

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

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Poetry.

From the Young America.

LINES.

BY A. S. DECAUS.

Listen ye who sell your store,
To the naked tribes of earth,
Spreading your wings to shore
Tidings of Satan's birth.

I was in her when she made me—
At the close of day—

And I fear now we may sever,
Yet will be the Heaven's play.

Down in all a thick and deep—

As to horses, hawk and all—

Little children yet to sleep,

With the sun upon the road—

On the way—leaving home,

Rocking babies to sleep—

Mother's eyes—her wreath'd hair—

Was half—was all—

When the sun went down—

Down沉沉—falling down—

Came home—she's gone—

Leave a part—leave a part—

For the Heaven's play.

There's nothing—nothing—

Struck with me—nothing—

To be sold—nothing—

Making nothing—nothing—

Conscience—nothing—

Even—nothing—nothing—

While the sun—nothing—

Had—nothing—nothing—

Had—nothing—nothing—