Classic Poetry Series

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

- poems -

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1819 New Year's Carrier's Address

Believe me, dear patrons, I have wand'red too far,
Without any compass, or planet or star;
My dear native village I scarcely can see
So I'll hie to my hive like the tempest-tost bee.
Hail home! sacred home! to my soul ever dear;
Abroad may be wonders but rapture is here.
My future ambition will never soar higher
Than the clean brushed hearth and convivial fire;
Here I lounge at my pleasure, and bask at my ease,
Full readily sooth'd, and desirous to please,
As happy myself as I happy can be,
I wish all the circle as happy as me.
But hark what a clatter! the Jolly bells ringing,
The lads and the lasses so jovially singing,
Tis New-Years they shout and then haul me along
In the mdist of their merry-make Juvenile throng;
But I burst from their grasp: unforgetful of duty
To first pay obeisence to wisdom and Beauty,
My conscience and int'rest unite to command it,
And you, my kind PATRONS, deserve & demand it.
On your patience to trespass no longer I dare,
So bowing, I wish you a Happy New Year.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

A Tenant of Mrs. Van Kleeck

Translation of a letter from a tenant of Mrs. Van Kleeck to that lady, dated January 9, 1787

My very good landlady, Mistress Van Kleeck,
(For the tears that o'erwhelm me I scarcely can speak)
I know that I promis'd you hogs two or three
(But who knows his destiny? Certain not me!)
That I promis'd three hogs I don't mean to deny
(I can prove that I had five or six upon sty.)
Three hogs did I say? Three sows I say then
'Pon honour I ne'er had a male upon pen.

Well Madam, the long and the short of the clatter
For mumbling & mincing will not better the matter;
And murder and truth, my dear mammy wd say
By some means or other forever saw day;
And Daddy himself, as we chop'd in the wood,
Would often observe that lying wasn't good.
Tell truth, my sweet fellow, no matter who feels it,
It ne'er can do hurt to the man who reveals it.
But stop! While my Daddy and Mammy's the subject
I am running aside the original object --
The sows, my sweet madam, the sows I repeat,
Which you and your household expected to eat,
Instead of attending their corn and their swill
Gave way to an ugly he-sow's wicked will.
When 'twill end your good ladyship need not be told,
For Nature is still as she hath been of old,
And when he cries YES mortal may not cry NO -
So Madam, farewell, with my holliday bow.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

A Valentine

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Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Account of a Visit From ST. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danc'd in their heads,
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap--
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The boon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I new in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:
"Now! Dasher, now! Dancer, now! Prancer, and Vixen,
"On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixem;
"To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
"Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys--and St. Nicholas too:
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the root
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:
He was dress'd in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he look'd like a peddler just opening his pack:
His eyes--how they twinkled! his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow.
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly:
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye hand a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings; and turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He spring to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle:
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of site--
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Acknowledgement

With the ladies' permission, most humbly I'd mention
How much we're obliged by all their attention;
We sink with the weight of the huge obligation
Too long & too broad to admit compensation.
For us (and I blush while I speak I declare)
The charming enchanters be-torture their hair
Till gently it rises and swells like a knoll
Thirty inches at least from the dear little poll;
From the tip-top of which all peer out together
The ribband, the gause & the ostrich's feather;
Composing a sight for an Arab to swear at
Or huge Patagonian a fortnight to stare at.

Then hoops at right angles that hang from ye knees
And hoops at the hips in connection with these
Set the fellows's presumptuous who court an alliance
And ev'ry pretender at awful defiance.

And I have been told (though I must disbelieve
For the tidings as fact I would never receive)
That billets of cork have supplied the place
Of something the Fair-ones imagine a grace;
But whether 'tis placed behind or before,
The shoulders to swell or the bosom to shoar,
To raise a false wen or expand a false bump
Project a false hip or protrude a false rump,
Was never ascertain'd, and fegs I declare
To make more enquiry I never will dare.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Acrostic -- Eliza Hughes

E v'ry grace in her combine,
L ove and truth and friendship join,
I n one source without reserve,
Z ealous all her friends to serve,
A nd diffuse true harmony.

H appy nymph of chaste repose,
U nsullied as the vernal rose.
G ay -- majestic -- yet serene,
H andsome, with a graceful mien;
E v'ry charm in her appear,
S he is lovely, chaste and fair.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

An Elegy on the Death of Montgomery Tappen

An elegy on the death of MONTGOMERY TAPPEN who dies at Poughkeepsie on the 20th of Nov. 1784 in the ninth year of his age.

