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**The autobiography of  
a clock, and other  
poems**

**Cutts Mary**

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**Title: The autobiography of a clock, and other poems**

**Author: Cutts Mary**

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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOCK,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MARY CUTTS.

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"'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

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POEMS.



# P O E M S.

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## RAMBLING.

Ан, yes, my country! I do love to roam  
Amid thy forests and thy hills sublime;  
Oft do thy wilds imagination rouse,  
And call up vivid scenes of vanished time.

As slow I tread thy solitudes profound,  
And gaze on mountain-height or towering tree,  
Or mark the sunny sparkling river glide  
For ever on, unweariedly and free,—

I think of other days, of other times,  
When o'er that glittering surface swiftly flew,  
Light as a feather wafts in summer gale,  
The swarthy Indian's delicate canoe.

Yes, on this quiet spot, where now I rest,  
 The tired warrior may have found repose ;  
 Here may the white man's deeds have thrilled his soul,  
 Or here, perchance, the startling war-cry rose.

*2000*  
*1892*  
 In yonder vale, full many a dark-eyed girl  
 In meditation may have loved to stray,  
 Or laughingly have bounded o'er the wild  
 To cull sweet flowerets for a chaplet gay.

And scenes of savage cruelty and ire  
 May once, alas ! have been enacted here ;  
 Ay, deeds of blood too horrible to know,  
 Bidding the white man, brave, to thrill with fear.

And here may thoughts all unexpressed have been,  
 Feelings unuttered, aspirations high,  
 Poetic visions beautiful as hope,  
 Rich musings born for immortality.

But all is quiet now, as if no sound  
 Could e'er have broken on the stillness here ;  
 And, of the banished rover of the wild,  
 No trace is seen, no relic doth appear.