

**POEMS ON LAKE
WINNIPESAUKEE**

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Poems on lake Winnepesaukee by Julia Noyes Stickney

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JULIA NOYES STICKNEY

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P O E M S

ON

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BY

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.



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1884.

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PREFACE.

This fragment of a collection of poetical sketches will be followed by some prose-poetic letters recalling the delightful summer of 1884 to some, who love to linger by the enchanted waters of Lake Winnepesaukee, and to many who heard the voice of song, and the glowing words of truth in the Grove-Meetings.

I also offer these few poetic pictures to those who dream of wandering, while on earth, "In green pastures, beside the still waters." There scenes of beauty dispel care, and moonlight and starlight shine on enchanted islands. There morning reveals forms of mountains and forests by waters as blue as the famed Mediterranean Sea.

There Chocorua and Ossipee, loved by painter and poet, fix the beauty-haunted eye. There many a range and towering peak, with changing form, charms the voyager, as he floats over

the Lake of Dreams, till, when skies are crystal clear over the broadening tide, the vision of Mount Washington arouses the soul. There the zenith sun gilds the silver tide and the sunset hour reveals

As fair a scene as Nature's God
Has spread upon this world of light.

There from the brow of "Red Hill," thousands of delighted eyes have watched the lights and shades that symbol

"Jerusalem, the Golden."

There the late winter-snows crown the mountains that watch the coming spring. There June throws over the scene her ethereal bridal vail, till the lilies breath on the fragrant shore. There midsummer flies to soon, till the emerald ferns fade and the pine-trees sing farewell. There September colors the violet waters, till October and the Indian Summer scatter their crimson and gold over the Happy Hunting Grounds, by New Hampshire's Lake of Beauty the crystal Winnepesaukee.

JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

GROVELAND, MASS.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

To My Father
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,
WITH THE STRONGEST FEELINGS
OF
AFFECTION, RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE.

ON THE LAKE AT NOON.

PRELUDE.

O the softness of the azure
On this summer noon of pleasure,
O the tranquil sky above me,
Sweet as smiles of those that love me.

When my youthful years were fleeting
Nature gave me no such greeting,
Save that in the haunts around me,
Fair young Fancy sought and found me,

Where, beside my native water,
Lonely child, obedient daughter,
I was in the garden playing,
Never in the wild-wood straying.

Time, the blessed reinstater,
Kept my happier days till later :
Now I see the leaping fountains—
Now I climb the lofty mountains.

Living by this Lake of azure,
Mountain State, thy crystal treasure,
Gazing on the sunset-splendors
When the day, to night surrenders,