

POEMS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

A FRAGMENT

HOW wayward would that man appear,
His varied thoughts revealing;
Who nature's dictates shall obey,
And yielding to her gentle sway,
Is led alone by feeling.

For custom now controuls mankind,
Kind nature's laws repealing;
Has every sentiment refin'd,
And by its influence o'er the mind,
Annull'd the power of feeling.

The miser see—his harden'd heart,
Against compassion steeling;
Thus reasoning in his own defence,
"When thousands starve thro' indolence,
" 'Tis madness to be feeling."

The wit who deals his darts around,
At satire's altar kneeling;
From whose assaults his dearest friend,
Not pure affection may defend,
Denies the power of feeling.

The angels smile in heaven to see,
The wounds of sorrow healing;
And when distress surrounds our door,
O what so soon shall peace restore,
As sympathy and feeling.

But grandeur has an icy wand,
Affection's stream congealing;
She sits secure in gilded state,
While frowning minions round her wait,
And scorns the power of feeling.

Yet tho' a fool I should appear,
A thousand faults revealing;
And thousand cares that wait on thee,
Sweet sacred sensibility,
O let me still be feeling.

TO MODESTY

CELESTIAL guest whose holy touch,
True beauty can bestow;
From thee youth's sweet expanding flower,
Receives its finest glow.

Thine is her still encreasing blush,
And thine her downcast eye,
She hails thee as her surest friend,
Celestial modesty.

No angel is there to protect,
If thou shouldst once depart;
No spirit to defend the form,
No guardian near the heart.

Thou art the fairest ornament,
To beautify the form;
Thou art a shelter plac'd by heav'n,
To shield us from the storm.

Thou art the morning dew of life,
An influence divine;
Dash not the dew-drop from the flower,
Thro' which its beauties shine.

When guilt with ever anxious care,
Thy soft'ning bloom denies;
In vain the ready hand of art,
A borrow'd charm supplies.

Thou art fair virtue's loveliest throne,
She views her foes from thence;
Thou art her safeguard—thou her screen,
Her watch tower and defence.

A veil by heavenly power so wrought,
So wonderfully made;
That screen'd by thee the mind retires,
Secure beneath thy shade.

O quit me not thou essence pure,
From heaven's exhaustless store;
But safely guard and guide my soul,
To life's remotest shore.

TO MEMORY

Written after the departure of a Friend with her Infant.

HAIL, sov'reign Memory, hail! I court thy pow'r,
I love to muse upon the distant hour;
I love to view thy tablatures of joy,
Nor time can tarnish these, nor chance destroy.
What tho' thy pictures fade, their colours fly,
While present objects draw th' attentive eye,
One touch of sympathy's enchanting wand
Shall bid each scene re-animated stand.
Friendship's warm sun, which sheds its genial ray
On life's uncertain, dark and devious way,
Has, while its radiant course illum'd my road,
Full many a flower, to deck that path, bestow'd.
Quickly they faded, but embalm'd by thee,
Still grateful odours breathe—all powerful Memory.

Let one sad pause succeed these scenes of joy,
And at thy shrine receive my darling boy;
To me now lost but for thy magic power,
Collecting treasure for the passing hour;

Exert that power, regard thy votary's pray'r,
Look at my heart and view affection there;

With softest pencil paint his infant form,
Each action graceful and each feeling warm;
Record the fond caress, the endearing smile,
The artless prattle too of many a mile;
While health and pleasure oft our footsteps led,
To where the ample view before us spread.
The distant waters scarcely seem'd to move,
While thousand warblers fill'd the neighbouring grove;
Each well known tree those past delights shall mark,
And bear thy record Memory on its bark.

Swift, tho' unnotic'd, glide our years away,
And soon his breast shall own thy potent sway;
Then when reflection points the backward view,
To days long pass'd, when hope and life were new;
With ev'ry tender scene my image blend,
And may the Man approve the Baby's friend.

LINES

Descriptive of the formation of a Mind, in which the various Virtues are represented to have assisted in producing such a rare assemblage of their Influences, as is seldom exhibited in one Character.

WHAT strong attraction binds the soul,
To these decaying forms;
What iron bars enclose us here,
To grovel in this narrow sphere,
Of sunshine and of storms.

This prison which contains the mind,
This cumb'ring shell of clay;
Detains an essence form'd to rise,
Retards its progress to the skies,
The sov'reign of a day.

Fair virtue scatters on the earth,
Her brilliants up and down;
Which at the last—the great command,
She shall collect with joyful hand,
To form her radiant crown.

One Diamond of superior size,
Attentive Genins saw;
And ere the Gem was sent below,
He bade it take his finest glow,
And stamp'd it with his law.

Wisdom beheld it as it fell,
And smiling saw its worth;
She caught it with assiduous care,
And having left her image there,
The jewel fell to earth.

Vain pleasure that attracts the soul,
And glitters in the storm;
Wisdom will teach us to forego,
And as she hurl'd her prize below,
It lodg'd in Clito's form.

Religion with a look benign,
Her crowning lustre gave;
And fortitude its strength supplied,
To stem the force of sorrow's tide,
And rise above the wave.

Rough, rude, and rugged it appear'd,
From Heav'n's refulgent mine;
Till pure benevolence came down,
This brightest stone for virtue's crown,
To polish and refine.

And it shall shine till the last hour,
When time shall be no more;
Then smiling virtue shall arise,
And take her brilliant to the skies,
To grace her treasur'd store.

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