

**POEMS,
PP. 17-152**

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Poems, pp. 17-152 by Frances Anne Butler

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FRANCES ANNE BUTLER

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FRANCIS ALVA SCHUBERT.

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POEMS.

BY

E. Kemble
FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

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TO

KATHARINE SEDGWICK,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY, GRATEFULLY, AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.

M268544

TO MISS —.

TIME beckons on the hours: the expiring year
 Already feels old Winter's icy breath;
 As with cold hands, he scatters on her bier
 The faded glories of her autumn wreath.
 As fleetly as the summer's sunshine past,
 The winter's snow must melt; and the young
 Spring,
 Strewing the earth with flowers, will come at last,
 And in her train the hour of parting bring.
 But, though I leave the harbour, where my heart
 Sometime had found a peaceful resting-place,
 Where it lay calmly moor'd; though I depart,
 Yet, let not time my memory quite efface.
 'Tis true, I leave no void, the happy home
 To which you welcomed me, will be as gay,
 As bright, as cheerful, when I've turned to roam,
 Once more, upon life's weary onward way.
 But oh! if ever by the warm hearth's blaze,
 Where beaming eyes and kindred souls are met,
 Your fancy wanders back to former days,
 Let my remembrance hover round you yet.

Then, while before you glides time's shadowy train,
Of forms long vanished, days and hours long gone,
Perchance my name will be pronounced again,
In that dear circle where I once was one.
Think of me then, nor break kind memory's spell,
By reason's censure coldly o'er me cast,
Think only, that I loved ye passing well !
And let my follies slumber with the past.

THE WIND.

NIGHT comes upon the earth ; and fearfully
Arise the mighty winds, and sweep along
In the full chorus of their midnight song.
The waste of heavy clouds, that veil the sky,
Roll like a murky scroll before them driven,
And show faint glimpses of a darker heaven.
No ray is there, of moon, or pale-eyed star,
Darkness is on the universe ; save where
The western sky lies glimmering, faint and far,
With day's red embers dimly glowing there.
Hark ! how the wind comes gathering in its course,
And sweeping onward, with resistless force,
Howls through the silent space of starless skies,
And on the breast of the swollen ocean dies.
Oh, thou art terrible, thou viewless power !
That rid'st destroying at the midnight hour !
We hear thy mighty pinion, but the eye
Knows nothing of thine awful majesty.
We see all mute creation bow before
Thy viewless wings, as thou careerest o'er