The sweetest, gentlest, of the youthful train,
Here lies his clay cold upon the sable bier!
He scarce had started on life's varied plain,
For dreary death arrested his career.

His cheek might vie with the expanded rose,
And Genius sparkled in his azure eyes!
A victim so unblemish'd Heaven chose,
And bore the beauteous lambkin to the skies.

Adieu thou loveliest child! Adieu adieu!
Our wishes fain would follow thee on high.
What more can friendship - what more fondness do,
But drop the unbidden tear & heave the sigh?

Ye youths whose ardent bosoms virtue fires,
Who eager wish applause and pant for fame,
Press round MONTGOMERY'S hearse, the NAME inspires
And lights in kindred souls its native flame.

COLUMBIA grateful hails the tender sound
And when MONTGOMERY'S nam'd still drops a tear,
From shore to shore to earth's remotest bound
Where LIBERTY is known that NAME is dear.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Apostrophe

Of RISPAH. (who had been the concubine of King SAUL) when DAVID hanged her children, because their father had done amiss.

From morn to eve from eve to rosy morn,
On this bleak rock I'll lay me all forlorn;
Here will I stay, tho' tempests frown around,
Fierce lightnings glare, or earthquakes rock the ground.
The prowling wolves, the hungry birds of prey,
Pierc'd with my moans, will rove another way:
Less steel'd than man, with hearts dissolv'd they go,
And lose their nature at the voice of woe.
And did ye, O my hapless offspring! bleed
For your unhappy father's thoughtless deed?
He fell, alas! on Gilboa's fatal plain,
And gave his life 'mong thousands nobly slain.
--He had his faults; but he was kind and brave,
And with him all his errors found a grave;
-- Thus fondly I
With cursed, deadly hate
Against his house are hurl'd the bolts of state;
For royal David, wrapt in purple-grieves
While one of Saul's unfort'nate lineage lives:
His word is fate -- myself, my children all,
Must in an undistinguish'd ruin fall.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Brother Beekman

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Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Careless Philosopher's Soliloquy

I rise when I please, when I please I lie down,
Nor seek, what I care not a rush for, renown;
The rattle called wealth I have learnt to despise,
Nor aim to be either important or wise.

Let women & children & children-like men
Pursue the false trollop the world has called fame.
Who just as enjoyed, is instantly flown
And leaves disappointment, the hag, in her room.

If the world is content not to stand in my way
The world may jog on both by night and by day
Unimpeded by me - not a straw will I put
Where a dear fellow-creature uplifteth its foot.

While my conscience upbraids not, I'll rise and lye down,
Nor envy a monarch His cares and His crown.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Catharine Breese Livingston

Tombstone

I fondly nursed an opening rose,
And view'd its beauties every day;
But ah! a withering storm arose
And swept my lovely flower away.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Catharine Livingston

Her little bark on Life's wide Ocean tossed,
In the unequal struggle soon was lost,
Severe its conflict! Much alas it bore,
Then sunk beneath the storm and rose no more.
But when th' Archangels clarion shall sound,
And thunder "LIFE" through all the vast profound,
Her renovated vessel will be seen,
Transcendent floating on the stream!
The joyful ensigns waving in the air!
The tides propitious and the zephyrs fair,
Till safe within the destined Port of Bliss,
The anchor drops in everlasting PEACE.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Dialogue

Children

Pray dearest mother if you please
Cut up your double-curded cheese,
The oldest of the brotherhood.
It's ripe, no doubt and nicely good!
Your reputation will rise treble
As we the lucious morsel nibble.
Praise will flow from each partaker
Both on the morsel and the maker!

Madame

Your suit is vain,--upon my word,
You taste not yet my double-curd;
I know the hour,--the very minute
In which I'll plunge my cutteau in it;
Am I to learn of witless bairns
How I must manage my concerns?
As yet the fervid dog-star reigns
And gloomy Virgo holds the reigns.
Be quiet chicks, sedate and sober
And house your stomachs till October;
Then for a feast! Upon my word,
I'll really cut my double curd.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Epithalamium: A Marriage Poem

'Twas summer, when softly the breezes were blowing,
And Hudson majestic so sweetly was flowing,
The groves rang with music & accents of pleasure
And nature in rapture beat time to the measure,
When Helen and Jonas, so true and so loving,
Along the green lawn were seen arm in arm moving,
Sweet daffodils, violets and roses spontaneous
Wherever they wandered sprang up instantaneous.
The ascent the lovers at length were seen climbing
Whose summit is grac'd by the temple of Hymen:
The genius presiding no sooner perceived them
But, spreading his pinions, he flew to receive them;
With kindest of greetings pronounced them well come
While hollidays clangor rang loud to the welkin.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Hiding Place

Hail sov'reign love that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a Hiding-Place.

Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mentions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding-Place.

Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a Hiding-Place.

But thus the eternal counsel ran,
Almighty Love arrest that man;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And saw that I'd no Hiding-Place.

Indignant Justice stood in view,
To Sina's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no Hiding-Place.

Ere long a Heav'nly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appear'd,
She led me on with placid pace,
To Jesus as my Hiding-Place.

Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt should daunt my face,
For Jesus is my Hiding-Place.

On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk the world to hell:
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their Hiding-Place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land us on fair Canaan's coast,
Where we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious Hiding-Place.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

Letter Sent to Master Timmy Dwight

Master Timmy brisk and airy
Blythe as Oberon the fairy
On thy head thy cousin wishes
Thousand and ten thousand blisses.
Never may thy wicket ball
In a well or puddle fall;
Or thy wild ambitious kite
O'er the elm's thick foliage light.
When on bended knee thou sittest
And the mark in fancy hittest
May thy marble truly trace
Where thy wishes mark'd the place.
If at hide and seek you play,
All involved in the hay
Titt'ring hear the joyful sound
"Timmy never can be found."
If you hop or if you run
Or whatever is the fun
Vic'try with her sounding pinion
Hover o'er her little minion.
But when hunger calls the boys
From their helter skelter joys
Bread and cheese in order standing
For their most rapacious handling
Timmy may thy luncheon be
More than Ben's as five to three,
But if hasty pudding's dish
Meet thy vast capacious wish -
Or lob-lollys charming jelly
Court thy cormorantal belly
Mortal foe to megre fast
Be thy spoonful first and last.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

On my Sister Joanna's Entrance into Her 33rd Year

On this thy natal day permit a friend -
A brother - with thy joys his own to blend:
In all gladness he would wish to share
As willing in thy griefs a part to bear.

Meekly attend the ways of higher heav'n!
Is much deny'd? Yet much my dear is giv'n.
Thy health, thy reason unimpaired remain
And while as new fal'n snows thy spotless fame
The partner of thy life, attentive - kind -
And blending e'en the interests of the mind.

What bliss is thine when fore thy glistring eye
Thy lovely infant train pass jocund by!
The ruddy cheek, the smiling morning face
Denote a healthy undegenerate race:
In them renew'd, you'll live and live again,
And children's children's children lisp thy name.
Bright be the skies where'er my sister goes
Nor scowling tempests injure her repose -
The field of life with roses thick be strow'd
Nor one sharp thorn lie lurking in the road.
Thy ev'ry path be still a path of peace
And each revolving year thy joys increase;
Till hours and years of time itself be o'er
And one eternal day around thee pour.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

The Crane & The Fox, a Fable

In long gone years a fox and crane
Were bound in friendship's golden chain;
Whene'er they met, the fox would bow
And madame Crane would curtsie low-
-My lovely Crane how do you do?
-I'm very well - pray how are you?
Thus time passed on, both very civil
Till Reynard in an hour evil
Projected what he thought a stroke
The world would call a pretty joke -
A billet wrote on gilded paper
And sealed it with a perfumed wafer
Announced the day, if she saw fit
To take a tete-a-tetetit-bit;
The day arriv'd -she preen'd each feather
And summon'd ev'ry grace together;
At breakfast scarce a morsel eat
Intent to riot at the treat -

She came - wide stood the unfolded door
And roses deck'd the sanded floor -
- There hyacinths in festoons hung
- Here lillies their rich fragrance flung -

The table drawn - the damask laid
And soup prepared of bullock's marrow
Pour'd in each plate profuse - but shallow;
The fox began to lap in haste
And made a plentiful repast,
Pressed his fair friend to do the same
And to encourage, lap'd again -

The Crane be sure with her long beak
Could not a single morsel pick;
She felt the bite--but little said
And very soon her exit made,
Just beg'd the fox would come next day
And sup with her in her plain way;
Reynard declared she did him honor
-He certainly would wait upon her.

Her domicile was well prepar'd
No cost or labor had been spared;
Roses and tulips on the floor
And daffodils the ceiling bore;
Nor was a band of music wanting
For whippoorwills and frogs were chanting.
The sun had set and given way
To sober evening's mantle gray;
The fox arriv'd with stomach keen
-Hoped he saw in health his Queen
And added in his courtliest air

She ne'er before had look'd so fair.

