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. Cover @ 2017

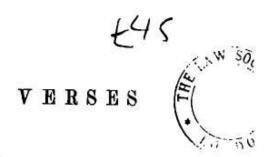
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W. H. HARRISON

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BY

W. H. HARRISON.

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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 Mutune.

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 Marning 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 worldling's gold.
- And yet a sad and solemn thought intrudes upon my blies:
- 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?