

Strangers Addressed To

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I love the full and anthem swell  
 of Ocean's sweeping wave,  
 I love the soft and merry song where  
 streamlet ripples lave;  
 And many an hour of lonely bliss  
 I've laid and dreamed away,  
 On weedy strand and grassy bank  
 to hear such minstrel's play.  
 But I have heard thy ready speech  
 yield music that exceeds  
 The solemn bass among the rocks  
 the treble in the reeds;  
 And I have learnt to love still  
 more the language of thy tones,  
 Than billows chiming round the cliffs  
 the brooklet o'er the stones.

I love the broad and bright expanse  
 of summer's glowing sky  
 Where honest light and beaming truth  
 are seen by every eye;  
 I love the wide and spreading  
 earth the fresh and shining plain,  
 All beautiful with rainbow blooms,  
 and stored with harvest grain.  
 But I have seen thy open brow, and  
 marked a presence there,

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Sleep is a tyrant thing in

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 will be  
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A spirit like the azure moon for  
dazzling, strong and fair;  
And I have learnt to love that beam  
where dullest gaze can find  
The rich and vernal flowers of soul  
the lasting fruits of mind.

Shall grateful in its greeting  
west wind on my cheek;  
And many a time I've wondered  
farth the balmy touch to seek;  
And blessed are the greenwood  
that stretch upon my way,  
Holding me in their fragrant  
as though they'd have me stay;  
But I have met thy earnest hand  
held forth in Friendship's bond,  
It was the herald of thy heart-  
clinging, close and fond;  
The breeze may seek with roses  
the sweetest Wendrils clutch,  
I know a dearer stealing breath  
I know a dearer touch.

I love the shade of twilight's hour  
when daisies go to rest,  
When the round moon bedecks  
East the pale star yemas the west  
I love the deep and placid tint  
stains the ruin wall,  
The colour of Time's mourning  
the one hue blending all.

~~But~~ I have looked into those <sup>3</sup> eyes  
and seen a tinge of grey  
More soft and mellow than the veil  
worn by departing day  
Is darker than the ~~sun~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup>  
but oh! its glances pour  
A flushing ray into my breast  
never felt before.

I will not praise as others praise  
Thou needst it not from me,  
Thy Genius has won its meed, and  
Fame is crowning thee;  
I care not that my lip should tell  
what every lip tells o'er,  
The subtlest spirit owns thy spell, and  
mine can do no more.  
I held thee closely ere I knew thy  
gift was rare and great,  
My being was enlinked with thine  
by some entrancing fate.  
And now I bow not to thee as the  
million gazers nod,  
To them thou art an incense pyre  
to me a "household god."  
Sleep is a tyrant king in might—  
none can resist his way,  
But yet how gentle are the means by  
which he wins way.  
So thou hast ~~me~~, all absolute, to rule  
my inmost soul;  
But yet how calm, how dream-like is the  
strength of thy contro—

Shall grateful in its  
west  
And traced with illumined hand,  
farth  
And be  
That none can see, and if they did,  
oh who would understand?  
But thou, by some strange sympathy  
Holding  
Hast thrown a searching look,  
as though  
And read at sight the hardest scroll  
But I  
held for  
indorsed within the book.

It was I love thee with a free-born will  
clinging, that no rude force can break -  
The breeze  
Thou lovest me - I know thou dost -  
the sweet  
for my own poor sake;  
I know a  
And though the coward's barge is  
know a  
Launched it can but vainly flit  
I love  
While we may smile to watch the  
when  
him too meanly weak to hit.

When the Time rears the trodden scorn cup  
Past - the  
into the giant stem,  
I love the Time guards within the roughest  
trains the  
shell the pure and swelling gem;  
the colour  
Envy would crush affections germ,  
e one ho  
scorn Truth's rugged place,  
But Time will show that both will  
still gaining might and grace.

I've staked my faith upon thy  
it will not cheat my hope.  
I cling to it as ~~to~~ trustingly  
sailor to the rope;  
For God has e'er been good to me,  
where I once believed.

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+ I never found my spirit left  
despairing and deceived.

Full many a year may be in store  
before my grave is heaped,

Perchance the sod may cover me  
before the corn is reaped:

But then or now thy form will  
be among the few dear things,

Binding my soul to earthly joys - teaching  
that Death has stings.

Fair is the sunny branch above  
Fair is the grass around,

And fair the wild flowers fresh  
and sweet to Nature's forehead bound

But how much fairer would they  
seem if thou wert here to share

The old elm's shade - the sodded  
bank - the bright and perfumed air.

Thou'lt wander from me far and  
long, but promise I shall be

Remembered by thee as a bird thinks  
of its nesting tree;

Oh, promise thou wilt heed my  
name as long as I heed thine,

And Friendship's hand shall carve  
them both upon her firmest shrine.

Eliza Cook.