

A Few Press Notices of  
"Pictures in Silver"  
and  
"Her Dearest Friend"  
Poems

By Mrs. Jennie C. Morton



And a Few of Her Well-Known  
Short Poems, Etc.

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The Coyle Press  
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## Notices From the Press

The late Z. F. Smith, Historian of Kentucky, said of Mrs. Morton in his review of her work:

"Mrs. Morton is a recognized priestess of metrical art of song and poetry, only too modest and content to be enshrined in her temple at the Capitol of the Commonwealth and by her votaries there to be approached in her home. Many gems of imagination and beautiful thought has she strewn along the highways of literature."

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The Critic says:

"Well may she be called and crowned the 'Lady Laureate of Kentucky.' No one writes like her. Her poems are not only beautiful in imagery and diction, but there is a touch of feeling that makes all the world akin, in them all."

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The World says:

"When Mrs. Morton sings, her notes have the golden ring of a harp. The earth-earthly--minor chords of sadness and sorrow breathe through them, strike the heart unexpectedly, and bedew the eyes that read. Never was a sweeter poem written than 'Pictures in Silver,' though the scenes are in the clouds--through her pen--we see them as through a magic lantern--

"On transparent, rosy texture  
Rises now a wondrous picture,  
    Framed in silver swaying there.  
Memory draws it nearer, nearer,  
And I see its figures clearer  
    in the moonlight soft and fair."

Copies of "Pictures in Silver," by Mrs. Jennie C. Morton have just been issued in Frankfort, and the admirers of Mrs. Morton's other charming and inspiring poems will welcome this latest work from her pen.

The delightful impression created by the first glimpse of this little brochure, with its artistic cover of silver and ivory white, with a silver star outside---representing the guiding spirit of the story---is increased a hundred fold by the unusual power and charm of the story, which is that of a young girl, whose married happiness is pictured, and then afterward her strength and beauty of character shown when she is widowed, and finally her faithfulness rewarded, and her triumphant entry into Heaven.

Its purity of thought, its high standard of Christian sentiment and its musical measure makes "Pictures in Silver" a charming poetic production, and one that will be cordially received.

Among the many flattering tributes that Mrs. Morton has received about her latest poem are the following:

Notice of an author in an Eastern journal of this brochure: 'Pictures in Silver' is a souvenir to be prized not only because it is the work of Kentucky's great woman, Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, but for its poetic setting, radiant with a literary charm seldom if ever surpassed. It quickens the pulsations of the heart by its spiritual tenderness, and softens to tears by the sustained tragedy of the story---told with musical expressions, the climax is divine."

Another author and critic writes: "I have just read 'Pictures in Silver.' Only Mrs. Morton could have written it. In this charming epic, the touch is so delicate and the feeling so fine, so impressive---the narrative so engaging and noble. Could any picture in silver, or golden, be more exquisite than this---it is poetry indeed:

"On transparent rosy texture  
Rises now a wondrous picture,  
Framed in silver swaying there;  
Memory draws it nearer, nearer---  
And I see its figures clearer  
In the moonlight soft and fair."

Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, the State Regent of the Kentucky Historical Society, has just issued fresh from the press a lovely brochure, entitled "Pictures in Silver."

Mrs. Morton is as gifted as she is versatile, and she thinks in poetry-- in noble poetry. One wonders how she has time to ascend into the realms of lofty thought and bring back the dainty and the inspiring verse, when one knows that she is at the same time the practical and efficient head of the Kentucky State Historical Society.

Mrs. Morton's short and long poems are the very essence of purity, and in the Pictures in Silver she has excelled even Mrs. Morton. The rhythm is as sweet and as pleasant as a sunny brook and the language is faultless, the ideals are high. Pictures in Silver might be---who knows, Mrs. Morton's own life devoid of the prose that creeps in an earthly career.

