

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCE-  
MENT OF SPRING.—1802.

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OH, breathe once more upon my brow,  
Soft gale of Spring, forgotten never!  
For thus thy breath appeared as now  
In days of joy, ah! lost for ever.

Put forth thy fresh and tender leaves,  
Soft Eglantine, of fragrance early,  
Thee Memory first revived perceives,  
From childhood's dawn still welcomed yearly.

Burst from thy leafy sheath once more,  
Bright Hyacinth! thy splendour showing,  
The sun thy hues shall now restore  
In all their foreign lustre glowing.



Oh, plume again thy jetty wing,  
 Sweet Blackbird, charm thy listening lover!  
 For thus, even thus, I heard thee sing,  
 When hopes could smile that now are over.

And thou, dear Red-breast, let me hear,  
 Exchanged once more thy wintery measure,  
 Thy notes proclaim the spring-tide near,  
 As they were wont in hours of pleasure.

The Lark shall mount the sapphire skies  
 And wake the grateful song of gladness;  
 One general peal from earth shall rise,  
 And man alone shall droop in sadness.

'Twas here by peace and friendship blest,  
 I paid to Spring my yearly duty,  
 When last she decked her fragrant breast  
 In all the glowing pride of beauty.



"Twas here the cordial look of love  
 From every eye benignly flowing,  
 Bade the kind hours in union move,  
 Each lip the ready smile bestowing.

But where the blooming Cherub Boy,  
 Who hailed with us the pleasant season,  
 Whose smiles recalled each childish joy,  
 That sadder years resigned to Reason?

Those bright, those laughing eyes, where Love  
 And Innocence are seen embracing;  
 Those fairy hands, that graceful move  
 Their fancy-formed circles tracing.

Oh, haste as thou wast wont to do ;  
 We'll mount yon shrubby steep together :  
 Thy care the first wood flowers shall shew,  
 Thyself all blooming as the weather.



Haste, sweetest Babe, beloved of all !

Our cheerful hours without thee languish :

Ah ! hush ! . . . . he hears no more thy call !

Ah ! hush ! . . . . nor wake a parent's anguish !

That lip of roses glows no more ;

That beaming glance in night is clouded ;

Those bland endearments all are o'er,

In death's dark pall for ever shrouded.

No, Angel sweetness ! not for ever,

Though Heaven from us thy charms hath hidden,

We joy for thee, though forced to sever ;

O favoured guest, thus early bidden !

Even o'er thy dying couch, sweet Boy !

A heavenly Messenger presided ;

He beckoned thee to seats of joy,

To fields of endless rapture guided.



No, not for thee this bitter tear,  
 It falls for those yet doomed to sorrow;  
 Who feel the load of life severe,  
 Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow.

It falls for those who, left behind,  
 Must fill their woes allotted measure;  
 Who muse in hopes to death consigned  
 On visions of departed pleasure.

For those who through life's dreary night  
 Full many a watchful hour shall number,  
 And sigh for long delaying light,  
 Or envy those who early slumber.