

Farewell To Independence(Washington County Texas)

Tis past, each fond farewell
Hath trembled on my lips and stirred
Its own keen anguish in my heart,
This bleeding heart! The trial so feared
Is ended now! Oh thus to part
With kindred spirits, knowing not
That we shall meet again below,
With all its bitterness is fraught
With good to those who meekly bow,
For then our thoughts are sweetly drawn
Away from earth, to that bright shore,
Where pain and sorrow are unknown
"And friends shall meet to part no more"
While in this tenement of clay,
We oft must shed the parting tear,
The friend that smiles with us to-day,
To-morrow is no longer near,
Death call away and duty hears
Fond cherished ones from our sight,
This earth is filled with clouds and tears,
But Heaven is full of joy and light.

Sweet village!
Thou loviest spot of earth to me,
Oh I shall think of thee and weep,
As oft at day's decline I see
The lengthning shadows as they creep
From out thy clustering oaks and glide
So soft, so spirit-like along
The quiet prairie and hill-side
And hear the wild bird's low sweet song
From every grove!

And thou gentle stream
Sweet "Rocky!" of what hallowed joys
Shall mingle with my dreams of thee!
On Sabbath eve, beyond the noise
Of village life removed, I see
Upon thy sloping banks a throng
From whose full hearts in cadence low
Ascends the soft baptismal song,
The sweet notes die away, and now
Our pastor's solemn voice in tones
Of prayer to God, that he would save
From sin those consecrated ones,
Who stand clad for the watery grave,
Their steps descend, the ripples close
Above their buried forms, and now
As Jesus from the dead arose,
To these are pledged by solemn vow
To newness of life.

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Tis past! Tis past!
These hallowed scenes are far removed,
And I have mingled once again,
With friends of other days long loved,
But never shall the precious chain,
That binds my heart to thee sweet spot,
One gem of recollection lose!
Where e'er on earth be cast my lot,
Bright as thy glorious sunset hues,
Shall be my dreams of thee.

Ah yes tis ended now,
And mid the lofty pines once more,
Whose spiral tops point to Heaven,
While their soft foliage whispers low
Unto the heart of sins forgiven
My home shall be.

And oft sunset hour,
When thoughts come o'er us soft dews
Of even on thy sacred hills,
And care doth seem awhile to lose,
Its hold of us, and hope distills,
Its balm into the spirit worn,
Then may each sigh and broken prayer
From this full heart be Heaven-ward borne
As it shall please for those who share
Thy sacred joys.

Huntsville. November 10, 1855.

-----Margaret Lea Houston.