The brochure itself is from the Coyle Press at Frankfort and is in blue and silver and white. It made a stir in the Capitol City as Easter Souvenirs.---E. E. in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Whitcomb says in a New York daily:

"I did not think Mrs. Morton could ever surpass 'Her Dearest Friend,' that pure, lovely story-poem---but in 'Pictures in Silver' we have its superior in the lofty thought--of faithful love. This poem in its suggestions goes beyond the earthy, and takes the readers beyond the flight of song-- and leaves them gazing on a heavenly picture in the region of the Stars--

" 'In silver radiance, swaying there.' "

Editor of "Historia," Journal of the Oklahoma Historical Society, has the following beautiful compliment to "Pictures in Silver," by Mrs. Jennie C. Morton :

"This poem is a pretty design and is in such an inspiring vein that it is entitled to more than a passing compliment. The title is well chosen and clothes a lofty sentiment in best words to subserve the purpose of the plot. We have had only time merely to read the poem enough to appreciate the drift, and its applicable force to touch many hearts.

"To be fully appreciated and understood, 'Pictures in Silver' should be carefully read, it is indeed a study-picture though not a puzzle one, the plot being well followed up, from love's emerging to its final fulfillment in pathetic sacrifice."

## A Few Notices of "Her Dearest Friend"

### Mrs. Morton's Poem

The poem of Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Frankfort, "Her Dearest Friend," is soon to be published and again make itself heard and felt by the public. It has been read by the author before the large audiences that assemble at times in the literary circles of the historic Capital, and received the highest encomiums from critics and lovers of song. Advance copies of the poem show it to be one of unusual power and charm.

The wide reputation of the author insures it a welcome everywhere. From its purity of thought, its high Christian standard in sentiment and its musical measure, and its chic illustrations by a noted Southern artist, with binding in the latest style of ivory white, illuminated in gold lettering, it will make a beautiful souvenir.--Louisville Post.

### "Her Dearest Friend"

Mrs. Jennie C. Morton's beautiful poem, "Her Dearest Friend," will be on sale in this city by Thursday. To those who have never read this tender bit of sentiment, there is a pleasant experience to come. It is most daintily and we may add, expensively, bound in white and gold--a most appropriate cover for the gem it contains. Mr. Z. F. Smith, the historian, has written a critical review of the work, which can be found elsewhere on these pages. Mrs. Morton's most widely-read poem from her pen, was her Centennial poem, which has been read in almost every language.--Frankfort State Journal.

### Handsome Review of "Her Dearest Friend"

(By the Historian of Kentucky, Z. F. Smith)

The friends and admirers--and she has many--of Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Frankfort, who have read and enjoyed her contributions to our Kentucky literature in the passing years, will be prepared to welcome the appearance of a new poem in story from her pen, handsomely illustrated in the height of style of the engraver's art, in book form for the boudoir or the library. Mrs. Morton is a recognized priestess of the metrical art of

song and poetry, only too modest and content to be enshrined in her temple at the Capital of the Commonwealth, and by her votaries there to be approached in her home.

But few realize to what extent the people of Kentucky are indebted to Mrs. Morton, this honored Secretary-Treasurer of the Kentucky State Historical Society, for the re-creation and founding of that important department of State. For many years it only survived through her gratuitous and unrewarded labors, until at last the tardy appreciation of a General Assembly was led to make an appropriation for the collection and preservation of our State archives. A great work has been done under her faithful superintendence and unceasing labors, a monument to her patriotism and benevolent public spirit.

Amid the varied and multitudinous duties of office, Mrs. Morton has composed and given to the public in fugitive forms, a number of poems; and with them some of her most beautiful creations of fancy. The author's poetic talent is the gift of nature; and when she sings she sings from the heart, as nature and inspiration move her---as the clear rippling waters sing among the rocks and bordering banks, as the birds make music in their bowers; as the winds whisper their melodies in the trees. Many gems of imagination and beautiful thought has she strewn along the highways of literature.

The hero is an infidel, very worldly minded and given to worldly indulgences; yet a man of strong convictions and a high sense of honor. The heroine is on the other hand, devoutly religious and unchangeably loyal to what she deems her creed of faith and duty to her God; however she loves or is loved she will not wed a man without a God, and therefore, owing no responsibility to any intelligence higher than himself.

The contentions begin between a proud man too honest to confess faith in a Supreme Being, before the evidences to prove the existence of such a being have convinced him of the fact, and an unyielding woman who has vowed her first allegiance to the Son of God, her Savior and "Her Dearest Friend." Though she cannot enter the holy bonds of wedlock with an infidel; yet she loves only her hero lover, and will love no other. By what experiences of persuasive art, of faithful devotion to her Savior and to her lover at the same time under the smiles of favoring Providence, the barrier of skepticism is removed and the lovers made happy at least, we leave to be unfolded by the story itself. It is enough to say--it ends well and is beautifully written.

