

THE
PRINCETON POETS,

COMPILED BY

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EXTRACTS FROM "ALWYN."

[*From Canto I.*]

What recks to tell of birth and long descent ?
Is not the spirit from Jehovah sprung ?
Enough that Alwyn from his childhood bent
Him to the toils of knowledge, and among
The free, wild mountains was his fortune flung
Almost as free ; and lone and far away
From all the bias of the babbling tongue,
His work conversed with Nature, and his play
Was o'er the learnèd page to linger night and day.

* * * * *

Where streamlets, rushing down the mountain side,
Leap in their giddy haste from lin to lin ;
And overhanging groves, in solemn pride
And mystic twilight, shut their chorus in
As with a temple, where the murmuring din,

WITHOUT CHRIST.

O Christ, the world is dark—
 Ghostly dark for me;
And life would have no mark
 But for Thee.

I know not whence I came,
 Whither I must go.
Life wavers without aim,
 To and fro.

Nothing seems worth my love,
 Nothing worth my care;
All below, all above,
 Blank and bare.

To men my soul would close
 Her gates, and decline
Their contact, but for those
 Who are Thine.

This weary, hopeless heart
In lonesome would dwell
In the furthest, darkest part
Of her cell.

And when near to life's brink,
Would yield what it gave,
Without a word, and sink
Into the grave.

There's nothing time can give,
Nothing I could be,
For which 'tis worth to live
But for Thee.