Jane Hood.
29 Oct 1847. Bonn

O daß du deinem Leben
nie
Im innern Lehnen hast,
An der sich gewissen Vorgänge
Müß!
Ergötzt deine Seele!

Beside the Stile

We both walked slowly o'er the
yellow grass,
Beneath the sunset sky;
And then he climed the stile said not pass,
And there we said Goodbye.

He paused one moment, leaned on
the stile,
And faced the hazy lane
But neither of us spoke until we both
just said Goodbye again.

And I went homeward to our
granit old farm,
And he went on his way:
And he has never crossed that field again,
From that time till this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought
To what he left behind:—

As I start sometimes dreaming that
I hear
A footstep in the wind..

If he had said but one regretful word,
Or I had shed a tear,
He would not go alone about the world
Nor I sit lonely here.

Alas! our hearts were full of angry pride,
And love was choked in strife:
And so the stile, beyond the yellow grass
Stands straight across our life!

Isabella Lyric.

If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich or great,
But never can be blest.

Visions of childhood! Stay oh stay
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seem to say
It cannot be! They pass away!
And other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!

Longfellow.

An Adieu

There is a little parting word
Which few can hear without a sigh,
No wonder when its sound is heard,
It claims a tear from friendship's eye,
For who can hear the last Goodbye,
Without a pang of silent sorrow;
To think the friends who now are nigh,
Will be far distant on the morrow.

Can two lines teach a lesson from above?
Yes, one can teach a volume
"God is love".

Where there's a will there's a way.

Dearest — ! do not say
"I would but then I can't,"
For where there's a will
There's always a way,
And 'tis only the will that you want.

Adieu

Not as the world bids, farewell,
While earthly joys bound his view
Whose but the Christian's tongue
can tell
The fulness of that word Adieu.

Cling to the uncreated Friend,
To Jesus, the supremely true,
And oh! thy welfare I commend
To him while I pronounce - Adieu

Farewell but not for ever,
The holy bonds of love,
Tho' doomed on earth to sever,
Shall yet be linked above.

That sweet "content" may be your lot,
That I may not be quite forgot,
That happiness may you attend
These are the wishes of a friend.

Look aloft.

In the tempest of life, when the
wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy
footing should fail,
Yet thine eye should grow dim,
and thy caution depart
Look aloft and be firm, and fearless
of heart.

If the friend who embraced in
prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and
a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows
like clouds are arrayed
"Look aloft" to the friendships who
never shall fade.

And oh! when death comes in
his terrors to cast,
His fears on the future, his pall
on the past,
In that moment of darkness with
hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye
"Look aloft" and depart.

Good words are silver but
good deeds are gold.

Spirit ye know ye even so
Mingled shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, joy and strife,
Is the thread of human life.

Bear a light in thy hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand,
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear this sorrow, wrong & ruth,
In thy heart the joy of Youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

A little word.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A look - a look has crushed to earth,
Full many a blooding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

They deem it an idly thing,
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear - the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

Through all life's scenes of weal & woe,
Thro' days of mirth and sadness,
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go,
Oh! think how transient here below,
Thy pleasure and thy sadness
And watch thou always lest thou stray,
From him who points the heaven-ward way.

Whither.

I heard a brooklet gushing,
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave:
But I must hasten Homeward
All with my pilgrim staff.

Onward and ever farther,
And over the brookside,
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer the tide.

Is this my way? I as young?
Whither oh! brooklet say!
Thou fast with thy soft murmur
Hummed my senses away.

The last rose of summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are
Faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred
No rose bud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee thou lonely one
To pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go sleep thou with them,
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow

When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
The bleak world alone!

Moore.

"Petite fleur d'une bleu si pâle
"Qu'il semble du ciel un rayon
"Plus belle que l'opale
"Petite fleur dis-moi ton nom.

"

— Il est la dernière parole,
Qui sur la bouche veut mourir,
Ainsi tout meurt et tout s'envole,
Tout excepté le Souvenir.

Maiden that readest this simple
rhyme
Enjoy the youth it will not stay,
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime
For oh! it is not always May.

Enjoy the Spring of love & Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest.
For time will teach you soon the truth
There are no birds in last year's nest

Longfellow

Oh! let thy words be calm & mild
In life so much of evil lies
Whose power will darken o'er
the mind
And blight its gentler sympathies;
That here human lips or heart
In carelessness should fling the dart,
Which for a moment's space may rest
Or rankle in another's breast.

A smile who will refuse a smile
The sorrowing heart to cheer,
And who to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear.

A pleasant smile for every face
Oh! 'tis a blessed thing,
It will the lines of care erase
And thoughts of comfort bring.

The evening Bells.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home & that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,
And darkly a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells

And hears no more those evening bells.

And so I'll be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on
While other bards shall walk the dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break
On thy cold greystones Oh sea!
And I would that my tongue
could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister
at play
Oh well for the sailor lad
That he sings in the boat on
the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill
But oh for the touch of a vanished
hand
And the sound of a voice that is still

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crag oh Sea
But a tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

Circumstance.

Two children in two neighbour villages,
Playing mad pranks along the
healthy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard
wall
Two lives bound fast in one with
golden lace
Two graves pass green beside a

grey church tower,
Washed with still rains and
daisied blossomed
Two children in one hamlet born
and bred
So runs the round of life from hour
to hour.

Tennyson

A farewell.

Flow down, cold rivulet to the Sea
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my Steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

" "

Flow softly flow, by lawn and lea
A rivulet then a river;
No more by thee thy steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree
And here thine aspen shiver;
So close by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns shall stream on thee
A thousand moons shall quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever.

Tennyson.

The white cliffs of England.

The white cliffs of England how
Bow proudly they stand.
The bulwarks that circle our dear
native land;
The fortresses nature has rivetted there
To shelter the land of the brave
and the fair

How noble the storm and the tempest
They brave
Unshook by the wind and unharmed
by the wave:
The pride of the world for ever
Shall be
The White Cliffs of England the
pearls of the Sea.

The white cliffs of England where
fo'er the main,
The mariner longs to behold them
again,
Like the beacon of hope to his eyes
vision they seem,
When the pleasures of home in his
memory beam
Oh! ne'er shall a foreign invader

be found
To ravish the land with such fortresses
bound.
But the standard of England floats
proudly & free,
From the White cliffs of England
the pearls of the sea.

The rainy day.

