

LARS: A PASTORAL OF NORWAY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649546299

Lars: A Pastoral of Norway by Bayard Taylor

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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BAYARD TAYLOR

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OF NORWAY**

L A R S .



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BY
BAYARD TAYLOR.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.
1873.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873,
BY JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGLOW, & CO.,
CAMBRIDGE.

TO

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 Merrinack,
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 hail
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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