

66 Selected

Forget Me Not

"Forget Me Not"

Two lovers were boating on the margin of a lake, on a fine summer evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the Myrtle growing on the water, close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, & swimming, to the spot, cropped the wished for plants, but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, & feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flower upon the bank, & casting a last affectionate upon his lady, Love, he cried, "forget me not!" & was turned in the waters.

"Beside a placid lake thron'd, &

A lady and her knight;

Embrac'd in the water side,

She felt none to view,

And there amid the sleeping tide,

The Myrtle grew

As smile was on the lady's cheek,

As blush was on her brow;

"My knight she said in accents sweet, 'Thine I take lightly done;

"Thine I best - 'Thou art my love!"

"Now tell me how my worth to prove!"

She said "I will be of his lady's love"

"And name thy heart, my lady love"

"No recreant am I;"

She gazed upon his lady glowing face,

And firmly she gazed;

And oh! that look was full of grace

And confidence replaced.

"Now let to me my gallant knight!"  
"Just then you must flower!"  
"Go bring to me that lozenge bright  
To deck thy lady's tower!"  
He plunged into the quiet lake,  
Nor dream'd aught of harm;  
"Before her lady's arm."  
"Away, away!" he near the isle,  
"Now think he of his lady's love!"  
"The prize is proudly won!"  
"He turned him towards the distance"  
"And fervently she pray'd  
"She wrestle hard to win the show"  
"He hears her welcome voice!"  
"The wand of his jewel ever,  
"The kiss her knight rejoice,  
"But faint & fainter grows her arm

His strength is well nigh gone;  
 What vision now his soul alarms!  
 But dying he had not forgot  
 His lady's high behest,  
 Hee flung the flower— "Forget me not,"  
 He cried and sunk to rest. — J. Cosby &

Woman's Love

A woman's love deep in the heart,      The world with all its cares and woes,  
 Is like the violet flower,      Seems as if like earth & heaven,  
 That lifts its modest head apart,      Michibocken

In some sequestered bowers,

And that is he who finds that Horn,

Who sips its gentle sweets;

The heeds not life's oppressive gloom

Nor all the care he meets,

A woman's love is like the Spring,

Whom the wild alone;

A burning wild over which the wing

Of clou is seldom thrown;

Whom that is he who meets that front,

Beneath the sultry day;

How gladly should his spirit mount,

How pleasant be his way!

A woman's love is like the rock,

That every tempest braves.

Whom stands secure amid the shock

Of ocean's wildest waves;

And that is he to whom repose

Whom its shade is given;

It was a time in the first ray spring tide of youth,

When the lonely heart pines, like a dove for its mate;

And calls up such visions of love and of death,

As might well turn to azure the storm-clouds of fate.

But though sweet are those feelings, and dear are those dreams,

There's a time which to me is far sweeter than this;

For reality quenches hope's ideal beams

While care dims the sweetest rays of sleep.

Shew, an hour when the heart, like a bark on the waves,

Seems nearing the port so long anxiously sought,

And the tempest of passion has hushed in their ears,

And lips gales from the South a sweet eddies have caught;

But the eye may deceive, and the wish may betray,

And the port prove a cloud, or a desolate isle;

And the heart and the cheek which were happy to-day,

May to-morrow have lost both their hope and their smile.

Oh! the love I would die for, or live but to prize,

Is that which through seasons of sorrow hath passed;

Like the radiant light of the midsummer skies,

Shines on through our lives, but grows sweetest at last;

The hearts which are formed but in sunshine and flower,

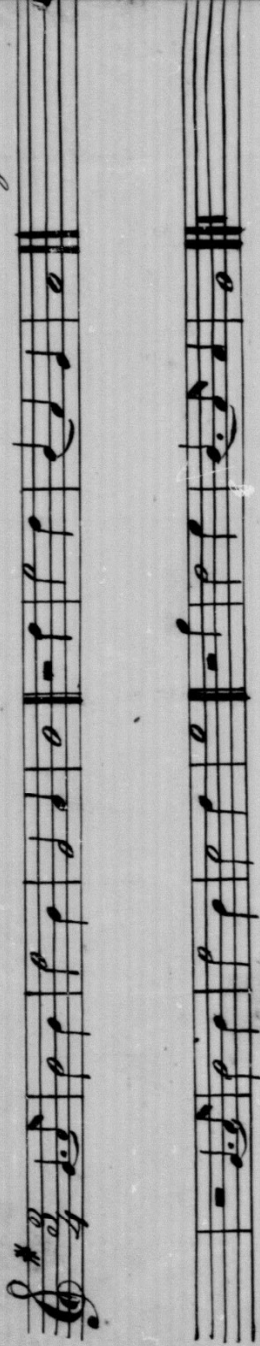
Enraptured to beat, or united to cling,

Know not the bliss shed by time's truth-testing powers,

Or those whose affections have hunted grief's sting.

