

William Bingham Tappan: Hour of Peaceful Rest

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found alone in heaven. 5

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even—
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven. 10

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven. 15

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven. 20

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Barry Cornwall: Sit Down, Sad Soul

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying:
Come,—tell the sweet amount
That 's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score? 5
Then laugh, and count no
more;
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep 10
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream: do thou the same: 15
We love—for ever;
We laugh; yet few we shame,
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies 20
Are thine for ever!