

YE flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring;  
 Ye birds that, forsaken by the summer, cease to sing;  
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,  
 Say, is not Absence death to those who love?

POPE.

NOR purple violets in the early spring  
 Such graceful sweets, such tender beauties bring;  
 The orient blush which does thy cheeks adorn,  
 Makes coral pale—vies with the rosy morn.

LEE.

THIS is the charm, by sages often told,  
 Converting all it touches into gold;  
 Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,  
 Can rear a garden in a desert waste.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

DUTY has pleasures with no satiety.  
 Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.  
 Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.

HALIBURTON.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
 No chemic art can counterfeit;  
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
 Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
 The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;  
 Seldom it comes—to few from Heaven sent—  
 That much in little—all in thought—Content.

WILBYE.

HOPE is the lover's staff:  
 Walk thou with that,  
 And manage it against despairing thought.

SHAKESPEARE.

O GRANT me, Heav'n, a middle state,  
 Neither too humble nor too great;  
 More than enough for nature's ends,  
 With something left to treat my friends.

MALLET.

WHAT will it matter

By and by,

Whether our path below was bright;  
 Whether it shone through dark or light—  
 Under a gray or golden sky—

What will it matter,

By and by?

THOU'RT fairer than the poets can express,  
 Or happy painters fancy when they love.

OTWAY.

LOVE is to my impassion'd soul  
 Not, as with others, a mere part  
 Of its existence; but the whole—  
 The very life-breath of my heart.

So like the chances are of Love and War,  
 That they alone in this distinguished are:  
 In Love, the victors from the vanquished fly—  
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

WALLER.

In Christian world Mary the garland wears !  
 Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear;  
 Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;  
 And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.  
 Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines !  
 What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round !  
 How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound !  
 Of Marthas and of Abigails few lines  
 Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
 Should homely Joan be fashion'd. But can  
 You Barbara resist, or Marian ?  
 And is not Clare for love excuse enough ?  
 Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess  
 These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

CHARLES LAMB.

SMALL service is true service where it lasts:  
 Of friends, however, scorn not one:  
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WELL chosen friendship, the most noble  
 Of virtues, all our joys makes double,  
 And into halves divides our trouble.

LOVE reckons hours for months, and days for years;  
 And every little absence is an age.

DRYDEN.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever;  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness.

KEATS.

THEY say that Love had once a book  
 (The urchin likes to copy you)  
 Where all who came the pencil took,  
 And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'T was innocence, the maid divine,  
 Who kept this volume bright and fair,  
 And saw that no unhallowed line  
 Or thought profane should enter there.

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,  
 How light the magic pencil ran !  
 Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,  
 And, trembling, close what Hope began.'

A tear or two had dropped from Grief;  
 And Jealousy would, now and then,  
 Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,  
 Which Love had still to smooth again.

But oh ! there was a blooming boy  
 Who often turned the pages o'er,  
 And wrote therein such words of joy  
 As all who read still sighed for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name;  
 And though so soft his voice and look,  
 Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,  
 Would tremble for her spotless book !

For oh ! 't would make you weep to see  
 How Pleasure's honeyed hand had torn  
 And stained the page where Modesty  
 A rose's bud had freshly drawn.'

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow;  
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced:  
And Love himself could hardly know  
What Love himself had lately traced.

Beware of Pleasure and his lures;  
In virtue's ranks he finds no place.  
Those pleasures only should be yours  
That spring from thoughts and deeds of grace.

ADAPTED FROM MOORE.



