

**AMARANTH BLOOMS: A
COLLECTION
OF EMBODIED
POETICAL THOUGHTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649156917

Amaranth blooms: a collection of embodied poetical thoughts by Mrs. S. S. Smith

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

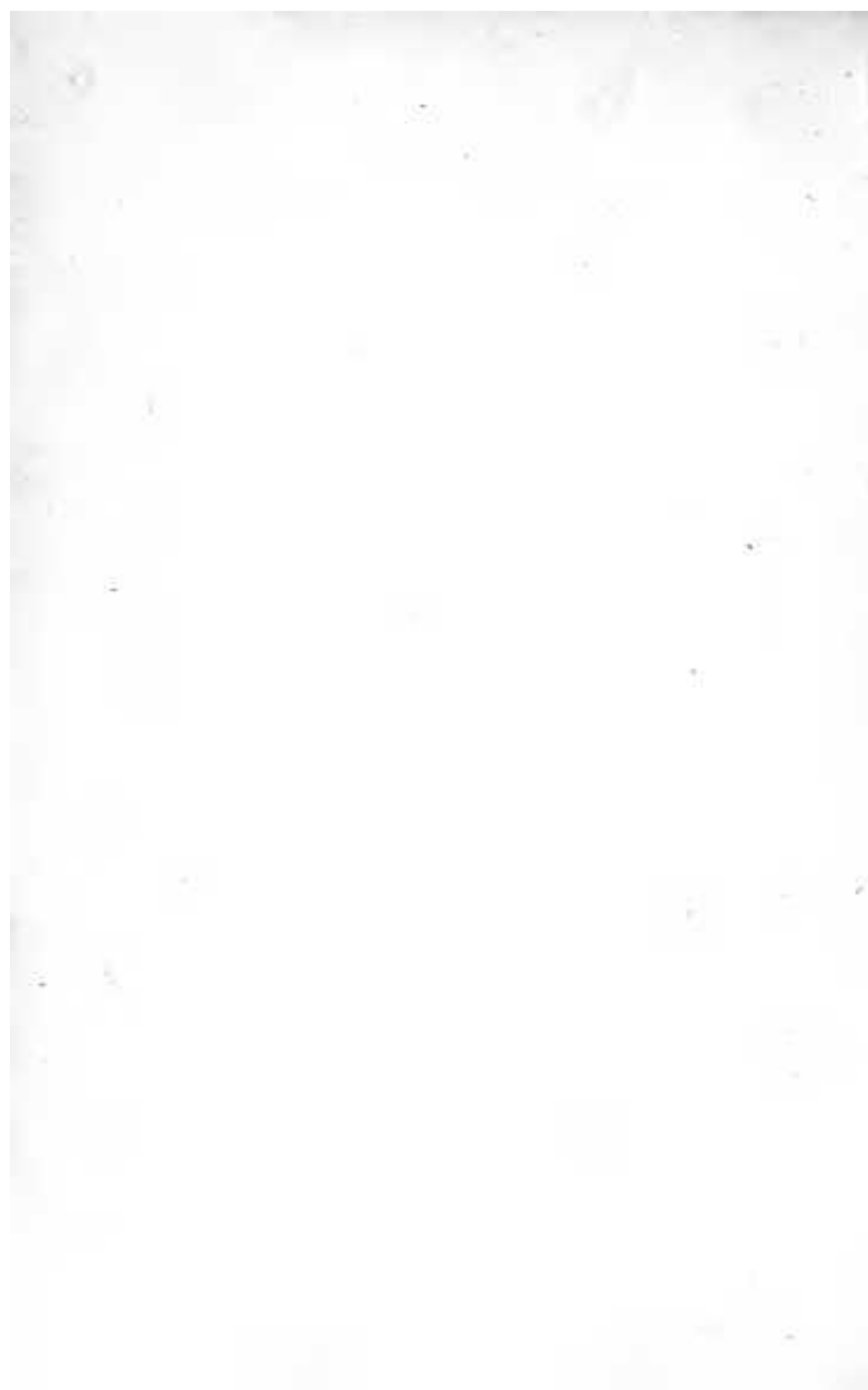
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MRS. S. S. SMITH