The day is cold & dark & dreary
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall
And at every gust the dead leaves fall
And the day is dark & dreary

My life is cold and dark & dreary
It rains and the wind is never weary

My thoughts still cling to the
mouldering Past
But the hopes of youth fall thick
in the (mow) blast
And the days are dark & dreary

Be still sad heart! & cease repining
Behind the clouds is the Sun still
shining
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall
Some days must be dark & dreary.

The arrow & the song.

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where
For so swiftly it flew the sight

could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where.
For who hath sight so keen & strong
That it can follow it in its flight.

Long, long afterwards in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend

Longfellow.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower – its bloom is shed
Or like the snow fall in the river,
A moment white then melts for ever,

Or like the borealis race
That flit ere you can point their place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Vanishing amid the storm.

Burns.

"Dead? did you say he was dead?
Or is it only my brain
He went away an hour ago: will he
not come again?
"Dead"? Fallen over the cliff into the
sea below?
Say it over again - I cannot believe
that you know.
I am sure it cant be true:- I will not
believe it is he
Oh! no he just said Goodbye:-

He cant be dead in the sea!
'He is? You are sure he is:— Dont you
come to say this to me?
I will run down to the beach and
hear what the fishermen say.
They are always about in the day.
. mine always about in the bay
You think I had better not go — it
is too much for my head!..
If that is what you think, why
did you say he was dead?
What can be worse to hear? there cant
be a harder blow —
Say it once again, for I cannot believe
you know.

* * * * * * *

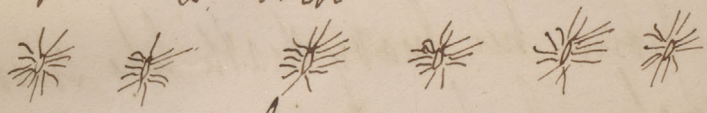
Down down to the beach in her
hurrying haste she flew
Down, down to the beach among all
the people she knew
They were standing about in groups.
fishermen boat-men, boys –
Quite a crowd of them there, but
not the slightest noise
Not a sound to be heard; she might
have been there alone;
Not a sound to be heard but the
ocean's receding moan
She ran among them there; she
looked when they saw her come –
They looked from man to man
but every tongue was dumb.
Then an old man took her hand

and held it between his brown -
his hands so broad and brown and
said "My dear, is it you?
and why do you come down here?
You are better away my child.
She knew the sailor well, she looked
up in his face and smiled.
"Why do I come? I came - I can hardly
tell why" she said.
"But young Mr. Stephens came and
told me Charles was dead
You know who I mean" she said
"You have often seen him with me
And I dont believe any harm could
happen to such as he
And since he parted - why it's
not an hour ago: -

You have been here all the day,
You are always here I know"
The old man looked in her eyes—
They were full of the light of love;
He looked at her tiny hand he
look'd at the heaven above;
"Oh God!" he slowly said—
For he spoke in terrible pain—
"Oh God!! Who shall heal the hurt
of this poor young heart again"
"My child"—he said no more but
looked in her face with a stare.
She saw in that look the truth
And sunk on the sea-beach there,
"Thank God!" he said for just then
they were bearing her lover home
Her love bruised by the cliff and
wet with the salt sea foam

The poor child lay on the beach
unconscious of all around;
She heard not the old man's words,
nor the heavy muffled sound
of the fishermen's tramping feet
as they bore her lover by —
the lover — an hour ago so hand-
some, so young, so die!
Alas! when she shall awake
from her heavy death-like swoon
awake to her sorrow again, will
it not seem too soon?
So soon to know she must live
through weary, weary days,
the light gone out of her life,
the purpose from all her ways;
and night after night must lie down
to know she shall not sleep
but with her grief, through the

Sorrows a wearisome burden keep;
Must touch the books he touch'd,
See the Song's he used to sing,
And press with anguish heart his
pretty plighting ring.
Must look and watch at the window
as if he would come yet more,
Be light her darling Charlie dead
on the cold Sea-Shore.



Love.

Oh! not when hopes are brightest
Is all Love's sweet enchantment known,
Oh! not when hearts are brightest
Is all fond woman's fervour shown
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
And the cold world clothed in gloom,
When summer friends forsake us
The rose of love is best in bloom

Love is no wandering vapour
That lures astray with treacherous
light,
Love is no transient taper,
That lures an hour and leaves us
dark.
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens
When all beside is dull below.

Wright.

Grotty.

Who would be a mother?
Not a moment's peace!
Cares succeed each other,
Troubles never cease,
You may call them fancies —

You papa! may laugh —
Take my place, or Nancy's,
For a day — or half!
You know nought of sitting
Mending little socks,
You know nought of knitting
Heaps of pairs of socks.
You take all the pleasure
You'er the Lance of joys.
You bring all the pleasures,
Sugar-plums and toys:
You don't do the Lodging,
You don't bear the pets,
You are Spared beholding
Pranks and pants and fets
You don't give the powder
You don't hear the cry
As it wakes louder,
And the face grows coy,

Dressed at morning neatly,
Trotty's carried down
Just to kiss you sweetly
Ere you start for town,
Neat, all smiles and dimple
Sash and spotless skirt,
Trotty sly and simple
Enters with dessert,
Brisk as her canary
Perches on your knee.
Roguish — looking
Who so proud as she?
Cheeks like ripened peaches,
Shoulders plump and fair
Mouth that lisps soft speeches,
Rings of hazel hair
Eyes like sapphires gleaming
Wistfully and merry
Side way glances scheming

For a cake of cherry
"Good as gold"! No wonder!
Lemonade coaxed and fed;
Pocket full of wonders!
Tatty trots to bed
Bright to check or foil her,
Pest of tiny Queens!
Oh papa! you spoil her!
Look behind the Lemons

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Morning I am dressing —
Dark November day;
Hark! a scream distressing
Sounds across the way.
Down go locks I'm brushing
Brush is on the floor —
Out half clad, I'm rushing
To the nursery door
"Nancy what's the matter?"

"Nothing, mum!" I'm told
"Miss is cross look at her
'cause the water's cold".
Day outside looks rawly,
Fog is thick as glue,
Weather looking squally —
Frosty equally too!
Each I trudge my fingers
Nipping with the frost;
Long my toilet lingers —
Every thing is lost
Breakfast safely over
You put on your boots —
Leaving me "in clover"
"To my home pursuits"!

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Love is everywhere

In peace, Love crowns the
Shepherds reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed,
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green,
Love rules the camp, the court
the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is
love.