When I am gone.

By L. R. Smeltzer.



1. When I am gone - When closed my eye  
To earthly scenes and fears;  
Will brief from friends, and Grieve sad,  
Be moved to sighs and tears?

2. When I am gone - Shall those I love  
Be standing round my bier?  
Will other friends be there, to shed  
A sympathizing tear?

3. When I am gone - My cold remains  
Lie mouldering in the "gloom!"  
Will Friendship's Lily, Love's fair Rose,  
Be planted o'er my tomb?

4. When I am gone - Long years rolled by,  
And sorrow's tear be dry;  
Will Memory linger round my grave,  
When ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> suffused the eye?

When I am gone - Far, far away,  
In Heaven my home of love;  
Will friends I loved ones, dear to me,  
Come flocking home above?

L. R. Smeltzer.

**VII. Poetry and Music by Josiah P. Smeltzer**

**VII Poetry and Music by Josiah P. Smeltzer**

1. August 9, 1843 and 1846  
Poem, "On the Crucifixion"
2. 1846  
Select Compositions
3. September 10, 1861  
Poem, "I Love the Bible"
4. Undated  
Poem, "The Christian's Rest."
5. Undated  
Poem, "Appeals to the Sun"
6. Undated  
Poem, "Forget Me Not"
7. Undated  
Poem and Music, "When I Am Gone"

By the Lutheran Observer.

On the Crucifixion

Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, gave  
up the Ghost. Math. 27—50

At Pilate's seat,  
A crowd have met,  
I ask, why are they here;

~~The~~  
From every one  
There is a prisoner,  
This day by Pilate doomed to die,  
The rabble say, "Let's crucify"

And now I see  
~~The~~ <sup>No</sup> Calvary;  
This crowd moved from the hall,  
And one among  
That throng, through

Despends a tear from all;  
But no—they stand with eager eye,  
And say, "This man let's crucify"

The Scribes appear,  
The mob to cheer,  
And urge them to the deed,  
What God had told,  
By Jews of old.

His own dear Son should bleed,  
The High Priest too approaching night,  
Cried out with them, "Let's crucify"

See there he hangs,  
While all the gangs  
Of death to him are felt;  
They show no love,  
But cruel improve,

..  
Their icy hearts don't melt;  
But Jesus on the cross doth die,  
While all the crowd say "Crucify!"

This cruel band,  
Insulting stand,

And gazing as he dies;

But now a shock—

The earth doth rock,

A dark nap veils the skies;

They start-dismayed, and yet doth cry,

"This man, this man, let's crucify!"

A silence then,

Came on the men,

Who just had cried so loud;

But soon 'twas broke,

By one who spoke—

One of that mighty crowd,

Who said, "The son of God doth die;

By those who cried "let's crucify!"

Then all was still,

No voice until

Jesus a prayer express;

"Father forgive,

By me they live;

Who was his last request.

The Savior bared his head and died,

And Justice <sup>there</sup> was, ~~then~~ satisfied

Craggstown Aug 9, 1843

L. P. G.



## Select Compositions

A tribute to Friends here written by request of Cassin M. E. S.....  
My friends beloved & kindred near,  
I should ever cause the burning tear,

To flow from sorrow's eye;  
Remember friends in time of need,  
Are scarcely found true friends indeed,  
They break affections tie.

Love that dear friend,  
Who'll one day send,

His Holy one's to guard you home,  
And there most freely bid you come,  
No faithless friends on high.

Middletown 1846.

Friendship's Offering. To Anna B.

'Tis idle talk, 'tis most unjust,  
To say there is no love;

Affection dwells in mortal dust,  
As pure as that above.

May friendship's bond, affection's tie,  
Unite our hearts like those on high  
And not one word

Of block & discord,

Dissever that dear tie which binds  
Together kindred hearts & minds.

Yonkers town 1846.

Lines.

Beauty will fade like every transient flower,  
And wealth the commands no great extent of power;  
But love's the sun whose melting beams will melt  
Cold hearts; & at whose shining mankind here kneelt.

Yonkers town 1846.

I love the Bible.

I love that blessed word,  
That light & truth from Heaven,  
That way divinely shown by God  
That Path to mortals given.

The truth that cheers my heart,  
In danger & distress,  
I love, for strength it will impart,  
And joy & happiness.

The way the Saviour trod,  
The prophets went, I love;  
The narrow way, the heavenly road,  
So endless lies above.

