

Than be with fame and riches grac'd,
And lose his soul!

'Or while his humble verse defends
Her cause, her loveliness portrays,
To win from her apparent friends
Cold cautious praise.

'It is a thorny path to tread;
By care, by sorrow overcast,
With but one thought its balm to shed,
This cannot cannot last!

'For soon that thorny path is trod,
From man he has no more to crave!
Grant him thy mercy, gracious God!
Thou Earth! a grave!

THE ALMOND BRANCH.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE snowy blossoms do but rise,
Symbol of beauty's fleeting ray;
Which like them blushes, blooms and dies,
Ere smiling spring has passed away.

Neglect them; or with care around
Thy brow the infant blossoms braid;
Yet leaf by leaf they will be found
To fly e'en as our pleasures fade.

These fleeting joys still let us prize—
Dispute them with the passing gale;
The perfume which so quickly dies,
From blooming chalices inhale.

Emblem of beauty's transient power!
The bud that opens with the morn;
Which falls before the festal hour
From laughing brows it should adorn!

Each hour proclaims th' approach of Spring—
Fair Spring, whose charms ean never cloy;
Each flowret borne on Zephyr's wing
Soft whispers, "While thou canst, enjoy!"

And since they perish then for ever,
Since no return they e'er may prove;
O may the roses wither never,
Unless beneath the lips of love.