

SONNETS

BY

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Freeeditorial 

SONNET I

WHAT happy hours of innocence and love,
Hope pictures to the mind, ere time and care
Her softening ecstasies her joys reprove,
And bid th' experienc'd traveller beware.
Since reason proves the anxious search is vain,
While from her lips truth's sober accents flow;
For she has told us and repeats again,
That perfect pleasure ne'er was found below.
Chequer'd the path that leads from earth to heav'n,
A moment's comfort and an age of care,
Yet to indulgent youth such hope is giv'n,
Which age alone shall bury in despair;
Th' imperious laws of time we all obey,
Which cools the ardour of youth's early day.

SONNET II

FULL oft beneath the steril soil conceal'd,
The richest veins of golden treasures lie;
So genius may, her glory unreveal'd,
Be by the world neglected and pass'd by,
While sunk in poverty's sequester'd shade,
Though the rough form no outward polish bear,
And tho' in nature's rustic garb array'd,
The choicest gifts of genius may be there.
Unpolish'd grandeur fills the sober mind,
Inspiring awful wonder as we gaze;
While modish art, with beauty more refin'd,
Smiles and enchants us with her softer rays:
Give me the mind where genius sits alone,
Creating worlds and kingdoms of her own.

SONNET III

ON INFANCY

AH joyous period! when the opening mind
Puts forth its buds of thought. I love to trace
The rays of soul that dawn upon the face
Of infancy; unknown to art or guile,
Each secret pleasure prompts the early smile;
Expanding sentiment each hour unfolds,
The soul shines forth in ev'ry change we see,
While each fond parent with delight beholds
The dawning charms of sensibility.
They taste the pleasures of the smiling morn,
And dwell with rapture on the present hour;
Nor once suspect that soon the sharpen'd thorn,
Shall grow abundant round the opening flower,
And from the storm descend the killing shower.

SONNET IV

DESCRIPTION OF APATHY

IS there a gloomy cavern where, remote,
The weary soul, secluded from the world,
Each fond attraction broken, rests secure?
'Tis in the kingdom where stern Apathy,
Fix'd on his frozen throne for ever reigns;
Rigid his countenance, he stands aloof
From love's soft blandishments or friendship's charms.
Whoever gains admittance in his realm,
Imbibes his nature, and unmov'd surveys
Sorrow's deep wounds, disdaining to relieve.
The sun of sensibility may shine,
But vain his beams whose warmth shall never cheer
Th' eternal winter that surrounds his throne.

SONNET V

WHY should the mind its soaring pinions try
To range imagination's airy space?
Why seek the hidden future to descry,
And fleeting happiness so fondly chase?
Since those who seek her form in scenes below,
Will early prove the anxious search is vain;
Religion only shall the boon bestow,
She only can the mystery explain:
When leading us to heaven's eternal throne,
E'en here her boundless gifts we shall receive;
And see that happiness is all her own,
That she an everlasting crown can give.
O gracious heav'n! while yet a pilgrim here,
Fix thou my views on that unchanging sphere.

SONNET VI

TO A PEN

SWEET comforter, how often have I sought
Thy kind relief in sorrow's darkest day!
Thou hast from friendship's store her treasures brought,
Which only fond affection can repay.
Speech does injustice to the tender heart,
Ardent and varied feeling may confuse,
But thou the soul's true shadow shalt impart,
And hours of pain and absence shalt amuse.
By thee the holy men, inspir'd of Heav'n,
To us transmitted truth's unsullied page;
Their glorious message to thy charge was giv'n,
Instructing men to time's remotest age.
Tho' our exalted talents quickly fade,
Still shall thy works survive thy records undecay'd.

SONNET VII

ADDRESSED TO EMMA

YES, it may be that time may disengage,
From friendship's sweets, which now we fondly share;
And Emma looking back o'er memory's page,
May read Louisa faintly written there.
Time its long catalogue of ills to crown,
May bury friendship in oblivion's shade;
In the Lethean bowl her pleasures drown,
And all her recollected joys pervade.
But why should fancy such a scene pourtray,
Why haunt me by suspicion's dreadful glare;
Hence from my view! dread phantom, far away!
Thy look portentous and thy shadows spare.
Suspicion rules a dark infernal crew,
Hence then! nor bring her spectres to my view.

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