

POEMS

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Poems by George Bancroft

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GEORGE BANCROFT

POEMS

POEMS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

CAMBRIDGE :
FROM THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
HILLIARD AND METCALF.
1823.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's office.
BE it remembered, that on the twenty-third day of August A. D. 1883, and in the sixty-eighth year of the independence of the United States of America, Cummings, Billiard & Co. of the said district have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *viz.*

"POEMS, by George Bancroft."

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

J. W. DAVIS, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

TO WIT
JUN 20 1883

TO THE
PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

THE
AUTHOR'S EARLY BENEFACTOR AND FRIEND,

These Poems

ARE DEDICATED WITH RESPECT AND AFFECTION.

NORTHAMPTON, SEPT. 1823.

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POEMS.

EXPECTATION.

'Twas in the season, when the sun
More darkly tinges Spring's fair brow,
And laughing fields had just begun
The summer's golden hues to show,
Earth still with flowers was richly dight,
And the last rose in gardens glowed ;
In heaven's blue tent the sun was bright,
And Western winds with fragrance flowed ;
 'Twas then a youth bade home adieu ;
And Hope was young and life was new,
When first he seized the pilgrim's wand
To roam the far, the foreign land.

TO MIKU
AIRSOTLIAO 2

By parents' prayers and counsels blest,
That well might guard his path from harm,
The youth received with anxious breast
Their last embrace sincere and warm.
And friends affection's tokens brought,
A song, a book, the pansy's flower,
Those cherished gifts, that wake the thought
Of home at evening's pensive hour.

They bade him keep on life's wide waste
His heart like lily's whiteness chaste ;
Their parting words the pilgrim hears
And weeps ; but Hope rebukes his tears.

As the young forest tree in spring
Swells with new life, to heaven aspires,
And o'er the earth its boughs would fling,
So proudly upwards his desires
Ascend, so swells his boyish heart ;
O'er the broad world his wishes roam ;
Nor fears he, flushed with hope, to part
From friends, his country, and his home.

And fast away the tear he brushed,
That down his cheeks too freely gushed,
As swiftly from his native shore
The vessel hurrying breezes bore.

Full tow'rds the East the swift bark flies,
 Full tow'rds the land of rising day ;
 'Tis there the sun in fervid skies
 Repairs the fires, which waste away
 As o'er the pallid West he goes
 To lend the earth her varied hues ;
 'Tis there unfading brightness glows,
 And there his orb its beams renews.

In languid course, of splendor shorn,
 His car at eve is westward borne ;
 'Tis from the Orient's warm embrace
 He gaily comes with dazzling face.

And Learning's sun, more glorious still,
 His cloudless lustre there displays,
 The light of truth diffusing, till
 Each spot reflects the sacred rays ;
 On perfumed wings are borne the winds ;
 In comelier ripeness waves the corn ;
 Her gayest garland Flora binds,
 And brighter stars the sky adorn.

'Tis there the clang of arms has rung ;
 There bards of old divinely sung ;
 Each mountain tells a wondrous tale ;
 An Eden blooms in every vale ;