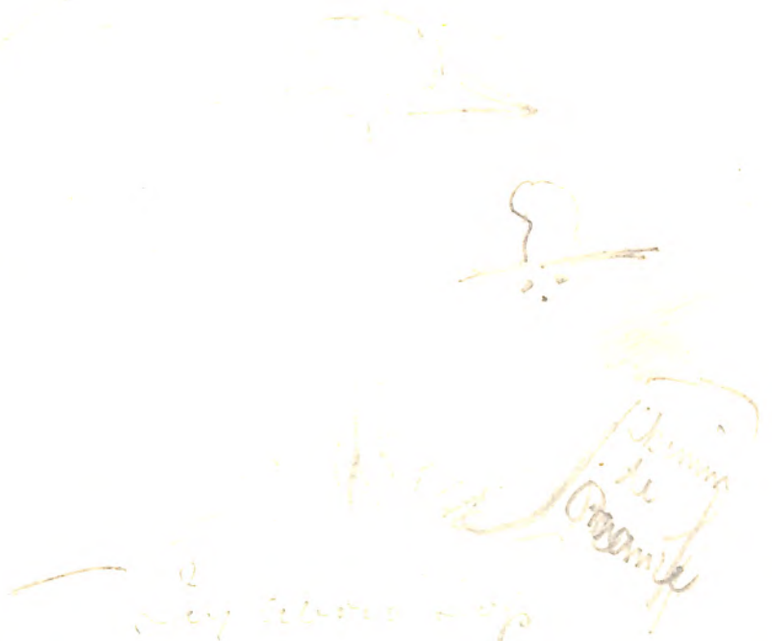
Fisher Song Journal



The Parting

Alas! our sad hearts burst with grief,
To think we're parting for ever,
Our hearts are full, our eyes are stiff,
What heavy hearts we have!

And oh! our mournful parting face,
How deep in sighs we're lost,
The expressive tongue has no power,
The soul's true impulse to express.

But oh! it was, the sighs must speak
From the heart's bosom to tell
Our woeful tale, our parting,
A long painful and sad farewell.

N. F. C.

Stephens Jun. 3rd
1857.

Humphry. Eddy & Dee
Calla Gibson
Thompson

Read the jungle about Singleton & the lines following

When not in [illegible] jewelry
he is not [illegible]
[illegible] he can deserve
[illegible] martyrs
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

Thus was an idle [illegible] and sun
His earliest curse; when not in vain
the [illegible] in [illegible] ~~thought~~ mind arose
That with the [illegible] the idle strain
A youth must with [illegible] light
A quiet step, a mien serene
Tell on her face, though young and fair
A shade of pensive thought should [illegible]

Not [illegible] on [illegible] the mountain tarn
That there the silent [illegible] dwells;
And oft on woman's face such shade
Of kind and [illegible] calm tells.
That may be in the [illegible] my love
So charm his youth and cheer his age
To sooth the grief and share the joy
That mark life's changeful pilgrimage.

September [illegible] 9.

Th. S. B.

~~Stratford~~ Dublore
New Leeds
Leeds

Behold in her [illegible] — [illegible]
before them to wed: the [illegible] advise. Their hopes
there manifest enmity, and [illegible] there remain be-
fixed before their marriage.

Life

Mary ✠

What deep wounds ever healed without a scar?
The heart's blood longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war with
Their own hopes, and have been vanquished
bear
Silence, but not submission — in his lair
Fixed Passion holds his breath until the hour
Which shall atone for years, none need despair
It cometh, and will come — the power
To punish or forgive — in one we shall be lower

Byron

Friendship

What is friendship? 'Tis a gentle flower
That only blooms beneath the softest warm ray
But if a storm or an unwelcomed shower
Be bid it wither, the blossoms fall away