Louisville, Ky.

Z. F. SMITH.

### **"Her Dearest Friend"**

In a beautifully printed bound volume, dainty and sweet as the story it unfolds, Mrs. Jennie C. Morton is presenting to her friends her latest work, entitled, "Her Dearest Friend." Mrs. Morton has already achieved too secure a place in the world of poetry and letters to need this latest production; and it is but necessary to say that it ranks equally high with her other work to satisfy those who have not had the pleasure of reading of its intrinsic merit. A poetess by nature and seeing the world through gentle and loving eyes, Mrs. Morton has written a story of love and life which can be appreciated by all who in the love of nature hold communion with her visible forms. Mrs. Morton's book is a charming poetic production and will undoubtedly be given a most cordial welcome --Frankfort News.

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### **Mrs. Morton's Beautiful Book, "Her Dearest Friend"**

Copies of "Her Dearest Friend" have been received in this city. The book is a little beauty in itself and is in white and gold. A lily is on the outside--emblematic of the pure life of the heroine, and the title and Mrs. Morton's name in gold lettering is the only ornate work.

Here is something of the story: Heloise is a twentieth century girl, assisting in the great work of bringing the world to Christ. She charms the world, and incidentally her lovers with her music--no rag time, mind you, for this young woman, she sings hymns and composes sacred music, leads choirs, arranges conferences and gets up religious programs.

The heroine is a woman of thought and withal a poet. She is a devoted follower of Christ, whom she considers "Her Dearest Friend." As Mr. Smith, the historian, says, this is an epoch making poem and a delight to all who read it.

Mrs. Morton has written many fugitive poems, but this is the best long poem she has written.---The State Journal.

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### **"Her Dearest Friend"**

The Lexington Leader has the following beautiful tribute to "Her Dearest Friend:"

"For many years Mrs. Jennie C. Morton has borne the proud title of poet laureate, and in her latest work, entitled, 'Her Dearest Friend.' she



crowns her poetic output and renews her right to the laureateship.

"Mrs. Morton is nationally known as a historical writer; her fame as a poet has taken second rank to her historical endeavor. She is the real founder of the Kentucky State Historical Society, and it is merely the truth to say that without her energy and ability Kentucky would not now have a State Historical organization. For years Mrs. Morton gave herself and her substance to the maintaining of the old society, until a tardy Legislature saw the work she was doing and gave her an adequate annual appropriation. Her work as the Secretary-Treasurer of the society will give her a lasting place in the History of Kentucky.

"Mrs. Morton has written many poems, but 'Her Dearest Friend' is her longest and latest. It is a versified novel, or better, an epic of friendship, love and religion.

("The term 'epic' is used in its most modern sense.) Jesus Christ is the heroine's dearest friend--which gives the poem its title. The story is of a Christian girl who refuses the attention of an infidel until he has accepted her religion; but the story is the author's, not the reviewers business to relate.

" 'Her Dearest Friend ' is a piece of de luxe book making, being beautifully bound in gold and white. The text is fully illustrated.

"Though Mrs Morton's latest poem will probably place her among the three or four epic poets of Kentucky, the reviewer has a difficult, if not impossible task to give the reader a vivid impression of the poem. The best method would be of course, to reproduce some of the lines; but the writer finds--to his great dismay--that the poem possesses such wonderful unity, one cannot lift out a dozen lines, separating them from the content and retain their real beauty and startling lucidity--the far from pretty phrase 'startling lucidity,' is used because it is seldom that one chances upon an 'epic' that can be called without a handbook. Perhaps Pope's 'Homer' is the only epic from which any one may quote a few verses, independent of the text, that form a perfect picture; and this is due to the structure of the verse--heroic couplet--which is poetry in small packages that may be carried under one's arm, as James Russell Lowell suggested years ago. And, admitting the truth of the foregoing, the reader will understand why a hundred or so of the matchless verses of 'Her Deares Friend' are not here reproduced.