I love that heavenly light,  
Descending from on high,  
Which dispels the gloom of night,  
Reveals a cloudless sky.

That word O let me love,  
Impress it on my heart,  
My heart to try, my love to prove,  
To bid my years depart.

Theo Sem Newbury S. C.  
Sept: 10.<sup>th</sup> 1861.

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I love the Bible.

1. I love that "blessed Word,  
 That Light & Truth from Heaven,  
 That Way divinely shown by God,  
 That Path to mortals given.

2. The Truth, that cheers my heart,  
 In danger & distress,  
 I love, for strength it will impart,  
 And joy, & happiness.

3. The Way the Savior trod,  
 The prophets went, I love;  
 The narrow way, the heavenly road,  
 To endless bliss above!

4. I love that heavenly Light,  
 Ascending from on high,  
 Which dissipates the gloom of night,  
 Reveals a cloudless sky!

5. That Word & let me love!  
 Impress it on my heart —  
 My heart to try, my love to prove,  
 To bid my years depart.

J. P. Arnold

# The Christian's Rest.

Feb. 4:9.

Rw. J. P. Smeltzer  
His writing every

1.

When Moses stood on Nebo's height,  
He'd promis'd Canaan with delight,  
The pleasant vale, the mountains high,  
And Jordan gently rolling by;  
His soul with love  
From Heav'n above,

With glowing rapture, holy awe, was fir'd,  
As Canaan's land by him was long desir'd.

2.

The Christian views the heavenly land,  
When standing on pale death's cold strand;  
With joy & hope before unknown,  
Beyond the stream he sees his home.

Why fear to die  
When Heav'n is nigh,

Wide open her pearly gates, invites him in,  
And rescues him from sorrow, death & sin?

3.

These fields are clad in living green:  
Enchanting view! Transporting scene!  
These flowers that never, never fade,  
Bloom thick in groves of heavenly shade:  
There shall he see  
That holy "tree

Of life," which spreads a healing shade around,  
And on its boughs the living fruit is found.

4. Undated

Poem, "The Christian's Rest."

4.

Where Angels strike the sounding lyres,  
Anthems are sung by heavenly choirs;  
To God their ~~hymns~~ <sup>hiss</sup> ~~minstrel~~ <sup>minstrel</sup> sweetly raise,

Their songs of worship, glory, praise:  
There shall be sung,  
To Christ, his King,

Redeeming love, when earth in flames is rolled  
And thousand times ten thousand years are told.

5.

Where Jesus waits his soul to bless,  
Clothe him in robes of righteousness,  
Crown him with glory at His throne,  
And Welcome, <sup>the</sup> weary christian home,  
No burning tear,  
No slavish fear,

Will ever them be felt, but he shall sing  
Eternal praises to his Saviour King

6.

O blessed land! Delightful place!  
The end of every Christian's race:  
That home, where joy & peace abound -  
Where dearest friends once lost are found -  
That home above  
Where perfect love

Exists in bonds of perfect unity -  
Where christians shall this land enjoy & see.

— Poetry! — Poetry!! — Poetry!!! —

— Hymns to the Sun —

— 1 —  
Thou King of day, uncaring roll,  
And spread thy light from pole to pole;  
Invigorate this earth by ours  
With many warm refreshing powers.

— 2 —  
We see thee raise thy gentle head,  
While yet we lay upon our bed;  
Declaring it is time to rise,  
That we may see the mount the skies.

— 3 —  
The dark & silent depth of night,  
Has left us by thy power & might;  
And now comes on bright lovely day,  
Alumin'd by thy gentle ray.

— 4 —  
Thou shalt art mounting higher & higher,  
As we gaze on with fond desire;  
Thy gentle beams more glowing fall,  
With radiant lustre on our tale.

— 5 —  
Thou shalt arise to growth height,  
And now beam forth with power & might,

Which force us to some cooling shade  
Which some bright orb than thou has made

— 6 —  
But lo! a cloud does intervene,  
Thou art no longer to be seen;

But these thick vapours passes by,  
Again we see thee thrashed on high

— 7 —  
Beyond the blue horizoned west,  
Thou art, Bright Sun, descending fast,  
And soon will see thee here no more,  
Till thou art seen on the Eastern shore.

— 8 —  
Thou art now gone behind the hill,  
No more we see thy radiant hill;  
Except the tinge of that bright glow  
Made by thy power so great, so proud

— 9 —  
Forewell, thou traveller of space,  
The silent night draws on apace;  
Again to see thee, who can tell,

We say again, Farewell, Farewell,

J. P. Shelton

Greystown