"Twill be a Summer crown"
She said
"and set it on my brows,
For I must go while I am young
Home to my Father's house.

And not of star or flower is born

The beauty of that shore,
There is a face which I shall see
And wish for nothing more.

Shade in Light

Light! emblem of all good and joy!
Shade emblem of all ill!
And yet in this strange mingled life
We need the shadow still,
A lamp with softly shaded light
To soothe and spare the tender sight
Will only throw
A brighter glow,
Upon our books and works below.

Light in Shade

"There is no rose without a thorn!

Who has not found it true,
And know that grief of gladness
born
Our footsteps still pursue.

That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise;
The brightest bow we only see
Upon the darkest skies!

But Faith and Love with angel-
sight
Break up life's dismal gloom
Transmuting into golden light
The words of leaden gloom.

When by stern fate compelled to part
To other climes we rove
What then is dearest to our heart?
The thoughts of those we love.

Time

Time that is past thou never
can recall
Of time to come thou art not sure
at all
Time present only is within your
power
And therefore how improve the present
hour.

Lines written for an Album.

As on the cold sepulchral stone
And when that name is read
Some name arrests the passer by,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Thus when thou view'st this page
alone,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
May mine attract thy pensive

eye!
And think my heart is buried here.

"Be good, sweet maid and
let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them
all the day long,
And so make life death and that
vast forever
One grand sweet song."

Poetry

Poetry is not a trifle,
Lightly thought and lightly
made:
Not a fair & careless flower,
Gaily coloured for an hour
Then as gaily left to fade.

Y'is the essence of existence
Rarely rising to the light,
And the songs that echo longest

Deepest, fondest, purest, strongest
With our life-blood do we write.

Oh! if there is aught that can
stable be
Mightest the endless round of earth's
beauty
'Tis the love, true love, which two
hearts bless
With a glimpse of the phantom
"happiness."

Forget-me-not

— " —

There is a little fragile flower
That bends at every passing breeze
It lingers near the leafy bower,
Around the shade of summer trees.

Accept though its value be small
This token of my love sincere
And glancing on it think of me,

Forget me not thou ever dear.

Love.

Love is the sweetest flower in the
garden of the heart
It is a flower that falls from
heaven and there takes root,
each ray of hope that touches it
unfolds a blossom ~~more~~ brighter
than the former, its soil is
formed of virtue, its fruit
is never dying kindness —
that is Love.

The Annoyer.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thoughts mysterious birth
The mountain sea and sunset sky
And written with Love's words

And you hear his voice increasingly
Like song in the time of birds.

* * * * * * * *

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the lift of a drooping plume,
And the levelled spears and the
many men
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the
weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he'll float to his eye in morning
light
Like a fay on a silver beam.

* * * * * * *

He hears the sound of the hunter's
gun
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in lar like a shivering leaf,
And flits in his woodland track
The shade of the wood and the
green of the river,

The cloud and the open sky—
He will mount them all with
his Sybilic quiver
Like the light of your very eye.

* * * * * * *

The fisher hangs over the
leaning boat
And ponders the silver sea
For Love is under the surface hid
And a spell of thought has he
He heaves the waves like a bosom
sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line
And the hook hangs bare below.

* * * * * * *

He blins the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair
In the darkest, and the brightest

day light,
In earth and sea and sky
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh

N P Willis

The Bridal day.

She leans beside her mirror in her
old accustomed place,
Yet something unfamiliar is on
her lovely face
She wears a snow white wreath as
yet she never wore,
It lends a paleness to her cheeks
unknown to it before.

She maiden goes to the grave and of
the flowers beneath
She takes the lily and the rose to
bind her midnight wreath,
But of one plant she gathers not,
fair though its blossoms be,

Only the bride hath leave to wear
buds from the orange tree.

Once only once that wreath is worn
once only may she wear
The pale white wreath of orange flowers
within her shining hair
They wear upon their soft white
brow the shade of coming years
The spiritual presence is around of
human hopes and fears.

Aye let her soft and mournful
eyes upon her mirror dwell,
For in that long and tender gaze
she saheth her farewell.
of all her youth's unconsciousness
of all her lighter cares,
And for a deeper sadder life a
woman's lot prepares.

She leaves her old familiar home the
hearth which bore her own,
She leaves to which she trusts herself
is yet a thing unknown,
Though at one name her cheeks dim
red, and sweet it be to hear
Yet for that name she must resign
so much that has been dear.

It is an arduous happiness it is a
fearful thing,
When first the maiden's snow white
hand put on the golden ring,
She passeth from her father's house
into another's care,
And who can tell what troubled
hours what sorrows await her there.

Both life and love are mysteries,
both blessing and both blessed
And yet how much they teach the
heart of trial and unrest

Sweet maiden, while such troubled
thoughts mid bridal fancies sweep
Well may'st thou pensive watch
thy glass and turn away and
weep.

Abendlied

Abend wird es wieder; über
Wald und Feld.
Dämmert Friedens wieder, und
es ruht die Welt.

Nur die Uhr, verrinnet sich vom
Thurm herab
Und es brummt und klingt
immer immer fort.

Und kein Abend bringt (ihm ein
(Kopf - hier zu) Frieden ihm
und Ruh!
Nur die Glocke klingt ihm ein

Preist dich die Freude, grüße sie
Sie schmückt das Erdenleben.
Gieb Raum ihr, doch gern ist es wie
Daß Flügel ihr gegeben.

Und wenn dich Kummer Leid ereilt
Mußt sie geduldig tragen
Und hoffen, daß die Stunde heilt
Die Hand, die sie geschlagen.

Ihr freundlichen Andenken an Deine
H. Nasse.

Bonn d. 4 Febr. 1868.

Kust-lied zu

In in deinen Armen bist mein
Herz auch zu
Gott nur Kommt uns gegeben
Nahe Abendruh!

There is a little word
in every language dear
In English 't is forget me not
in French 't is souvenir

Loralei.

Ich weiß nicht was soll es
bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alter Zeit
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem
Sinn.