What is friendship? 'Tis a breathing spell,

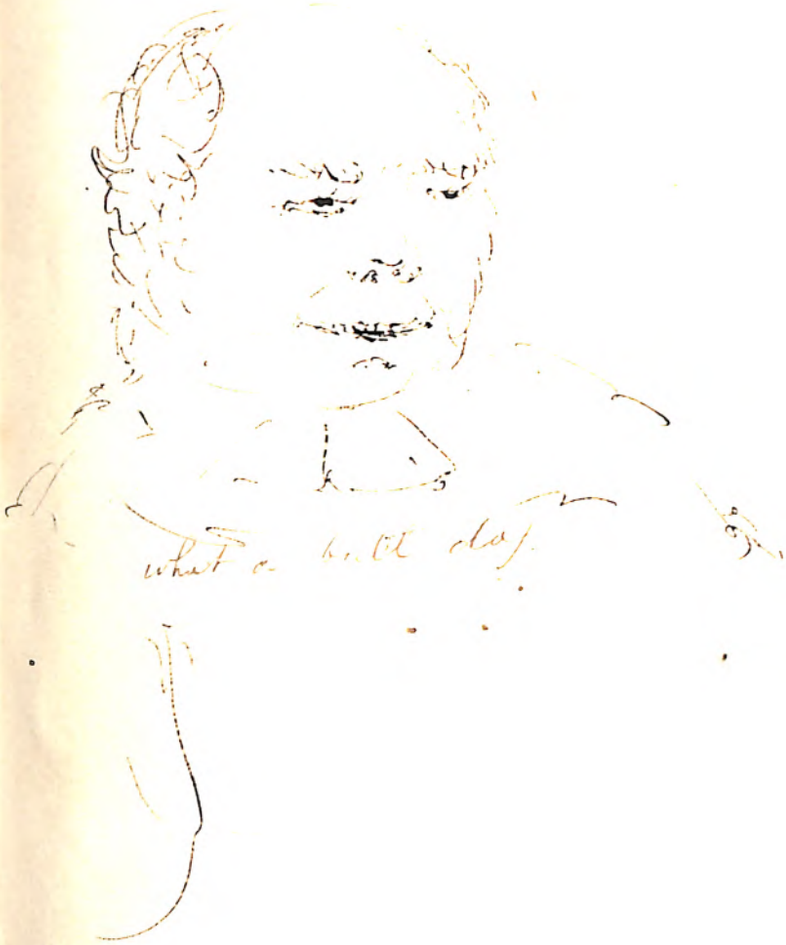
A friend in need is a friend indeed

Love

A feeling from the God-head caught
To wean from self each sordid thought
Amen So be it

Philly

Oh Philly happy be that day
When roving through the Gosford hay
My youthful heart was stole away
And by my charms, my Philly


what a wild day

Richard C

from my gaze
Thou art gone to the grave
But who can deplore thee
Thy sorrows are ended
And thy warfare is past
In the home of the faithful
~~Home we meet thee~~
With joy may we meet thee

Friend Sept 2nd 1852

B H

Thos Dell Esq. Wife Debtor.

The Holy Dead.

How sweet I think upon the Holy Dead
Who have been gathered from the weary earth,
To treasure up each precious word they said
Because we know from whence that word had birth.

Their gentle spirits still are watching over
Our many struggles in this vale of tears;
And, as they loved and helped us heretofore
Are striving now to calm our anxious fears

It is a pleasing thought that, mid the keen
And wintry blasts that may around us blow,
A cheering ray amid the storm is seen,
Falling like sunbeams on a wreath of snow

A ray which we would fain believe to be
An emanation from that angel sheen
Which clothes the souls of those we love, set free
From chains of earth in which they once have been.

Their love – their faith – their every holy deed
Which shone so brightly in this world of ours,
Made more resplendent by the glorious meed
Of light divine – as by the sun the flowers –

Each little act of theirs appears divine;
Each kindly word which from their lips did flow
Dwells like a holy thing in Memory's shrine,
A sacred relic of their life below.

Oh! call it not a vain philosophy!
And set us not of this bright, fondest thought
Leave us to cherish what we hold to be
The brightest dream by earthly fancy wrought.

Like gentle zephyrs sighing 'mong the trees,
Which though we do not see we feel are there,
Breathing around their balmy melodies
And making cool the else oppressive air,

Their gentle spirits whisper in soft sighs
Tranquility to all the blessed angels bring:—
"Put forth, but forth your highest energies
Strive to do good, and be like us with God!"

A Cantab.

June 16th 1836.

