





Celiaaxter.

August. 1865.



## A Summer day.

At daybreak, in the fresh light, joyfully  
The fishermen drew in their laden net,  
The shore shone rosy purple and the sea  
Was streaked with violet,

And pink with sunrise many a shadowy sail  
Lay southward, lighting up the sleeping bay,  
And in the West the white moon, still and pale,  
Faded before the day.

Silence was every where. The rising tide  
Slowly filled every cove and inlet small,  
A musical low whisper, multiplied,  
You heard, and that was all.

No clouds at dawn, but as the sun climbed higher  
White columns, thunderous, splendid, up the sky  
Floated & stood, heaped in the sun's clear fire  
A stately company.



The heart of God through his creation  
He thrill to feel it, trembling as the  
That die to live again, - his me  
To keep faith firm in these sad son

The waves of Time may devastate  
The froth of age may cheek our y  
They shall not touch the spirit that  
Triumphant over doubt and pain an

### Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despa  
And will not let the bitterness of lif  
Blind me with burning tears, but to  
The tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the  
Where the sun shines and the broad  
By every ray & every rain-drop kiss  
That God's love doth bestow;

before Sunrise.  
gorge, as daylight failed last night  
ward the west, where thin and young  
Pauas bow, and silver light.  
in rosy haze a crescent hung.

upon the beach's upper edge.  
cast all shadowy lay behind:  
the light-house glittered over the ledge  
ly, softly blow the western wind,

my feet between the turf and stone  
roses, bay-berry, purple thistles tall  
with heart-robust grew, where shells were  
morning glory vines climbed over all.

looped the closely folded buds to note  
gleamed in the dim light mysteriously  
the fall of whispers of the far off note  
murmurs enchanted dusk crept over the sea.

and light and sounds and sea scent delicate  
so wrought upon my soul with drowse of bliss.  
Happy I sat as if at heaven's gate  
Asking on earth no greater joy than this.



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"The wealth of a man is in the number of things  
that he loves and blesses, that he is loved & blessed by"

Carlyle -  
Sarton Recant.





POEMS



CELIA THAXTER

MANUSCRIPT

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