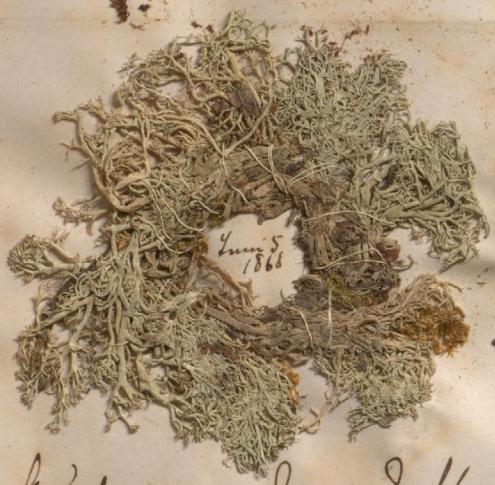
Die Luft ist kühl und dunkelt
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste der Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldnem
Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es wild und weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Zum Andenken an den Spaziergang auf den Dortmunderhöhe



Auch von dem Dottendorfschen

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Loreley gethan.

Lebensmaßheit steht,
Wenn der Frühmorgenstraft
Maßheit ist die Pforte
Die zum Himmel geht.

(Fiedler)

Sonntag den 16
März 1868 Marie Soltmann
Berlin

In remembrance of the nice
evening that Helene & I
spent together in the garden
while the others had gone for a
long walk from her garden
July 11th 1868.

Der Fischer von Goethe

Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll,
ein Fischer saß daran,
Sah nach dem Angel ruhevoll,
Kühl bis ans Herz hinan.
Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht
Teilt sich die Flut empor,
Aus der der feuchte Wasser rauscht
ein feuchtes Weib hervor.

Sie sang zu ihm, sie sprach zu ihm,
Was lockest du mein Kind
Mit Menschenwitz und Menschenlist
hinauf in Todesflut?
Ach wüßtest du wie Fischlein ist
So wohlig auf dem Grund
Du stiegst herunter wie du bist
Und wärest nicht gesund.

Lockt nicht der liebe Sonne nicht
Der Mond sich nicht im Meer?

Hast wahrnehmend ihr Gesicht
Nicht bezaubert schöner her?
Hast du aber nicht bemerkt, nicht
Das geist-verklärte Blau?
Hast du dein eigen Angesicht
Nicht her in morgen Thau?

Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwillt
Netzt ihm nackten Fuß,
Sein Herz wird ihm so sehnsuchtsvoll
Wie bei der liebsten Gruß.
Es zieht zu ihm bald sanft und mild
Sie sanft zu ihm
Da wird um ihn es geschehen;
Halb zog sie ihn halb sank er hin
Und wird nicht mehr gesehen.

Poesie.

Poesie ist tiefes Schmerzen,
Und es kommt das rechte Lied
Einzig aus dem Menschenherzen,
Das ein tiefes Leid durchglüht.

Doch die höchsten Poesien
Schweigen wie der höchste Schmerz,
Wie wir Geisterhelden ziehen
Schaudernd durch gebrochnes Herz.

J. Kerner.

Zur Erinnerung an
Deine Anna Wolfe.

Bonn. 29. 3. 68.

Die Löwenbraut

Mit der Myrthe geschmückt und dem Brautgeschmeid,
Des Mädchens Tochter, die reizende Maid,
Tritt ein in den Zwinger des Löwen, wo liegt
Der Herrin zu Füßen, vor dem er sich schmiegt
Der Gewaltige, wild und unbändig zuvor
Schaut fromm und verständig zur Herrin empor.
Die Jungfrau zart und verwundert
Liebkosend ihn faßt und weiter zu gleich;
Wie vergangen in Tagen, die nicht mehr sind
Der treue Gespielen, wie Kind in Kind
Und spielten mit Lust und spielten mit Grau

Heartease in thy heart shall spring
If content abiding,
Where beneath that leafless tree,
Life's still stream is gliding
But transplanted thence, it fades,
For it bloometh only
Neath the shadow of the cross
In a valley lonely.

In affectionate remembrance
of yours very sincerely
Georgiana Gill

Bonn. 1868

Now in thy youth beseech of Him,
Who giveth, upbraideth not
That his light in thy heart become not dim
And his love be unforgot;
And thy God in the darkest of days will be
Greeness and strength & beauty to thee.

Die Tage der Kindheit sie liegen
und fern.
Du schüttelst wonnevoll ab wird zugestanden
Dein mädchen-zum weibes königlich
Kranz.
Ich wuchs fort du siehst es, ich bin
Das Kind nicht mehr mit kindischem
Sinn
O wär ich das Kind noch und bliebe
bei dir
Mein Streben gestrenge, mein radisches
Hier.
Ich aber muß folgen sie Schatzkäuer
an
Hinaus in die Fremde dem fremden
Mann,
Es fiel ihm ein daß schön ist sie
Ich wurde gefreit es ist nun vor-
bei.
Dem Kranz in Herzen mein guter
Gesell.

Und nicht der Zweigen die bleichen nach
fall
Verstaffst du mich ganz! Schnitt grün
mir Dazu
Ich bin ja gefasst: sei ruhig nur du
Drot sehe ich ihn kommen, dem folgen
ich auch
So geb' ich denn Freund dir den
letzten Kuß!
Und wie ihn die Jungen des Mädchens
bereit:
Da hat man den Zweiger zerbrochen
gesprüht
Und wie er am Bitter den Jüngling
erspreit
Erfaßt Entsetzen, entsetzen die Menge
erdreut
Er stellt an die Thür sich des Zweiges
zur Wacht
Er schwingt den Schwert er brüllt
mit Macht
Wie flehend gebietend und drohend

In remembrance of our delightful excursion to the Ironspinfold June 6th 1868.

C'est le vieux chêne qui projette
L'ombre qu'à toute heure il me faut,
C'est l'écho qui tout bas répète
Le nom que j'ai pensé tout haut.

Ta dévouée

Emilie Le Voir.

Anvers

Bonn le 19 Février 1868.

bezahlt
hinaus; er in Zorn den Kampf gang
wahl
Und draußen erhebt sich verworren
Gehör
Der Jünglinge Wut. bringt Rettung
herbei
Ich schieß' ihn nieder ich treff' ihn gut
Auf brüllt der Grimmige schäumend
vor Wut
Die Unselige wagt's sich der Gefahr
zu nahen
Da fällt er getroffen und alle die
Heerin an.
Die schöne Gestalt ein gräßlicher Raub
liegt blutig zerrissen entstellt
in dem Staub
Und wie er vergessen das Schaun
Blut
Er lagt sich zu Leiche mit finsterem
Muth

Er liegt so versunken in Traum
und Schmerz
Bis endlich die Kugel ihn trifft in
das Herz.

Adalbert v. Chamisso

April 1st 1869.

