

# POEMS

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Poems by Frank P. Fellows

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**FRANK P. FELLOWS**

**POEMS**



P O E M S.

BY

Mrs. FRANK P. FELLOWS.

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1857.

THIS BOOK

IS

Dedicated

TO

MY HUSBAND.

Kings have their crown, victors the laurel-wreath,  
Misers their gold,—I have thy true brave heart,  
I have thy love that shall out-live e'en death,  
For even death's no power our souls to part ;  
But since by death, crown, wreath, and riches fall,  
So in thy love I richer am than all.

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## P O E M S.

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### SUMMER-THOUGHTS.

PLEASANT it is in summer-time  
Upon the turf to lie,  
And watch the clouds flit slowly on  
Across the fair blue sky ;  
And listen while the happy birds  
Make merry minstrelsy.

There be thousands in our city,  
In noisome alleys pent,  
Where every breath of air that comes  
Is foul and pestilent ;  
Where from the narrow casements  
All that they can descry  
Are the reeking rotten houses  
And a little square of sky ;

There, crowded altogether,  
To live as best they may,  
Are children, men, and maidens,  
And the mother of yesterday.

Pleasant it is in summer-time,  
'Mid the burning noon-tide heat,  
To find some brook in a shady nook,  
And drink the water sweet ;  
And bathe the heavy aching brow,  
And cool the weary feet.

There be thousands in our city  
That drink from day to day  
The water in the stagnant butt,  
All black with foul decay ;  
Or from the pump that stands against  
The churchyard's festering wall ;  
And some that dwell in London courts  
No water have at all :