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P O E M S.

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T O

H O P E.

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I.

**H**AIL meek-ey'd maid! of matchless  
worth!

Our best companion here on earth;

To thee sole pow'r is giv'n,

T'illumine our dark and dreary way,

As through life's mazy path we stray,

And bend our steps to heav'n.

'Tis thine to smooth the rugged vale,

To stem the trickling tear;

Thy whispers, as the spicy gale,  
Do drooping trav'lers cheer.  
Incline thou, to shine now  
Upon me as I go;  
Thy favour shall ever  
Alleviate my wo.

## II.

Thy presence calms the raging seas,  
And to the throbbing breast gives ease  
Amid the tempest's howl,  
When waves appear as mountains high,  
When swelling surges dash the sky,  
And foaming billows roll;  
When danger, with uplifted hand,  
Proclaims th' approaching doom,  
Thou gently dost the stroke withstand,  
And dissipates the gloom.  
When caring, despairing,  
And deeming all as lost,  
Thy rays will portray still  
The long expected coast.

## III.

Thou animates the hero's flame ;  
To him presents a deathless name  
In the ensanguin'd field :  
Thou dost his nerves with valour brace,  
Bids him, with bold undaunted face,  
Destructive weapons wield.  
War's trumpet, breathing rude alarms,  
Strikes terror all around ;  
Thy voice of fame, and honour's charms,  
Outvies the direful sound.  
When falling, appalling  
The tumults wild increase,  
On wings then, thou brings then  
The harbinger of peace.

## IV.

Thy power elates the student's views ;  
The paths of science kindly strews  
With never-fading flow'rs.  
Depriv'd of thee, how lovers mourn

Dejected, restless and forlorn,  
In unfrequented bow'rs!  
Attending still on Hymen's rites,  
Thou decorates the chain;  
Thy smile the sprightly maid invites  
And lures the youthful swain:  
Still easing, and pleasing,  
When stern misfortune stares,  
'Mid losses, and crosses,  
Thou lightens all their cares.

## V.

From life's fair dawn to liart eve,  
We all thy flatt'ring tales believe,  
Enamour'd of thy art:  
Thy soft and salutary voice  
Gives birth to unexpected joys,  
And soothes the bleeding heart:  
And even at our latest hour,  
When earthly comforts fly,  
Thou dost, by a superior Pow'r,  
Death's terrors all defy.

Not grieving, when leaving  
This scene of dole and care,  
But viewing, pursuing  
A more exalted sphere.