

**VERSES
CONTRIBUTED
TO PERIODICALS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649227464

Verses Contributed to Periodicals by W. H. Harrison

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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W. H. HARRISON

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£45

V E R S E S



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BY

W. H. HARRISON.

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1859.



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VERSES.

“Dissolving Views.”

STRANGE fancies these that cheat mine eye—
City, and stream, and tower ;
They “ come like shadows—so depart ”—
What wizard rules the hour ?

His magic wand calls up to view
Shapes from remotest earth,
Which melt in chaos but to give
Some wilder vision birth.

The fierce red sun is quenched at noon,
In the pale moon's watery gleam ;
And coming and receding forms
Are blent as in a dream.

The mountain's sides are rife with spears,
Where late the olive grew ;
And battle's banner from the sky
Blots out the peaceful blue.

Where brightly blazed the happy hearth,
Now burns the beacon fire ;
And the castle-keep, where thunders sleep,
Frowns out the village spire.

Alas! there is no magic here ;
Nor aught that holds not true
Of sternest life, whose every day
Hath its Dissolving View.

The orange flower that decks the bride
Doth droop as soon as braided ;
And the tears are flush on Pleasure's cheek,
Ere her wreath of smiles hath faded.

And they who high and happy were,
The envied of the morn,
Have gnashed their teeth, and cursed, at eve,
The hour when they were born.

To-morrow's sun may see in chains
The despot of to-day :
And the miser heaps the gold that fleets
On swallows' wings away.




What is the fairest hope of earth ?
A rainbow born of tears—
A blossom cherished but to show
What bitter fruit it bears.

Thus ever, to our wondering eye,
Rise scenes of mingled hue,
Till the "dark valley's" mists obscure
Life's last Dissolving View.

The Past and the Future.

ALAS! alas! we cannot call on Time
To open his sealed graves, and render up
The buried hearts and hopes whose memories cling
About us like a spell, and haunt our dreams;
But there is One Who can give back those hearts
In purer shrines than perishable clay;
And, for the withered flowers of Hope bestow
The amaranths that have their bloom in Heaven.



The Warning Voice.

My youth had glad and golden hours; but those were
few and fleet,
For I was early called to quit my boyhood's blest
retreat;
And so, with not a friend to cheer or counsel me, was
thrown
Amid the herd of Mammon's slaves—and found myself
alone!

I in the path of letters toiled—that path so thickly
spread
With roses; ah, the thorns are felt by those who up
it tread!
The bitter pangs of "hope deferred" were mine in the
pursuit;
And long I trimmed and pruned the vine, while others
plucked the fruit.



But cheerly, now, my vessel glides : the quicksand and
the shoal
Are past, and wreck-denouncing waves no more around
her roll ;
The clouds, that o'er her early course cast doubt and
gloom, are gone ;
And winds, that then adversely blew, now bear me
bravely on !

My cottage hath a blazing hearth, my board hath ample
fare,
And healthful cheeks, and beaming eyes, and merry
hearts are there ;
Their mother's smile is yet as sweet as when, at first,
it told
She prized a fond and faithful heart above the world-
ling's gold.

And yet a sad and solemn thought intrudes upon my
bliss :
Lord ! what am I, that mine should be such happiness
as this ?
Why, while around, on every hand, far worthier ones
I see
Condemned to tread life's sterile wastes, bloom flowers
like these for me ?