

POEMS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

ON DEATH

THERE is a king which all the world must own,
From him who begs to him who fills the throne;
There is a power that bears unrivall'd sway,
There is a voice which all mankind obey;
That power is Death! that voice is his alarm,
Which shall subdue the proud, the strong disarm.

There is a sea which nothing can controul,
Whose raging billows spread from pole to pole;
Whose sweeping surges rise on every side,
And bury nations in their boundless tide:
That sea is Death! whose waves for ever roll,
And swallow all things but th' immortal soul.

There is a veil which shuts us from the light,
The solemn curtain of eternal night;
That veil is Death! 'tis perfect silence there;
In that low dwelling where we all repair,
No sounds, tho' sounds from earth to heav'n arose,
Shall break the silence of that still repose.

There is a dart which nothing can repel,
The grave will witness where the arrow fell;
That dart is Death! unerring is the aim,

That sends the weapon thro' this mortal frame.

There is a state from ev'ry passion free,
Death is the gate of immortality:
It leads to life, where ev'ry joy shall die,
But the pure pleasures of eternity.

Man is the transient creature of an hour,
A plant that droops beneath the beating show'r;
A bubble floating on the restless deep,
Which bursts when Death shall o'er its surface sweep.
It soon is lost, the floating form shall die,
The soul disrob'd shall range the azure sky;
The joyous spirit, bursting from its clay,
Start from its crumbling dust and soar away:
Thus shall th' ethereal essence upward fly,
Its form terrestrial only lives to die.

When on the verge of life the soul shall stand,
And give to death his great, his last demand;

When he shall bring us to resign our trust,
And give to earth its perishable dust;
Each covering lost, each veil at once thrown by,
We take our stations in eternity.

"As the tree falls it lies," beware ye gay,
Nor trifle ev'ry precious hour away;
Our souls unmov'd may rest secure in this,
The Christian's path is the sure road to bliss;
His joy shall recompense his earthly toil,
When Heav'n transplants him to a kinder soil.

TO THE BEE

HAIL harbinger of spring!

Already on the wing,

Humming thy lengthen'd notes along the vale;

Saluting ev'ry flower,

In this delightful hour,

The modest cowslip and the primrose pale.

Just so our course we steer,

In youth's expanding year,

Culling fresh sweets from ev'ry flower that blows;

Nor briars obstruct our way,

For ever brisk and gay,

Heedless of ev'ry thorn we pluck the rose.

Yet not like thee we treasure,

The fruit of early pleasure,

Against approaching winter's desert reign;

Ours is the heedless joy,

Which summer shall destroy,

Proving youth's early season spent in vain.

So when increasing time,

Destroys fair manhood's prime,

And wastes the glory of the genial spring;

Conscience shall wake at last,
And rous'd by winter's blast,
Shall look severe, and point th' envenom'd sting.

Let each improve his hour,
While means are in his power,
And life fresh opening on the mind of youth;
Let us the time employ,
In storing future joy,
And hear the dictates of eternal truth.

TO A SHEET OF PAPER

TAKE, O take this sweet impression,
Bear it on thy snowy breast;
Words are feeble in expression,
Yet on them I fondly rest.

Friendship seeking thy assistance,
Gives to thee her pledge of love;
Thou shalt guard the sacred treasure,
Ever faithful wilt thou prove.

This fond flutt'ring heart possessing,
Friendship will the strain believe;
Take it, 'tis her own impressing,
All her ardent vows receive.

True to ev'ry fond emotion,
Ev'ry fear and doubt remove;
Bear (tho' faint) a true reflection,
Bear it to the friend I love.

Friendship pure from heav'n descending,
Now appears to bless the earth;
It exists in ev'ry station,
Jewel of immortal worth.

Tho' the changing smiles of fortune,
Emma's fortitude may prove;
She may trust this declaration,
All things change but faithful love.

ON POVERTY

DARK is the cloud which hov'ring o'er the mind,
Shades the bright promises of early youth;
Nips all its blossoms, blights the tender bud,
Throws midnight darkness on the opening day,
Checks the career of sensibility,
And where the tear of sympathy would flow
For others' sorrows, bids us feel our own.

But wrapp'd in present darkness comes the seed
Of future good, which dropping in the heart,
Shall grow and flourish 'mid surrounding gloom,
Bearing the fruits of patience and of hope.
Hope leads us forward to the gates of heav'n,
And leave the clouds behind. The present scene,
Blasted and wither'd as the barren heath,
Can boast no blossoms to attract the eye;
When poverty surrounds our dark abode,
No fair alluring pleasures smile upon us,
Or lead us in the uncertain paths of time,
To chase the fly that's ever on the wing.

The joys which in prosperity would shine,
And decorate the pilgrim's path to heaven,
By poverty subdued, removed from earth,
Exalted glitter as the stars above,
And deck futurity's extended field.

Religion is that solitary light,
Which with a steady never-wav'ring beam,
Shines on the poor man's path, and *brighter* shines
As we approach the confines of the world,
Till in the blaze of never-ending day,
It mingles, and increasing burns for ever.

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