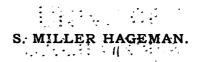
# THE

# PRINCETON POETS,

COMPILED BY



# PUBLISHED AT PRINCETON, N. J.

WILLIAM S. SHARP,

Trenton, N. J.

1879.

#### JAMES C. MOFFAT.

(CLASS OF "1835.")

## EXTRACTS FROM "ALWYN."

[From Canto I.]

What recks to tell of birth and long descent?

Is not the spirit from Jehovah sprung?

Enough that Alwyn from his childhood bent

Him to the toils of knowledge, and among

The free, wild mountains was his fortune flung

Almost as free; and lone and far away

From all the bias of the babbling tongue,

His work conversed with Nature, and his play

Was o'er the learned page to linger night and day.

Where streamlets, rushing down the mountain side,
Leap in their giddy haste from lin to lin;
And overhanging groves, in solemn pride
And mystic twilight, shut their chorus in
As with a temple, where the murmuring din,

## WITHOUT CHRIST.

O Christ, the world is dark—Ghostly dark for me;
And life would have no mark
But for Thee.

I know not whence I came,Whither I must go.Life wavers without aim,To and fro.

Nothing seems worth my love,
Nothing worth my care;
All below, all above,
Blank and bare.

To men my soul would close
Her gates, and decline
Their contact, but for those
Who are Thine.

This weary, hopeless heart
In loneness would dwell
In the furthest, darkest part
Of her cell.

And when near to life's brink,
Would yield what it gave,
Without a word, and slink
Into the grave.

There's nothing time can give,
Nothing I could be,
For which 'tis worth to live
But for Thee.