

To Miss Josephine D. Russell.

Could I but tune the Poet's Lyre,  
And fondly charm one mortal's ear! -  
Could I t' empyrean chimes aspire  
And draw an Angel from his sphere!

I then would sing, fair Josephina,  
A theme to please your loving heart;  
And beautify like Proserpina,  
The vale of Death, we share in part.

But oh! - in humbler flights I totter,  
Must seek my home in lower climes;  
For I can't soar, I can but flutter  
In rural lays at sundry times. -

"This Album is that lovely garden  
Where friends commune in silent bliss;  
Where kind affections never harden,  
And constant joys each other kiss,

Adorned with garlands never-fading,  
Sweet names parade in modest grace;  
All, mingled in soft twilight-shading,  
Rejoice in Memory's dear embrace.

Be sweet Content your choicest flower  
And godliness your greatest gain  
For both enrich the cottage-bower  
And beautify life's dreary plain!

When grief's dull suitors seek to blunder  
The cheerfulness of your kind heart;  
When dearest ties are cut asunder,  
Bid Hope dissolve their bitter smart!

A region blest to man is granted,  
A rest for Pilgrims' weary feet.  
Where blossoming trees on waters planted  
Their sweet repose for ever meet.

Your bark be ever gently guided  
Across the unknown course of time! -  
safely 'gainst every storm provided, -  
Well-anchored at life's last decline! -

Be happy in your destined station,  
Though passing through its thorny wild;  
And still adorn God's fair creation  
In meekness, love and virtue mild! -

'Tis all my wish; - my voice doth falter,  
I cannot touch the thrilling chord;  
At every note my fancies alter,  
And thus produce a sad accord!

Adieu! adieu! - but still remember,  
Kind Josephine, "the foreign guest";  
As he will greet you in the chamber  
Of Memory's - for ever blest! -

Yours

J. Stobe. 1850

Wednesday, Jan. the 23<sup>th</sup>