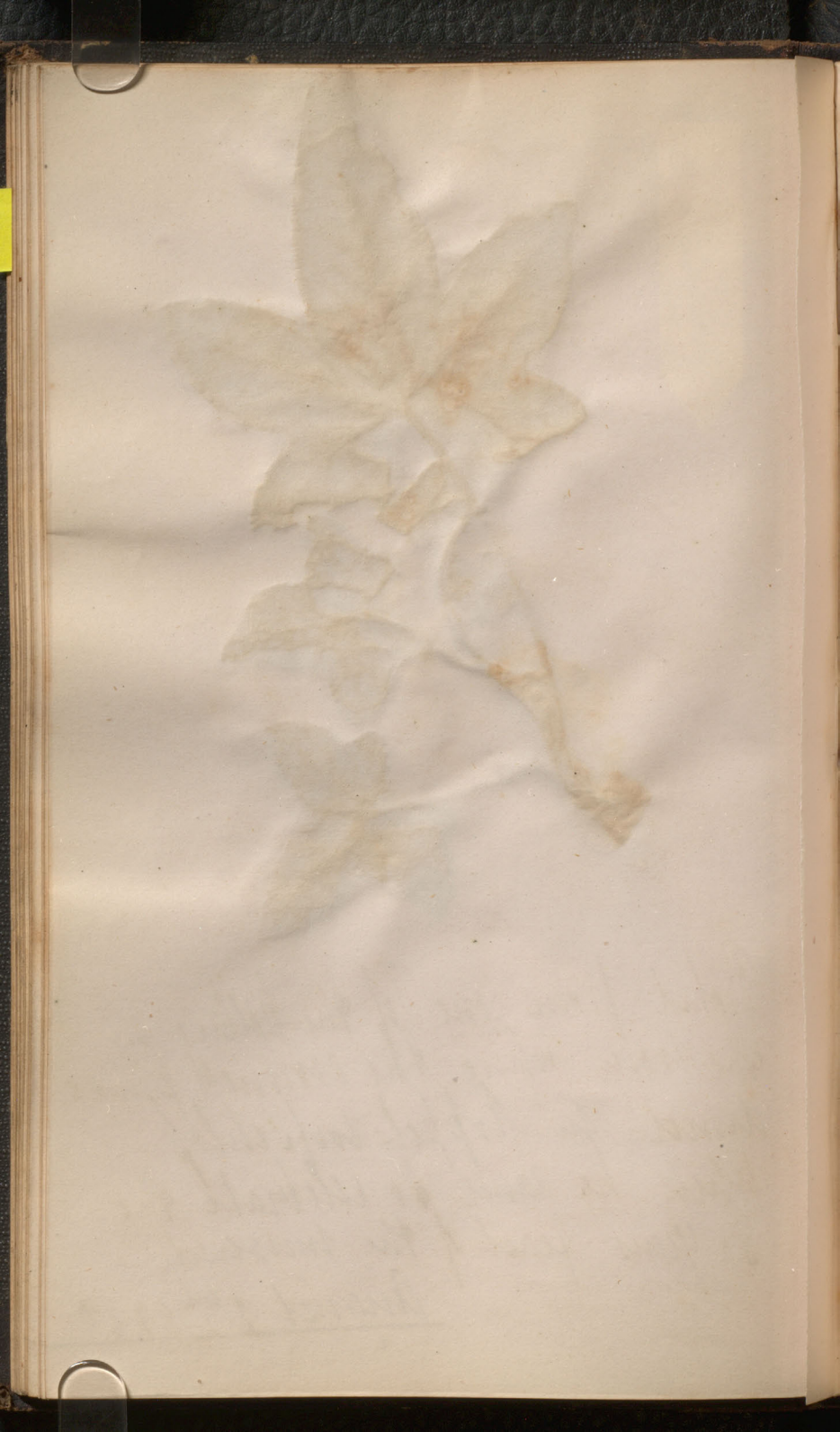
May 29th 1861

Gathered on the road to
Keswick where we had supper in
the garden of the village-inn and spent
a very happy evening

Von meiner lieben Emmy als
wir im Garten zusammen
gingen, und von ihrem Bräutchen
pflückt. Den 6 Juli 1868.

Picked from one of the pillars in the room where the crowned prince dined in Poppelsdorferschloß when he came to celebrate the 50 years feast of the university –

August 2nd 1894.



Friedlich, fröhlich Lieben und Leiden
Leitet den Pilger ins Himmelreich;
Keine der Gaben der Liebe vergehen
Macht dich für den Unsterblichen gleich.

Zur freundlichen Erinnerung
an Deine

Emma Huyssen
(Tserlohn)

Bonn d. 8 März 1868.

Gathered on the field of Waterloo.
Which I visited with my brother
and uncle on the 1st Sept. 1868.

