

POEMS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT

SILVER Empress of the night,
Smiling Cynthia chaste and bright,
Listen to my artless lays,
While I bless thy friendly rays.

Solemn grandeur gilds thy throne,
Earth and heav'n thy influence own;
Moving thro' a trackless way,
Night receives thy borrow'd ray.

But while busy men below,
Their sublimest joys forego;
And confin'd to earth remain,
Thy pure beams are spent in vain.

Contemplation only knows,
All the joy thy light bestows;
She alone with power divine,
Offers incense at thy shrine.

Thine are regions blest indeed,
Winds nor tides thy course impede;
Whence thy silvery beams descend,
And the pensive mind befriend.

But the frequent clouds below,
Shade the fountain whence they flow;
While thy orb for ever bright,
Thro' them sends a shadowy light.

Magnet of the azure skies,
Which invites the soul to rise;
Be a helm my thoughts to steer,
To thy ever tranquil sphere.

Bountiful alike to all,
Heav'n directs thy rolling ball;
Traversing the realms of space,
Running still its destin'd race.

Light in all its glory reigns,
On thy soft celestial plains;
Light which first to man was giv'n
By the gracious word of Heav'n.

But tho' smiling, good, and fair,
Better far beyond compare;
Is that pure unsullied ray,
Dawn of heav'n's eternal day.

Man is born a prey to sin,
Shades and darkness dwell within;
Till the glorious morn arise,
Which illumines our mental skies.

Wond'rous gift bestow'd on man,
Crowning God's stupendous plan;
Gracious purpose of his love,
What could more his bounty prove.

Let us seek this inward light,
And improve the gift of sight;
Let us all our spirits raise,
In eternal hymns of praise.

LINES

Written on seeing a Spider spinning his Web.

BEHOLD those fine threads that are laid to ensnare,
And destroy the gay millions that rove;
For as wanton and heedless they sportively dance,
This sport their destruction will prove.

Too fine to be seen they entangle the prey,
Or if seen they no danger reveal;
They seem but a mansion for pleasure design'd,
While the enemy's form they conceal.

Thus the glittering baubles that folly displays,
Seem too trifling to strike us with dread;
But if once they entangle we seldom escape,
From the snares that destruction has spread.

Beware thou gay flutt'rer, unconscious as free,
Nor sport when the foe is so near;
There lying in ambush he waits for his prey,
While the traces of carnage appear.

See how the torn remnants lie scatter'd around,
Let their fate be a warning to thee;

And let man who beholds how the victims are caught,
Be warn'd his destruction to flee.

For folly is wary temptation to spread,
And lays her fine nets to decoy;
Till we heedlessly enter and seize to our cost,
The bait that is laid to destroy.

ABSENCE

SAY, where are the days that are gone,
And where are the joys I have known;
They have sunk in the ocean of time,
They are gone with the days that are flown.

The hours that once I have pass'd,
In the pleasure that friendship bestows;
Are attach'd to the swift wing of time,
And have stolen the balm of repose.

Keen memory wakens my pain,
In describing the pleasures gone by;
Those joys to remembrance so dear,
Which friendship's rich stream could supply.

The meteor that rapidly flies,
That darts thro' the regions of night,
Is an emblem of life's transient joys,
Which equal the speed of its flight.

I would pierce thro' futurity's shade,
And seek for the pleasures in store;
But a mist still envelopes the scene,
And fancy will aid me no more.

Now those paths I must wander alone,
Where once with a friend I have stray'd;
Whose voice seems in every sound,
And whose image in ev'ry shade.

The mind has a kingdom unseen,
Where affection is plac'd on her throne;
Unchang'd by the influence of time,
To the world's busy circles unknown.

When its objects are screen'd from the sight,
It is there the resemblance we find;
On the tablet of memory engrav'd,
And immoveably fix'd in the mind.

The fields are enamell'd with green,
And the songsters are warbling around;
The heavens are calm and serene,
And the blessings of nature abound.

Yet to relish their numberless charms,
The soul must in unison prove;
And tranquillity heaven-born guest,
Each feeling discordant remove.

For while winter is reigning within,
The inlets of pleasure we close;
Her fountain congeal'd in my sight,
And each murmuring rivulet froze.

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