

POEMS

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Poems by Mrs. Frank P. Fellows

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MRS. FRANK P. FELLOWS

POEMS

P O E M S.

BY

MRS. FRANK P. FELLOWS.



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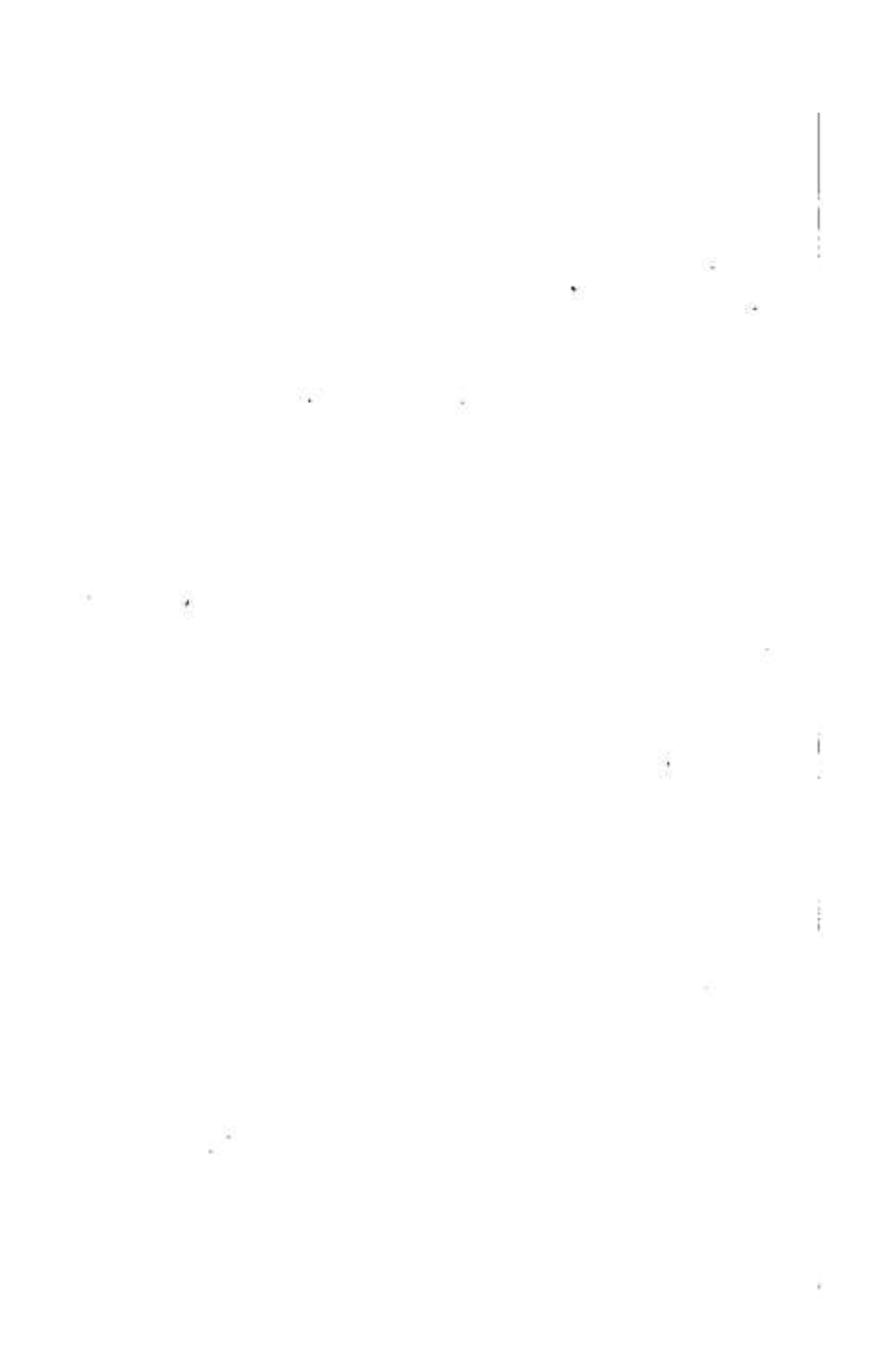
280. n. 229.

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.

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 :