

## THE WISH

I've often wished to have a Friend  
 With whom my choicest hours to spend  
 To whom I safely might impart  
 Each wish and weakness of my heart,  
 Who might my every sorrow cheer  
 And mingle with my griefs a tear  
 For whom alone I wish to be  
 And who would only live for me  
 And to secure my bliss for life  
 I'd wish that Friend to be a Wife.

Walter Scott





The Land Above.

When flowers are bright and skies are fair  
 And wit and wisdom around us glow,  
 When yet our heads unstrung by care  
 Smell with the pride of what they know  
 When Friendship with her steady smile  
 Ties with the fiery looks of love,  
 When pleasure threads the attractive wile  
 Then we forget the Land Above.

When life's wide sea gently heaves  
 Beneath our vessels swelling breast  
 And the wild breeze its dwelling leaves  
 To waft us to some port of rest  
 When on our canvass sun beams fall  
 And gaily o'er the surf we move  
 And feel no check no chill no thrill  
 Then we forget the Land Above.

But when the curtain of the clouds  
 Browns darkly o'er the flashing sea  
 And winds that scold our friends now  
 Blow cold and strong and harshly  
 When sickness wails and stark despair  
 Hurl the seat of wit and love  
 Then, when we recollect the fair  
 The bright the beautiful Land Above.

O! what a world of breathing love there lies  
 In the blue beauty of thy lustrous eyes,  
 Beaming at once a language and a spell,  
 Like memory of music once loved well,  
 Like clouds that tint the summer's gorgeous skies,  
 And soft emotions, impulsive wing'd arise -  
 All that the heart can feel, and dares not tell,  
 While on such looks Love's keenest weapons dwell,  
 In a sweet power the quick electric spark  
 Of mind-outflashes from their lashed dark  
 I would gaze on them, but I turn away,  
 Like the who on the powerful lens of day  
 Ventures presumptuous glance, their dazzling light  
 Would strike the gaze blind - they are thine eyes so bright.

E. Dehain  
 31<sup>st</sup> April 1836



Anna the sister of Cadmus

The lot is on you what man to meet -  
 Watching the stars out by the bed of foam,  
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow unshorn  
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain  
 Wishing to live with living, to share the day,  
 And that to love through all things - therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm summer time  
 With its sea murmuring sounds and silvery light -  
 For through the dark days fading from their prime  
 As a sweet dew to keep you safe from blight  
 Earth's little pleasures that's happy to have given  
 The unbroken hearts first fragrances into Heaven -

### Recipe for Courtship -

- Two or three dears, and two or three sweets -
- Two or three balls and two or three treats -
- Two or three serenades given as a lure -
- Two or three baths (how much they endure) -
- Two or three messengers sent in one day -
- Two or three times led out to the play -
- Two or three soft speeches made by the way -
- Two or three tickets for two or three times -
- Two or three love letters written in rhymes -
- Two or three months keeping strict to the rules,  
 Can never fail making a couple of fools.