**AMARANTH BLOOMS: A
COLLECTION
OF EMBODIED
POETICAL THOUGHTS**

TO
MY AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS,
THESE POEMS ARE
VERY RESPECTFULLY, GRATEFULLY,
AND MOST SINCERELY,
INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Minstrel Bride,.....	1
The Healing of Naaman the Syrian,.....	8
Isadore, a tale of truth,.....	13
Return of Spring to the Invalid,.....	16
I'm Sitting all Alone, Mother,.....	19
The Wounded Bird,.....	20
The Broken Hearted,.....	23
Charity,.....	28
The Invocation,.....	31
Isabel,.....	33
In Memory of Mrs. R.,.....	35
New-Year Greetings,.....	37
In Memory of Mr. J. P.,.....	39
The Wintery Night,.....	42
To Miss M. L.,.....	43
Summer Musings,.....	46
The Angels' Call,.....	48
In Memory of Countess Ossoli,.....	50
The Egyptian Vulture,.....	53
My Valley Home,.....	55
The Star of Destiny,.....	58
A Reply,.....	61

	PAGE.
A Romish Legend of St. Peter,.....	64
The Three Portraits,.....	66
A Dirge,.....	69
Autumn,.....	72
The Evening Hearth,.....	74
Norwich Valley,.....	76
Songs of Death, (Recollections of the Dying,).....	78
" " (To Jeana in Heaven.).....	80
The Country Clergyman,.....	82
An Impromptu,.....	84
Guido's Dream,.....	85
The first Grave of the Settlers,.....	88
Lines Written in an Album,.....	89
Lights and Shadows,.....	91
Little Mary,.....	93
May-Day Greetings,.....	94
Orphan Willie,.....	96
On the Death of the Poetess L. E. L.,.....	99
To Mrs. —,.....	101
The Dying Poet's Soliloquy,.....	103
Inez and Imelda,.....	105
The Welcome,.....	108
The Exile,.....	111
Spring,.....	114
The Parisian Flower Girl,.....	116
Little Henry,.....	118
To Mrs. G. L.,.....	121
To an only Brother,.....	124
Autumnal Dirge,.....	127
The Artist's Last Work,.....	129

	PAGE.
New-Year Greeting in 1846,	133
To Little Viola C.,	136
Communing with Christ,	138
Ode to Spring,	141
In Memory of Mrs. J. H. L.,	143
" I See—A light—I'm almost home,"	146
King David's Choice,	148
Spiritual Communings,	151
The Tulip,	154
Elegiac Stanzas,	156
Zayda,	158
Midnight Murder of the Duke D'Enghein,	160
To Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,	164
Robin Grey,	167
The Step-Child,	169
The Father's Lament,	172
To Jenny Lind,	174
A Sunset Scene,	175
New-Year's Eve, 1851,	177
Lines Addressed to an Infant,	180
The Gift of Song,	182
The Guardian Spirit,	183
The Wandering Mariner,	184
Contrast between the Righteous and Wicked,	188
" A strong Man will carry me over the Mountains,"	190
The Sunset Burial,	193
To my Sister in Heaven,	195
Lines Written by the Grave of a beloved Mother,	197



The Minstrel's Bride.

THE silver lamps shed a festal light
 O'er the young and fair that met that night,
 To list to a minstrel's thrilling strains,
 Where the sweet Wair flow'd o'er the verdant plains.
 The soft prelude with its rounding swell,
 Trembled a moment, then rose and fell!
 Then changed to a clear and pealing strain,
 That shook each antique Oriel pane,
 While the silent throng held their breath to hear,
 As those silvery notes died on the ear!

Whence came that strain, with its wildering spell?
 Not from the organ's deep-toned swell!
 Nor flute, nor clarion, breathed the lay,—
 'Twas a youth that sang; the kindling ray
 Of his dark eye shone like a diamond bright,—
 More clear and soft than the Opal's light.
 His pale high brow, like a maiden's fair,
 Crown'd with clustering curls of raven hair,
 Wore a calm, serene, and holy light,
 Like the jewel'd brow of a starry night!

All hearts were stir'd by that glorious strain,
 'Till tears fell fast like the summer rain!
 But there was one 'mid the charmed throng,