

POEM

BY MRS. S. T. ROGERS,

Of Bridgeport, Conn.

READ BY SAMUEL T. ROGERS.

I.

WE gather here from far and near,
Sire of us all, to lay
The reverent homage of our hearts
Before thy feet to-day.
Not in memoriam of thee,
Does this fair marble rise,
Thou art a Presence now,
Though seen with sublimated eyes.
Two hundred years, with gathering arms,
Their growing burden bring
Of love and pride and earnest work—
Behold our offering.
Worth should be honored worthily;
Whate'er thy clear eyes see
That clouds their high serenity,
We mourn on bended knee.
The copious fount that caught the sun
Upon its lengthening way,
Should see its primal light extend,
As it broadens to the bay.