The Crane replied in mildest mood
That all he said was very good,
She meekly meant to do her duty
And ne'er dream'd of praise or beauty.
-She spoke - The table soon was spread
And ev'rything in order paid;
Two narrow jars now graced the board
With nicely minced ven'son stored;
- Now let's fall to, sir, if you will--
And in she pok'd her slender bill
And gulp'd of viands at her leisure
- To see you eat would give me pleasure
She cried - eat, neighbor, eat
I fear you do not like my treat;
It suits my palate to a hair
Pray, Chummy, eat and do not spare.
- The fox looked on with rueful phys
Feeling in all its force the quiz.

The Crane enjoy'd his discontent
And thus address'd him as he went,
The truest adage ever spoke
Was "He that Gives must Take a joke."

H.L. to his beloved daughter Jane, Feb. 19, 1827.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

The Dance

Take the name of the swain, a forlorn witless elf
Who was chang'd to a flow'r for admiring himself.
A part deem'd essential in each lady's dress
With what maidens cry when they wish to say yes.
A lullabye carriage, soft, cozy and light
With the name of the Poet who sang on the night.

The queen of Cairo, all lovely and winning
Whose blandishments ever kept Antony grinning.
The flow'r whose odors unremittingly please:
With the glory of forests, the king of the trees.
To the prince of the fairies, a jealous old knave,
Put the name of the tree that undid Mother Eve.
To finish the whole, add that period of day
When the linnet and thrush to repose hie away.

The initials of these, if adjusted with care.
Will show you the fairest where thousands are fair.
The sweet, pretty graces still hover about her
And Cupid would die with vexation without her.
When she swims in the dance or wherever she goes
She's crowded by witlings, plain-fellows, and beaux
Who throng at her elbow and tread on her toes.

If a pin or a hankerchief happen to fall
To seize on the prise fills with uproar the ball;
Such pulling and hawling & shoving & pushing
As rivals the racket of 'key and the cushion;'
And happy- thrice happy! too happy! the swain
Who can replace the pin or bandana again.

Tho the fellows surround & so humbly adore her
The girls on the contrary cannot endure her;
Her beauty their beauty forever disgraces
And her sweeter face still eclipses their faces-
For no lov'ly girl can a lov'ly girl bear
And fair ones are ever at war with the fair.

(Nancy Crooke)

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

The IX Ode to Horace

HORACE.

While I was pleasing to your arms,
Nor any youth, of happier charms,
Thy snowy bosom blissful prest,
Not Portia's like me was blest.

LYDIA.

While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd
What maid was then so blest as thine?
Not [xx's] flame could equal mine.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice her lyre command my soul;
For whom Ill gladly die, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

My heart young Calats inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutal fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

HORACE.

Yet what if love, whole bards we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again?--

LYDIA.

Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

The Procession

The legislators pass along
A solemn, self-important throng!
Just raised from the common mass,
They feel themselves another class.
--But let them in the sunshine play
For every dog must have his day.

There moves the law's close-wedged band
The scourge and terror of the land!
Pandora's box replete with ills
Not half so baleful as their quills.

The sons of Galen, ghastly crew!
Next pass in horrible review:
Arm'd with each instrument of death
To sap the citadel of Health.
Ten thousand times ten thousand fall
And physic's monster gulps down all.

Bellona's sons, a num'rous train,
now darken all the dusky plain!
--War, their amusement, Death their trade
And the one sin, to be afraid.
They're but another dire disease
The soul from prison to release:
And man forlorn, as well may be
A prey to steel as malady:
Explore he must the mortal road,
The only diff'rence is the mode.

The men in black bring up the rear,
More warm to preach than folks to hear:
Each points to his own fav'rite road
As leading to the blest abode;
Proclaiming loud that all are wrong
Who don't around his banners throng,
Till, all confounded, FAITH retires
And frighten'd CHARITY expires.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

The Vine & Oak, A Fable

A vine from noblest lineage sprung
And with the choicest clusters hung,
In purple rob'd, reclining lay,
And catch'd the noontide's fervid ray;
The num'rous plants that deck the field
Did all the palm of beauty yield;
Pronounc'd her fairest of their train
And hail'd her empress of the plain.
A neighb'ring oak whose spiry height
In low-hung clouds was hid from sight,
Who dar'd a thousand howling storms;
Conscious of worth, sublimely stood,
The pride and glory of the wood.

