

**FOURTEEN
SONNETS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649174157

Fourteen sonnets by Warren Holden

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WARREN HOLDEN

**FOURTEEN
SONNETS**

FOURTEEN
SONNETS.

BY
WARREN HOLDEN.



PRESS OF
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA.

[1888]

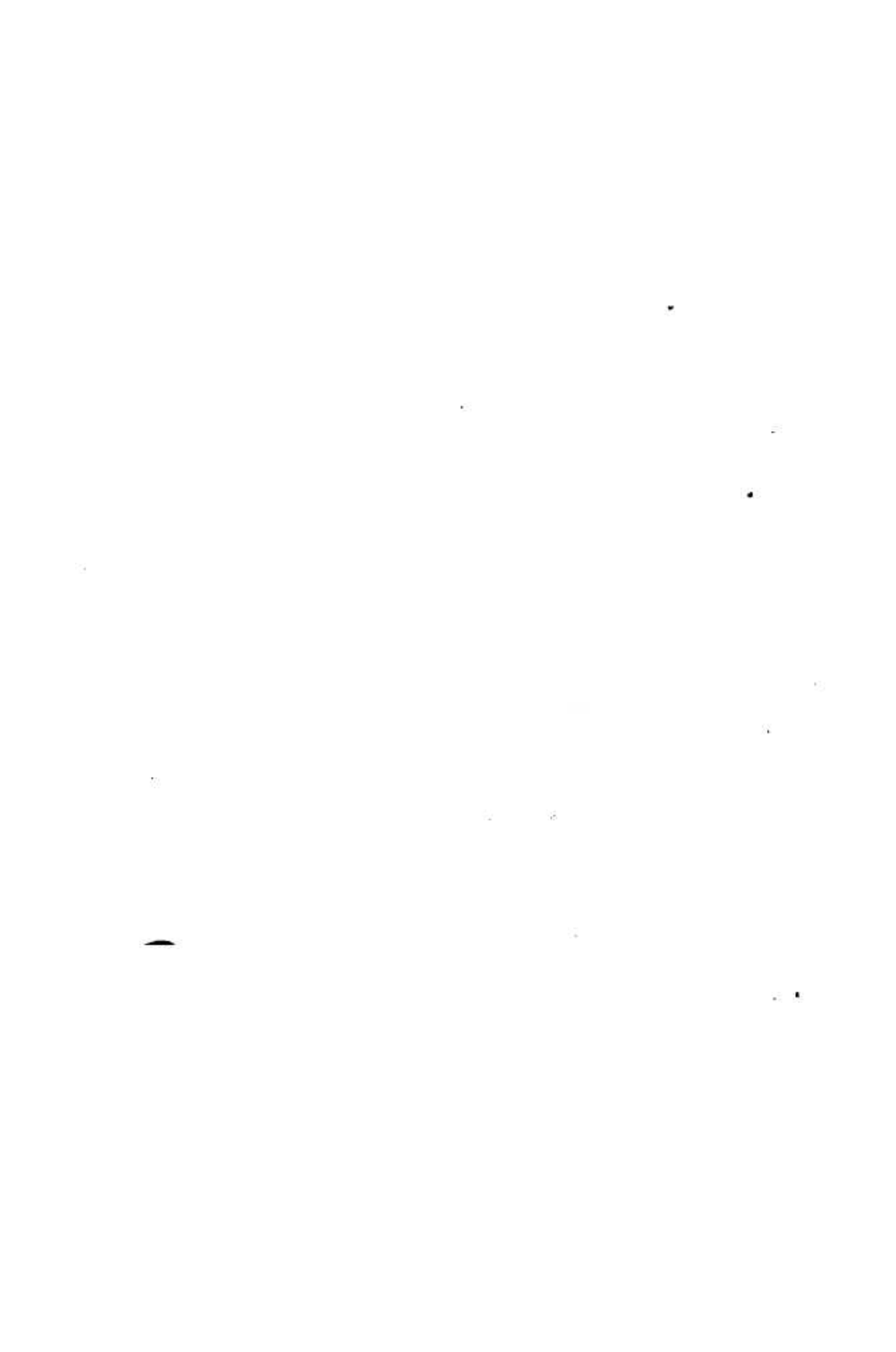
CB

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

h.c.

