



ALBUM VERSES.

THERE are ten thousand tones and signs  
We hear and see, but none defines—  
Involuntary sparks of thought  
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,  
And form a strange intelligence  
Alike mysterious and intense;  
Which link the burning chain that binds,  
Without their will, young hearts and minds,  
Conveying, as an electric wire,  
We know not how, the absorbing fire.

BYRON.

LOVE is not love  
Which alters when its alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth 's unknown, although its height be taken.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is a comfort in the strength of Love;  
'T will make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.

WORDSWORTH.

(240)

FAREWELL, oh farewell, but whenever you give  
A thought to the days that are gone,  
Of the bright sunny things that in memory live  
Let a thought of the writer be one.  
The hope is but humble—he asks but a share,  
But a part of *thy memories* to be,  
While no *future* to *him* can in rapture compare  
To the past, made enchanting by thee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE joys of life are heightened by a friend;  
The woes of life are lessened by a friend;  
In all the cares of life, we by a friend  
Assistance find— who'd be without a friend?

WANDESFORD.

WHY should I blush to own I love?  
'T is Love that rules the realms above.  
Why should I blush to say to all  
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,  
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed?  
Why the stern brow deceitful move,  
When I am languishing with love?

Is it a weakness thus to dwell  
On passions that I dare not tell?  
Such weakness I would ever prove.  
'T is painful, but 't is sweet to love!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“I WILL not say I'd give the world  
To win those charms divine;  
I will not say I'd give the world—  
The world it is not mine.  
The vow that's made thy love to win  
In simple truth shall be;  
My heart is all I have to give,  
And give that all to thee.”

But while I knelt at beauty's shrine,  
And love's devotion paid,  
I felt 't was but an empty vow  
That passion's pilgrim made;  
For while, in raptur'd gazing lost,  
To give my heart I swore,  
One glance from her soon made me feel  
My heart was mine no more.

SAMUEL LOVER.

FRIENDSHIP is power and riches all to me;  
Friendship's another element of life;  
Water and fire not of more general use  
To the support and comfort of the world  
Than Friendship to the being of my joy:  
I would do everything to secure a friend.

SILENCE in love betrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
Deserves a double pity.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE dart of Love was feather'd first  
From Folly's wing, they say,  
Until he tried his shaft to shoot  
In Beauty's heart one day;  
He miss'd the maid so oft, 't is said,  
His aim became untrue,  
And Beauty laugh'd, as his last shaft  
He from his quiver drew;  
“In vain,” said she, “you shoot at me,  
You little spiteful thing—  
The feather on your shaft I scorn,  
When pluck'd from Folly's wing.”

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found  
And fitted to his string,  
And each new shaft he feather'd from  
His own bright glossy wing;  
He shot until no plume was left  
To waft him to the sky,  
And Beauty smiled upon the child,  
When he no more could fly;  
“Now, Cupid, I am thine,” she said,  
“Leave off thy archer play,  
For Beauty yields—when she is sure  
Love will not fly away.”

SAMUEL LOVER.

OUR grandsire, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest,  
With mournful looks the blissful scene surveyed,  
And wandered in the solitary shade;  
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed  
Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.

I HOLD it true, whate'er befall—  
 I feel it when I sorrow most—  
 'T is better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

To Woman, whose best books are human hearts,  
 Wise Heaven a genius less profound imparts;  
 His awful—hers is lovely; his should tell  
 How thunderbolts, and hers how roses fell.  
 Her rapid mind decides while his debates;  
 She feels a truth that he but calculates.  
 He, provident, averts approaching ill;  
 She snatches present good with ready skill.  
 That active perseverance his, which gains;  
 And hers, that passive patience which sustains.

BARRETT.

YES! Love indeed is light from heaven,  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared—to mortals given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire.  
 Devotion waits the mind above,  
 But heaven itself descends in love;  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
 To wean from self each sordid thought;  
 A ray of Him who formed the whole;  
 A glory circling round the soul.

BYRON.

LOVE is a subject to himself alone,  
 And knows no other empire than his own.

LANSDOWNE.

LIVES there the man too cold to prove  
 The joys of Friendship and of Love?  
 Then let him die; when these are fled,  
 Scarce do we differ from the dead.

AFIZ.

ALBUMS are records, kept by gentle dames,  
 To show us that their friends can write their names;  
 That Miss can draw, or brother John can write  
 "Sweet lines," or that they know a Mr. White.  
 The lady comes, with lowly grace upon her,  
 "'T will be so kind," and "do her book such honor;"  
 We bow, smile, deprecate, protest, read o'er  
 The names to see what has been done before,  
 Wish to say something wonderful, but can't,  
 And write, with modest glory, "William Grant."  
 Johnson succeeds, and Thompson, Jones, and Clarke,  
 And Cox with an original remark  
 Out of the speaker;—then come John's "sweet lines,"  
 Fanny's "sweet airs," and Jenny's "sweet designs:"  
 Then Hobbs, Cobbs, Dodds, Lord Strut, and Lady Brisk,  
 And, with a flourish underneath him, Fisk.

Alas! why sit I here, committing jokes  
 On social pleasures and good-humor'd folks,  
 That see far better with their trusting eyes,  
 Than all the blinkings of the would-be wise?  
 Albums are, after all, pleasant inventions,  
 Make friends more friendly, grace one's good intentions,  
 Brighten dull names, give great ones kindred looks,  
 Nay, now and then produce right curious books,  
 And make the scoffer (now the case with me)  
 Blush to look round on deathless company.

