Lines
In reply to some received from
the Revd. Edward Fontaine

Pontotoc Mississippi.

A welcome to thy minstrel skill,
Dear friend of happier days;
Thy notes are sweet – but sweeter still,
The love that prompts thy lays.
From sorrows deep, and cherish'd long,
Thou wouldst my thoughts reclaim,
And by thy soft, enchanting song,
Awake a brighter train.

But vain it is thy harp to strike!
My woes thou canst not drown,
Unless thy notes, Cecelia's like,
Can draw an Angel down.
Until I see my daughter fair,
Lost Pliead of my soul,
The burning tears of my despair,
Must ever, ever roll.