

**THE RULER'S
DAUGHTER:
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Ruler's Daughter: And Other Poems by C. R. Derby

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C. R. DERBY

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BY

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PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED.

Salem:

PRESS OF THE SALEM GAZETTE.
1877.

VALEDICTORY.

DEAR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS:—

In complying with the frequent request that I should make a little collection of my poetical pieces,—and in offering them to you as a souvenir, I wish particularly to call your attention to the fact, that they are printed, *not published*. They are simply a record of some of my best and happiest hours. Many of them are too personal to meet the eye of strangers, but you all knew the friends and circumstances which called them forth, and many of you will recognize amongst them my affectionate attempts to offer sympathy and consolation, in your own seasons of bereavement. They are simple home songs, emanating rather from the heart, than the head. I claim for them no literary merit whatever. Do not compare them with the works of modern Poets,—but do me the gentle grace to say,

“*Theirs* for their style I'll read; *hers* for her love.”

C. R. D.

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"Oft when the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
 Can touch it with peculiar power,—
As when the air is warm, the scent
 Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element,—
And in such moods the homeliest tone
That's linked with feelings once our own,—
With friends or joys gone by,—may be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!"

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THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Morn broke on Palestine: the golden Day
Roll'd back from Judah's hills the curtaining mist,
And pass'd the gates of old Jerusalem,
Rousing the sentry nodding at his post:—
And through the portals of the house of God,—
And through "the Gentiles' porch,"—and where the lamps
(Which had been burning brightly all the night,)
Waned and grew pale before his searching eye,—
Unawed by Priest or Levite,—unannounced,—
Unquestioned of his purpose,—unopposed,—
E'en to the "Holiest of Holies,"—there,
In the proud sanctuary Man had made,
To worship Him who made him,—Day pass'd on!

But not alone within the Temple's bounds
Woke the bright day;—it walk'd the silent streets,
And shimmered from the leaves of the tall trees,
And tinged with rose the fountain's feathery spray;
And crept to Labor's couch, and call'd him out;
'Till with its multitudinous and wonted sounds,
The city was astir:—and as the hand
Of a pale watcher drew aside the folds
Of purple drapery, richly fringed with gold,

Shading a lofty window, Day pass'd in,
And flooded with soft golden light the room
Where, languidly upon her pillows lay,
In the strong grasp of fever, a fair girl,
(Like a pale lily, scorched by summer's heat),
A gentle creature, loving, and beloved,—
The one sweet blossom of her father's halls,
Whose glad existence yet had scarcely past
The fairy world of childhood:—

All night long,

While the fierce fever wrought within her veins,
And her sweet senses wander'd, had her voice
Been heard at intervals by those without,
In incoherent utterance, high, and quick,
But all—all joyous;—snatches of sweet song,—
Or the remember'd carol of a bird,—
Or low sweet laughter, blent with household words,—
Words of endearment to the tame Gazelle,
Her childhood's playmate by the fountain's side;—
Or the green Lory, that upon her hand
Was wont to dress his plumage, turning up
His keen bright eye forever to her own,
And mocking in harsh tones her soft caress.
Anon, a burst of loftier melody,—
While to the measure of her own glad song,
She sway'd with graceful motion her white arms,
And beat together her small dimpled hands,
As when, at some religious festival,
She led the dance of Judah's stately maids.