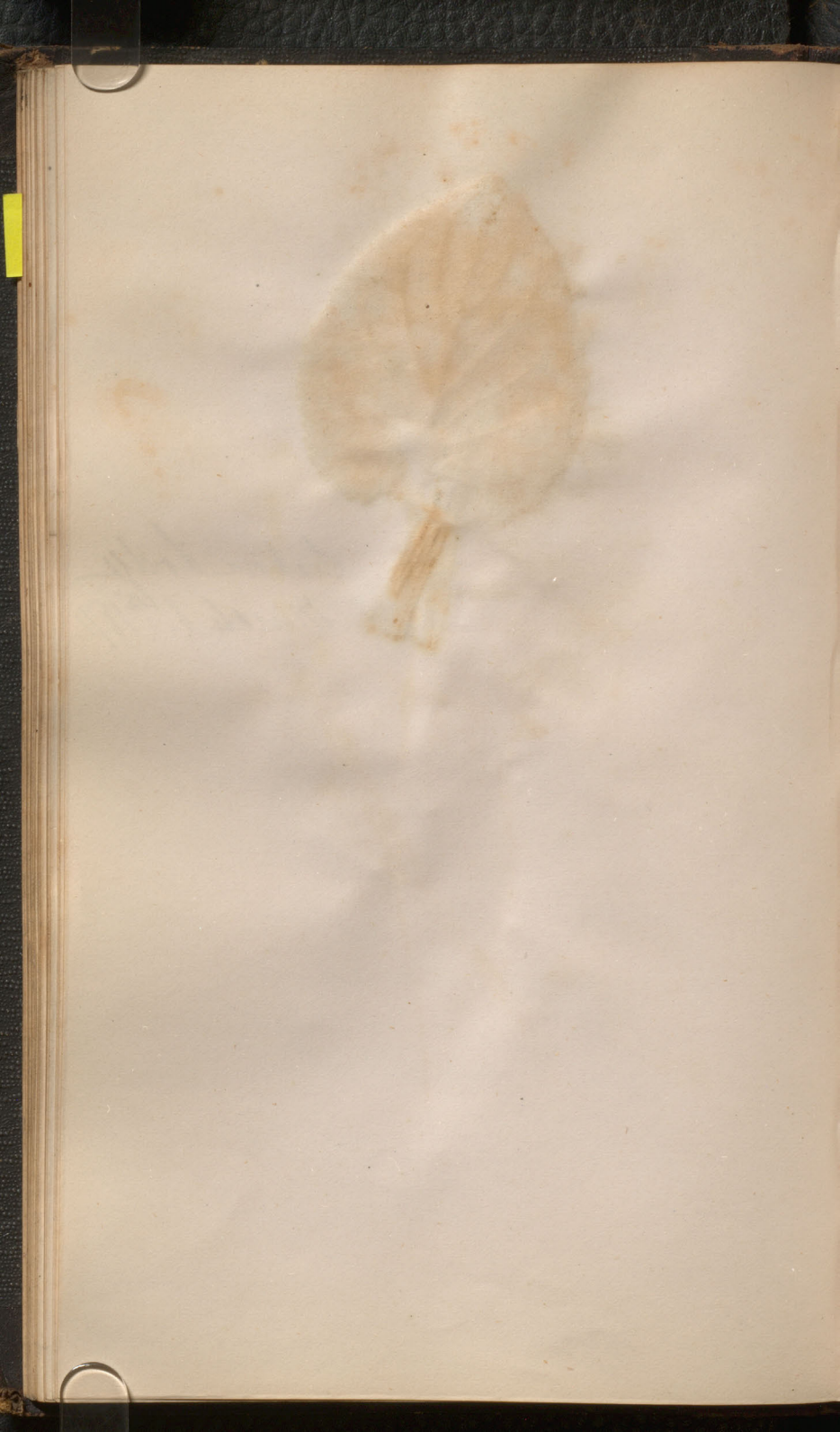
Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein,
Ich schau' dich an und Wehmuth
Schleicht mich in's Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob sich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen sollt'
Betend, daß Gott dich wo'lt erhalten
So rein und schön und hold.

Liebe Jane wenn
du diese Zeilen
liest so denke
auch zuweilen
an deinen dich
herzlich liebenden C. Lechner.

Linz den 10 Februar
1865.

Lisbon Lodge
March 8th 1871



Taken from a bouquet which I received from Brother George on arrival the 4th Sept. 1868.

Picked at Chambéry
Dec. 1880 -

Das Leben ist keine Träume,
Wenn wir es nicht verträumen,
Und wenn wir nicht versäumen,
Das Versprochene wirklich Raume
Mit Lebenen zu umfassen

Zur freundlichen Erinnerung
von Ihrem

Lauenburg am März 1868. J. Schreyer
(Breslau)

Am 6 7. Wir hatten den selben
Tag etwas gefroren und diese
Blume wurde gegeben zu
zeigen dass alles neu werden
soll den 12 Juli 1868

Forget-me-not.

Though many a one around thee smile
And many a faithful friend you meet
When love may cheer life's dreary way,
And time the bitter cup to sweet;
Let memory sometimes heal thee back,
To other days almost forgot
And when thou think'st of other friends
Who love thee well, "Forget me not"

Grove February 7. 1868

In remembrance of
Alice Frame.

Gathered from My dear little garden
July 1868

Hilft Du Dich selber nicht,
so sieh, wie Du andern es treibst,
Hilft Du den Andern nicht,
blick' in Dein eigenes Herz.

Zur freundlichen Erinnerung
an Deine Dich herzlich liebende
Johanna Röttgen
aus Crefeld.

Bonn d. 20 Febr.
1868.

Von E. Forstmanns Garten

den 29. März 1868.

from E. Forstmann
gathered from
the Rosenburg.
April 20th 1868.

Given to me by Lia Radford
May 1868.

Given to me by Mrs.
april 30th 1868.

Gathered on the banks of the Rhine
May 29th/66

Gathered from the Roupenburg
where we went for a walk on the
5th May 1868.

Gathered on the Bonsenberg
where we went on coming for
a walk - July 1868.

June 16th 1868.

Gathered on the
Rogerbourg where we had one beau-
tiful evening for a walk

Poesie.

Poesie ist dieses Ringen,
Und das kommt das erste Lied
Frischig aus dem Menschenherzen,
Das ein Liebeslied durchglüht.
Doch die höchsten Poesien
Bringen wie der höchste Ring,
Nur wie Geistlichkeiten ziehen
Können sie durch's ganze Herz.

J. Baum.

Zur freundlichen
Erinnerung an Ihre
Marie Schreyer.
(Breslau)

