

**WANDERINGS ON  
PARNASSUS:  
POEMS, PP. 1-228**

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Wanderings on Parnassus: Poems, pp. 1-228 by J. Hazard Hartzell

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Engraved by Geo. F. Payne, N.Y.

J. Hazard Hartzell.



# WANDERINGS ON PARNASSUS

POEMS

BY

<sup>mev</sup>  
J. HAZARD HARTZELL

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NEW YORK  
THOMAS WHITTAKER  
2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE  
1884

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ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED  
BY RAND, AVREY, AND COMPANY,  
BOSTON.

TO  
CORINNE,  
ALBERT ANKENY, AND FREDERICK BASSETT,

*My Children,*

WHO, IN ALL MY PROFESSIONAL LABORS, HAVE GIVEN ME  
THEIR SYMPATHY AND ENCOURAGEMENT, AND  
AT WHOSE EARNEST REQUEST

*These Poems,*

BORN OF THE HEART AT THE RESTING PLACES OF  
MY PAROCHIAL DUTIES, HAVE BEEN  
ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED,

*This Volume*

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

GRÆCÆ: Liber III.

## WANDERINGS ON PARNASSUS.

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### OUT AT SEA.

*Mare quidem commune certo est omnibus.* — PLAUTUS.

THE morn was calm and bright :  
The ship was moored along the crowded pier ;  
Then, 'neath a flood of light,  
She grandly drew away with hearty cheer.

The parting words were spoke ;  
The summer rays came in a golden flow ;  
The heart in tears soon broke,  
And kerchiefs filled the air like sudden snow.

She bore a precious load ;  
And every life was a romantic tale  
From love's unvoiced abode,  
And drooped with sadness 'neath the spreading sail.

The port was lined with masts  
Which oft had struggled with the raging storm,  
Where Ocean always casts  
A look that startles from his heaving form.

The great ship moved with pride  
Upon the restless waves of liquid gold,  
And passed along the side  
Of anchored vessels with their queenly mould.

Her flag was on the breeze ;  
Her sails were full, her spirit bright and free ;  
And on she tripped with ease  
To meet the greeting of the potent sea.

He caught her in his arms,  
And, smiling, drew her to his gallant breast ;  
Then, freed from all alarms,  
He sent her riding on the foamy crest.

The world of waters swept  
With grandeur, strength, and wonderment, away  
To where the sky low crept,  
And billows rushed and reared like steeds at play.