

VERSES

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Verses by John Ritchie Findlay

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JOHN RITCHIE FINDLAY

VERSES

January
1890.

VERSES.

V E R S E S



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1874

NEARLY all the following pieces were written more
than twenty years ago.

J. R. F.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1874.

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17



A VERNAL ODE.

AGAIN the Sun, that slumbered,
By veiling mists encumbered—
Or with lessened lustre wheeled his daily round—
Shines as with new glory crowned ;
From his golden hair
Through the freshened air
Shakes a richer radiance on the glancing ground.

Winter joys are blighted
By the winter frost ;
In all that then delighted
Something then was lost.
With a duller tide life's courses roll,
The shade of death hangs darkly o'er the dial of the soul,
And ever on our pathway broods a solemn gloom,
While through the year's deep valley we journey towards
the tomb.

Now the cloud is passing, and the air is clear,
To fuller, happier life our hearts awake again,

A VERNAL ODE.

When, through the opening vista of the year
 Gazing, the hopeful eye beholds
The blossom and the fruit the purpling bud enfolds ;
 And greets the homely daisies that early star the plain,
 As heralds of the hours
 When all the garden bowers
 And each uncultured corner of Nature's wide domain
Shall sparkle in the splendour of a thousand flowers.
 Joys to come the spirit cheer ;
 Summer's golden prime,
 Autumn's mellow time,
 In the sudden sunshine of the Spring appear.

Nature moves within us with a subtle power ;
 The falling of the leaf
 Touches our thoughts to grief,
And again the spirit gladdens at the opening of the flower.
 Man, soul-endowed, of heritage divine,
 Yet, fashioned from the common clay,
 Must with his fellow-creatures share
 The influence of the common air.
 He feels a stronger pulse within his bosom play,
 When the reviving breath of Heaven
 Anew to earth a living soul hath given ;
And his heart, like hers, rejoices, his face, like hers,
 doth shine.