

# **MINOR POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649649327

Minor Poems by Joseph Snow

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JOSEPH SNOW**

# **MINOR POEMS**





5 2. 1. 2.

# MINOR POEMS.

---

“ UN OUVRAGE CHRÉTIEN, DOIT SE SENTIR DE LA PURETÉ DU CHRIS-  
TIANISME; ELLE NE DOIT PAS MÊME ÊTRE BANNIE D'UN OUVRAGE  
PROFANE.”—BRUYÈRE.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN,  
AND GREEN.

---

1828.

901.

PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

To BENJAMIN APLIN, *Esq.*  
OF  
BODICOT GRANGE, OXFORDSHIRE.

---

MY DEAR APLIN,

I SHALL doubtless surprise you with this Dedication; for it is your nature to shrink from praise in the proportion that you deserve it. But to whom with more propriety could I inscribe my volume than to the associate of my boyhood; the companion of my whole life—who, chequered as that life has been, has never wavered in the steadiness of his attachment, and whom I have still the happiness to call my Friend.

I am, my Dear Aplin,

faithfully and affectionately yours,

JOS. SNOW.

4, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,  
May 1, 1828.



Shall find their strength, their comfort, and their stay,  
The soul's best refuge in the evil day."

He pray'd that Heaven the innocent would guard ;  
Forgive the wandering—and here, labouring hard  
With some internal struggle, paus'd—then cried,  
" Father, forgive this erring child !" and died.

Amidst the group of mourners there was one  
Apart, who seem'd all sympathy to shun—  
Lost in that agony of grief which knows  
Nought save its own unutterable woes ;  
Insensible to all that pass'd around,  
Entranc'd the maiden knelt upon the ground,  
And hid her face within the curtain's fold,  
Her breathing, loud, convuls'd, and heavy, told  
The struggle of her soul—she shed no tear,  
Nor heard the words oft whisper'd in her ear,  
Soft words of comfort, which her deep distress  
Wrung from a pitying sister's tenderness.  
But now the chord was touch'd, and as she caught  
A father's prayer—a father's blessing fraught  
With more than double interest for her,  
Nature resum'd her office, and the stir

And conflict of contending feelings came,  
Too mighty for a weak exhausted frame ;  
She rais'd her head, and met his dying eye,  
Then sunk with one "exceeding bitter cry,"  
And found in present stupor respite brief  
From this o'er-mastering woe—this heavy weight of  
grief.

And who this sufferer? I will not repeat  
The ancient tale of folly and deceit ;  
I will not here of female frailty speak :  
Alas ! man still is *man*, and woman still is weak ;  
Yet if an erring sister e'er could claim  
For such transgression a less odious name ;  
If e'er the lip of scorn could hesitate  
To speak reproaches, 'twas for such a fate ;  
But this poor mourner ne'er advanced a plea  
To soften worldly censure—nor will we.

With her the sin and suffering were one,  
And scarcely was a course of crime begun,  
Ere the first lessons of parental love  
Rushed on her faithful memory, and drove

The wanderer to her father's arms. She came,  
And he received her, as the tears of shame  
Fell on his aged bosom, and he prest  
His child in mute forgiveness to his breast.  
Yet could a father's pardon not restore  
Peace to her wounded spirit; this was more  
Than earthly consolation could bestow,  
This sweet infusion in her cup of woe;  
'Twas Heaven's alone in mercy to impart—  
Nor was it here denied. That broken heart,  
Which once found mercy at a Saviour's feet,  
Was hers—a sacrifice to Heaven most meet.  
Humble as Mary at the Cross in prayer,  
She knelt and wept in strong repentance there,  
Till that sweet peace illumin'd, whose least ray  
Man cannot give—man cannot take away.

O'er this blest work a father's pious care  
Had duly watch'd with thankfulness and prayer:  
Oft in the stillness of the night was heard  
The words unwearied tenderness preferr'd;  
And the first homage of his heart was pour'd  
A grateful offering for a soul restor'd;