

**A TENT BY THE
LAKE AND
OTHER POEMS**

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A Tent by the Lake and Other Poems by D. J. Donahoe

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BY

D. J. DONAHOE

L. C.



NEW YORK
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER

1889

M.S.M.

DEDICATION

TO HON. JOSEPH W. ALSOP, M. D.

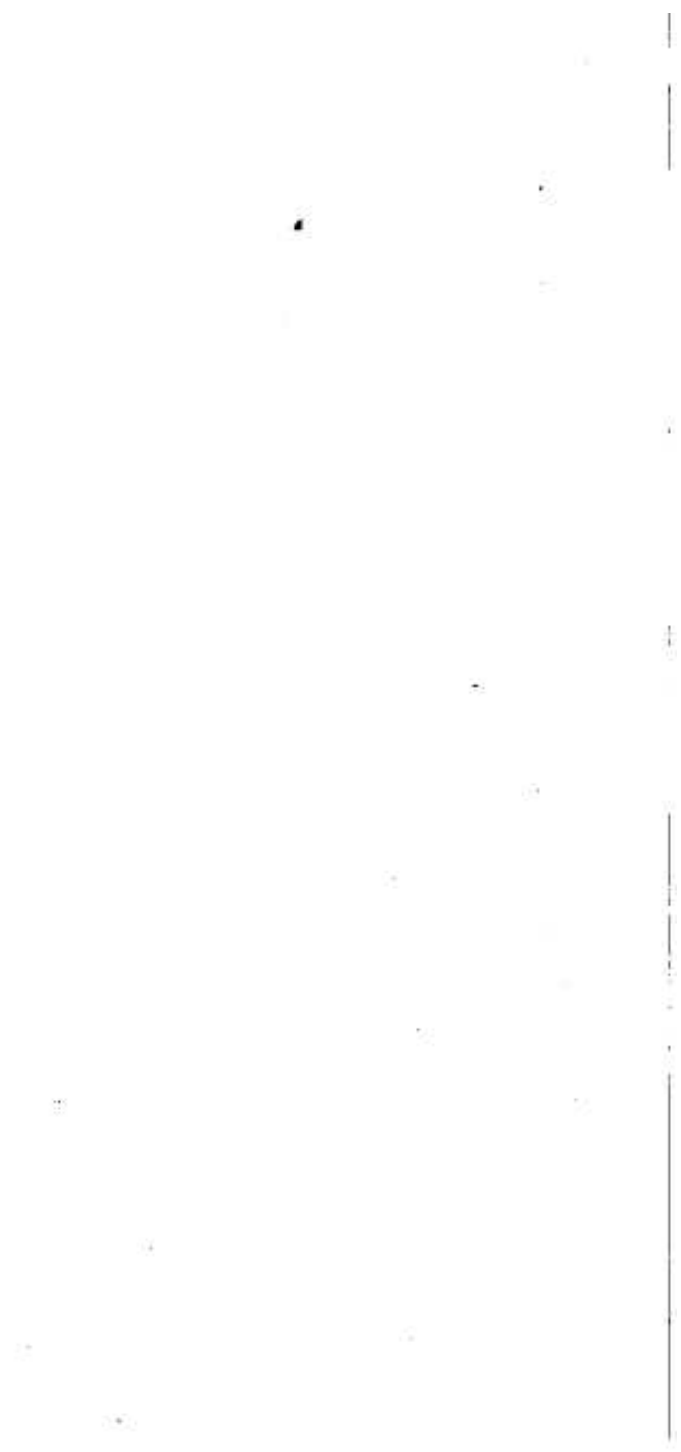
Arawans, Middletown, Conn.

These songs are thine, O Friend, for from thy groves,
And meadow lands, and streams the voices rose
That gave them being. Like the dews of morn,
In showers of joy, or love, or tenderness,
Or sacred grief, or sympathy, they came,
Soothing my restless soul with healing thought,
And in thy name they go again, to bring
To other hearts the sweet and pleasant dreams
That oft have wooed my weariness to rest.
The songs, O Friend, are thine; a simple wreath
Of wild-flowers plucked from forest and from field,
Whose odors breathe of joy, and grief, and love.

Edwin Thomas to J. W. Alsop, January 1945

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A TENT BY THE LAKE.

THE FIRST DAY.

'Twas when the year had passed the
time
Of juicy Spring and Summer's prime,
And donned her robes of gaudiest dye
Her faded freshness to supply ;
When from the orchard o'er the field
The gathered fruit the rustic wheeled,
And all day long beneath the hill
The tired horse labored at the mill,
Pressing the cider from the cheese,
While at the sweet tide sipped the bees,—
'Twas then, the toils at book and pen,
And lectures dry from learned men,
Three college friends resolved to shun ;
And each with knapsack and with gun
To field and forest hied, to gain
Refreshing change and ease from pain.

'Tis sweet to seek the squirrel gray
That lightly leaps from spray to spray;
Or the shy partridges' grown brood
That slyly sit outside the wood
Among the tangled juniper,
Till with a sudden hum and whirr
They sweep away, the startled ear
Learning too late what game was near.
So thought these friends as fast away
They hurried that October day,
O'er stubbled field and bushy glen,
Far from the humdrum haunts of men.

William Walton, young and tall
Was the handsomest of all;
Spine well-curved and shoulders broad;
None could pass him on the road,
None could pull an oar so well,
And his comrades used to tell
That no man in all his class
Him in learning did surpass.
Solitude he loved, and eke
Nature's sweetnesses to seek;
Often when the sunset tinged
Arawana, verdure-fringed,
He was seen alone to stray
Musing on the mossy bray;
Oft, ere Morning's luminous eye

Waked sweet smiles along the sky,
His lone boat was seen to glide
O'er Connecticut's slow tide.

Josiah Ashley, far less light
Of spirit, seemed a duller wight,
A plodder, slow to grasp a thought
And slow to let it slip when caught ;
One who well knew the worth of toil,
And seldom spared the midnight oil.
His face was furrowed even now,
And a dark knot was on his brow ;
His eye was stern, his mood demure,
His speech was slow, his words were sure ;
Falsehood he spurned with more than
hate,

He worshipped facts, and loved debate,
And looked with reverential awe
For fame and honor to the Law ;
Yet suffered he his well-trained tongue
To join at times in social song.

The third, young Arthur Esterley,
Was far the merriest of the three ;
Of fair smooth face, a slender boy,
But he was full of life and joy ;
His very eyes would laugh and play
And twinkle with a genial ray ;