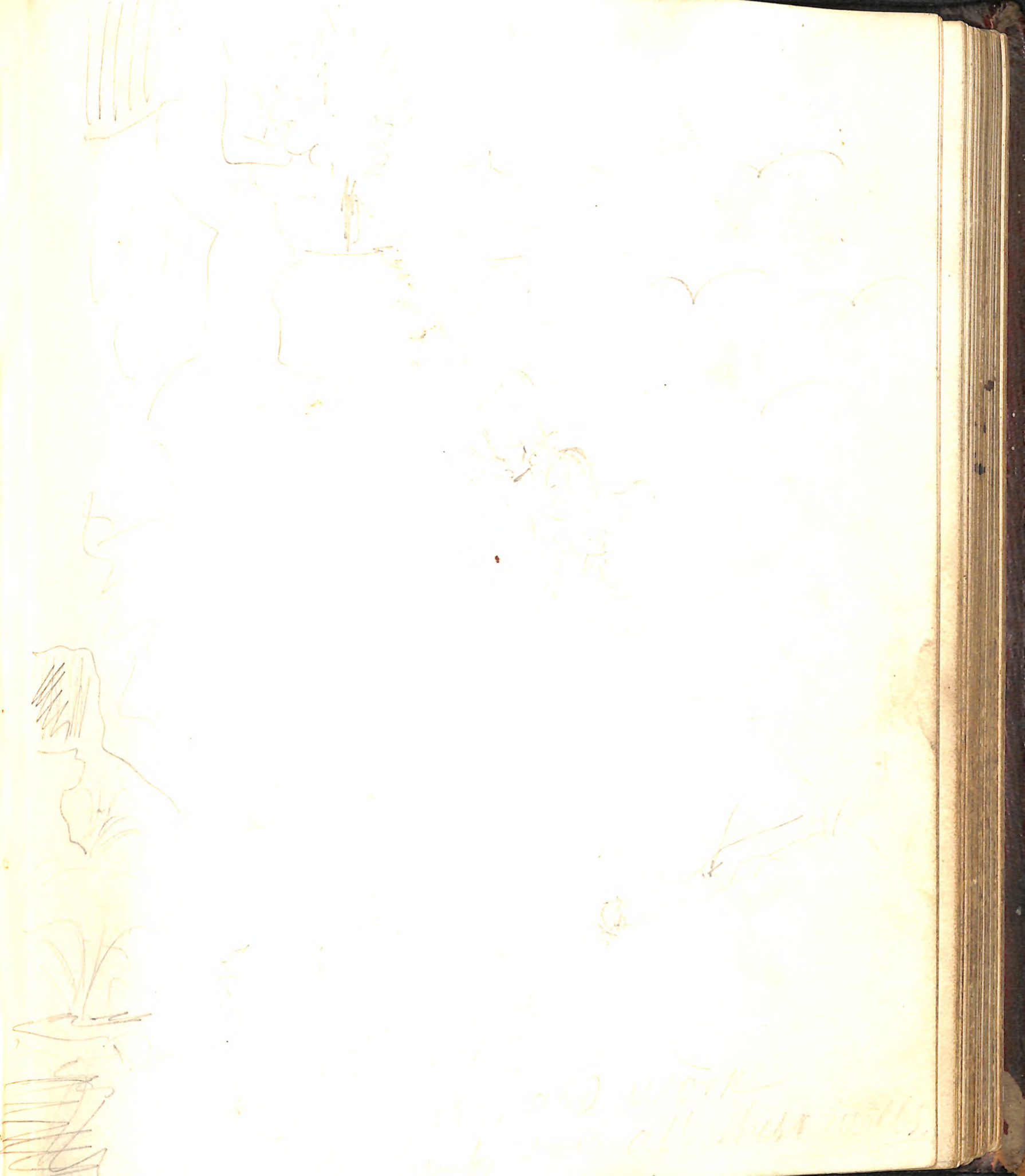
Anacreontic.

