

**HUBERT AND ELLEN:  
WITH OTHER POEMS**

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Hubert and Ellen: With Other Poems by Lucius M. Sargent

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**LUCIUS M. SARGENT**

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# HUBERT AND ELLEN.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

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THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.....BILLOWY WATER.....THE FLUNDERER'S GRAVE.....  
THE TEAR-DROP.....THE BILLOW.

~

BY

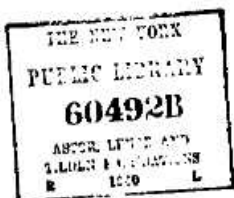
LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY CHESTER STEBBINS.

1812.



**DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:**

*District Clerk's Office.*

BE it remembered, that on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Clester Scribbs*, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—"HUBERT AND ELLEN. With other Poems. The Trial of the Harp....Billowy Water....The Plunderer's Grave....The Tear Drop....The Willow. By *Lucius M. Sargent*."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical, and other prints."

WM. S. SHAW,

*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

## DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

SHADE of my brother dear!  
Oft, at the silent close of summer day,  
Mem'ry does bring thee near;  
And often have I sought that hour, to pay  
The tribute of my tear.

For, if time's various tide does roll  
One hour, which, o'er thy gentle soul,  
Could reign, with more of magick pow'r,  
Than ev'ry hour beside,  
It was that sweet, that musing hour  
Of summer's eventide.

Not emulous, our friendly skiff's pursu'd  
 The track of life, down childhood's bubbling tide ;  
 And pass'd the flood of boyhood, wild and rude,  
 Like partners in the voyage, side by side ;  
 But, scarce the rapids of our youth were pass'd,  
 Scarce op'd before us manhood's ocean wide,  
 Ere thy fair vessel yielded to the blast.

Though Heav'n to both did equal love impart,  
 Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,  
 A riper genius, and a purer heart,  
 A life more virtuous, and an earlier tomb.

Oft gentle mem'ry's hand pourtrays  
 A thousand scenes of early days ;  
 Of boyhood's walks, and shady bow'rs ;  
 And youthful sports, and satchel'd hours ;  
 And task forgot, and winter night,  
 Wasted o'er tale and legend light,



Till ev'ry blast, we chanc'd to hear,  
 Did seem to bring the giant near.

Full oft a tear-drop mem'ry borrows,  
 When, thus her magick hand displays  
 Such simple scenes of former days ;  
 And yet that tear-drop is not sorrow's :  
 For tears, that flow at sorrow's call,  
 Are always felt, before they fall.  
 But here, when mem'ry brings to view  
 Dear early scenes, for ever gone,  
 The heart scarce feels how strong, how true  
 The lines by mem'ry's hand are drawn,  
 Before, unknown, the tear does part,  
 In tribute fair to mem'ry's art.  
 And scarce it parts, from nature's store,  
 Before it steals the eyelid o'er ;  
 And scarce an instant there does stand,  
 Before it trembles on the hand.

Thy meteor lamp of poesy,  
 That shone with gairish ray,  
 Did lure my heart to follow thee,  
 Mid fancy's airy way.  
 There have I pass'd my happiest hours,  
 Entwining fancy's fairy flow'rs.  
 And thus I now have wreath'd for thee  
 These simple flow'rs, in garland wild,  
 This chaplet of my poesy;  
 For thou wert fancy's dearest child.....

Brother ! to thee, if it were given,  
 To leave awhile thy rest in Heaven ;  
 If thou couldst weep, thy gentle tear  
 Would steal, of Hubert's fate to hear ;  
 And pity sure would dim thine eye,  
 At Ellen's love and constancy.  
 For ne'er a theme thy heart could move,  
 Like gentle woman's constant love.

And sure to thee did Heav'n impart  
 No fickle no inconstant heart.

Dear Spirit! I have heard thee say,  
 " If cruel fate should bear away  
 Her, who alone my heart can sway,  
 Oh! could that heart again be gay?  
 And could I ever, ever bear  
 To part this braid of auburn hair?  
 Though cold her little hands, that made  
 And fasten'd here this auburn braid,  
 Her heart, in Heav'n, would love me still!  
 And so, on earth, my heart should prove  
 Its tender and its lasting love;  
 Until, with me, this little braid,  
 Beside her, in the grave, were laid.  
 For, when in death my limbs grew chill,  
 Sure, none could be of heart unkind,  
 Sure, none, to constant love so blind,