sympathies and their disinterested benevolence, as a willing token of his grateful appreciation of all their kindnesses.

POEMS.

THE WARRIOR'S BRIDE.

On the river's green bank, near the edge of the wood,
The low wigwam of Meenar in solitude stood ;
The green boughs of the hemlock waved gently above,
Like an angel of peace o'er the nest of a dove.
Here in silent repose modest violets grew,
On whose fair tiny forms early glistened the dew,
The faint type of that purity, goodness, and love,
Which so freely distils from the fountain above,—
And the carols of birds at the morn's early gleam,
With sweet silvery tones from the pure crystal stream,
Their glad echoes united in joyful acclaim,
As they breathed forth their praise to the Great Spirit's name.
The sweet-smelling spruce and the balsam grew nigh,
E'er distilling their gifts, with a murmuring sigh,
As the wind whispered through them as mildly it past,
Or as sunshine peeped through, and its bright glances cast
On her face, as she sat, undisturbed, by the door,
And repeated the song of her happiness o'er,
As her small graceful fingers the green willows wrought
Into fanciful forms, which her own skill had taught.

Thus contented and happy, one warm summer day,
When nature around was all blooming and gay,

She sat on her pallet of deerskin alone,
Thinking only of him who that morning had gone
O'er the hill in the distance, with arrows and spear,
To hunt for the bison, or swift-footed deer.
She remembered with pleasure his last parting word,
Which had reached her warm heart and true sympathy stirred,
As he stood by her side, and looked lovingly down
To her dark sparkling eyes, which saw never a frown
Overshadow the brow of her own chosen brave,
Who his last breath would give her dear life to save.
Thus the day wore away, as with feelings serene
She there quietly mused on the beautiful scene,
Which had dawned on her life in her own native home,
Where as queen of the forest she freely might roam.

When the shadows of evening grew speedily on,
For his coming she watched, with the game he had won,
And with long earnest gaze looked far o'er the plain,
In the hope of beholding her true love again,
As the dark forest shade he should first leave behind,
And employ as his servant the fragrant west wind,
To announce his return to his beautiful bride,
Who he knew would be wishing her brave by her side.
But night its dark curtain soon drew o'er the sky,
And the glistening stars peeped like gems from on high,—
The murmuring stream and the whippoorwill's note
In such mournful low cadences seemed now to float
On the cool evening air, through the tall waving trees,
That the tidings of evil were borne by the breeze.
Still he came not,—no other sounds fell on her ear,
Save these two plaintive tones, which awoke every fear,
And with slow measured pace pausing oft by the way,
To discern if some light could be seen far away,
Where encamped he might resting in safety remain,
Till the morn should enlighten his pathway again,
She eagerly listened the first sound to hear,
Which might prove that his footsteps were then drawing near.

Still another bright morning peeped over the hills,
And the sunshine danced lightly o'er sweet flowing rills,
Yet no sign of his camp on the mountain was seen,
And no blue curling smoke in the valleys between, —
Not a sound in the distant green woodland was heard,
Save the sighing of winds which the long branches stirred,
And the rushing of waters now truthfully seemed
The responses of sorrow of which she had dreamed.
Disheartened she turned to her now dreary home,
Where all sleepless she sighed that he longer should roam,
And her favorite lays lost their power to cheer,
For her feelings forebode that some danger was near.

When the shadows of evening were gathering fast,
And the moon its pale light on her wigwam had cast, —
Which had bridged the clear stream with its silvery light,
On which fairies might cross in the stillness of night, —
A faint sound in the distance caught Meenar's quick ear;
And she listened with eagerness plainer to hear.
But deep silence seemed quickly on all things to rest,
Like an infant asleep on its fond mother's breast,
When a footstep much nearer distinctly was heard,
In the dark shadows round, which all quiet disturbed, —
For no signal came floating upon the still air,
To announce that brave Worba, the chieftain, was there;
And before she could turn from the danger away,
A stern voice by her side had compelled her to stay.
Then a band of fierce warriors gathered around,
And her delicate wrists with strong ligaments bound,
While they mocked at her grief, — whose sad tears were the jest
Of her merciless foes, who would give her no rest.

Alas, now, for Meenar, the beautiful bride,
Who had thought to herself no dread ill could betide,
While she feared but for Worba, her true noble brave,
Who, perhaps, in the forest had found his lone grave