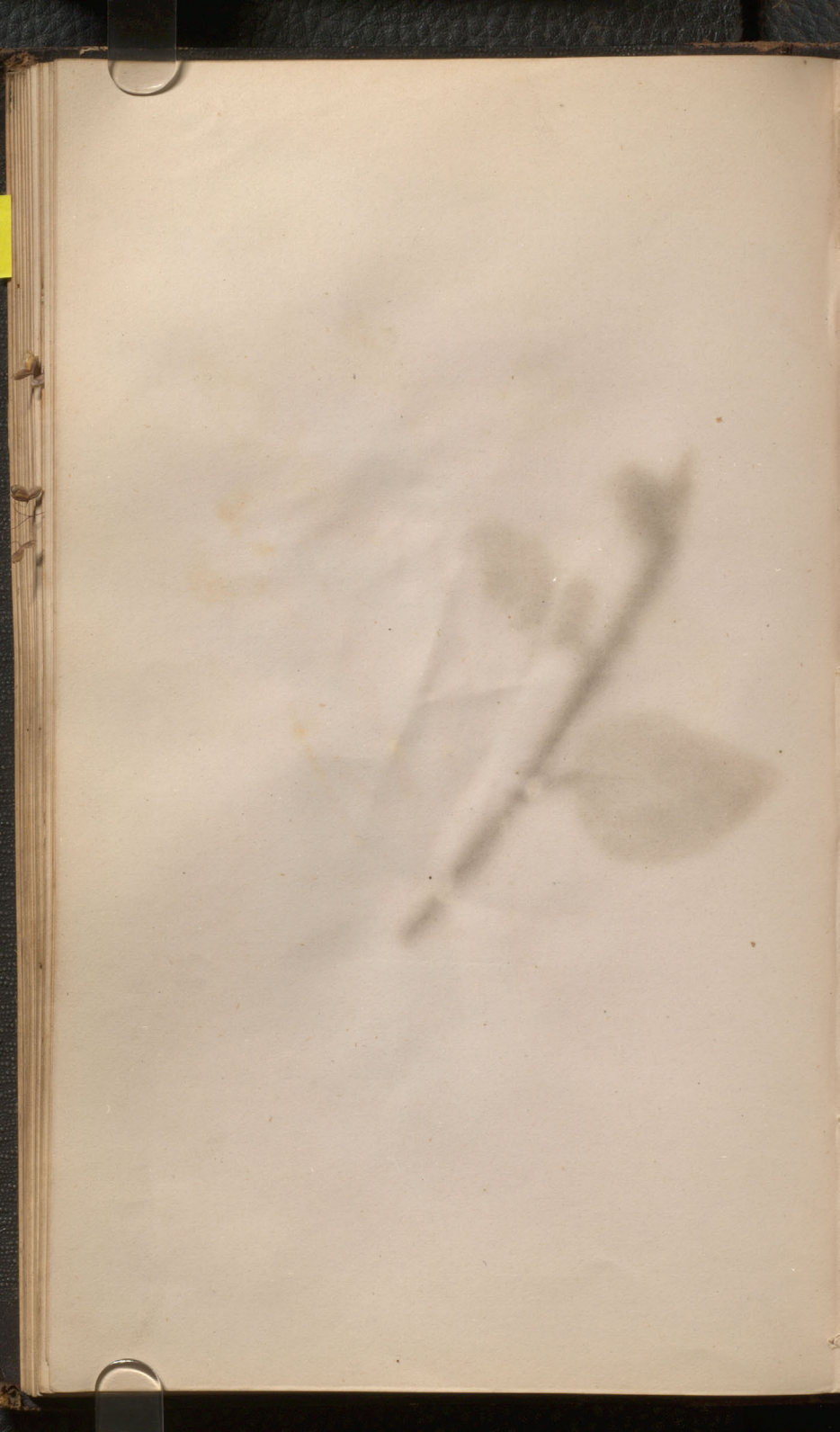
Bonn, d. 8. März 1868.


May 21st 1868

Given to me by Helene v Oberse
in one of our walks on that
everlasting Coblenzer Strasse

June 8th 1868.

In remembrance of the happy evening we spent on the top of the Penes Rog, where we ate such a quantity of cherries on the 17th June 1860.



Frühlingsahnung

O sanfter süßer Hauch
Schon weckst Du wieder
Mir Frühlingslieder.
Bald blühen die Veilchen auch.

Zum freundlichen Andenken
an Deine
Anna Theegarten
(Talmerheim)

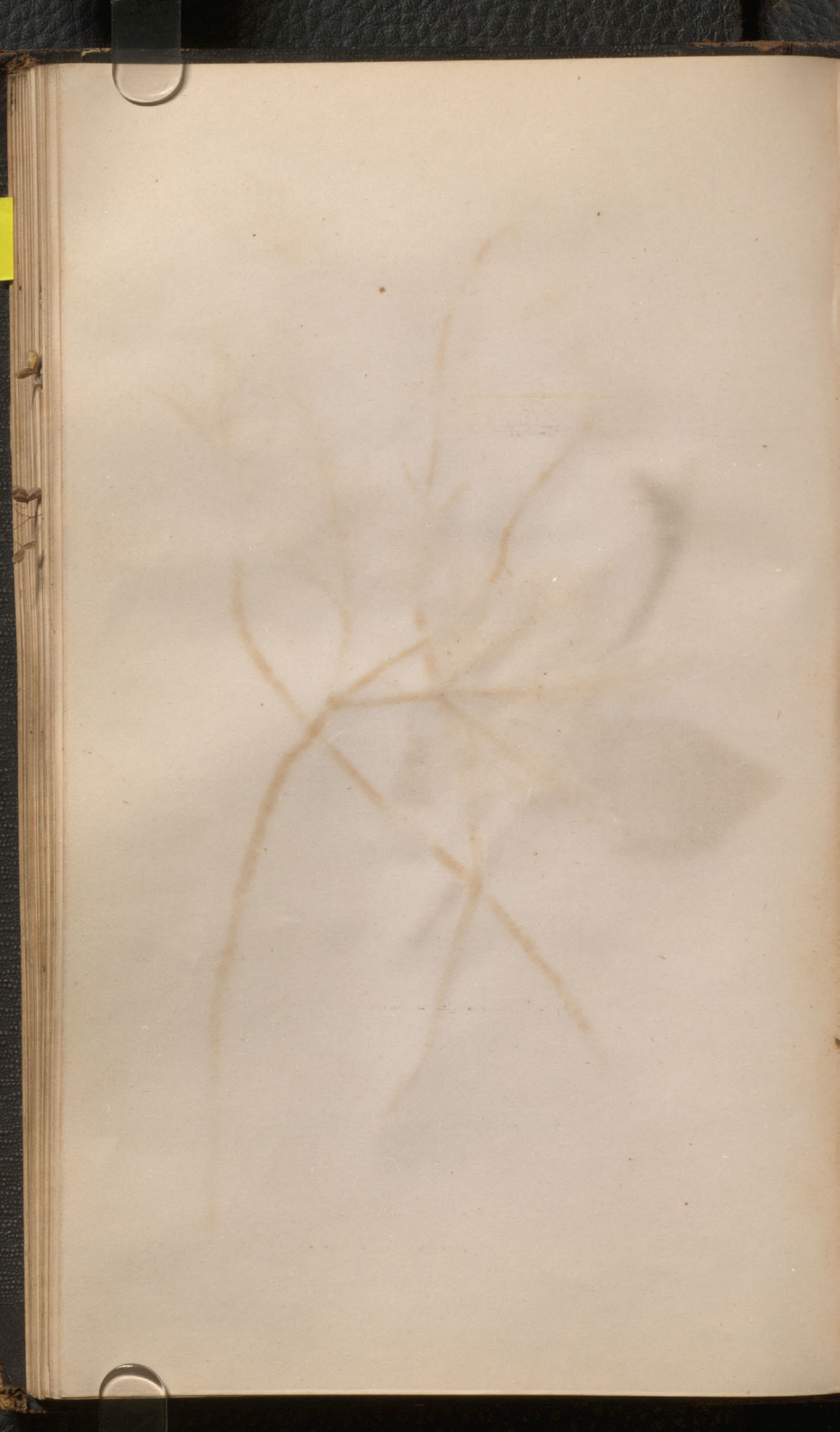
Bonn, 4. März 1860.

