

I FEAR THEE NOT.

- Why should I kneel into the dust
- Before my Maker grand,
- Expressing doubt that he is just,
- Why stay his guiding hand?
- Why should I cower 'neath his throne,
- Why pray to him on high,
- And why in misery should I moan,
- And in despair why cry?
- Why call him good, why call him grand?
- Why should I God adore?
- Why penance do, with folded hand,
- By flatt'ry him implore?
- Why should I beg in accents loud
- This human soul to spare?
- Why beg of him withhold the shroud,
- Till I his kingdom share?
- Did God but make the human form
- To praise forever him?
- Was but for this the human born,
- To follow out a whim?
- Did we receive a God-like form,
- A soul in fetters bound,
- Does ne'er awake a golden morn,
- But must his glory sound?
- Did God exclaim, "O call me great,
- My power thou must feel,
- I love to see what I create,
- As slaves before me kneel?"
- Must I, for what I asked him not,
- Forever go in chains?
- Is this my only earthly lot,
- Is this what life contains?
- I fear thee not, I look thee straight
- In thy all-seeing eye,
- And kneel I not before thy state,
- Yet hear I thy reply:

- "A being that but human ranks,
- With noble soul endowed,
- Asks no reward, nor praise, nor thanks
- For favors once allowed.

- "Wouldst thou the omnipotence think
- 'Yet less than human be?
- Expect divinity not to shrink
- From loathsome flattery?

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- Thy form I let an image be
- Of nothing less than mine,
- Thy soul has constant liberty,
- Shall ne'er in bonds repine.

- "Not ask I thee to be my slave,
- Nor for thy life atone,
- You asked not me for what I gave,
- My will it was alone;
- Arise from off thy bended knee,
- Cast off thy shackles bold,
- Look ever fearless up to me,
- My wishes now behold--

- "No idle words of praise are they,
- No homage do I ask,
- The laws of nature but obey,
- And thou hast done thy task.
- By nature are my wishes taught,
- These, man, O, study well,
- Then with thy Maker will thy thoughts,
- Thy soul, in favor dwell."

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THE POET'S LONGING.

- When a poet has arisen
- From oppressive mental night,
- When his shackles he has broken,
- By his genius seeking light,
- Virgin worlds has he created
- Undeiled by vulgar hand,
- But by him alone explored,
- Monarch of a fairy land.

- On a throne of airy splendor
- Soaring in a realm of light,
- By the muses all surrounded,
- He proclaims his royal right,
- And the worlds by him created
- Pass his eye in grand tourney;
- Rapt in awe, in admiration,
- Hours, days and ages flee.

- And with lofty inspiration
- Is imbued his yearning mind;
- Then refreshed at this fountain
- He returns to human kind;

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- Then extolling freedom's blessings,
- Bounteous nature, love supreme,
- To inspire his fellow-mortal
- With his ideal, is his dream.

- But in vain his voice is pleading
- In a cheerless, barren land,
- No responsive echo waking
- Forth no blossom brings the sand,
- And the cliffs, so cold, so cragged,
- Never warming in the sun,
- Uninviting, dark and dreary,
- Cruelly spurn the wand'rer on

- In despair the desert fleeing,
- Sore at heart, in wild unrest;
- Not a friend to list his longing
- Bids him linger, be his guest;
- Hope alone his spirit guiding,
- That the seed that he has sown
- Will, beyond his grave resounding,
- Plead his cause in magic tone;

- That when 'neath the sward imbedded
- Rests his heart from longing free,
- Then his songs will soul-inspiring
- Hearts attune in sympathy;

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- That his cause has found a haven,

- That his songs were not in vain,
- Not forgotten are his musings,
- Is the poet's last refrain.

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A MOTHER'S EYE.

- When thou behind thy smiles and laughter
- Dost hide thy troubles day for day,
- When not a sigh from thee escaping,
- When not a tear dost thou betray,
- Then canst deceive thy friend, thy brother;
- Not sees the world thy grief, thy pain,
- Nor yet suspects what thou art hiding;
- What does thy aching breast retain?
- But one alone can all thy smiling,
- Can all thy jesting not deceive,
- An eye so true, so mildly beaming,
- Thy slightest grievance will perceive.
- It gazes deep into thy bosom,
- And all thy sorrow does appear;
- It knows at once that gay deception
- Conceals a silent, bitter tear.
- Oh shield it well, this eye so loving!
- Oh keep it sacred evermore,
- And let it guide thee in thy trouble,
- And, as thy Savior, it adore.

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- For naught is all thy merry-making,
- Deception wouldst in vain thou try,
- Thou canst deceive the world, thy brother,
- But not thy mother's loving eye.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

- Gorgeously in dress of splendor.
- Shines the wood at autumn time,
- Painted by the hand of nature,
- Grandly, with a brush sublime.
- Every leaf in colors blending,
- Perfect and in harmony,
- Tints as from a sunset taken

- Glow from every bush and tree.
- Nature dons its garment royal,
- When the summer fades away,
- Greets the coming hoary winter
- In this gay and festive way;
- Greets him with the colors flying,
- Every leaf a farewell sigh,
- Joyfully, though slowly dying
- For again the spring is nigh.