

**POEMS**

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Poems by Frederick Goddard Tuckerman

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**FREDERICK GODDARD TUCKERMAN**

**POEMS**



P O E M S .

BY

FREDERICK GODDARD TUCKERMAN.



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

1864.

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### ERRATA.

- Page 53, line 15, for "poles" read "polla."  
" 89, " 13, " "bog-hut" read "log-hut."  
" 114, " 3, " "smiles" read "smile."  
" 120, " 16, " "Rhotruda" read "Ithotrude."  
" 141, " 15, " "plaint" read "paint."  
" 152, " 17, " "Let" read "Yet."  
" 162, " 17, " "raftsmen" read "raftsman."  
" 178, " 12, " "splashed" read "plashed."  
" 199, " 6, " "give" read "gave."  
" 234, " 4, " "earthly" read "earthy."

## XXXVI.

FAREWELL ! farewell, O noble heart ! I dreamed  
That Time nor Death could from my side divorce  
Thy fair young life, beside whose pure, bright  
course

My earthly nature stationary seemed ;  
Yet, by companionship, direction took,  
And progress, as the bank runs with the brook.—  
Oh ! round that mould which all thy mortal hath,  
Our children's, and about my own sere path,  
May these dim thoughts not fall as dry and vain,  
But, fruitful as March-dust, or April rain,  
Forerun the green ! foretell the perfect day  
Of restoration,—when, in fields divine,  
And walking as of old, thy hand in mine,  
By the still waters we may softly stray !

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(continued on next of this leaf)

# P O E M S.

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## PART I.

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### November.

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Oh! who is there of us that has not felt  
The sad decadence of the failing year,  
And marked the lesson still with grief and fear  
Writ in the rollèd leaf, and widely dealt?  
When now no longer burns yon woodland belt  
Bright with disease; no tree in glowing death  
Leans forth a cheek of flame to fade and melt  
In the warm current of the west wind's breath;

Nor yet through low blue mist, on slope and plain,  
Droops the red sunlight in a dream of day ;  
But, from that lull, the winds of change have burst  
And dashed the drowsy leaf with shattering rain,  
And swung the groves, and roared, and wreaked  
    their worst,  
Till all the world is harsh, and cold, and gray.