

TO HELEN.

SONNET.

NOW dark December's gloom is gone,
 Then go with it corroding care;
 With festive mirth and jocund song,
 To hail the rising year prepare.

Let beauty wear its gayest robe,
 While wit exerts its brightest powers,
 Let all within your breast be May,
 And peace and joy shall lead your hours.

Tho' wint'ry storms may still descend,
 And snow may whiten o'er the ground,
 Yet hope presents yon smiling spring,
 And rising beauty blooms around.

See from the zephyr's balmy wing,
 Propitious health her roses shed,
 To meet her in the morning breeze,
 Shall tempt you from your drowsy bed.

Now dark December's gloom is gone,
 And go with it corroding care;
 With festive mirth and jocund song,
 To hail the rising year prepare.