

STUDIES

BY

J. H. HAYES



J. W. H. & Co.

Marianne Brimmer
Boston 1885.

Musketted
for her by
Mrs Thayer

POEMS

BY

CELIA THAXTER



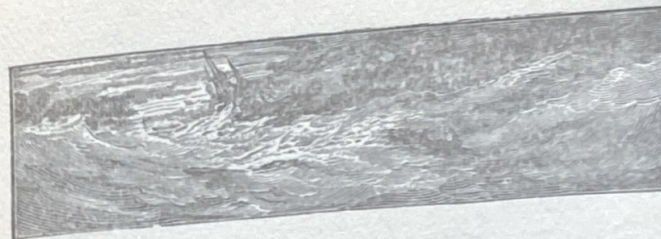
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* By Oscar Laughton.



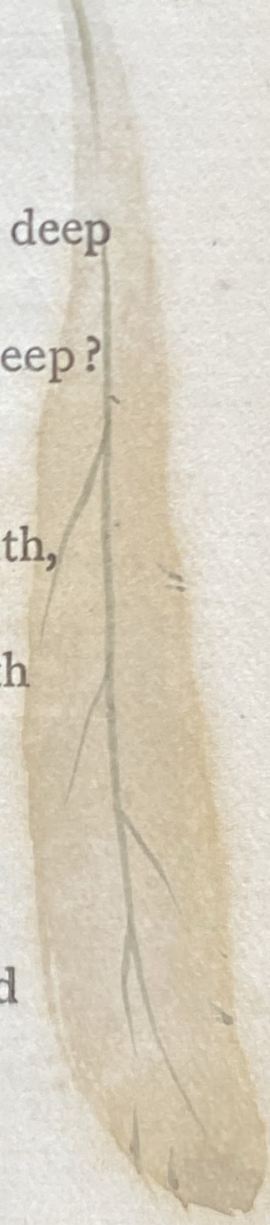
A TRYST.

From out the desolation of the North
An iceberg took its way,
From its detaining comrades breaking forth,
And travelling night and day.

At whose command? Who bade it sail the deep
With that resistless force?
Who made the dread appointment it must keep?
Who traced its awful course?

To the warm airs that stir in the sweet South,
A good ship spread her sails;
Stately she passed beyond the harbor's mouth
Chased by the favoring gales;

And on her ample decks a happy crowd
Bade the fair land good-by;
Clear shone the day, with not a single cloud
In all the peaceful sky.



Quail and sand-piper and swallow
and sparrow are here :
Sweet sound their manifold notes, high
and low, far and near ;
Chorus of musical waters, the rush
of the breeze,
Steady and strong from the south, —
what glad voices are these !

O cup of the wild-rose, curved close to
hold odorous dew,
What thought do you hide in your
heart? I would that I knew !
O beautiful Iris, unfurling your
purple and gold,
What victory fling you abroad
in the flags you unfold ?

Sweet may your thought be, red rose,
but still sweeter is mine,
Close in my heart hidden, clear as
your dewdrop divine.
Flutter your gonfalons, Iris, the
pæan I sing,
Is for victory better than joy or
than beauty can bring.

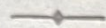




Celia Thaxter
1885.



POEMS.



LAND-LOCKED.

lie the hills, swiftly doth daylight flee,
aching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
the dusk land for many a changing mile
eth softly to the sea.

I follow thee!
never can be still!
h the steadfast hill,
n sea,

and songs of

And and sight,
n till night,
ords.



POEMS
*
CELIA THAXTER

MANUSCRIPT
1865

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1885