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BRIGHT Hopes

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BRIGHT HOPES

BRIGHT HOPE

BY

ELIZABETH BORRODAILE.

Chittenden
"

*Hope, like a glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray.*

GOLDSMITH.

HARD & PARSONS:
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MORNING GLORIES.

MORNING Glories blooming now,
When all the earth lies 'neath the snow,
In you I read a promise bright,
That winter soon must take its flight,
And though the passing days are drear
The gladsome spring will soon appear,
Then tell your "Bright Hopes" blossoms gay,
To all you meet, this wintry day!

ELIZABETH BORRODAILE.

HOPE FOR WINTRY DAYS.

THOUGH savage Winter's iron reign

Chase every flow'ret from the distant plain,

Again the Spring shall twine her early wreath,

Again the rose her Summer fragrance breathe,

While by each gushing fountain's mossy side

Again shall blow the lily's snowy pride!

J. G. PHILLIMORE.

LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom that maketh glad the
garden of the heart ;

ITs root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet lasting, as
the lilac crocus of Autumn,

LOveliness and thought are the dews that water it
morning and even ;

MEmory and absence cherish it, as the balmy
breathings of the south.

ITs sun is the brightness of affection, and it
bloometh in the border of Hope.

M. F. TUPPER.

HOPE IN ALL.

THE Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his Hope with all.

WHITTIER.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay.
When every form of Death and every woe
Shot from malignant stars to Earth below.
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

THE SLEEPING YEAR.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

* * *

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-sung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time.

Their joyous vouth began—but not to fade.—

When all the sister planets have decayed;

When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,

And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;

Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile.

And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

THOS. CAMPBELL.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE is the happy man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doomed to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom Peace, the fruit
Of Virtue, and whom Virtue, fruit of Faith,
Prepare for happiness: bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn, while he must,
Below the skies, but having there his home.

COWPER.

EARTH'S BLESSING.

HOPE humbly then; with trembling pinions soar:

Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:

Man never is, but always to be blest;

The soul uneasy, and confined, from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

PROMISES OF SPRING.

THROUGH hedge-row leaves in drifted heaps
Left by the stormy blast,
The little hopeful blossom peeps,
And tells of winter past;
A few leaves flutter from the woods
That hung the season through,
Leaving their place for swelling buds
To spread their leaves anew.

CLARE.

HOPE EVER!

HOPE on, hope ever! after darkest night,
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning:
Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide, flush'd with light,
Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother:
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all Earth's family love one another!
Hope on, hope ever.

GERALD MASSEY.

NATURE'S RADIANCE.

DOST thou revel in the rosy morning,

When all nature hails the Lord of light,

And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,

Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;

Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;

All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,

Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET SEWALL.

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