

SOME KEEP THE SABBATH GOING TO CHURCH

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church –

I keep it, staying at home –

With a Bobolink for a Chorister –

And an Orchard, for a Dome –

Some keep the sabbath in Surplice –

I, just wear my wings –

And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church –

Our little Sexton – sings.

God preaches, anoted Clergyman –

And the sermon is verver long –

So instead of getting to Heaven, at last –

I'm going , all along.

I DIED FOR BEAUTY BUT WAS SCARE

I died for beauty, but was scare

Adhusted in the tomb,

When one who died for truth was lain

In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed?

"For beauty," I replied.

"And I for truth, -the two are one;

We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names.

I NEVER SAW A MOOR

I never saw a moor
I never saw the sea
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be

I never spoke with God
Nor visited in Heaven
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if chart were given