

**EFFIE CAMPBELL,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Effie Campbell, and Other Poems by Joseph Truman

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JOSEPH TRUMAN

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AND OTHER POEMS**

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AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

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EFFIE CAMPBELL.

PRETTY Effie Campbell
Came to me one day ;
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,
Cheeks with blushes gay.

“ I'm so happy, Cousin,
Walter told me all,
In the carriage, coming
From the county ball.”

“ Have a care, Miss Effie—
Look before you leap ;
Men are fickle, Effie,—
Better wait than weep.”

“ Peace ! thou croaking prophet,
Love might be a crime,
And a kiss perdition,
Surly Peter Syme.”

Effie Campbell.

"Fear those first love whispers,
Thrilling, sweet, and strange ;
Eyes *will* wander, Effie,
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, Cousin,
With a glad repose ;
Heaven is won by trusting,—
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,
Love will not decay
When your step is slower,
And your hair grows gray ;

"And those eyes, so bonnie,
Look less bright than now ;
And the matron trouble
Blanches cheek and brow ?"

"Love may deepen, Peter,
But it will not die ;
Beat its pulse shall steadier,
If not quite so high.

"Smoother run the rivers
As they reach the sea,
Calm'd the noisy plunges—
Still'd the shallow glee.

“ True love knows no changing
From the dream of youth,
Or, if changed, 'tis better—
’Tis the dream made truth.

“ Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly reveres,
And the eyes see clearer
That have look’d through tears.

“ Beautiful for ever
The grief-soften’d tread ;
And the time-touch’d glances ;
And the dear gray head.

“ The pathetic paleness ;
And the lines of care—
Memory’s consecration
Makes these alway fair.

“ Lips that came close creeping,
Sweet low love to speak,
Kissing, oh ! so softly,
Weary temples weak ;

“ Eyes that look’d *such* pity,
Poor wild eyes above—
Can these lose their beauty
For the souls that love ?