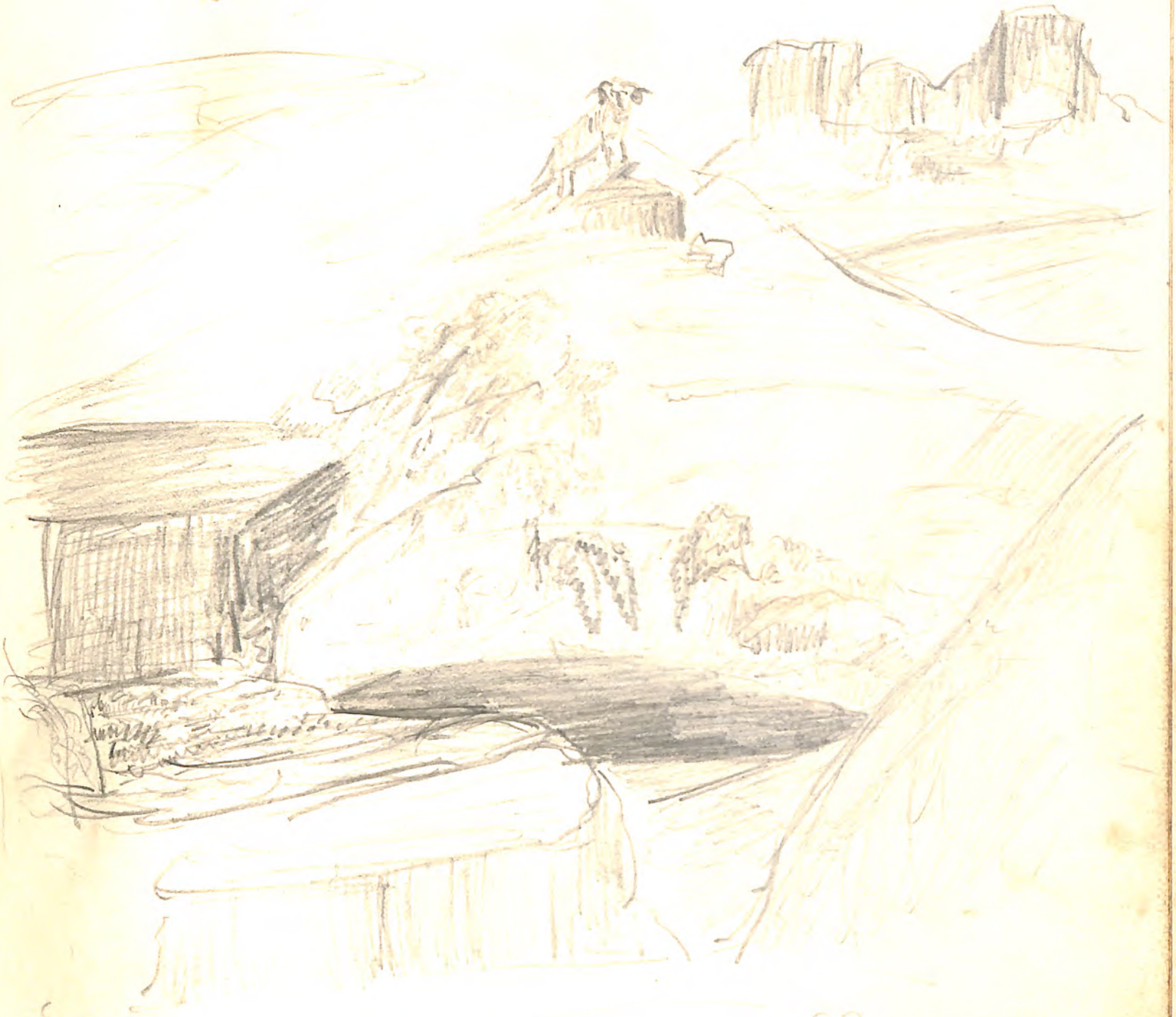
'Twas that voice than music sweeter,
Led me on from day to day
With a step made hourly fleeter
By the Boy-God's magic sway;
To look on thee, no the only
Shining beacon of my way
That was often dark and lonely
And unlit by one bright ray,
'Till thy sweet face met my vision,
With its sunniness and truth,
Realizing the Elysian
Golden dreamings of my youth.

Call around me angel faces,
Such as greet the poets eyes,
Conjure all a host graces
Of fair woman's witchery,
And I'll turn from all to view thee,
And to hail thee as mine own,
Speaking all my fond love to thee
In love's own most fervid tone.
For whereér my steps are turning
Thy bleat image twills me,
And my heart forgets its mourning
In its dreams of love and thee.

A Cantal.

June 16th 1856





Gaping Gill. Hole
Ingleboro'.
N.M.W.

