TO HELEN. A NEW-BORN INFANT, 1821.

LINES

Sue! live—thirst first pulsation of the heart
Is life—receive, dear babe, thy destined part;
Yet frail thy being as the opening 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, nay, drops of hours.

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!