He saw her all defenseless lay
To each invading beast a prey,
And wish'd to clasp her in his arms
And bear her far away from harms.
'Twas love -- 'twas tenderness -- 'twas all
That men the tender passion call.

He urg'd his suit but urg'd in vain,
The vine regardless of his pain
Still flirted with each flippant green
With seeing pleas'd, & being seen;
And as the syren Flattery sang
Would o'er the strains ecstatic hang;
Enjoy'd the minutes as they rose
Nor fears her bosom discompose.

But now the boding clouds arise
And scowling darkness veils the skies;
Harsh thunders roar -- red lightnings gleam,
And rushing torrents close the scene.

The fawning, adulating crowd
Who late in thronged xx bow'd
Now left their goddess of a day
To the O'erwhelming flood a prey,
which swell'd a deluge poured around
& tore her helpless from the ground;
Her rifled foliage floated wide
And ruby nectar ting'd the tide.

With eager eyes and heart dismayed
She look'd but look'd in vain for aid.
"And are my lovers fled," she cry'd,
"Who at my feet this morning sigh'd,
"And swore my reign would never end
"While youth and beauty had a friend?
"I am unhappy who believ'd!
"And they detested who deceived!

"Curse on that whim call'd maiden pride
"Which made me shun the name of bride
"When yonder oak confessed his flame
"And woo'd me in fair honor's name.
"But now repentance comes too late
"And all forlorn, I meet my fate."

The oak who safely wav'd above
Look'd down once more with eyes of love
(Love higher wrought with pity join'd
True mark of an exalted mind,)
Declared her coldness could suspend
But not his gen'rous passion end.
Beg'd to renew his am'rous plea,
As warm for union now as he,
To his embraces quick she flew
And felt & gave sensations new.

Enrich'd & graced by the sweet prise
He lifts her tendrils to the skies;
Whilst she, protected and carest,
Sinks in his arms completely blest.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

To My Little Niece Anne Duyckinck

To his charming black-eyed niece
Uncle Harry wishest peace!
Wishes roses over strow'd
O'er her sublunary road!

No rude winds around her howl,
O'er her head no tempests scowl;
No red lightnings flash around,
No loud thunders rock the ground!

Bright has been her morning sun,
Brighter still be that to come!
All a blue serene above,
Within, all innocence and love.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

To My Little Niece Sally Livingston

To my little niece Sally Livingston, on the death of a little serenading wren she admired.

Hasty pilgrim stop thy pace
Turn a moment to this place
Read what pity hath erected
To a songster she respected.
Little minstrel all is o'er
Never will thy chirpings more
Soothe the heavy heart of care
Or dispel the darkness there.
I have known thee e'er the sun
Hath on yonder mountain shone;
E'er the sky-lark hath ascended,
Or the thrush her throat distended;
Cheerful trill thy little ditty
As the singer, blithe and pretty.
Labour stood, half bent to hear,
Study lent a list'ning ear,
Dissipation stop'd a while,
Grief was even seen to smile,
Ambition - but the gushing tear
O'erwhelms the stone and stops me here.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

To the Memory of Henry Welles Livingston

A gentle spirit now above
Once animated what lies here
Till heav'n announc'd in tenderest love
"Ascend Immortal to yon sphere."

The lambkin at the great behest
Gave up its life without one groan;
When lo! In robes supernal drest
He found the bright abodes his own!

Most glorious and delightful scenes
Rush'd full upon his raptur'd sense;
Beyond what fancy ever dreams,
Or Eden knew in innocence.

Adieu! Adieu! My sweest boy,
Adieu till life's vain dream be o'er;
Then with a parent's keenest joy
I'll cling to Thee to part no more.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.

To the Memory of Sarah Livingston

BEYOND where billows roll or tempests vex
Is gone the gentlest of the gentle sex!
---Her brittle bark on life's wild ocean tost
Unequal to the conflict soon was lost.
Severe her sufferings! much, alas, she bore,
Then sunk beneath the storm & rose no more.
But when th' Archangel's awful trump shall sound
And vibrate life thro all the deep profound
Her renovated vessel will be seen,
Transcendant floating on the silver stream!
All beauteous to behold! serene she glides
Borne on by mildest & propitious tides;
While fanning zephyrs fill her snow white sails
And aid her passage with the friendliest gales
Till safe within the destin'd port of bliss
She furls her sails and moors in endless peace.

Major Henry Livingston Jr.