

LINES

TO HELEN, A NEW-BORN INFANT, 1821.



SHE lives—that first pulsation of the heart
Is life!—receive, dear babe, thy destin'd part;
Yet frail thy being as the op'ning rose
When chill the rude wind blows.

But ah, be like the blossom of the vale,
Lov'd infant, shelter'd from the mountain gale;
On whose meek head descend no ruffling showers,
Who lives the span of flowers.

And far from thee may sorrow's tempest bend,
Nor ever wasting pangs the bosom rend;
Calm be thy day of life, and o'er its bloom
May evening mildly come!