

**THEODORA: A
CHRISTMAS
PASTORAL**

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Theodora: A Christmas Pastoral by Francis Howard Williams

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FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS

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lic. BY FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS. *su*

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1852

M. S. M.

35158B


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DEDICATORY.


I THINK some lives there be that weave a thread
Of God's own sunlight through the woof of Time;
Whose presence permeates a wintry clime
With summer's sense of joy; whose generous bread
Is cast upon the waters. Such have fed
The deepest human hunger, and my rhyme,
Freighted like some quaint mediæval chime
With Heaven's blessing, would to such be wed.
Take, then, this slender tribute from my hand;
Mayhap the bud may one day break to flower;
Yet, if not so, thy love will leap the bars
That hedge fruition in a barren land,
And still thy soft eyes on my life shall shower
A light as holy as the patient stars.



THEODORA:
A CHRISTMAS PASTORAL.

HIME, chime,
Chime, chime,
Louder and lower,
Now farther, now nearer,
Chime, chime,
Faster and slower,
Now fainter now clearer,
On to eternity
Swinging forever,
Time, time,
Time, time,
Wondrous maternity,

Hiding endeavor
Forever, forever,
All, all,
With a mantle of mould.

 TIME, time,
Time, time,
On thy tide bearing
The young and the daring,
The timid and old;
Revealing despairing
And pitiful faces,
By torches that, flaring
And flung from their places,
Go out as a tale that is told.
Rhyme, rhyme,
Weave me a story
Of sorrow and glory,—
Of glory as golden,
And sorrow as olden
As time, time;