LEIGH HUNT.

BEWARE of sudden friendship; 't is a flower  
That thrives but in the sun; its bud is fair,  
And it may blossom in the summer hour,  
But winter's withering tempests will not bear.  
True Friendship is a tree, whose lasting strength  
Is slow of growth, but proves, whate'er befall,  
Through life our hope and haven, and at length  
Yields but to death—the power that conquers all.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
Some name arrests the passer-by,  
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
May mine attract thy pensive eye!  
And when by thee that name is read,  
Perchance in some succeeding year,  
Reflect on me as on the dead,  
And think my heart is buried here.

BYRON.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,  
From all thy sweet memories free;  
And here my simple song might tell  
The feelings thou must guess so well.  
But could I thus within thy mind  
One little vacant corner find,  
Where no impression yet is seen,  
Where no memorial yet has been;  
O, it should be my sweetest care  
To write my name forever there!

T. MOORE.

A PEPPER-CORN is very small, but seasons every dinner  
More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled  
thinner;  
Just so a little Woman is, if Love will let you win her—  
There 's not a joy in all the world you will not find within  
her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,  
And in the little grain of gold much price and value lies,  
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,  
So in a little Woman there 's a taste of paradise.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DE HITA.

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,  
Ye are dewdrops whose lustre illumines the thorn;  
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,  
When no beams in your eye light up peace in the breast.  
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,  
Till the sweet lip of Woman assuages the smart;  
'T is hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,  
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;  
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confessed,  
From Woman receives both refinement and zest;  
And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the willow,  
Her smile is our need, and her bosom our pillow.

LOVE! What a volume in a word! an ocean in a tear!  
A seventh heaven in a glance! a whirlwind in a sigh!  
The lightning in a touch—a millennium in a moment!  
What concentrated joy, or woe, in blest or blighted love!

TUPPER.

DIE when you will, you need not wear  
 At heaven's court a form more fair  
 Than beauty here on earth has given.  
 Keep but the lovely looks we see—  
 The voice we hear—and you will be  
 An angel *ready made* for heaven.

I HAVE seen the wild flowers springing,  
 In wood, and field, and glen,  
 Where a thousand birds were singing,  
 And my thoughts were of thee then;  
 For there's nothing gladsome round me,  
 Or beautiful to see,  
 Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,  
 But is eloquent of thee.

RICHARD HOWITT.

FRIEND after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end.  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 They lose themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

DOUBT thou the stars are fire;  
 Doubt that the sun doth move;  
 Doubt Truth to be a liar;  
 But never doubt I love!

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR me I'm woman's slave confessed—  
 Without her, hopeless and unblest;  
 And so are all, gainsay who can,  
 For what would be the life of man,  
 If left in desert or in isle,  
 Unlightened up by beauty's smile?  
 Even tho' he boasted monarch's name,  
 And o'er his own sex reign'd supreme,  
 With thousands bending to his sway,  
 If lovely Woman were away,  
 What were his life? What could it be?  
 A vapor on a shoreless sea;  
 A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,  
 Amongst the waste of waters lost;  
 A ship deserted in the gale,  
 Without a steersman or a sail,  
 A star, or beacon-light before,  
 Or hope of haven evermore;  
 A thing without a human tie,  
 Unloved to live,—unwept to die.

HOGG.

OH, fairest of creation! last and best  
 Of all God's works! creature in whom excelled  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

MILTON.

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind;  
 But this the best of all I hold—  
 His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

WOMAN'S truth and woman's love  
 Trusting ever,  
 Faithless never,  
 Blest on earth, is blest above.

Ministering oft in sorrow's hour,  
 Loving truly,  
 Fondly, duly  
 Proving e'er affection's power.

Ne'er forgetting, ne'er forgot;  
 Richest treasures,  
 Joyful pleasures  
 Ever be her happy lot.

THE light that beams from Woman's eye,  
 And sparkles through her tear,  
 Responds to that impassion'd sigh  
 Which love delights to hear.  
 'T is the sweet language of the soul,  
 On which a voice is hung,  
 More eloquent than ever stole  
 From saint's or poet's tongue.

THE sunshine of the heart be mine,  
 That beams a charm around;  
 Where'er it sheds its ray divine,  
 Is all enchanted ground!  
 No fiend of care may enter there,  
 Tho' Fate employ her art:—  
*Her* power, tho' mighty, bows to *thine*,  
 Bright sunshine of the heart!

SAMUEL LOVER.

FAITH is the star that gleams above,  
 Hope is the flower that buds below;  
 Twin tokens of celestial love  
 That out from Nature's bosom grow;  
 And still alike, in sky, on sod,  
 That star and blossom ever point to God.

KENT.

As half in shade, and half in sun,  
 This world along its path advances,  
 Oh! may that side the sun shines on  
 Be all that ever meets thy glances;  
 May Time, who casts his blight on all,  
 And daily dooms some joy to death,  
 On thee let years so gently fall  
 They shall not crush one flower beneath.

MOORE.

LONGEST joys won't last forever—  
 Make the most of every day;  
 Youth and beauty Time will sever,  
 But Content hath no decay.