LARS: A PASTORAL OF NORWAY

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Lars: A Pastoral of Norway by Bayard Taylor

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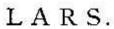
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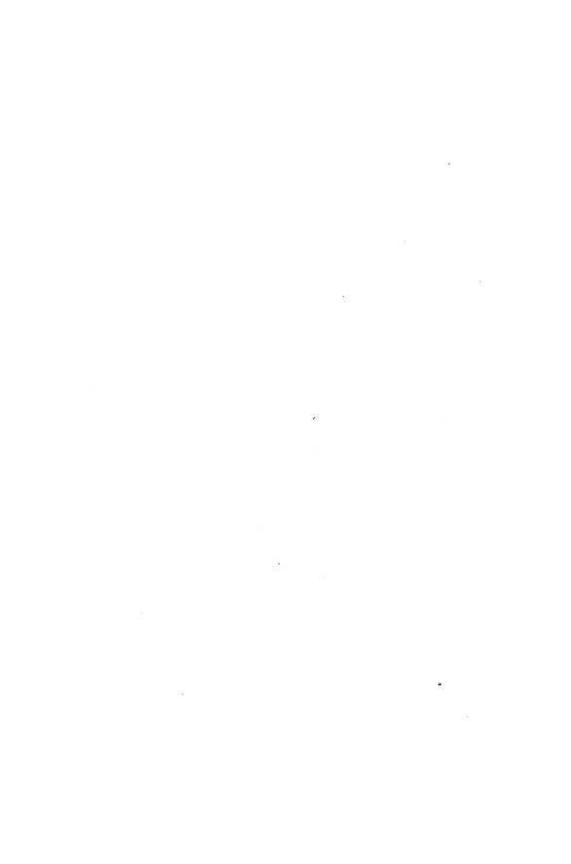
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BAYARD TAYLOR

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BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.



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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Through many years my heart goes back,

Through checkered years of loss and gain,

To that fair landmark on its track,

When first, beside the Merrimack,

Upon thy cottage roof I heard the autumn rain.

A hand that welcomed and that cheered

To one unknown didst thou extend;

Thou gavest hope to Song that feared;

But now, by Time and Faith endeared,

I claim the sacred right to call the Poet, Friend!

DEDICATION.

However Life the stream may stain,

From thy pure fountain drank my youth

The simple creed, the faith humane
In Good, that never can be slain,

The prayer for inward Light, the search for outward

Truth!

Like thee, I see at last prevail

The sleepless soul that looks above;
I hear, far off, the hymns that bail
The Victor, clad in heavenly mail,
Whose only weapons are the eyes and voice of Love!

Take, then, these olive leaves from me,

To mingle with thy brighter bays!

Some balm of peace and purity,

In them, may faintly breathe of thee;

And take the grateful love, wherein I hide thy praise!

B. T.

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