

POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH BATH

***Free***editorial 

## *AN EFFUSION*

WHY, alas! is life decreed  
Full of pain and full of sorrow?  
All uncertain as it is,  
Can we rest upon to-morrow?

'Tis to bid us took beyond it,  
Where, eternal bliss enjoying,  
Death was never known to enter,  
Friendship rending—peace destroying.

Why should blessings yet in store,  
Hold us still in expectation?  
Leading thro' succeeding sorrows,  
By some fond anticipation:

'Tis to give a tender interest  
To the scenes in which we're moving:  
While those hopes so often blasted,  
Sensual pleasures are reproofing.

Various sorrows wait upon us,  
While on life's wide ocean steering;

Sage experience looks beyond them,  
Future evils ever fearing.

Sorrow binds the captive sufferer,  
In her bondage all must share;  
Iron fetters of her forging,  
'Tis the lot of man to bear.

Soft on downy beds reclining,  
Some enjoy luxurious pleasures;  
While the sickly heart, repining,  
Sighs for more substantial treasures.

Pomp and grandeur smile upon us,  
Meteors of a day declining;  
All their lustre soon is ended,  
Only for a moment shining.

Pain and sickness must assail us,  
Rising like a sullen vapour;  
Growing years will soon convince us,  
Life is wasting like a taper.

Then behind the clouds of evening,  
Shaded all those pleasures lie:  
Virtue only, ever brilliant,  
Can illumine an evening sky.

When she gilds our calm horizon  
With her pure unsullied ray;  
She increases in her radiance,  
Till she reach the perfect day.

O! secure her lasting pleasures,  
Offer incense at her shrine;  
Thou shalt then enjoy her treasures,  
All her riches shall be thine.

## ***LINES***

*Descriptive of the character of an ingenious Youth,  
whose brilliant talents shone conspicuously among his admiring  
friends, who were unexpectedly called to lament the uncer-  
tainty of all terrestrial enjoyments, by his early removal  
from this state of mutability.*

JOINING to brilliant parts a taste refin'd,  
On wisdom's page he fixed th' enquiring mind:  
His manners artless, with a graceful ease,  
Nor less in generous temper form'd to please.

Pure was his soul, expanding ev'ry hour,  
On life's frail stem it bloom'd a fragrant flow'r.  
Learning adorn'd and science had refined,  
Ere time matur'd, his comprehensive mind.

Filial affection glow'd within his breast,  
By him the laws of duty were confess'd:  
Fraternal love its early influence shed,  
And sympathy its willing captive led.  
In converse easy, elegant, and free,  
He pleas'd us by his sweet simplicity;

Led us the paths of science to explore,  
And half reveal'd his mind's unfathom'd store.  
Few saw his powers their fullest strength display,  
Few watch'd the splendors of his opening day;  
But those who knew him will not cease to feel  
A wound which time, tho' lenient, ne'er can heal.  
Hope held her flatt'ring mirror to their view,  
But all her promises soon prov'd untrue;  
Her airy scenes are as the morning dream,  
As bubbles floating on time's rapid stream;  
As the fair frost-work of a winter's morn,  
As the bright gems that sparkle on the thorn;  
But virtue's flow'rs, when thus on earth resign'd,  
Enrich the gifts of mem'ry to the mind;  
These holy relics she delights to save,  
Which form a wreath that triumphs o'er the grave,  
While the sweet plant that sheds its blossoms here,  
Shall bear its fruit in heav'n's eternal sphere.  
Youth, health, and vigour, are the deep disguise,  
That veils mortality from human eyes;  
Whence the dread foe, too certain of success,  
Levels his darts at human happiness;  
Triumphant lays our glories in the dust,  
And blights the rising hopes in which we trust.

But hence the immortal spirit wings its way  
To heaven's bright regions of unsullied day;  
Smiles at the wreck of matter here below,  
Soars far away, and quits these scenes of woe.  
Experience tells the mind by slow degrees,  
That man was born for nobler joys than these:  
Each friend we lose, as here on earth we roam,  
Serves as a magnet to conduct us home,  
Attracting us to yon celestial shore,  
Where the bless'd spirits meet to part no more.

## THE REFLECTIONS OF A *SERIOUS* MOMENT

HOW cold are the dead in the depths of the grave,  
Still and dark is their gloomy abode;  
And long are the reeds that so solemnly wave  
O'er the tomb that affection bestow'd.

These are the frail monuments grandeur will raise  
O'er those, to the grave, that descend;  
But the living memorial that never decays,  
Is lodged in the heart of a friend.

This will last till the spirit is freed from the clod,  
Which envelopes the essence divine;  
It *may* add to the treasures reserv'd for the just,  
Which with lustre celestial shall shine.

The sun sheds his rays to enliven the green,  
And sports on the breast of the wave;  
But where are the rays to enliven the form  
That is lodg'd in the depths of the grave?



Yet this is the spot sensibility seeks,  
There it weeps o'er the slumbering dead;  
And this is the spot where fond friendship resorts,  
Affection's sad tribute to shed.

Perhaps tho' withdrawn from this cottage of clay,  
The spirit may sometimes descend;  
Still owning the ties that had bound it below,  
It may comfort the heart of a friend.

To cherish the feeling we fly to the spot,  
The mansions of sorrow to tread;  
For there lies the hand that, with blossoms so sweet,  
Life's rough thorny path-way once spread.

How heedless the traveller passes along,  
He does not to sorrow attend;  
But the long flowing grass and the stone-cover'd grave,  
These speak to the heart of a friend.

*Impressively these* to the spirit convey  
A comfort nought else can impart;  
And while we are musing, they silently pour  
A balm on the still-bleeding heart.

These enjoyments are sacred, and who shall explain  
How such scenes can a comfort bestow;  
The stoic may reason, and reason in vain,  
On a pleasure he never shall know.

He never the mental delights shall partake,  
Which refin'd sensibility knows;  
Those only can taste them who wait at her shrine,  
Or can tell of the bliss she bestows.

**Free**editorial 