The founder of the Liberal Party returned from England

Sonnet

Oh is there one heart-bound the thousands that beat
For one fatty or clime on earth has been taken
One heart, whose thrilled of guile and deceit,
With affection unchanging, in joy or in woe—
That with faith unwavering, all dangers would share—
Every trial partake, whilst the world one was nigh,
Be his refuge and life guarding cares and would dare,
If the weal of that loved one demanded to die.

If there be such a heart? fill the goblet with wine!
To the brim let it sparkle, and bring it to me!
This cup (thus reflowing) I pledge at thy shrine,
Thou heart of a million, I drain it to thee!
For oh! if the long lapse of years hoards behind
One chance, which the freshness of life can renew—
And give to the soul a new zest for to find
A love never-changing,— a heart that is true

Hemans

Ellen L. Shiers

Clapham
Sept 22nd
1851

Some come to Church to seek a Lover
Others come their faults to Cover
Others come to sleep & nod
But few oh! few to worship God

M. A. H.

How Very Pretty she is with her pipe

Oh loving
To love is painful ~~true~~ thrill it is very
kind not to love more painful still
~~Love~~ is the worst pain the greatest pain
To love - and not be loved again

Coleridge

a Quarter of Indian meal to be given the
widow of Zarephath who made the
above

Divum est amare
Divum est non amare
Divissimum vero omnium
Non frui re amata

8/8/56

Gad's Hill Oct 19th 1851

After a view of Captain Ellis

What of What?

The tea must have been bad

Chapman

Sir.

I beg to contradict a statement made by one "of Sheffield" to the effect that Ingleborough is "the highest of English Hill. Higher than Snowdon" any one who has been to School knows that a "cracker" - I ascended Ingleborough in May & not found everything beautifully verdant. Nor the Snowdon not came Snowdon till the end of June and then I suspect it will be much later. On Ingl. I could have cooked a chop & laid manage to light a great fire. Yours &c

Chas Dickens

Has the writer of this been to School Ah

Ram is the help by dint of force or skill
& stem the torrent of a stream mile
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't
Or if she won't, she won't & there's an end on't

D. Haggerty April 10th 1853
Keighley

Mr. has not taken out of his Head Sir
& Simpson to be Hanged
She has'nt taken out of his feet Sir
For them to trample upon
Yet She has taken out of his Side Sir
His Legal and Partners to be
Since both of them have been Sir
She Mrs. & She Not of Justice

April 11th

Music

Music hath Charms the fond Swain
To Sooth the Cumults of the Breast
To Lift the Soul on Heaven bound Wing
Or Lull the Savage Beast to Rest

It is the Attendant of Heaven
A Ring of Fire Celestial Birth
The Envy of Mortals given
To make a Paradise on Earth

For who shall tell its Soothing Power
That has not felt its Influence Smild
How often in Dark Sorrows Hour
Hath Some Soft Strain our Hearts beguiled

Thornton
April the 8th

Sweet Sentiments of Love

Whichever Way Thine Music in a hair brush, Thine Music is in a Mop

Thine Music is a gridiron, when you're doing a Mutton Chop

Thine my sentiments for Heaven.

Crowned in love

Oh crowned you are crowned,
Crowned queen in love's domain,
If so you will confess
I speak the truth - I swear

'Twas in my early youth
When love I sought for it,
So far I was blind
And never saw it near me

'Twas not that I was ignorant
Of love or where it lay,
The love I saw of her
The more my ardor grew

But those who had the power
Declared it should not be;
I'll never for her glance!
He never it - was to me -

Removed her from her
With other girls I met -
Her maiden charms I spurned
Whose feelings round hurt -

When thrown with her I
I talk like other men
They know not that I lie,
Can never love again -

Irma Jaffe

The coming October

Ye friends I leave behind me,
One last and long farewell
To you sweet memories dwell
Till Death strikes future bonds
Or wilds Australian wandering
Or wherever I roam,
My thoughts must all their pondering
Shall nightly fly to thee My Ellen

love and esteem to Stephens in general
and Mrs Shires in particular

Oh dear! oh dear! and must I part

From the [illegible] scene

Encharmed with the sports his nurse

But [illegible] cream

C. to Mrs. Shires 6/52

And death a Saturn love

And all his terrors [illegible]

His [illegible] meet confess

[illegible]