Gathered from the Wenesberg and given to me by H. b Boerze --

May 13th 1868.

Von dem Rheinischen Wald

März 1868



Forget-me-not.

Though many a one, around thee smile,
And many a faithful friend you meet,
When love may cheer life's dreary way,
And sup the bitter cup to sweet;
Let memory sometimes bear thee back,
To other days almost forgot,
And when thou thinkest of
other friends
Who love thee well, "Forget me-not"

In remembrance
of your very affect.
Kate Frances.

First flowers brought home by Walter –

17th June 1869 –

Parting lines to a Friend.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower, — a faded flower, —
But it was done reluctantly.

I never spoke the word farewell!
But with an utterance faint & broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

Dear Jane! the above lines are in remembrance of many pleasant days spent in Bonn, and also of yours very affect.ly

Emma Gill.

Bonn. Feb.y 10th 1868.

(London.)

This was gathered a little way off from the village of Lauenberg

beside the ruins –

Then we spent a delightful day – The forenoon I did not enjoy very much as I had headache & toothache and could not run about – I tried to sleep but that was impossible for the people continued going and coming & of course screaming at the top of their voices as all Germans are fond of doing I think – then there was also some beautiful music got up, but one seemed to play on a penny whistle and the other to drum on an old pan –

In the afternoon however my headache &c. improved and I was able to take a walk & –

so as far as to get a view of the
Sieg a pretty view but far off
We returned home all very merry
and sang all the way —.

Gathered at a little village on the opposite side of the Rhine. There we had coffee in the garden of the inn and afterwards we went up to the woods

No 3

where we roamed about -
I went with Goetmann -
We went through the grounds
of a beautiful castle afterwards,
and returned very late -

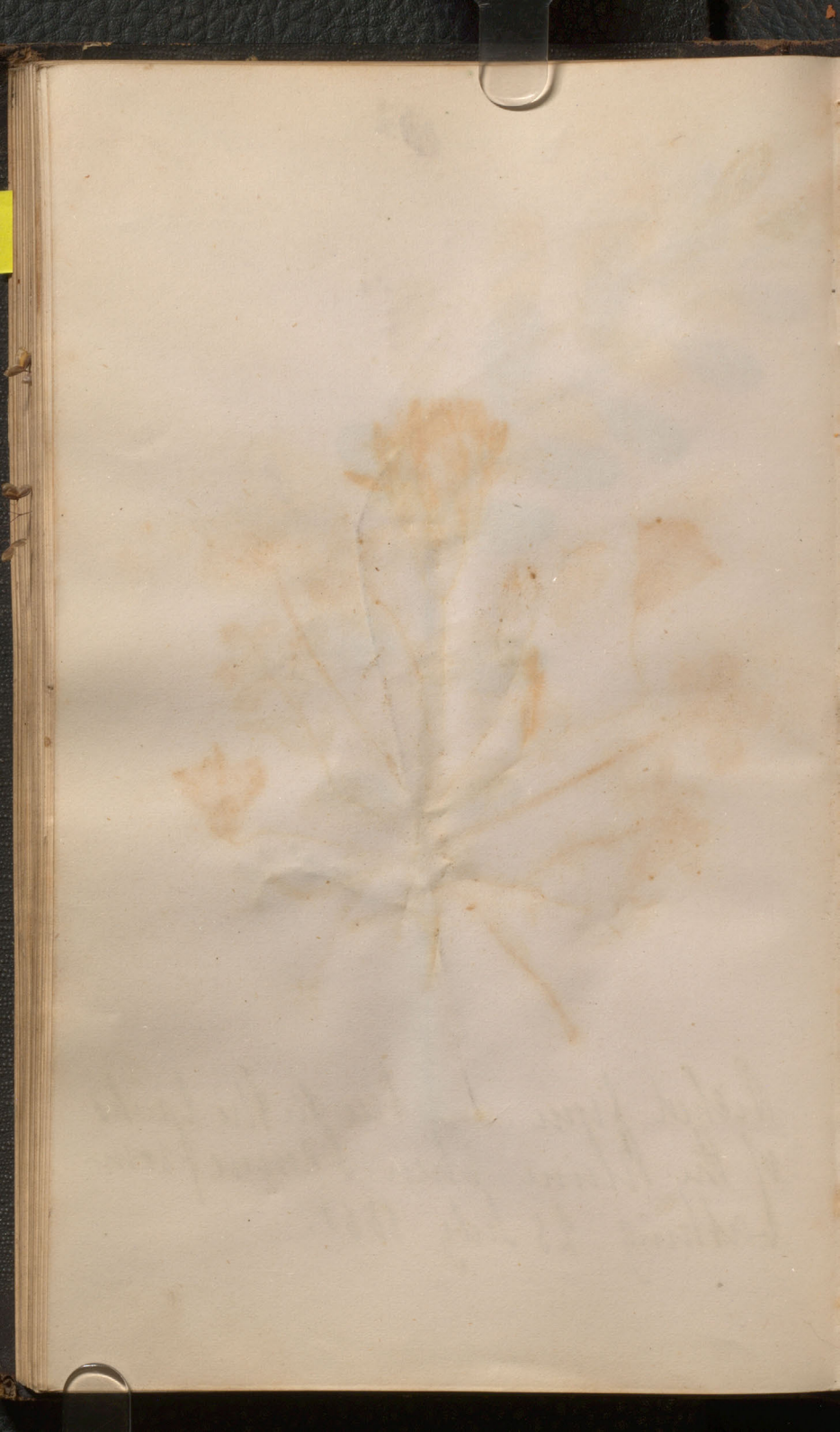
From Emilie Levin
gathered at Rudwig-
hoven on the Island
Ascension —

From a hill behind Tigh-na-Dunaich
Pyles-of-Bute --

Gathered at the
Island of Staffa
Augt 1880 -

From my Garden - picked on the
6th July 1868 -

Picked from a tree on the banks of the Rhine when I came from bathing 25 July 1860.



Rothesay August 1869

Down Warrant Street
Sept 23rd 1869

Found Cottage

Ivy Fastened down