## ANOTHER SPLENDID POEM

"Mrs. Morton's splendid poem on the late Gov. Goebel was thought so highly of by the Goebel Monument Commission that they ordered its concluding lines inscribed upon his monument in the Frankfort cemetery. And we know of no better words with which to end this masterpiece, 'Her Dearest Friend,' than her words that are cut deep into the face of William Goebel's monument:

" 'We'll lift thy name on high  
And place thy crown with martyrs there  
who dare for truth to die.  
Thy memory shall be consecrate, thy  
monument shall be  
A shrine of patriot's deathless love, and  
loyalty to the.' "

July, 1909.

### Mrs. Morton's Poems

A dainty binding of white and gold and numerous appropriate illustrations add materially to the attractiveness of this story-poem by Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Frankfort, Ky.

The author is well known, not only through frequent contributions to the press of fugitive and occasional poems, but in her official character as Secretary and Treasurer of the Kentucky State Historical Society. In latter field she has won unbounded admiration and gratitude for the years of faithful gratuitous labor which she has devoted to the patriotic cause. As a woman she is beloved and admired by a wide circle of friends at home and abroad, and she will be promptly welcomed into the field of permanent literature by her votaries and by all who respond to the sweetly Christian spirit of her verse.

The story is built upon simple lines, dealing with two lovers who are apart by no more serious obstacle than a difference of belief entailing a different manner of life. Both principals are essentially noble in character and after some vicissitudes of a purely spiritual nature they are united in love and faith. In the author's words:

"He gave himself to Christ, her dearest friend,  
Renunciation glad he gave of idle, worldly sin,  
If he, thro' Christ, such bride as this for love  
and life could win."

---Courier-Journal.

**Acrostic To Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, Author of  
"Her Dearest Friend"**

My first is in June, the sweet month of roses,  
My second in bouquet of pansies and posies,  
My third is in Nun so sad and so good,  
My fourth is in nuts oft' found in the wood,  
My fifth is a pronoun we all like the best,  
My sixth is in every little bird's nest,  
My seventh is in cypress, a beautiful flower,  
My eighth is in music, the world owns its power,  
My ninth is in orator, seeking for fame,  
My tenth is in rest, after gaining a name,  
My eleventh is in tears for the tender and true,  
My twelfth is in more, some are striving to do,  
My thirteenth in grand, description of you.

M. R.

Covington, Ky.

**"Her Dearest Friend"**

It is a charming poem on an exalted theme, the love of a pure woman for a man, but whose love for Christ, Her Dearest Friend, was greater. Would that more women would take the stand of Heloise, the heroine, and marry only men whose religious views and ideals harmonize with their own. It is a delightful book, the spirit that pervades every line is the brightest, the noblest, the best.

A. L. L.

Author of "Sweet June and Other Poems."  
New York.

**"The Lady of the Quill"**

(Kentucky State Journal)

Copies of "The Lady of the Quill" have been received in Frankfort, and the friends and admirers of Mrs. Jennie C. Morton will welcome this little book of sketches of her life and the many tributes paid her and her works.

These sketches and tributes were compiled by Mrs. Ella Hutchison Ellwanger, and under the title of "The Lady of the Quill" a charming and interesting account of Mrs. Morton's work for the city of Frankfort, the State of Kentucky, and the Historical Society has been given, as well as a review of her poems and historical writings.

Flattering notices have been given Mrs. Morton by the leading news-

papers of the country, and such persons as Frances Willard, Anna A. Gordon, Henry T. Stanton, Professor Raynor, of New York City; Mrs. Barnett and many others.

It is a biography that has a personal interest, and presents in a condensed, but picturesque, manner the character and life story of this famous woman. The biography of Mrs. Morton is a most artistic piece of book-making. It is bound in dark green. The gold seal of the Historical Society of Kentucky occupies one corner. The lettering is in gold, and the quill in white ornamental work.

### **Important Addition to Historical Literature**

(Frankfort News)

A very handsome bibliography of the life of Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Frankfort, has just been issued from the press of the Globe Printing Company, of Louisville, under the title of "The Lady of the Quill." Mrs. Ella Hutchison Ellwanger compiled and annotated literary features of the life of the talented secretary-treasurer of the Kentucky Historical Society, and the result is an important addition to Kentucky's historical and biographical literature. No one in the State has ever done anything like the work that Mrs. Morton has made her life's calling to keep ever fresh in memory of the present day and future generations the pristine glory of the Commonwealth and the patriotic pride of its pioneers. In song and story Mrs. Morton won her way into the hearts of all Kentuckians and it is meet that this permanent testimonial to her labors through life should be prepared for all time.

