

POEMS

BY

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***Free***editorial 

## ***ON THE FADING ENJOYMENTS OF TIME***

*ALTHO'* to man's aspiring pride,  
It may appear degrading;  
Yet look on all the world around,  
And say what pleasure may be found,  
What joy that is not fading.

Say ye who boast your stores of wealth,  
Each future joy believing;  
Say are ye certain of the hour,  
That shall mature the cherish'd flower,  
Your fond hopes now deceiving.

No, tho' secure in health ye bloom,  
That transient bloom is flying;  
And yet ye feel a calm repose,  
And, lull'd by opiates, wealth bestows,  
Ye live while ye are dying.

And you who taste the sweets of love,  
Your present bliss enjoying;  
Know that while pleasure spreads her sail,  
Some latent grief she may entail,  
Your future peace destroying.

Oh how the mind with rapture swells,  
Some fancied good possessing;  
Yet while the cherish'd flow'r we clasp,  
It fades within our eager grasp,  
And we resign the blessing.

Day's golden throne of glorious light,  
Dim night is fast invading;  
The smiling monarch of the skies,  
His wonted beams of light denies,  
Those beams to us are fading.

The trees now gay in verdure dress'd,  
In summer's garb appearing;  
Shall soon their leafy honours cast,  
And stand on winter's desert waste,  
Their naked branches rearing.

Yet think not that his transient joys,  
To man are so degrading;  
They only serve our faith to prove,  
Since heaven reserves in realms above,  
Pure joys that are not fading.

Behold yon streamlet gliding by,  
Whose waves are onward moving;  
That image to the mind should be,  
A spur to inactivity,  
Each sluggish soul reproving.

Since on an ever flowing tide,  
These forms are swiftly sailing;  
Let not the spirit lag behind,  
For life's frail cords that stay the mind,  
May even now be failing.

## ***TO THE RAINBOW***

HAIL glorious arch in Heav'n, whose varied dyes  
Gilds the dark vapours that obscure the skies;  
Whose matchless colours charm th' attentive eye,  
Like the fond visions of futurity.  
And ah! too much alike in sad decay,  
Like thee they fade in trackless air away;

Yet still they please us, still they fill the mind,  
Tho' the dark clouds of sorrow roll behind:  
Yet will we not refuse the partial ray,  
Which gilds their darkness, and illumines our way.  
Faith leads th' enquiring mind beyond the skies,  
Where the same power that gives the bow its dyes,

Shall in the book of life our names enrol,  
And one eternal sun-beam cheer the soul.  
When sin had triumph'd o'er a conquer'd world,  
And heav'n's avenging arm destruction hurl'd;  
When o'er the delug'd earth the floods prevail'd,  
When hope was gone and ev'ry refuge fail'd;

Thou sacred Bow didst grace the vault above,  
Ordain'd the pledge of everlasting love;

Thy arch extended o'er our common grave,  
Proclaim'd *that* mercy which alone could save.  
And now when heavy clouds around us rise,  
And man beholds the terrors of the skies;  
Pure beams of light and love thy form invest,  
Which smiles serene in heaven's own colours dress'd

## ***SONNET TO THE VIOLET***

*THOU* sweetest tenant of the rural shade,  
In nature's simple loveliest garb array'd;  
Oft when the hours of childish mirth were mine,  
I sought thee shelter'd in thy humble cell,  
And rang'd the rugged rocks or gloomy dell,  
In search of beauties that are doubly thine.  
And now when wand'ring in some pensive mood,  
I tread the vale or deep embower'd wood,  
And find thee nestled in thy green retreats;  
How all the former scenes of youth revive,  
How through those early hours again I live,  
And feast delighted on thy balmy sweets.  
Thou art fair virtue's image who retir'd,  
Dwells in seclusion's cave, nor seeks to be admir'd

## ***SONNET ON SPRING***

HOW sweet to wander o'er th' enamell'd green,  
When spring returning, with a liberal hand,  
Sheds her rich bounty on the smiling scene.  
While the soft zephyrs breathe at her command,  
Her balmy airs revive the languid frame;  
Her vivid tints enrich the teeming earth;  
The swelling buds with one accord proclaim  
The rich productions of their gradual birth:  
Waked into life the whole creation smiles,  
And promis'd fruits reward our daily toils;  
Maturing hope each anxious hour beguiles,  
Till the rich harvest gives its liberal spoils:  
Man looks delighted on fair plenty's form,  
Nor fears the blight nor dreads the coming storm.



## ***ADDRESS TO SOLITUDE***

*THOU* tranquil friend! to thee I'll fly,  
When foes my peace invade;  
With thee shall ev'ry care subside,  
Nor storms thy realms invade.

For should the world its frowns bestow,  
And sad the moments roll;  
Thou shalt receive the frequent sigh,  
And raise the drooping soul.

In thy retreats where prayer and praise,  
Life's fleeting hours divide;  
Sublimely rais'd above the world,  
Her anxious cares subside.

There tranquilized the mind shall rest,  
While future scenes engage;  
There hear the distant thunders roar,  
Nor dread the tempest's rage.

Exalted view the various fears,  
That vex this world of woes;  
While peace descending from on high,  
An holy calm bestows.

Religion loves the silent hour,  
Her paths are ever blest;  
She leads us to reflection's bower,  
And soothes her welcome guest.

There is a hunger and a thirst,  
Which nothing can supply,  
But bread from God's unsparing hand,  
And water from on high.

The souls that crave immortal food,  
Are by religion fed;  
They feel a want before unknown,  
And pant for living bread.

And ever has the heav'n taught mind,  
The tranquil scene preferr'd;  
There list'ning to the still small voice,  
In silence only heard.

Sweet Solitude, O let me share  
The pleasures of thy shade!  
For pure devotion, calm delight,  
And contemplation made.

Oh! what are riches, honours, power,  
Which men so fondly crave;  
What are they but a vanquish'd host,  
That perish in the grave:—

But mould'ring pillars that support  
A fabric that must fall;  
They prop our vanity awhile,  
And all our hearts enthrall.

Ask the rich man in gilded pomp,  
A prey to racking pain;  
He then their value justly owns,  
And tells thee they are vain.

When health is ours we give to these  
A false delusive worth;  
And sacrificing real joys,  
We barter heav'n for earth.

What should we gain tho' arts and arms,  
Our honour'd name enrol;

If to obtain the spoils of time,  
We sacrifice the soul.

Not e'en a crown shall pass to heav'n,  
Save that which virtue wears;  
Her diadem for ever shines,  
Nor time its worth impairs.

But should it grace the heav'n-born soul,  
Tho' hard may be its fate;  
Tho' poverty and grief attend,  
And pain its steps await;

That crown shall pass the gates of death,  
Its glory still remain;  
And in a state of boundless joy,  
The soul triumphant reign.

That spark of heav'n's ethereal flame,  
Thro' endless years shall shine;  
And prove by its eternal life,  
Its origin divine.

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