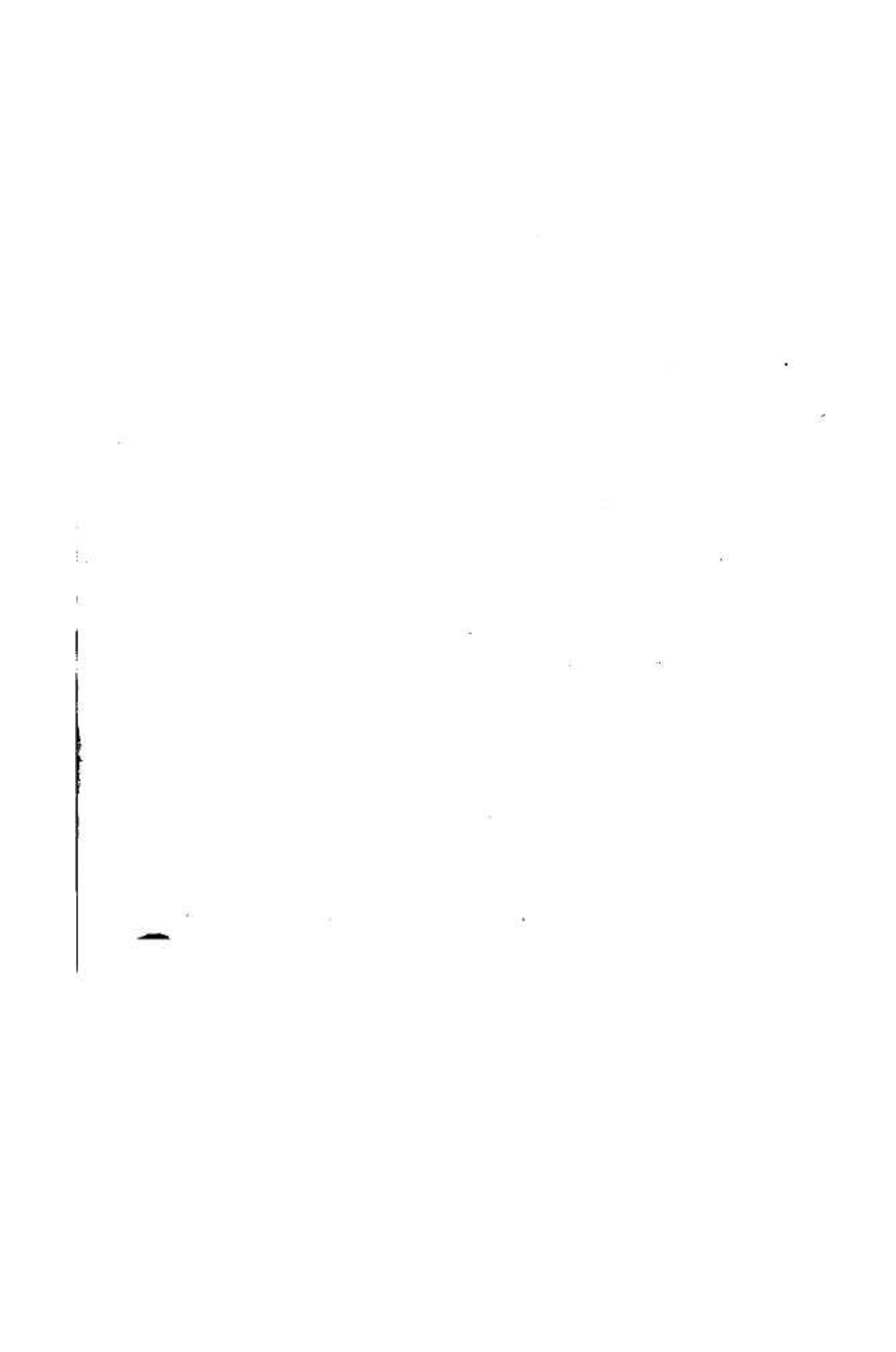
CONTENTS.

- I. SUNRISE.
- II. HERE.
- III. LOVE'S AWAKENING.
- IV. NOW.
- V. ART-OWNERSHIP.
- VI. "QUID TIMES? CASAREM VEHS."
- VII. THE VIOLIN.
- VIII. UNREST.
- IX. THE VILLAGE CHURCH.
- X. HOPE.
- XI. THANKSGIVING.
- XII. TO WHOM BELONGS BEAUTY?
- XIII. "THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH."
- XIV. SUNSET.



SUNRISE.

THE cheerful cock foretells the coming day :
The stars burn dim as one by one they die,
While gradual dawn creeps up the Eastern sky,
And rosy blushes tinge the sober gray.
At once the golden splendor bursts its way,
Unfurls its flaming banner flashing high,
And rallies friend and foe that sleeping lie,
To join again in life's returning fray.
O sun of Love Divine, in glory rise :
Dispel the dreams that haunt our dreary night.
With healing touch restore our blinded eyes,
That we may see the light within Thy light ;
And by Thy wisdom rendered truly wise,
Transcending faith, may walk henceforth by sight.



II.

HERE.

DISLOYAL scorner of his native land,
Th' inconstant traveller, with roaming eyes,
Explores the earth to find, 'neath foreign skies,
Conditions happier than near at hand.
He dreams a paradise on distant strand,
Where he, good fortune's heir, expects a prize.
What marvel then if thoughtless youth despise
The plain realities that round him stand.
The true Utopia is only found
Where master-minds their destinies create,
And through endurance prove them doubly dear.
The place whereon we stand is holy ground.
The nearest duty weaves the web of fate.
Reward and work are one; and heaven is here.