### **Franklin County. (Exclusive of Frankfort) Notice of Clement Bell**

(Clipping From Exchange---A. C. Q.)

Clement Bell, a native of Maryland and a scion of the best blood of old Scotland, where his ancestors were for many years prominent among the literati of the country, was one of the earliest settlers in what is now Franklin county. He came to Kentucky in 1790, settling first in Frankfort when that town was barely three years old. After his marriage in 1796 to Miss Margaret Steele, of Lexington, he settled upon his fine estate of "Bellsgrove," near the famous Forks of Elkhorn---the residence now of Hon. South Trimble---where he continued to reside, during the remainder

of his life, dispensing always a munificent hospitality. He also owned property in Frankfort, on Broadway and on Wapping street. He built the first house ever erected on the corner of Wapping and Washington Streets, which was his home until he removed permanently to the country. This house was sold to Governor Letcher, who lived and died there. Mr. Bell was always one of the most prominent and distinguished citizens of Franklin county. The literary genius of his Scottish ancestors has abundantly bourgeoned in several of his descendents, and notably in his granddaughter, Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, the distinguished editor of The Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society, whose sweet songs have achieved for her the deservedly high distinction of being one of the greatest poets that Kentucky has produced, and in that State, by popular acclamation, she has been given the title of "The Lady Laureate," also whose prose productions have won for her the complimentary soubriquet of "The Lady of the Quill."

### **The Lady Laureate of Kentucky**

(From the Kentucky State Journal)

"At the third annual meeting of the Ohio Valley Historical Association held in the Capitol, October 14, 15, 16, 1909, Mrs. Morton read her paper on the last day, "A Vanishing Race," regarded as a gem in historical literature. It gave her a splendid opportunity to recall, predict, paint word picture and relate facts, pathetic and stirring, and in fact cover the ground in such a manner as only Mrs. Morton can.

She was introduced by Hon. H. V. McChesney. This introduction was unnecessary, because of her splendid, generous work for the Kentucky State Historical Society. Mrs. Morton is one of, if not the best known historian of the South, and her reputation has extended far beyond the boundaries of the United States, because of her beautiful poems. Mr McChesney did not overlook any of the splendid things that have been done by her.

After his handsome introduction of Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, as secretary-treasurer of the State Historical Society, and editor of its widely known magazine--the Register---which position she fills in such a way as to challenge the admiration of her host of friends everywhere, and reflects such honor upon the society, he said: "But it is not these positions, honorable as they are, that stir the pride of her friends; it is in another sphere

that their warmest admiration is expressed. It is not so much Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, the secretary-treasurer and editor of the splendid historical Register that they love--it is Mrs. Morton, the poetess, to whom their hearts go out in sincerest admiration."

At the Frankfort, Kentucky, Centennial she wrote and read, before the largest audience ever gathered in Capitol Square, a historical poem, of such rare beauty and merit that the people gave her the title, 'Lady Laureate' and thus she was crowned.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me rare pleasure to introduce now our Lady Laureate, Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of Kentucky."



## MOTHER'S NAMESAKE

Say you there's nothing in a name?  
Ah, let me tell you better.  
Lily and rose may be the same,  
Tho' diff'rent in every letter;  
But there's a charm some names impart  
Belonging to none other.  
Who does not have a warmer heart  
For namesakes of their mother?

A tenderer voice, a softer tone;  
Our touch is more caressing,  
Because she seems more like our own  
When this dear grace possessing.  
There's magic sweeter in that name  
Than's held by any other,  
And greater beauty we will claim  
For namesakes of our mother.

There is a child so fair and sweet,  
With 'witching ways of smiling;  
She plays like sunshine at my feet,  
My lonely heart beguiling.  
She does not more my soul delight  
Than do my nieces, other,  
But close, I kiss her, clasp her tight  
Because she's named for mother.

I think how mother's loving arms  
Would oftimes have embraced her.  
And mother's eyes viewed budding charms  
With which kind nature graced her.  
Tears quicken fondly in my eyes---  
My love I can not smother;  
She's dearest, not from kindred ties,  
But namesake of my mother.

## REGRETS

Have I no regrets? Ah, my life is full  
Of sore regrets, for things I could not do,  
And that I would have done, but could not pull  
The weight I had to carry then and bear me thru;

A pathway drear, not chosen of my will,  
But one carved for me, hard and rough and chill.  
God rebuked my fine, high-thoughted way,  
And led me in an humbler harder one,  
My spirit chafed and sickened day by day,  
Thus many tasks were left for Him---half-done.

It hurt my soul that God should treat me so,  
Yet when I thought of Christ, our precious Lord,  
My courage came like sudden overflow,  
Then I rushed on with broken song and word  
For His sake. I kept the path and gleaned  
Where others feared the weeds and stalk, I went  
To have and hold, the few sheaves that I gained,  
So such days, such dreary days were spent  
Sorrows came. Tears like a swollen river swept  
My hopes away, yet I toiled and prayed, the while I wept.

Regret, that I could never be in life to those  
I loved the best, all that I might have been,  
But for the bar across my way none could uncloze,  
And tho' indignant, I kept the stinging pain within.  
At last I ceased to care if days were dark or bright,  
So I had strength to live the ideal of my thought  
When lo! one day to my undreamed, unknown delight,  
God placed His blessing on the work I wrought,  
And on my life, and in my hand was laid  
The rich inheritance of toil and prayer long delayed.

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### A SANCTIFIED SONG

A song floated out long ago in the air,  
A song from the bosom of sorrow and care,  
All rich in its numbers of worshipping love,  
Full of faith and of trust in the Father above;  
It flew with its mission so strange and so sweet,  
All over the world and fell down at His feet,  
"Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross, that raiseth me."

By the bedside of pain, in the home of distress,  
This sad song is there to comfort and bless.  
Yea, on the deep, in the doom driven storm,



With the ship going down, out above the alarm,  
With no hand to succor, no arm to save,  
Prayers unavailing, yet above the death-wave,  
Is heard from the dying, as they sank in the sea---  
"Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee."

Oh God, such a scene---such a wail from the lost---  
And yet in despair, 'mid the waves tempest tost,  
They could sing the death-song, the wind blew ashore  
As they passed into silence, in the sea evermore---  
"When like a wanderer, life's sun gone down,  
"Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.  
"Still in my dreams I'll be,  
"Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee."

It is said the sweet poet, here never once heard  
How her song had gone forth, like a messenger bird,  
With its mission of love, and its mission of faith,  
And taught the sad world of life and of death---  
A sanctified song---and yet she must die---  
In the world she had blest, and never know why  
She was given a song that never should wave,  
Till its wings budded out from the gloom of the grave.

### A SWEET MEMORY

I want to hear the birds sing  
Soft twitter and clipper and ring  
Where the golden wheat's growing,  
And the summer air blowing,  
And the farmer is sowing,  
And the Elkhorn is flowing  
Thro' the cliffs with a dash and a swing.

Want to hear the low speech  
Murmur, whisper and teach  
Of nature all hidden  
As if there forbidden  
To see Earth most charming  
In the act of transforming  
Into beauty, brown heath, hill and beech.

Oh! my heart does so long

For the warbling and song  
That I know is now filling  
The air where the tilling  
Of soil, and the milling  
By skilled hands and willing  
Makes music the whole day long.

In my childhood I heard  
Every sweet sound that stirred  
The whirl of birds winging  
And their ecstatic singing  
Over Elkhorn's waves swinging  
Winds swaying, and flinging  
Tree-branches at unspoken word.

Like a band of light seen  
Elkhorn flashing between  
Its green cliffs; then flowing  
Thro' wooded slopes going  
And glistening, bestowing  
Its beauty unknowing  
What grandeur it lends to each scene---

Could I go there to-day  
Would I see things this way---  
Have the birds ceased their singing  
And the woodlands ceased ringing  
Their leaf-bells and flinging  
Their glory green springing  
To the edges of Elkhorn astray.

Alas and alas! the great trees no more stand  
Like emerald pillars adorning the land---  
And Elkhorn looks tired of running her rounds---  
Where strangers are owning and changing the grounds---  
But the bright waves roll on o'er its beautiful breast---  
And try to conceal all its lines of unrest  
We feel in the air that all things are changed  
But our hearts from such scenes are never estranged  
Tho' the years as they glide leave a change on the brow,  
And the season of then's not the season of now.